VOTES

AND

PROCEEDINGS

OF THE

Houſe of Repreſentatives

OF THE

PROVINCE of *PENNSYLVANIA.*

Beginning the Fourth Day of *December*, 1682.

VOLUME The FIRST.

In TWO PARTS.

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THE

PREFACE.

THESE Votes, beginning with the firſt Settlement of this Province, are now publiſhed under the Inſpection, and by Order, of the *Aſſembly*; they begin with the Meeting of ſo many of the Freemen as thought fit to appear, as they had a Right to do, by the ſixteenth Article of the original *Frame of Government*, or Charter, to the End there might be an univerſal Satisfaction in laying the Fundamentals, and eſtabliſhing the Government and Laws of the Province.

THIS Charter, upon Experience, was ſoon found inconvenient, if not impracticable in ſome Parts, and particularly in the too great Number of Repreſentatives returnable to the Provincial Council and Aſſembly; upon which a Second was granted, dated *April* 2, 1683, which continued in Force till after the Revolution in *England*, when the Proprietary had the Misfortune to be ſuſpected of too great an Attachment to, and Correſpondence with, the late King *James*, ſo that he was under a Neceſſity of concealing himſelf for ſome Years; during which Time the Government of this Province was adminiſtred by Colonel *Fletcher*, under the immediate Authority of the Crown. But in the latter End of the Year 1693, on a Hearing before the King and Council, the Proprietary ſo effectually cleared himſelf, that he was readily acquitted, and reſtored to his Government of this Province.

THE Proprietary being thus reinſtated, appointed *William Markham* his Lieutenant-Governor, who paſſed the third *Frame of Government*, dated *November* 7, 1696, which was enforced by ſome ſubſequent Laws, and continued until the preſent Charter was accepted by the Repreſentatives of the Province, in *October*, 1701, tho' totally rejected by the Members of the Three Lower Counties, which had been till that Time annexed to the Province, under the Name of *The Territories*; ſo that a Breach enſued, which at length terminated in an entire Separation; and the Repreſentatives of the Province, and of the Three Lower Counties, have ever ſince compoſed Aſſemblies independant of each other, as had been provided by this Charter, in Caſe of Diſagreement.

IN order therefore to introduce the firſt Acts paſſed by the Repreſentatives during the Time the Province and Territories continued united, and to give ſome Account of the Country, at that Time, ſo far as is conſiſtent with a Work of this Nature, the Proprietary's firſt Application to the Crown for a Grant, and the ſeveral Deliberations thereon till he obtained it, as well as a Report aſcertaining the Boundaries of the Lower Counties, between the Crown and the Lord *Baltimore*, are inſerted from authentick Papers and Records;

as likewiſe the Royal Charter, and Deeds under which the Proprietary claims; and, in the Order of their ſeveral Dates, the Proprietary's *Conceſſions* to the firſt Purchaſers; the original *Frame of Government*, in 1682; and the *Laws agreed upon in* England; all theſe being previous to any Act of Legiſlation here.

IN the *Appendix* ſuch Acts as tended to unite the Province and Territories are added, and the two ſucceeding Frames of Government herein before mentioned, with the Laws relating to the Confirmation of the laſt; ſo that this may be conſidered as the End of our firſt Conſtitution, and accordingly at this Period the firſt Part of the Votes are cloſed. It appears Part II. Page 171. by the Minutes of the Twelfth of the *Third Month*, 1707, that the Houſe were then poſſeſſed of King *CHARLES* the Second's Grant to the Duke of *York*, for the Three Lower Counties, but it is not now to be found among the Records belonging to the Aſſembly.

THE Second Part of the Votes comprized in this Volume, begins with the *Provincial Charter*, and the *Charter of the City of* Philadelphia, under which the Government is at this Time adminiſtred, and ſo well underſtood as to need no Remarks upon either of them; but in regard to the Minutes of the Aſſembly, from the Time the Proprietary left the Province, in *October*, 1701, till the Beginning of the Year 1704, as they are very defective, that Time having been chiefly taken up in Diſputes between the Repreſentatives of the Province, and Territories, Care has been taken to ſupply that Defect, from the Minutes of the Council.

LETTERS,

L E T T E R S,

Preceding the ROYAL CHARTE

Order of Council upon the Diſpute between the Virginia *ers, and Lord* Baltimore.

At the Star-Chamber, *Third of* July, 1633.

P R E S E N T,

Lord Keeper,
Lord Privy Seal,
Lord High Chamberlain,
Earl of *Dorſet,*
Earl of *Bridgewater,*
Earl of *Danby,*
Lord Viſcount *Wentworth,*
Lord Viſcount *Falkland,*
Lord *Cottington,*
Mr. Secretary *Windebank.*

WHEREAS an humble Petition of the Planters in *Virginia,* was preſented to his Majeſty, in which they remonſtrate, that ſome Grants have lately been obtained, of a great Proportion of Land and Territories, within the Limits of the Colony there, being the Places of their Traffick, and ſo near the Places of their Habitations, as will give a general Diſheartening to the Planters, if they be divided into ſeveral Governments, and a Bar to that Trade which they have long ſince exerciſed, towards their Supportation and Relief, under the Confidence of his Majeſty's royal and gracious Intentions towards them, as by the ſaid Petition more largely appeareth. Foraſmuch as his Majeſty was pleaſed on the Twelfth of *May* laſt, to refer to the Board, the Conſideration of this Petition, that upon the Advice and Report of their Lordſhips, ſuch Order might be taken, as to his Majeſty's Wiſdom ſhould ſeem beſt; it was thereupon ordered upon the Fourth of *June* laſt, that the Buſineſs ſhould be heard the ſecond *Friday* in this Term, which was the Twenty-eighth of the laſt Month, that all Parties intereſted ſhould then attend, which was accordingly performed; and their Lordſhips having heard the Cauſe, did then order, that the Lord *Baltimore,* being one of the Parties, and the Adventurers and Planters of *Virginia* aforeſaid, ſhould meet together between that Time and this Day, and accommodate their Controverſy in a friendly Manner, if it might be; and likewiſe ſet down in Writing the Propoſitions made by either Party, with their ſeveral Anſwers and Reaſons, to be preſented to the Board this Day, which was likewiſe accordingly done. Now their Lordſhips having heard, and maturely conſidered the ſaid Propoſitions, Anſwers, and Reaſons, and whatſoever elſe was alledged on either Part, did think fit to leave the Lord *Baltimore* to his Patent, and the other Parties to the Courſe of Law, according to their Deſire; but for the preventing of further Queſtions and Differences, their Lordſhips did alſo think fit and order, that Things ſtand as they do; the Planters on either Side ſhall have free Traffick and Commerce each with the other, and that neither Part ſhall receive any fugitive Perſon belonging to the other, nor do any Act which may draw a War from the Natives upon either of them; and laſtly, that they ſhall ſincerely entertain all good Correſpondence, and aſſiſt each other upon all Occaſions, in ſuch Manner as becometh Fellow-ſubjects and Members of the ſame State.

1633.
July 3.

This Order is mentioned in Lord *Baltimore's* Petition, *Aug.* 5. 1734.

This is a real Order, but determines nothing.

Order of Council upon Clayborne's *Peti*

At *Whitehall*, the Fourth of

P R E S E

Lord Archbiſhop of *Canterbury*,
Lord Keeper,
Lord Treaſurer,
Lord Privy Seal,
Earl Marſhal,
Earl of *Dorſet*.

WHEREAS a Petition was preſented to his M
on the Behalf of himſelf and Partners, ſhew
under his Majeſty's Hand and Signet, they, divers Ye
an Iſland, in the great Bay of *Cheaſepeak*, in *Virginia*,
whereupon (they pretended) they had beſtowed great
(as they alledged) taking Notice of the great Benefit
by, obtained a Patent from his Majeſty, comprehen
thereof, and that they had likewiſe ſettled another Pl
in the Bottom of the ſaid Bay, in the *Saſquehannahs*
more's Agent there (as they alledge) ſought to diſpoſ
Injuries and Violence offered to them, in their Trade
ſaid Agent, in killing ſome of the ſaid Captain *Clay*
trary to the ſaid Commiſſion, and expreſs Words of
Hand and Signet; and therefore beſought his Majeſt
firmation, under the Great Seal, of his Majeſty's ſaid
keeping, enjoying, and governing of the ſaid Iſland
Addittaments of Lands and Immunities in thoſe Parts
refer the Examination of the ſaid Wrongs and Injurie
fit, as by the ſaid Petition more at large appeareth. F
Newmarket, the Twenty-ſixth of *February*, 1637, to r
ers Requeſt unto the Lord Archbiſhop of *Canterbu*
Se, and any other the Commiſſioners for Plantations
whom they pleaſed to call, and withal, to adviſe wit
paring and ſettling the Grant deſired, for his Maje
Wrongs complained of, and certify his Majeſty what
thereof: Whereupon all Parties attending their Lordſ
ed, and being fully heard, the ſaid Commiſſion and I
clearly to their Lordſhips, and was confeſſed by the
that the ſaid Iſle of *Kent* is within the Bounds and L
ent; and the ſaid C in *Clayborne*'s Commiſſion (a
cence, under the Signet of *Scotland* to trade with th
where the ſaid Trade had not form granted by
miſſion, their Lordſhips declared
or any other; nor had they a
plant or trade there, or in any
the Pr ncts of the Lord *Balt*
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This is mentioned in Lord *Baltimore*'s Petition of *Aug.* 8, 1734. and the Report of the Board of Trade (in *January* or *February*) 1734, is founded upon this Order, whereas there is no ſuch Order. The Original hereof is in the Books, at the Board of Trade (ſuch as it is) being a blank Paper, never ſealed nor ſigned by any one, but put up in a Book amongſt Letters, Directions, and other looſe Papers. *Note*, The very Original of this Paper was produced before the Committee for Trade, on *Oct.* 8, 1685, they then gave Lord *Baltimore* Time to find out an original or authentick Copy thereof; and he, on *Oct.* 17, 1685, owned to them, there was no Original. *Note*, That was not for the Loſs of Books, for the Council Books of that Time, nay, of that very Day, are perfect, and in Being, and many Acts that Day about other Matters, but not a Syllable of *Clayborne*'s, or the Iſle of *Kent*.

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Napoleon alone in his cabinet.
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cier, the Emperor asked abruptly,
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rday I saw, when returning from
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s it belong?'
of Chaillot, named Pierre Jauber.'
o a mechanic!' repeated the Empe-

will pay him a thousand francs.'
replying. Napoleon resumed:
terview now, my dear archi-
e Council of State. Finish
ready commenced, so that we
rs. I have great views for Paris;
o—I found Rome brick, and leave it

and withdrew.
t dusk, two working men, one
ntly thirty, were seen

on a table, o which the host had spread a [illegible] of bread, a slice of Brie cheese, two glasses, and a measure of what is called wine in the suburbs, and even in the interior of Paris. They conversed in a low tone, and seemed to feel a powerful interest in the subject of their conversation.

"'My boy,' said the eldest to his companion, 'thou holdest thy fortune in thy hands.'

"'How so, father Garnot?'

"'Look here—listen to me. All the houses on the side of Chaillot where *he* wants to build a palace for his son, are pulled down; thine is the only one left; *he* cannot do without it; comprehendest thou now? Eh? thou must make them pay for it—pay roundly.'

"'Indeed, thou hast reason; but tell me then, old fellow, how much could I demand? The house with the ground is not worth, at the most, above 400 francs, and that is a great deal.'

"'No matter! no matter! make them pay thee hide and hair.'

"'Let's see, could I ask a thousand francs?'

"'Peuh! Jauber: demand ten thousand, and I predict it will not be refused thee.'

"'But you dream, father Garnot, or you are already *drunk*,' replied Jauber, opening eager eyes at the discourse of his companion; 'ten thousand francs for a barrack that theratens every day to tumble down on my head!'

"'Yes, yes! ten thousand francs—nothing less. Think, too, *he* must buy it of thee.'

"'But if *he* does not buy it, eh?'

"'Then he cannot build his palace for the King of Rome; for, after the plan I have seen, I, who work on the building (Garnot was master-mason, and I often employed him,) after the plan, I who know all about it, thy house, my honest Jauber, falls exactly in the middle of the court of honour.'

"'All that is very well,' resumed the young man; 'but if he takes me, and commands me to pull it down?'

"'Let me alone, for if that happens, thou canst summon him before a justice of the peace, who will condemn him to build it up again for thee.'

"'Summon the Emperor before the judge of peace!' said Jauber, bursting into a loud fit of laughter.

"'Certainly! *he* must appear as well as any other man. Seest thou, Jauber, *he* may take as many kingdoms as *he* pleases, and it is no harm; but to touch the least property of his poorest subjects, bernique! that is forbidden *him*; *he* will not then pull down thy house without thy consent.'

"'Very well! But ten thousand francs, think of it, father Garnot—it is a big sum, that!'

"'To be sure, ten thousand francs, not a farthing less! Whereupon thou wilt lend me a thousand crowns I want for an enterprise I have in view; a thousand crowns I shall expect from thee; then with the 7,000 which will be left thee, thou mayst hire a work-shop at Passy, buy wood, get help, be master-cooper, marry Rosette—thou lovest Rosette—is it not so?'

"'Your daughter, father Garnot?—Certainly!'

"'Then, my son-in-law, do as I tell thee, and thou wilt be well off.'

"Jauber disputed a little longer with his future father-in-law, till at last, vanquished by his reasons, and dazzled less with the idea of marrying Rosette than that of becoming master-cooper, he gave up, and made Garnot a formal promise he would not sell his property for less than ten thousand francs. That point settled, our two drinkers separated, as much excited from wine as from ambition.

"The next day, with all his resolutions fortified by the reflections of the night, I received Jauber's visit.

"As soon as he entered, I said:

"'Jauber, I have good news to tell thee. The Emperor wants to buy thy house. The building at double its worth, with the ground, is valued highly at 500 francs, and I am authorized to give thee a thousand; art satisfied?'

the least in the world, Monsieur architect,
roof is, I refuse.'
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ousand francs.'
usand francs!' I repeated.
thousand francs!'
t drunk, or crazy!'
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to offer thee a thousand francs, and not ten thousand; I must, therefore, refer this to the Emperor. Return to thy labor; I will let thee know what he decides to do in this affair.'

"The day following, I informed Napoleon of the interview I had had with the cooper; of his unreasonable exactions, and the danger his majesty ran in being cited before the justice of the peace of the arrondissement, if he did not take care.

"'Parbleu!' said the Emperor, laughing, 'this is the counterpart of the mill at Sans Souci; but I am more fortunate than Frederick, for the famous miller remained master at home, not willing to sell at any price. If ten thousand francs will make the happiness of this poor devil, I shall not regret them: give them to him.'

"The same day," continued M. Fontaine, "I told Jauber the Emperor consented to give him ten thousand francs; so he must take out his furniture, for in three days I should send workmen to pull it down.

"Although Jauber was quite satisfied with the success of his demand, yet he persuaded himself, by degrees, while conning it over, that if he had named a greater sum, he could have obtained it as easily. With double the sum he had fixed himself, instead of being a cooper at Passy, and rolling casks into the cellars of that commune, and the neighboring places, he could, he thought, establish himself as a manufacturer of casks in Touraine, Anjou, or Burgundy; and instead of Rosette, who was neither rich nor pretty, and whom he did not love beyond mediocrity, marry a proprietor's daughter, and have no need of borrowing money from him, but who, on the contrary, would give him with the hand of the heiress, handsome crowns, or good vineyards.

"With these ideas fermenting in his brain, he became ungrateful as well as covetous, and inwardly cursed father Garnet, who had spoiled his fortune, by estimating his house and land at only ten thousand francs.

"While reflecting upon it, he remembered there were no writings, and a word given might be retracted: consequently, he resolved to retract his.

"Such things were done then, (and now too,") he added, mischievously.

"When the men arrived to commence their work, Jauber, who had not removed a single article, forbid their touching his house, and sent them away. Informed of this, I sent for him again to know what he meant. He declared loudly and firmly he would not sell his property for less than 20,000 francs.

"'But did you not offer it me for 10,000?' said I.

"'That is true,' he replied, 'but you should have taken me up then; now I have thought it over, I want double.'

"'Is this the last price?'

"'Probably: still, I will not say. Let the Emperor decide promptly, or it may cost him something.'

"The same evening there was to be a grand reception at the Tuileries; I went. The Emperor, who was not fond of noise and crowds, yet knew these routs were necessary, did not help to animate these reunions, except by his presence; he would fix himself in a corner, and there often converse with his ministers and generals.

"When I entered the saloon of the Marshals, I saw Napoleon talking with Duroc, Bertrand, Junot, Lannes, and other military men; the moment he observed me, he called me to him and said:

"'Well, have you finished your affair with the cooper?'

"I informed him how matters stood; he frowned, and explaining the affair to those around him, turned to me, and with that brevity which characterized him, said:

"'Give him 20,000 francs, Fontaine; but make him sign the contract on the spot, lest the comical fellow carry his pretensions still higher.'

"But when Jauber, to whom the acquiescence of the Emperor was announced, found himself in presence of the notary, he declared he would not sell for less than 30,000. In vain the public officer represented to him how wrong he was acting—in vain [illegible]ed, with all who were present, to make him [illegible] solution: he still remained unshaken.

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present at this interview, 'your majesty has a great deal of goodness; order a dozen of the sappers of the guard to fling down the shed of the insolent fellow; then pay him whatever is judged right.'

"'How you talk!' replied the Emperor; '*to build the foundations of an edifice upon usurped soil*, would not be building very securely.' Then turning to me, he continued: 'Go on with the work, M. Fontaine; there is much to do that will take time, and time brings about many things.'

"He was right: time did indeed bring many things; it first brought the Russian disaster, the glorious and fatal campaign of France, and at last the Emperor's abdication.

"All these events suspended the progress of the projected palace, and it was soon after abandoned; there is all there is left of it," added M. Fontaine, pointing to the frame my father spoke of, "and I do not think I shall ever be employed any farther in its construction, unless the King, Louis Philippe, should think of building it for the son of the Duchess of Orleans." (This conversation took place some months after the marriage of the Duke of Orleans with the Princess Helene.)

"As for Jauber's cabin," continued our narrator, "remaining alone, on the declivity of a hill, it fell completely in ruins, and its master was forced to seek shelter elsewhere. The ambitious mechanic, who woul[illegible]ve [illegible] d by the generosity of the great man [illegible] mpetency which industry [illegible] good [illegible] ave increased, lost all [illegible] ight of returning [illegible] ft with disdai [illegible] g sick; [illegible] nd a [illegible]

"There, Caroline, you are at least mistaken. I do not expect Frederick Mortimer to-night. He has gone to visit his sick mother in the country, and it is uncertain when he will return—not for a fortnight, at all events."

"Well—well, I cannot abide him—he is so rough and vulgar. I wonder what you see in him to admire? Really, I would not have a mechanic for my lover, if I were averse to have a husband—I'm sure I would not," rejoined Caroline, in a haughty and perverse mood.

Amelia bit her lips, and struggled for a moment to stifle some unpleasant feeling which rose up in her bosom.

"Oh, I suppose you will marry young lawyer Hamilton. For my part, I cannot look so high—Frederick Mortimer is plenty good enough for me!"

A tear welled to her eye as she spoke—but in an instant she brushed it away, and composedly resumed her employment.

Caroline immediately left the room, and the remainder of the morning was spent in shopping and hearing all the gossip of the city.

It is necessary here, to give a brief outline of the history and fortunes of the two fair cousins, in order to the better development of our story.

It was the misfortune of Amelia, the younger of the two girls, to be left fatherless at a very tender age, and before she had reached her fifteenth summer, her mother also was called home for a better world.

Her father had been a merchant, but affairs had never prospered with him; and at his death, his wife and child became dependent upon their own resources for the means of livelihood. Her good mother then opened a millinery and mantua making establishment, and was soon enabled to support herself and Amelia, in comfort and respectability; and the fair young girl had thus an opportunity of receiving a good English education, and in her leisure moments from study was taught to render herself useful with the needle. Her mother, however, finding that the close application which was required in her business, was rapidly undermining her health, at length resolved to give up her shop, for employment less sedentary, and accordingly entered upon the active duties of keeping a boarding-house. Amelia remained with her mother, and devoted her attention to mantua making for such of her old friends and others, who required the service of her needle.

Among the boarders of her mother, was Frederick Mortimer. He was from the country, and sojourned in town to finish his trade, previous to entering upon the practice of life, on his own account, when he had attained to his majority. He was the son of a good

I wo[illegible] not [illegible] fingers off, to oblige fifty Mrs. Goodric[illegible]

"But you know, Caroline, that she h[illegible] been a good friend to me, and I really wo[illegible] like to offend her.

"Yes—yes. All that is well enough among common folks; but you have no occasion to work for such people now. Indeed, Ma would rather not have you take in sewing while you remain with us. We are rich, and it doesn't look respectable for people to run here with their work."

Amelia felt wounded, and made no reply.

"I see how it is," continued Caroline, in a tone of captious feeling; "you do not care so much about the displeasure of Mrs. Goodrich as you pretend—You only wish an excuse to remain at home to receive that ugly Carpenter beau of yours."

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R E S E N

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Mr. Secretary

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Sir *John Chichely.*

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o the *Northward,* and that he is wi
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ll be in a better Condition to ſatisfy
of his Petition be ſent unto Sir *John*
Agents of the Lord *Baltimore,* to
Ir. *Penn* may conſiſt with the Bound
k, and his Poſſeſſions in thoſe Parts.

day, the Twenty-fifth of *June* 1680.

R E S E N T,
Earl of *Clarendon,*
ceſter, Mr. Secretary *Jenkins.*

again read, concerning a Tract of Land to be granted *June* 25.
with a Letter from Sir *John Werden,* and another from
ning the ſame; and Mr. *Penn* being afterwards called in,
hn Werden's Letter, that Part of the Territory deſired by
ke of *York,* he muſt apply himſelf to his Royal Highneſs,
nſions; and Mr. *Penn* being alſo acquainted with the Mat-
Baltimore's Agents, he does agree that *Saſquehannah Fort*
altimore's Province; and as to the furniſhing of Arms an
Penn declares himſelf ready to ſubmit to any Reſtraint

urſday, the Fourth of *November,* 1680.

R E S E N T,
Earl of *Clarendon,*
Earl of *Eſſex,*
Mr. *Hyde,*
M[illegible]*lphin,*
of Exchequer.

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could command. She grew up a beautiful, but a proud and haughty girl. She had received a fashionable boarding school education,—could draw and paint, sing and dance, hem-stitch and embroider, and was an adept in numerous similar accomplishments. But she had acquired very little substantial knowledge. True, she could read and write very well, but she knew nothing of Geography, or of those sciences becoming and proper in a female—especially in a lady of wealth and refinement—to understand. As to any idea of domestic economy, that was entirely out of the question. She would scarcely condescend to help herself to a glass of water, to say nothing of busying herself in household employments—assisting in dishing up a cup of coffee, broiling a steak, making a tart ironing a collarett for herself, and similar little essential duties of a well regulated household. She never reflected that the knowledge of domestic affairs is an indispensible requisite of every female—the rich as well as the less affluent. But she was still young, and her parents could afford to employ, "help," and therefore there was no occasion for her to soil her lady-like taper fingers in menial employments. Of course, the fair young girl was pampered and indulged in her every whim and wish.

She sprang up to the full maturity of beauteous womanhood, and was regarded as the reigning belle of the city. She was indeed a glorious and fascinating creature—not a grace seemed wanting to the *tout ensemble* of her personal charms. Yet, with all her perfections of person, she wanted a *soul!* She knew the power of her rare beauty, and made the most of it in her flirtations with her many male admirers. She was a trifler with men's hearts, and coquetted with the gayest, as a summer bird does with the flowers, without ever having thought seriously of fixing her affections upon one object, if indeed such a heartless creature could ever really *love!* The folly of such a course at length made itself apparent. She had already rejected so many honorable and advantageous offers for her hand, that she began to be regarded as an incorrigible coquette, and now stood a fair chance of dying an old maid, notwithstanding the wealthy young lawyer Hamilton continued to wait upon her to the last, even u to the period of the conversation with her cousi Amelia respecting the Ball, of which affair it is now proper to make some further mention.

Caroline returned from her morning walk in hig spirits, and soon gave her feeble-minded mother glowing account of her perambulations—upon whom she had called—what ladies were going to the *fete*—what dresses they would wear—what gentlemen were to gallant them on the occasion—with a thousand other little matters of gossip, which she had, funnel-like, received at the ear only to run out at the mouth. She had fairly talked herself out of breath, when the bell rang for dinner.

The whole of the afternoon was spent by t[illegible]pricious beauty at her toilet. She tried on one article of dress, and then another, to see which most became her person. The new gown which she had ordered expressly for the Ball, did not please her—it had this and that fault, and before she was done, she quarrelled with her dressing-maid, who had dared express her opinion that it was really beautiful, and became her very much. Still, she could not arrange her things to suit her fancy. She fairly made herself sick in her anxiety to dress the richest and handsomest of all her fair acquaintances who were expected to be present at the Ball. At length, however, she had finished her toilet to her satisfaction, and really did look surpassingly lovely in her pure snow-white dress, with her hair plainly done up, and having a circlet, flashing with gems, around her beautiful forehead.

Soon the carriage rolled up to the door. Young Hamilton, in company with his sister, accompanied it. Caroline was assisted up the steps by Hamilton, and the gay little party proceeded on their way at a merry rate.

The large saloon was already crowded with beauty and fashion when they arrived. It was an enchanting scene. Flags and festoons were hung in gorgeous profusion around the walls of the room. The large chandeliers threw down and around a flood of mellow light. The numerous mirrors placed at the sides of the saloon, reflected the images of those present, and made them seem like duplicate forms of beauty and glory. The music was soul-enlivening; and fantastic, grotesque and elegant were the waltzes and quadrilles. All was gaiety and mirth.

Caroline was spontaneously recognized as the handsomest woman present, even amid a host of brilliant and transcendent beauties.

The *elite* of the young gentlemen of the city graced the festival, and among the distinguished personages who figured in the joyous scene, was the Count d'Aumaille, of La Belle France, who attracted general notice by his *distingue* air, his costly and superb dress, and above all for his splendid moustache, imperial and whiskers! His princely rank was at once an introduction to the good graces of nearly *every* fair creature present in that assembly.

He danced, and made himself so agreeable to, he had so many pretty compliments for his fair ners, that the brains of more than one of them were fairly turned by the honied flattery of his silken tongue.

Towards Caroline he was particularly attentive, and anon they were observed apart from the rest of the company as far as possible—he whispering sugared words into her ear, and she delighted and fascinated with his ardent devotion. From that hour, her heart was carried away captive. Hamilton was no longer the favorite suitor. The Count was the happy man, and Caroline gloried in the brilliant conquest she had made. She had never seen him before, and did not even know that such a character lived, until his appearance at the ball; yet she had actually fallen in love with him, and he had proposed to make her his bride, and elope with her to his sunny land and home. He waited upon her home from the ball, and planned all the arrangements of the elopement, which was to come off as speedily as possible.

He was a dashing, noble fellow, and made short work of his courtship. What romance, for a young American girl to be carried off by a foreign gentleman of rank! What a sensation it would make when they were married and gone! These were the thoughts that floated in Caroline's bewildered imagination. Her gallant lover had enjoined her to keep the affair strictly a secret—not even to acquaint her family with the happiness in store for her, until they were wedded and away—it would give the circumstance more *eclat*. Oh! sweet was Caroline's dream that night of future never-ending bliss!

She kept a close house all the following day after the ball. She took tea with the family circle, as usual, and shortly after retired, apparently into her own room. Late in the evening, however, a man called at the door, and left a package, addressed to Caroline's mother. It was a rose-colored note, folded in the form of a *billet doux*, and sealed with white and gold wax, on which was stamped a pair of doves nestled among roses. It was a beautiful [illegible]vice, and the hand-writing, too, could not but excite the curiosity of Caroline's mother. She broke the seal, and read with astonishment these laconic lines:

"*Dear Ma*—I have married the Count, and go with him to France. We sail from the city of ——. The coach is now ready to start for that place. I am so happy. Heaven bless you all—farewell!

Your affectionate CAROLINE."

This intelligence was like a thunder-clap to Caroline's mother. It was so unexpected, that she was immediately seized with illness, and it became necessary at once to remove her to her chamber. With all her faults, she was a fond mother, and really idolized her daughter; and for her to desert her parents thus was really very unkind treatment.

Her father, however, who was a man of very few words, and of exceedingly cool temperament, merely remarked,

"Sweet girl! She was always so full of romance! I hope he will make her happy."

A few days after the elopement, which, of course, produced a tremendous sensation among Caroline's circle of acquaintances especially, it was discovered by her father, that his name had been forged to a check for ten thousand dollars, and the money drawn from the Bank, without any suspicion having been excited in the minds of the officers of the institution. It now became rumored that the *distingue* Count was no other than an arrant impostor, an accomplished *chevalier d'industrie*; and this conviction was strengthened into positive assertion and belief, when numerous tradesmen and others with whom he had direct and indirect transactions found that they had been duped and swindled!

Caroline's father now raved like a madman at his loss, and cursed not only the swindling vagabond, as he was pleased to call the Count, his son-in-law, but also his own child in the bitterest terms. But in vain were his imprecations! He had only himself to blame for allowing his wife to pursue a system of education and government in the rearing up of their daughter, which was as false in theory as mischievous in practice, and which had already resulted in their deep mortification, if not in Caroline's dishonor and shame!

The absence of Caroline from her father's house, soon produced a sad change in that magnificent mansion. Her mother never recovered from the illness with which she was seized on the night of the elopement, and, after lingering a few months, died, calling upon the name of Caroline. Her father, too, became sullen and morose, and seemed to brood over some secret sorrow which could not be alleviated. Two years passed over, when, by some strange influence or caprice, he married his house-keeper, and not long after gave himself up to the inordinate indulgence of wine, which soured even more than ever his disposition, and rendered him totally unfit for the rational fellowship of his female companions and friends.

Meanwhile, Amelia became the wife of Mortimer, and retired with him to dwell in a beautiful little cottage residence on the outskirts of the city, which he was enabled to purchase from the proceeds of his honest industry. He was happy in the love of his wife, who sought every means to promote his comfort while at home, while he exerted himself to deserve her affection and proved at once both a kind and considerate husband and parent, a beautiful bright-faced boy having now been given them, as the pledge of their holiest truth for each other. He continued to prosper in his wordly affairs, and speedily gathered around him many of the elegancies of refined life.—His wife made his cottage the paradise of earth. She taught the creeping ivies to wander in elegance and grace over the portico and around the sides of the dwelling. The sweet blossoms bloomed in choicest profusion, in her carefully weeded and cultivated parterre, while the strawberry patch, and the shrubbery and trees in the garden, yielded grateful fruit for the enjoyment of this happy family, in their proper seasons.

Mortimer had plenty, and more than he required, of this world's goods; and the benevolent heart of Amelia knew how to dispense the bounties of Providence to the needy and worthy with her husband's sanction and commendation. But the more they multiplied their charities the more abundant became their store of wealth. But their good fortune was yet to be augmented.

They had now been married over two years, when a stranger, who proved to be a gentleman whom Amelia's father had credited in his mercantile transactions, in the sum of five thousand dollars, sought out Amelia as the only surviving heir of her family, and paid over to Mortimer in her sight, not only the principal, but the compound interest of the money, amounting then in all to the snug round sum of double the original debt.

This Godsend was unexpected, but it produced no change in their dispositions and habits. They seemed to regard themselves as stewards, who would be called upon to render an account of the disposition of their treasure. They lived in ease and comfort, and enjoyed a circle of delightful acquaintances, among whom was the worthy Mrs. Goodrich, the grocer's wife, who always ranked the first in the esteem of Mortimer and Amelia.

Thus their wedded lives flowed tranquilly onward, like the gentle stream, with scarcely a wave to ruffle the placid evenness of its surface.

Amelia had often reflected upon the singular fate of her uncle Warfield's family, and surmised in vain the destiny of her cousin Caroline, from whom no intelligence had been received since her elopement with the Count.

The third anniversary of the ball had passed and gone, when a poor distressed looking woman was observed to stand at the door of Caroline's father, and ring the bell for admittance. She was a pale, care-worn, emaciated looking person, and seemed as one far advanced in consumption. She wore a faded and tattered dress of coarse texture; her shoes scarcely seemed to protect her feet from the ground, while about her head and shoulders was wrapped a shawl which had seen much service. She carried in her arms a small child, apparently less than two years of age, and vainly strove to suppress its sobs, caused evidently by hunger and the intense cold weather.

She rang the second time before the door was opened.

"Is Mr. Warfield at home," inquired the woman of the waiting man, in a feeble voice, and shivering with the cold.

"He's engaged, and can't be seen by the likes of you," said the man in an impertinent tone; eyeing her from head to foot.

"Will you not tell him that a poor woman would speak with him a moment?"

"No! I tell you master is engaged, and I dare not interrupt him. Go away," said the fellow impatiently, and about to close the door in her face.

"Yet, stay! I must see *her*. Will you not call your mistress hither?"

"You John! Why do you stand all day at the door, and keep a body waiting so. Do you hear me?" uttered a harsh, squeaking voice within the hall.

"Here's a beggar woman, marm, who wants to speak to you."

"Tell her she can have nothing here. I declare we are run down with such people! Why don't they go to the almshouse, I wonder?"

"Do let me come in. I must see them. I *will* see my father!" replied Caroline, (who has no doubt been recognised,) in the energy of despair entering the vestibule as she spoke.

"Your *father!*" exclaimed the servant in surprise, and then breaking out into a forced laugh, he continued: "*Your* father! Lor' bless me, that's a good 'un."

"What's that? What did she say? Her father!—Let me see her!" responded the housekeeper-wife, as she now ran to the door, and peered inquisitively into Caroline's face.

"Who are you? What do you want?" the woman inquired.

"I am Caroline Warfield. Do inform my parent that I am here," uttered Caroline, vexed at the treatment she received—for she knew not of the changes which had taken place in her absence.

"Indeed, I will not. You are an impodent impostor. Caroline is dead this long time. She ran off with a rogue, and broke her mother's heart—she did!"

"Why, Barbary! is it you? Do you not know me? Am I really so much altered?"

"Don't Barbary me! I'm housekeeper no longer. I'm your mother—Mrs. Warfield, I mean—let me tell you that!" said that important personage, stretching up herself with an air of consequence.

"You! Surely I dream! No—no! It cannot be! Oh, my father, I will die if I do not see him."

"I say, you cannot see him. Here, John, put her out! Graceless hussy! Caroline, indeed! Think I wouldn't know her! Leave the house, I say!"

The servant man was about to lay forcible hands upon Caroline, when she gave him a scowling look, and left the house. She heard the key turned in the door upon her.

She seated herself upon the steps a few moments, and wept. Suddenly a thought passed over her mind, a slight smile came over her countenance, and she arose and went away. Her cousin Amelia suggested herself to her memory, and she immediately resolved to search her out, feeling assured of a kinder reception from her gentleness and affection.

She wandered along, but was soon directed to Mrs. Goodrich's house, and from her learned of Amelia, without making herself known to any one.

It was in the dusk of the evening when she reached the portico of Mortimer's pleasant home. She knocked, and was at once admitted into the room where *Amelia* sat in front of a cheerful fire, in conversation with her husband. She rose promptly to meet the stranger, and placed a chair for her near the fire.

Caroline was stiff with the cold, and faint from the want of food. She staggered into the seat without being able to open her lips. She recovered herself in a few moments, and spoke.

"Pardon, kind madam, this intrusion. I have come"——

"Surely that voice! That pale face!" interrupted Amelia, as the shawl fell from Caroline's face, and revealed her countenance. "It is—it is Caroline—my dear cousin Caroline!"

"Amelia!"

The cousins were locked in each other's arms, and ardent was the greeting.

"Oh, Amelia! you are too kind not to spurn me from you. I do not deserve your affection."

"Dear Caroline, do not speak thus. I am so happy to see you!" And snatching up her cousin's little girl in her arms, Amelia exclaimed—"What a pretty sweet child it is! Poor thing, it must have suffered much."

It is needless to detail all that then passed between the two relatives. Amelia proved at once by her assiduous attentions to the wants of her distressed cousin, how glad she was to see her again, while Mortimer strove to revive her spirits by his affable manners and lively conversation.

In a few moments Amelia had conducted Caroline into her own room, where she provided her with apparel becoming her former station, and soon was rejoiced to find, that although she was quite ill, and dejected in spirits, she still retained much of her original beauty of appearance. Meanwhile a good dish of coffee was prepared, with suitable relishes, and the whole party sat down to the supper table, with a sensation of joy and happiness, which added greatly to the zest of the repast. Even the two little children, Amelia's boy and Caroline's girl, seemed to smile in the pleasure of their parents. They were soon on familiar terms, and the house fairly resounded with their innocent and frolicsome mirth.

The evening advanced, and at length Amelia conducted Caroline to her sleeping apartment, where they again embraced each other and separated for the night. When Caroline was left to herself, her feelings overflowed in tears. She now found herself surrounded by nearly all the comforts she had known in her father's house. The fine warm bed, and all the luxuries of an elegant toilet and sleeping-room, called up the associations of former times, and caused her to reflect upon her own reckless and infatuated course of conduct, which had brought first misery and humiliation, and now heart-felt repentance of her follies. This Caroline of the present hour—how different from the proud belle in her days of sunshine and prosperity. Ah! bitter were the lessons of experience, but they were not without profitable instruction.

Hard indeed had been the lot of Caroline. Within four-and-twenty hours after her elopement from home with an entire stranger, she discovered how shamefully she had been deceived. Her husband, instead of a princely gentleman and lover, proved to be no other than Harvey Butler, a former footman in her father's house. He had conceived a violent passion for her, but dared not declare it while serving in a menial capacity in the same dwelling with herself. He was a singular compound of intelligence, assurance, and roguery, and a shrewd observer of men and things. He had acquired various arts and cunning devices—such as legerdemain and ventriloquism—and could assume almost any character, and mimic the human voice to a nicety. He saw how hopeless it was to aspire to the hand of the proud and beautiful girl, under the circumstances in which he was then situated; but the ardor of his passion soon suggested the means to enable him to carry out his pur[illegible] her as his bride. He left her father's employ—retired awhile from the city—and finally returned in the character of a Count. His appearance at the ball, and the success of his stratagem, are already known.

On that eventful night, he met Caroline at the foot of her father's garden, and repaired with her at once to a clergyman's dwelling, where the marriage ceremony was performed—although, it is proper to state, in his impatience to fly, he strongly urged the bewildered girl not then to delay for the ceremony of the priest, but happily for her, she refused to acquiesce, and was saved from dishonor.

The coach and four rolled rapidly away; and after a number of hours of fast driving, stopped for the night, at an obscure tavern, some fifty miles or so from her native city. The pretended Count preserved his incognito entirely unsuspected until the following morning, when he boldly threw off his disguise, and revealed his true character; and moreover, avowed the perpetration of the forgery, by which her father had been wronged. The horror and indignation of Caroline may be readily conceived. A sense of burning shame, and a spirit of revenge, alternately swayed her feelings. Her husband told her that she might return back to her father's house, if she preferred so doing; but that he loved her truly and devotedly, and that for her sake, he had made himself a villain and a fugitive.

The step had been taken, and it was now too late to retrieve her error. The tears filled her eyes, and bitter were her feelings. She knew not how to act. She loathed the very sight of her betrayer, but she could not bear the thought of returning back, and be laughed and jeered at for having eloped with her father's footman! That idea was terrible! Poor Caroline! The opinion of the world, or what others would say of her imprudence, influenced her mind more than her sense of what was her duty under the embarrassing situation, and she finally allowed herself to be disposed of by her husband as he pleased. He hurried on with her to the next sea port, where he chartered the entire cabin of a packet vessel, and was soon on the voyage to a distant and strange land.

The conduct of Butler towards his wife, on the voyage, and for a long time afterwards, was all kindness and attention. He seemed really anxious and solicitous for her welfare. He protested that he loved her dearer than his life, and adduced as evidence in this respect, the stratagem he had devised to secure her to himself. Strange is woman's heart! Caroline's feelings gradually warmed in his favor; and as his conduct was now all that she could expect of him, she made up her mind resolutely to her apparent destiny, and thenceforth strove to fulfil the duties of a wife as far as it was in her power.

He found a new home for her among strangers, and made it the abode of comparative comfort and happiness, and for months; but gradually his conduct changed towards Caroline—his habits became dissolute—his home was often deserted for the gaming table and its kindred vices—and finally he was brought home to his wife, a murdered, bleeding corpse! He had quarrelled over his wine with a character as reckless as himself, when he received the poignard wound which caused his death!

Caroline had long watched his headlong career, and sought by her love and gentle persuasion to wean him from dissipation and crime. But in vain. He gave himself up eventually to his debased inclinations, and left her in poverty, humiliation and wo. Her only remaining affection now centred in her beautiful child, and yearning for the kindred sympathies of her native home, she resolved to return and throw herself at her parents' feet, trusting to their love for pity and forgiveness.

Amelia and her husband were deeply interested in the recital of Caroline's story of suffering and deprivations: they administered the oil of consolation, and soon the crushed soul became in a degree cheerful and buoyant.

Caroline's dearest wish was now to see and be reconciled to her father, and Amelia undertook to bring about an interview between them, although it had been a long while since she herself had visited her uncle's dwelling—for he had kept himself entirely secluded from society, and the receptions which his housekeeper-wife had always given her, were unpleasant and mortifying.

She accordingly accompanied Caroline and her child to Warfield's dwelling. She had dressed the child with exceeding taste, and felt that her pleasing gentleness would prove a powerful pleader to soften the grandfather's heart, should it be found that it was insensible to the ties of natural affection. Her heart leapt in joy at the blissful moment which would reconcile a father to his erring child. She anticipated the gushing forth anew of the wells of love and kindly sympathies, after having been so long dried up even to their inmost fountains.

Fortunately, Caroline's step-mother was from home, and the little party found no difficulty in gaining access to the old man's presence. Caroline remained without the door while Amelia and the child entered the apartment. He was seated in a cushioned arm-chair, with his head reclining back and eyes directed towards the ceiling, and with one gouty placed upon an easy stool before him. He sat[illegible] be buried in deep contemplation, and Amelia felt hesitant to disturb his musings. She, however, recollected the importance of her errand, and rushed forward and threw herself at her uncle's feet.

"My *dear*, dear uncle, I am so happy to see you. I am sure you will pardon my intrusion—I have such good news for you," said the warm-hearted Amelia, seizing her uncle's hand and kissing it with enthusiastic fervor.

"How now! Why, are you mad? I want no company: leave me," he replied, in a rough voice and petulant manner, twisting uneasily in his chair as he spoke.

"No, *dear* uncle: you will not have me to leave you! I have such news. Caroline—our Caroline has returned, and yearns to embrace her dear old father once more!"

"I will not see her! She is no daughter of mine. Why did she run away with that swindling foreigner? I disown her for ever! Heaven's curse on her!—she must not come here!"

"Oh, uncle! do not be so cruel to your poor child," replied Amelia, with tears and a full heart; "Oh, she has suffered much—do permit me to bring your penitent Caroline to you! See! here is her child—a sweet, gentle creature! here, uncle, kiss your grand child—you will not spurn her from you!"

The appeal touched the old man's heart. Its iciness was thawed by the warmth of returning love, and tears gushed into his eyes.

"Yes—yes! I must love her. My child! my child! Poor innocent thing!"

He clasped her to his bosom and kissed her again and again in the transport of his joy.

"I am happy—happy now! Where is my sweet girl—my Caroline? Let her come to her old father's arms. I am so happy—so happy!"

"She is here!" said Caroline, as she threw open the door, and rushed into her father's room. Holy and pure was that embrace of father and child!

But alas! blissful moments are ever evanescent!—The old man relaxed his arm from the embrace of his daughter. A sudden illness seized him, and before assistance could be rendered, he fell back in his arm-chair and expired!

The excitement of the interview and the breaking up of the sealed fountains of affection, had been too much for his precarious health. Apoplexy ensued—but he died pronouncing blessings upon his daughter and her child.

After the demise of Caroline's father, his will was found among his papers, and it proved that he had bequeathed the whole of his property to his housekeeper-wife. Subsequently, however, a flaw was detected in the instrument—its validity was contested, and it was finally declared to be null and void. The whole of his wealth, with the exception of a small moiety reserved for his second wife, reverted back to Caroline, who was consequently enabled to maintain her former affluent position in society. But the possession of riches was not now her care. She remembered the lessons which adversity had taught her, and the principles of the Christian religion inclined her to direct its dispensation for the relief of suffering humanity and in philanthropic objects. That same holy religion taught her, too, that true happiness was not to be found in a world of fashionable folly; and that humbleness of station in society was rather a blessing than a misfortune, since its tendency was to wean the soul from earth and fit it for the latitude of a celestial home.

For a time Caroline made Mortimer's cottage her home, and Amelia her dearest companion: but was at length induced to give her heart and hand in marriage to her old lover, Hamilton, for whom she had all along cherished the germ of attachment, he having, some time before, abandoned the profession of law for that of Divinity, and had become already one of the most popular preachers of the metropolis.

She has learned to look upon the professional and mechanical distinctions of society in their proper light, and to estimate the value of *character* in the individual rather than the adventitious relations of society—for after all it is the intrinsic moral worth of the man alone, which gives honor and dignity to every employment and profession in life. The mechanic and professional man, in regard to the mere minutiæ, are both indispensible adjuncts of human existence—they are alike honorable and respectable within themselves—and as useful in their several relations, as are the distinct members which make up man's whole physical organization. Thus the moral is—that life has its thorns and its flowers. A career of folly and misdirected pursuits produce the bias of discontent; while a course of virtue and true benevolence brings the roses of peace wet with the dews of love and gratitude.

THE TWO SUITORS;

OR, THE SISTERS.

An Interesting and Instructive Tale.

In a large city in Germany dwelt two sisters—Jeannette and Pauline. Jeannette had the good fortune to be very handsome, and the bad fortune to find it out very soon. She soon accustomed herself to look in the glass—that was natural; she soon took pains in dressing—that was pardonable; she endeavored to acquire accomplishments—that was prudent; but she thought nothing *more* was necessary—that was foolish. True, she played well upon the harpsichord, and sung bravura airs with taste; she drew landscapes after Hackert, and embroidered flowers from Nature. But she only played the harpsichord in great companies, and only sung airs at concerts; she only drew landscapes for exhibition, and embroidered flowers for sofas and screens. At home, time passed tediously, although her old, weak mother was continually praising her beauty. This old truth could only give pleasure by coming from new lips; hence Jeannette was continually seeking new society. Ladies always practice a certain *economy* in the praise of other ladies; but gentlemen, on the contrary, are generally very lavish of praise; and therefore Jeannette was fond of the society of gentlemen.

Her sister Pauline would probably have thought and acted in the same manner; but no one praised the poor girl, simply because no one noticed her, for the small-pox had rendered her appearance homely. She was also far behind her sister in showy accomplishments. She played the guitar, and sung agreeably, but merely simple little songs. She was not behind Jeannette in the art of drawing; but except a few landscapes which hung in her mother's chamber, which no one but her mother saw, no one knew of her talent; for the homely Pauline was as diffident as the fascinating Jeannette was unembarrassed; and it only required a second look from any one to cause her to blush deeply. Fortunately, this did not often happen, for no one looked at her twice. She embroidered as well as her sister, but only upon work-bags for aunts and grandmothers. She appeared best at home;—in company, the consciousness of her homeliness gave her an air of constraint; but affairs could not go on without her.

When the girls grew up, their mother thought proper that they should take charge of the house each one by turns, week about. Pauline soon became accustomed to it, and in her week all things went on right. When Jeannette's turn came, she hurried about busily the whole forenoon, but when noon came the dinner was spoiled. She grieved, also, at the time she lost from her singing and harpsichord, and the little time which was left her to arrange her head-dress, for her evening parties. The good-hearted Pauline frequently took her task off her hands, until finally the practice was neglected of relieving each other weekly, and Jeannette troubled herself no more about domestic affairs. The weak mother did not interfere, for she could not be displeased with the lovely face which pleased every body. There could be no large party unless Jeannette Western graced it; her name served the poets for a subject, and was the universal toast. Few only knew that she had a sister.

Two young officers, Edward and Maurice, saw Jeannette, and both became extremely enamored.—Both were of a good family, brave, noble, and both very rich. Jeannette was delighted with her conquests, and her mother, who was in moderate circumstances, indulged herself in sweet dreams of the future.

"If both should be in earnest," said she to her daughter, "which would you prefer?"

"I don't know myself," answered Jeannette—"they both please me, but I like the rich one the best. Then I would take care of you, mother, in your old age, and I would have my sister to manage my house for me."

The doating parent wept for joy at the filial sentiments of her daughter, and Pauline was grateful for such a mark of sisterly affection.

In the meantime, both of the young men wooed earnestly for the beauty's favor, and both were equally kind to the homely Pauline, because she gave them the pleasure of being alone with her sister.—Jeannette was really in embarrassment, which of her adorers to prefer. Edward gave a ball, at which she was queen, and she thought on that evening that she was in a fair way to love Edward. Maurice gave a sleigh-ride, and she flew along the street in a splendid equipage, and on that day she thought Maurice more amiable than his rival. So she delayed her decision from one to another, attributing her hesitation to her heart.

"If I were in your place," said Pauline one day, "I should take Edward."

"Why?" asked Jeannette. "Maurice is as rich, and you will acknowledge he is handsomer."

"He is generous, too," said the mother.

"But he is fickle," replied Pauline. "Our aunt told me a great many things about him."

"Our aunt," answered Jeannette, snappishly, "is an old aunt."

"Edward, on the other hand," continued Pauline, "is more steady; and I think I have often remarked, that he feels more deeply and more sincerely than Maurice."

"Pshaw!" said Jeannette, tossing her head, while she stuck a flower in her hair before the glass, "they both feel so deeply that I hardly know how to manage them. Meanwhile, what harm will there be in delaying my choice awhile? Their rivalry makes my time pass very pleasantly, and finally accident will decide."

Pauline was silent. Both suitors continued their attentions without remission.

One day, as Edward entered the room, he found Pauline in tears, and Jeannette laughing loudly. He asked modestly the cause of the tears and the laughter.

"I am a child," said Pauline, blushing; and left the room.

"A child, indeed!" said Jeannette, laughing after her; "you would never guess what she was crying for."

"If it is not improper to ask——"

"Oh, not at all. You have probably sometimes seen the old blind dog that lay on the sofa? He was mine, and in his young days used to make a good deal of sport. This morning he broke a handsome dish. At first I fretted a little; at last I thought the old blind animal was good for nothing, and only did mischief; so I sent him to a huntsman and had him shot."

"And was that the cause of your sister's weeping?"

"That was it. One would think we were living in the times of old Romance."

Edward was silent, and soon changed the conversation. But after that time he never overlooked Pauline as he had formerly done. He conversed with her, became acquainted with her unpretending worth, admired her modesty, and began to think her less homely. Yet when the fascinating Jeannette appeared, her charms made him forget Pauline.

Jeannette had prepared a splendid masquerade dress for the character of a sultana, for the carnival that was approaching, when her mother was taken sick. Pauline was to have accompanied her as her slave, and had prepared a becoming dress for the occasion. The day arrived; the illness of her mother increased; the looks of the physician, although he said nothing, made Pauline determine not to go to the masquerade. Jeannette gave herself but little trouble to persuade her to go, and went without her.

"Where is your sister?" asked Edward.

"My mother is not well, and Pauline has remained at home for company." He was pleased at that; but he had little time to think of it, for Jeannette appeared more beautiful than ever, and neither he nor Maurice left her side. She enjoyed the triumph of being admired in the highest degree. Whenever she danced, a crowd was formed around her; wherever she went, she heard the voice of flattery.

Towards midnight, just as she had promised to dance a quadrille with Edward, a domino came up and took off her mask; it was her mother's physician.

"Miss," said he, "I have just come from your house, and I dare not conceal from you that your mother is very ill."

"Good Heaven!" she exclaimed, terrified and perplexed, "I must go home this moment."

"By all means," said Edward, "let us go."

Just then the music commenced. Jeannette looked round embarrassed; Edward offered his services to look for her servant. She was just on the point of requesting him to do so, when one of the dancers in the set took her hand and commenced the figure. She obeyed mechanically, but said to a lady standing next to her—

"I cannot dance any longer; my mother's sick."

"O, do not rob us of the ornament of our quadrille," said a young rich Englishman; "a few minutes can make no difference."

She looked at Edward as if she wished him to decide for her, but he was silent. It was now his turn to dance. The person next him jogged him—he cast an inquiring look at Jeannette; his neighbor reminded him again—Jeannette did not refuse, and so he danced the figure with her, and the quadrille was finished without anything more being said. She would then have gone, but she was so heated that she would have taken cold by going into the air. After walking up and down an adjoining room for some time, she went home, and Edward accompanied her. As they went up the steps, they saw fire in the kitchen, where Pauline was preparing something for her mother. Her countenance, reddened by the glow of the fire, appeared handsome this time to Edward.

"It is well you have come," said Pauline to her sister. "Mother has been very sick, and I have frequently had to leave her alone."

Edward felt himself in a singular frame of mind. On this very evening Jeannette had dropt some hints which gave him hopes of gaining the victory over his rival. His delight on that account, however, had been very much moderated since the last quadrille. A film fell from his eyes. He was able, for the first time, to look upon her beauty without a v to possess her. He would probably h her immediately, if vanity had not she loved him; that she would have it the hall, if she had not been dancing wi that it was he who made her forget her d moment. His feelings could not withstand the tering thought of being loved by so beautiful a gi and all that reason could win from him was a determination to put her supposed affection for him to the proof.

He waited until her mother recovered, and then went one day with an air of trouble in his countenance to Jeannette, and informed her that his estate in Subia had been ravaged by the enemy, and that it would take at least a year's rent to put it in its former condition.

"But," added he, tenderly, "if Jeannette only loves me, my income will be sufficient to protect us from want."

She was visibly shocked, and changed color as he began his relation, and her endeavors to conceal her confusion did not escape him. An anxious pause ensued. She soon recovered her composure, laid her hand upon his in a friendly way, and said—

"My good friend, I will not deceive you. I am a spoilt child, and cannot do without many things. We are neither of us romancers. We know that the hottest love will grow cold in a cottage. That I am well inclined towards you, I will not deny, but we must act reasonably—remain my friend."

This declaration was a thrust in the heart to Edward, but it was a beneficial operation. He soon after repeated the story in presence of Pauline. She did not look up from her embroidery, but he remarked that her eyes were moist.

"What gives me the most pain for the misfortune," continued he, "is the poverty of my mother—my good mother. If I should devote the whole of my income to her, it will not be sufficient to provide her the luxuries to which she has been accustomed; and you know that poverty always depends upon the different wants of mankind."

Pauline raised her head and looked at him kindly. She said nothing, but her countenance spoke. The needled trembled in her hand. She bethought herself, and continued her embroidery. After a pause, she asked, as if merely to renew the conversation—

"Where does your mother reside?"

Edward answered at Stutgard, where, in reality, she was in the highest circle of society. Pauline then spoke of the pleasant situation and advantages of Stutgard, and nothing more was said of Edward's misfortune.

For the purpose of confirming what he had said of his losses, he limited his expenditures, and sold his fine horses. He continued to visit the sisters, and the calmness of his feelings permitted him to see a thousand little things, that had formerly escaped him. None of his observations were of a kind to rekindle his former love; on the other hand, Pauline daily appeared more amiable to him, and her homeliness less striking. As he now conversed more with her than with Jeannette, she felt more confidence toward him, her bashfulness was conquered, and she unfolded her heart. What conduced very much to this, was the modest supposition that Edward would have no thought of a marriage with her; that removed her embarrassment, and she showed her pure, unrestrained sisterly affection.

Jeannette, on the other hand, did not receive much pleasure from his visits, which were especially disagreeable when Maurice was present. To him she now confined her whole coquetry, and soon drew the net so tightly over him, that he besought her pressingly every day to make him the most enviable of mortals, at the altar. She still took airs upon herself and teased him awhile, and at last jestingly gave her consent. The lover was delighted excessively,

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"But the bill of exchange was sent to my mother."

"I know nothing of that; it is no business of mine."

"I beg of you to tell me the person."

"I cannot."

"You will probably cause the happiness of my life."

The banker looked at him in surprise.

"Will you tell me the truth," said Edward, "if I name the person?"

"Yes."

"Miss Pauline Western."

"You have guessed it."

Edward hurried out. In two minutes he was at Pauline's feet, and asked her hand. She was confused—she could not answer—she sighed.

He put his arms around her—"Am I disagreeable to you?"

"Oh no, I have long loved you; but how could I hope?"

The first raptures of love flowed through two noble hearts. Pauline could not comprehend how Edward had taken such a sudden violent resolution.—She often asked the reason—he smiled, but did not answer.

Her nuptials with the poor Edward were fixed for the same day on which Jeannette was to marry the rich Maurice. Pauline made disposition for strict frugality in her future domestic affairs; her white, plain bridal dress contrasted powerfully with the silver lace of her sister.

Edward pressed her to his heart, and smiled.

"To-morrow," said he, "I will inform my mother of the choice I have made. You must also add a letter."

Pauline promised it, not without some embarrassment, and Edward smiled again. On the next day she handed him the letter, but showed him at the same time her finger bound up, which had compelled her to get her sister to write the letter. Edward kissed her finger, cast a look of love upon her, and a tear stood in his sparkling eye. She blushed, and thought something was not right, but he said "very well," and smiled.

The marriage day appeared. Edward came early in the morning, and laid a valuable necklace in his bride's lap. Pauline was astonished, but Jeannette was more so, for the necklace was more valuable than her own.

"I have been practising usury," said Edward, jestingly. "A little sum advanced by a noble lady, a friend of mine, has doubled itself a thousand fold."

"By a noble lady?" said Pauline.

"The necklace is very fine," continued Edward, "but what adorns it most, and will make me the happiest of men, is concealed in this paper."

She opened it confusedly—it was the wedding ring folded in the bill of exchange. Pauline recognized it at the first glance, and cast *down* her eyes blushing. Edward fell at her feet. She sunk down.—"To deceive me so!" whispered she.

When all was explained, Pauline's mother embraced her, while Jeannette tossed her pretty head. She endeavored to conceal her vexation; but her marriage day was the commencement of her matrimonial ill humor.

Several years passed. Edward found to his astonishment that he had been blind—that his wife was really handsome; and his domestic happiness increased every day. Domestic happiness never made its home with Jeannette. Pauline was surrounded with blooming children. The sisters seldom saw each other: for Pauline only lived for her husband and children—Jeannette only for the great world. Here she found sufficient amends for the only true happiness of marriage, as long as her beauty daily attracted new admirers, and as long as her husband's riches afforded the means of expensive luxuries. But, alas! her charms began to vanish—she grew sickly—the affection of her husband became deadened—his coffers were emptied—poverty introduced discord.—They avoided one another—Madam ran in debt—Monsieur gambled away her jewels. They began with complaining, and ended with reproaches. At length, one morning, Maurice rode away without taking leave, and was never heard of afterward.

Poor and helpless Jeannette was forced to seek an asylum with her sister. She was kindly received, and treated with the most tender forbearance; but her conscience was not at ease; a violent cough enfeebled her frame, and in her twenty-eighth year, no trace of her former beauty remained. Her mind was soured and embittered, so that she was rendered unfit for any domestic joys. The servants of the family trembled before her. If the nurse wished to hush the infant, she had only to say, "Aunt is coming." The larger children, when at play, if they heard her cough at a distance, slipped into one corner, and whispered to one another, "Aunt is coming."

JOY AND HOPE.

Joy's a sweet, yet fragile flower;
  It loves bright lands and sunny skies;
When days are dark, when tempests low'r,
  It droops to earth, and fades, and dies.

Hope brightest blooms amid the storm!
  Its verdure owns not Fate's control:
Joy comes array'd in mortal form,—
  Hope dwells a portion of the soul.

LUCK IS EVERY THING.

BY JOSEPH R. CHANDLER.

The course of true love, it is said, did never yet run smooth; and those who have had experience on that turnpike of the affections, or rather rail-road, as it is now run over, being [illegible] to the joints, "running off," and mashings up alive, of which the poets speak. We have no great taste, in this time of politics and perplexities, to dabble in "fancy stocks," and risk our reputation for gravity; yet the illustration of an aphorism of admitted truth, may be considered seasonable, and the moral deduced from the illustration may compensate some for the time of reading it.

In the year 1814—we remember the time well, because a part of the incidents of the story were connected with a great event, an event not likely to be forgotten—well, in the year 1814, a young man, who, to a visionary mind, and a consequent want of employment, added a most desperate affection for a young lady, quite too good for him, if his business pursuits were alone considered, but just his match, if confiding affection, purity of mind, and innocence of purpose, are the reward of large endowments, strict integrity, and a desire for honest competence, without the means of obtaining it.

There was no more pleasing young man in the thriving village than Henry Bradford; and every body agreed with his neighbors, that he was the most agreeable person, and the best educated about. But he did not study law, he despised medicine, and did not take to the church; he had frequently thought of "merchandise," but that required a capital, which he could not raise, and as he did not get ahead, though he was forever on the brink of some wonderful success, which he certainly would have secured, if he had only entered upon the enterprise.

Mary Carver evidently loved Henry Bradford; for knowing that, excepting his handsome person, pleasing manners, and good character, he had nothing to offer, she would not otherwise have been *deaf* to the offers of so many young men, whose character and positions rendered them desirable to the family. These offers were repeated so often, and hints so strong were given to Mr. and Mrs. Carver, that it was deemed proper, after a serious deliberation in cabinet council, to admonish their daughter that Henry was in no business, and was not likely to be in a way to maintain a family.

Mrs. Carver opened the diplomacy with her daughter, and after two or three conferences, retreated under the laugh of Mary, who declared that she did not doubt that Henry would one day be rich enough to take care of both, for he had had a dream that he should be. Mrs. Carver had no disposition to laugh in such a serious mission, and no desire to be angry with her daughter.

Mary, however, knew that when her father came to negotiate, she would have to use other arguments than laughter, and therefore she admonished Henry of the approaching storm. Henry thought of it two or three days, an unusual time for him to devote to any thing like his personal affairs.

At length the family was honored by a signal offer from a clergyman in a neighboring town. He was learned, pious, rich, and respected, and such an offer was not to be slighted. It was not slighted. Old Mr. Carver took the subject to heart, and Mrs. Carver gave her sheer muslin cap a double clear starching upon the very idea of becoming mother-in-law to a minister. Mary pondered these things in her heart. She saw the improbability of Henry's ever attaining a situation that would warrant matrimony. She was listening to her mother's account of his want of application to business, his apparent disregard for all the ordinary means of attaining competence, and of his utter lack of what is called common sense; and the old lady concluded her homily with a remark, that she believed Henry Bradford would think more of a dream of wealth twice repeated, than of the best prospects that ever promised business preferment.

"Mother," said Mary, "Henry is not a fool."

"No," said Mrs. Carver, hesitatingly, "he is not a fool, certainly."

"Why then do you talk so of him?" asked Mary. "But there he is coming now," continued the girl.

"Speak to him plainly, my child," said Mrs. Carver.

Mary made no answer, for she was a little mortified at the ludicrous turn which her mother had given to Henry's rather dreamy proposition, though she never had heard him build any castles in the air out of such materials.

Henry came with his usual pleasant humor, and sat down by Mary, and after a few words, he perceived that something was wrong.

"Mary," said he, "have you been reading the Sorrows of Werter?"

"No, Henry, but I have been listening to mother's sorrows—her lamentations over you. She says—"

"Never mind what she says, Mary, as I perceive it is not very good; just listen to what I have to tell."

"Well, what is it, Henry? I hope it is good."

"Excellent, capital; it will be delightful."

"Do, then, tell me what it is."

"Dreamed!" exclaimed Mary, with a most dolorous sigh.

"Aye *dreamed*."

"Well, go on."

"I dreamed that I had *drawn* ten thousand dollars in the Plymouth Beach Lottery."

"Well, what then?"

"Why, I dreamed the same on Monday night, and on Tuesday night, and the numbers were 5, 4, 3, 2. Well, I went right to Boston on Wednesday, and purchased the ticket, and here it is; you shall keep it, Mary, and when I go up to Boston for the prize, you shall go with me."

Poor Mary smiled mournfully and reproachingly. Henry left the house, and went home satisfied that he had made a right disposition of the ticket.

Day after day did Henry watch at the Post Office, to read the first report of the drawing; but day after day passed without the *desired* information.

At length one of the young men was heard to remark, that Henry Bradford had shot out of the Post Office, as if he had received some strange intelligence.

"Mary," said Henry, "here is your father's paper, and look at the returns, No. 5, 4, 3, 2—TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS!"

Mary turned pale—the news was unexpected.

"Let's go to Boston," said Henry, "and get the money."

"The prizes are payable thirty days after drawing," said Mary, looking at the bottom of the ticket.

That night Mary told her mother of Henry's luck. Mrs. Carver seemed rather startled.

"Are you not pleased, mother?" asked Mary. "do you wish to oppose other obstacles to our union?"

"Mary," said Mrs. Carver, "do you recollect the most uncompromising hostility which your father has to lotteries—his utter abomination of money thus distributed? This prize will be worse to him than poverty. Ever since they refused to make him a manager in the Plymouth Beach Lottery, he has set down the whole as gambling, and every prize as the devil's gift for mischief; and, to say the truth, most people begin to hold opinions with him."

"Why, mother, every body did not ask to be made a manager in the lottery."

"No, no; but people may, like your father, arrive at correct conclusions from selfish considerations, and good opinions may become general without any special motive for change."

The next day Mary gave back Henry his ticket, with an account of the conversation of her mother.

Henry was mortified at the result; he understood and appreciated the feelings of the "old folks," and in any other person's case, he might have approved of it.

"But what does your father want?" said Henry.—"Does he suppose that the mode adopted to build churches, endow schools, and finish public works, is too impure to supply the needy purse of one who wishes to be his son-in-law? He is more nice than wise."

"My father," said Mary, "may not think himself called upon to be so particular about what concerns the public charities, corporations, or indifferent individuals, as he is, and is bound to be, in what concerns the respectability of his own family."

"But if I acquire wealth by lawful means—"

"Henry, father never asked that you should be wealthy; he thought it proper, and he makes it a condition of our marriage, that you should have some respectable business, since you have not wealth."

"And your father is right," said Henry; "but how I am to get clear of the odium of my lottery prize, I can neither see nor guess."

"Perhaps you will dream it, though," said Mary, archly.

"I can dream of nothing but schooners, brigs, and ships," said Henry.

"Oh, if you only owned a good vessel," said Mary, "I do not know but father would almost forgive its coming as a prize."

"A prize to the privateer," said Henry, "but not in a lottery."

Henry wandered down towards the wharves and unoccupied ship-yards. The war allowed of little or no work among the ship-builders. The hull of a fine brig lay at the wharf. She had been launched a year, and there was none to purchase her. She was too clumsy for a privateer.

"Mr. Holmes," said Henry, "what is that vessel worth?"

"She is worth twenty thousand dollars," said the owner and builder; "she cost that as she is, and she will bring twenty-five thousand the very hour peace is declared."

"Would you like the money for her at a cash price?"

"Nothing would be more acceptable. But there are not fifteen thousand dollars in the county.

The remarks of Mary about her father's respect for a ship owner had been running in Henry's head ever since they were uttered, and he beckoned aside the owner.

"Mr. Holmes," said Henry, "I have a commission to fulfil, and, as you know I am not much of a business man, I must ask you to consider a proposition which I am about to make to you, and to answer me explicitly."

"Let me hear the proposition."

"I will give you ten thousand dollars for the brig as she now lies."

"And the time of payment?"

"Within forty days. You cannot want the money sooner; the river is frozen over, and you could make no use of the cash before that time."

Mr. Holmes turned to Bradford and said—"You know, Henry, that I am aware that you have not the means of payment, and also that you are not a person likely to be employed as an agent in such business, and yet I have every confidence in your word."

Henry explained fully to the ship owner the state of his affairs, and exhibited to him the lottery ticket, No. 5, 4, 3, 2.

"But," said Mr. Holmes, "there may be some mistake about the matter, or some failure of the lottery, by which I should lose."

Henry explained his motives and wishes, and in two hours he held in his hand a bill of sale of the brig Helvetius, which, as the papers were not obtained, he immediately re-named MARY. The condition was, that Henry was to hold the vessel for forty days, and if, within that time, he should pay ten thousand dollars, she was to be his; if not, she was to revert to Mr. Holmes, who, in the meantime, held the ticket as a sort of collateral. The bill of sale, as I saw it, bore date the 5th of February, 1815. Henry felt like a new man. He was a ship owner in a place where that character was a sort of aristocracy. He went day after day to look at his brig, wishing for the time to pass away for the prize to be paid; but he said nothing yet to Mr. Carver.

One evening, while Henry was walking with Mary, she asked him what he intended to do with his vessel when the forty days were up?

"Rig her, bend her sails, and then sell her, or send her to sea."

"Why, Henry, it took the whole of the ticket to buy the hull and the standing spars, and it will take half as much more to rig her and find canvass; and besides that, how can you sell her for more than Mr. Holmes could?"

Henry hesitated: he had not thought of that; but he did not doubt but it would all come right yet.

Henry was sitting the next day on the quarter rail of his brig, looking at the masts, well covered with snow and ice, and thinking of the better appearance she would make when the rigger had done his duty. At length he felt the hand of Mr. Holmes upon his shoulder.

"Henry," said the latter, "I am sorry to have bad news to tell you. Read that paragraph in the Boston Centinel."

"CORRECTION.—The ticket which drew the highest prize in the Plymouth Beach Lottery, was 4, 5, 3, 2, and not, as our compositors stated last week, 5, 4, 3, 2. We understand that a gentleman of wealth in the southern part of this town, is the fortunate holder."

"What do you say to that, Henry?"

"Only that the old gentleman will not now say that I have the wages of gambling."

"No, nor will he give you the credit of being a ship owner," said Mr. Holmes. "You have been unfortunate, Henry, and I am really sorry for you!" continued Mr. Holmes, changing his tone considerably; "and regret my own loss, as I have need of the money; but, as you cannot pay for the brig, you would better hand me the bill of sale, and let us destroy it."

Henry drew from his pocket the precious document, and, while he examined it from top to bottom, he said to Mr. Holmes—"This affair has been to me like a pleasant dream, not only on account of my aspirations for Mary, which you are acquainted with, but day after day I have felt a growing energy for business, a sort of outreaching of the mind, a determination, with such a noble beginning, to proceed cautiously but steadily, to do what I ought to have begun years since. Then, Mr. Holmes, as the bill has yet some days to run before I can be chargeable with violation of contract, I will restore it to my pocket-book, and, if I cannot *dream* as I have done, I shall not, at least, be awakened too suddenly."

Mr. Holmes, of course, consented, as he really had no right to claim the vessel until the forty days should have expired; and Henry went up to tell Mary of the new turn his luck had taken.

Though Mary respected her father too much to feel pleasure in Henry's new possession, yet she loved Henry too much not to feel deeply grieved at his bitter disappointment.

"That dream," said Henry, doubtingly; "that dream has not yet come to pass."

Some days after that, there was, as usual, a gathering at the Post Office, at some distance from the ship-yard, awaiting the arrival of the mail. The stage, at the usual hour, drove up, and the driver said, as he handed the mail-bag into the house, that he guessed there was better news to-day than he had brought since the victory on the Lake.

"Another victory, Mr. Woodward?"

"No, not another victory, but PEACE!"

"Can you tell me," said a dapper looking young gentleman, as he slipped from the stage, "where I can find Mr. Holmes, the owner of the brig Helvetius?"

"Mr. Holmes lives on the hill yonder," was the reply; "but it is thought he does not own the Helvetius now."

"Has he sold her?"

"Yes."

"I am sorry for that—who is the owner?"

"Mr. Bradford—the young man whom you see reading the newspaper."

The stranger stepped into the house, and inquired of Henry whether he would sell the brig.

Henry said that he would cheerfully part with her.

"At what price?"

"At the peace price."

"Stage is ready," said Mr. Woodward, the driver.

"We will ride over to the village," said Henry, "and converse on the matter as we go along."

Henry soon emerged from the stage coach, and hastened to Mr. Carver's.

"You look cheerful," said Mary.

"I have drawn another prize!"

"Not another, I hope!"

"Yes, and a larger one; I have sold the brig for twenty thousand dollars to a Boston house, and I am to be in Plymouth at four o'clock, to get my pay at the Bank."

"But the brig was not yours, Henry. Surely you are not deranged—you could not hold the brig after the mistake of the prize was corrected."

"There is a just where you are mistaken, Mary. There is a bill of sale which allows of forty days from date for the payment. Say nothing to any one," cried Henry, "and I will be with you before I sleep."

"What's the matter with Henry?" said Mrs. Carver, as she entered the room; "has he drawn another prize?"

"I guess not, mother," said Mary, "only dreaming again, perhaps."

At nine o'clock Henry arrived from Plymouth, with an accepted draft for ten thousand dollars, in favor of Mr. Holmes, and a Bank book in which he had a credit for an equal sum; and the brig Mary made some of the most profitable voyages that were ever projected in Boston.

She was in the East India trade, and, as her return was noticed in the papers, (and it was usually announced about the same time that the very respectable family of Bradford had an increase,) Henry was wont to exclaim, "luck is every thing."

Some years after that, twenty-five at least, as I was riding into Plymouth, with Bradford and his grand-daughter, I referred to the anecdote, and the conclusion, that "luck was every thing."

"There may be something in luck," said he; "but the hope which I gathered while I held the ticket, with the belief that I had a prize, the resolutions which I formed while sitting and gazing at the lofty spars of my brig, and the confiding virtue, the filial piety, and the perfect love of Mary, did all for me, and I should have been rich without the brig; so, you see, it was Hope, contemplation, woman's virtue, woman's piety, and woman's love, that made me what I am. And let me add, friend C., that you and I owe more to woman than the world credits to her. Let us, at least, do her justice."

A Picture of Home Influence.

BY MRS. FOLLEN.

"Dear Edward," said his wife, "you have something on your mind; your brow looks troubled—what is it?"

"Only anxiety about business, Amy. How often have I wished I had not been bred a merchant! But my mother said it was a favorite wish of my father, that I should be an accomplished merchant."

"I have sometimes wished so too," answered his wife; "and then again, I remembered, that the very evils which belong to your profession, may be turned into good. He that has it in his power to do wrong with impunity, though he gains by it, yet he chooses the right by which he is the most eloquent preacher of righteousness."

"Very true, Amy; but sometimes this is indeed cutting off the right hand and plucking out the right eye; and then thinking always about money and bargains, has such a counteracting influence upon one's mind."

"But, how often, Edward, have I heard you say, that no man has such wide and various connexions with the human race, as a well-educated, upright, and active merchant. Every part of the world sends him its tribute of knowledge, as well as of riches. He sees men under all aspects; and while he may, with a certain degree of security, indulge in dishonesty, and be an enemy to his fellow-men, perhaps no man can be so true, and self-sacrificing, and efficient a philanthropist, as a Christian merchant."

"It is not always so easy as you may imagine, for a merchant to act as remembering that he is under his great Task-master's eye."

"Not for all or some men; but for you Edward, the difficulty would be to act otherwise. When I think of your profession, Edward, it gives me pleasure to notice that merchants in general, as they acquire property more easily, are most disposed to spend it liberally."

"Yes," said Edward, as his eye kindled at the thought, "the greater portion of our public benefactors have been merchants. Their money has given eyes to the blind, and ears to the deaf—health to the sick, and peace and comfort to the forsaken; it feeds and instructs the ignorant poor; it sends the glad tidings of salvation to the unbeliever and the penitent; it takes little children in its arms and blesses them. But all this glorious power supposes wealth, Amy."

"And you, dear Edward, are rich enough to enjoy this highest of all privileges; to be the dispenser of good to others. You have cause only for thankfulness. But the poor, the unsuccessful merchant, who has not the means of educating his children, whose spirits are broken down by failures, and whose temper is soured by what he considers the injustice or dishonesty of others, perhaps, may be excused for finding fault with his profession. My heart aches for him."

Edward started up, and walked hastily backward and forward through the room, as if he had been seized with some sudden and intolerable pain.

"What is the matter?" said his wife. "Are you ill?"

"O nothing—nothing of consequence," said Edward—"I happened to think of something unpleasant then. It is late now, and my head aches."

They retired for the night. The next day Edward looked depressed and thoughtful, and as if he had passed a sleepless night. Amy was troubled by his silence. This was the first cloud that had rested on her husband's brow since they were married.

"He has," she said to herself, "he has always confided everything to me. He will tell me what it is that hangs so heavily upon his spirits. He will never shut me out from his sorrows any more than his joys."

She thought, when he returned from the counting-house for the day, that he looked more free and happy, though he was still silent and thoughtful.

"Come and sit by me, Amy," said Edward to her, when they were alone in the evening.

Amy sat down by her husband.

"Do you not enjoy, Amy, our handsome house, and pictures, and carriage, etc?"

"Surely, Edward, I take great pleasure in these things. But why do you ask?"

"And you love to have money enough to give to those who want it?"

"Why, what a question, Edward! you know that I value this power more than I can tell."

"And can you voluntarily resign all these luxuries, Amy?"

"Why should I voluntarily resign them, Edward? What makes you so enigmatical? Tell me what you mean."

"Suppose that all the money that enables us to indulge in the luxuries is not our own; what would you have me to do, Amy?"

"Is it you, Edward, that asks me whether I would be dishonest?"

"But suppose, according to the law of the land, and the customs of society, and the tacit consent of those most interested, this property was secured to you?"

"When I am satisfied," said Amy, "that I can plead the law of the land, the customs of society, and the opinion of the world, before the judgment seat of God, as an excuse for violating that higher law, which he has written on my heart; when I have placed the opinion of the world in the scales against my own self-respect, and find it weightiest, then Edward, I might hesitate. But why ask me such questions? Why do you not speak plainly?"

"I will, Amy," answered her husband. "When I failed in business before our marriage, I made a settlement with my creditors, by which I paid them seventy-five cents on a dollar. They knew that I paid them all I had, and signed a release from all future claims. Of late, my mind has been troubled about these debts, or such as I consider them. A few days ago, one of my creditors brought his son to me, and asked me to take him into my store. He mentioned, in course of conversation, that he had intended to send his son to college, for the boy had a thirst for learning; that he was in fact, fitted to enter; but that he found he was poor. 'If,' said the father, 'by denying myself everything but the necessaries of life, I could feed my boy's mind, I would thankfully do it: but I cannot honestly indulge myself even in this luxury.' I felt smitten to the heart. When I failed, I owed that man twelve thousand dollars. I paid him but nine. I now, of course, owe three and the interest upon it. The sum would enable him to give his son the advantage which he so much desires. I have been thinking over the whole subject, and studying it fairly. Drymond's Essay would satisfy me, if I were not convinced before, of what is right."

"And you will of course do it, there can be no count?"

"I knew you would say so, Amy; but you must think over it calmly. You know upon the subject of property, as well as other things, we have no mine and thine; as we have one interest and duty, so we have equal rights. I cannot take this step without your full approbation and consent."

"Is that all that has troubled you for these few days past?" said Amy, as she looked into her husband's face, with an expression of joyful relief.

"All," said Edward.

"And why not speak to me at first about it?—Why not let me share every trouble as it arises?"

"O, Amy, I felt it only on your account. I hated to deprive you of all these luxuries. You know with what delight I see you doing good, real good, with money."

"Never again, Edward, do me the injustice to suppose that I prefer the lower virtue of charity to the higher one of justice."

EDITH AND ALICE;

Or, WOMAN'S LOVE.

BY A LADY OF MARYLAND.

"Edith! dear Edith, is it you?" exclaimed a tall, handsome man, as he sprang from an open carriage and advanced to the side of a female, who was reclining in a negligent but graceful attitude against the trunk of a tree near the road-side. But as he attempted to take her hand, the lady turned her head, which had hitherto been averted, and opening a pair of brilliant dark eyes, answered—

"No, sir, it is not Edith; it is me!"

"And who is me?" asked the stranger, surprised and amused by her manner.

"I am Alice, sir, and you are Mr. Henry Percival!"

"Rightly guessed; though unless you are a witch, I cannot tell how you have divined it, for I am sure I never saw that fair face before."

"Indeed, sir, I am not a witch, but I remember you perfectly, though it appears you have forgotten me."

"Forgotten you! why surely you are not little Alice Lee."

"I am Alice Lee, but not little Alice Lee, now, sir," and the lady primmed her pretty mouth, and drew up her small but beautiful figure to its greatest possible height.

"No, truly," answered her companion, laughing, "you have completely grown out of my remembrance. When I saw you last you were a little sallow hoyden, with a face all eyes, and a figure all angles, and now you are—"

"A young lady almost sixteen," interrupted Alice, "but I must hasten home or my uncle and Edith will wonder what has become of me."

"Nay, but you shall not go alone, my sweet coz;" and throwing the reins to his servant, Henry Percival drew his cousin's arm within his own, and proceeded with her to his father's house, from which they were only a few rods distant.

"My father and Edith are well, I trust," said the young man, after a few minutes silence, during which his eyes had been rivetted on the blooming face of the young creature at his side.

"Oh, both quite well, and very anxiously expecting you."

"And to what accident do I owe the pleasure of seeing you here?"

"Why to say the truth," replied Alice, laughing and blushing, "I knew you were expected, and I strolled out to meet you; having a curiosity to see a gentleman who has travelled all over Europe," and with an arch smile and a deeper blush the young girl raised her eyes to her companion's face, and then cast them demurely on the ground.

"And Edith! why did she not accompany you?—Had she no desire to see the companion of her childhood?"

"Oh, yes, but she would have deemed such a step unbecoming. You know how dignified she is."

As she spoke they came within sight of the house, and Henry hastened forward to meet his father, who was standing on the steps with a tall and elegant woman by his side.

When Henry Percival turned from his father's embrace to meet the welcome of Edith Glenville, he was painfully struck with what seemed to him the coldness and reserve of her manner, and involuntarily his feelings assumed the character which he imputed to hers. He little guessed the feelings which glowed beneath that quiet and placid demeanor. Left an orphan at an early age, Edith had been confided to the guardianship of Mr. Percival and his amiable wife, by whom she had been reared and educated with all the care and tenderness which could have been bestowed on an only daughter. From her father she inherited great firmness of character, and from her mother a capability of deep and passionate feeling, to control which promised to require all her powers of self-government. Henry Percival, who was about her own age, had been educated from home, but in his occasional visits he had formed an attachment for his father's ward, which was warmly approved by his parents, and repaid by the object of his affection with a fervent intense devotion of which those who looked not beyond the surface would scarcely have believed her capable. There was nothing demonstrative in her character, and even Henry, when he plighted his faith and received hers in return, had but an imperfect idea of the value of the pure heart he had won. It was Mr. Percival's wish that his son should travel for some years in Europe, and their marriage was deferred until his return. In this interval Mrs. Percival paid the debt of nature, and Edith was left to supply her place to her bereaved husband and to Alice Lee, the orphan child of a *deceased* relative, who had been for some years an inmate of the family, and who was entirely dependent on her guardian for protection and support. Alice had been, in her childhood, the plaything and pet of Henry Percival, and the years of his absence, which had transformed her from the romping, careless child into the beautiful, graceful girl, had not altered her character. She was still the creature of impulse—wilful and wayward—but warm-hearted and affectionate, and she welcomed the friend of her childhood with an undisguised delight which the deeply feeling but proud and delicate Edith shrunk from; deploring it the more so that in the later letters of her lover she perceived or thought she perceived a diminution of the ardour by which in the first months of his absence they had been characterised.

"What has become of Mary Milton?" said Henry, as a few mornings after his return he was seated in the parlour where the ladies were at work.

"She is married and gone with her husband to Texas."

"Did she marry Walter Beaufort?"

"Yes," answered Alice, eagerly, "she eloped with him, and left her home and her friends and all that she had loved to go with the husband of her choice."

"And her mother?"

"She is dead," said Edith. "She did not long survive the desertion of her only child."

"It is said," rejoined Alice, "that she died of a broken heart, but I do not believe it, and if it were so, Mary could not help it, she had to choose between her mother and her lover, and how could she hesitate? I think," she added, and as she spoke her cheek flushed and her beautiful eyes sparkled with enthusiasm, "I think that no woman who truly loves can hesitate to make any sacrifice, even that of life itself, for the object of her affections."

"And are such your sentiments, Edith?" asked Henry, as he turned from the glowing countenance of the animated speaker whom he had hitherto regarded as a lovely child, but who now appeared to him an impassioned, enthusiastic woman; "tell me, Edith," he repeated earnestly, perceiving that she did not reply, "are such your sentiments?"

"I think," said Edith, speaking firmly, though her cheek was pale and her lips compressed with the effort to appear calm, "I think that no true woman will shrink from any sacrifice which does not involve a dereliction of principle."

"Nay, Edith, no reservations. Should she not sacrifice all?"

"No, not her principles. No right-minded woman will yield them, and no man worthy of her love will require it." She left the room as she spoke, and Henry fell into a fit of musing, which ended with a deep sigh, and a conviction that however perfect the character of his betrothed might be, it was deficient in that warmth and tenderness which could alone satisfy a heart so exacting as he felt his own to be.

Edith Glenville sat alone in her chamber. There were traces of tears on her cheek, and her hand trembled as she opened an ivory box which lay on her dressing-table, and drew from thence a packet of letters. From these she selected two, and read them again and again, seeming to ponder deeply over their contents. At length a smile broke over her face, and carefully replacing the letters, she said, in a low voice—

"I have been mistaken, and my unjust suspicions have caused me to treat him with a coldness which has wounded a noble heart. But I will explain, and repair my injustice," and hastily arranging the ringlets which her previous agitation had displaced, she quitted the apartment.

Upon entering the parlor where she had left her lover, she found it deserted, and she seated herself at the window to await his return. She had been there but a few minutes, when the sound of voices reached her ear, and looking forth she saw Henry walking with Alice Lee leaning on his arm. Her eyes were bent on the ground, and his rested on her face, while he conversed with her in a tone which, though she could not distinguish the words, struck coldly on the ear of Edith. Involuntarily her former suspicions returned, and abandoning her purpose of explanation and apology to her lover, she again sought refuge in her chamber.

Thus weeks passed on, and every day seemed to increase the distance between the lovers, and every day served to bring into more unfavorable contrast the cold and guarded manner of Edith with that of her young and impulsive companion. Gradually, Henry yielded to the fascination which the extreme beauty of Alice, her girlish romance of character, and above all, the delight she evinced in his society, threw around her. Her suspicions once aroused, it was not easy to elude the observation of Edith, and with a calm exterior, but with many a bitter pang, she watched the progress of an attachment which crushed all the fond hopes in which she had so long indulged. Her woman's pride, however, and her firmness of character sustained her, and when, without a word or look which could imply reproach, she released her faithless lover from his engagement, he deemed not that her gentle smile and unfaltering voice were but the mask to hide a breaking heart.

Months had passed away. Henry Percival had wedded Alice Lee, and impatient to display to the world the beauty of his fair bride, had borne her to a splendid home in a distant city, while Edith remained to cheer and soothe the declining years of her venerable guardian. It may be that her cheek was paler than before, and her step less firm, but she complained not, and in the faithful performance of her duties, she sought to lose the remembrance of the dream of love from which she had been so rudely awakened.

Alice Percival sat alone in her splendid drawing-room. The months which had passed since her marriage had matured and perfected her beauty, and the rich satin robe in which her slender figure was enveloped, displayed its delicate proportions to the utmost advantage, while the jewels which sparkled on her breast, and bound her dark ringlets, increased the lustre of her eyes, and lent a brighter bloom to her cheek. She was evidently attired for some festal occasion, and apparently waiting the arrival of the vehicle which was to convey her to a scene of gaiety. Presently, footsteps were heard on the stairs, and Henry Percival entered the apartment. He started with surprise at his wife's appearance, and advancing to her side, said gravely and earnestly—

"You are not going out, Alice?"

"Yes," said she, with some confusion, "and I hoped you would accompany me."

"Nay, Alice, I cannot enter into scenes of gaiety now. It is true, the time which the world assigns as the period of mourning has expired, but I have too recently followed my father to the grave, to have any relish for the heartless amusements of society."

"I am sorry to leave you, but I have promised to chaperone my friend Miss Bernard, and I cannot disappoint her."

Henry sighed. He had not now to learn that the young creature whom he had made his wife obeyed every impulse of feeling or of fancy, heedless of consequences, and without regard to the comfort of those around her. The world, the gay flattering world, to which he had so proudly presented her, had readily recognized her claims to admiration, and the gratifications of vanity had become more precious in her eyes, than the love of him for whom, in the romance of early girlhood, she had professed herself willing to sacrifice even her existence.

"And where are you going to-night, Alice?" asked her husband, after a pause, during which he had endeavored, by reflecting on her extreme youth, to repress the displeasure which the heartless levity of her conduct excited.

"To Mrs. Linden's."

Alice watched the countenance of her husband, and was not surprised to see his brow darken as she pronounced the name of this lady, whose society he had strictly prohibited. She had more than once braved his displeasure, and was prepared now to assert her right to choose her own associates; but her resolution was shaken when, with a manner totally free from passion, but with a decision and firmness which announced an unalterable determination of purpose, he said—

"Alice, I have hitherto forborne to interfere with your pleasures, because I would not require from you any sacrifice which your own feelings did not prompt. But my duty to you, as well as to myself, requires that I should now speak plainly. Mrs. Linden is a woman with whom no delicate female should associate. Her reputation is more than doubtful, and I should suspect the purity of any woman who, with a knowledge of her character, would willingly be found in her society."

He paused, but his wife did not reply, and he resumed—

"Have I said enough, or shall I speak yet more plainly? Shall I tell you that if you go to Mrs. Linden's party to-night, we part to-morrow forever? It must be so," he added, "for I could not regard as my wife the woman who would sully the purity of her nature by a contact with vice, however it may be tolerated by the corrupt votaries of fashion.—Speak, Alice, shall I countermand the carriage, and send an apology to Miss Bernard?"

Alice assented by a silent gesture, and Mr. Percival, after issuing his orders, left the house.

Scarcely had he departed, when Miss Bernard, who had left home before the messenger was sent to her, entered the apartment.

"Come, my dear Mrs. Percival," she cried, "are you ready? I have been detained at home fear we shall be late."

"I have changed my mind," said Alice; "I shall not go to Mrs. Linden's to-night."

"Not go! Why, what can you mean? You are all ready."

"True, but my husband objects to my going, and I have promised him to remain at home."

"Nonsense, my dear Madam, you are surely not afraid of your husband? Why, the whole world will be there. There will be two foreign noblemen there, and they are dying with impatience to see the beautiful Mrs. Percival; and you are looking so lovely to-night. Come, do order the carriage. Indeed, we shall be late."

And Alice, bewildered by her friend's persuasions, and by the suggestions of her own vanity, yielded as usual to her impulses.

* * * * *

Three years have passed away, and Edith Glenville is once more alone in her chamber. The rose of health is faded on her cheek, and in its place is a bright hectic spot which tells that the grief so carefully hidden has done its work. The noble beauty of her features is still unchanged, but blended with their pure intellectual expression, is a softness and tenderness which they did not formerly wear, and which has, perhaps, been caused by suffering or perhaps by compassion for the altered but still beautiful creature, who now enters the apartment, with a paper in her hand. She advanced to the side of Edith, and pointing with her slender finger to a paragraph in which, among a list of passengers just arrived from Europe, was the name of Henry Percival, said,

"He is come."

"I knew it, dearest: and to-morrow we will seek him, and you will again be happy."

"Oh! Edith, I dare not go to him. When I remember how coldly he left me, without one word of farewell. When I read again and again the cruel lines which told me I had forfeited his esteem and was unworthy to be his wife, and reflect that by my unfeeling levity I deserved it all, my heart faints within me, and I have not courage to meet him."

"Do not give way to despair, my sweet Alice.—Henry Percival loves you, and those who love can forgive much. You have long since repented the errors into which your youth and want of self-discipline betrayed you, and are now far more worthy his affection than when he made you his wife."

"And if I am, it is to you I owe it. Dear—dear Edith, how shall I repay you for all your goodness? When I was deserted by my husband, and exposed to the sneers of an unfeeling world, and the contemptuous pity of the hollow friends whose flatteries had seduced me from my duty, you alone came to my relief. You watched over my bed of sickness—soothed my despair—and led me to the only true source of consolation. And now you will leave your peaceful home to intercede for me with the husband whom I dare not approach alone."

"I have done nothing for you, Alice, for which I am not repaid a thousand fold by your affection, and by the improvement in your character. But we must travel early to-morrow. Good night, love," and kissing the cheek of her companion, the latter fondly returned the caress, and withdrew from the apartment.

"A lady to see you, sir," said a waiter at the Astor House, as he threw open the door of a room in which a gentleman was seated with a book in his hand, the leaves of which he was carelessly turning, while his mind appeared totally abstracted from its contents. He arose from his seat as his visitor (who had closely followed the servant) entered the apartment, and sank apparently exhausted on a sofa. As she removed her veil, and the light fell upon her features, the gentleman who had hitherto remained standing in silent amazement, exclaimed, in a voice of surprise—

"Edith Glenville! is it possible!"

"Yes, Henry Percival; I have come to restore you to happiness—to give to your arms a wife worthy of all your tenderness."

"Edith, what can you mean?"

"I mean that Alice Percival, your wife, is in this city—in this house—waiting only your permission to implore your forgiveness of her past errors, and to dedicate her future life to your happiness."

"It is impossible, Edith; I can never regard her as my wife. She has forfeited my esteem, and it is not in my own power to restore my confidence in her principles."

"She is far more worthy of esteem now, than when, an inexperienced child, you took her from the home which had sheltered and the friends who had watched over her, and exposed her to the temptations of society. Examine your own conduct. Have you been to your wife the watchful guide, the firm, yet gentle friend, which her youth and her ardent and volatile temperament required?"

"Perhaps not—but, though my own conduct may not have been blameless, it cannot form an excuse for the criminal levity of hers."

"Her heart is pure, Henry, and she has been sorely punished for her faults. The agony which your desertion caused, has robbed her young cheek of its bloom, and should your severity continue, and the hope which for three years has sustained her, be withdrawn, she will not long survive it."

"And where have those years been passed?"

"In my house, and under my care. When you left her, and refused to listen to her passionate pleadings, the agony of her mind produced a violent illness, which brought her to the brink of the grave.—Her attendant wrote to me, and I hastened to her bedside. For weeks her life was despaired of, and when at last she recovered, I brought her to my home, where she has since remained, living in utter seclusion—cheered only by the hope of your return, and endeavoring to correct those errors which had been so fatal to her happiness. And she has succeeded.—Adversity has given strength to her character and firmness to her principles. Henry you will not refuse to see and to forgive her?"

"It cannot be, Edith—you know not what you ask. Your feelings have never been outraged nor your heart wrung by the conduct of one that you loved."

"Has it not?" said Edith, the calmness she had hitherto preserved, giving place to a startling vehemence of manner; "Man!" she continued, rising, and throwing off the cloak which enveloped her person, look at this attenuated form, these dim and shrunken features; think you this is the work of time? I tell you not. It is your own heartless fickleness which has made me what you see. I am fast hastening to the grave. Do not, by your cold selfishness, break another trusting heart."

Edith ceased to speak, and before her astonished auditor had time to reply, she had left the room.

Early on the ensuing morning, Henry Percival rapped at the apartments of Miss Glenville. To his request for admittance, he was informed that Edith was confined to her bed by illness—having ruptured a blood vessel on the preceding night. Hastily scribbling a few lines, he gave them into the hand of the attendant, who, presently returning, conducted him into the chamber of her mistress.

Edith was lying on her bed, pale as the drapery which surrounded her, and exhibiting every token of approaching dissolution. She extended her hand as Henry entered, and motioning him to a seat at her bedside, the attendants withdrew and they were alone. Then, in a low and broken voice, Edith said,

"I did not mean to pain you last night, Henry.—Forgive me if I said aught that was harsh or unkind." He bowed his head, but did not speak, and she resumed—"To promote your happiness, I long since sacrificed every earthly hope, and in confessing that I have never ceased to love you, I have revealed a secret which I had hoped to carry to the grave. Do not make me feel that this last and bitterest sacrifice of woman's pride and delicacy has been made in vain. Receive to your heart your penitent wife, and let my last hours be soothed by a consciousness that I have given happiness to the only being I have ever loved."

Henry pressed the feeble hand he held, and Edith, pointing to the door of a chamber which communicated with her's, whispered—"She is there. Bring her to me." He obeyed, and Alice knelt with him at the bedside. Then, with a last effort, Edith joined their hands, and blessed them; and at the death-bed of his early love, Henry Percival clasped to his bosom his erring but repentant wife.

EMMA WILFRED;

OR, THE COUNTRY GIRL.

BY J. H. FOSTER.

Chapter I.

"Well, it is curious! I who have flirted, danced, and chatted with half the pretty women in town, without being in love, or even feeling one shaft from the quiver of the blind god Cupid, am now madly in love! and that, too, with a rustic country lass. Yet so it is; strange, but true; and there is as much—nay, ten times more happiness in possessing the love of this artless, confiding creature, than to be caressed and flattered by a dozen of these city belles, with their set phrases, and affected airs, which their mothers (poor souls) have taught them, for the purpose of catching, in the noose matrimonial, some rich devil of a bachelor like myself. But thy image, dear Emma, is constantly in my mind's eye. Of thee I think, and of thee alone! for thou art all that is lovely—and I will be true to thee."

Thus thought, or, rather said George Dermot, while listlessly lounging upon a sofa in his father's richly furnished mansion. He was an only son of one of the wealthiest and most aristocratic families in the city of New York. Young, possessed of polished manners, and a faultless exterior; and, above all, the heir to an immense fortune; he was looked upon by many a managing mother as all that was necessary to secure the happiness of themselves and daughters, if he could only be caught. And many were the mild-eyed, simpering daughters, who had been instructed to play the agreeable to him. But all in vain. He was ever the gayest of the gay, and without feeling preference for any, he visited with all. In part, because he was fond of company, and it was necessary in the circle which he moved. Still his heart was free as the morning air—and though a favorite with all, he cared for none.

But now "a change had come over the spirit of his dream," and he was in love. He had withstood all the lovely glances of the talented, proud and coquettish girls of his acquaintance, only to be caught by the modest look and unassuming manners of a plain country lass.

Emma Wilfred was certainly beautiful as the rose of her native valley, with bright, laughing eyes, a polished brow as white as virgin snow, and cheeks that were painted by the same hand that decks the flowers with their lovely hues. Still, in the estimation of some fastidious city beaux, she might suffer in comparison with those whose only wish is to be admired, and who, like a foot pedlar, carry all their valuable commodities upon their backs.

But not so with George; he knew her worth, her innocence of heart and pure affection, which had not been contaminated by the foolish passion of rivalry, which too frequently exists among the fairer portion of the human family.

Chapter II.

A few months previous to the commencement of our story, George, while riding with a companion for pleasure, was thrown from his horse and seriously injured. This accident happened near the residence of Emma's father. She saw the stranger borne towards the house, and ever ready to render assistance to the unfortunate, used her best endeavors to restore the unconscious George to his senses. He was laid upon the bed, and his companion immediately rode back to the city, to inform Mr. Dermot of the unfortunate occurrence, and procure the assistance of a surgeon.

Emma was anxiously bending over the still senseless form of the stranger, bathing and chafing his temples, when, with a groan, he opened his eyes, and gazed wildly around the room.

"Are you better?" asked Emma, in a low, musical voice.

George started, looked at the speaker, and said—

"Better? Where am I? What—Oh! I recollect I am hurt—Curses on the horse! But how came I here?"

"You were brought here insensible, after falling; and your friend has gone for a surgeon, and to inform your father."

"My father? he will feel—but I do not know—my head! Oh! my head!" and again he fainted.

"I fear," said Emma to her father, who just then entered the room, with some medicine he had been preparing, "that he is seriously injured; what can we do for him?"

At this moment Mr. Dermot, accompanied by a physician, arrived. George was soon restored to consciousness, but he was weak, and in much pain, occasioned by the bruises he had received.

"Well, doctor, is he dangerously hurt?" was the first enquiry made by Mr. Dermot.

"Why," said the doctor, "I think not; but he must be kept very quiet for a few days."

"But we must carry him home."

"You cannot."

"Then he is worse than you wish to have me know, or there could be no danger in moving him so short a distance."

"No! no! Mr. Dermot, he is not dangerously hurt; but he must be kept still, for if a fever should attack him in his present situation, it would be worse to manage than his bruises. Therefore you must be content to let him remain where he is for a few days; and with good care he will soon recover."

"But how can I attend to him here?" enquired the anxious father.

"He shall be well attended, sir," said Emma, blushing at her boldness in thus addressing a stranger.

Mr. Dermot, at the sound of her voice, looked up, and seemed for the first time to notice the lovely girl—he had been so much engaged in attending to his son.

"Yes, yes, dear girl," said he, "I do not doubt it, and to your care I entrust him. I shall send some one from the city to assist you, and remember, he is my son, my only one, and must recover. And now," continued he, approaching Mr. Wilfred, "I must be still more indebted to your kindness, and I beg that you will let my son remain here until he is so far recovered as to be able to bear the fatigue of a removal, and you shall be amply remunerated for all trouble and expense."

"All I can do I will, without any remuneration. And every attention shall be given to the wants of the young man," said Mr. Wilfred.

With this assurance, the father returned to the city, and left George to the care of the farmer and his lovely daughter. Notwithstanding all the care and attention he received from Emma and her father, it was some weeks before he so far recovered as to return to the city. And then he seemed to be in no haste.—In fact he was charmed by the appearance of his lovely nurse, and knew not how to leave the place that held one so dear to his heart as she who had watched over him, and soothed his troubled spirit, by her mild voice and gentle manner.

At last he returned to his father's house, and tried to forget the rustic lass, by mixing again in the jovial circle of his acquaintance. But in vain! her image was ever present, and he turned with disgust from the coquettish companions that surrounded him, to think in private of her who had stronger claims upon his affections than those of mere friendship.

He soon visited Emma, and was received by her with evident pleasure. They rode, conversed, and sauntered over the green fields in each other's company, until George, who had, at first, only admired, now loved, deeply loved the beautiful, unsophisticated country girl.

And on the morning he is first introduced to the reader, he determined to offer her his heart and hand. But, like a dutiful son, he proceeded to inform his father of his intention.

"Well," said the old man, "I have been thinking some time that I must look to you to furnish a mistress for my house; but I did not think you was fully prepared, as yet, for such a change."

"But, father, I may not choose such a one as will suit your tastes."

"Oh, I'll risk that; suit yourself and you will suit me, for I can trust to your good sense in such matters; only I hope you don't think of that proud, conceited Stanton girl."

"There is no danger of that, father; but what put such an idea into your head?"

"Why, you visit there, ride with her, and all those little things that make people talk of a match.—Why, I have heard a number of times, within a few weeks, that the thing was all settled; and been congratulated upon your 'good luck,' (as they termed it,) in securing so accomplished a lady as Miss Stanton."

"Well," said George, "it must be that such reports have originated from her, or some of the family, for I have never thought of the matter, and have waited upon her only because I could not with politeness refuse."

"I was satisfied it was a mistake. But who have you found that is to be the happy bride? Come, let me know."

"You recollect the farmer's girl, where I was sick?"

"What, the one with the laughing blue eyes and cherry cheeks?—yes, yes, I guess I do; for I thought then she was the prettiest girl I had seen this many a day!"

"And you would have no objections?"

"Objections! bless your soul—no, none at all: I had rather have her for a daughter, with her sweet voice, and smiling face, than all the formal, affected belles in the city."

"So I thought, father; but she may refuse me."

"Then you have not made an offer yet?"

"No."

"Well, do so immediately, and she cannot refuse you—at least, I hope not, for I am half in love with her myself," said the old man, laughing.

Chapter III.

George immediately visited Emma. He was, as usual, received with kindness, but that frank, artless manner which he so much admired was gone. Emma looked sorrowful and dejected. She, however, soon assumed a cheerful manner, and engaged in conversation; and, before George left the house, he told to her his love, proffered his heart and hand, but was *not accepted,—nor refused.*

"May I not hope?" asked George.

"Ah!" answered Emma, "I can but love! But you know not what you say. You are wealthy, and admired by all—I a poor farmer's daughter. You will soon forget me for others more inviting."

"No, by Heaven, never!" exclaimed George; "you are all I hold dear upon earth! and to you, and you alone, I offer myself. I care not, nor do I ask for riches."

"But your father"——

"He has given his consent, dear Emma."

"I cannot answer you to-day, George—I must see my father—mother, I have none."

"Well, I will not urge you; if you refuse, I"——

"Ah! George, I do not refuse, but must have time to converse with my father."

"Well, Emma, I know not your reasons, and will leave you now. But when again I see you, I hope you will grant my wishes."

Thus saying, he bade her farewell, and left the house.

Emma mused long upon her conversation with George. "Can he be sincere in all his offers?" said she; "or is this the way he would work my ruin?—That I love him, I cannot deny; but will he, rich and respected as he assuredly is, marry me? Ah! no! I cannot believe it. And yet he cannot be so base—he is not, I know—and then this letter—but perhaps it is a forgery!"—at the same time unfolding a letter which she read aloud.

"To Miss Wilfred—Although a total stranger, I take the liberty of addressing you, to warn you of the danger which threatens to blast your brightest prospects, and shield your sun of happiness in gloom. For these reasons, I take the liberty which I now do, hoping you will pardon my interference when you consider why, and that it is for your good.

"George Dermot I know. That he was for some time an inmate of your father's house, I also am aware. And I am not surprised that he has gained your affections by his winning manners and polished address: for he is well calculated to work upon the best feelings of a woman's heart. But beware of his insinuating ways and honeyed words, for he is full of deceit. You may ask me why I take so much interest in your welfare, and how I became so well acquainted with the subject of this letter. I will tell you. You are young, beautiful and innocent, and may be led from the path of duty by the wily villain. And how I know George Dermot, you shall learn.

"I had a sister, lovely as yourself, happy as the birds of spring, with no care to cloud her sunny brow. But, alas! the betrayer came—George Dermot gained her affections, and promised to marry her, and in an evil hour she listened to his words, and—but enough—she was ruined forever! All his promises of marriage had been forgotten. His purpose had been accomplished, and the victim of his arts was left a poor, despised being, degraded in the sight of the world, while her betrayer is admitted into society of acknowledged respectability, and his acquaintance sought after by many. For these reasons, have I warned you to *beware!*—and do not let this warning be in vain! For, although I do not give you my name, yet rest assured that it is the *truth* which I have written, and that, unless you immediately forbid his visits, you will one day reap sorrow for an acquaintance which can do you no good; for Dermot is proud and wealthy, and would never think of uniting himself with a plain country girl, no matter how good or lovely she may be.

"Your Friend."

"Well," said Emma, when she finished reading the letter, "it may be true—at least, I fear it is. I knew he is far above me in birth and fortune; but still he may be honest in his professions. Would that I knew—for, from the first time I saw him, pale and senseless, I loved him. But my father must decide. In him I can trust.

Chapter IV.

We must now leave Emma for a short time, and introduce the reader to Mary Stanton, the daughter of a reputed wealthy merchant in the city. She was called by many a beautiful girl, and in truth such she was, as far as form and features go, and no farther; for her grace of person was all she possessed to make her agreeable.

She was seated in the richly furnished sitting-room of her father's mansion, when her mother entered.

"Mary," said she, "was that George Dermot that just went out?"

"Yes, mother."

"How did he appear?"

"As usual; how do you suppose?"

"Why, Mary, you know what I mean; has he made any advances?"

"Not to me."

"Not to you!—what do you mean?"

"I mean that all the interest he ever showed for me appears to be lost, or all swallowed up in the thoughts of that country Miss; and I actually believe that he is madly in love with her, because, forsooth, when he was hurt, she watched and tended him just as any servant would have done for the pay she received."

"But do you suppose that he has any idea of really marrying her?" asked the mother.

"I hope not, but fear that he has; for he is one of that kind, that care but little or nothing for what people say or think, if he only pleases himself. And he just now said, when I intimated his frequent visits to the country, that he, in looking for a partner, did not look for wealth, for he had enough of that; nor fashion, for he was sick of it. But I think I shall spoil his fun with that Wilfred girl."

"How?"

"Why, that letter I wrote, I think, will do the work: if not, we must call upon her by accident, and inadvertently make some remarks derogatory to George's morality."

"But do you know that she got the letter?"

"Yes, by what George said about the coldness of those we love, I know that she has her suspicions awakened, and he has noted the change in her manner."

"Did he call her by name?"

"No—and I pretended to not understand his allusions to rural simplicity and innocence."

"Well, time alone will determine whether you succeed or not; but I think he will propose to you."

"He would if it were not for this Wilfred girl.—And we must call there, mother, and follow up what I have commenced."

"Well, manage to suit yourself, and secure him if possible; for he is the best match in the city."

Thus saying, the mother left the room.

Mary sat for some time in silence, apparently engaged in thought. At last, rising, she said—

"It is the only way! I must see her, and accidentally tell her of what I have written; and she can but believe it to be true. And if she is the girl I believe her to be, she will discard a man whom she thinks to be a rake and libertine."

When George again visited the house of Mr. Wilfred, he was met at the door by the father, who informed him that Emma was absent from home;—"but," continued he, "I wish to converse with you a few moments." So saying, he led the way into the house. After being seated, he asked, with a tremulous voice—

"What are your intentions towards my daughter?"

"My intentions!" exclaimed George, with surprise.

"Yes."

"They are honorable, sir. I would, with her and your consent, make her my wife."

"You marry a plain farmer's daughter," said the father, with a smile of derision upon his lips.

"I assure you," said George, "that is my wish. And I would now make a formal request of your compliance with my wishes."

"I *cannot doubt your sincerity, young man,*" said the father; "but look at that letter, and see if I had not cause, as a father, to make this formal inquiry." At the same time he handed to George the letter with which the reader is already acquainted. With surprise he saw the means some unknown enemy had resorted to to work his downfall; and in silence he mused long to think whom it could be that would thus traduce his character—but in vain! He could think of *no one* of his acquaintance that, in his estimation, would be guilty of so base an act. At last, starting from his reverie, he said—

"I know not who the author of that note can be. But, sir, upon the honor of a gentleman, I assure you there is no truth in its statements. And I am now ready, nay, anxious to unite my destiny with your daughter's; and all I ask is, your consent to the union."

"But you do not censure me for taking notice of an anonymous communication?"

"No, I do not—and if you have any suspicions, I wish you to make such enquiries in regard to my respectability as you may see *fit.*"

"I wish to make none," said Mr. Wilfred, "your denial is all I ask—nor would I have taken any notice of such a communication, only my daughter is dear to me—her reputation *must be kept sacred.* And many men, or those who call themselves men, are ever ready to beguile the innocent, and betray them from the path of rectitude. And my duty as a parent was to satisfy myself that your intentions were honorable towards her. Of this I am satisfied; and you have my consent to the marriage, and the love of Emma *I know* you possess. And all I now care for is, to know by whom, or why that letter was written."

"If," said George, "we say nothing of the circumstance, perhaps more will be written by the same hand, and perhaps something will transpire that will enable me to detect the author."

"Well, well: I am satisfied. Emma will return within a few days, and then we shall be happy to see you."

George then departed for the city—and to inform his father of the unexpected reception he had met.

Mary Stanton was determined to secure to herself the person of George Dermot, either by fair means, or *foul.* And to accomplish her ends, she resorted to the vilest means in thus assailing, anonymously, the character of a friend, and that friend one whom she wished to make her husband, by the course she took to ruin him in the estimation of others. But as is generally the case in like instances, what she expected would work for her benefit, was actually to her disadvantage—for it brought matters sooner to a crisis and the rival lovers had less time to supplant the object of her wishes by her fashionable [illegible] which she [illegible] thought would [illegible] withstand.

A few days after her conversation with her mother, they rode into the country, and leaving their carriage within a short distance of the residence of Mr. Wilfred, proceeded on foot to the house. Although total strangers, they were received by Emma with politeness.

"We have been rambling around," said Mary, "admiring the beautiful scenery of the country, and inhaling the pure air scented with the flowers of the fields until we are tired; and I prevailed upon mother to stop for a short time in your pretty cottage—presuming that we should not intrude."

"Not at all," said Emma: "no intrusion." And she offered them some refreshments, of which they liberally partook.

"Do you not prefer the country to a city life?" asked Mary, anxious to commence conversation with her whom she hoped to make her dupe.

"I have never resided in the city: nor do I believe I should like it," answered Emma.

"'Tis much pleasanter here, I think: but then I should be so lonesome with no company."

"Oh, we have company!" said Emma.

"Yes, I presume so—but I mean no parties, no balls, no theatre to attend, or any such thing."

"Balls and parties, I presume, are not so frequent here as in the city, but we have a plenty of [illegible]

I think."

Mary made no answer to this, but rose and walked towards the window. At length she exclaimed, turning to her mother—

"Is not that the place where Mr. Dermot was thrown from his horse?"

"How should I know, child?"

"Why, you knew of it at the time."

"Yes, and it was near here that the accident happened;—but where, I cannot tell."

"Yes," said Emma; "that is the place; he was thrown down that bank, and taken up quite insensible and brought here."

"Then, this is where he was sick?"

"Yes."

"And he remained here until he recovered?"

"He did—some three weeks."

"I should have thought he would have been in love with you before this time, then," said the mother.

"Perhaps he is!" said Mary; "but I beg your pardon, lady—I meant no allusion to you, nor do I know that you were here, while George—Mr. Dermot—was sick."

"I was at home here," said Emma, blushing; "and as to the love you speak of, I presume he could inform you, if you would take the trouble to make the enquiry."

"Oh! he never tells his love affairs," said Mary, "for if he recounted them all, it would occupy all his time."

"Yes, that it would," said the old lady. "Let me see: there was Maria Johnson; he was in love with her—and then the next one was Caroline Seymour: and it would have been a blessing to her if she had never seen him."

"Why, mother? I have never heard any thing about that."

"Well, well, child, he was the cause of her disgrace, and that's enough for you to know."

"Why, mother, you must be mistaken."

"No, I am not; and it would have been an advantage to the world if he had have *broken his neck when he fell*."

"No, no, mother—don't say any more about him," said Mary, in a whisper, loud enough, however, for Emma to hear; "he is our next door neighbor, you know."

"Well, child, what of that? I shall say what I know to be true, and he is a"——

"Mother, do stop—for he is about to marry this girl, they say!" said Mary, again whispering.

"About to marry her? No, never! Let me say to you, young lady, that he will do no such thing; he is already engaged to a rich, fashionable lady in the city, and"——

"It cannot be possible!" exclaimed Emma, thrown off her guard by the old woman's conversation.

"Cannot be possible! I tell you it is true."

"Well, mother, say no more to injure the lady's feelings."

"I do not wish to injure her feelings; but it is my duty to speak. And if I had known that that libertine, George Dermot, was here to"——

"Much obliged, Mrs. Stanton, for the character you give me—pray, proceed," said George Dermot, at that moment entering the room. Mary screamed with fright, and fainted; while the old lady, struck dumb with wonder, gazed around the room with a vacant stare.

Emma was busy trying to restore the fainting girl to her senses. At last she opened her eyes, and starting to her feet, said—"Mother, let us leave; all is lost!" and hurried towards the door.

But not so with her mother. She had by this time recovered her composure; and seeing how matters stood, she wished to make the best she could of a bad job. Therefore, advancing towards George, she said—

"Mr. Dermot, you probably know what I have said, and why."

"I heard, unintentionally, however, a few words, coupled with my name, that need a little explanation," said George.

"I will explain! But do not expose us to our friends—will you promise that?"

"If you have reasons for your charges, I should like to hear them," said George.

"Come, mother!" said Mary, who was anxious to get away.

"Soon, Mary;—what did you say, Dermot? Will you promise what I request?"

"If you will answer my questions, I will."

"Ask them, then," exclaimed the old lady.

"Did you write this letter?" said he, producing the one given him by Emma's father.

"My daughter did."

"Is there any truth in the statements here made?"

"Not to my knowledge."

"Why was it written?"

"To secure—to make"——

"Mother! are you coming?" exclaimed Mary, who had already gone out.

"It was because my daughter wished to secure—to make"——

"Don't make her say any more, dear George," said Emma, feeling for the embarrassment of the poor woman.

"Well, well, I understand," said George.

"And you will not expose us?"

"No."

"Upon your honor?"

"I will not I say."

"I believe you! I have done wrong and ask your forgiveness."

"You have it, Mrs. Stanton."

"And yours," said she to Emma. "If I have caused you any pain, I am sorry for it. Will you forgive me?"

"I do!"

"Thank you," said she, and following her daughter, they were soon out of sight.

"Now, you suspicious creature! I hope you are satisfied—are you not?" said George.

"Yes, yes—but who would have thought that they could have been so base—but I see their object.—But how happened you to come in so unexpectedly?"

"I was coming to again offer you my heart and hand, when, stepping into the hall, I heard my name mentioned by Mrs. Stanton. I therefore listened a moment to hear, and found that writing was not sufficient to satisfy her, but she must come in person.—And I think she is convinced by this time, that managing does not always succeed."

And now, reader mine, need I tell that in a few short weeks the pretty country lass was the wife of the honored George Dermot; and the mistress of one of the best and most costliest mansions in the city of New York. Her society courted by all, and she a loved and loving wife.

THE FAITH OF LOVE.

BY MRS. TORRE HOLME.

I.

I blame thee not, my peerless bride,
Though envy hints in sneering tone,
That to thy beauty's graceful pride
More hearts are captive than my own;
'Tis no perchance, yet not a pain
Or doubt, such idle taunts can move,
The force of calumny is vain
Before the stedfast *Faith of Love*.

II.

I blame thee not—Oh, who would blame
A lily's chaste and snowy flower,
Because some wanton breeze that came
To steal the soft and scented shower
Of her delicious breath, should claim
The treasure of that love-fraught sigh,
Regardless it bestowed the same
On every Zephyr wand'ring by.

III.

I blame thee not—Oh, who would blame
A star that glittered pure and bright,
If some enthusiast loved its flame,
And madly deemed the gentle light
Stole from the cold and distant sky
For his enamoured glance alone,
Forgetting that to every eye
With equal charm its beauty shone.

IV.

I blame thee not, if some who meet
That gentle voice's magic tone
May vainly hope that sounds so sweet,
Must breathe a passion like their own—
Unconscious that a guardian spell
Some blessed angel casts o'er thee,
Within whose circle nought may dwell
Save *Honour* and *Fidelity*.

V.

I blame thee not—no thought of blame—
No Coward doubt—no jealous fear
Sullies the brightness of a name
My inmost soul exults to hear;
No—if before my idol's shrine
The incense of the world is thrown,
There let it burn—the form divine
Is marble, save for me alone.

(From Heath's (London) Book of Beauty for 1835.)

INVITED BY MISTAKE.

BY MRS. ABDY.

"It is for homely features to keep home;
They had their name thence."—[Comus.

Cheltenham is noted for the gaiety and variety of its entertainments: it must be a remarkable sort of party to cause much excitement at Cheltenham: nothing short, one would imagine, of such an affair as the Eglinton Tournament could hope to effect it—Mrs. Estcourt, however, a widow lady of moderate fortune, achieved the wonder; she issued cards for an evening party, neither a ball, nor a concert, nor a private play, nor even a supper, but simply an evening party: the invited were as happy as Cinderella's eldest sisters, the uninvited as melancholy as Cinderella herself!

Mrs. Estcourt's brother, Mr. Amherst, was wealthy and eccentric; he had been thrice married, but died a widower and childless; he had been singularly fortunate in the matrimonial lottery, his three wives having been "positive, comparative, and superlative," in their various amiabilities and excellencies. He was consequently a most determined friend to matrimony, and had used every argument in his power to persuade his nephew, young Amherst, to enter into that desirable pale. The young man professed great readiness to comply with his desires, but was so long in making his choice, that the old gentleman departed from the world before it was decided. His will was opened, and it was found that, after leaving a handsome legacy to his sister, Mrs. Estcourt, he bequeathed the whole of his large property to his nephew, in the event of his marrying within two years after his uncle's death; if he failed to comply with this condition, he was merely to enjoy a life-income of five hundred a-year, and the bulk of the property was to revert to a third cousin with thirteen children! A year and nine months of the allotted period had elapsed, and Amherst was yet unmarried. He came, at the earnest request of Mrs. Estcourt, to pass a few weeks with her at Cheltenham: one of his most intimate friends was staying in the town at the same time, and Mrs. Estcourt soon held a private council with the latter gentleman on the affairs of her nephew.

"You are aware, Mr. Tyrold," she said, "how important it is that my nephew should shortly select a wife; I wish he would allow me to choose one for him. Can you give me an idea of the sort of person he prefers? But why should I ask? I know the catalogue of impossibilities that a bachelor's bride must possess; she must be a kind of union of Corinne, Lucilla Stanley, Rose Bradwardine, and Flora M'Ivor, gifted with the prudence and self-possession of Miss Edgeworth's heroines, and 'finished off' by the grace and fashion of those of Mrs. Gore!"

"Nay," said Tyrold, "you do great injustice to bachelors in general, and to Amherst in particular. He is far from being unreasonable in his requisitions; he only wants exquisite and perfect beauty; like the knights-errand of old, he would fain throw down the gauntlet of defiance to the world in assertion of the charms of his ladye-love."

"I wish my nephew had more sense," said Mrs. Estcourt, (who had never been handsome herself,) in rather a pettish tone.

"That is a very common wish for uncles and aunts to entertain in behalf of their nephews and nieces," replied Tyrold, "but I confess that the infatuation of Amherst has sometimes been too much even for my patience. Life seems to him a mere 'Book of Beauty,' the most eloquent lips would fail to enchant him if they did not,

'Far rubies, make
Rims look pale beside them.'

Nor would he be satisfied with eyes that beamed intellect and kindness, unless they were canopied with arched eye-brows, and fringed with silken eye-lashes."

"But, since my nephew is indifferent to mental acquirements," said Mrs. Estcourt, "why does he find it so difficult to fix his choice? Surely beauties are not so very uncommon!"

"They are far too common," said Tyrold; "Amherst has been smitten by a beautiful *blonde* in London, and going one week to Richmond has succumbed to a still more beautiful *brunette*. Ramsgate has enchanted him with an earthly Titania, and Bath dazzled him with a terrestrial Juno; I wish that, like a prince in a fairy tale, he could have twenty or thirty portraits of beauties submitted to him at once, and make up his mind to choose the most lovely of the collection."

"Would it not be better," asked Mrs. Estcourt, with sudden animation, "if the realities could be presented to him in the same manner?"

"Certainly it would," answered Tyrold. "Bacon says, very justly, that 'the best part of beauty is that which a picture cannot express.'"

"Have you ever been in parties," inquired Mrs. Estcourt, "where they got up a beauty quadrille?"

"Yes," said Tyrold, "and thought it very theatrical and very inexpedient: it caused a decided feeling of envy and jealousy among the guests."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Estcourt, "one must not mind doing a little harm when a great deal of good is to come of it."

Tyrold totally disagreed with the lady's logic and morality, but, impatient to hear what she had to propose, did not trouble himself to contravene her opinion.

"I know many beautiful girls in Cheltenham," said Mrs. Estcourt; "there are others in the neighbourhood. I will give a party: the gentlemen shall be such as I would ask on any other occasion, but the ladies shall be all beautiful."

"And what will you do," asked Tyrold, "if the beauty should happen to be afflicted with two or three ordinary sisters?"

"I shall not invite them," said Mrs. Estcourt.—"With the exception of a few necessary chaperons, who will form an admirable background to the picture, my guests shall all be young and lovely. I shall immediately prepare the invitations."

"Do so," said Tyrold; "whether or not you succeed in providing a partner for life for your nephew, you will make your own name famous in Cheltenham for ever. You will have proved yourself a perfect goddess of mischief, not only throwing one apple of discord among the fair ones of your acquaintance, but a whole basketful of them!"

Tyrold immediately communicated this conversation to Amherst, and, although he affected to laugh at his aunt's folly, it was evident that he was greatly delighted at the idea of the party in preparation for him. But how shall I describe the effect that Mrs. Estcourt's invitation-cards produced in Cheltenham? The cool indifference of the professed beauty, who carelessly threw by her card of invitation, saying that "of course there could never have been a doubt of her receiving one;" the ill-disguised satisfaction of the doubtful belle, who was not quite certain whether she should come up to the requisite standard of appearance; the indignation of the merely pretty girls who received no card, although each had half a dozen flirts who had compared her to Helen, Hebe, and Euphrosyne; and the triumph of the unmistakably plain, at finding that the passably handsome were as much excluded as themselves. A singular circumstance attended this party—not one invitation was refused; several of the beauties had previous engagements, which they broke through to favour Mrs. Estcourt with their society. Some people were so uncharitable as to say that the report of young Amherst's "search for a wife," and the conditions of his uncle's legacy, had a great deal to do with their line of conduct; the report had certainly become public, but of course the young ladies gave themselves no trouble about it, and the variety of exquisite new dresses, ordered during the next few days in Cheltenham, would have been ordered all the same, had Mrs. Estcourt's "beauty party" never been thought of.

"Did you not say," asked Tyrold of Mrs. Estcourt, "that you had mustered all the beauties within a few miles of Cheltenham?"

"I have done so," she replied; "and, in some instances where I have not known the families, I have prevailed on friends to give me an introduction. I have shown myself so open to all suggestions, and talked over the matter with so many of my acquaintance, that I am sure not one beauty, really deserving the title, has been omitted in my invitation cards."

"You are much mistaken," said Tyrold; "the most beautiful girl I ever beheld lives within five miles of Cheltenham, and has not received a card from you."

Mrs. Estcourt stood aghast; she had thought her party the triumph and perfection of good taste and unwearied activity: she felt much as the Princess Badroulboudour might be supposed to have felt when she was told that the palace which she thought so exquisite required a roc's egg to be hung up in the centre of the hall.

"Do you know Mrs. Gerard," asked Tyrold, "who lives four miles from Cheltenham?"

"I met with her several times a year ago," said Mrs. Estcourt; "and have since had the opportunity of conferring a favour upon her without putting myself to any inconvenience, by transferring to her, through a mutual friend, a present which I had just received of some rare flower-seeds, which I had no garden to sow in, and no inclination to sow if I had. I cannot, however, imagine that she can be of any use to me; she is a widow, and lives alone on a moderate income, visits no one, and hears nothing; her only passion is for flowers, and the friend who introduced her to me, said that she always reminded her of the good woman in the 'Temple of the Fairies,' who dwelt in a house of roses."

"All this is true," said Tyrold; "but Mrs. Gerard has a brother in London with a family, and she has, within the last six months, taken to live with her his eldest daughter. Mrs. Gerard visits a few friends in her immediate neighbourhood, and at the house of one of them I yesterday met herself and her niece. Miss Gerard is as lovely as a poet's dream. I never saw beauty at once so winning and so dazzling. I will not tell you that her intellect equals her appearance; to say the truth, she reminded me much of 'Indiana' in Madame D'Arblay's Camilla: but intellect, as I have told you, is not one of the qualities that my friend Amherst insists on in a wife. Miss Gerard is of a respectable family, perfectly lady-like in manner, and just the sort of person to captivate your nephew at first sight: you must lose no time in securing her."

Mrs. Estcourt paused irresolute; the other beauties invited to her festival she either knew to be such by ocular demonstration, or by the voice of popular acclamation; but Tyrold, like many other young men, might have been pleased by an easy deportment and showy person, and magnified the possessor into an enchantress. She gently insinuated her doubts.

"Perhaps," she said, "every one might not think Miss Gerard so handsome as you do."

"You can judge for yourself," said Tyrold eagerly, "by merely accompanying me to the High Street. Miss Gerard told me that she had been sitting for her portrait to an artist with whom I am acquainted; I called on him this morning, and prevailed on him to allow me to see the miniature: it is a speaking likeness."

Mrs. Estcourt, not without smiling at her romantic errand, accompanied Tyrold to the artist, and was favoured with a sight of her "fair Portia's counterfeit," which was on the point of being despatched to the residence of her aunt. It was perfectly and unexceptionably lovely, and Mrs. Estcourt returned home in high spirits, to indite her invitation-card to the fair original. Mrs. Estcourt had far too much tact to expect that the quiet, home-loving Mrs. Gerard would leave her garden walks, her blooming flowers, and her warbling aviary, to pass several hours at a Cheltenham evening party, if she had suspected it to be one got up for the purposes of vanity and display. No—Mrs. Estcourt wrote to her in the kindest and most friendly manner, hoped the flower-seeds had answered her expectations, requested that she and her niece would pass the evening of Thursday next with her, and promised in that event to shew her several rare specimens of dried plants, and a new work on botany, illustrated by splendid engravings. A favourable answer was soon forwarded from the "house of roses." Mrs. Gerard, grateful for the past gifts of her correspondent, anxious to see the dried plants and the work on botany, and happy in the consciousness that it was "the merry month of May," and that she had nothing to apprehend from dark nights and rheumatism, replied that she and her niece would be happy to accept Mrs. Estcourt's friendly invitation,—and actually—good, easy, old lady!—prepared herself for a cup of coffee and a biscuit, and subsequent glass of sherry and macaroons, partaken of in company with five or six people as quiet, domestic, and garden-loving as herself!

When Amherst's faithful friend announced to him that a "Queen of Beauty" had been procured for the approaching festival, he received the intelligence with even more satisfaction than could have been anticipated. Amherst, although, as I have shown, the infatuated slave of beauty, was not at all deficient in a right sense of what was amiable, kind, and benevolent; he had recently, in one of his walks in the neighbourhood of Cheltenham, met with a family in humble circumstances, to whom he had been the means of rendering much kind assistance in London: they had now become possessed of a little legacy, and had purchased a cottage and some ground close to the residence of Mrs. Gerard. Of her they spoke with the utmost respect, and of her niece with something like rapture, describing her as a ministering angel, dealing to her inferiors not only pecuniary aid, but the kindest and truest sympathy. They did not mention her personal appearance, nor did Amherst ask any questions on the subject, having conjured up in his active and creative mind a vision of an erect figure, with a somewhat faded complexion, a green veil and parasol, and a deep dowdy bonnet! He was delighted to find that the amiable unknown possessed the beauties of the person as well as those of the mind; and, as he began privately to be excessively nervous about his uncle's legacy, and to be apprehensive that, after all, he should be obliged to link himself with a blooming termagant or graceful simpleton, he felt [illegible] by the idea that the beautiful and excellent niece of good Mrs. Gerard might prove an eligible bride for him.

The evening of the party arrived, the beauties began to pour in, all looking as lovely as nature, their milliners, and hair-dressers could make them; chaperons wisely filed off to enjoy cards and annuals in an adjoining room, and the hearts had "a clear stage and fair play." The whole thing, however, proved a failure; it was all light and no shade; the eye was fatigued with brightness, and longed to rest on some refreshing and quiet object; it gave to the beholder more the idea of a scene in a theatrical pageant, or a beautiful collection of wax-work, than of a meeting of the "Women of England," of future wives and mothers.

Neither were the beauties themselves at all in good humour: each had been accustomed to be the star of her own circle, and to look down with a tranquil sense of superiority on the cheeks lacking bloom, and eyes lacking brightness, in her vicinity: now she enjoyed these triumphs no longer; all were beautiful—some, perhaps, more so than herself—and in several cases, an admirer, who had hitherto been devoted to one alone, seemed, for the first time, to find out that there were others as fair, or fairer.

Have any of my readers been smitten with the vain ambition of collecting a party of wits together at dinner? If they have, and have succeeded in their undertaking, I appeal to them whether the conversation was not far less brilliant and agreeable than when the party was judiciously compiled of wits and commonplace people. There can be no enjoyment where there is not ease; and nothing is so destructive to ease as the spirit of competition. A few of the beauties were engaged in discourse with their accustomed flirts, but the consciousness that the eyes of Amherst, his aunt, or his particular friend, were sure to be upon their proceedings, imparted unwonted constraint to their manner. Mrs. Estcourt proposed music; but beauties are not, usually speaking, a very accomplished race, and there were few "bonne substantive" among the ladies in question—they had been accustomed to lean on some other person; one could sing duets with her cousin, and another could play on the harp if her sister accompanied her on the piano; but the cousin and sister were not beauties, and had therefore been pronounced uninvitable.

Mrs. Estcourt began to grow very impatient for the arrival of her "Queen of Beauty," and made up her mind that Mrs. Gerard was a great deal more worldly than she had supposed her to be, in keeping back her beautiful niece till a late hour, to enhance the effect of her appearance. Such, however, was an uncharitable conjecture; the fact is, that Mrs. Gerard would have arrived the first of the party, had it not been for the sudden indisposition of the solitary steed attached to her small chariot, which rendered it necessary that another of his species should be procured from some distance.

At length Mrs. and Miss Gerard were announced, and the heart of Amherst beat violently. But why should I particularise Amherst? The hearts of the whole company beat; for Tyrold, with the charitable intention of plaguing the beauties, had signified to them that a guest was expected who would decidedly outshine them all. Mrs. Gerard advanced in a brown silk dress and close lace cap, looking with perfect astonishment on the spangles, jewels, and feathers, embroidered waistcoats, and lighted chandeliers, that surrounded her: she was accompanied by a young lady whom she introduced as her niece, Miss Gerard.

Alas! had some evil enchantment been at work upon her, like that which, in Don Quixote's opinion, has transformed the lady Dulcinea del Toboso into a rustic girl? She was short, without being sylph-like; her complexion was pale, and rather inclining to sallow; her features were irregular; her teeth, although white, were far from even; an animated smile and an intelligent eye might have just preserved her from the imputation of being plain in a party of the usual description, but on this occasion, in the presence of so many beauties, she looked decidedly and undeniably plain, and her unadorned white muslin dress offered a complete contrast to the shining aerial draperies which fluttered around her. Mrs. Estcourt felt enraged at Tyrold, who, she concluded, had invented the report of Miss Gerard's beauty, and shown her a supposititious picture, with the intention of hoaxing her and spoiling the effect of her party. She caught his eye, however, and he looked so unaffectedly astonished and vexed, that she felt convinced that he was guiltless of any wilful deception.

"I need not," she said to Mrs. Gerard, in a low voice, "introduce Mr. Tyrold to you; he had the pleasure of meeting you and your niece last week, and, I believe, was somewhat smitten with the latter."

"Not the niece who now accompanies me, and who is, I am happy to say, my constant inmate," replied Mrs. Gerard. "She was confined to the house that day by indisposition; her sister Angelina, whom we consider quite a beauty, was then staying with me; she left me, however, two days afterwards, to join her family in London. She is to be married in a few weeks, and, therefore, I ought not to blame her for paying her sister and myself a very short visit."

Poor Mrs. Gerard! she thought she had made a plain, straightforward speech, and wondered why Tyrold became mortified, and Mrs. Estcourt looked worried, and Amherst looked confused, and all the company looked much as the audience at the Opera-house look when an apology is made for "the unavoidable absence of the *prima donna* through sudden and severe illness." How simple was the solution of the mystery! how natural did it seem that the Miss Gerard now present should have been "invited by mistake!" It was nobody's fault, yet Mrs. Estcourt felt that it was decidedly her own misfortune. How could she at once acquaint all the fair ones present with this provoking blunder? Would they not suppose that she had violated the rules of her party, and introduced this unquestionably plain girl to cast a burlesque over the whole thing? Nay, might they not imagine that the arrival of the damsel in question heralded that of a score of similar appearance, and that they were to be speedily overwhelmed with an avalanche of dowdies? Here, however, were the unwelcome visitors, and, apparently, they both felt quite at their ease.

Mrs. Gerard, although at first rather startled by finding that she was in the midst of what she denominated "a regular party," soon settled the matter with herself by deciding that "Cheltenham was such a gay place, she supposed these were every-day doings." She was very near-sighted, and did not perceive that the young ladies were at all superior in appearance to the "fresh female buds" of parties in general; her thoughts, therefore, immediately reverted to the botanical work, and Mrs. Estcourt gladly accompanied her to the room occupied by the chaperons, and furnished her with an ample source of amusement, wishing that she could so easily get rid of the obnoxious niece.

Miss Gerard became more speedily enlightened on the subject; her quick eye made her aware of the remarkable beauty of her fair neighbors, and her quick ear made her mistress of a conversation carried on by some of them in a whisper, which convinced her of the circumstances under which she had been "invited by mistake." Miss Gerard, however, looked as tranquil and unruffled as Serena, in the "Triumphs of Temper," might have done in a similar situation, cast a complacent glance around her with eyes that had not the slightest tinge of envy, and, having sufficiently enjoyed the contemplation, arose to the inner room, thinking that the books on the table there would afford her the means of passing her time more pleasantly than in listening to the vapid and desultory discourse of a very dull set of people.

Amazing sight! Amherst crossed the room to address her! Perhaps his motive was one of unmixed kindness; he might not like the benefactress of his poor pensioners to feel herself neglected. I am afraid, however, that the wish for a little variety had something to do with his action; for, sooth to say, he found the party extremely stupid, and had privately whispered to Tyrold that his aunt, in collecting her assemblage of beauties, had unwittingly been dealing with him much as pastrycooks are said to deal with their apprentices—allowing them such an initiatory profusion of sweets, that they become indifferent to them ever after!

"Do not leave us," he said, arresting the steps of Miss Gerard; "we are not a very brilliant party, but perhaps we may improve."

"Nay," she replied, resuming her seat, "I was about to leave you, because, in one sense of the word, you are so very brilliant a party, that I feared I was injuring the general effect by remaining. Perhaps, however, I was wrong; there is great virtue in a decided contrast; jewellers always display their diamonds upon black velvet, and the pretty faces around me are so numerous, that it must be quite refreshing to them to be put in mind of their advantages, by gazing on a plain one."

Amherst was literally incapable of replying to her. Queen Emma, walking unhurt over the burning ploughshares, could not have offered a spectacle more surprising to the witnesses of her achievement than did this homely young woman, frankly and cheerfully jesting on her homeliness, to the astonished Amherst.

"You look surprised," she said with a smile; "perhaps you expected that I should take refuge in sarcasm or sulkiness; but, believe me, I feel rather amused than annoyed. Having been aware of my plainness of person from the days of childhood, and having borne the misfortune with praiseworthy philosophy, I should no more think of making myself suddenly unhappy on the subject, because accidentally thrown into company with a bevy of beauties, than I should sit down to bewail my want of riches if surrounded by a select detachment of millionaires. I am sorry for Mrs. Estcourt, for I am afraid the Cheltenham paper will dwell as unmercifully on the solitary drawback to her party, as a ruthless critic does on one weak stanza in the course of a clever poem; but, as regards the beauties themselves, I am sure that in their hearts they must consider me a far more desirable visitor than my sister Angelica would have been: she would have rendered them dissatisfied with their own attractions; I can only increase their feelings of self-satisfaction."

Miss Gerard had a delightfully toned voice, full, clear, sweet, and beautifully modulated. Amherst drew a chair, and sat down by her side.

"How correct are your sentiments!" he said; "and how much am I obliged to you for the frankness with which you express them."

"Not at all; I am merely repaying a debt of gratitude to you; your motive could have been only a kind one in coming to sacrifice a part of your evening in talking to a plain person, when you were surrounded by so many handsome ones, and I could not find it in my heart to requite you by a series of 'Yes' and 'No' replies, even with the variation of 'Do you think so?' 'Very true;' and, 'I have often considered so myself!'"

"And can you really suppose that I feel it a sacrifice of time to converse with you?"

"Not now, because it is evident you are entertained by my conversation; but, when you only judged of me by my exterior, your taste could not incline you to cultivate my acquaintance, however your pity might induce you to do so."

"Be more charitable to yourself, and to me."

"I am not conscious of being uncharitable to either."

"Yes, you fail in one species of charity, however you may excel in another; the bounties of Miss Gerard in her own neighbourhood are not unknown to me."

"The bounties of Miss Gerard are all unworthy of being so publicly chronicled."

"Would that she might condescend to indulge me with a private communication of them!"

"Nay, you would soon grow weary of the annals of the cottage and the village school."

"Not when related by one who——"

"Pray pardon me for my want of courtesy in interrupting you, but I am anxious to save you from a still greater lapse of courtesy; a young lady is preparing to sing."

Amherst was silent, and the song was begun and finished.

"Let me prevail on you to *favour* us," said Amherst to Miss Gerard, with the slightest possible tinge of patronage in his manner; "you need not be discouraged by the style of the lady who has just quitted the piano."

"Assuredly not," she replied, with a smile; "her style is very defective; she has evidently not, like myself, had the advantage of a good master."

"And you also possess," said Amherst, "that advantage which is defined to constitute two-thirds of the requisites in a singer. I am much deceived in your voice in speaking, if your tones are not delightful in singing."

"I suppose I ought, in accordance with the established rule, to say that I have no voice, and that I have a severe cold, and that I am quite out of practice; but, as I could not say any of these things with truth, I am not disposed to say them at all."

"Then you will oblige us?"

"Willingly; as I cannot be ornamental with Mrs. Estcourt's party, the least I can do is to make myself useful."

Amherst led Miss Gerard to the piano, thinking, at the same time, that, clever, animated, and entertaining as she was, she certainly seemed the least in the world vain of her musical abilities. The young lady who had preceded her, and who, on account of her profusion of sunny ringlets, was generally known by the name of "the fair one with the golden locks," had played and sung as fair ones with golden locks are very much in the habit of doing. She had played the symphony of her song with a feeble, confused touch, and when she had got to the end had played it all over again, meaning to perform much better, but in reality performing somewhat worse. She had begun her strain in a very faint, quivering tone; as she progressed, her voice had grown loud, but proportionably husky; when she came near the end of the air, she precipitated the time in her anxiety to get her task over; and she concluded with a cadence pencilled for her by her master, which put every one in mind of a slovenly shuffle at cards, and which she crowned with an imperfect, ill sustained shake. As she had played the symphony twice over at the beginning, she made matters even worse by merely striking a chord (which was a false one) at the end of her song; smiled around on her auditors as if she were waiting for three rounds of applause, and when told that the song was charming, and that she had sung it divinely, meekly responded, "Do you think so?"

A different sort of exhibition awaited the party. Miss Gerard, after a brilliant and scientific prelude, began to sing a well-known popular song; her splendid and exquisitely managed voice rather resembled the clear, ringing tones of professional excellence, than the low, languid murmuring of amateur performance. She displayed neither diffidence nor confidence; it was evident that the language of song was as that of speech to her, and she was completely careless as to the effect she produced upon her auditory, knowing beforehand what it was certain to be. Few people are accurate judges of either music or painting, but the brilliant singer and the exquisite artist find their way at once to the hearts and taste of the multitude. Of Miss Gerard's singing there could not be two opinions; a child would admire it for its sweetness, and a professor for its science: the room was hushed in silence, and even a few of the chaperons came in from the adjoining apartment to add their tribute of wonder to that of the rest of the party. Miss Gerard carelessly struck chords on the piano, which showed her perfect familiarity with thorough bass, while the burst of applause that greeted her song continued, till, on hearing "the fair one with the golden locks" whisper to a friend that "she thought very little of singing, and that it was far more desirable to excel in instrumental performance," she immediately struck into a wild extempore piece of music. "Mrs. Anderson" could scarcely have made the instrument speak more intelligibly; she absolutely electrified the prim cabinet piano, which had never reverberated to such a touch before. She then rose to quit her seat, but Amherst, almost passionately entreating for "one more song," induced her to resume it, and with exquisite pathos she sang words of high poetic beauty which were unknown to Amherst, adapted to an old Scottish melody which was well known to him.

"Now then," she said to Amherst, "I must hope you will not ask me to sing again, for I do not wish you to subject yourself to the mortification of a refusal."

"And why refuse me, Miss Gerard? Are you tired yourself, or do you think that your hearers are tired of listening to you?"

"Neither; but I have engrossed the attention of the company quite as long as an individual ought to do; a good voice always draws a good deal of notice on its possessor. You observe those two respectable elderly ladies, in purple satin dresses and bird-of-paradise plumes in their hats; had I sung in a common-place manner, they would not have deigned to recognise my existence, and now I can see, by the complacent way in which they eye me, and the confidential whispers that they are exchanging with one another, that they are each intent on securing me for a party, and are anxious that their evenings should not clash: I shall, however, be hard-hearted enough to disappoint them both. I came into the country in quest of quiet, not of parties, and certainly should never have come to this, had I been aware that it was otherwise than the meeting of a few friends."

Amherst began a speech with "Oh! Miss Gerard," which was doubtless intended to be very pathetic, but his flowers of eloquence were nipped in the bud by the approach of Mrs. Estcourt, followed by the matrons in the bird-of-paradise plumes, whom she introduced to Miss Gerard; and that young lady proved herself deserving of the name of a sybil as well as of a syren, for in a few minutes one of them hoped she was disengaged on the ensuing Monday, and the other professed the most ardent desire to introduce her to a distinguished amateur on the Wednesday following.

Miss Gerard courteously but firmly declined both these invitations, and while satisfying the ladies as to who had been her master, whose music she preferred, and who was her favourite singer, Amherst entered into conversation with Mrs. Gerard, who had been allured from her work on botany by the sweet tones of her niece.

"Can you inform me," he asked, "of the author of the beautiful lines which Miss Gerard sang adapted to an old Scottish melody?"

"Undoubtedly," said Mrs. Gerard, with a smile; "the verses were written by herself: she has a valuable taste for poetry."

"Nature has been very bountiful to her," said Amherst."

"Very much so," answered Mrs. Gerard, "in every respect but that of personal attraction. My niece Angelica, who has just been staying with me, has engrossed all the beauties of the family, but she has not a single accomplishment; her masters gave her up in despair, and in mind she is just raised above absolute silliness. Her intended, Sir William Holbrook, is passionately attached to her, but I think he will find, in a few months after wedlock, that marrying a girl without half-a-dozen ideas, on account of her beautiful face, is something like taking a residence in a dull and unfrequented part of the country for the sake of its beautiful prospect: the eye is soon tired of gazing, and the mind requires to be amused in its turn."

Miss Gerard at this moment joined them; Amherst immediately informed her of his discovery of the authorship of the exquisite verses she had sung, and in a few minutes they were in deep discussion of the merits of Campbell, Wordsworth, and Coleridge—Mrs. Estcourt petitioned many of her fair visitors for music, but none chose to exhibit after Miss Gerard.

"We must contrive to get up quadrilles," she whispered to Tyrold; "things are going on flatter than ever; mine will be the most stupid party of the season."

Accordingly quadrilles were got up; there was no beauty quadrille, because all the lady dancers were beautiful, with the exception of one who looked among them much as a cheap plaster image might be supposed to do if it found its way into the sculpture-room of the Royal Academy: yet to that individual did Amherst offer his hand, and "led her forth to dance," to the no small anger and displeasure of "the fair one with the golden locks," and many others of the guests. Miss Gerard danced in a quiet and lady-like manner, but nothing more; she declined joining the quadrilles a second time, and Amherst also retired from the dancers, and resumed his co versation with her on the poets. It was the fi rational conversation in which he had ever indulg with a young lady; hitherto he had only breathed them the language of complimentary adulation, co cluding that all else would be unwelcome to them but now he was greatly surprised to find that eve his clever friend Tyrold could not quote from th poets, or discuss their beauties, as fluently, as th still more clever Miss Gerard. They arrived length at Alfred Tennyson, and had completely fo gotten the gay scene around them, while dwellin on the exquisite images of solitude, dullness and d privation, contained in "Mariana in the Moate Grange," when Mrs. Gerard, who was growing al most as weary as Mariana herself, although from different cause, approached her niece to deliver he opinion that "it was not right to keep even a hire horse waiting two hours after the time at which i was ordered to attend."

The party now broke up, and Amherst, after es corting the last beauty to her carriage, just looke into the drawing-room to bid his aunt good night o his way to his chamber, not being able to summon re solution to undergo the lecture which he feared was i store for him respecting his conduct during the whol of the evening. Tyrold was more courageous; h purposely stayed behind, that he might express t Mrs. Estcourt his sorrow at having been the innocen cause of leading her into so untoward a mistake. H began to address his hostess with a most penitentia face, when he was startled by seeing her whole coun tenance radiant with joy, and feeling his hand cor dially grasped.

"How can I thank you enough!" she exclaimed; "you are the cause of it all; my nephew will certainly marry this Miss Gerard whom I invited by mistake."

"But," stammered the contrite Tyrold, "she is not a beauty."

"She is all the better for it," replied the vivacious lady; "you know I have always had a particular dislike to beauties, and I think this evening I have disliked them more than ever."

The fact was, that Mrs. Estcourt had caught divers glimpses of her own figure, and of those of her fair visitors, in one or other of her great looking-glasses during the course of the evening, and did not feel at all pleased by the contrast of their appearance to hers.

"I perceive how it is," said Tyrold, brightening up; "you invited a party of beauties because you believed that Amherst would choose no other for a wife, but, in reality, you would prefer Miss Gerard for a niece to any other of your guests."

"Most undoubtedly," said Mrs. Estcourt; "it will be a most desirable connexion: her sister is engaged to a baronet. Then what a voice she has! No beauty possesses such a spell as a fine singer to draw a crowd around her. She will, also, of course, inherit her aunt's fortune, and probably a few thousands from her father, and although my nephew will soon take possession of a large property, yet you know, Mr. Tyrold, as your favorite Burns says, it is always desirable to 'mak' muckle mair.'"

Tyrold was too sleepy to take the trouble of enlightening the lady's mind as to the real meaning of Burns' passage, but he told her that Miss Gerard was a delightful person, and wished her a good night and pleasant dreams.

Pleasant, indeed, were her dreams, and pleasanter still were her waking thoughts. She had a sincere regard for her nephew, and was anxious to see him married and rich (since he could not be the latter without the former); and was very well pleased to think that his bride, although younger, was not at all better looking than herself.

And all happened as Mrs. Estcourt had predicted. Amherst was a visitor at the "house of roses" the next day; in a few days he spoke of love, and was listened to; and in a few days more he obtained permission to wait on Mr. Gerard in London; and Mr. Gerard (having previously looked at *old* Amherst's will in Doctors' Commons) received him most favourably, and said he was just the man he would have chosen from the whole world for a son-in-law, and Sir William Holbrook (to whom he had said the same thing when he proposed for Angelica), instead of being jealous of his brother-in-law elect, took a violent fancy for him, and, thinking that marrying would be much more cheerful if done in company, joined him in petitioning to the heads of the house of Gerard that the weddings should take place on the same day, which petition was graciously granted.—Angelica was the loveliest of brides, but Amherst did not envy her bridegroom; the charm of his chosen one's talents, and the brilliant vivacity of her conversation, had developed themselves daily more and more, and Amherst not only felt resigned to her want of personal beauty, but actually began to think that his first impression had been erroneous, and that her appearance was exceedingly attractive!

His marriage caused some emotion in various quarters, and was the occasion of a severe nervous attack to the third cousin with thirteen children, who had begun to make himself quite secure of the speedy possession of "poor, dear, *old*, eccentric Mr. Amherst's property."

A year has now elapsed since Amherst's marriage, and, although he admires his wife at all times, he particularly admires her when she is in the act of inditing a note of invitation.

"There is something," he said, "in one of these delicate rose-coloured perfumed *billets*, which conveys a delightful association to my mind; it always brings before me my aunt's Cheltenham 'beauty-party,' and the moment when I first became known to her who now constitutes all my earthly felicity, owing to the happy circumstance of her having been 'Invited by Mistake!'"*

LOVE'S MISTAKES.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOVE AND MARRIAGE."

"Jilted—deceived—betrayed!—who may ever put faith in woman again! And yet she seemed so good, so noble—I would have staked my life on the sincerity of her affection. And I loved her so fondly—so devotedly—all my hopes of happiness were bound up in her. Oh, Emma! Emma!—how cruelly, how basely have you deceived me! I loved you blindly—I strove to resist all conviction of your perfidy, till at last this fatal letter has proved to me, beyond all possibility of doubt, that you are false. Unworthy girl! I must endeavour to forget you—but I feel how hard the effort will be—how hopeless——"

Such were some of the distracting thoughts which in gloomy confusion filled the mind of Edward Villars, as he paced his apartment, unable to sleep, though the summer night was nearly past. The letter which he held in his hand had confirmed his previous doubts of the truth of her he loved, and had cast him from the summit of happiness to the wretched consciousness of betrayed affection and the utter destruction of the dearest hopes he cherished.

Edward Villars was young, handsome and rich, intelligent and well educated, and endowed with all the arts of pleasing. It is therefore no wonder that he was a general favorite; but though he met everywhere with the most flattering reception—though all the fair sex smiled on him—he reached the age of twenty-six without bowing to the Divinity, who, we are told, is, was, or ought to be the master of us all. His hour was, however, to come. About a year previous to the period when I have first introduced him to my readers, he spent the greater part of the summer in a prolonged tour to the spots most worthy of interest in the Northern and Eastern States.—A cold, caught at a fishing party, on Lake George, was, by imprudence and neglect, increased to a fever, which, by the time he reached Newport, confined him to his room for more than a week. Illness, away from home and among strangers, is a sufficient trial to the spirits of the most cheerful; and Edward Villars' sick room would have seemed to him the most gloomy prison imaginable, but for a circumstance which brightened and cheered his solitary hours.—The sound of a piano reached his ear from an opposite room, and a female voice of remarkable sweetness and power sang with great spirit and expression a variety of songs, from the most intricate Italian opera airs, to the simple and touching ballads of Scotland. He was a passionate lover of music, and as he eagerly drank in these sweet sounds, the restlessness and languor of fever seemed abated, and the minutes, which had passed so heavily before, now fled only too swiftly. Each morning and evening, he waited anxiously for the hour when the tones of the fair musician would steep his senses in Elysium, and make him forget his sufferings and loneliness.—Voices and laughter sometimes reached his ear, and he distinguished one clear, merry laugh, which he fancied must belong to the unknown songstress. As his strength returned, and he looked forward to soon leaving his room, he dwelt upon the hope of seeing and becoming acquainted with her who had unintentionally alleviated his hours of illness. But before he was sufficiently recovered, the sweet tones were no longer to be heard, and when at last he dined for the first time at the common table, he was surprised to find that the numerous lodgers had all disappeared; the season was over—and except a few travellers passing through, he was the only stranger left. His disappointment was great, and was increased by the fruitlessness of all his inquiries as to the name and abode of the unknown musician. The parlour in which the piano stood had been used by all the company, and no one could inform him which of its numerous occupants had been the songstress.

He left Newport as soon as his strength was sufficiently established to allow him to travel, and amid change of scene and occupation, new impressions soon effaced the vividness of that which had been made on him. A pleasurable feeling of gratitude and some slight curiosity still remained whenever he recurred to his stay at Newport; but this was more and more seldom, and he would no doubt have soon forgotten it all, but for an incident which occurred soon after his return to the city of his birth.

The regular season of gaiety had not yet begun—but a few days after his return, Edward received a note from Mrs. Thornton, a lady with whose family his own was distantly connected, containing an invitation for the next evening "to meet the Stanhopes, a southern family, whose acquaintance she was sure he would be pleased to make."

He arrived at Mrs. Thornton's rather late, and found the rooms quite full. A crowd were collected round the piano, and the buzzing murmurs of voices subsided as soon as some one struck, with a firm and experienced hand, the opening notes to the beautiful aria in Norma—"*Casta Diva.*" As soon as the first tones of the singer's voice swelled upon Edward's ear, he recognized the well-known voice of the Newport incognita. He was too far from the piano to see her, but he listened in breathless attention as she proceeded through that beautiful invocation and the following cavatina—"*Ah! bello a me ritorna.*" The whole soul of the singer seemed poured forth in that enchanting melody, whose words and music are so fitted to express the tender reproaches of slighted affection, neglected and betrayed, yet still ready to forgive—still eager to welcome back the false one; and a murmur of admiration and applause ran through the assembly as she concluded. Edward pressed closer to the instrument, and at last saw her as she stood receiving from the gentlemen round her, the gloves, handkerchief, fan and bouquet, which had been committed to their charge. She was very beautiful—about the middle size, delicately and finely formed, with dark expressive eyes—features not exactly regular, but extremely pleasing in the *tout ensemble*—a clear, fair complexion, and curling chestnut hair. She was dressed in pale blue satin, with a wreath of blush roses in her hair. Edward eagerly enquired her name of an acquaintance.

"Don't you know?" was the reply. "Miss Stanhope, from Carolina. That tall, aristocratic-looking man opposite is her father. They have come here lately to reside on account of Mrs. Stanhope's health, which is said to be delicate. She is a most fascinating creature, and will no doubt be the belle of the season. Shall I introduce you?"

The offer was at once accepted, as may be supposed, and though Miss Stanhope was surrounded by too many beaux to allow Edward Villars much conversation with her, his admiration was not diminished by the slight acquaintance he obtained. He soon became one of her most devoted admirers, and her constant attendant in all public places. She appeared to him the most lovely and interesting creature he had ever seen—and before the winter was far gone, he was deeply in love with her. His admiration was by no means surprising, for Emma Stanhope was formed to excite and retain the interest of all who knew her. Intelligent, well-informed, and animated—with warm, generous feelings, and the most winning manners, she was still unspoiled by all the flattery and adulation, which, as a prosperous belle, she met with from all who surrounded her.

It was some time before Edward Villars could hope to be distinguished among the numerous young men who filled her father's parlour in the morning—who hovered round her in society—who were always ready to walk with her, to ride with her, to load her with bouquets, books, engravings, and all the tokens of zealous admiration. From her father, his visits always met with the most flattering and marked encouragement. Mr. Stanhope was a man of dignified and elegant manners, but with very little feeling, and a harsh, imperious temper, which rendered him more feared than beloved by his family. His wife was a gentle and amiable woman of delicate health, and rather depressed spirits, who rarely appeared in society, and seemed absorbed in the care of her younger children and her household.

Gradually Edward began to hope that he was creating an interest in Emma's heart, and that he need not despair of ultimate success. His society seemed agreeable to her, and she acknowledged that their tastes and habits assimilated—but whenever he attempted to speak to her of his love and his hopes, she would change the conversation, or laugh at his protestations, and burst forth with exquisite archness and expression into the lively little Scotch song—

"Oh, I'm o'er young—I'm o'er young—
I'm o'er young—to marry yet;
I'm o'er young—'twould be a sin
To take me frae my mammie yet.
I am my mammie's ain bairn,
Nor of my hame am weary yet;
And I would have ye learn, lads,
That ye for me maun tarry yet."

He was grieved and mortified at her receiving his avowals of attachment in this manner, which he knew not whether to attribute to indifference or coquetry. Her behavior to her other admirers could give him no cause for jealousy. There was only one individual who caused him any uneasiness of that nature. Mr. Forrester, a second or third cousin of the Stanhopes, came to the city which they had chosen as their residence, and was immediately invited to become an inmate of their house till the business was concluded which had brought him from home. He was, of course, supposed by the world to be a lover of Miss Stanhope, though her friends all protested that he neither was nor wished to be more than an old and intimate friend. He was a man of about thirty-eight—not at all handsome, and possessed of no shining qualities, but with an openness and sociability of manner, a benevolence of disposition, and a fund of small talk, which made him liked by every one who knew him. There was nothing lover-like in his manners towards Emma, but the perfect good understanding which existed between them, their frequent recurrence to events of former days, and the confidence she reposed in him, often alarmed Edward Villars, who, like all lovers, could not imagine the possibility of any one knowing the object of his affections without becoming desperately in love with her, and who feared that old friendship and childish partiality might lead insensibly to a warmer feeling.

His fears, however, soon seemed superfluous. Emma ceased to laugh at him, and no longer refused to listen. She would not give him a decisive answer, but asked time to consider—to know him better. Edward had too much delicacy, too much honor, to wish to hurry her into an engagement—and after enduring with patience a probation of some months, he was recompensed for all he had suffered, and made the happiest man in the world (in his own opinion) by the assurance that he was tenderly loved by Emma Stanhope.

June had now arrived, and the Stanhopes, instead of spending the summer, as usual, at Newport, removed to a country house about three miles from the city. Here Edward passed many happy hours every day in the society of his beautiful *Emma*. They rode, walked and read together, and seemed to become more and more dear to each other. Their marriage was arranged to take place in the autumn, on the return of the Stanhopes to town.

For a few weeks Edward Villars was perfectly happy; but at the end of that time Emma's spirits seemed unaccountably depressed. Occasionally, she was gay and animated as usual, but for the most part she was silent and thoughtful; and when Edward talked to her of their plans for the future, and consulted her about those arrangements in which she had formerly been so much interested, her gloom seemed to increase. To his enquiries, she uniformly replied that she was perfectly well—that nothing was the matter—that her sadness could his imagination—and immediately exerted herself to be as gay as usual. Edward was not satisfied by these assertions—he could only account for the change by supposing that some new outbreak of Mr. Stanhope's violent temper had disturbed for a while the domestic peace of the family, and he looked forward with fresh impatience to the period when he could remove Emma to a happier home, where his true affection would watch over her happiness with untiring devotion.

One afternoon he rode out rather earlier than common, to pay his daily visit. Emma was not on the lawn, or the piazza, watching for him as usual. She did not come to meet him in the hall or the parlor, where she generally sat. He went in search of her, and opened the door of a small library, which was seldom occupied. As he entered, he found her sitting in deep and earnest conversation with Mr. Forrester. They both started on seeing him, and an expression of vexation and disappointment appeared for an instant on Emma's face, which was dyed with a deep blush. Mr. Forrester came forward to meet Edward with his usual cordiality, and entered at once into conversation with him; but it was some time before Emma appeared perfectly recovered from her embarrassment.

Edward reproached himself for being discomposed by this incident, but in spite of all his efforts, he could not overcome the feeling. He had learned to laugh at the folly of his former jealousy of Forrester, and to like him as much as all the Stanhopes did; and during the course of this afternoon he repeated to himself a thousand times that it was ridiculous to be uneasy because Emma and her cousin were talking together earnestly and in private. Nevertheless, Emma's manners seemed rather cold and constrained, and many uneasy reflections passed through his mind as he rode home.

The French proverb is very sensible which says, "*La Nuit porte conseil.*" There is something inspiriting, too, in the influence of morning, and when Edward rose the next day, he came to the conclusion that he had been very silly and suspicious the day before. He rode out again that afternoon, and was received with bright smiles by Emma, who was seated with her mother in the piazza.

It was a lovely day, and he asked her to walk with him to a beautiful view about a mile distant.—She hesitated, and before she could answer, Mrs. Stanhope (who fancied that every body must be as easily fatigued as herself) exclaimed—

"You had better not walk any further, to-day, my love. You will tire yourself too much. You know you were out with your cousin several hours this morning."

The walk was abandoned, and they went into the parlor to sit down to a game of chess, during which Edward's thoughts dwelt more than was altogether pleasant on this long walk, in connection with the incident of the afternoon before.

Emma was usually an excellent chess-player, but to-day she played as if her mind were pre-occupied. The game had not proceeded very far when Edward observed that her attention seemed distracted from the board—her color rose—and she appeared to be gazing eagerly through an opposite window, which commanded a view of the avenue leading to the house. He turned his head to discover what could cause her agitation, and saw Forrester approaching. A pang of jealous uneasiness seized his heart—and he was still more disturbed on observing, when Forrester entered the room, that secret looks and signs of intelligence were passing between him and Emma. The evening passed heavily to all, and Edward fancied that Emma was impatient for his departure, and would be relieved when he bade her adieu.

Edward Villars had given with his love his fullest esteem and trust to the woman of his choice. He was not one of those who think jealousy a sign of love. On the contrary, he believed perfect confidence a far better proof of affection. His reason would not acquiesce in the possibility of her deceiving him; and though what he had observed was, to say the least, suspicious, he was willing to leave it unexplained, or to account for it in any way, rather than to suppose that Emma was cherishing an affection for another while her faith was pledged to him. This was the conviction of his cooler moments, but his feelings were often at variance with his reason, and caused him many hours of uneasiness. Insensibly his manner towards Emma was influenced by the state of his mind. He was either cold and reserved, or irritable and suspicious. She resented his ill-humor, and their intercourse became constrained and painful in the extreme. Such a state of estrangement cannot be better described than in the beautiful words of Moore—

> "And ruder words will soon rush in
> To swell the breach that words begin,
> And eyes forget the smiling ray
> They wore in courtship's earlier day;
> And voices lose the tone that shed
> A tenderness round all they said—
> 'Till, fast declining, one by one,
> The sweetnesses of Love are gone,
> And hearts so lately mingled, seem
> Like broken clouds, or like the stream
> That smiling left the mountain's brow
> As if its waters ne'er would sever,
> Yet ere it reach the plain below
> Breaks into floods that part forever."

Forrester had left Mr. Stanhope's house on a journey which was to occupy several weeks. His absence at this period was some alleviation to Edward's fears; but his suspicions were again roused as one day he surprised Emma reading a letter, which she hastily concealed on perceiving him. Corresponding with her cousin might be perfectly proper, but her eager desire to secrete the letter seemed to imply a consciousness of guilt, which he could not reconcile with his pre-conceived ideas of the high-minded Emma.

About this time, a friend, whom he accidentally met, informed him that a young artist, whose genius Villars had some years ago encouraged, had returned after a long absence, to his native city, in great poverty and declining health, with a wife and child dependant upon him for support. Edward enquired the residence of his former protege, and repaired thither, accompanied by his friend, early the next morning, anxious to impart all the assistance in his power.

The artist's abode was in a remote quarter of the city. As Edward was proceeding thither, he was struck with the appearance of a lady, walking arm-in-arm with a gentleman, on the opposite side of the street. Something in her dress and air reminded him of Emma, and as they came nearer he was convinced that it was indeed she, and that her companion was Forrester, whom he had supposed several hundred miles distant. His surprise and displeasure were extreme. His first impulse was to join her: but the presence of his friend prevented such a step. The view of the sufferings and destitution of the artist's family, and the pleasure of contributing to alleviate their distress, effaced, for a while, the impression left by this unexpected sight of Emma. But on his return home, he resolved to remain no longer without an explanation of her conduct. If she were still true to him, she must tell him so, and put an end to his tormenting doubts—if her heart was given to another, he felt that, however unworthily treated, her happiness would still be dear to him, and no act of his should disturb her peace.

With a heart full of melancholy forebodings, he repaired to Mr. Stanhope's dwelling. He entered the parlor, and beheld Emma asleep in a large arm-chair in front of a writing-table. She looked so lovely that he would not for worlds have disturbed her slumber. She was dressed in white—one elbow rested on the arm of the chair—the loose hanging sleeve had fallen back and displayed her snowy-rounded arm: while her little hand supported her head, and was almost hidden amid its clustering chestnut ringlets—the other arm hung listlessly by her side, and a pen on the floor seemed to have dropped from her fingers.—A rich color tinged her cheek—her lips were slightly parted, and the expression her features wore of perfect repose, of almost infantine sweetness, seemed to Edward no less lovely than when her dark eyes were lighted up with animation and intellect, and feeling breathed from her beautiful countenance. As he looked on her, his fears and doubts vanished, and his love and faith returned in full force—but as a half-finished letter on the table met his eye, wonder and suspicion again returned. His own name at the beginning caught his glance; it would no doubt explain all—he seized it, and read as follows:

"Edward—I have struggled with my feelings, but they are no longer in my own power, and I must confess all to you. Before my faith was pledged to you, I loved another—but he was poor: my parent's consent was not to be hoped. My father, whose will I have never dared resist, insisted on my becoming your wife—the man I loved, unwilling that I should suffer by sharing his poverty, entreated me to comply and forget him; your amiable qualities won my esteem, and I yielded to the wishes of all around me, hoping that time would heal the wounds of my heart. I was mistaken—the too dangerous presence of the beloved object, kept alive all my tenderness for him: he, too, strove in vain to learn indifference. We were wretched—we acknowledged to each other the strength of our mutual affection. You saw the gloom I could not hide while love and honor were struggling in my heart—my resolution is now taken. I can offer no excuse for my conduct to you. Spare me your reproaches—I shall have enough to bear from my own conscience and my father's anger. Perhaps some other more worthy"—

The letter stopped abruptly here. Edward read it hastily, crushed it violently in his hand—cast one last look at her he had loved so fondly, and who was now lost to him forever—rushed from the house, and gallopped back to town.

It would be useless to attempt to describe the tumultuous feelings which agitated him during the sleepless night which followed. He had imagined that the certainty of the worst would be preferable to the doubt and suspense he had previously undergone; but now he felt how slight had been those sufferings in comparison with the anguish he now endured. Misery, in the destruction of his cherished hopes, and the contemplation of the joyless future in store for him; anger with himself, for having been so long and so easily duped; indignation and hatred for his successful rival; bitter disappointment in the discovery of the falsehood of her on whose truth he had so fondly relied, and whom even now he could not hate; vague ideas of vengeance, then abandoned, at the thought of all that Emma had once been to him. These formed a chaos of wretchedness, which it would be impossible to depict. The violence of his feelings at last subsided into exhaustion, and as the day began to dawn, he threw himself on his bed and fell, for a few hours, into a troubled sleep.

He had not been long awake to a fresh consciousness of his unhappy fate, when a servant of Mr. Stanhope's asked to speak with him, and delivered to him a note directed in Emma's well known writing. Edward's first impulse was to send it back unopened, but his curiosity, or perhaps an undefined hope, conquered, and he read as follows—

"I am afraid, my dear Edward, that a sheet of paper, which I missed yesterday afternoon, has fallen into your hands. I fear very much that its contents may have misled you. I have no time now to enter into explanations; but I entreat you to come to me as soon as possible, that I may remove any misapprehensions it may have occasioned.

"Ever your own,

"Emma ———."

Edward was divided between surprise and indignation, at the deceptive tenor of this note, and curiosity to know by what means she could attempt to palliate her conduct or explain away what she had yesterday written. He was resolved not to be again her dupe—she had forfeited his esteem, and whatever efforts she might make towards a reconciliation, she could never now be his. But he would see her once more—he would upbraid her with her perfidy—assure her of his indifference and contempt, and leave her forever. So he said to himself: but a feeling of hope, which he would scarcely acknowledge, and strove, though in vain, to suppress, secretly actuated him, and whispered that however incomprehensible and contradictory her conduct, she might yet perhaps succeed in justifying herself.

The bitter contempt—the cold indifference of manner he had endeavored to summon up, all vanished, and gave place to softer feelings as Emma—radiant with beauty and smiles, her eyes beaming with tenderness—came forward to meet him. The reproachful speeches he had prepared, were all forgotten, and hope again sprung up in his heart, as with a playful and half mischievous expression on her lovely face, she led him into the house.

The conversation that followed, which raised Edward Villars from the depth of despair and wretchedness, to happiness and peace, removed the dark stain that seemed to rest on his Emma's truth, and elevated her to a still higher station in his heart, must be given in substance, not in detail. It would be a breach of confidence to relate all that passed—the reader could not sympathise entirely with the happiness of the lovers, who had always been faithful, and were now more closely united than ever. Where there has been estrangement and misunderstanding—where something is to be confessed and forgiven on both sides—when the dark cloud is cleared away, which rested between those who loved each other fondly and truly, and hope and joy again beam forth brightly—how much must be said which would appear tiresome or, perhaps, ridiculous to a third person. I will, therefore, proceed to relate as succinctly as possible, all that is necessary to the comprehension of what has gone before.

Five or six years previous to the date of my story, Maria Graham, the daughter of an only sister of Mr. Stanhope, came to reside in his family, in consequence of the death of both her parents. Gifted with uncommon beauty and superior powers of mind, warm-hearted, ardent, and enthusiastic, she soon won the love of all the household—even Mr. Stanhope, cold and stern as he usually was, seemed softened by her sweet and winning manners, and was evidently proud of his relationship to a creature so gifted and lovely. When the time of mourning for her parents expired, and she began to take part in the gayeties afforded by a country residence in the Southern States, Maria Graham became the belle of the county—admirers crowded round her, but her heart seemed untouched by their flatteries. At this time, a young artist, who had created some sensation in the neighborhood by some beautiful portraits he had just executed, was engaged to paint a likeness of his niece by Mr. Stanhope, who, among his other pretensions, wished to pass for a connoisseur and patron of the fine arts. The painter was young, handsome, and graceful; and endowed with unbounded love for his art, and a poetic temperament which tinged his conversation and his whole deportment. The long sittings were as dangerous to his peace as to Maria's.—Vowed to the worship of beauty by his vocation, he yielded without fear of danger to his admiration for a face and form as exquisite as any that had haunted his visions—his poetic fancy found a corresponding chord in Maria's soul—her ardent imagination was roused and fascinated, and before the completion of the portrait, which was delayed as long as possible—the painter and his beautiful model had confessed their mutual love and vowed to share each other's fate.

For her uncle's displeasure and opposition Maria was in some degree prepared, and it was with a trembling heart that she made known to him her gagement; but the anger, the contempt, the violence, with which she was assailed, were what in her worst anticipations she had not looked for. His indignation and threats were so overpowering, and the treatment to which she was subjected so humiliating, that she fled from his house and became at once the wife of Claude Seymour. Mr. Stanhope never recovered from the wound his pride received at this *mésalliance*, as he deemed it. His expectations for his niece had been very high, and his mortification was proportionate. Maria's name was forbidden to be mentioned—every object which could recall her remembrance was removed, and her picture destroyed.

For a time, the painter and his bride were as happy as mutual love could make them; but poverty, the worst of all cares, soon penetrated into their Eden. Seymour was improvident and extravagant, and Maria's small fortune was soon dissipated. In the second year of her marriage when, reduced to extreme want after a severe illness, consequent upon the birth of her child, Maria ventured to address a letter to her aunt, imploring forgiveness and assistance. Mrs. Stanhope stood too much in awe of her husband to take any step without his permission.—In spite of all her entreaties and those of Emma, he persisted in despatching himself an answer so unrelenting in its severity that it was evident all hope was vain. From that time nothing was heard of the once idolized Maria, though Mrs. Stanhope wept many tears in secret for her, and Emma's thoughts recurred often with sadness to the probable fate of the beautiful and beloved friend of her earliest youth.

In the absorption of her feelings during Villar's wooing, in the gradual change of her sentiments from indifference to interest, friendship, love, Emma, as was natural, dwelt less than formerly upon the thought of her unfortunate cousin. Early in the summer, soon after her removal to the country, she was shocked and astonished to learn from Mr. Forrester, that an accident had discovered to him Maria and her husband in wretched lodgings and in extreme poverty in the neighboring city. Seymour's health was apparently completely shattered, so that he was able to make no exertion for the support of his wife and child, and the whole burden of the family fell upon Maria, who, by incessant application to needle-work, could scarcely obtain the necessaries of life. Emma's warm feelings were immediately roused. She visited her cousin secretly, and was shocked to behold her faded appearance, and the wretchedness of her present condition. To alleviate this was her most anxious thought—from her father nothing was to be hoped—her mother could do nothing—to mention the subject would only afflict, and in her weak and nervous state of health might be productive of serious injury. All her pocket money was devoted to the purchase of small comforts for the destitute family—but this, with all the assistance which Forrester could give, (which was but small, owing to his extremely limited means,) was inadequate to the supply of their necessities. When she contrasted her own brilliant prospects with the miserable fate of her once gay and prosperous friend, she was overcome with sadness, which she endeavored in vain to hide from the watchful eye of Villars.—More than once she was tempted to make known the case to him, and trust to his generosity and benevolence for the fulfilment of her own wishes, but a feeling (perhaps unwarrantable) of delicacy and pride, was too strong to allow her to beg charity of him for so near and dear a relative.

About this time, while turning over her portfolio one day, she met with a manuscript which for some time she had entirely forgotten, but which she now recognized as a production in which she had amused herself in pouring forth some of the many fancies with which her girlish brain was filled. It was so long since she had seen it, that she now opened and read it with all the curiosity of novelty, and she could not resist the conviction that it was by no means deficient in interest or merit. The idea struck her that perhaps some of the many magazines which now engross so large a portion of the attention of the reading public, might think it worth publishing, and thus, what had for so many years been neglected and useless, might become a source of profit, and contribute to the relief of those whose wants were constantly present to her mind. Forrester, as an old and intimate friend, seemed the most proper confidante in this scheme. Her eager desire to obtain the means of assisting Maria overcame any hesitation she would otherwise have felt, and she communicated her project to him. She found she had calculated rightly upon his obliging disposition; he promised to offer the manuscript to the editor of a well-known periodical. The conversation which Villars interrupted related to this subject, and her emotion on seeing Forrester the following afternoon, arose from her anxiety to learn the result of his application, on account of which he had gone to town. The article was favorably received—the money for it was advanced, and an offer made for the reception of others from the same hand. Thus encouraged, Emma spurred her inventive imagination to produce another tale, one sheet of which was the paper she once concealed on Edward's approach, and which he supposed was a letter from a rival. The letter which, as he supposed, confirmed his suspicions, was, as may now be readily inferred, a part of the same story, to the hero of which Emma had given the name of her lover. The evening before the day when Villars paid his visit to the artist (who was no other than Seymour), Forrester returned unexpectedly from his journey—as an unlooked for event had allowed him to finish his business sooner than he had anticipated. The next morning Emma took advantage of a shopping expedition to town to visit her cousin, accompanied by Forrester, and it was thus that Villars met them in the neighborhood of the artist's residence.

* * * * *

"And the moral of it all," said Emma, as all was explained, and both were again happy, "is, that I was wrong not to give you my whole confidence at first. Had I allowed no feelings of pride, of delicacy, of reserve, to deter me from making you, my dearest, my best friend, acquainted with all my actions, all my feelings, I would not have been pained by your apparent coldness, nor you tormented by unfounded jealousy. Henceforth, dearest Edward, let us resolve that neither of us shall ever conceal any secrets from the other, but that perfect unreserve and mutual confidence shall always reign between us."

The married life of Edward and Emma, which was always governed by this determination, was as happy and peaceful as can be the lot of humanity.

Claude Seymour, placed above want by the generous kindness of Edward Villars, was removed from his wretched lodging to the purer air of the country, where his health was gradually restored. Taught wisdom and prudence by suffering, he applied himself steadily to his profession, in which he soon rose to eminence, while his wife recovered her spirits and her bloom in the happy change in their circumstances.

Emma's literary efforts ceased with the necessity for their exertion. Her husband and she often laughed at the mistake which the fictitious letter had occasioned, while Edward acknowledged the truth of the proverb—"*All's well that ends well*"—and confessed that the happiness he enjoyed was heightened by the recollection of the perplexity and misery he had for a short time endured—or, to use the words of the great Dramatist,—

——"and if it end so meet,
The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet."

A Rail Road Adventure.

BY THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

If poverty, as it is said, makes us acquainted with strange companions, rail roads assuredly introduce us to as strange associates; and, perhaps, this very circumstance is not one of its least recommendations, for by it we become acquainted with a class of persons whom we might otherwise never have encountered, and acquire a knowledge of human nature which, if not always agreeable, is certainly not without its advantages. How far the adventure I am about to relate may exemplify this hypothesis I leave my readers to judge, but to me it was not void of interest.

Having occasion to go to Norwich to visit an invalid friend, I proceeded to the station whence the rail road trains depart, and, finding I was ten minutes too soon, I entered the waiting-room, and, for want of other occupation, glanced around on the motley groups, who, like myself, were waiting for the sound of the bell to hurry to the carriages.

Amongst the persons present, I was struck by a very pretty young woman, neatly, if not elegantly, dressed, near to whom sat a man whose eyes were riveted on her face, and who whispered to her words which, whatever might have been their import, brought bright blushes on her cheeks. So intently and so wholly occupied was this man by his fair companion, that he appeared totally unconscious of the presence of the persons who surrounded them, while the woman evinced a degree of unaffected timidity, which indicated that she had not been much accustomed to scenes like that in which she was now placed. The female part of those waiting for the train, eyed the person in question with a curiosity that urged more of ill than good nature. Her smart bonnet, rich veil, neat robe, and fashionable cardinale, were alternately examined; but neither these, nor her pretty face, seemed to find favor in their sight; and all the marks of exclusive attention paid her by her male companion—and they were many—only served to increase the expression of ill-nature so visible in their countenances. The men, too, at least the younger portion, stared more than good breeding could justify, at the pretty woman, and glanced somewhat spitefully at her protector. What is it that renders the generality of women so dissatisfied at observing one of their own sex occupying the exclusive attention of one of another? And what is it that indisposes men towards him who engages the whole attention of a pretty woman, although that pretty woman is a total stranger to them? Alas! for poor human nature, the question may be easily solved. At length the ringing of the bell summoned the passengers to leave the waiting-room, and I noticed the glance of alarm with which the pretty stranger shrank, from the pressure of the bustling crowd who rushed by her, and clung closer to the side of her companion, who involuntarily pressed her arm to his heart as if to re-assure her. This pair were the last to quit the room, for he appeared unwilling to expose her to the rude contact of the crowd; and, prepossessed in their favor, I was glad when I saw them enter the carriage in which I was seated, and take their places opposite to me. But, scarcely had they done so, when the woman exclaimed—

"Oh, dear! I have left my reticule in the waiting-room, and my purse and keys are in it!"

"I will get it in a moment, dearest," replied the man, and he rapidly left the carriage, and rushed towards the place he had named. He had not, however, reached it, when the signal was made, and off started the train like lightning, groaning and shrieking, as if in torture, as it flew along, leaving, *every* moment, a vast space between it and the route it madly passed over. Houses, chimney-tops, trees, and fields, seemed to fly past us with an incredible velocity, that made the head giddy, so that a minute elapsed before I thought of my pretty travelling companion. When I did, I was really shocked at the metamorphose that had taken place in her countenance. Pale as marble, and her eyelids distended with alarm, she looked the very personification of Terror. I suppose the sympathy that my looks expressed touched her, for she burst into tears, and her bosom heaved with sobs.

"Do not be alarmed," said I, with all the kindness I could throw into my voice and manner; "your friend will certainly follow in the next train."

An elderly woman, with a countenance exceedingly repulsive, *puckered* in her thin lips, and shook her head in a manner that denoted *her* opinion that the absent gentleman was not likely to follow.

"It was very strange that your friend should jump out of the carriage at the very time he *must* have known it was about to start," said the elderly lady, "and somewhat suspicious that he should have done so, on hearing you say *your purse* was left behind.—People should be very cautious with whom they travel;" and the speaker looked suspiciously.

"If you have lost your purse," said a vulgar young man, dressed in a showy style, "let me be your banker."

I know not whether this offer was heard by her to whom it was addressed, for she took no notice of it, but the elderly woman who had before spoken to her glanced sternly at the young man, and remarked, that "it was well for those who were so rich as to be able to offer to pay for any stranger with whom they might chance to meet."

"Any money you may require until your friend comes, I will gladly furnish you with," said I, taking hold of her hand, which trembled exceedingly.

"Thank you; I am very sensible of your kindness," replied she, but her tears still continued to flow.

"Well, some people have rare luck," observed an elderly woman; "offers of money are made them at every side, without any one so much as asking them who or what they are, whence they came, or who was the person that jumped out of the carriage the moment a purse was mentioned to have been left behind."

"How soon, madam, will the next train follow?" asked the pretty young woman, addressing herself to me.

"In two hours," answered I.

"I can, I suppose, remain in the waiting-room until it arrives?" inquired she, "and though it will be very disagreeable to find myself alone and unprotected——"

"Oh! for the matter of that, I don't mind staying with you," interrupted the young man.

"I thought as much," muttered the elderly lady. "Some people can always find people to stay with them, though other people can't. No one ever offers to pay for, or stay with me; though for the matter of that, if they did, I'd scorn to be beholden to any one: but then *I* take care not to leave my purse behind, or to travel with people who jump out of the carriage the moment the train is going to start;" and she looked spitefully at the pretty young woman.

"I shouldn't wonder," said the young man, impudently. "Does your anxious mother know you are out?"

"And what's that to you, I should like to know?" answered she, angrily.

"Instead of remaining alone two hours in the waiting-room, would it not be as well for you to continue your route to the place of your destination?" said I.

"And where are you going to, if it is not a secret?" demanded the elderly woman.

"To Norwich," answered the pretty woman.

"I am going to the same place," resumed I, "and will gladly take charge of you to your friends, as doubtless you have friends there, and are expected."

"I am expected," replied she; "but the friends who look for me I have never yet seen;" and she blushed a rosy red while making the avowal.

"Expected by friends whom you have never yet seen!" repeated the elderly woman; "well, that is a strange thing, I must say;" and she looked more suspicious and spiteful than ever.

Many were the attempts made by the forward young man to enter into conversation with travelling companion, and as many were those made by the elderly woman to draw from her the particulars of her position; she, however, behaved with a modest but dignified reserve, that foiled the efforts of both, and increased the efforts I felt towards her. Arrived at the station where the rail road terminated, the passengers entered the waiting-room, and I again renewed my offer of pecuniary assistance to the fair unknown, in case she wished to proceed to join the friends who expected her at Norwich, when, to my surprise, she confided to me that she had, only that morning, been married to the person who had been left behind; that she had never previously been separated for even a day from her mother; and that she was proceeding to pass the honeymoon with the parents of her husband, whom she had never yet seen; and that this had been her first journey on a rail road. No wonder, then, that the youthful bride felt alarmed at the embarrassing situation in which she found herself,—a situation which she was pleased to say would have been infinitely more so had she not met with kindness from me. This communication was made to me in a whisper, as we stood apart from the herd of passengers, for her modesty revolted from declaring herself a "deserted bride" in the presence of the impudent young man and suspicious elderly woman. It had hardly been made, when the former walked up to renew his offer of pecuniary assistance and personal protection, both of which, it is needless to add, were coldly rejected; on which he entered the stage-coach waiting to convey the rail road passengers on their route. The elderly woman then approached, and with perfect *sang froid* asked my pretty companion what she intended to do, and what her name was? Not content with the reserved reply, which did not satisfy her curiosity, she muttered something, in which the words "pride and conceit of some people, who pretended to lose their purses, and were deserted by other people, whom she was sure were no better than they should be," were audible, as she hurried to the coach, the driver of which was loudly vociferating that he would leave her behind, if she did not instantly take her seat. The pretty young bride was so fearful of being left alone for three hours in the waiting-room, and so unwilling to proceed without her husband to the house of his parents, that I, not being particularly pressed for time, determined to remain and keep her company until the arrival of her husband. The three hours passed away agreeably, to me, at least, as I found my companion, well-informed, sensible, and unaffected, and in a few minutes after I had the pleasure of restoring her to her husband, who, judging from the paleness of his face, the agitation of his manner, and his delight at again beholding her, must have suffered nearly as much as his bride at this unlooked-for separation.

THE BOUND GIRL.

A TALE OF REAL LIFE.

Deeply Interesting and Instructive

BY SKETCHER

Chapter I.

In the drawing room of the most princely mansion in Philadelphia, sat Mrs. Marston, and her daughter, Amelia, a fashionable young lady of seventeen—the former engaged in reading, the latter in working upon lace, from a beautiful design which lay before her. It was a magnificent apartment in which they sat, correspondent with the unlimited means of the wealthy merchant, Mr. James Marston. The luxurious sofas—the highly finished mahogany chairs, with their spring-seats—the rich, soft carpets—the large French mirrors in their heavy gilt frames—the superb paintings that adorned the walls—and the many other magnificent things that decorated the apartment—all spoke of the circumstances of its inmates. A bright fire glowed in the grate, and diffused a grateful warmth throughout the room, and whose value was more deeply felt as the biting December wind was heard whistling without.

"Ah!" exclaimed Mrs. Marston, as she arose from her seat, with the newspaper still in her hand, "I see the Harpers have just published another novel, by James. I must send Kate for it immediately."

So saying, she left the room. In a few moments she returned.

"Dear me! how cold it is! It makes one shiver to leave the fire but for a moment."

She drew her chair nearer the fire, and again took up the paper. She cast her eye over it, and read aloud the following paragraph:—

"We have been informed that a committee of benevolent gentlemen have been busily engaged these few days past in calling upon some of the wealthy families of our city, for the purpose of soliciting donations for the relief of the suffering poor. It is a praiseworthy undertaking, and they deserve the warmest eulogiums, as also do those who have already contributed most munificently. We have the names of some of the donors, which we intend publishing, that the poor may know to whom they are indebted. Let the good work go on. Remember, that 'who giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord!'"

Scarcely had she finished reading, when the door bell rang, and, shortly after, a servant ushered in the Reverend Mr. Warner and Mr. James. The former was the pastor of the Episcopal church in which the Marston family held an elegantly cushioned pew, with a silver plate upon the door, and which said pew they filled regularly every Sunday morning. The other gentleman was a leading member of the church, and a distinguished literary man.

The usual salutations were soon gone through with, and the gentlemen were seated.

"It is very cold to-day, gentlemen," observed Mrs. Marston.

"Very!" replied the visitors.

"Almost too blustering to move from the fire. Is it not bad walking through the snow?"

"It is, indeed, madam," answered the clergyman; "and you no doubt are surprised to find us paying visits on such a day. But our object in doing so, is one that calls for prompt attention—one that our hearts bid us not delay. Simply, it is this, madam. We are about raising a fund to be appropriated to alleviating, in some measure at least, the condition of the poor, and we are now soliciting subscriptions. We have called upon many, and they have responded willingly to our requests. Here is the list of names, with the amounts given."

She took the paper, and read it over. Then taking a gold pencil from her belt, she wrote upon the scroll, "Jane Marston—two hundred dollars."

"There," said she, as she put the paper into Mr. Warner's hand, "I do indeed feel for the suffering poor, and am always happy to do what I can for their relief. Theirs is a hard lot."

"Thank you—thank you, my dear madam! Yours is a generous heart! And now we must bid you a good afternoon, for we have many calls to make.—Allow us again to thank you warmly. Good day." And, bowing low, they departed.

"How foolish you are, ma!" exclaimed Miss Amelia, when their visitors were gone. "Two hundred dollars thrown away for nothing. I'd have seen them far enough before I would have given them such a sum."

"Yes, yes, my dear; but the list—the list! There was Mrs. Walton down for a hundred—Mrs. Fitz Lee for seventy-five—Mrs. Darley for one hundred and fifty—and many others for such sums; but none were there for two hundred. So when the names are published, mine will be at the head. You see, my dear, I could not help it, could I?"

"No, certainly not, ma, if that was the case."

Oh! what kindliness of heart! Vanity had taken the golden pencil in her hand, and over the signature of Charity had subscribed herself to Poverty as one in friendship warm!

Chapter II.

Scarcely had the door closed upon the visitors, ere it again opened, and a young girl, apparently about fourteen years of age, entered. She was a pretty little creature, with a lithe and graceful form, and an innocent expression of countenance that gave a beauty to her face, which many a daughter of wealth might have been proud to possess. But, alas! what signified that to her? The thick, clumsy shoes—the coarse linsey frock, scarcely reaching below her knees—the rough tow apron—the old slouch bonnet she took from her head as she entered—told plainly of her station in life. She was *a bound girl!*

She stopped short when she had passed the threshold, and, with her eyes cast to the floor, stood some minutes in silence, save, ever and anon, when a sob escaped her bosom—for her eyes were red with weeping—and the tears coursed each other down her dimpled cheeks. A quick shiver ran through her frame, as the warmth from the grate came in contact with her chilled limbs, for her bare arms and neck were blue with cold.

"Well, Miss, what's the matter now!" said Mrs. Marston, sharply, rising from her seat as she spoke, and approaching the girl.

The poor thing opened her lips as if about to speak, but burst into tears.

"What's the matter, I say?" reiterated her mistress. "Where are the books I sent you for, eh!"

"I—I—indeed I could not help it—"

"Could not help it"—help what? What have you been doing now, miss?"

"I lost the—mon—ey, ma'am." And again she burst into a flood of tears.

"Lost the money!"

"Yes—ma—am!" she answered, brokenly.

"You lost the money, did you? Pray what did you do it for!" asked Mrs. Marston, white with anger.

"Indeed I could not help it, ma'am!"

"You couldn't, eh? Well, take that, Miss—and that,"—and she dealt the child a couple of blows across the face that made her reel again. Now be off, and hunt it, Miss Trollope, and see you don't return without it, d'ye hear!"

So saying, she thrust her from the room, and shut the door.

Verily, "Charity covereth a multitude of sins."—This woman had subscribed two hundred dollars to the poor!

Chapter III.

The girl returned to the place where she had been so unfortunate as to lose the money, and, though almost frozen, diligently commenced searching amid the newly-fallen snow. Every spot and cranny, where it might possibly have rolled to, did she rigidly explore. For fully an hour she continued her endeavors, but all to no purpose. At length, almost dead with cold, she gave up the search as hopeless, and returned to Mrs. Marston. She told her of her vain search, and explained how she came to lose the money: that as she was pursuing her way to the book store, two boys suddenly ran against her, and caused her to drop it from her hand. Whether they had picked it up, or what had become of it, she knew not, for she could not find it. She begged her to forgive her—told her she could not help it—it was accidental—but Mrs. Marston bid her begone and find it, or never return.

Again did the poor bound girl return to the place where her misfortune had occurred. Again did she renew her exploration of the unlucky spot—groping with her stiffened fingers amid the snow, and peering with anxious gaze upon the whitened pavement, until her eyes became dim, and she could look no more.—She seated herself upon a step near by, and gave vent to a flood of bitter tears.

The streets were full of people, hurrying hither and thither, many of whom passed her by unnoticed. Some few inquired the cause of her distress, but passed on without even a word of comfort; others condoled with her in a few common-place words of kindness, but moved on without offering assistance, and left her there still crying and sobbing.

At length a carriage came down the street towards her. It was a plain but substantial equipage, with no footman dangling on behind—no gaudy housings and liveried driver—yet the sleek and spirited coal black steeds that pranced before it, bespoke such appendages not without the owner's reach. It had almost passed, when a voice from within commanded the driver to stop, and, doing so, he jumped from his box, and, opening the door, let down the steps. An elderly gentleman, of perhaps fifty years of age, alighted, and, approaching the girl, inquired the cause of her grief.

"What is your name, my girl, and why are you sitting here in the cold?"

"My name is Kate Clarendon. I lost some money, and my mistress will not let me return home till I first find it. Oh, I am so cold, sir."

"Tell me all about it, my dear, how did you come to lose it?"

"Kate looked up in his benevolent face, and felt that she had found one friendly heart to sympathise with her, so she told him of the manner of her loss, of her return to Mrs. Marston, of her unfeeling conduct towards her, and her vain search for the money.

"The unfeeling wretch!" exclaimed the old gentleman, "and she struck you, too!"

"Yes, sir," sobbed the girl.

"And bid you find it, or not come back?"

"Oh! yes sir. What *shall* I do? I am so cold."

"And you have no friends, or relations?"

"None, none," and poor Kate's tears burst forth with increased violence.

"Then you shall go with me, my dear, unless you would rather not. 'Tis a good way from the city—my home—but you shall be kindly treated."

"Any where! any where!" exclaimed the weeping girl, and the old man raising her in his arms bore her to the carriage, and putting her therein ascended himself. The driver closed the door, and, mounting upon his box, drove on.

Chapter IV.

Old Time drives fast. His swift chariot, with "its sightless wheels, and its airy steeds" has rolled on, and left four years buried with the past. It is a lovely summer morning. A brighter sun never shone on the quiet town of N——, or a bluer sky looked down on the glassy and romantic stream which flowed before it. A short distance from the town, on an eminence that gradually sloped even to the very edge of the river stood a stately mansion. It was of ancient architecture, partaking somewhat of the Gothic order, and apparently had stood there for at least a quarter of a century. Yet there was no vestige of decay or ruin in its appearance: it was like a hale old gentleman of some three score years and ten, on whom, the marking hand of time is firmly laid, yet doth he scarcely feel the touch. The grounds surrounding the house were beautifully laid out in gravelled walks—rich beds of rare flowers, and grassy plots, with summer houses and arbors, forming cool retreats from the summer's sun; whilst marble figures and statues, placed at intervals throughout the grounds, gave to the place a most magnificent appearance. Rich fields of fruit and grain, interspersed with rustic cottages, extending as far as the eye could reach on every side, and which appertained to the same estate, told of the good old gentleman of Linden Hall.

Beneath a large arbor of flourishing grape that extended from the immediate front of the mansion for some twenty yards, or more, towards the river commanding the cool breeze that arose therefrom, sat on elderly couple, who, like "John Anderson my Jo" and his dame, had already begun to descend the hill of life. If the face is an index of the heart, surely their placid and benevolent countenances told of good and upright ones, and indeed it was even so, for none were more universally beloved for their kindness and benevolence than Col. Liston and his estimable lady. It was a perfect picture of contentment as they sat there, the old gentleman reclining in his large, easy chair, his head bared to the breeze, and his white silvery locks floating adown his neck, ever and anon addressing a few kind words to his companion, as, now and then, he raised his eyes from the newspaper which he held in his hand; while she, in her old cushioned rocking-chair, leaned leisurely back, and alternately plied the knitting apparatus with which she was employed, or replied to the words addressed her by the Colonel.

The old gentleman laid down the paper, and sat for some time in thought. At length he said, suddenly,

"I've been thinking of Doctor M.'s orders this morning. By zounds! I'll rather stay at home than go to Saratoga."

"Yes, but you know it may do you good, my dear, and besides it will give Kate some opportunity of seeing the world. I think you had better try it."

"Well, I suppose if I must I must, and in fact I don't mind it so much now, since you've mentioned Kate, for it is high time she should see somewhat of life. She is a dear, sweet girl. Ah! here she comes."

Just then a clear ringing laugh was heard—the light bounding of feet, and the next instant a lovely girl of perhaps eighteen summers rushed into the arbor, and kneeling gracefully at the old man's feet, emptied her apron of a load of wild flowers which it contained.

She was an exquisite creature, with lithe and graceful form, just rounding into womanhood, somewhat about the middle height, and most symmetrically proportioned. Her head seemed cast in nature's canniest mould, and every feature harmonised into one striking whole. The broad leghorn flat, which had fallen back from her head, left her shining curls of jet free and unrestrained, and they fell in rich masses adown her neck, almost burying her round white shoulders in their vast abundance, save one or two which shaded that sweet and open brow, so fair and snowy, it seemed like breathing marble. The prettiest pair of rosy lips that ever tempted one of Adam's sons were Kate Liston's, and her eyes—those deep blue sparkling eyes, so eternally dancing in very glee—shaded by the longest and silkiest lashes, ah! what a world of language was there in their glance. And then her complexion, always so clear and beautiful, but now heightened in its beauty by the recent exercise which had spread so abundantly the rich carnation over her damask cheeks, and her smile—ah! after all, it was her bewitching smile, so full of archness, so winning, that made her what she was—a sweet and lovely woman.

"Only see what a load of flowers I have gathered!" she exclaimed.

"Ah, you have been taking your usual ramble this morning, you rogue, eh?" and the old man patted her playfully on the cheek.

"O, yes, dear papa, I do so long to roam the fields, and woods; and I love the flowers so, and the birds, and the streams, and every thing in nature."

"It is your pure and innocent heart that makes you love them so, dear child," said the old lady.—May you always hold them dear."

"Ay, and you too, dear mother, for it was you who taught me first to admire all things that bore the impress of His hand," and rising from her kneeling posture, she threw her arms around Mrs. Liston's neck, and pressed her lips fondly upon the old lady's cheek.

"You are a good girl, Kate," said Mrs. Liston, affectionately, "and a happy one, too, I ween."

"And if I am happy I owe it all to you, and dear papa," replied Kate with a look of gratitude. "Ah! how can I ever repay you both for half the kindness I have received at your hands?"

"There, there, we've enough of that, Kate," said the Colonel, who liked to do good actions, but did not care about hearing them praised. "But come I have something else to talk about. What say you to leaving your birds and flowers for a month or two, eh?"

"Leave Linden Hall!" said Kate in surprise.

"Yes, my dear, leave for Saratoga."

"For Saratoga! I would rather pass the summer here than at any fashionable watering place on earth."

"I' faith so would I, Kate, but the doctor says I must go for the benefit of my health—which you know is nothing to brag of—and so I suppose I must. You know I cannot do without you, and so you will not hesitate; besides you will see something of the world, my dear, and perhaps get a beau there—by zounds that's what I'm afraid of, for if you should fall in love—nay, you needn't blush so, my fairy, I only say if—with some fine young fellow, he might want to carry you off, and then what would I do?"

"No fear of that, papa; but if it is for your benefit I shall be delighted to go to Saratoga, or any where else."

"Spoken like a dutiful child!" exclaimed the old gentleman. "But come, we must into the house, for I hear the bell for breakfast," and supported by Kate on one side and Mrs. Liston on the other, he entered the mansion.

Chapter V.

It was *the* season at that most aristocratic of all aristocratic watering places—that most select of all fashionable rendezvous—Saratoga. It was the height of the season. The place was full, at least so the visitors said, though the proprietor of "Congress Hall" did not. There was an immense assembly: men of wealth and men said to be wealthy; learned professors and college students; men of pleasure and men of leisure, doctors, lawyers, officers of the army and navy, and so forth: a vast amount of pretty women, and some not so pretty; belles with fortunes, and some sadly in want of fortunes; old maids and young maidens; some leaders of the ton, and some most essentially led by the ton; managing mothers with very marriageable and unmarriageable daughters—the last mentioned personages, by the way, in no small quantities, being more numerous than any other class of the other visitors—as is always the case at fashionable watering places.

But, as in the heavens, there is always some star more brilliant in its brightness than the surrounding constellations, so in such gatherings of *le beau monde* there are invariably some *distingues* who are more noted than their contemporaries. At least there were, at Saratoga, three of this class of individuals—viz: two ladies, and one gentleman. The former, dear reader, were no other than our very estimable acquaintances, of subscription-to-the-poor notoriety, Mrs. Marston and her daughter Amelia: the latter, a Mr. William Hartley, the orphan son of a distinguished southern gentleman, an heir to an almost princely fortune; in fact, by far the most "eligible candidate for matrimony" that had appeared in the great mart for wedlock in many years. He was a fine looking young man, of about three and twenty, neither too slightly, nor yet too stoutly built, with an open, intelligent countenance; large, speaking black eyes, with a modest yet brilliant expression; features not so pleasingly moulded; with a forehead, from which were brushed back rich locks as black as jet, and as soft and silky as many a fair lady's ringlets are.

Many were the manoeuvres of anxious mothers and their no less anxious daughters, to catch this "gold fish" which was swimming so near them in the waters of Saratoga. And, indeed, he was worthy the patient angling which they so devotedly exercised; he was, indeed, worth catching, not so much for the wealth he was master of, or the goodly looks he exhibited, as the gentle heart and manly soul which he possessed. There were in that assemblage none more affable and condescending, none less proud than he was, and scarce a heart was there that harboured envious or malicious feelings against one who, by his popularity and wealth, was so likely to raise them in the hearts of his fellow men.

The accomplished general is not always successful; there are times when his most skillful efforts fail to gain him victory. So it was with the respective mammas. The fortress they besieged had held out for two whole weeks—(i. e. Mr. Hartley had been there that length of time)—and as yet showed no signs of capitulation. What could be the reason? There had been no lack of generalship; it had been attacked openly and covertly; all the manoeuvres known in the code of court had been resorted to, yet still with no signal of success. To be sure, he had been polite and affable to all, every thing that could be expected from a gentleman—yet there was a kind of non-committal manner about him, that defied and defeated all the intentions of designing mammas, and besieging demoiselles.

There was, however, one mother who was rather more skilful than the rest—or at least appeared to have been so. This was no other than Mrs. James Marston. For some days past, Mr. Hartley had appeared to pay more attention to Miss Amelia than to others; whether it was owing to the management of the young lady's mother, in throwing her more directly in his way, or whether to a preference for the lady herself, was yet to be determined. Be that as it may, there were already some whispers afloat as to his being regularly caught, and Mrs. M. was in great glee at the very idea, and was already inwardly congratulating herself upon her most superior generalship.

There had been but few arrivals of note within the last day or two, and this, perhaps, may have given additional interest to the skirmishing operations we have spoken of. At length, however, there came a party, destined to become of consequence, late at night, and in a very plain equipage, perhaps the most unpretending of the season.

Next day, there appeared in the parlor of Congress Hall an elderly lady and gentleman, accompanied by one of the most bewitching creatures eyes ever beheld—at all events, so said the gentlemen; but we cannot say the ladies were half so liberal in their opinions. There was no ostentation in their manners or apparel, and yet there was that quiet, unassuming air of gentility in their looks and deportment, which bespoke the gentleman and lady at once to all. The eyes of all were upon them when they entered, and in a short time inquiries were flying from mouth to mouth as to who and what they were. For a long time curiosity was held completely in suspense. There were not many gentlemen in the room, it being about the time they generally strolled out, or rode, or took their afternoon siesta. At length, however, they began to drop in pretty fast, and the spacious room soon began to fill, and the most distinguished of the visitors immediately advanced towards the old gentleman and paid him their most cordial salutations. It was now soon known who the new comers were. The reader need scarcely be told that they were our old friends of Linden Hall. Every one was eager to get an introduction to such a wealthy family as they were now known to be, and amongst the most anxious were Mrs. Marston and her daughter, notwithstanding she seemed to dis-relish the beauty of the young lady, fearing, perhaps, she *might* spoil her plans in regard to Mr. Hartley. It was observed that Miss Liston started and seemed somewhat agitated when Mrs. Marston was presented, but whether it was the easy, nonchalant manner of that lady, or the announcement of a name so distinguished in the fashionable world, was not known.

Several days passed away, during which the Colonel applied himself to such means as his physician had instructed him to pursue. Mrs. Liston and Kate were the daily companions of his rides and rambles, and when the old lady could not accompany him, Kate alone was his devoted companion. He was an early riser, as were the rest of his family, and they had often taken a long walk before the inmates of the hotel thought of getting out of bed. Kate was fond of these early strolls, because she loved to listen to the morning song of the birds, or watch the sun come up from his rosy bed, and because, perhaps, (I say *perhaps*, gentle reader,) they were sure to meet a certain young and handsome gentleman, who looked admiringly at her, and at whom she blushed so bewitchingly that the young man invariably looked again. Still it was not with the impudent gaze of the conceited coxcomb, who bethinks himself privileged to stare out of countenance every woman he meets. There was always a modest drooping of the eyelids, a respectful expression in the clear speaking eye, that bespoke feelings sensitive and refined. An emotion of pleasure—though why she knew not—seemed to pervade her bosom, as morning after morning they met in their early walks, although no words of salutation ever passed their lips, for by an inexplicable fatality an introduction had never taken place, notwithstanding they had met so often in the fashionable circle of the place. And with no one she would have more readily or willingly become acquainted. Thus said her heart, though she would have blushed to confess it with her lips. Alas, poor Kate!

At length the old gentleman passed him not by as usual, but as they met, cordially extended his hand, and warmly greeting him, presented Mr. Hartley to his "dear Kate," as he always called her. The young man politely saluted her, and Kate, with a maiden blush mantling on her cheeks, returned it with a graceful inclination. The Colonel had become acquainted with him the preceding day, and discovered in him the son of a valued friend. They proceeded on their walks, and soon fell into conversation. Need it be said to whom the walk that morning was a pleasant one?—and to whom it seemed shorter than usual!

Chapter VI.

It was the last ball of the season at Saratoga, and the brilliantly lighted Saloon of Congress Hall, was crowded to excess. What words can paint how light the hearts, or how bright the eyes of those assembled?—tell of the fair and lovely forms, or number half the witcheries that bound the heart unto that scene. Our sweet, enchanting countrywomen! they shine where'er they move; at home or abroad—in cottage or in hall—within the ball room's exciting precincts, or the quiet peacefulness of the domestic circle. There are perhaps some exceptions—some Mrs. Marstons among them, but glad are we to say there number is not legion. Right charmingly they looked on the present occasion: whether moving in the giddy mazes of the dance, promenading the saloon, or joining in the gay and witty conversation of the little knots gathered about, awaiting the next cotillion. But there was one in that assemblage that outrivalled all others: it was Kate Liston. She was now moving in the dance with Mr. Hartley, and through its intricate movements she seemed to glide like some lovely vision. How beautiful she appeared, and yet how simply dressed: a plain white robe of muslin, the boddice of which fitted, with exquisite neatness to her unrivalled bust; slippers of white satin, which were rather adorned by her pretty feet than adorning them; a simple ribband of a slight rose tint, engirdled her waist; (and she had a waist had Kate Liston, not after the modern model, to be sure, of a few inches in circumference, but one like we see in the statue of the Medician Venus; a wai could clasp without fear of breaking—an inviting waist—a love of a waist, and one single diamond, large and brilliant, that sparkled on her snowy forehead, were all the adornments of her person. And yet how bewitching she looked, and Mr. Hartley knew and felt it, as he beheld her, like some airy sprite, bounding to the music of the dance.

Alas! poor Mr. Hartley was in a strange way, so said the discerning mammas who had watched his evolutions since the moment he had made his appearance in the room—aye, watched very closely—for they were so anxious on *his* account, they had observed him waiting on Miss Liston all the evening—a thing he had never been known to do to any young lady before; they were sure she was an artful, sly thing—that she *contrived* to tie him to her, that she ought to be ashamed of herself to make the gentleman *her* attendant, when it was evident he would willingly have been released."

"Mr. Hartley seems quite smitten," remarked one mamma to another. "He has been paying very marked attention to Miss Liston, this evening."

"Humph!" was the reply, "rather say she has been paying it to him."

"Do you think so!" asked the other, with a meaning glance, which said plainly enough, "I think so too."

"Do I think so!" was the repetition—"yes, and more than that, I say she's a vulgar, forward girl—ain't she!"

This latter question was addressed to Mrs. Marston, who just then joined them.

"Forward!" exclaimed Mrs. Marston; "I guess she is. See how she laughs and talks with him, as if she had known him for years. I've been watching her all the evening. I suppose she thinks she's caught him. Only look! as I'm alive, she's inveigling him out of the room; the piazza's a beautiful place for a tete-a-tete. She'll find it interrupted though." This sentence was spoken rather to herself as she moved away. However, although it was spoken in a low voice, it reached the ears of a gentleman, an intimate friend of Hartley's, who had been standing near by, and overheard the foregoing conversation. He immediately took a pencil and card from his pocket, and indding a few lines, gave it to a servant who was passing to hand to Mr. Hartley, in the piazza. He delivered it immediately, and Mr. Hartley read the following lines:

Dear Will—From a conversation I just overheard, I apprehend that you and Miss Liston will be interrupted in your promenade—Mrs. Marston and her daughter, will be the cause—they have designs upon you, and are jealous of Miss L. Disappoint them if you can, for they are contemptible.

Yours, &c. J.

He slipped the card into his pocket, whilst a scornful smile played upon his countenance, and turned to resume the conversation which had thus been broken.

They were standing at the north end of the piazza, her arm locked in his, looking out upon the beautiful scene before them. It was a lovely night: the moon shining brightly, and with its silver rays softening and mellowing every feature of the lovely landscape before them: the air was fragrant and soft, and touched the brow with a gentleness like the kiss of early love; whilst music strains that floated from the Saloon stole over the senses with a lulling effect.

"Yes, it is a beautiful night," said Kate, as if continuing the conversation, "and the last I shall spend at Saratoga for the present."

"Do you leave to-morrow, then?"

"Yes, to-morrow we bid farewell, and away to our own dear quiet Linden Hall—our own happy home."

"And do you leave Saratoga without regret? Is there none here who have made your acquaintance, and whom you care about leaving?" said Mr. Hartley.

"Oh! yes, there are some—a few—whom I am loth to part with," she answered, whilst a slight tell-tale blush overspread her face, "but there are so many cold worldly people in the mass, and I see so much vanity and selfishness that I am sick of it. I shall be delighted to get home. But when do you quit the Springs?"

"To-morrow also, and as we both journey southward, I hope to enjoy the pleasure of your company some distance on the road, if agreeable."

"Most certainly. Papa will be delighted that you journey with us, and——"

But the sentence remained unfinished, for just then the cry of "help! help!" near by, uttered in a woman's voice, startled them, and on looking round, they beheld Mrs. Marston, with apparent terror depicted in her face, supporting Amelia, who was just in the act of fainting. Mr. Hartley turned away his face as if nothing was the matter, and commenced remarking upon the beauty of the landscape, whilst those from in-doors rushed out to lend their aid. Kate looked at him enquiringly. He understood it, and observed—

"Do not think me devoid of feeling, or ungallant, Miss Liston: the young lady's swoon is not dangerous. I had notice that it would happen before it occurred: it shall be explained more fully at some future time."

She smiled, and after standing a few moments in silence, until the *fainter* had been removed to the parlour, they passed into the Saloon.

Next day our friends quitted Saratoga.

In the course of the ensuing spring, Mrs. Marston received the following note in an envelope, tied with white favours: enclosed was a five dollar note.

Linden Hall, May —, 18—.

Mr. and Mrs. Hartley's compliments to Mrs. Marston, and also to Miss Amelia, and hopes that the former has brought the art of manœuvring to the highest state of perfection, and the latter that of swooning to the most desirable ultimatum. Mrs. H. also hopes that the enclosed note will, in some measure, compensate for the loss Mrs. Marston sustained some years since, through the *carelessness* of a certain Kate Clarendon, whom she will, no doubt still recollect, although she did not, perhaps, recognize her in the adopted daughter of Mrs. Liston."

The chagrin of Mrs. Marston may be imagined.—We again remark there are many Mrs. Marstons; but we need not comment.

THE FAILURE:

OR, NOT NOW AN HEIRESS.

BY MISS E. M. RUSSELL WILLS.

Part First.

The last rays of the setting sun stole faintly through the rich crimson curtains which fell in heavy folds from the gilded cornices that decorated the windows of one of the most splendidly furnished apartments in Richmond, Virginia.

Near the centre of the room a seat was occupied by a young and beautiful girl. Her exquisitely shaped arm rested negligently on a table that stood near, strewed with the finest engravings and most costly annuals of the day. But she seemed regardless of the luxury by which she was surrounded, apparently absorbed in gloomy reflections, for the expression of care depicted on her fair brow, spoke evidently of a mind ill at ease. She had remained in this position for nearly half an hour, when her meditations were broken by hearing her name pronounced, and in another instant, George Livingston, her affianced lover, was at her side.

"What, Rosa, sad again?" said the youth. "I have come to bid you a short farewell, and would gladly see one of your bright smiles before my departure. The time was when my presence seemed to afford you pleasure, but there has been a strange alteration lately. Have I done any thing to offend you, dearest?"

"No, George, my affection for you is unchanged, and your society does, indeed, afford me pleasure. My spirits have, I know, been sadly depressed for some time past"—Her voice faltered, and a tear trembled in her eye.

"Why, then," said Livingston, "do you hide from me the source of your inquietude? Who," he continued, taking her small white hand within his own, "who has a better right to sympathize with you than I?"

"No one, George, and sooner or later you must know; it were as well, perhaps, you should hear it now. Do you remember a contract my father made some six months since with Mr. Marshall?"

"Yes, but how does that concern you?"

"Why," said Rosa, "to be as brief as possible, the thing did not succeed as was anticipated, and the consequence is, that all my father's property must be sacrificed to meet demands."

At any other time Rosa would have observed the change in her lover's countenance, but she was too much engrossed with the thought of her parent's difficulties, to notice his emotion. Livingston recovered instantly.

"And what," he asked, "does Mr. Ruffin purpose doing?"

"My uncle," replied Rosa, "who resides in western Virginia, has often solicited him to remove there, and now my father seriously thinks of complying with the request, and has written to him on the subject."

"But perhaps," said Livingston, thoughtfully, "when he hears of Mr. Ruffin's misfortune, he will not desire the removal as he did in your prosperity, for you know——"

"My uncle," said Rosa, her dark eyes flashing with indignation, "is too noble-minded to abandon his friends, and particularly a brother, in the trying hour of adversity. But for myself I care not," she added, in a more softened tone; "my only anxiety is for my father and the younger children. The latter will be deprived of the advantages of education with which I have been blessed."

"You will," said Livingston, "find a vast difference between a retired home in the 'backwoods' of our state, and the variety and bustle of a city life."

"Yes," said Rosa, "but I would not feel lonely if permitted to keep my books and musical instruments. As this is, however, out of the question, I will have to invent some other mode of amusement. But, George, you spoke of leaving the city?"

"Urgent business," replied Livingston, "requires my immediate presence in Baltimore. I shall be gone but a few days, but will write you; and say, Rosa, may I expect an answer?"

"Certainly, why should I refuse? When do you leave?"

"To-morrow."

"So soon?"

"Yes—and even now I am neglecting affairs which must be attended to this evening. But when in your sweet society I always linger; but now I must tear myself away. Farewell!" And drawing her toward him, he imprinted a kiss on her blushing cheek.

To give the reader a better knowledge of the incidents contained in our story, we must go back a little.

Among the many beauties who graced the gay circle in which she moved, none was more admired than Rosa Ruffin. Her sweetness and amiability of manner and temper, together with one of the finest forms and loveliest faces which ever adorned her sex, won the esteem and admiration of all who knew her.

She had many offers of marriage, and some the world would call splendid; but she was unwilling to give her hand unless her heart could accompany it. She had almost come to the conclusion that her heart was incapable of being touched by the "softer passion;" for, strange to say, Rosa had arrived at the age of eighteen without ever having loved even in imagination.

Before she had entirely come to the above conclusion she met George Livingston. He was a young man of talent, and one whose society was courted by all. Being both gay and handsome, he was of course a general favourite with the ladies. It is no marvel, then, that when the "admired of all admirers" knelt at the shrine of Rosa's beauty, and there confessed his adoration, that there was a strange sensation about her young heart. And when, a few months after their first introduction, he made an offer of his hand, she consented to become his bride.

Mr. Ruffin opposed an immediate union; he loved his daughter much, and would not, for the world, have caused her any unhappiness. He communicated to no one his thoughts, but determined to watch the youth narrowly, treating him in the meanwhile with friendship and cordiality. Mr. Ruffin was a man of strong penetration, and as George Livingston became a frequent visiter at his house, he had ample time and opportunity to study his character, and in that study became more and more convinced that Livingston was not a man with whom he would willingly trust his daughter's welfare. His intention was, at some convenient time, to point out to Rosa the objectionable traits in her lover's character, knowing that when once convinced, she had too much good sense not to fall in with his opinion, and thereby prevent an unhappy union.

"Sister," said little Mary Ruffin, as she entered Rosa's chamber a few days after Livingston's departure, "Mr. Harry Danforth's servant is down stairs, and says he must see you directly. He has a letter in his hand. I 'spect its from—you know who," she said, looking her sister archly in the face.

Rosa descended the stairs, and found "old Jack" (as he was familiarly termed) in the hall. He handed her a letter, the seal of which was broken. She looked at the superscription. It was directed in Livingston's hand-writing to Mr. Henry Danforth—the post-mark Baltimore.

"There must be some mistake here," she said.

"No, missus, Massa Harry make berry few mistakes. Jack nebber do."

Knowing the close intimacy existing between the young men, and fearing some accident had befallen her lover, Rosa dismissed the servant, and repairing to her own room, with a trembling hand opened the epistle and read as follows:

Dear Harry—I arrived here last Tuesday, and find the business in which I am concerned harder to manage than I had expected.

My principal object in writing to you now is this. Ruffin's sale will take place before I can possibly return. You will please purchase for me Rosa's harp and piano. I don't see how the deuce I can get off honourably without buying them, for in our last conversation she as good as asked me to do so. There is, however, one condition—do not get them if they go too high.

This is a poor business. The girl, it is true, is beautiful, but a man can't live on beauty. Rosa and wealth would suit admirably; but Rosa and poverty!—away with the thought!

By the way, there is a Miss Rivers here, a reputed heiress; she has taken a great fancy to me; and as soon as I can rid myself of the "old love," I shall on with "the new." You understand me.

Enclosed is a letter for Rosa, which you must hand directly. Adieu! George Livingston.

Rosa could scarcely believe her senses. The idea of Livingston's inconstancy had never entered her mind. She did not think, when in the fullness of her heart, she had told him of her father's perplexities with regard to pecuniary matters, that her words could be so misconstrued. And now she saw her lover's intentions in their true light. How thankful she felt to her father for his interference, when Livingston had urged an immediate consummation of his suit. She held the letter in her hand, while scalding tears coursed each other down her cheek.

"I will not be so weak," she murmured. "He does not merit my love, and I must forget him."

It seems Danforth had gone out the morning in question on a pleasure excursion, leaving orders for his servant to deliver into Rosa's hand Livingston's letter to her. But Jack, who was not at all times a very observant personage, failed to notice particularly, and after his master left, thinking one letter as good as another, took the wrong one as has been seen.

Danforth was as much, if not more, to blame than his servant; but being of a wild, thoughtless disposition, he generally left the management of his domestic concerns to Jack. And it is to be wondered at, that the frequent "scrapes" he was thrown into by his servant's carelessness, had not caused a change of habit.

Pleasure was Danforth's *forte*, and being in possession of a handsome annuity, his whole time was spent in devising some new scheme whereby to enjoy himself. Sometimes (but it was very seldom) he became irritated, as was the case when he returned home and found Rosa's letter still lying on the table. He hastily rang the bell, and Jack as hastily answered the summons.

"I thought I told you to take this letter to Miss Ruffin!"

"Wall, sar."

"Don't 'wall sar' me," said Danforth, imitating him. "Carry this letter to the young lady instantly, and if you ever fail in obeying my commands again, I will reprimand you severely."

"Why, Massa Harry——"

"Silence, sir, and go directly." Saying this and throwing on his hat, Danforth left the room, to meet some young men by appointment.

"Wall, wall," said Jack, as he picked up the neatly folded epistle and started on his errand, "Wall, wall, I never did see his match. If he'd a just a waited and listened to me a minit, I could a told him de whole sarcumstans. But no! He too strong-headed. Great Scots! If my old missus could see de way he is a carryin' on, 'twould grieve her old sould. But 'mint no use a grievin' on it no how. She done dead and gone, and where's de use a grievin' over spilt milk. De 'youf' (as his aunt call him, t'other day,) will do as he please. My mammy use tell me, when I was little fellow playin' de debbil and turnin' up Jack, 'Nebber mind,' she say, 'playin' kittens make solemn old cats,' and maybe arter Massa Harry gits old as me, he'll come right. Dear! dear! he can't hope always to be bad."

By the time Jack finished his cogitations, he had arrived at Mr. Ruffin's door, and in a very little while had explained to Rosa (in his own way) the cause of the mistake. After giving her the letter intended for her, and receiving Danforth's in return, he elicited from our heroine a promise not to mention the circumstance to his master, and returned home perfectly satisfied.

Rosa read Livingston's letter, and found it contained protestations of never-failing love, together with all other etceteras usually found in such epistles.

With a heavy heart the next morning, she sought an interview with her father, and told him without reserve the events of the preceding day. As she concluded, she looked in his face, expecting to see at least a sympathizing look, but was surprised to see the face of her parent, which had for so many weeks worn an expression of sadness, now wreathed in smiles.

"Well, my dear," he said, brushing the ringlets aside, and tenderly kissing her forehead, "I am glad for your sake this thing has occurred."

"Glad!" said Rosa, "that my first fond affection should be thus trampled upon?"

"Yes, love, you may, perhaps, think my words strange, but I have long foreseen that George Livingston is not calculated to render your life one of peace. It has been my intention to speak to you of this, but the precarious state my affairs have so suddenly assumed, has drawn my mind, for some time, from the subject so dear to your happiness. I know, my child, it will be a painful task to forget and cease to love one in whom you have confided so long. I remember well the pang it cost me when I followed your mother to the grave. How difficult it was to realize her death. The trial you have to undergo is of a different cast. I trust you have pride enough to overcome all the tender interest or affection you ever cherished for one who has proved that he is unworthy your love. I advise you to write an immediate and decisive refusal of his hand. That will be for the present sufficient; I know he loved you as well as he is capable of loving any one, and sooner or later repentance will come. What he will then feel will punish more than all the reproaches I could heap upon him."

Rosa followed implicitly her father's directions, but when she despatched the letter which was to separate her for ever from the being who had won her first love, her feelings overcame her, and she wept long and bitterly.

Rosa Ruffin had loved with all the fervency of a young and trusting heart. Let it not be deemed strange that she mourned over blighted hopes. The thrice happy hours she had spent in Livingston's society—the well-remembered accents of affection so oft-repeated by him, occurred to her memory; and reflections like these, together with the knowledge that the happiness she once enjoyed had "departed never to return," for a while marred her peace of mind.

She struggled hard, but successfully, with her feelings, and gradually, but surely, she regained the natural hilarity of her spirits. And when, several years after their removal from Richmond, Livingston's marriage appeared in one of the eastern papers, she read it without emotion, and heaved not a sigh of regret.

Part Second.

"Really, you have an array of beauty here to-night," said Charles Harrington to his friend Frank Selwyn, as they stood at one end of the ball-room, in the little town of ——, (situated somewhere in western Virginia,) surveying the gay group before them.

"Yes," replied his friend, "but you have not yet seen the brightest star in our little firmament. But see, she comes! And now if you do not fall in love with *her*, I shall give you up for ever to hardness of heart."

As Selwyn ceased speaking, Harrington turned his eyes towards the door. An elderly gentleman entered, on whose arm leaned a female of more than ordinary beauty. Her rich hair fell in tasteful ringlets around her fair and open brow. A faint blush stole over her face, deepening, in its course, the hue of health that glowed on her cheek, and adding "new lustre" to her dark hazel eyes.—A sweet smile played around her beautiful mouth, as she returned the salutations of those around her.

"Who can she be?" murmured Harrington, half audibly.

"Ha! ha!" exclaimed Frank Selwyn, "caught at last. A pretty story indeed!—that the *Honourable* Sidney Harrington should fall in love at first sight."

"Not in love exactly," said Harrington, almost blushing at being detected in his admiration. "But I consider the lady very beautiful."

"Well, well," said Selwyn, gaily, "I think I must tell Miss Ruffin of her conquest."

"Ruffin!" exclaimed Harrington. "That name is a familiar one. I wonder if she is related to Edward Ruffin, who formerly lived in Richmond?"

"She is his daughter."

"Indeed! I have often heard of him, and, if I remember rightly, he failed."

"He was," said Selwyn, "as the saying is, 'smashed,' but by the aid of a brother who lives here, he was enabled to remove to this place, and his affairs are at the present time in a flourishing condition. If you could witness the content and happiness which pervade their family circle, you would not imagine that they had ever experienced a reverse of fortune."

"I remember, since you mentioned the name," said Harrington, "hearing a few years ago something about a love affair between this lady and some young lawyer, whose name I have forgotten. It was talked of by the public, but as I did not feel interested at the time, all the circumstances have escaped my recollection."

"As to that matter," replied Selwyn, "I know nothing. But if one is to judge from her sparkling eye and glowing cheek, I would never think Rosa Ruffin had been 'crossed in love.' Come, though, we are wasting time; you must be introduced."

"Have you," said a black-eyed beauty to Rosa, "seen Mr. Harrington?"

"No; pray who is he?"

"La! haven't you heard? He is a member of Congress. They say he intends spending the summer here. But, mum, he and Frank Selwyn are coming this way."

If Charles Harrington was pleased with Rosa's personal beauty, he was no less charmed to find her mind highly cultivated. As he gazed on her fine features, animated with intelligent fervour, and listened to the sweet tones of her voice, he felt that for the *first* time he was actually in love.

Sidney Harrington had been left, at an early age, heir to an immense estate. His high bearing and talents soon won for him a place among the great men of our nation. His residence for the last ten years of his life had been in eastern Virginia. He frequently visited the most noted of our cities, and was pretty generally known, as his acquaintance was very extensive. Many a fair lady tried to win his admiration, nay more, his love, but their "wiles and darts" fell harmless at his feet,—for never, until the night his eyes first rested on Rosa Ruffin, had he felt the power of woman's charms.

His visit to —— became more and more protracted; and it was not until the yellow leaf of autumn made its appearance that he was aware of the length of his stay; for in the society of her he loved, all other pursuits were laid aside or forgotten. He knew that home duties demanded his attention, and ere many weeks elapsed, he must leave the spot where the sunniest hours of his life had been spent.

He determined to seek Rosa, declare his love, and make an offer of his hand and fortune, but at the same time he dreaded a refusal, for it was only at times he had dared to hope that his love was returned. Remembering the old adage that "a faint heart never won a fair lady," he repaired to Mr. Ruffin's, where he found Rosa alone.

We will pass over their conversation, as courtships are, for the most part, tiresome and disagreeable to any one beside the parties interested. It is sufficient to know that, sanctioned by her father, Rosa became the wife of Harrington.

He knew the history of her early passion, but was contented with the second best love of such a being. We say *best*, because Rosa's affection for Harrington was based on a rational estimation of a noble, generous mind, with personal attractions, and a highly cultivated understanding.

George Livingston *did* marry "Miss Rivers, the reputed heiress;" but, to his great chagrin, found the immense fortune amounted to only a few thousand dollars, which was a mere trifle when put in competition with her wants, for she was a complete devotee to fashion, and withal very extravagantly disposed.

She, too, had been deceived with regard to her husband's circumstances, and had thought him much wealthier than he was in reality.

They were married the first of March, and in about a month began to discover the mutual deception, and felt fully sensible, on the first day of April, that they were two as great "fools" as could be found in the United States.

They tried, however, to keep up appearances, and make the best of it; but the internal dissatisfaction at length broke out, and they seemed bent on making each other as miserable as possible.

To give our readers some idea of their domestic comfort, we will introduce a scene some three years subsequent to their marriage.

Mr. and Mrs. Livingston had breakfasted without speaking, or even looking at each other. When they arose from the table, Livingston, in a very sulky manner, placed himself just before the fire, sticking both feet on the fender. His countenance was so vacant, one might have supposed, as he rolled a quid of tobacco over and over in his mouth, that he was thinking about—nothing.

"I declare, Mr. Livingston, you exclude me entirely from the fire," said his wife as she tried to fix her chair in a position to catch as much of the heat as possible from a small grate, in which there was only a moderate supply of coal. "And it is so cold."

"I'm sorry to hear that awful sound again," said her husband. "I was in hopes you had lost your tongue altogether. This is the first time you have spoken to me for a fortnight."

"I've spoken as often as you have," replied his wife, seating herself, "but I'd like to see the person who could hold their tongue, living in the same house with such a thing as you are. I didn't think marrying could have altered one so."

"Neither did I, for I'll be shot if the false curls and pearl powder didn't do wonders for you. Look here, my deary, why didn't you use some this morning? I think your complexion is taken with a sallowness." And he chuckled her under the chin.

"Let me alone," she said, throwing his arm off in a passion. "I'm pretty enough and good enough for you."

"Oh, as to your goodness, we'll not dispute about that, for it is reduced to a nonentity."

"Livingston, you are the meanest man I ever saw. An angel from the third heaven couldn't live with you. One minute you complain of my looks, and the next quarrel with me for asking you for money to look well with. I want that fifty dollars I asked you for two weeks ago, and you didn't deign to give me an answer. I told you then I owed Mrs. Pine twenty dollars, and now I want a dress made, and won't send it to her because she has dunned me several times."

"Make your frock yourself."

"You know I do not know how to make a dress, and you ought not to have married a *lady* unless you could keep her one. And besides, I brought you three thousand dollars, and have never seen a cent of it."

"Three devils!" said Livingston; "I wish I had been three thousand miles off before I ever thought of you. But here, my little duck," he continued, taking from his pocket a newspaper he had never read. "Take this and cut a pattern. I know, after all you used to tell me about your talents before we were married, that you can make a dress. Any how, you are sufficiently ugly, and large in proportion, to do it."

Mrs. Livingston's eyes filled with tears as they fell upon the paper, but she had hardly glanced over it before she had uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"What's the matter now?" said Livingston.

"Who would have thought it?" said his wife. "Mr. Harrington is married. I thought he was invulnerable."

"Let me see," said Livingston.

"Indeed you shan't. If you can't take my word for it, you may do without looking."

"It is a mistake," said Livingston.

"It's no such a thing. A mistake—"

"I tell you," said her husband, "there isn't a woman in the world that Sidney Harrington [illegible] party."

"I reckon," said Mrs. L., her face glowing with anger, "I have sense enough to know any body's name when I see it."

"It is some other Harrington as sure as you are born."

"Mercy upon me! Man, I tell you it is the Hon. *Sidney* Harrington," said Mrs. Livingston, screaming almost at the top of her voice, "and if you don't believe it, *there* read," at the same time driving her finger nail through the notice with the pressure of passion.

Livingston's face, though red with too frequent use of "strong drink," became still redder as he perused the announcement, then pale—then red again.

"Well upon my word," said his wife, "one, to judge from your changing color, might guess the lady was some former flame of yours. And now I remember when we first came to Richmond, the servant girl we hired told me you used to love a Miss Roffin, and I'll bet a sixpence this is the same one. Now I know you *did* love her."

"You know no such thing."

"You can't fool me," said the lady. "When a man blushes, you may be sure all is not right, and I say you did love her."

"Woman hold your tongue, or I'll——"

Livingston was interrupted by a servant, entering with an invitation to a party to be given the ensuing week at Mrs. ——'s, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Harrington, who had arrived in the city.

The quarrel was not taken up any more, as Mrs. Livingston was too much engrossed with making preparations for the entertainment to think of any thing else.

The evening of the party arrived, and at the appointed hour Mr. and Mrs. Livingston set out for Mrs. ——'s. The principal thing which prompted Livingston's attendance was a heartfelt desire to see Rosa. She was the only woman he had ever loved, and his vanity led him to suppose that she thought of him perchance tenderly. After entering the house, he left his wife to "talk scandal" with some of her female friends, and wandering through the brilliantly lighted apartments, his eager eye sought out Rosa.

She was seated on a sofa, surrounded by old and loved associates, looking more beautiful, if possible, than when she had occupied the same place a few years before.

As Livingston pressed through the crowd to offer his congratulations on Rosa's return to Richmond, many an eye was turned upon them, for their engagement had been generally known.

Rosa did not start nor betray the slightest emotion, but returned his salutation calmly, and with a grace "peculiarly her own."

A moment after, Harrington approached. When Livingston saw the smile which illuminated her face, and witnessed the look of confidence and love with which Rosa regarded her husband, he felt that no latent spark of affection lurked in her bosom for him.

Cursing the hour when he forsook Rosa Roffin, he turned and left the room to drown the remembrance of the past in the deep inebriating draught.

From that hour he indulged his fondness for "ardent spirits," and became one among the many victims of *Intemperance*.

TO THE SOUTH WIND.

From the isles that lie in the Southern sea,
  Where flowers are ever in bloom,
Thou comest, sweet wind, and thou bearest with thee
  A burthen of rare perfume.
Thou com'st from the South—thou art speeding on
  To the North, on thine azure wing,
And the earth grows green, and the golden sun
  Looks warm from the sky of Spring.
Speed on, sweet wind, and oh, that I
  Might borrow thy wings for a little space,
How swiftly northward with thee I'd fly,
  And rest once more in my kin's embrace.
But vain is the wish; alone, alone
  I pine on a stranger shore,
Where I see no face, where I hear no tone
  I have seen or heard before.
Thou wilt see my friends, thou wilt pass the door,
  Thou wilt fan the buds of the shrub and vine,
Thou wilt kiss the porch where, when day is o'er,
  Cluster those hearts close knit to mine.
Thou wilt find by that door at play two girls,
  Two little girls with bright black eyes,
And cherub cheeks, and dark brown curls;
  Pause, gentle wind, as thou passest by,
And smooth back the hair from their foreheads meek,
  Softly and gently as I would do,
Kiss each forehead, and lip, and cheek;
  As I, their father, would kiss them too.
And if thou seest one dearer far,
  With our youngest born upon her knee;
She's dearer to me than those children are—
  Bear her a message of love from me;
And whisper, then, tenderly unto her
  Those gentle thoughts which I would not show
To any save her and thee; too holy they are
  For other and stranger ears to know.
Tell her I think of her night and day,
  And long for the rapturous hour to come,
When I shall turn from this land away,
  And stand again in my Northern home.
Bear my affection to all at home,
  To wife and children, and parents kind,
And brothers who gladden that sainted dome;
  Bear my affection to all, sweet wind.

E. Y.

[illegible]burg, S. C. May, 184[illegible]

GERALDINE HOWARD.

BY CAROLINE ORNE.

"How I wish I could join the royal chase," said Geraldine Howard, addressing her kinswoman, Lady Eleanor Howard, as the clear, shrill blast of a huntsman's horn came to her ear, borne on the fresh and dewy breeze of morning.

"You would be much better employed at your embroidery frame," replied the lady.

"But the air is so fresh, and so bracing, and withal so exhilerating to the spirits," said Geraldine, opening a door and stepping out upon the battlement, "that I cannot, for the present, think of taking a stitch."

This short colloquy had prevented Geraldine from hearing the clattering of horses' feet, when looking round, she beheld three horsemen almost opposite the spot where she stood. One of them, who was a little in advance of the two others, would have arrested the eye even among a multitude. His features were spirited and intelligent, and his fine, symmetrical figure was displayed to much advantage by a hunting suit of Lincoln green, embroidered with silver. This was crossed by a baldric, wrought with the gayest colors, that supported a wood-knife and the silver-mounted bugle-horn which had sounded so cheerily in the ears of Geraldine. It needed only a single glance to show her that he was the same handsome cavalier who had, a few days previous, very opportunely met her as she was taking an airing on horseback, just in time to seize the bridle-rein of her horse, that had taken fright, and thus prevent her—which must otherwise have been inevitable—from being thrown. At sight of her he drew the rein, so as to perceptibly check the speed of his horse, and raising his cap, in which waved a snowy ostrich plume, from the dark glossy curls on which it rested, he bowed with an air of respectful courtesy. Geraldine, so surprised and abashed as to scarcely know what she did, acknowledged the salutation, and then, with face and neck crimsoned with blushes, retreated into the apartment, just as the Lady Eleanor, who at that moment caught sight of the horsemen, issued her command to that effect. To hide her confusion, she now seated herself at her embroidery frame; but, after busying herself several minutes, she found that she had only marred the rose-bud she had been attempting to finish.

"You expressed a wish to join the chase," said Lady Eleanor; "how should you like to be presented at court?"

"I should like it much," replied Geraldine; "that is," added she, laughing, "if the Queen will not oblige me to wear a very wide and a very stiff ruff, for you know that I cannot bear much starch about me."

"Content yourself," replied Lady Eleanor, "for if you attire yourself as becomes a modest maiden, I think Elizabeth's attention will hardly be attracted towards you so that she will take cognizance of either the width or stiffness of your ruff."

"I know not," said Geraldine, "why a descendant of the Earl of Surrey, one of the bravest and most accomplished noblemen of the age, should be too humble to attract the notice of a Queen, great even as is Elizabeth."

"When the Earl of Surrey perished on the scaffold for high treason," replied Lady Eleanor, "it was natural that his descendants should be forgotten; and it is matter of marvel to me that the Queen should remember that any of them continue to exist. I am certain, that were she not solicitous to be the mother of her people, and to shed upon all the light of her gracious countenance, she never would have desired us to be present at the next week's entertainment."

"Whatever was the motive," said Geraldine, "I rejoice in its result; for, in good sooth, I am tired of being mewed up in this old castle, with no one to admire me except my waiting-maid, or myself, when I chance to look into the mirror."

"A chance which happens pretty often; but, if the beauties, at present, are at all comparable to those that used to give splendour to the court when I was of your age, you will put little confidence in the praises of your waiting-maid, when you come to see them, and will, perhaps, consult your mirror less frequently. Alas! there are no such beauties now as when I was young."

"And should I live to be of your age," said Geraldine, a little piqued, "I suppose I should make the same lamentation over degenerate beauty; for I find that each successive generation, according to the most veracious testimony, however it may grow wiser and wiser, is sure to grow plainer and plainer."

"Very true—very true"—said Lady Eleanor, gravely, perceiving not the sarcasm that lurked in the lively Geraldine's speech.

"What is lacking in beauty of person should be made up in becoming attire," said Geraldine, "and a week is, I think, little time enough to prepare a court dress, rich and tasteful, yet not too gay."

"I very well remember the dress in which I was presented at court," said Lady Eleanor. "It was a bloom-coloured satin, lined with a delicate pearl-coloured silk, and trimmed with broad silver lace; and [illegible] in a poem written by a gentleman [illegible] the Earl of Surrey himself touching the poetical art, was braided with"—

Just at that moment Geraldine started, changed color, and ran to the window.

"The young huntsman again," said she; "what can so soon have brought him back from the chase?"

"Peace, child—let me proceed with my description. My hair, as I was saying, was braided with rare and costly"—

"How fortunate that there is a rent in this curtain which I can peep through. How gracefully he rides. I think there must be something about this old castle that suits his taste, he eyes it so keenly."

"Cannot you listen a moment, Geraldine? My hair which, as the sonnet truly said, resembled threads of gold, was braided"—

"I should take his eyes to be hazle, and truly I should think he was counting the panes of glass in the window."

"What is all this idle chattering about?" said Lady Eleanor, rising and approaching the window. "It will not be to-day, nor to-morrow, I trow, that I shall again undertake to describe to you a dress of richer materials and quainter fashion than you will ever be likely to see, should you be present at forty court entertainments."

"Nay, Lady Eleanor, don't be angry, but the young hunter stared so at the window."

"A decided mark of ill-breeding; and I think I can see in his air undoubted proof of plebeian origin."

"If good horsemanship be a mark of plebeian origin," said Geraldine, "I doubt not but that he has a good share of churl's blood in his veins."

Previous to the expiration of the week, when Geraldine was to be presented at court, the young huntsman several times passed the castle on horseback, always slowly, and directing frequent glances at the window where he had caught a glimpse of her as she retreated behind the curtain. His curiosity, however, was destined to remain ungratified, the curtain containing the fortunate rent uniformly affording her shelter, whenever she perceived his approach.

The day anticipated by Geraldine with so much impatience arrived, and, notwithstanding the prediction of Lady Eleanor, there were ladies at court who could boast as many charms as those who were the companions of her own youthful days, though among them all there was no face so fair as Geraldine's.—Her natural good taste had rejected the superabundance of heavy jewelry recommended by Lady Eleanor, and except a necklace of oriental pearls, and a few strings of the same pure gems intermingled with her brown hair, that clustered in profuse curls round her snowy forehead, and half veiled her graceful neck, she was without ornament. A glance at the courtiers who had already assembled in the withdrawing-room, previous to entering the presence-chamber, showed her that the youthful cavalier who had of late shared so large a portion of her thoughts, had not yet arrived. In a few minutes after she had taken this survey, a nobleman of fine person and majestic mien entered the apartment, whose costly apparel was enriched by the different badges belonging to the Order of the Garter. Geraldine would at once have taken him for the Earl of Essex, who had recently returned from the successful expedition to the coast of Spain, where he was joint commander with Lord Howard, even had she not heard his name pronounced on every side. Imposing as was the appearance of the Earl, however, he did not long attract her attention, for he was followed closely by the youthful huntsman. He could not have been more than nineteen or twenty, and was conspicuous not only for the richness of his dress, but for his fine figure, and handsome and spirited features.

"What is the name of yon gay cavalier?" said a gentleman near Geraldine, addressing Lord Mountjoy. "If I mistake not, there is mettle beneath that embroidered doublet."

"Have you never, then, heard," replied Lord Mountjoy, "of Lionel Clifford, who served under the Earl of Essex in his late Spanish expedition, and who behaved with so much bravery as to cause the Earl to make particular mention of him in the despatches he sent to the Queen?"

"In good sooth have I; and if the countenance be a true index of the heart, we may well believe him to be honorable, as he has proved himself brave, and that he will not be likely to disgrace his noble lineage."

They now ceased speaking, for Essex and his train had advanced so near, that even the suppressed voices in which the conversation had been carried on would have reached their ears. Geraldine at that moment caught the eye of Clifford, who started with surprise and changed color, but immediately recovering himself made a low and graceful bow. She, in her turn, felt the crimson blush flush over face and neck, and turning to Lady Eleanor, addressed to her some frivolous question, to hide her embarrassment. Her thoughts, however, were soon diverted to other objects, for the door of the presence-chamber was opened, towards which she and her kinswoman were slowly borne along with the current.

She hardly knew how she deported herself when presented to the Queen, so great was her [illegible] and confusion; but her beauty and native grace were of more service to her than mere presence of mind would have been; the more so as Elizabeth was not accustomed to be displeased at any manifestation of embarrassment or awe, when occasioned by her own august presence, and the splendors appertaining to royalty. She therefore vouchsafed to Geraldine a few gracious words, which the maiden knew to be such more from the tone of voice in which they were spoken, than from her ability to understand their import. Such timidity in one of maturer years might have been set down for awkwardness and rusticity, but it sat gracefully on one so young, and amid all the fair faces and fine figures, with their rich dresses sparkling with jewels, the eye found no lovelier form than Geraldine's, robed in glistening satin of the palest blue, embroidered with seed pearls, and which, though it might have proved a severe trial to an ordinary complexion, was perfectly suited to the purity of hers.

The Earl of Essex, who, owing to his late successful enterprise, stood higher in the Queen's favour than he had ever done before, received a large share of her attention.

"Though we have made you Master-General of the Ordnance, and may have something still better in reserve for you," said the Queen, addressing the Earl, "and though we doubt not your followers will joy to bask themselves in the sunshine of your honors, yet the bravery of one of them has been so much applauded, that we deem it right to reward him with the honour of knighthood. Has fame said true, my Lord of Essex? Is there not one among them deserving of such an honor at our hand?"

"If the poor services of any of us deserve reward," replied the Earl, "no one is more worthy than Lionel Clifford, the youth to whom I suppose your Majesty alludes."

"Step forward, Lionel Clifford," said the Queen. Clifford obeyed with an air of some embarrassment, though he was sufficiently self-possessed to demean himself with his usual grace.

"Master Clifford," said Elizabeth, "we have heard of your conduct and bravery during the late expedition to the coast of Spain, and would confer on you some mark of our favor."

Commanding him to kneel down, the Queen, having requested a sword of a nobleman standing near, performed the prescribed ceremony.

When Clifford rose, the first eye he sought was Geraldine's. It was with an emotion of exquisite delight that he found that she was intently regarding him with an appearance of interest not to be mistaken, and this feeling was not diminished when he observed the crimson blush flush over her features the moment their eyes met. Though she instantly turned away, the look and the blush were enough to assure him that he had excited an interest in her bosom, which, if favored by time and opportunity, might eventually ripen into a passion, deep and fervent as his own.

The gloom of the old castle was more distasteful than ever to Geraldine, after witnessing the splendors of the court; and when, in a few days after her presentation, she was duly apprised that the Queen, who had been pleased with her modest and unassuming appearance, had appointed her to fill the place of a young lady recently married to a country baronet, she imagined, for the moment, that she had attained the height of earthly felicity. In her new situation, she had frequent opportunities of seeing and conversing with Sir Lionel Clifford; opportunities that he, on his part, improved to such good advantage, that many weeks had not passed ere he had received her plighted faith in exchange for his own. In the meantime, Geraldine, who evidently stood high in the favor of the Queen, was regarded with envy by the other ladies at court, who did not hesitate to call her an upstart, and an invader of their rights. These feelings, which were still more exasperated by the admiration which the other sex did not fail to render to her beauty, were cherished in their utmost rancour by Lady Roxana Addesly, to whom had been awarded the palm of beauty, till wrested from her by Geraldine. She had, moreover, on former occasions, received some notice from Clifford, of whom she had become deeply enamored; so that the pangs of jealousy were added to her feelings of mortified vanity. She, on the other hand, had inspired a young gentleman by the name of Basil Finsbury with an ardent passion, which she was now determined to make subservient to the furtherance of her own base designs. After one day listening with less apparent impatience and disdain than ordinary to the subject nearest his heart, she said to him—

"Finsbury, you are lavish of your protestations, but would, I dare say, be sparing enough of deeds."

"I would go on a pilgrimage to Palestine," he replied, "to win one kind look from you."

"What you covet may be won much more easily. Geraldine Howard will take a walk in the park by moonlight this evening—meet her there and give her this ring. Tell her that it is from a dear friend, who begs her to wear it for his sake, and who deeply regrets that an unforeseen occurrence has prevented him from meeting her according to appointment, and presenting it himself."

"Is the ring from Clifford?" said he.

Lady Roxana smiled with an assenting look, but replied—

"I am not at liberty to tell."

"And is this all the service you require?" said he. "I wish it were ten times more difficult."

"All I ask for the present," she replied, "only be careful to implicitly obey my directions, and you shall have your reward."

The moment Geraldine was released from her attendance on the Queen, she hastened to descend a back stair-case, and passing through a postern gate, a few minutes' walk admitted her into the precincts of the park. It was a bright, moonlight evening, and entering an avenue shaded on either side by lofty trees, she pursued her way by the chequered light admitted through their branches. Clifford had earnestly requested her to meet him for a few minutes, and she did not hesitate to grant what she considered so trifling a boon to a betrothed lover, who, she knew, entertained almost chivalric sentiments as regarded her sex. As she expected him to enter the park in an opposite quarter, she walked slowly forward. It was only a few seconds, ere she beheld some one approaching, half veiled in the dim shadows of the sylvan arch-way.

"Lionel!" said she, quickening her steps.

"It is not Lionel Clifford, whom you probably expected to meet," was the reply, "but Basil Finsbury."

"And to what do I owe the honor of Basil Finsbury's presence?" said she, rather haughtily.

"I sought you," he replied, "for the purpose of presenting you this ring, sent by one who is deeply disappointed at being prevented by an unforeseen accident from meeting you according to agreement."

"He might have shown more discretion in selecting a messenger," thought Geraldine, as she took the ring. "It is no sign, because I consented to meet him, a betrothed lover, that he should commission any young gallant he happened to run across to give me an account of his disappointment."

"I was likewise instructed to say," resumed Finsbury, "that the donor hopes to see you wear the ring the next time you and he meet."

"A woman—that is, if our sex are as fond of jewelry as they are said to be—would not care to suffer so beautiful a ring to be idle in her casket," replied Geraldine, holding it in such a manner that a ray of moonlight fell full upon the sapphire gem which enriched it. She then put it upon her finger, and bidding Finsbury good evening, turned to retrace her steps. As she did so, she imagined she heard a rustling in a copse near at hand. She stood still and listened, thinking that Clifford, contrary to his expectations, might have found opportunity to fulfil his appointment. With this impression, she, several times, repeated his name, but everything remaining silent, she concluded she had been mistaken, and resuming her course with accelerated speed, soon reached her chamber.

The ensuing day, though a good opportunity presented for Lionel to approach and converse with her as usual, he remained at a distance; and when she sought to read in his countenance the motive of his conduct, he returned her look with a glance of mingled anger and disdain.

"What wayward humor is this?" thought she, as she turned to answer some question addressed to her by Finsbury, who, a moment before, had left the side of Lady Roxana Addesly, and who now, obsequiously obedient to her instructions, had joined Geraldine, for the purpose of engaging her in conversation. But Geraldine's mind, owing to what appeared to her the strange behavior of Clifford, was too ill at ease to enable her to listen with sufficient attention to give him suitable replies, who, on his part, seemed to be performing a task, rather than following the dictates of his inclination. Her disquietude was increased, when, on again looking towards Clifford, she saw him, with much apparent gayety and animation, conversing with Lady Roxana. Several days passed away, during which Clifford studiously avoided her. When in his presence, she succeeded in assuming a forced cheerfulness, which only tended to sink her in deeper dejection when by herself. One evening, when on the way from the Queen's private apartment to her own, she was met by a man, who, with his cloak gathered up before his face, so as entirely to conceal it, thrust a billet into her hand as he passed her. On gaining her chamber, she read as follows:

"It was not Sir Lionel Clifford who sent the ring presented to you by Basil Finsbury, but a person who is basely plotting to separate you and Sir Lionel forever. Clifford was in the park the evening he had appointed to meet you, and witnessed your interview with Finsbury, who, he has been taught to believe, is a favored lover. As he so studiously avoids you that it will be impossible for you to give him a verbal explanation, the advice of a sincere friend is, that you explain to him in writing your meeting with Finsbury in the park, which I trust will be the means of dispersing the clouds of jealousy and doubt which now hang over him."

Geraldine did not hesitate to comply with the advice of the anonymous writer, who was evidently her well-wisher, and at the expiration of half an hour she had written a letter, which she hoped would ful-

ing folded it, and bound it with a band of blue floss silk, she softly left her chamber, hoping to find a messenger by whom it would reach him before he slept. The first person she saw after descending the stairs, was a lad retained in some menial capacity in the Queen's household. Slipping a piece of silver into his hand, and giving him the letter, she enquired of him if he could immediately convey it to Sir Lionel Clifford. The boy, whose eyes glistened at sight of the silver, assured her that he could, and with a heart lighter than it had been for several days past, she regained her apartment without having seen a single person except him who had taken charge of her letter.

"Sir Lionel Clifford!" said he to himself, the moment she was out of sight. "I know no more about him than I do of the man in the moon, which is no wonder, seeing I have been here only two days. But if I had confessed my ignorance, I should not have got the shilling."

As he closed this soliloquizing, Lady Roxana Addesly passed the door. He followed her, and earnestly requested her to inform him where he could find Sir Lionel Clifford. Her first movement was to repulse him, but checked by a sight of the letter, she enquired what he wanted of Sir Lionel.

"I want to carry him this letter," he replied, "which a lady gave me a minute ago."

"Let me see it," said she, and after looking at it a moment, in silence, she told him that it would be difficult for him to find Sir Lionel, but that if he would let her take it she would see that he had it immediately. He joyfully assented, and with feelings of demoniac exultation, she hastened to her chamber.

When, on the ensuing day, Geraldine found that Clifford avoided her the same as before she sent him the explanatory letter, her spirits entirely forsook her, and she was unable any longer to affect cheerfulness, even in the presence of the Queen. Every day she grew paler and paler, and the light tasks assigned her were performed mechanically. The cause of this change was far from being a mystery to Elizabeth, who had from the first been aware that Clifford regarded Geraldine with affection, for he was naturally of too ardent a temperament, and too frank and open in his disposition, to think of disguising his feelings. Neither had the change in his demeanour escaped her penetrating eyes, but apprehending it to be occasioned merely by one of those love quarrels which, like a few discords skilfully introduced into a piece of music, serve only to enhance the sweetness of the succeeding notes, she doubted not that it would ultimately result in a more perfect union of hearts. For this reason she chose not to interfere. Finding, however, that a reconciliation was not likely to take place, and that the young orphan was pining beneath his frown, feelings of anger and resentment were roused against him for presuming, immediately under her eye, to indulge in a fickle and capricious humor towards one whom she had taken under her protection. In this frame of mind she saw him, as usual, enter in the train of Essex; she commanded him to step forward, as she had somewhat for his private ear.

"My Lord of Essex had better have an eye to his gay follower," said a gentleman, addressing another, who stood by his side, "for if he make such rapid advances in the favor of her Grace, it would be no wonder if he should one day supplant him."

"The Earl has little cause of apprehension on the present occasion," was the reply, "for there is a cloud on her brow and lightning in her eye, and by the tardy steps of the youth, I think he sees both the one and the other."

Clifford in truth advanced towards the Queen with a reluctant air, having detected that in her countenance and in the tones of her voice that assured him that he had excited her displeasure, though in what manner he was entirely ignorant.

"I think, Sir Lionel Clifford," said she, pronouncing his name and title with a good deal of emphasis, "that you have forgotten one particular enjoined in the formula, when you received the honor of knighthood at our hand."

"As yet," he replied, "I have had but small opportunity to fulfil any part of the duties of a true knight, though I am ignorant of having transgressed in any particular point."

"When we commanded you to be faithful," said the Queen, "we understood the term in its widest sense. In a word, young man, we expected you to be not only a loyal subject, but a faithful lover."

"The compass, your Majesty will permit me to say, keeps not true to a wandering star."

"Be chary of your innuendos, sir," said Elizabeth, with difficulty repressing her rising ire, so as to maintain an appearance of calmness, "even though you thereby lose an opportunity of displaying a figure of rhetoric."

"I should consider myself not only impertinent, but beneath your Majesty's notice," he replied, "were I to presume to throw out insinuations for so idle a purpose, or indeed, any which cannot be made good. It is true, that not many weeks since Geraldine Howard received my truth plight in exchange for her own, and it is equally true that a few days afterwards, she and received from him a ring which she has since publicly worn."

"Did you mark the ring so as to be able to identify it?"

"I did, gracious Madame. It was set with a sapphire gem of rare beauty."

"Geraldine Howard," said the Queen, "we desire your presence near the throne. Nay, Sir Lionel," she added, as he made a movement to fall back, "remain where you are—we have not done with you yet."

Geraldine came forward trembling like a frightened bird, at the severeness in which Elizabeth uttered her command, as well as at the idea of being confronted with Clifford who had treated her with so much apparent contempt.

"If it be not prying too deeply into your secrets," said the Queen, in an ironical tone, "may I ask if you have in your possession a ring with a sapphire gem?"

"I have, may it please your Majesty," she replied, deeply coloring.

"And if we are rightly informed, it is a love-token from one Basil Finsbury."

"I received it from the hand of Basil Finsbury; but it was not his gift. He gave me to understand—and I believe he himself thought so at the time—that it was a memento from Sir Lionel Clifford, who, he said, was prevented from meeting me in the park, according to promise. While deceived into the belief that it was a present from him, I wore it, but not a moment longer."

"And what prevented you from continuing to be deceived: for, if I mistake not, you have had no explanation with Sir Lionel, either by moonlight, or any other light less romantic."

"Your Majesty is not mistaken," replied Geraldine. "It has been Sir Lionel Clifford's pleasure, not to grant me the interview, which I so far humbled my maidenly pride as to seek, so that there has been no opportunity for verbal explanations. By a letter, however, which I received from an unknown hand, I have reason to believe, insignificant as I may be, that I have enemies at Court, who employed Basil Finsbury to sow dissention between Sir Lionel and me. The moment I had finished reading the anonymous letter, I wrote to Clifford a full account of all that had taken place, which I found means to send him the same evening, but he did not condescend to honor my communication with the slightest notice, and has since then, avoided me, as before."

"We are sorry," said the Queen, in a tone of irony, "that this young knight of ours is so overburthened with matters of weight and moment, that he has no time to perform even a common act of courtesy towards one whom it was our pleasure to take under our immediate protection."

"May it please you, most gracious Sovereign," said Clifford, "I have received neither letter nor message from Geraldine Howard, since the evening she received the ring from Finsbury."

"What messenger did you employ to carry the letter to Sir Lionel?" demanded the Queen.

"A lad I happened to come across, whom I have since seen among the servants, but whose name is unknown to me."

"Was there any peculiarity either in his looks or dress," said Elizabeth, "by which you can describe him?"

"I recollect nothing in particular," replied Geraldine, except that he had a remarkably sharp, keen eye, and a very ragged doublet."

"It must be the same urchin," exclaimed Clifford, with animation, "that addressed me this morning, and said he hoped I had got the letter from the young lady. I was at the time listening to some gentlemen standing near, and thinking him a bold, saucy boy, made him no reply. With your Grace's leave, I will go and seek him, and enquire into the matter."

"Do so," said the Queen, "and if you find him bring him hither, for as the plot begins to thicken, we intend to assist in disentangling it."

After an absence of ten or fifteen minutes, Clifford returned, followed by a boy, who, although his clothing was old and ragged, appeared by no means abashed at being ushered so suddenly into the presence of the Queen, and so magnificent an assemblage of lords and ladies. At sight of him, Lady Roxanna, whose conscious guilt had already led her to suspect the subject in hand, turned very pale, but soon recovering herself, she awaited the result with apparent calmness.

When they had advanced half way up the apartment, the boy pulled Clifford by the sleeve, and said in rather a loud whisper—

"Didn't you tell me to call the Queen your Majesty?"

"Yes," replied Clifford.

"And didn't you say that"—

"Be silent," said Clifford.

"Odd zooks," said the boy, "if I make a blunder, it will be your fault—not mine."

"If the boy has forgotten his lesson," said one standing by, "it is fair that his preceptor should teach it to him again."

"There is neither lesson for me to teach nor for him to learn," said Clifford, somewhat nettled at the covert sneer of the bystander, as well as the pertinacity of the boy, who was about to renew his questions—"All I desire is, that he will speak the truth."

"What is your name, my pretty lad?" said the Queen, when Clifford had placed him in a convenient situation to hear and answer her questions.

"Robin Gammell, please your Majesty."

"And what do you do at Court?"

"I'm the cook's under waiter, an' please your Majesty."

"Not so high a post but that you may one day hope to rise. Did not a lady give you a letter, some few evenings since, to convey to Sir Lionel Clifford?"

"There did, an' please your Majesty."

"And did you do as she requested you?"

"No, an' please your Majesty."

"It does not please our Majesty, sirrah, to find that you disobeyed orders. What became of the letter?"

"I gave it to a lady who promised to send it to Sir Lionel Clifford, an' please your Majesty."

"What is the lady's name?"

"I don't know, an' please your Majesty."

"Point her out, if she be present," said the Queen.

"That is she, that sits yonder, with an eye that looks so sharp at me that I should think she could see all my thoughts, an' please your Majesty."

Lady Roxanna Adderly, who perceived that he had directed the attention of the Queen towards her, endeavored, with some success, to assume an air of indifference, but her face was the color of crimson, when, in a few minutes afterwards, Elizabeth commanded her to join the group near the throne.

"We understand," said the Queen, "that a few evenings since, your benevolence prompted you to relieve this lad of the trouble of conveying a letter to Sir Lionel Clifford, which he had undertaken to do, with the promise that you would yourself see that it was conveyed to him, and we can only say, that we are extremely sorry that you forgot to fulfil your promise."

"I trust your Grace will not condescend to listen to every ragged urchin about Court, that is wicked and cunning enough to coin a lie for a new shilling piece," said Lady Roxanna.

"We shall condescend to nothing unworthy of us," said Elizabeth haughtily—then turning abruptly to Geraldine, said—"Are you sure this is the boy to whom you gave the letter?"

Geraldine replied that she was.

"And why are you sure," said the Queen, directing the boy's attention to Lady Roxanna, "that this is the person who promised to send the letter to Sir Lionel Clifford?"

"I could tell her by her voice, if my eyes were shut. She spoke to me about the letter, in just the same soft, coaxing tone, that she used just now, when she wanted you to believe I had told a lie, an' please your Majesty."

The Queen sat silent and thoughtful for a few minutes, then enquired of Geraldine if she knew the name of Lady Roxanna's waiting-maid.

"Cicily Green," Geraldine said she believed.

"I have no waiting-maid by that name," said Lady Roxanna.

Without attending to her assertion, Elizabeth immediately sent a person to enquire for Cicily Green, and if to be found, to bring her to her presence. The girl soon made her appearance, and in reply, to the Queen's enquiry, informed her that she had within a few days been dismissed from the service of Lady Roxanna for an involuntary and trifling offence.

"Do you know where Lady Roxanna keeps her letters?" inquired the Queen.

"In an ivory casket, that stands"——

"No matter where it stands. Go find it if you can, together with the key, and bring them hither."

The girl was successful in finding both casket and key. The Queen ordered her to unlock the casket and then addressing Lady Roxanna—"We are sorry," said she, "to be urged to this alternative, and all we wish is to satisfy ourself whether the letter written by Geraldine Howard to Sir Lionel Clifford, is in your possession or not. You have the word of your Sovereign, that every other paper, of what description soever, shall remain secure from our examination."

Lady Roxanna made no reply, but stood with pale cheeks and compressed lips. When Cicily had unlocked the casket, she handed it to the Queen. Elizabeth raised the lid, and the first letter that met her eye, was one, round which was carelessly entwined some blue floss silk, and directed to Sir Lionel Clifford. Having satisfied herself that it was the letter she wished to find, the Queen caused the casket to be relocked and the key to be delivered to Lady Roxanna, who received it in sullen silence.

"Are you satisfied, or must we proceed to investigate the matter further, by calling Basil Finsbury?" said Elizabeth to Sir Lionel.

He replied that he was satisfied.

"We are well pleased that you are," said the Queen, being willing to spare the young man the pain of saying ought to the dishonor of one to whom he is, we have been informed, sincerely attached.—"Lady Roxanna Adderly, we give you twenty-four hours to make arrangements for quitting our service. You [illegible] presence chamber." She then turned to Sir Lionel Clifford—"We advise you," said she, "to be less suspicious, and less hasty for the future. It will in no wise derogate from your character as a gentleman and a true knight. We propose, when, in the estimation of your lady-love, you have done penance commensurate with the magnitude of your offence, that the church-bells give a merry peal in honor of a certain bridal, which we intend shall be celebrated in our presence, with suitable pomp and solemnity."

THE MOURNER.

She stood beneath a willow's bough,
That drooping hung o'er one who slept;
The darkling curls waved o'er her brow,
As she alone in silence wept;
In beauty, Hesper's gentle ray
Was trembling on her form of love,
As brightly as the beams that play
Around those forms that dwell above.

She stood beside the grave of him
Who won her heart while yet 'twas young,
Her soft dark eyes were strangely dim;
Her cheek on which the rose had flung
In brighter hours its softest hue,
No longer wore its lovely bloom;
For joys, which once her bosom knew,
Were buried in her lover's tomb.

And often at the twilight hour,
When silence reigns o'er earth and wave,
And tear drops gem the drooping flower,
She goes to weep beside his grave;
And o'er his cold and chilling tomb,
To offer up her evening prayer,
'Till like the flowers which o'er it bloom,
She gently fades and withers there.

Philadelphia, 1841.
W. B., Jr.

A TALE OF MARION'S MEN.

BY JOSEPH J. MATTHIAS,
AUTHOR OF "THE INDIAN'S REVENGE," "[illegible]," ETC.

Chapter I.

Wo! to the English soldiery
Who little dread us near,
On them shall light at midnight,
A strange and sudden fear:
When waking to their tents on fire,
They grasp their arms in vain,
And they who stand to face us,
Are beat to earth again;
And they who fly in terror, deem
A mighty host behind,
And hear the tramp of thousands
Upon the hollow wind.—(Bryant.

A gloomy, threatening cloud loomed sullenly upon the darkest era in "the days that tried men's souls." The ebon pall of blasted fortune lay heavily over the long cherished hopes of the struggling liberty, and the chilling consciousness of an utter inability to revive the drooping tendril, so fiercely struggled for, and so dearly loved, appeared crushing the hitherto indomitable spirit of the American soldiery. Surrounded and menaced on every side by the insulting minions of a foreign rule, and subject to continued and overwhelming defeats, they sickened under the terrible reverse, and the loved object of their lives seemed fast digging its own grave, 'mid the accumulated wreck of freedom's shatter temple. Still, like the meteor flash along the dark horizon of a stormy night, a ray would gleam out from the dark mass, and a momentary enthusiasm would kindle in the bosoms of a few unnerved adherents, and send its enervating influence to the bleeding hearts of their dispirited companions, till a little host would again gather round the imperishable standard of a nation's rights, boldly resolved upon the maintenance of the immaculate soil. Again from the sacred altar, the smouldering embers would burst into a bright flame, like the day-king, as he breaks through the thick sable mantle of the huge water-cloud, when midway o'er the arched canopy of Heaven, and spread its holy light, a beacon to the gathering patriots. The thunder-toned war-cry would again reverberate through trackless forests, a warning and a call to their hidden inmates, or would mount the rough-hewn mountain side to claim some lingering, yet ready soul, or pierce down into the depths of the dark abyss and rouse from lethargic listlessness the groping figure of some sorrowing adherent, or send its reiterated echoes o'er the broad river and the glassy lake, lending a new born brilliancy to their silver surfaces, while fancy curled the rippling water-drops, and bid the slumbering wave to roll in gentle inundations, as if roused to animation by the perfumed zephyrs that emanated from that soul-thrilling tone. Clad in rustic garments and with the variegated weapons which fortune gave them, these fearless hearts again would congregate amid their sacred retreats; and with wary, watchful eye, follow every movement of the enemy, till, by chance or purpose, they were decoyed, unwittingly, within the bounded precincts, and then, with the quick-limbed motion of the crouched panther, they sprung upon unsuspecting myriads of their foes, and the effect told wonderfully upon the frightened, scampering Britons, and many a time had this little band of heroes put to flight a host that might have completely annihilated them, had they for an instant turned a defensive front to their assailers. But, panic-struck, they ignominiously fled, and England's blood-stained escutcheon became of darker hue, when added to its crimes, the cowardice of her minions stamped a shameful blot upon its over-fraught blazonry. When the odds were in their favor by thrice-trebled numbers, they would where resistance could not avail, save in the mass—but when confronted, man to man, they shrank from the encounter, with a timidity, or absolute fear, that would have befitted a less vaunting foe than the "king's liege subjects!"

South Carolina, in the year 1780, might literally have been denominated a British province. There is no time, during the whole struggle of the Revolutionary War, when the aspect of American affairs presents a more deplorable appearance, than it did at the period in which we refer. Charleston was made their head-quarters—and at Camden a victorious army revelled in riotous excess. Georgetown and Jacksonborough were strongly garrisoned, and swarms of bloody-minded tories filled the vacancies, with not one intervening spot where liberty could have planted a resting foot. It was truly a terrible crisis, and in the end was marked with like effect to an invading foe. Secure in their ill-gotten power, as they imagined, the British put forth a show of confidence in themselves that was entirely inconsistent and which resulted in their entire discomfiture.

A calm, clear twilight succeeded a day of unusual splendor, as the tired day-god sank slowly into a cloudy bed of gold and crimson, flinging a sombre shadow of rare and exquisite beauty over the darkening landscape. The gentle motion of the tiny rivulet, as it purled on amid a pebbly host of gaudy-tinted impediments, gave forth a lulling echo to the wearied mind, and a refreshing influence to the bowed in spirit; and as the light of day waxed fainter and fainter, as the gorgeous magnificence of the setting sun sank deeper into its repose, a merry throng of glittering stars came out, shining and bright, and the full moon rose and cast a new light of paler brilliancy around the beautiful scenery, till the whole earth glowed, and all nature appeared dancing with delight, at so rare a gala-sight.

At the very base of a long hill that sloped gradually down to the margin of a beautiful stream, stood a neat, snow-white cottage, with green latticed window-shutters, and a huge oak door, full of quaintly carved grooves, and indentations, with a nicely gathered honey-suckle creeping over its top, and hanging down, till the rich red blossoms fell into the door way. A fine row of venerable looking old oaks stood in front of the cottage and spread their great arms so far out that they almost rested on the ivy covered roof; and right under was a line of the whitest palings, with a corresponding cross-barred gate exactly in the centre. The gate stood part way open, and leaning on one of the slightly elevated posts, was the most beautiful girl imaginable. Her attitude and expression were those of expectation, and you might have seen at a glance, that she was becoming anxious, if not impatient, for she began to lift her little foot, and to let it fall again very often, and sometimes she would stand on tiptoe, and look down the road, as far as she could look, and then she would sink her head on her white hand as it rested on the gate, and sigh, perhaps, as she murmured to herself, "I'll not forgive him!" But when she thought that *he* might not have it in his power to meet the appointment, she sighed again, and whispered, "Poor Frank, how unhappy he must be!" And then she would toss her flowing ringlets behind her, and advance a little way out into the road, but when the rustling branches above her would move, she flew quickly back to the protecting gate, like a timid fawn, and stood panting at the bare idea of her temerity.

"'Tis he! 'tis he!" at last she exclaims, and, springing out into the road with the light swiftness of the mountain deer, as a manly figure issues from the wood, at the end of the lane, and now perfectly fearless, strange to say, she flies along the green sward, and never pauses till clasped in the arms of him so long expected.

"Why, Amy, love!" said the youth, smiling, as he softly kissed the white brow that was turned upward to the full moon, "how you tremble!"

"I was so afraid, Frank!" she replied, lowly, as she nestled her face in his bosom.

"Afraid! pray of what!" said Frank, good humoredly.

"I don't know," she replied, "I am *such* a coward!"

"Amy!" said the youth, in tones that made the fair girl start, "the time may be near when you will have need of every energy that should spring from a fearless heart, conscious of its own innocence!"

"I will try to do better, Frank," she said, "but it is only when you are absent that I am afraid. I fear nothing *now*!" and her delicate fingers crept into the closed hand of the youth, as if for shelter. Frank smiled at the artless display of confidence, and gently twining his arm round her slender waist, he led her toward the cottage.

"On every side, Amy," said the youth, as they walked leisurely along, "the English hold ground.—Day after day they add insult to insult—and it was but yester-morn that one of their brutal officers offered insult to an American lady, in broad day and in the open street."

"Is it possible!" cried the startled Amy, nestling more closely to the side of the youthful patriot.

"It is, Amy—but the insult will be avenged! The spirit of the Americans is like their native oak, they may be broken down by force, but they will never bend. It were well for thee, Amy, not to leave the cottage unattended—the degrading passions of these villainous invaders admit of no bounds; and did they harm thee, my fair one——"

"Nay, Frank," interrupted Amy, "I never did them harm."

"My poor innocent!" exclaimed the youth, "how little thou art versed in this wicked world! Aye! but they would harm thee, Amy, and that beyond a reparation. Thou wilt promise me not to leave the cottage!"

"Yes, willingly," she answered.

"It is well—for it may result in thy future happiness. And, now, when at night thou dost bend in prayer, forget not thy suffering, goaded country.—Though we are now oppressed, the flame of liberty is but smouldering, and when it doth burst, woe to our enemies. With weapons, forged from the ignominious chains of our bondage, we will do deeds, so desperate in their extremity, as will make our tyrants tremble for their dominion. Deeds, that for after generations, shall be the fire-side tale, the fear of the tyrant, and the cynosure of the oppressed. Go, then, Amy, forget not thy country——"

"And thee!" said the beautiful girl, looking up into his face.

The young patriot caught the blushing creature to his heart, and his full, expressive eyes beamed with unutterable tenderness and devotion.

"Yes," said he, "*I*, too, would have a place in thy nightly orisons—for the breathings of thy pure heart will be wafted by beings typical of thyself, to the throne of an all-munificent Being, and there find favor."

"Dear Frank——"

"But let thy first whisperings ascend for thy native land—for there rolls the fate that will control thy future destiny—to live out thy days 'mid the blest retreats of freedom's favored soil, or drag a miserable existence to a bondsman's grave. It is no visionary dream—no false god that we have raised, and for which is sacrificed the blood of martyred thousands. No! thank Heaven! it is no such grovelling incentive that actuates the first feelings of our nature—but the boon is our great Author's gift—a gift that sprang with a redeemed world from its vast chaos—a gift that bid man be free—free as the wind that sweeps yon sparkling stream—no master but his God!"

"Frank——"

"Pardon me, Amy—but the sweet nursling clings with such tenacity to my heart-strings, that for my life, I cannot drown its trumpet-voice."

"I will do anything that you wish, Frank," said Amy, as they paused in front of her cottage home; "but how could you be so cruel as to stay so long, when you knew I was waiting!" and her sweet lips formed themselves into the prettiest tiny pout, as she turned away her head, so as to try to look offended. But the effect was a very poor one—though Frank saw it not. The youth appeared perplexed, and his gaze wandered from the velvety grass up to the moss-covered roof of the cottage, where the moonbeams struggled slantingly through the thick oak leaves, and was playing countless fantastic capers upon its brilliant surface. As the shadows of the luminous orb came and went, so were the thoughts of Frank, flickering and irresolute.

"Perhaps you saw a gate open on your road," said Amy, in the slightest petulant tone. "And maybe there was somebody waiting by it—so you thought you would stop *just a little while*, as it wouldn't be any harm——"

"You wrong me, Amy," replied the youth, quickly, with a flushed cheek. "Your suspicion is unjust, as it is heart——"

"Heartless!" he was going to say, but his companion looked up so meekly, as if she repented her thoughtlessness, and the tears came trickling so fast through her long dark lashes, that, in his own heart he could not finish the word.

Reason and thought asserted their empire, and the forgiveness was mutual.

"I will no more endeavor to unravel the mystery that hangs around thy conduct, but trust to thine own discretion and value for thy safety," said Amy, complacently, as if nothing had occurred to mar the sunny current of her pure feelings.

"In that assurance, thou can'st rest happy," replied Frank; "and Heaven grant that the time may speedily arrive, when every act of mine shall be laid before thee, and ask for judgment! It is no mean enterprize that my gallant comrades engage in, and it behooves them, as well for the safety of themselves, as their cause, that they preserve the utmost secrecy. If possible, I will return on to-morrow's eve—but as the moment when we shall be called to our duty is uncertain, the engagement is not positive!"

"You will remain to-night?"

"No—that is impossible. My leave of absence extends but to these short hours, and it were imprudent to overstay them."

Slowly advancing up the smoothly gravelled avenue, overshadowed by the tall trees, whose extended limbs formed a complete canopy of leaves above them, they entered the cottage.

Amy Walters and the young Frank Norton had, as the phrase goes, "been children together." The attachment, formed by constant association in early life, suffered no diminishment as years came over them, and the village gossips had said a thousand times, that they were sure to "come together."—Both were the children of parents who had been among the first settlers of the new colonies—but Frank's parents had died while he was yet in his infancy, and he had ever been guided by his own will, and acted from his own judgment. There was but one tie in the wide world, and that he clung to with all the ardent fondness of first affection. It is needless to say that this tie was centered in Amy—the only object, beside his country, that made life sweet—and the attachment lost none of its sincerity, in the amiable girl. When the blast of war echoed o'er the land, Frank was among the *foremost* to answer its summons—and numbering himself as one of that little band whose fame will stand while freedom's banner has a resting place—he gave his heart and hand to his suffering country, under the bright pinion of the immortal Marion.

Two short hours had taken their echoless flight, and again the lovers stood beside the road-side gate. It was the moment of parting—a few whispered words of affection to cheer the sad heart of Amy, and Frank was gone.

"God be with thee!" was borne upon the night breeze, as the fair girl stood gazing after the retreating form of the departed, until his indistinct figure became lost in the mazes of the deep forest, when, with a long-drawn sigh, she retraced her way back to the cottage.

It was midnight. The inmates of the white cottage had long retired, and a solemn stillness held absolute reign. A dense darkness was fast gathering over the earth, for the night-queen had gone down behind the hills, and huge masses of dark floating clouds came up from the south, and creeping over the starry face of Heaven, hid the gemmed night-watchers in their black pall. The heavy boughs of the old oaks began to swing to and fro as the rising wind swept through them with a shrill whistling—and the quiet waters of the little stream down at the foot of the garden began to lash its flowery banks, and dash the foamy jets up into the margin path. At short intervals, large loaded drops came dropping from their misty chalices, and lingering on the light-stemmed night-flower, beat the frail blossoms to the moistened ground. It is a strange, but thrilling music, when, in the silence of midnight, the large rain drops come pattering down upon the giant oaks, falling from leaf to leaf with a sweet, heart-stirring echo. The low mutterings of the distant thunder-cloud became louder as the gale increased, and the vivid lightning darted forth with startling brilliancy. Suddenly the watery mass came dashing to the earth, rattling among the leafy branches, and drenching the tiny flowerets till they fell from their slight stems, and covered the green sward with their rich, fragrant blossoms. And then the wind lulled, and the black clouds parted, as they floated swiftly on, leaving no traces of the sudden storm, save in the freshened earth, and the expansion of the closed blossoms, showering their perfume on the night air.

As the hidden stars came creeping forth again, the muffled forms of two men issued from the wood at the foot of the long lane. Large dark cloaks completely enveloped them, save the upper portion of the face, upon which was fixed a half-mask, running up under a low, slouched hat, so that the discernment of their countenances was impossible. With slow, cautious step, they came from behind a small clump of trees, that stood a little out from the margin of the forest, where they had been sheltered, doubtless, from the sudden shower. Moving along, closely, under a thick hedge that lined the road side, and now and then crouching down to the ground, as the quick bark of the watch dog sounded from the cottage, they arrived nearly opposite the white palings, and suddenly paused. For a moment they conversed in low whispers, the tallest of the two pointing first to the cottage and then to the rail fence a little below, by crossing which they could gain the rear of the house. Quickly darting from the thicket, they crossed the road and mounted the fence intimated, when a sudden sweep of air loosened the folds of one of their cloaks, discovering the scarlet uniform and gold trimmings of a British officer. With a low imprecation he drew the mantle closer about him, and swiftly threading the wide meadows, stood on the banks of the stream, beneath the drooping branches of a large weeping willow. Again they seemed in earnest conversation, appearing irresolute how to act. A small clearing lay between them and the rear of the cottage, but in crossing it they saw a liability of being detected, should any of the household be astir. Suddenly the lesser of the two, who seemed an inferior, gathered up the folds of his cloak, and forcing them under a stout leather belt about his waist, dropped cautiously into the water, creeping slowly under the bank, till he arrived opposite the garden-entrance to the house. Here he paused, and clambering up the bank, moved along the outside of the garden fence, till he came to a parallel with the cottage. Stooping to the ground, he dug a small round stone from the earth, and flung it toward the willow tree, where it fell rattling through the branches, a warning to his companion that, thus far his reconnoitre was successful. He then retraced his way back to the bank, and gliding around the curve, entered the garden under the shade of an arbored creeping vine, that ran the whole length of the pebbled walk. After closely scrutinizing the height of the back chamber window, and the practicability of gaining egress thereby, he returned to the garden gate, and noiselessly unclasping a small padlock that hung loosely from its connecting upright, flung it into the stream; then dropping himself into the water, in a few moments rejoined his companion beneath the willow.

"Now, Bromly," said the *other*, in a low voice, "can it be *effected*?"

"Yes, with caution," was the reply, in a whisper.

"Art sure she sleeps in the back chamber?"

"Why, Captain," replied the other, "I am sure that *she* sleeps there, but whether it be the girl you want, I can't say."

"It must be Amy," mused the Captain, "for there is no other female about the house but her old mother, and her room is *front*."

"Hark!" whispered Bromly quickly, bending his ear forward, "what's that?"

"The wind sighing through the willow," replied his companion. "How is entrance to be gained to the girl's chamber?" he added, after a moment's pause.

"A ladder will be requisite," answered Bromly, "though the window is scarce six feet from the ground."

"Then she is mine!" he spoke, loudly, but instantly checking himself, he said—"it is a rare flower to bloom in this rebel wilderness, and fit for a king—Let me once force her to the camp, and she is safe!"

"Hark!" again exclaimed Bromly, and this time he fell to the ground, and laid his ear to the damp green sward. "'Tis the tramp of horses, coming down the lane!" he said, springing to his feet, and grasping a huge pair of pistols from his belt.

"Silence, Bromly, or we are lost!" responded the tremulous captain. "Down—down to the water!" and springing to the margin of the stream, they both dropped into the water, and lay concealed behind the bank.

On came the sound of the horsemen, like the rushing of the tempest wind, and closer crouched the Englishmen behind their concealment. Louder and louder grew the noise, until the whole troop came dashing down the road with lightning speed, and disappeared beyond the forest. One solitary trooper lingered behind the body, and when opposite the cottage, he waived a silken scarf above his head, and then sprang forward.

"By Heaven!" cried Bromly, leaping from his covert, when the last horseman *disappeared*—"The Night-Riders!"

"The Night-Riders!" repeated his companion, tremblingly—"To the camp—quick—follow!" and drawing his cloak around him, he sprang across the meadows into the road, and keeping inside of the hedge, was soon lost to view in the masses of the forest.

Chapter II.

"I saw thee in the battle's eye,
Amidst the mailed and stalwart throng;
And answered to thy banner cry,
As it had been a lover's song!"

The morning sun was tipping with gold the glowing edge of the Eastern horizon, and Amy Walters was at the foot of the garden, gazing into the clear water that purled at her feet. The brow of the fair girl was thoughtful, and so deep were the revellings of her imagination, that she heeded not the approach of her favourite Watch, who, gliding gently to her side, crouched down at her feet, and looked up wistfully into her face. Amy had dreamed, and in the confused mass that swelled her brain, she vainly sought to solve a meaning—but it was of *him* she dreamt, and it was of *his* safety that she pondered. She thought danger, dark and hideous, assailed her lover, and she feared *for* him. And yet no part of her innocent nature ever owned itself a slave to superstition,—or the darksome folds of destiny—but this *one* dream came with such forcible vividness to her memory, that she could not break the charm that so intensely bound her thoughts.

All day long did these dark misgivings haunt her over-fraught memory, as if some fascinating spell was lurking in a heart whose every throb was purity. In vain she essayed the lighter occupations of her daily duty—the same fearful vision rested on every thought! The green fields and the little rivulet had lost their attractions,—the sweet singing of nature's tiny choristers grated harshly on her senses,—and even her garden flowers drooped languidly beneath the scorching sun, for they missed the tender hand that daily showered the refreshing draught, and propped their tendrils. The gushing fragrance of her favourite bower was lost upon the air, and the sweet honeysuckle flung its coral blossoms into her vine-covered seat—but the delicate fingers that twined their riches into the flowery garland, had failed in their tender offices.

Alas! sweet Amy, it is to thyself the warning comes, loud but unheeded! How strange, that in the dealings of the human passions through the labyrinth of the heart, there is but one connecting link—love! Reason, thought and action sink into nothingness, at the waiving of thy mighty sceptre, thou master passion! The maiden dreams of danger, and straight the object of her solicitude is love. She sees the storm-clouds gathering, and seeks to cover *him* from its *fury*, whilst her own defenceless being is open to its *fierceness*—and when it bursts, lo! the stricken one smiles, with ebbing breath, as she gazes on the unscathed object of her affections!

As the evening shadows gathered, after a long day of all-absorbing, yet indefinite thoughtfulness, Amy's troubled mind became lulled into a sweet calm. Her anxious mother had marked the unaccountable change in the manner of the fair girl, but to all her questioning, the replies of Amy were inconclusive or evasive. But now she resumed a part of her accustomed cheerfulness, as the night came on, and the parent imagined she had deceived herself in the conduct of her child.

"Will Frank be here to-night?" asked the mother, as they were seated together at the tea-table, by an open window, with the perfumed air gushing through from the creeping blossoms.

"Frank!" suddenly echoed Amy, looking up with a manner so perfectly abstracted, that the parent could not help smiling as she guessed her thoughts.

"Yes, Frank!" said the mother.

"What of him?" asked Amy, striving to collect her wandering thoughts.

"Will he visit us to-night?"

"Oh, yes—yes!" she answered, a smile lighting up her pale face; "he said he would—that is—if he *could*! Hark! there is some one at the gate!" and springing from her seat, she flew out into the garden to meet—her father.

"Why, Amy," said the old man, "what is the matter?"

"I thought it was—was—somebody trying to get the gate open!" and Amy dropped her eyes to the ground, whilst a shade of disappointment lingered pensively upon her open brow.

The evening waned later and later, but the young patriot came not. Amy sat at the front window, that looked out upon the garden gate, her hand clasped tightly to her feverish brow, and the hot tears gushing from their flooded channels down over her flushed cheeks. More than once had her fond mother begged her to leave the window, for the night air was chill, and as it swept over her delicate frame the fair girl shuddered, all unconsciously. She recked not of herself in the burning intensity of thought that possessed her being. At times she would start wildly from her bending posture, gaze vacantly out into the air, and then, with a sigh that seemed to rend her heart, she would sink listlessly into her seat.

Again the mother stood beside her.

"Amy," she said, in a husky voice, and with tearful eyes, "will you not retire? Come, join us in prayer, my sweet girl—'tis near midnight."

"Hush!" replied Amy, in a low, earnest tone; "he will come soon now!"

The poor old mother fell upon her knees before the daughter, and clasping both her hands in hers, implored the sorrowing girl to leave the damp window, and seek repose in her chamber. But Amy heard her not—her glassy stare still remained fixed upon the road, and her icy fingers returned not the fond pressure of her mother. Motionless as a statue, the color came and went from her still features, even at the chirping of the night cricket from without.

"Oh, Amy!" sobbed the parent, "do not look so wildly!"

The daughter slowly turned her head, 'till her gaze rested upon the kneeling form of her mother.

"Mother," she said, in a changed tone, "he will not come to-night!"

The parent gently twined her arm round the neck of her child, and led her, unresistingly to her chamber, where, after a long hour of watchfulness, she left her in slumber. Placing a small night-lamp in an alcove by the mantel, she softly stole from the room, and Amy was alone. The moonbeams streamed through the latticed window-shutters, and sometimes flickering on the pale face of the sleeper, showed that her rest was unquiet.

Scarce had the pale beams of the night orb forsaken the darkened chamber, when a slight rustling, amid the shrubbery that clambered over and around the window-frame, sounded from without, and the shutters slowly unclosed. A hand was gently thrust through the opening, and soon after raised the frame with a slight creaking noise.

"Hist!" cried the person at the window, and a muffled form glided from behind the garden-arbor, and stood at the foot of the ladder.

"Hist!" was echoed from below.

"The room is dark, Captain," said Bromly, (for it was he,) "give me the lantern—softly!"

The Captain took from beneath the folds of his cloak a darkened lantern, and advancing part way up the ladder, reached it to his companion. Bromly thrust it through the open window, and gently sliding back a small wicket, the light streamed in upon the form of the sleeping Amy. As the sudden glare fell upon her face, she moved restlessly, flinging one arm about her head, 'till it mingled in the glossy ringlets that flowed over the pillow—and then all was still again.

"She sleeps!" whispered Bromly, as he crept through the window.

"Be cautious—advance slowly!" muttered the Captain, from below.

Bromly gathered in the folds of the white drapery that curtained the window, and pushing them back on each side, fastened the loose folds to the frame, so that no impediment existed to arrest the progress of their nefarious plot. Again he stood at the window, and whispered—

"All is ready—call Borton!"

The Captain applied a small whistle to his lips, and a figure sprang from its concealment in the garden.

"Mount the ladder," said he, "and stand upon the second round from the top."

The man ascended the ladder as he was directed, and paused upon the spot specified.

A wild, piercing scream echoed from the chamber, as the ruffian Bromly dashed to the window with the fair Amy in his arms, and depositing her in the grasp of the man who waited at the top of the ladder, she was received by the Captain on the ground.

"Quick!" cried the Captain, "quick! Bromly, leap from the window!"

The ladder had fallen to the ground, leaving Bromly inside the chamber.

"Now, then," he shouted, as he sprang to the earth—"the horses!"

And, with bounding steps he made for the covert that concealed the horses, beyond the garden gate.—The Captain mounted, and receiving the insensible Amy in his arms, he put spurs to his steed, and dashed across the meadow, out into the lane, followed by his companions; and as they entered the thick wood, the aged parents were seen rushing out into the road, with wild, dishevelled locks, and clasped hands, screaming for their child.

"On—on—faster!" shouted the Captain, as he buried his sharp spurs deep in the sides of his fleet steed, and the animal, obeying the stinging impulse, sprang forward with renewed swiftness.

"By Heaven!" he suddenly cried, as he looked back, "they have fired the barn! See—the blaze will bring a whole troop upon us!"

As he spoke, a broad, lurid glare burst out from behind the white cottage, and the clouds suddenly became illuminated with a crimson hue. It was the signal for rescue—and the British officer knew it. His blanched, livid features became fearfully convulsed, and it was with difficulty he kept his seat upon the flying steed. But still on—onward he went—and brighter and broader grew the signal light, tinging the forest tops with its lividness.

"Spare us!—spare us!" cried the Captain, as they suddenly dashed in among a body of soldiers, and reigning in his horse, he leaped with his fair burden to the ground, and fell upon his knees.

A loud, mocking laugh came from the soldiery, and the Captain found that he was within his own camp. He sprang to his feet with a flush of mortification, and bid them prepare for retreat toward the main body, as the whole American force would be down upon them in an instant. The camp consisted of about two hundred armed men, with a score of prisoners, which were soon in motion on the Captain's alarm, and making rapidly for their confederate forces.

Still flashed the beacon light from the white cottage as a solitary horseman came dashing furiously and foaming down the open road, and springing from his steed at the open gate, rushed into the house.

"Amy! Amy!" cried the young patriot, pacing the wide apartments with rapid strides. "Amy! where is she?"

No answer came from within the house, and he flung open the door, and sprang into the back garden. There was the aged mother, and the decrepid father, heaping fresh piles of dry grass upon the blazing heap, with a desperate energy and supernatural strength. They saw not the approach of the lover in the intensity of excitement with which they supplied the burning signal, until his hoarse voice shouted in their ears—

"Amy! where is she?"

The old man turned at the thundering tones, and cried out—

"Lost! lost!" and fell senseless to the earth, and would have perished amid the burning cinders, had not Frank dragged him from the smoking ashes.—The mother had strength to point toward the forest, and she, too, sank exhausted.

He had heard enough—and dashing through the house, and out into the front garden, he leapt upon his steed, and sprang forward to hasten on his companions. Scarce had he spanned a mile, when his quick ear caught the loud tramp of the Night-Riders—and ere another minute he was in their midst.

"Follow! follow!" he shouted frantically, as he joined them. "The British have robbed old Nathan Walters of his dearest treasure, and the wrongs of helpless innocence shriek for vengeance!"

A simultaneous burst of indignation came from the troopers—and the commander, advancing to Frank, said—

"Can't trace their route, young man?"

"Ay! every foot of it. They have taken the forest path, and will cross the stream by the old ferry."

"Then lead on!" was the reply; and the whole body, thirty in number, dashed forward—and as they passed the cottage and the still smoking barn, a cry of suppressed hate came from the clenched teeth of every man.

"Faster!" cried Frank, "let not the morning sun see Amy Walters in the hands of her captors!"

The dark, long wood was passed, and they suddenly came to the spot where the British were recently encamped. The sight re-animated them, and the full heart of the young leader seemed bursting from its human tenement.

"Ha! ha!" cried he, and he laughed outright from intense excitement—"we get on bravely. Fear not, Amy: there are stout hearts abroad that can free thee, and will do so! So-ho! now, trot quick;—let not one laggard soul be found where the cause is liberty and woman. By our hopes! the day breaks, and the clouds look smilingly. Now, then, wheel left—swifter, my comrades, for Heaven's sake; even now their brutal hands may be upon her, and she shrieking for her deliverer! Look! there is the ferry—cross but the water, and we have them!"

With still accelerated swiftness the riders dashed down the road to the ferry. Opposition availed nothing—they were resolute, determined, and the persons in command of the landing were compelled reluctantly to permit their crossing. Soon as they touched the opposite shore, an advance was sent forward to reconnoitre the enemy's position, who speedily returned with information that they had halted at the first tavern, and were now in the midst of their carousing, but with a sentinel stationed on the outside.

Cautiously and in silence the little troop proceeded—but, in despite of their caution, when they arrived within fifty yards of the house, the sentinel took the alarm, and, discharging his musket, fled into the tavern. Concealment was useless.

"Forward!" shouted Marion, resuming his command—"charge on them! Quick—there—cut off their retreat by the wood!"

And ere the frightened British had time to collect their scattered senses, the Americans were upon them. With a loud shout they burst the doors from their hinges, and drove the hidden Englishmen from their concealment. Impressed with the idea that a vast force was upon them, they unhesitatingly fled, but were as instantly captured; and when the melee ended, they beheld their whole force of two hundred at the mercy of thirty men.

As young Frank rushed through the house, calling on his beloved—his Amy—he heard the sweet tones of her voice from a small apartment, and quickly clasped her to his heart—a rescued bride.

"Ah! Frank," said she, "I can guess well thy service now—it is no longer a mystery. **The Night-Riders claim thee as a confederate.**"

The youth smiled—and, kissing her fair brow, owned the truth.

The British captain was demanded—but, strange to say, he was nowhere to be found. His escape seemed almost miraculous, for every avenue had been guarded. Finally, after a long search, the valiant officer was found snugly ensconced up the kitchen chimney,* from which he was speedily ejected—an object of mortification to his own companions, and of ridicule to his captors.

There was another brilliant gem cast into Liberty's glorious crucible—and the occasion was celebrated, ere the morning sun tipped the golden edge of the horizon, by the union of the fair Amy and her brave lover. And when the rites were over, and Frank and his blushing bride stood in the presence of South Carolina's hero, the daring Marion rose and blessed them.

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* This is an historical fact.

SHOPPING.

Goods after goods were exposed to her view,
  Prints, laces and silks—at her call;
Thirty patterns she took—the Lord knows for what!
When the [illegible] of her bags indispensable drew,
  With the prices of each marked on all.

Have you any gloves? (such the question she made;)
  These for gentlemen quickly were shown—
"Ladies', sir, if you please,"—and long whites were displayed;
"O, the short ones!"—short English before her were laid;
  But "Lord, French, sir," next was the tone.

French kid, all narrowed, Bobby drew from a case,
  Where they lay packed snugly together;
But soon had to stuff them well back in their place,
When for "Silk" she exclaimed with a wonderful face,
  "Silk—Lord bless me, you see these are leather!"

Bobby now stood aghast—twenty others the while
  Roar'd for goods like a battling host—
The counter was heaped in a terrible pile,
His countenance lost its accustomed smile,
  And his patience now gave up the ghost.

MORAL.

Were ever poor mortals like shopkeepers cursed?
Why, in Lucifer's name, could she not ask at first,
For Ladies' short, white, French silk gloves?

THE OLD CLOAK.

BY MRS. D——

"Pray, Mr. Norton," exclaimed a lively lady to a fashionably dressed, handsome young man, who was standing beside her at an evening party, "pray, do you intend to remain an old bachelor all your days? Since your return from Europe, I have been continually expecting to hear of your marriage, but here you have been, two years, and you are still, to all appearance, 'in statu quo,' as the lawyers say."

"My dear Mrs. Hinton," replied the young gentleman, with a smile, "I will be frank, and tell you the real reason of my remaining a general admirer of the sex, instead of confining my attentions to any one 'bright particular star,' however much I may be dazzled by its brilliancy. I am actually *afraid* to marry."

"Afraid!" echoed the lady, opening her dark eyes to their widest extent with astonishment. "'Faint heart never won,' you know. Are you afraid to propose?"

"No, madam, afraid to marry. You will laugh at me, I dare say, when I tell you that my seat in church has a great deal to do with my solitary state, which seems so much to excite your surprise."

"Why, yes," replied Mrs. Hinton, "one is always surprised when a young man who—without meaning to flatter you—is certainly a favorite in society, (here Mr. Norton made her a polite bow,) and who has an independent fortune, still refrains from choosing one of the many fair damsels whom he meets, to superintend his establishment. But what influence your seat in church can have upon the matter, I am at a loss to imagine."

"You must know, then, that I sit just behind Miss La Mode, in Dr. Righthead's church, and the sight of her velvet cloak absolutely frightens me from the thought of marrying a wife who may some day say to me, 'My dear, I am dying for a new velvet cloak; please to give me two or three hundred dollars, and I will go to Stewart's and buy one.' How I should shudder to hear such a request."

"Really, Mr. Norton, this is too absurd for you, with your fortune, to talk in such a manner. I shall begin to think you a miser. Your wife might dress as extravagantly as she chose, and it would not injure you. And surely you do not object to a lady's wearing a velvet cloak?"

"I do not object to any thing that is consistent, but I cannot help thinking splendid velvet, such as Queen Victoria herself might be satisfied with, for a coronation robe, sadly out of place when it is made into a cloak, to be worn on almost all occasions; particularly when it is well known that Miss La Mode's father does not even pay his baker or his butcher. If I were one of his poor creditors, I should be tempted to take the cloak from the young lady, in the street, and sell it for what it would bring."

Mrs. Hinton sat silent at this speech. Her conscience reproached her, for she knew that she had, on that day, purchased an elegant new mantle, although her husband had requested her to be as economical as possible in her expenditures, as he found it difficult, in these trying times, to meet all the demands made upon his purse. She was a woman, however, of generous feelings, as yet unhardened by resisting good impulses, and she secretly resolved to take back the mantle the next day, and prevail upon the shopman to receive it, since it was not yet paid for. All this passed through her mind with the rapidity of lightning, and she turned round with a smile to address Mr. Norton, when an over-dressed young lady, who had been sitting, an interested listener in the conversation, interposed.

"If Mr. Norton wants an economical wife," she said, "I would recommend him to offer himself to Emily Harwood. I think she will suit him exactly, for she has worn an old cloak all winter, with no alteration—one that she has had two years, at least, to my knowledge."

Mr. Norton looked at the speaker, and the unamiable expression of her countenance sunk her in his estimation forever, although he had hitherto regarded her as very pretty and interesting, and had sometimes even thought it almost possible to love Caroline Howard well enough to marry her, if he could only hope to cure her of the passion for dress which she displayed. But this remark sealed her fate, as far as he was concerned, and turning to Mrs. Hinton, he asked—

"Who is Emily Harwood? Are you acquainted with her? I should really like to be introduced to a young lady who has moral courage enough to wear an unfashionable garment, after having worn it already two winters; she must possess a more than common character."

"I will introduce you with pleasure," said Mrs Hinton. "She is a sweet girl and a great favorite of mine. I confess I have myself been surprised at the plainness of her dress, this winter, for her father is considered wealthy, and she is the only one of his daughters of an age to go into society. That is she, in the simple white frock, and that is her mother, by her side."

Mr. Norton was charmed to perceive that it was a young lady who, by her singularly modest and unpretending appearance, had attracted his attention in the early part of the evening. He had intended to inquire her name, but lost sight of her in the crowd, and supposed that she had retired. She received him with an easy, graceful air, and after a few moments passed in conversation, he thought her positively beautiful, so intelligent was the expression of her dark blue eyes, and so beaming the smile with which she listened to his lively remarks. He was also very much pleased with Mrs. Harwood, who did not leave to her daughter the whole burden of the conversation, as some mothers are apt to do, contenting themselves with being mere spectators.

When Mr. Norton laid his head upon the pillow, that night, it was long before he could compose his mind to sleep, so much was he disturbed by the vision of a pair of blue eyes which danced before him, not to mention dark ringlets and old cloaks, which mingled together in strange confusion. He began to think that he had at last found the object he had been so long seeking, and resolving that he would call the next day at Mr. Harwood's, at last resigned himself to repose.

The next morning, Mrs. Hinton, in pursuance of the wise resolution she had made, attired herself to go out, and was waiting in the parlor for her carriage. The beautiful mantle lay on the sofa by her side, and she was examining it, and making up her mind that, after all, she *could do* without it, and if she could that she ought to. At this moment, Caroline Howard, who was an intimate friend, entered.

"Are you going out so early?" she exclaimed, on seeing Mrs. Hinton ready dressed. "I came in the hope of seeing you at this hour, for I wished to tell you that Stewart had some of the loveliest mantles you ever saw. I was there yesterday, and looked at them. They were just opened, and the clerk assured me that they were the only ones imported, and there are but a dozen all together. I was afraid they would all be sold, yet I did not dare to buy one before asking my mother's permission, for father made such a fuss last week about my buying this splendid silk, without consulting him, that mother forbade my doing it again. I have been, all the morning, teasing her to let me have one, and have at last succeeded. So you must positively come and choose one too. But I declare," she continued, "you have one already," as her eyes fell upon the sofa, for she had talked so volubly that she had not even paused to look round her. "But you will come with me, will you not?"

Mrs. Hinton replied gravely—"I am going to Stewart's to return this mantle, and I would advise you, my dear Caroline, if you had to *tease* your mother for leave to buy one, to deny yourself, and gratify her by informing her that you have resolved to do without it. Fifty dollars is a great deal to spend in such an article of dress. My husband told me this morning that he was afraid he should be obliged to give up his carriage and horses, his business is so much less profitable than formerly. Now, you know it is absolutely necessary for his health that he should ride a great deal, and I resolved to spend as little as possible, that he might be able to enjoy his carriage."

Caroline sat without speaking until Mrs. Hinton had concluded, when she said, pettishly—

"But you are married, and it does not make so much difference to you how you dress; just see how becoming this is." And she turned from the glass, at which she had been arranging the mantle in graceful folds over her well-shaped figure, and Mrs. Hinton could not help acknowledging that it was very becoming indeed. Nevertheless, she still attempted to persuade her young friend to forego the purchase, for she knew that Caroline's father was very much involved in debt, and it was feared every day that he would stop payment; although, as it appeared, like many other gentlemen who keep the state of their affairs a secret from those most interested in the truth, his wife and daughter were utterly ignorant of the circumstance. But she found her arguments of no effect. Indeed, Caroline endeavored to persuade Mrs. Hinton herself to retain the velvet she was about to carry back. But she had too much strength of mind to be led away by her vanity, when she knew that her decision was right, although she could not repress a womanish feeling of regret at the thought of resigning so becoming an article of apparel. Mrs. Hinton was so much grieved and shocked at the selfishness of her young friend, that she thought she could never again feel toward her the same affection she had hitherto experienced. She made her confess that the fifty dollars her mother had given her, with which to purchase the wished-for mantle, was a sum that had been appropriated to a younger sister, that she might take lessons in drawing, an art of which she was passionately fond, and for which she had a decided genius. She could not forbear hinting to Caroline that a time might come when the talents of her sister would be put in requisition for more important purposes than those of mere amusement; but her persuasions were lost upon the mind of the thoughtless and selfish girl, and she saw her depart, with pain, to fulfil her intention.

Mrs. Hinton found no difficulty in returning the mantle, and after she had left the store she wondered how she could have been so foolish as to suffer a moment's uneasiness on such a trifling subject. The words of Mr. Norton had made a deep impression upon her, and as she looked at the multitude of poor, homeless wretches, who throng Broadway, begging for charity, she felt how sinful it was to waste in extravagance that which would bring comfort and happiness to so many sorrowful hearts. When her husband returned to dinner, she, like a true-hearted wife, made a confession to him of her folly of the day before, her repentance, and the purpose for which she had just visited Stewart's. Mr. Hinton was a man of sense and intelligence. He had often deplored his wife's fondness for display, but she was so young when he married her, and had been so petted from her childhood by a fond mother, and was withal so lovely and interesting, that he could not find it in his heart to deny her any gratification, trusting that as she grew older her tastes would change. He did not know that the passion for dress is one which increases with indulgence, like all other bad habits, and is the hardest to overcome in the female heart, particularly, as was the case with Mrs. Hinton, where there are no children to occupy the time and attention. So delighted was he with the ingenuousness of her confession, that he presented her with a sum of money for charitable purposes, telling her that he had that day unexpectedly recovered a bad debt which he had long since despaired of, and consequently no longer entertained the fears which he had mentioned to her in the morning.

Let us return to Mr. Norton. He could not avoid anticipating the calling hour a little, so impatient was he to meet again the object that had so much fascinated him the night before. As he entered the hall, he heard the sound of music, and being shown into the drawing-room, found the fair Emily evidently giving lessons on the piano to a little sister. Although attired in a simple morning dress, she did not appear less lovely than his memory had pictured, and the bright blush which his unexpected appearance called up, made her not less interesting in his eyes. She dismissed the little girl with a message to her mother, who soon appeared and received him kindly.—As he glanced around and observed the air of elegance, though not of display, that pervaded the establishment, he could not help recalling Miss Howard's words about the old cloak, and his curiosity was excited to know what could be her reason for wearing a garment unfashionable enough to attract observation. After making as long a call as he dared, upon first acquaintance, he took leave, not without being invited by Mrs. Harwood to call again; an invitation to which he cordially responded. Not many days after, as Mr. Norton was walking in Broadway, he met Miss Harwood, and joined her immediately. He had walked for some time by her side without at all regarding her dress, when Miss La Mode suddenly emerged from a shop, and passed on before them, arrayed in her superb velvet cloak, with feathers, &c., in the height of fashion. The conversation at the party instantly recurred to his thoughts, and he glanced at the cloak of his companion. It was of plain dark merino, and had evidently been much worn, though every thing about her was so scrupulously neat, and her simple white hat so becoming to her fresh complexion, that she was infinitely more attractive to an intelligent man, than the dashing Miss La Mode. To test her feelings, he remarked, carelessly, "That is a beautiful cloak of Miss La Mode's." No blush appeared on her cheek, as she quietly replied, "It is indeed very beautiful." Mr. Norton could not help seeing how superior was this conduct to that of some young ladies, who betray an uneasy feeling of consciousness when they hear praises of another's appearance, which they know to be more brilliant than their own. He continued to visit at Mr. Harwood's, and was always kindly received; but he was not one to decide too hastily on a subject of such vast importance, as he felt the character of his companion for life to be. It chanced, at length, that he had a commission from an aunt in the country, for some millinery, and although entirely unused to make such purchases, he resorted to the most fashionable establishment of the kind, for the first time to exercise his taste in that department. The milliner took him behind a curtain which separated the two rooms, in order to show him some very recherche articles, and requesting him to take a seat upon a sofa, left him to search for the important box which contained the treasures. He was beginning to grow impatient, when a sweet, well known voice sent a thrill through his heart. It was Emily Harwood's voice, apparently conversing with another young lady, so close to the curtain that he could not avoid hearing every word. He was about to dart forward and address them, when the words "old cloak" fell upon his ear.—"Now," he thought, "perhaps I shall find the solution of the mystery." "No," said Emily, "I will not buy such a gay hat as this. It would not suit at all with my old cloak." "Do, for pity's sake, my dear Emily," exclaimed her companion, "tell me why you have worn that same cloak this winter. I believe it is the third winter you have had it. We have all wondered why you did not get a new one, and that spiteful Caroline Howard has talked about it at every party this season."

"I am very sorry," replied Emily, laughing, "that Miss Howard has been at such a loss for subjects of conversation, as to find nothing more interesting than my poor cloak. However, I will tell you my motive for wearing it, and I am sure, dear Helen, that you will approve of it. But first promise me that you will tell no one else. I should not think of explaining it to any but you."

Here Mr. Norton almost resolved to show himself. He felt it a breach of honor to hear what was evidently a secret; but his interest in the fair Emily was so strong, that he excused himself on that plea, and remained silent.

Helen made the required promise, and Emily proceeded:

"You remember hearing of the death of my uncle Murray, last summer. He had failed just before, so that his family were left quite destitute. Catharine, the eldest daughter, has been at Mrs. Willard's school for the last year, and she was very desirous of remaining another term, after which Mrs. Willard would engage her as a teacher. She considers her one of her finest scholars. But it was not possible for her mother to continue such an expense, and my father said that he could not offer to do it unless we would make some retrenchment in our domestic affairs. Therefore I offered to wear my old cloak another season, and to give little Julia music lessons, instead of her having a teacher. Now do you not think that a sufficient motive? I assure you I have felt more pleasure, this winter, in wearing that old cloak, than I should have done in possessing one even more splendid than Miss La Mode's, for now my poor cousin will be able to support herself and assist her mother in educating her brothers and sisters."

"That is just like yourself, Emily," exclaimed her friend, enthusiastically. "I only wish I could tell of it. How ashamed Caroline Howard would be of all her ill-natured speeches!"

It is needless to say that there was another auditor who shared in the admiration of Helen. Mr. Norton was so delighted with the simple recital of Emily, that he longed to clasp her to his heart, and tell her that his happiness depended on her alone. He saw the young ladies take their departure, and a few moments after hastened away, forgetting his aunt and all her commissions, and leaving the milliner lost in astonishment at his abrupt departure. He reached Mr. Harwood's almost as soon as Emily herself, and astonished her by a warm declaration of his feelings. She did not bid him despair, and it was soon after announced that Mr. Norton and Emily Harwood were engaged, much to the astonishment of Miss La Mode and Caroline Howard, who could not understand why she was preferred to themselves.

Mrs. Hinton was delighted with Mr. Norton's choice, and predicted that he would have a pattern wife. She never forgot her good resolutions, but her persuasions were lost upon her former friend, Caroline, who was, however, soon forced, by the failure of her father, to renounce her extravagant habits.

We must do Mr. Norton the justice to say that he had the candor to confess to his wife, soon after their marriage, the means by which he obtained a knowledge of her motives for wearing the old cloak, which was ever after preserved as a precious relic. I can assure my readers that she did not blame him severely, and should this tale ever meet their eyes, I trust that they will both pardon the use I have made of the incidents related to me.

THE THREE LOVERS;

OR,

WHO SHALL HAVE HER?

BY MARY SPENCER PEASE.

Chapter I.

INTRODUCTORY.

Squire Malcolm's family consisted of himself, his wife, his two sons, and an orphan nephew.

He—Squire Malcolm—was a good easy man, with a good easy fortune, and a liberal education. He was considered the great man of Malcolmville—a village consisting of a tavern, a store, (where every thing, from an ox yoke to a penny whistle, was sold,) a blacksmith's shop (the blacksmith occasionally acting in the capacity of a dentist,) and twenty dwelling houses. His greatness consisted in owning the finest mansion and grounds for miles around, and in being the arbitrator of all the petty disputes in Malcolmville.

As great a man as was the squire, Mrs. Malcolm, the squire's better-half, was far the greater man, inasmuch as he, being a sort of ruler among the villagers, she ruled the ruler. Her sceptre was swayed with a despotic hand, her subject submitting like a good dutiful husband. She was a great schemer in a small way; and like many others, her god was Mammon. To be rich and of importance in the eyes of others, was the common focus of her desires.

The sons of the squire, one ten and the other twelve, were fine promising boys, "the pride of their fond parents." In her dreams of the future, Mrs. Malcolm saw Horace, the elder,—who she thought had much of the statesman in him,—presiding over our fair land, honored and looked up to by all. She could not decide what her younger boy, Julian, would be: a military officer, or a learned Physician—perhaps a great Divine. Of her nephew, Harry Grey, she had no dreams nor thoughts, save that he was a good boy, and gave her no trouble. She did not altogether like the idea of his being dependent for support upon her husband, but then, thought she, "he is the child of my only sister and an unprotected orphan—when he is old enough he can be put to some trade, and so be off our hands."

Chapter II.

THE LETTER; CAUSING THE SQUIRE TO SHED TEARS, AND MRS. MALCOLM SECRETLY TO REJOICE.

The family at Malcolm Hall—for by that name was the residence of the squire distinguished—were, with coffee and muffins, breaking their fast. Mrs. Malcolm after a long silence observed that the cook must be severely reprimanded, for her coffee the few last mornings had been very unpalatable."

"True," replied the squire, thinking of the President's message he was reading.

Mrs. Malcolm made several other remarks, and was on the point of thanking her husband for his politeness towards her in not having heard a word she said, as her eye glanced upon the post-boy coming down the road. That sight, happily, diverted her thoughts, and left her spouse to peruse his message in peace.

"John," said she to the waiter, "see if there are any letters for your master or for me."

"One for the squire," replied the man, returning after an absence of a few minutes, with a ship-worn letter upon his salver.

"Sealed with black!" exclaimed Mrs. Malcolm. "What can it mean? It looks as though it had come from a long distance."

The three boys looked up as the squire broke the black seal, then busied themselves again on what interested them far more than the letter—a kite they had brought into the breakfast room to make.

"Who is it from, Mr. Malcolm?"—Mrs. Malcolm always called her husband *Mr.* Malcolm, not conceiving it *genteel* or dignified to call him by any other than his surname. "Why, *Mr.* Malcolm, what is in the letter to disturb you so much?"

The squire had read but a few words in the letter, when he let his hand drop and bowed his head upon his bosom, not heeding or seeming to hear his wife's questioning.

Mrs. Malcolm took from his unresisting hand the object of her curiosity and read:

"*My Dear and only Brother:*

My Physician has just left me. He tells me and I feel that my hours on earth are few. Before my illness I hoped soon to be with you, but Heaven has willed it otherwise. I send you, dear Julian, my only earthly treasure—the child of my departed Zillah. Take her and cherish her for my sake.—Guard well my gentle child. I know your kind nature, and leave her to you as to the only being with whom I would entrust her. The warm blood of her mother's race runs in her veins; she is all impulse, and ardent. She is impetuous and passionate, but will readily yield to kindness. She will have wealth; half the sum I leave to her would make a princely fortune. Would I had been contented with the half, then would my little Zillah have had a father to guide her growing years. I enclose you a copy of my will. You will see that I leave to you the disposal of my daughter's hand—let her not bestow it on an unworthy object—and that, in case she marries without your approval, two-thirds of her property are yours on the day of her marriage. I can write no more, dear brother. My head swims with the exertion of writing thus, and my mind refuses to fix itself on any definite object. Dear Julian, be a father to my child.

Farewell,

HORACE MALCOLM."

Mrs. Malcolm read the letter, then deliberately took up and read through the will—her husband still sitting with his head bent and buried in his hands.

"He bequeaths the bulk of his vast property to his daughter, ten thousand dollars to his dear brother Julian, ten thousand to his elder nephew and namesake, Horace, and five thousand to his younger nephew Julian," soliloquized Mrs. Malcolm. "Very considerate of my brother-in-law. I can now educate my boys as I have wished them educated. Then the East Indian heiress with her million will be a nice wife for one of them. For Horace—he will be the more dashing. Yes, I must manage that Horace marries his rich cousin. Your poor brother," continued Mrs. Malcolm aloud, to her husband, "has left this world of sorrow, it seems—for a better one I hope. Poor man, but it is what we must all come to, sooner or later."

"Dear Horace! my poor brother!" and the squire wiped his moistened spectacles and again took up the letter. As he read on, one glistening tear after another flowed silently down his cheek. He thought of the many happy hours he had had with his lost brother, the many hairbreadth dangers they had taped, the many mischiefs they had committed, and their awful fear of being found out—of their school-boy days and separation.

All passed so vividly in his mind, it was like living the past over again. And that dear brother was *dead*—and far from him, that he could not see his eyes closed in death—his only brother!

The three boys wondered to see the squire—the jolly squire—weeping. They learned the reason, and that a little cousin—one they had never seen—was coming among them to be one of them. They all had boyish feelings of whether they should like her—whether she would like them—how she looked. Horace knew her mother had been an East Indian;—the East Indians he knew were dark, *almost black*, he thought—and he wondered *how* black his little cousin Zillah was.

"Poor girl! she is an orphan like myself," thought Harry.

Chapter III.

THE DARK FLOWER TRANSPLANTED FROM ITS SUNNY HOME TO OUR COLD SOIL—WASTE OF BEAUTY, BUT FOR A TIME.

Two weeks passed by since the arrival of the letter. The squire was daily expecting his niece or another letter from his brother.

A carriage drove up to the door of Malcolm Hall. A dark, middle-aged woman, and a little girl, clad in the deepest mourning, were handed out of it.

"My lost brother's child!" exclaimed the squire, hastening out to meet the little orphan.

Mrs. Malcolm was delighted to see her dear little niece. She most overwhelmed her with kisses; and taking her by the hand, and bidding her maid Indiana—the dark woman that came with her—*follow*, she conducted them into a pleasant, airy room—overlooking wood, water, and the open sky—that she herself had fitted up with no little expense and care, expressly for the young heiress.

"I shan't like to live here. I want to go home over the water again," sobbed the little heiress, after her aunt had left her alone with her maid.

Indiana tried to pacify her young mistress. She succeeded at last, after promising to take her back to India, if, after staying a week at her uncle's, she still wished to return.

A beam of sunshine once more illumining the dark, handsome face of the little East Indian, she permitted herself to be led down stairs. The squire had been called away upon some urgent law business, but she found her aunt, who received her with a gracious smile and a caress.

"Your uncle has gone to the next village, my love, but will soon return. Meantime, my dear, if you have no objections, we will pay a visit to the boys' play-room; they are very anxious to see you."

The little maiden did not object, and after passing through a long hall and several rooms—Mrs. Malcolm stopping to show her niece any thing she thought might interest her—they came to the play-room. The boys were playing leap-frog with all their strength. Horace had just cleared his first man, and was preparing for a vault over his second. All three started to their feet, blushing and looking as sheepish as boys knew how to look.

"Come here, Horace. This, my dear Zillah, is your cousin Horace—the one over there with light hair is Julian—the other is my nephew, Harry Grey. Horace you will find a fine, manly boy, ready to stand between you and any danger or difficulty—Julian is shy—too timid of his own powers to make a hero. Harry is—Harry, do stop twirling your jacket buttons; you act as though you had never been taught good manners—Harry, my love, you will find a kind, obliging boy, after he gets acquainted with you."

The boys eyed their little stranger cousin as she stood in her mourning dress. They all three thought her very pretty, and not near so dark as they had expected—not black at all. Her skin was the clearest, richest olive; her eyes the clearest, richest black,—soft and wild.

Mrs. Malcolm told her little niece she must make herself quite at home—all in the house she said would be very kind to her. She asked her many questions about her own home in Java, but the rebuke she had given Harry had brought back the maiden's ill-humor and desire to return home. No kind words that her aunt could think of would make her move from where she stood, with her head bent, her chin resting upon her hand, the fore-finger of the little hand parting her red, pouting lips, and looking out with great black open eyes on all around her.

"Do you love flowers, cousin Zillah?" asked Harry, in a soft, kind voice; and gently approaching her, and timidly stealing her tiny hand, he placed within it a rose he had gathered from a bush that grew climbing up to the window. The tone of his voice or perhaps the flower reminded her of her own sunny home, or it might have been his earnest, sympathizing look—*something* it was that made the big, hot tears gush to her eyes, and then she sank down on a low stool, and cried as though her young heart would break.

The boy drew back frightened.

"Harry, what have you been saying to your cousin?" demanded Mrs. Malcolm, in a sharp tone.

"Indeed, aunt, I just asked—"

"Come here, my dear;" and Mrs. Malcolm tried to draw the sobbing girl towards her. "You know, my love, boys will be rude. You must tell me when they are, and I will punish—"

"But he was not rude," said Zillah, suddenly rising up and looking earnestly through her tears at her aunt. "He only gave me a flower, but it made me think of papa and my little garden at home."

"There, there, don't cry any more. Go with the boys—they will show you the little rabbits with pink eyes, and their birds and little squirrel, and the little young calf, and the little goslins, and pigs, and Guinea chickens, and the peacock, and the hens, and ducks. You must become acquainted with them all. We have a nice gentle little pony that your uncle will teach you to ride upon."

The pink-eyed rabbits, pigs and goslins, had made the child forget pouting and crying. She answered her aunt with a soft, happy voice, and with a smiling eye, that her papa had taught her to ride on her own little white "Fairy"—that was the name, she said, of the pony her father gave her for her own.

Mrs. Malcolm patted the child's head, caressingly parting her jet black curls.

"Take her in the garden, and to the barn, and down to the brook where the ducks are. Be kind to her boys, and show her all around. We will all be kind to you here, dear Zillah. Stand back, Harry, you are over-officious. Here, Horace, do *you* take your cousin's hand."

Zillah felt her heart lighter when her aunt had left the room. She felt sorry for Harry, and offered him her little hand that he had been so unjustly reproved for taking a short time before.

He looked at the little ring—her mother's gift—that enclosed one of her small white fingers. From that the four cousins fell familiarly to talking. Zillah was delighted with all she saw. She chatted freely and familiarly of what she used to do at her own home in Java. She wondered at not seeing a single lizard, or scorpion, or snake in the garden; there were ever so many, she said, all over the island at home; they often came into the houses. She was afraid, she said, to go into her papa's garden without some one with her. She took great pleasure in the flowers. Here, she said, were brighter and prettier, but they were not so sweet as our roses and lilies.

Like all little girls of eight years, she forgot the past in the present, and by the time the dinner bell rang, she and her cousins were as well acquainted as though they had been together for weeks instead of a few hours.

Chapter IV.

THE DARK FLOWER THE SUBJECT OF A SCHEME WHEREBY SHE IS DESTINED TO BLOOM WITHIN A HEART CHOSEN FOR HER.

The little East Indian soon grew domesticated in the family of her uncle. She was loved by the whole household, she was so good, and generous, and playful. With the squire she was the greatest pet imaginable. Her seat, half the time, was upon his knee, and there, still as a mouse, she would stay curling his hair over her little fairy fingers, while he read in his great law books—or listen to the many interesting stories he would tell her. She always called him papa. Mrs. Malcolm thought that was a sure sign that———but then from the very first she had determined that her eldest boy, Horace, and her heiress niece should be made one as soon as they were old enough.

With that magnanimous resolve she worried her first-born unceasingly for not being more attentive to his cousin. She was continually reminding him of his neglect, saying—

"Here, Horace, is a new book of prints; you may look them over with your cousin Zillah." Or—

"Horace, this is a fine day for a walk. You had better all go. And mind, my son, you help Zillah over the fences, and all the bad places in the road." Or—

"Zillah is entirely alone, Horace; go talk to her and amuse her."

At table she always contrived that Horace and Zillah should sit next one another. She was ever telling him to help his cousin to the bread, or butter, or to a glass of water. In fact, she gave neither of them any peace; and Zillah instinctively avoided her presence, as much as she sought the presence of the squire.

So, short-sighted woman, she defeated her own purpose; for Horace, possessing some of his mother's self-willed spirit, would not be *driven* into loving even his pretty cousin Zillah. Whenever Mrs. Malcolm sent the little folks out walking, he would start with Zillah, agreeably to his mother's command; but some-how he would always contrive to pass by a certain cottage, where dwelt a certain widow lady, the mother of a certain little Emily, about the same age as Zillah. And somehow it ever happened that the little fair-haired Emily was at her mother's door, or in the garden in front of her mother's cottage; or at the window where she could see the cousins as they passed by. Horace would always contrive to have her join them, and he it was who always claimed her little hand, leaving Harry or Julian to walk with Zillah. It generally fell to the lot of Harry, for Julian was bashful and reserved. Zillah, too, seemed to prefer Harry. He was ever gentle to her—a secret, unconscious sympathy grew up between them. They were both orphans.

But more than all did Zillah incline towards Harry, because her aunt was often harsh to him. Then she could not bear to be teased about Horace, by Mrs. Malcolm; to be called his little wife.

Before the nut-brown Zillah came among them, the boyish fancy of Horace had been struck with the soft blue eyes and fair round cheek of Emily Hoy, (for little people have their love-dreams, as well as we children of a larger growth.) If left to himself, however, his cousin Zillah's brighter face and brighter wit would undoubtedly have made him forget the fair-haired Emily.

Mrs. Malcolm dreamed nothing whatever of this infantile courtship,—for children will not give confidence where it is *demanded*, not where it will not meet with sympathy,—so in ignorance she hugged herself in the future greatness of *her* first-born, dwelling on the vast property he was to possess with his beautiful cousin Zillah, for a wife. She procured the best instructors for her sons and the heiress,—having them taught in the house that they might be constantly together. And when the boys were old enough to go to college, Harry she sent with her own sons to prepare him for some profession,—a professional gentleman for a nephew was so much more respectable than a mere mechanic or one in any sort of trade;—she continued Zillah's education at home that she might be with her cousin Horace during his vacations: and that she could have no possible chance of forming an attachment elsewhere. Thus schemed the squire's better half. The little folks had their schemes also.

Chapter V.

ZILLAH NO LONGER A CHILD—THE BOYS RETURNED FROM BOYHOOD—THE STAGE COACH, IN WHICH SITS A PRETTY FANNY.

Nine years passed by since Mrs. Malcolm first took her little orphan niece into the boys' play-room—Within that time the dark, wild flower had burst the bud of childhood and was daily unfolding some new grace, some sweet beauty. She had the most bewitching bewildering way with her imaginable. Well was'd, well and considerate was it for the hearts of the young men around and about that her aunt kept her so close. Very beautiful was the Indian Zillah with her varying smiles and soft black eyes. And so Harry Grey seemed to think. And so one other thought.

During the past nine years "the boys" had grown nine years older, and, in their estimation, nine years wiser. Behold them, then, in outward appearance.

Horace,—tall and handsome, with a dashing air, with dark, blue-grey eyes and black hair.

Harry,—not so tall nor so striking in appearance as his cousin, but with a more intellectual face. Eyes brown, curly brown hair to match.

Julian,—two years younger than the other two, was a fair-faced, thoughtful-looking boy, with a broad, white forehead, with mellow blue eyes, and soft girlish hair. He was beautiful: his was intellectual beauty, combined with the utmost regularity of feature. Julian was in mind as well as person as unlike his brother as possible, he was *all* mind, all soul; a transcendentalist, a lover of German poetry, German philosophy, and German mysticism: while his brother was a realist who would give more for a day's sport than for all the poetry that ever was made.

Nine years were gone; the two elder boys had finished their collegiate course. All three were now on their way to Malcolm hall, the life of the stage coach that rattled heavily on toward their home; in which also sat an old gentleman in a rusty black coat, with a sour, elongated visage, who kept looking at the young collegians as though he were an ogre and would demolish them. At every fresh burst of fun his face grew an inch longer. Horace took him under his especial charge and actually succeeded, before the stage stopped, in forcing a grim smile from him. Another in the stage—his exact antipodes—was a jovial, burly farmer. Then there were a gentleman, his wife, and a couple of rosy, little ones, their little dimpled hands and rosy-dimpled mouths being very busily employed with some "finger candy." A student sat in one corner; next to him sat a prim young lady somewhat advanced in years, of no particular age,—and next to her sat her charge, a young lady, no farther advanced in years than Zillah, but apparently much farther advanced in the knowledge of the ways of the world, and the ways of winning and breaking hearts. She had a pair of wicked, black, sparkling orbs, and kept them glancing from Harry to Horace. The prim young lady called her "Fanny dear," and she called the prim young lady "Aunt Hannah." The cousins, and the student in the corner of the coach, vied with each other in making polite speeches to the pretty Fanny.

Chapter VI.

THE INTERRUPTED KISS.

"Which way, my dear?"

"Only for a short walk aunt," replied Zillah, tying the strings of her straw bonnet.

"Alone?"

"No, Horace is going with me."

"You will not be long gone, for you know this is the afternoon your cousins are expected home."

"True, aunt; I had not forgotten it, but—how quick time steals away."

"Yes, the year they have been gone seems not much more than a month. How long is it, my love, since you heard from Horace? You have not shown me his letters lately."

"He has not written to me since before the last vacation."

"For more than a year!" Mrs. Malcolm looked surprised; thought it very strange he had not written. Bashfulness, she supposed, prevented him.

"Perhaps so," replied Zillah, in a voice of indifference.

"Has not Harry written neither?"

"Never, aunt."

Mrs. Malcolm did not notice the bright, rich blood that gushed to the temples of her niece; nor the half sigh, nor the downward glance of her soft black eye, nor the tremulous motion of her lips as she replied.

"The boys should not have been so remiss. They should have written. You know, my *dear*, Horace is now twenty-one. He has completed his study at College, and will now commence studying law with his father. Horace will yet, I think, become a great man."

"Yes, aunt," replied Zillah, not thinking of Horace, but for the first time wondering *why* it was Harry had never written to her.

"There comes the stage now!" exclaimed Mrs. Malcolm, and hastened down stairs to meet her boys.

The stage stopped, the three got out; their happy voices were heard in the hall, but Zillah remained where her aunt had left her.

"Why, cousin Zillah, how you have grown!" was the first exclamation of Horace. "You have got to be a young lady, with your hair done up in a comb, *a la Grec.* I hardly dare claim my usual kiss of meeting. What say you, fair cousin?"

The kiss was granted blushingly, for a year had wrought a great change in the nut brown, giddy Zillah. Her slight child-like form had grown fuller and more round; the dark of her midnight eyes had grown more tender, her voice more mellow and sweet. Zillah was now seventeen.

"I crave the same privilege cousin Horace seems to think his right. Has Zillah a kiss for me?" said Harry, in a fervent voice.

Zillah blushed and trembled.

"Here a moment, Harry!" The kind wind had come to Mrs. Malcolm's help and had overthrown one of her geraniums. Harry must assist her in picking it up. And then she kept him conversing on botany, and asking him innumerable questions about his journey and studies, and then it was tea time.

Chapter VII.

LOVE-MAKING.

"The boys" had been home a fortnight. They had had a merry time of it; and, as this morning all were going on a fishing excursion—Zillah, "the boys," and a few of the young villagers.

"Horace," said Mrs. Malcolm, as he came to his mother to get some thread to mend his fishing rod: "my son, how do you and your cousin Zillah get along?"

"Charmingly, I believe."

"Have you come to any understanding, yet?"

"Understanding?"

"Yes—I mean have you fixed upon the wedding day?"

"Wedding day, mother!"

"Yes, my son. Why how stupid you are. I allude to the day you and she are to be married."

Horace affected as much astonishment at his mother's words as though he had not been conscious all along of her scheme.

"Zillah and I!—Why, mother, I didn't know we were going to be married."

"Well, I can tell you you are."

"I 'lags, mother!"

"*Why, Horace!* Where *did* you learn that *horrid* word?"

"I beg pardon, mother. But, really, mother, I think, prior to marriage, there ought to exist some love between"—

"Love! nonsense."

"Be that as it may, mother. I am just nonsensical enough not to wish a woman to marry me unless she loves me. *Now Zillah, I know, does not.*"

"She does—she shall."

"And then, mother," continued Horace, with the utmost coolness, "mutual love I have always thought"—

"Mutual fiddlestick!"

"Why, mother! Where *did* you learn *that horrid* word? But, as I was saying, I conceive mutual love necessary to form happiness in the married life; and, unfortunately, I do not love my cousin."

"Not love Zillah!—your beautiful cousin Zillah! Why, Horace!"

"Beautiful she is: but the truth is, mother, you have striven too hard from the first to *compel* me to love her, and by that means frightened her heart away from me, and drove me from seeing her beauty. [illegible] a horse to the water, but that you can not force him to drink?"

"You are full of vulgarities, this morning. I am ashamed of you."

"I beg pardon, moth"—

"Never mind. But, my son, you *must* love Zillah. Have you never thought upon her princely fortune? You must love her and marry her. I have had my heart set upon it ever since she came among us."

"But, mother"—

"Horace—if you love me"—

"Well, mother, what shall I do?"

"Why, woo your cousin, and win her; such a golden bird is not to be thrown away. Love will come after marriage."

"Now, mother"—

"Horace, do you wish to provoke me to anger?—I *command* you to ask your cousin in marriage. Will you obey?"

"Certainly, mother, if such is your wish. But don't you know it is a tremendous undertaking for a diffident young man to ask a maiden to marry him? What shall I say?"

"How ridiculous! If you truly desired her for a wife, you would find no lack of words."

"Well, mother."

"You will?"

"Assuredly, mother."

"That's my son."

Horace sought Zillah. She was alone in the summer-house, fastening some colored feathers on Harry's fly hooks.

"Zillah," said he, taking a seat by her, "do you love me?"

Zillah's great oriental eyes opened wide, and rested in astonishment on her cousin.

"You have beautiful eyes, cousin Zillah. Do you love me?"

"Why, Horace, what a question!"

"Never mind, answer it. Do you love me?"

"In frankness, then—no."

"I am glad of it, Zillah. You would not marry me if I were to ask you?"

"No—no."

"Mother would have it you were in love with me. She made me promise to love you and marry you." Horace gave his cousin a quizzical look.

"For shame, Horace—you shall not ridicule your mother. She has always been a kind, good mother to you."

"You are right, Zillah. She has, and I love her, and can, without liking all she says. I am so addicted to quizzing"—

"Too much so entirely."

And here the cousins held a controversy, for Zillah was a warm advocate for entire reverence and obedience to parents. Horace made an end of the discussion by asking her if she were quite sure she could not love him.

"Quite," was the reply.

"And will not marry me?"

"Certainly not."

"I vow, cousin Zillah, I really believe I *do* love you; for your determined "no" has sent such a pain to my heart as I never before had."

"Nothing but wounded vanity, I *do* assure you."

"Upon my soul, Zillah, I do love you. You never looked half so beautiful."

"Cousin Horace!"

"There, don't be angry—but you look all the prettier for a little richer color in your cheeks and a brighter sparkle in your big black eyes. In sober earnest, Zillah, won't you love me? Command so much obstinacy as I have. If mother had not insisted, I should have seen sooner how very lovely you are; and then, a nearer tie than cousin would have bound us. But"—

"Just hear him. I think my excellent cousin's self-esteem fully equal in size to his obstinacy. You forget that I might not have loved you."

"True—and by Juno, I had nearly forgotten, too, that I am over head and ears in love with Emily Hay. You remember little Emily Hay?"

"What a rattle-brained mad-cap you are. Yes, I see her almost every day, and love her like a sister. But, Horace, your mother will never accept her as a daughter."

"Deuce take it, no."

"She is a sweet girl, and will make a good wife. Shall I intercede for you?"

"Do."

"You have been frank with me, cousin; I will be the same with you. Harry has a decided talent for arguing. He is to be a lawyer, you know, as well as yourself. At the termination of some half dozen of years, he hopes to have a good practice. And"—

"Don't blush so beautifully, cousin Zillah, I know all about it."

"Has Harry told you?"

"Nothing. I happen to have a pair of eyes in my head. Harry has his head brimful of notions of independence, and would not marry a queen until he could support himself. Yes, Harry loves you. I am glad of it—he is a fine fellow. But, Zillah, my poor brother"—

"What of him?"

"You have been too much engrossed in your love to see how entirely his heart is yours. If you come suddenly in the room where he is, he trembles all over; his cheek pales and flushes, and his eye grows bright. He loves you Zillah. He is a dreamy boy, and you are his dream by night and by day. He [illegible] his sleep."

"Poor Julian. But he is young, Horace; in time he will learn to love another—one that can return his love."

"I fear he will never love but one. His whole nature is ardent and tenacious. What he loves once, he loves and clings to always. Few know Julian, or of what he is capable. He appears a shy, imaginative boy; but in the back ground of that shyness he has heart, intellect—a soul. I see in him dawnings of a *great* mind—a mind the fates have denied me. I am a lazy, good sort of a fellow, with wit enough not to be a fool—to see more than I *know*—to appreciate genius:—but *I am not* a genius—Julian *is*—and time will prove him one."

"I never thought—in fact, I never thought much about him."

"I know it, coz, and Julian knows it, and—but speaking of hearts, it wants but just half an hour of our time fixed to start. I must see my mother. Adieu."

Chapter VIII.

REBELLION AND A WEDDING.

Mrs. Malcolm was very much excited at what she called her son's obstinacy; she could not brook to have her favorite scheme thwarted. She persisted that it *should* be as she said; and she lectured Horace so perseveringly on the subject, that his good nature gave way under what he felt to be an overbearing interference in what was inevitable, and that very day he prevailed, by his passionate pleading, upon Emily Hay to become his bride. The fishing party, much to the surprise of his young friends, was, at its close, turned into a wedding party.

At this unheard of act Mrs. Malcolm was enraged beyond all bounds. It was bad enough that her son should refuse to marry one she had chosen for him, but——it was too bad: and she would not receive her new daughter, and would never forgive her son. Her husband must do the same. He, good easy man, rather than face the fury of the storm, bowed his head and let the tempest sweep over it, thinking that at any time it lay in his power to forgive his son.

That son, however, chose to think for himself. When he found he was denied his father's house, he, with a spice of his mother's spirit, took his young bride and left the village.

Chapter IX.

A SECRET DISCOVERED.—THE DECISION OF THE SQUIRE.

Two years wore away without revealing to the squire or his spouse the whereabouts of his lost son. Bitterly had both repented their conduct towards him—for if Mrs. Malcolm loved any thing, it was her first-born, Horace.

Julian was still at College, having nearly completed his studies there. Harry was pursuing the law with the squire.

Zillah, beautiful and blooming, was happy in his presence; happy, when, after his studies were over for the day, he would wander with her over hill and dale, by rock, and flowing water.

Harry and Zillah had just returned from a ramble, Mr. Malcolm was in his study,—his wife entered hastily.

"What is it, Harriet?" said he, looking up and noting the expression upon his wife's face.

"I shall send immediately for Julian—the impudence of the fellow. I overheard just now,—they did not know they had a listener to their secret. I could hardly credit my senses."

"What secret is it you have discovered?"

"Oh! nothing, but that Harry and Zillah have agreed to be married. Did you ever know such ingratitude?"

"In whom, Harriet? I see no ingratitude if they love one another."

"You do not think Harry ungrateful to secure for himself what I intended for my own son; after having provided for him and educated him as we have. And you are willing he should marry her?"

"When did you overhear the important secret?"

"Just now. They were in the summer-house. She, the simpleton, blushing, and he—my patience, how angry I am. They have been engaged to each other for more than two years, it seems, from what I could gather from the love nonsense they were talking."

"Well, my dear, I see no objection to their being united. Harry is a good, industrious"—

"Well, my dear, *I* see a great objection, and that is because Julian and she are to be man and wife."

"Julian! When did the young people decide upon it? This is the first I have heard of it."

"Why, the truth is, I believe, the young people, as you call them, Julian and Zillah, have not decided any thing about it—but *I* have, which is the same thing."

"Why, wife!"

"You need not look so amazed, nor surprised. My children shall obey me."

"But surely you have no right to force your niece to marry against her will!"

"But I have. And you must forbid her to marry Harry; and if she persist, you must claim the two-thirds of her property, that her father willed to you, in case she married against your consent."

"*Wife, I shall do no such thing.*"

Mrs. Malcolm stared in mute astonishment to think that he should rebel.

"I shall do nothing so dishonest, Harriet. If Zillah chooses to marry her cousin Harry, she does not marry without my consent."

Mrs. Malcolm saw there was immovable determination in his look and voice; so all that was left for her to do, was to walk very slowly, and with much dignity, out of the room.

Chapter X.

FIRST LOVE IS OFTEN MOONSHINE.

Julian was sent for as his mother had threatened, and when he arrived home, an unaccountable desire for travelling came over Mrs. Malcolm: she must go to Washington, and no one but Harry Grey must go with her. Accordingly Harry Grey and his aunt departed.

Mrs. Malcolm was wise in leaving Julian alone with Zillah. It is, however, altogether uncertain whether or not her plan would have succeeded, had Julian Malcolm been Harry Grey, and Harry Grey Julian Malcolm.

For we may love, and think we love entirely, and still find another our hearts cling unto more strongly, and mingle with as though each were but the half, and wanted the other half to make a complete and harmonious whole. We may love with but a part of our nature and remain satisfied, (for the heart must love something,) until we chance upon a being our whole nature sympathises with: one that will awaken our faculties to love with, one that we can love with all the love we gave the first, and still more add—a being, in short, made for us, and for us alone. Happy are they who find this being *before* wedding one they *think* they love.

Julian Malcolm was a very different being from the Julian Zillah had always known. He had grown from the dreamy boy into the eloquent, impassioned man. He was alone with his cousin, and was happy. He sat with her, walked with her, read poetry to her, sang to her, and looked at her,—with his fervent, soul-beaming eyes.

Zillah did not intend to be false to Harry; she did not deem that she was: but somehow, when he and her aunt returned, she gradually discovered how much more happy she was with Julian than with her cousin Harry.

Zillah had that in her that would not be satisfied short of intellect the most refined. The transcendental Julian had opened a new light to her,—the life of the mind. She followed him, fascinated, through all the mazes of the mystic lore he delighted in;—looking back with sorrow that she could no longer listen with the same pleasure she formerly did, to the common-place Harry.

The Conclusion.

THE PRETTY FANNY ONCE MORE.

"After all," thought Mrs. Malcolm, upon the morning her son Julian and Zillah stood at the bridal altar; "there is nothing like a little management to accomplish an end."

And Harry?—Horace was sad, (Horace and his pretty wife were again on good terms with his family. Zillah, knowing his retreat, effected the reconciliation.) Horace once said that "Julian might, but that Harry never would die of a broken heart. That Julian never could, but that Harry might love more than once."

So the event proved, for Harry is now the happy groom to the pretty Fanny ——, his quondam stage companion: and but a short time ago it was, his heart bled for Zillah alone.

THE MISSES CUMMING.

Sweet warblers of the mountain land,
  You've crossed the raging sea;
And left Old Scotia's rugged strand,
  Our "Souvenirs" to be.
And many feelings long forgot,
  Shall be recalled by thee;
Awakened by thy ev'ry note,
  Of sweetest minstrelsy.

Our own, our simple, native song,
  Is sweeter far to hear,
Than all the modern, motley throng,
  That fall upon the ear.
Then sing once more Old Scotia's lays,
  Renew the epic strain;—
Recall anew our by-gone days,
  And lead us home again.

Yes, lead us to our home once more,
  Where many thoughts may be,
(Though parted by the billow's roar)
  Ling'ring 'neath the "Rowan Tree."
Still let thy notes harmonious flow;
  "In unison entwine;"
Still make our warmest feelings glow,
  With thoughts of "Auld Lang Syne."

THOMAS YOUNG.

The Fortunes of a Country Girl.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

"Oh, thou art the lad of my heart, Willie,
For little I hoped to see,
That the lad who was the lassie's a'
Would ever been won by me."

Chapter I.

It was the fortune of Annie Morrison to be born in a family where kindred love was diffused into so many channels, that the fountain, which was none of the fullest, could afford but a scanty supply to each. In plain parlance, there were so many children that the busy and care-worn mother felt it rather as a relief than a privation, when called upon to dispense with the presence of some; and when a venerable relative, who lived in a remote village in the interior of New Hampshire, sent for one of Mrs. Morrison's daughters, to be the companion of her lonely old age, the little Annie was chosen to answer the demand. Annie was one of those quiet, patient children, who are invariably imposed upon by their playmates, and disregarded by their elders. She never flew in a rage, nor fell into an ecstacy, and though her eyes filled with tears when she met with unjust reproach, or sparkled with grateful joy at some unexpected pleasure, yet her emotions were so faintly expressed that the obtuse perceptions of her immediate companions never discovered them. Indeed, she was precisely the kind of companion whom her grandmother would have desired, for she exercised the old lady's affections without trying her patience, and, by her docility and gentleness, afforded a most excellent subject for that utilitarian system which has now become so obsolete. "Reading, writing, and cyphering," comprised the whole amount of Annie's literary attainments, but then she was early initiated in all the mysteries of baking, boiling, roasting, and stewing—no one was better instructed in the difficulties of preserving and pickling—while it was quite impossible to find another child of her age who was such a proficient in hemming, over-handing, side-stitching, and darning. So Annie grew up a quiet, obedient, formal little creature, fulfilling her round of duties so patiently, that no one thought of noticing in her the total absence of all the glee and joyousness of childhood.

For several years Annie was in the habit of paying a Christmas visit to her parents, but as she grew older these visits became less and less pleasant to her. The playmates of her childhood gradually lost the memory of early associations, and, as the elder brothers and sisters grew up, Annie felt herself like a stranger among them. Her last visit was made on the occasion of the marriage of her second sister, and the various mortifications which she then received, seemed to connect her remembrances of home with a feeling of discomfort which she could not banish.—She was about eleven years of age—a period in a girl's life when she is always unformed in mind and manners and person, and when the changes which nature is then making in her mental and physical structure, render both awkward and ugly. Annie's sisters had all passed this turning point in early life, and were tall, stately girls, with flashing black eyes and raven locks; while the poor, country-bred child, with her flax-colored hair, her great blue eyes, her insignificant features, or "snub face," as her mother called it, formed a very strong contrast to their extreme beauty. Then her style of dress was so odd, and with her long-waisted calico frocks, her large white vandykes, (now designated by the less expressive name of "capes,") and her close-cut hair combed smoothly over her high forehead, she looked so queer and old-fashioned, while her manners were so grave and formal that her sisters bestowed on her the appellation of the "little old maid." But beneath her calm exterior Annie concealed a great deal of undeveloped sensibility, and the pain which the ridicule and indifference of her family occasioned, made her shrink from her accustomed visits. Year after year was allowed to glide on without bringing her in contact with those who had banished her from their social circle; and as her family found little inducement to visit her in her distant and secluded home, she grew up to woman's estate, a stranger to her nearest of kin.

Time passed on; her sisters married, her brothers went out into the world to win fortunes, her parents died; yet Annie was left undisturbed, almost forgotten in her remoteness. Devoted to the care of her grandmother, who remained for years a bed-ridden invalid, Annie had little thought to bestow on those who felt no care for her. Content in the fulfilment of her immediate duties, humble-minded, and self-forgetting, she passed her quiet existence amid the pleasant influences of nature, while both her mind and person were developing in a degree, of which she was totally unconscious. But a change came over the current of her life. Her grandmother died, and with her expired the small income which had barely sufficed for her support. A few hundred dollars, the fruits of her economy during many years, were all bequeathed to her affectionate companion, and Annie found herself now in want of a permanent home.

Mrs. Lawton, Annie's eldest sister, was a woman whose sense of propriety served her in the stead of fixed principles and sensitive feelings. Yet she would have been greatly shocked at the charge of insensibility and want of principle, for Mrs. Lawton was a perfect model of virtue and decorum, and no one uttered more graceful sentiments of charity and kindness. She was quite unconscious how much the opinions of the world influenced her ideas of right and wrong, and how fortunate she was in having been placed in a moral and religious community, since her perceptions only enabled her to view truth through the medium of other people's minds. Mrs. Lawton decided that her house was the most proper home for her long absent sister. "Annie is an old maid," she argued, "and it is too late now for me to expect that she may attract by youthfulness instead of beauty; so, as there will be no hope of marrying her off, I will endeavor to make her useful. At any rate, the respectability of the family requires that she should be taken care of by some of us." In consequence of this reasoning, a letter, worded in the most kind and proper manner, was despatched to Annie, and she, gladly welcoming anything like sympathy in the loneliness of her feelings, immediately accepted her sister's invitation.

Chapter II.

"I declare, Aunt Annie is one of the prettiest women I ever saw; and how young she looks! why I expected, from your description, to see a little, ugly, prim old maid," said Isabel Lawton to her mother, the morning after Annie's arrival in town.

"She certainly does look remarkably well," was Mrs. Lawton's reply, "but it is nearly sixteen years since I last saw her, for she has not been among us since the marriage of your Aunt Lizzie; I remember her then as a little fright, with white hair, a pug nose, and blue eyes staring between pink eyelids."

"I should be quite willing to be a little fright in the nursery if I could possess such a fresh sweet face at seven and twenty."

"You have certainly no reason to complain of your personal appearance," said Mrs. Lawton, bridling.

"Oh, no, mamma," was the laughing response, "I am too much like my handsome mother not to have some claim to good looks; but I would rather possess that softness of outline—that youthful expression, and that freshness of complexion, which characterize Aunt Annie's face, than all the symmetry of feature that ever charmed a sculptor."

"Yet your face is much the most brilliant, Isabel, and infinitely more expressive."

"Ay, but brilliancy fades, and expression wears out the traces of youthfulness. These expressive faces become dreadfully wrinkled from their very mobility; but such a calm, sweet, gentle countenance as Aunt Annie's goes with one to the grave," and Isabel glanced, as she spoke, at the sharpened features of her mother, who had once been as lovely as herself.

"Annie does not show her age as much as I should have expected," said Mrs. Lawton; "indeed, she would look even younger than she does, if she did not wear such close dresses and prim little caps."

At this moment the entrance of Aunt Annie, looking young and pretty in spite of her old-fashioned dress and cottage cap, cut short all further criticism; and Isabel could not help but look with the eye of an artist on the contrast between the placid countenance of the one sister, and the earnest, troubled, care-worn look, habitual to the other.

Isabel Lawton was a girl of decided genius.—Beautiful and brilliant beyond compare, with a figure of exceeding grace, and manners at the same time dignified and gentle, she was certainly possessed of every requisite to command admiration. But she was formed for something better than mere success in society. Gifted with that fervid temperament, which is ever the attendant on genius, full of enthusiasm and imagination, she lacked only the creative power which would enrol her among earth's gifted ones.—She stood on the threshold of the temple, but she had no power to enter in. But the necessity of utterance led her to find voice in music, and the fulness of her overwrought soul sought expression in sweet sounds. She became a superb musician, and though even in this the creative faculty was still wanting, yet she could sympathise in the deep feelings and passions which had inspired the great masters in this school of art. She felt that Mozart would have been a Shakspeare, and Beethoven a Milton, if words instead of sounds had been given as the utterance of their souls, and she was content to find in them the voice she sought.

Isabel's kindness of heart led her to take a strong interest in Aunt Annie, from the time she first became an inmate of the family, but when she came to know her better, she admired the quiet self-possession, the disinterested kindness, the active considerateness of her rustic relative. Annie never seemed to think of herself; the wishes, even the very whims of every one, were of more consequence to her than her own inclinations. Indeed she gave too little importance to the individual "I," for Annie had never looked into her own nature,—never studied its capacities and its tendencies, simply because she had never considered the subject worthy of examination: and thus she had gone so far through life, fulfilling every duty that came in her way, but never suspecting that she was capable of any higher mission. How often, when Isabel's restless mind had led her into the labyrinth of thought, and her impulsive heart had bewildered her in the mazes of sentiment, how often did she envy good quiet Aunt Annie, who indulged in no speculations, and apparently suffered from no undefined emotions.

Among the many admirers whom the beauty and brilliancy of Isabel attracted, were some of distinguished talent and reputation. The absence of all coquetry in the lofty character of Isabel, and the noble frankness of her manners, soon converted admirers into friends, without subjecting them to disappointment as lovers, and few ladies could boast of a more select circle of habitual visitors. But there were two men among them, who, as being especially interesting in the development of this veritable history, demand a more individual description.

Frederick H—— was one of those noble, unselfish beings, who are looked upon by the multitude with wonder, and the few with veneration. After having acquired the most complete education that the institutions of learning could bestow, he had devoted all the energies of his gifted mind to the service of Heaven, and abandoning all the advantages which his talents and fortune ensured him, he had gone out among the savages of the South Seas, as an humble Missionary. There all his early years had been passed, and to that dreary home he had borne the fair and delicate young creature who was the bride of his youth. She lived only long enough to make him feel the bitter sting of remorse for the selfish love which had subjected its object to hardship and death, and the repentant, bereaved husband, continued to wear away his life in the pursuit of duty, until his failing health warned him to leave the field to some efficient laborers. His native air, and the judicious use of those indulgences which his wealth could command, had quite restored him; but he had now learned to believe that men often overpass the narrow bounds of real usefulness in their attempt to climb the misty mountain whence they hope to behold a wider field of service. He had now determined to stay at home; and his kindliness of heart, his fervor of feeling, his deep sense of truth, and his noble integrity of character, commanded the respect and love of all who knew him. He was now fast verging toward middle age, but his finely developed figure and noble face, made one feel that if youth is the fairest, manhood is the grandest period of life. There was a quietude in his manners, too, a deep-settled calm, which, when it does not proceed from unsympathising selfishness, is most powerful in its influence upon others. The essential element of sublimity is *repose*, and few are insensible to the effect of that calm earnestness which is the result of concentration of mind or heart.

The other, to whom allusion has been made, was the very antipodes of his clerical friend. Harry Trevor was one of those agreeable men, whose lighter graces impair the value of their nobler gifts, since they early become such favorites with society, that they are not suffered to withdraw from daily homage long enough to secure lasting fame. Possessed of splendid talents, he had used them only as the ornaments of life; and by his fine general qualities had disarmed the envy of those who can rarely forgive success in society. He had a peculiar tact for discovering good in every one,—a temper which, like the bee-bird of the wilderness, can always detect the honey when hidden beneath the rough bark of a sapless tree. A fine scholar, an admirable conversationist, and gifted with the richest elements of poetry, he had but to put forth his hand to secure the laurel. But he despised all fame which was beneath the very highest; and as he *despaired* of this, he refused to pluck a single leaf from the poet's crown. Much of this inertness of spirit might be traced, perhaps, to a early disappointment of the affections. He had been betrayed and deceived in the object of his boyish love; and though he recovered from the shock, yet he was as a man who is rescued from a fatal malady by the use of remedial poisons: the disease may be subdued, but the paralyzing effect of the envenomed medicine ends but with life.

He had gone out into the world, the gay and graceful gallant, and the sentiments which fell persuasively from his lips, seemed to disclose his whole nature. But never again did he unlock the treasury of his heart's affections. Many a woman, misled by his tone of earnestness, and his voice of tenderness, learned to love him. Many a fair girl mistook his speculative fancies for vague revealings of his secret feelings. They knew not that his thrilling tones were but the echoes of that voice which was ever calling through the desolate chambers of his heart.—He had no confidence in woman, no reliance on the permanence of her emotions. The "pearl of price," the faith which was his birth-right, had been dissolved in the cup which passion mingled.

Chapter III.

"Will you answer one question frankly, Harry?" said his friend.

"A dozen, if you like—what is it?"

"Are you in love with Isabel Lawton?"

"Most assuredly not," was Trevor's reply; "I should as soon think of falling in love with a volume of Madame de Stael, or yonder statue of Psyche."

"Yet you are ever beside her, like her shadow."

"That is precisely the reason, my dear fellow, why I shall never be in love with her. A man does not choose to be always cast into the shade by the superiority of his ladye-love. Isabel is one of the most brilliant women I ever knew, and I delight in her conversation."

"Yet you do not anticipate any danger to your heart."

"No; Isabel is quite too intellectual to be loved."

"Do you mean to say she is incapable of feeling or inspiring affection?"

"Far from it; she seems to me as warm-hearted as she is gifted."

"Then I cannot understand your objections to her."

"Why, my dear friend, don't you know that a woman never truly loves a man whom she is compelled to look down upon, or even to regard as an equal.—Madame de Stael says no woman loves without feeling a degree of reverence almost approaching to fear for the object of her affection; and I believe she is right. Women must look up, to love, and I mean no irreverence of the sex, when I say that in seeking an object of affection, man must look down. The grand and noble qualities which make a woman so charming a companion for our intellect, assimilate her too much to our nature. We reverence, we esteem, we value them, but they are creatures to be watched over, and cherished and loved. In all superior women, there is a certain massiveness of character which inspires our respect, but at the same time overpowers our tenderness."

"But this is surely not the case when the womanly qualities are in fair proportion to the mental grandeur."

"Perhaps not to the same extent, but while a woman's tenderness might lead her to seek for affection, would not her clear mental perceptions make her so vividly alive to weakness and error in the object of her choice, that her love would not endure the test of time and circumstance? I can imagine no more horrible condition in married life, than that in which the wife has gradually learned her immeasurable superiority over her husband."

"I do not think she would ever make such a discovery, if her husband had decided strength of character, and strong moral force, combined with tender and cherishing affection for her. She would feel his superiority in those qualities where her feminine nature was most deficient, and a grateful sense of his protection and love would guard her from making any comparison regarding mere mental power."

"Well, I should not like to risk such a thing as domestic happiness. I am conscious of too many weak points, to be willing to take my chance in this way. Why, the very presence of such a noble, high-souled, magnanimous creature as Isabel Lawton, would be a constant reproach to such a petulant, wilful, wayward fellow as myself. No, I shall never marry. I require a combination of qualities so utterly incongruous, that I neither hope to find it, nor do I feel that I deserve to do so."

"I should like to hear your description of this ideal wife."

"In the first place, she must be pretty; a quiet, gentle, unobtrusive beauty, which wins rather than dazzles. Then she must be good-tempered, without a shade of envy or jealousy, self-forgetting, kind, considerate in small affairs of others, but superior to all petty emotions or desires in herself. She must have sufficient knowledge of the world to satisfy my pride, so that in placing my honor and respectability in her power, I need not fear that her indiscretion in any trivial matter would compromise me. She must have the strongest moral sense, the most refined delicacy of perception, the purest freshness of feeling, and her heart must have been kept intact within her bosom. Indeed, I would rather she should possess a mine of undeveloped and unconscious sensibility, where I alone could draw forth treasures."

"And with all this, she must be young, pretty, and intellectual? Oh, thou most unreasonable of men!"

"I don't care about the intellectual,—let her love me, and I am satisfied; I can indulge my mental cravings in society; but in the fireside enjoyment of domestic happiness, only my sentiment needs to be gratified."

"But she must be young and pretty?"

"Pretty, certainly; and, yes, young too. Youthfulness depends on feeling, not on time. I think I have had chance glimpses of my ideal wife, as you call her, but never do I expect to meet her face to face. Yet set your mind at rest on one point, most grave and reverend seignior. I am not in love with Isabel Lawton."

Chapter IV.

"Aunt Annie, I have a favor to ask."

"It is already granted, Isabel, if you ask it."

"Oh, thank you, thank you," exclaimed Isabel, clapping her hands in childish glee. "I want you to take off that ugly cap, and let Annette arrange your hair to-morrow night; and you must wear your new white crape dress, without any mufflings upon your neck."

"Oh, Isabel, you will make me look like an old simpleton."

"Judge for yourself, Aunt Annie," said Isabel, turning her suddenly round towards a mirror, and twitching off her cap, while a mass of radiant hair, of that exquisite tint which is "brown in the shadow and gold in the sun," fell over Annie's brow and bosom. "Come, dear aunt Annie, it is my birth-day, you know, and I have a very particular reason for wishing you to look remarkably pretty. I want to have an entirely new star in my horizon."

"But I have so long worn my head covered"—

"Yes, and you have so closely hidden your white arms, and your beautiful neck, and your pretty feet; fie, for shame, Aunt Annie; I really believe you are a prude; I shan't allow you to do so any longer.—Come, will you promise?"

"I should like to gratify you, Isabel, but really"—

"I won't hear any objections."

"But Isabel, what will people say? what will"—and a deep blush suffused Annie's face—"what will our friends think—what will Mr. Hereford say?"

Isabel's brow grew dark, and the blood rushed to her cheek, as she fixed a keen gaze on her Aunt's countenance. "Are you afraid of losing his good opinion?" she asked.

"No," was the gentle reply, "for his esteem would be of little value, if so trifling a circumstance as a change of dress could affect it; but I was thinking"—

"That his discreet taste would be disturbed by your apparent levity?"

"I don't suppose either he or any one else will notice it," said Annie, with a half sigh.

"Then you will do as I wish?" asked Isabel, a little impatiently.

"Yes, provided you never ask me to repeat the folly."

"Agreed;" and Isabel left the room.

Poor Annie! how little she understood her own feelings. She had enjoyed society the most refined and intellectual, until it had developed faculties before dormant, and she had lived in the daily exercise of social sympathies until she began to experience those individual attractions and repulsions which are only felt by awakened sensibilities. She was so meek and humble, that she would have been startled and ashamed if her own heart had been revealed to her, for she was utterly unconscious of the true nature of the emotion which filled her when listening to the beautiful sentiments that fell from the lips of one whose attentions were so equally divided between aunt and niece, that it would have been difficult to decide where his fancy was most likely to fix.—Mrs. Lawton had already decided that the widowed clergyman would make an admirable match for Annie, while the brilliant and wealthy Trevor she had long since appropriated to Isabel. But Annie was too humble, and Isabel too proud, to be subjected to any system of manœuvering, and she was therefore obliged to let events take their own course, notwithstanding her private wishes.

"How happy you looked this evening," said Annie to Isabel, as they sat together in Annie's apartments, after the gay company had departed, on the night of the ball.

"And you, Aunt Annie, how beautiful you were with those rich curls falling on your white neck; I never saw any thing lovelier than your face when Trevor was sitting beside you in the recess of the window."

"We were talking of you, Isabel: he admires you very much."

"I am glad of it," said Isabel, earnestly, "he is certainly one of the noblest beings I ever imagined. What a happy woman his wife will be;" and the smiling girl looked inquiringly in the face of her companion, as she spoke. A quick blush rose to Annie's cheek, and her face was suddenly averted.

"You are tired and sleepy, Aunt Annie, so I will not tell you the secret of my happy looks to-night; good night, and may your dreams be as pleasant as mine are;" and with these words Isabel gayly kissed Annie's cheek and left the room.

Strange that the events of a single evening should have so disturbed the quiet current of Annie's feelings; but there she sat, with her small hands locked in each other, her hair falling half unbraided upon her bosom, her delicate form crouched down in an attitude of utter abandonment to misery, while tears fell like rain from her soft and beautiful eyes. She had discovered the treachery of her own heart—she had entered the sanctuary of her own soul, and had beheld the image which was there enshrined. She had discovered that she loved Harry Trevor. Shame, bitter humiliation of spirit, was mingled with her sense of suffering, and she almost loathed herself for the presumption, while she pitied herself for the pain. There is no such agonizing feeling in woman's whole range of capacity for suffering, as the first emotion of self-pity. It is quite unlike any mean regard for one's own feelings. It can only come to the unselfish; and to them the first anguished emotion of compassion for their own wretchedness is most bitter.

'Till the grey dawn of morning did Annie sit in stirless agony, breathing silently but fearfully with her own heart. But when the light of day broke upon her dim eye, she aroused herself, and calmly disarraying herself of the festive garb which she still wore, she knelt down and prayed for strength to suffer. She arose calm and quiet, but those skilled in that strange book, the human face, might have seen in her countenance the lofty expression of resignation, rather than the torpor of an unawakened heart.

The following morning Annie was sitting alone in the drawing-room, having pleaded a violent headache, to avoid accompanying Isabel in her usual walk, when the door opened and admitted Trevor. Annie trembled, but her voice was calm, as she offered him the cordial greeting of friendship. For a while they managed to keep up a frivolous discussion on the gayety of the preceding night, but by degrees each became abstracted and silent. At length, turning suddenly to his companion, whose cheek was now very pale, Trevor said—

"I have been often tempted to address you on a subject of interest to both of us, Miss Morrison, and the present occasion offers an opportunity I cannot resist. Isabel Lawton is trifling with a true heart, and inflicting pain on one who would die to serve her; will you not exert the influence of your gentle and truthful nature in behalf of one who certainly deserves some consideration!"

Annie trembled violently, as she replied—

"Certainly, sir; if my humble efforts can be of service to either, I shall be most happy; but I cannot but believe that you wrong Isabel; she is incapable of playing the coquette."

"I believe you—but she may inflict much sorrow by wilfully misinterpreting the expression of genuine feeling. The love which has been offered to her is such as any woman might prize; I speak not of the mental or personal qualities of him who proffers it; I allude only to the truth, the earnestness, the devotion of the heart which worships her."

Annie could not answer; she felt unutterably wretched, and a sentiment of bitter self-reproach mingled with her sorrow.

"Miss Morrison, you are pale, you look ill—the fatigue of last night has been too much for you."

Annie rose, but her strength failed—she could only stand cold and motionless as marble.

"Annie, dearest, you are ill!"

The words were startling, and the tone of earnest tenderness in which they were uttered, thrilled poor Annie's heart. She turned a timid and anxious glance upon her companion, and met the impassioned gaze fixed upon her, while at the same moment a voice to which suppressed emotion had given new softness, uttered in her ear those words which woman never hears unmoved.

"Slowly and gradually has this tenderness grown up in my heart, Annie; it is not the fancy of an idle hour; I love you as the realization of my life-long dream—as the impersonation of my soul's ideal."

Bewildered with excess of happiness, Annie burst into a flood of tears; and at this instant Isabel entered, leaning on the arm of Hereford, whose usually quiet face was now lighted up with unwonted joy.—It was very evident that the whole affair was settled. Annie's humility had made her totally blind to that which Isabel knew long before, and the meekness which had won her a lover, kept her ignorant of her happiness.

* * * * *

Ten years have passed since the double wedding of the aunt and niece. The brilliant and sparkling Isabel is the wife of a country clergyman, and in the humble but useful duties which her position enjoins, she finds exercise for far higher qualities than had ever been called forth in gay society. Annie, the gentle, kind, country-bred, self-distrusting Annie, is the still lovely wife of our ambassador to the Court of ——, receiving the attentions of royalty, and filling a station of honor with dignity and grace. So much for early prognostics of character, and friendly prophecies of destiny.

TO A DEPATRED ONE.

BY EMELINE H. BROWN.

Numberless flowers in wood and dell are springing,
  And love-voiced melodies are in the air,
Through its pure sky the wild-bird notes are ringing,
Music and mirth upon the green earth flinging,
  Winning from every heart each thought of care,
  And bright eyes beam with gladness every where.

Flashing and bright, the dancing rills are rushing,
  Murmuring like dream-tones through the shadowy dell,
[illegible] the soul wild memories are gushing,
And a sweet mournful voice of [illegible] hushing,
  With a sad cadence, and a holy spell,
  The joyance of the spirit's bounding swell.

We miss thee ever, thou the dreamy-hearted,
  With those red lips forever silent now,
It seems but yesterday since last we parted,
Yet on thine early grave the flowers have started,
  A monument 'twere meet for such as thou,
  Thou, with the lustrous eye and pale white brow!

O, thou wert fair! the lily in its brightness,
  Whilst the fresh dew within its bosom lies,
Alone could match thy brow's transparent whiteness,
And thy low voice would hush the spirit's lightness,
  While thoughts that stole their coloring from the skies,
  Dwelt in the radiance of those deep, dark eyes.

Thine was a heart, whose every hidden spring
  Awoke to passion, ever, ever burning,
Pouring its wealth on idols, that could bring
Nought that would reach its wild imagining,
  Which all the joy that earth could offer, spurning,
  Found never aught to quench its ceaseless yearning.

Thou wert unfit for earth, that dreamy spirit
  Was filled with longings, deep, and strange, and wild,
That burning thirst, which higher souls inherit,
For purer bliss than sin-bound mortals merit,
  A something high, and pure, and undefiled,
  That like a passion-fire thy spirit willed,
  Till life itself was from that heart beguiled!

And thus with aspirations high and deep,
  Swelling thy spirit in its daily dreaming,
We marvel not, thy soul no more could keep
A place where all like thee are doomed to weep
  For withered hopes, which once so brightly beaming,
  Soon proved the love of earth a hollow seeming.

When the white moon beam on the flowret sleepeth,
  And the still stars glance radiance in the soul,
When the low wind in spirit-whispers creepeth,
And love-fraught spell its dreaming senses steepeth,
  Then thoughts of thee, that will not bear control,
  Mournfully sweet to my young heart have stole.

I've gazed through yon infinity of azure,
  Where countless glory lights beam tremblingly,
Lighting up realms whose regions have no measure,
Until my dreaming soul was drunk with pleasure,
  And I have met thine eye's dark radiancy,
  Beaming with heaven, and love's intensity!

O, if it be that to the blest is given,
  To watch o'er those who shared their earthly love,
From which by death alone their hearts were riven:
Bend down sweet spirit; bend from that bright heaven;
  And with that guardian power our hearts to move,
  That we may turn our wandering thoughts above!

Wooster, Ohio, 1848.

THE UNLUCKY MISTAKE.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

"I'll say as they say."—*Comedy of Errors.*

Mrs. Sinclair, though amiable and handsome, remained single till she was near forty, when she received and accepted the offer of marriage from Mr Sinclair, a bachelor of about her own age. Soon afterwards, she unexpectedly came into possession of a large property, bequeathed by a distant relative.—This good fortune was speedily followed by a severe affliction. Her husband, in every respect an estimable man, was taken suddenly ill and died. Having no near relations of her own, and those distant being already sufficiently affluent, she came to the determination to adopt one of the nieces of her late husband, should either of them please her. She had as yet seen none of his relatives, all of them residing in distant towns. She had, however, heard him express a great regard for his half-brother, whose name was Harden, which made her desirous to obtain some information relative to his family. As she was revolving the subject in her mind, she recollected that Mr. Sinclair had told her that a poor widow by the name of Mansfield, who procured a livelihood by sewing, was a sister to Mr. Harden's first wife, and on her she resolved to call in the hope of obtaining the information she desired. She put on her bonnet and shawl, and a few minutes' walk brought her to the door of Mrs. Mansfield's humble dwelling. The widow answered her knock, and conducted her into a small but neat apartment.

"I am afraid," said Mrs. Mansfield, in answer to Mrs. Sinclair's inquiries, "that I can give you no satisfactory information concerning them. My sister, who was Mr. Harden's first wife, died in a little more than a year after her marriage, leaving an infant daughter a few weeks old, and I have never visited them since. His second wife has likewise a daughter, but as to the merits of either I am wholly in the dark."

At this moment a little girl, belonging to a family that occupied a part of the same house, entered with a letter in her hand.

"I have just been at the post-office for Mrs. Norris," said she, "and the post-master asked me to bring this letter to you. He said the postage was paid."

"This must be from one of the Hardens," said Mrs. Mansfield, "by the post-mark. After neglecting me eighteen years, I don't know why they should notice me now."

"I hope it is from one of the young ladies," said Mrs. Sinclair, "for some people say that you can judge of a woman's character by her letters."

"Yes, it is from Florence, my niece," said Mrs. Mansfield, looking at the signature, and she was then going to lay the letter aside, but Mrs. Sinclair requested her to read it.

Her niece informed her that the perusal of some letters which she wrote to her mother about the time of her marriage, which she had recently found while overlooking some old papers, had awakened in her so strong a desire to see her, that she had, with her father's concurrence, written to her for the purpose of inviting her to spend several weeks with them.

"You must certainly accept the invitation," said Mrs. Sinclair; "it will afford you such an excellent opportunity to judge of the young ladies."

"I am afraid I shall be biased in favor of Florence," she replied, "especially if she should resemble her mother. I confess, however, that I have some inclination to make the visit, though Florence does not intimate that her mother-in-law joins in the invitation."

Before Mrs. Sinclair took leave, Mrs. Mansfield had decided to write, in answer to her niece's letter, that she might expect her in two weeks, for having some sewing on hand which she was obliged to finish, it would be impossible for her to go sooner.

Two days before the one Mrs. Mansfield had set for her journey, Mrs. Sinclair again called on her.—"I have been thinking," said she, "that I should like to accompany you on your visit to the Hardens, if it will be agreeable to you."

"It certainly will be," replied Mrs. Mansfield, "but should they not be apprized of your intended visit?"

"It would have been proper, but if I go with you, it is now too late; and as they are people of wealth and fashion, it can certainly be no inconvenience to them to receive two visitors instead of one."

It was finally arranged, that as Mrs. Mansfield lived entirely alone, and would have no one to prepare her breakfast, that she should spend the night previous to their departure, with Mrs. Sinclair.—Her trunk was therefore conveyed to the splendid mansion of the rich widow, and placed in the hall, and after carefully extinguishing the fire and locking the door, she followed herself. The next morning they had just risen from the breakfast table, when Mrs. Mansfield, in running up stairs to procure something she had left in her chamber, slipped and sprained her ankle. At first, the injury appeared to be slight, but the ankle soon became so swollen, and grew so painful, that she found she must give up all idea of undertaking the proposed journey. Mrs. Sinclair said that she would likewise remain, but against this Mrs. Mansfield urged so many objections, that she concluded to go, provided she would promise to remain at her house, where she could receive every necessary attention, till she had entirely recovered from the effects of the accident. This point was scarcely settled, when the stage-coach drove up before the house. In the hurry and bustle of the moment, Mrs. Sinclair did not observe that Mrs. Mansfield's trunk, in the room of her own, was transferred from the hall to the back of the coach. It was not until they had arrived at the hotel, where she was going to stop for the night, that she discovered the mistake, and she then concluded not to return it, as Mrs. Mansfield might possibly be able to come herself in the course of a few days. It was about an hour before sunset on the following day, that the driver, stopping his horses in front of a large white house, half embowered amidst shrubbery and trees, opened the coach door, and said, "This is where Mr. Harden lives." As soon as Mrs. Sinclair had alighted, she saw a beautiful girl hastening down the gravel walk to welcome her.

"My dear aunt Mansfield," said she, holding out her hand, "how glad I am that you have not disappointed me!"

"Shall I set your trunk just inside the gate, ma'am?" said the driver, before she had time to inform Florence that her name was Sinclair.

"If you please," she replied in answer to the driver, and again turning to Florence, was about to make an explanation, but at the moment she was going to commence, Florence again addressed her as aunt Mansfield, and expressed her regret that her father had been obliged to leave town a few days previous, on account of business, and would probably be detained several weeks. The information evidently suggested the plan of suffering the family to take her for Mrs. Mansfield, as from her they had nothing to hope, she imagined they would not be likely to assume virtues which they did not possess. She did not repent the plan she had decided upon, when she entered the parlor; she received a very cool welcome from Mrs. Harden and her daughter, Melissa.

"Have you dined to-day, aunt?" said Florence, finding that her mother did not seem likely to make any inquiry of the kind.

"I have not," she replied. "On account of being overloaded, we arrived so late at the hotel where the passengers usually dine, that it gave us so little time, only a few attempted to eat anything."

"As aunt Mansfield has not dined," said Florence to her mother, in a low voice, "had I not better put a slice of ham upon the table?"

"Certainly, if your aunt wishes it," she replied, in a voice which she took little pains to suppress—"but we are not in the habit of placing ham upon the tea-

"I would not have you depart from your usual custom on my account," said Mrs. Sinclair; "I don't wish a better meal than I can make on bread and butter and tea."

"Melissa and I," said Mrs. Harden, "make a point of keeping a very plain table when Mr. Harden is absent, and what we save in that way we appropriate to charitable purposes. Perhaps, however, you are one of those who do not think it proper to give to the poor lest it should encourage pauperism?"

"A widow," she replied, "who has nothing but what she earns with her own hands, may oftener possess the will than the means of relieving the destitute. I have, however, sometimes in an humble way, been able to impart relief so as to leave smiles on those faces which I found dimmed with tears."

A girl now appeared at the door, and requested Mrs. Harden to step into the adjoining apartment, as she wished to speak with her.

"Well, speak," said her mistress; "I am ready to hear what you have to say."

The girl blushed and hesitated, and then approaching her, addressed her in a low voice.

"I suppose," said she, "as you have got company, I must put the tea urn and the gilt china upon the table."

"And I suppose you must do no such thing," said Mrs. Harden, in a petulant tone of voice, though so low she imagined it could not reach the ears of her unwelcome guest. "Let one piece be broken, and the set is spoilt."

"Well, I don't know what to make of your mother, she is so full of whims," said the girl to Florence, who was assisting her; "she told me, the other day, to put the gilt china on the table whenever any real ladies and gentlemen were here, and if that aunt of yours isn't a real lady, I am no judge."

When they were seated at the table, Mrs. Harden filled a white china cup with a broken handle, resting in a blue and white saucer, with tea, and handed it to Mrs. Sinclair. The other cups and saucers were of a similar description, being evidently the relics of several demolished tea-sets.

Mrs. Sinclair requested Florence, who accompanied her to her bed-chamber, to furnish her with writing materials, and before she retired to rest, she wrote an explanatory note to Mrs. Mansfield, to prevent her from forwarding her baggage, and to request her leave to make use of any articles of clothing contained in her trunk, which she might need.

Mrs. Sinclair had been in her room only a few minutes, when Mrs. Howell, who lived exactly opposite the "Eagle Hotel," was seen approaching the house. Melissa ran and met her at the gate.

"You cannot think how glad mother and I were, when we saw you coming," said she, "for soon after tea, we saw a splendid carriage and a pair of elegant chesnut horses drive by, and as we expect they went to the hotel, we thought that you might possibly know something about them."

"Yes, I have gathered a few particulars," she replied; "which I have come on purpose to tell you."

Mrs. Harden now appeared at the door, and welcomed Mrs. Howell with great cordiality.

"Mrs. Howell does know something about the people who passed by in that superb carriage," said Melissa.

"I knew so," said Mrs. Harden. "What is their name?"

"Evering."

"A family party, I suppose," said Mrs. Harden.

"Yes, and consisting of Mr. Evering and his wife, and their son and daughter."

"Is Mr. Evering rich?" inquired Melissa.

"As a nabob, and the son, whose name is Willard, and Eliza, the daughter, will probably have, at least, a million of dollars each."

"Where do they belong?" said Mrs. Harden.

"Ah, that is the very thing I came to tell you—They reside in H———, the very town where Melissa's rich aunt, Mrs. Sinclair, lives."

"As likely as not they are well acquainted with her," said Mrs. Harden.

"That is what I think," replied Mrs. Howell, "and this probability will, in my opinion, afford a plausible plea for your making some advances towards cultivating an acquaintance with them."

"But are they going to remain here long enough for such a step?" inquired Mrs. Harden.

"Oh, yes—I am told they intend to remain ten or twelve days."

"I have just hit upon a nice plan," said Melissa.

"What is it?" inquired her mother, and Mrs. Howell, both at once.

"Why, if they should spend the Sabbath in town, they will of course like to attend church, and they will undoubtedly receive it as a very polite mark of attention, should we offer them seats in our pew."

"A better plan could not be thought of," said Mrs. Howell. "It will naturally open the way to a better acquaintance."

"It would be as you say, an excellent plan," said Mrs. Harden, "were it not for one thing."

"What can that be?" inquired Mrs. Howell.

"Why, Florence's evil genius that is always at her elbow, I believe, must put it into her head that it would be exceedingly amiable in her to invite her aunt Mansfield to make us a visit. She accordingly importuned her father till she obtained his leave to send for her."

"Her aunt Mansfield! Why that must be the poor widow I have heard you speak about, who obtains a living by sewing."

"The very same, and would you believe it? she lives in H———, and I should not be surprised if the Everings knew her by sight, or as far as I know to the contrary, they may be among her employers."

"Has she arrived yet?"

"Yes, she came this afternoon in the stage," replied Mrs. Harden. "You will see at once, that it will be impossible to invite the Everings to sit in the same pew with a person of her standing."

"But you forget that we have two pews," said Melissa.

"So we have," replied her mother. "You recollect the pew, Mrs. Howell, where Phebe and Matty and Patrick sit. Mr. Harden purchased it on purpose for our hired help, and Florence and her aunt can sit there for once. Can you see any impropriety in such an arrangement, Mrs. Howell?"

"Not the least in the world."

"Nor I," said Melissa. "It is true the pew is rather near the door, which would, as I should imagine, make it rather agreeable this warm weather, on account of the air. The only difference beside, is, that it is not carpeted and cushioned and lined with crimson velvet, like the one where we sit."

"Which this troublesome aunt Mansfield, not being accustomed to, will probably not even notice," said Mrs. Howell. "But sometimes people who have no luxuries at home, are the most exacting and consequential of any in the world, when they are abroad."

"Luckily this is not the case with her. She appears to be sensible of the inferiority of her station, and is very meek and accommodating."

"That will make her a little more endurable, then," said Mrs. Howell. "But I have been thinking that Florence might possibly object to sitting in the pew with the 'help.'"

"No, I don't think she will. Were her father at home she might, but now, as she has no one to appeal to, I think she will fall in with the arrangement without saying a word."

"Come, let us say no more about 'the aunt Mansfield' now," said Melissa. "I want to inquire if this Miss Eliza Evering is an elegant looking girl."

"Very, as nearly as I could judge by the slight opportunity I had of observing her; and her brother—so I have been told—ranks among the most graceful and fascinating young men in the United States. I think that he would be a fine match for you, Melissa."

"Thank you—but he is probably engaged."

"Report says to the contrary, and really I know of no young lady who would, in my opinion, stand a better chance to make a favourable impression on him, than you. But it is growing late, and I must bid you good night."

"I believe, on reflection," said Mrs. Harden to her daughter, after Mrs. Howell had gone, "that I shall send Mrs. Mansfield to-morrow, and ascertain if she has any knowledge of the Everings, and if she has not, perhaps she may as well sit in the pew with us, if she chooses to attend church."

According to this determination, she said to Mrs. Mansfield, the next morning, at the breakfast-table—

"I understand that one of the richest men in the State, resides in the town where you belong."

"You allude to Mr. Evering, I suspect."

"Yes."

"Do pray tell us what you know about the family, and whether you ever happened to see any of them?" said Melissa.

"I have seen them," was the reply, "and they have the reputation of being very intelligent and amiable."

"Have they ever employed you to do their sewing?" said Mrs. Harden.

"They never have."

"Phebe told me this morning," said Florence, "that the name of the family that arrived at the hotel, last evening, was——"

She had proceeded thus far, when an expressive frown from her mother silenced her.

"Now I have commenced asking questions," said Mrs. Harden, "I should like to inquire if you know anything about the rich Mrs. Sinclair, who resides in H———, who is my sister-in-law?"

"I am somewhat acquainted with her, though not so thoroughly in every respect, perhaps, as I ought to be."

"I have heard that she is very handsome and very lady-like," said Melissa.

"Is she, aunt?" inquired Florence.

"Some have thought so; the opinion of others may be different."

"We must always expect," said Mrs. Harden, "to find those among the lower classes who can never see anything in persons whom fortune has exalted above them, either to love or to admire."

"You never saw anything so elegant as a collar aunt is working for Mrs. Sinclair," said Florence.

"Then she employs you, if the Everings do not," said Mrs. Harden.

"Yes, I have done a great deal, first and last, for her."

"Does she move in the same circle as the Everings," said Melissa.

"I believe she does—or rather I am certain she does."

"How sorry I am that we did not send for aunt Sinclair, as we talked of," said Melissa.

"We must expect our plans to yield to those of your father and Florence," said her mother.

"I am sure father said that you might send for her if you thought best," said Florence.

"But it so happened that I did not think best. I thank my stars I have a little sense of propriety, and am not like him so immersed in business, as not to consider that a sempstress or washerwoman would feel ill at ease in the company of the wealthy and the refined."

Tears started to the eyes of Florence, and the color in her cheeks deepened to crimson. Even Mrs. Harden thought she might have gone too far, and stole a glance at her guest that she might observe the effect of her speech, who, far from appearing to resent it, was, at the moment, sipping her coffee with an air of perfect composure.

"I have no cause for alarm," thought she—"arrows cannot penetrate marble." And from that moment she ceased to have any misgivings respecting the arrangement they had made for the Sabbath.

It was Saturday evening, and Mrs. Sinclair had been in her chamber about fifteen minutes, when Florence, having rapped for admission, entered with a flushed and excited countenance.

"Aunt Mansfield," said she, "I wish I had never sent for you, and had I known father was going to be absent, I never should. Your feelings must have been daily, almost hourly wounded, and now my mother and sister have a plan in agitation which is worse than anything they have said or done."

"For certain reasons, my feelings may have been less injured than you imagine; so, my dear Florence, give yourself no uneasiness. But what is the plan you allude to?"

Florence, in reply, informed her that Mr. Evering and his wife, and their son and daughter, were at the hotel, and that her mother had just told her that she had sent an invitation to them to take seats in their pew, should they wish to attend church, which they had accepted; and that in consequence of which, her aunt and she would be obliged to remain at home, or sit with the "help."

"Don't let that disturb you," said Mrs. Sinclair, with a smile—"I mean on my account. I can receive just as much benefit from the religious services in a plain, humble pew, as in one ever so splendid."

"But I consider it an insult to you, and I would not bear it."

"I am so fond of reading the characters of people, that I have received more pleasure than pain from those little occurrences which have occasioned you so much annoyance. Upon the whole," said she, as she selected from Mrs. Mansfield's wardrobe her best dress, which was a black silk, a little rusty—"as my garments are rather homely, I should, as the saying is, appear like a speckled bird beside your mother and sister, and the Everings. I think, therefore, that the plan of assigning me a seat with the servants, is rather a judicious one."

Mrs. Sinclair, as has already been observed, was a handsome woman—and the next morning, when all were ready for church, it is probable that a stranger would have discerned glimpses of the lady through her humble apparel, as readily as through the sumptuous garments of Mrs. Harden. As for Melissa, she had decorated her person as elaborately as if she had been going to appear in a ball-room. Florence, partly from the influence of a just taste, which made ornaments appear to her out of place in a temple dedicated to the Most High, and partly on account of the humble garb of her companion, appeared in a plainer dress. She and her aunt had been quietly seated in the pew assigned them, about fifteen minutes, when her mother and Melissa, accompanied by the Everings, swept up the broad aisle. She had predetermined not to like them, not excepting even Willard, though his good qualities, in a particular manner, had been the almost constant theme of Melissa's conversation whenever they had been alone, being influenced, no doubt, by the humiliation and grief which they had innocently caused her to suffer. The benevolent and dignified countenance of Mr. Evering, however, and the still finer one of the son, at once gave wing to those prejudices which she had been nursing with all diligence. She did not obtain a sight of Mrs. Evering's face, but the daughter's she thought one of the sweetest she had ever seen. When the services were over, Mrs. Evering, just as she was leaving church, happened to notice Mrs. Sinclair. She pointed her out to her husband, and hastening forward, they greeted her with a warmth equal to the surprise they felt at meeting her.

"Only see," said Mrs. Harden to Melissa, with a scornful toss of the head, "how sociable Mr. Evering and his wife are with Florence's aunt. If they had seen her in their own town, they would not have thought of speaking to her, unless they had wished have happened to meet with her a hundred miles from home, a person would think she was the governor's lady by their appearance."

"I must certainly introduce you to Mrs. Harden and her daughter," said Mrs. Evering to Mrs. Sinclair. "They were very polite in inviting us to take seats in their pew. We did not expect to receive so much attention from strangers."

"Excuse me now, if you please," said Mrs. Sinclair, who did not feel quite ready for the denouement which the proposed introduction would occasion. "I will give you my reasons some other time, and instead, take the present opportunity to introduce to you my young friend, Miss Florence Harden."

Florence went through the introduction like one in a dream, for she was completely bewildered by hearing her aunt, as she supposed her to be, addressed as Mrs. Sinclair.

When, on their return home, Mrs. Sinclair made no allusion to the manner in which Mr. and Mrs. Evering had addressed her, she began to imagine that they might inadvertently miscalled her name, and soon dismissed the subject from her thoughts.

Monday morning found Mrs. Harden and Melissa closeted together, endeavoring to decide whether it would be best to invite the Everings to tea, together with two or three families of the first class, or to muster all their forces, and make a tremendous effort for an entertainment on a grand scale, and invite all the *élite* of the town and its environs. Finally, so vacillating were their minds respecting it, that they summoned Phebe, a very staid and worthy person, that they might receive the benefit of her opinion.

"What is *done* in a hurry, is seldom done well," said she, in winding up her remarks, and this sage maxim, introduced in so timely a manner, turned the scale in favor of a small, select party. But what was to be done with "Aunt Mansfield," was a question more difficult to settle than the one relative to the seats in the church. She might, it was true, if she only thought so, remain quietly in her own chamber, or stay in the kitchen with Phebe, and Matty and Patrick, and render them some assistance, as there would be plenty to do; but they did not like to propose to her either of these methods of spending the evening. As to the cordial manner in which Mr. and Mrs. Evering greeted her, it was, Mrs. Harden said, nothing at all, and she doubted not but that they would be highly offended, should they find her enjoying all the privileges of a guest at a party made expressly in honor of themselves. Accordingly, at the dinner-table, by way of experiment, the subject of the party was introduced, and the impropriety of persons in the humbler walks of life seeking to thrust themselves into the society of those above them, was dwelt upon at large. The understanding of their guest, however, appeared to be [illegible]y obtuse, and their minds [illegible] unrelieved by any intimation on her part, that she should prefer to remain in her own room, or make herself useful by assisting Phebe and Matty.

The evening appointed for the party arrived. At an early hour, before any of the guests began to assemble, Mrs. Sinclair entered the drawing-room, and took a seat in the most obscure corner. Her black silk dress looked very well by candle-light, and her dark, glossy hair, smoothly parted on her forehead, corresponded admirably with her style of beauty.—Mrs. Harden bit her lips, and exchanged a meaning glance with Melissa; but they felt constrained to bear the intrusion, as they considered it, in silence.

"I hope, for your sake," said Eliza Evering to her brother, as they were on their way to Mrs. Harden's, "that the 'maid of the raven lock,' we met yesterday, will be at the party."

"I hope she will," he replied; "I thought her the most beautiful girl I ever saw."

"Mother thinks, by the description I gave of her, that she must be the young lady she saw with Mrs. Sinclair, whom she introduced as Miss Florence Harden. If so, she is doubtless a connection of Mrs. Harden's, and we shall probably see her this evening."

Florence, who had been required by her mother to superintend a variety of arrangements, had not time to complete her toilette till most of the company had assembled. Mrs. Sinclair continued to retain her station in the obscure corner, which Melissa had very adroitly contrived to screen, by placing before it a luxurious chair for an exceedingly corpulent gentleman, who, moreover, being afflicted with the gout, would not be likely to speedily change his position. The screen, both the inanimate and animate part, was adjusted just in time, the Everings being immediately announced. The bustle occasioned by their arrival, had pretty well subsided, when Florence, simply, yet elegantly attired, entered the apartment. The expedition she had been obliged to use in arranging her dress, had given a fine glow to her cheeks, and made her dark eyes appear more lustrous. "How beautiful!" was the involuntary exclamation of Edward Evering. Having exchanged salutations with those near her, she contrived to accomplish the somewhat difficult passage between the chair of the corpulent gentleman and the wainscot, and took a seat beside the neglected guest. The eyes of Willard Evering and his sister followed her, and they then perceived Mrs. Sinclair. Mrs. Harden, who perceived that Melissa's care had been in vain, approached Eliza Evering for the purpose of apologizing.

"I can assure you," said she, "that I never had any thing to occasion me more mortification and chagrin, than being obliged to permit a person of her standing to mingle upon terms of equality with persons whose presence I esteem an honor."

"Do you allude to that beautiful girl?" said Miss Evering, looking at Florence.

"I allude to the Widow Mansfield," she replied, "who lives in H——, and whom Mrs. Sinclair, whose late husband was Mr. Harden's half brother, employs as her sempstress."

"I know Mrs. Mansfield perfectly well, and should feel gratified to meet her on the present occasion.—You must pardon me, however, at being unable to *discover* her among your guests."

"But you can certainly see the woman who sits behind Mr. Quimby, that large gentleman."

"Yes, I can partly see her."

"Well, then, you see the Widow Mansfield, do you not?"

"No, indeed, it is Mrs. Sinclair, the same lady my father and mother met with, last Sabbath, soon after leaving church. Had you been so familiarly acquainted with her as I am, you could not have mistaken her for Mrs. Mansfield."

"What you say is impossible!" said Mrs. Harden, turning pale.

"By no means; and to convince you that I am not laboring under a hallucination, we will appeal to my mother, who, very opportunely, is coming this way. Is not that Mrs. Sinclair, mother, whose face is just perceptible above the shoulder of yonder fat gentleman?"

"Certainly; do you doubt the evidence of your own eyes? I am on my way to speak to her, to persuade her and that charming Miss Harden—who is, I presume, a connection of yours, Miss Harden—to emerge from that obscure corner, where it appears as if they had gone on purpose to hide themselves."

Mrs. Harden waited to hear no more, but going up to Melissa, and taking her by the arm, they left the apartment together. In a few minutes a note was handed to Mrs. Sinclair, from Mrs. Harden, requesting an interview.

"Excuse me for a short time," said she to Mrs. Evering, "and if you please, introduce my young friend to your son and daughter, who are coming this way, I dare say, to request the favor of me."

It would require too much space to relate all the conversation that passed between her and Mrs. Harden and Melissa. She, however, voluntarily promised not to expose the manner in which they had treated her to the Everings.

"I have accomplished my object," said she, "and I have no feelings of revenge to gratify. You have all of you appeared in your true characters, and I am so well pleased with that of Florence, that, with the concurrence of her father, I shall adopt her as my daughter. You, perhaps, may have learnt a lesson, which will profit you more than wealth. On your account, more than on my own, we will now, if you please, rejoin the company."

As may be imagined, the desire of Mrs. Sinclair to adopt Florence as her daughter, was readily conceded by her father. Florence accompanied her when she returned to H——, when they found Mrs. Mansfield entirely recovered from the effects of her accident. It was Mrs. Sinclair's first care to settle upon her an income which would make her easy for life.

Willard Evering did not fail to cultivate the acquaintance with Florence already commenced, and finding her as rich in moral and mental endowments, as in personal beauty, soon yielded to her his heart, which was speedily followed by the offer of his hand.

The splendid bridal celebrated a few months afterwards, at the mansion of Mrs. Sinclair, showed that the offer was not rejected.

THINK OF ME, DEAREST.

Think of me, dearest, when day is breaking
  Away from the sable chains of night,
When the sun, his ocean-couch forsaking,
Like a giant fresh in his strength awaking,
  Is flinging abroad his limbs of light:
As the breeze that first travels with morning forth,
Giving life to her steps o'er the quickening earth—
As the dream that has cheated my soul through the night,
Let me in thy thoughts come fresh with the light.

Think of me, dearest, when the day is sinking
  In the soft embrace of twilight gray,
When the starry eyes of heaven are winking,
And the weary flowers their tears are drinking,
  As they start like gems on the moss-couch'd spray.
Let me come warm in thy thoughts at eve,
As the glowing track which thy sunbeams leave,
When they, blushing, tremble along the deep,
While streaming away to their place of sleep.

Think of me, dearest, when round me smiling
  Are eyes that melt while they gaze on thee:
When words are winning, and looks are willing,
And those words and looks, of others, beguiling
  Thy fluttering heart from love and me.
Let me come true in thy thoughts at that hour;
Let my trust and my faith—my devotion—have power,
When all that can lure to thy young soul is nearest,
To summon each truant thought back to me, dearest.

THE LAST GOOD-BYE.

BY ELIZA COOK.

Farewell! farewell! is often heard
  From the lips of those who part;
'Tis a whisper'd tone, 'tis a gentle word,
  But it springs not from the heart.
It may serve for the lover's closing lay,
  To be sung 'neath a summer sky;
But give to me the lips that say
  The honest words, "Good-bye!"

Adieu! adieu! may greet the ear
  In the guise of courtly speech;
But when we leave the kind and dear,
  'Tis not what the soul would teach.
Whene'er we grasp the hands of those
  We would have forever nigh,
The flame of friendship bursts and glows
  In the warm, frank words, "Good-bye!"

The mother sending forth her child
  To meet with cares and strife,
Breathes through her tears her doubts and fears
  For the loved one's future life.
No cold "adieu," no "farewell" lives
  Within her choking sigh,
But the deepest sob of anguish gives
  "God bless thee, boy! good-bye!"

Go, watch the pale and dying one,
  When the glance has lost its beam—
When the brow is cold as the marble stone,
  And the world a passing dream;
And the latest pressure of the hand,
  The look of the closing eye,
Yield what the heart *must* understand,
  A long, a last "Good-bye!"

HOME, FAREWELL!

Sweet home, farewell! I leave thee now—
  I leave my childhood's hearth,
Where sisters wept when sorrow came,
  And laughed in guileless mirth.
Home, farewell!—there are ties that bind,
  And break the heart to sever,
And memories gushing from the heart,
  That linger there forever!

Home, farewell! I am weeping now,
  My mother calls my name,
And none like her can say that word,
  Can call me so again.
What voice can speak more tenderly,
  Or come more near my heart?
We two have been so long like one,
  And now we two must part!

Farewell! farewell! each path we've lov'd,
  In sunshine and in shade;
The climbing vine, whose clusters bend,
  And the deep woods' silent glade.
Farewell, sweet flowers, whose birth I've watch'd,
  Thou'lt brightly bloom each day,
While I am weeping lone and sad,
  From home and ye away.

Father! brothers! fare ye well—
  I leave my childhood's hearth,
And may those dear walls echo still
  With merry sounds of mirth.
But sisters! when your laughter rings
  Upon the balmy air,
Remember in your happiness,
  That one is missing there.

One who has love for all of ye,
  And leaves her home to-day;
Oh! farewell! mother, sisters, all,
  I tear myself away.
Thoughts of things past—forever gone—
  Shadows dark and deep,
Those that have so loved me—I leave—
  Then dear ones! let me weep!

SAD MOMENTS.

There are moments in life, when beating with sadness,
There seems in our pathway no gleaming of gladness;
Not a ray to enliven, a bright hope to cheer;
The past appears dark, and the future more drear.

When the links of past friendship are covered with rust,
And our blasted affections lie low in the dust;
When fancy's dominion, so specious of yore,
Has vanished and faded, deceiving no more;

When we've drain'd to the lees the bright chalice of pleasure,
And [illegible] at her glancing each [illegible],
Have plucked her gay roses in life's early morn,
And found bitter pearl-drops distill'd from each thorn;

Then, heart-sore and weary, we sit down and sigh,
Little caring how swiftly our life passes by;
With its sunshine, its glitter, its pains dy'd bubbles,
Its nights fraught with care, and its days full of troubles.

In moments like these, there's a lesson we gain,
Though studied in sorrow, and garner'd in pain;
That in trusting alone to the pleasures of life,
We oft find but bitterness, sorrow and strife.

E. D. W. B.

Written for the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

SONG.

As the breath from off the mirror,
  As the foam from off the sea,
So faded from thy fickle heart,
  The memory of me;
Like leaves before the Autumn-gale,
  My hopes went down the blast,
And left me in my misery
  A blighted one at last.

But when the old time creepeth
  Like a mist along thy mind,
And the whispers of old memories,
  Are rippling on the wind;
Thy cheeks will pale, thine eyes grow dim,
  Thy pleasure fade away
Before the ghosts of buried hopes
  Thy falsehood made decay.

ANNA M. HIRST.

MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

Sweet is the place where thou art laid,
Beneath the weeping willow's shade;
Whose graceful foliage hid among,
The robin sweetly chaunts his song.
Around thy ivy cover'd tomb,
Roses in rich profusion bloom:
While modest lilys, fair as snow,
In silent grief their branches bow.

At early morn's inviting hour,
When on each blade of grass and flow'r,
The crystal dew-drops brightly shine,
Like diamonds from Golconda's mine;
And sweetly murm'ring through the trees,
Comes laden with perfume the breeze;
I go, my heart by grief oppressed,
To where thou'rt sweetly couch'd to rest.

And when the sun's last glimmering ray,
Has faded from the scene away,
When flowers their petals gently close,
And birds are nestling to repose,
Again, I wander to the place,
Where earth holds thee in cold embrace;
To sigh, and shed the silent tear,
For thee, for thee, my mother dear.

Yet, though I deeply, deeply mourn,
That thou from me so soon wast torn;
I would not call thee back again,
Into this world of sin and pain;
For now thy sufferings all are o'er,
And sorrow ne'er shall pain thee more;
A heavenly bliss, pure, without alloy,
Thou dost, and ever wilt enjoy.

J. D. C.

Parents are o'erseen
When with too strict a rein they do hold in
Their child's affections; and control that love
Which the Powers Divine instruct them with;
When, in their shallow judgments they may know,
Affection cross'd brings misery and woe.

[Rob. Taylor.

Written for the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

PARENTAL ERRORS.

A Story of the Village Inn.

BY H. N. MOORE.

"What is this secret sin, this untold tale,
That art cannot extract, nor penance cleanse?"

[WALPOLE.

The village of Bucksbuting is an old and unimproved cluster of buildings situated upon the steep bank of a dark-watered creek, in Cumberland county, New Jersey. At the entrance of this village is a mill-pond, crossed by a bridge. This mill-pond is both wide and deep—it is formed by a dam across the creek, erected longer than a century since, to supply a race by which the wheel of a grist-mill is turned. The mill stands upon the edge of the creek; it is a stone building, surmounted by a rude sort of steeple, and, viewed from a distance, has a picturesque effect. The bridge is a simple structure of beams and planks, with a rail of coarse lattice-work on each side. The arc of this bridge spans the creek immediately over the dam. The stream plunges over the dam with a cataract-like roar, dashing upon the rocks below, and pursues its way, winding through pine forests and wilderness-like scenery, until it empties into waters to which it is tributary.

Upon a gloomy night in December, a solitary horseman approached the village. Snow was falling thick and fast, and beating directly in his face. He urged his horse with the spur, anxious to reach the village and the comforts of a fireside. The horse, jaded with a long journey, was ready to drop from fatigue, at the foot of the bridge. As his hoofs resounded hollowly upon the planks, his rider checked the rein and paused. Recollections of an awful interest thronged upon the memory of that man! Years—years had passed since he had trodden upon the spot where he now stood! His thoughts reverted to that time, and deeply—deeply was he agitated!

As if to escape from his thoughts, he spurred forward. The various lights, streaming from houses in the village, rendered objects slightly visible, and on the brow of the hill before him, he recognized a swinging sign of General Washington—such at least was the painting that he had seen there forty years previous. As he reached the other end of the bridge, he again paused. Other retrospections for a moment filled his mind. Days long past, arose before his memory. That scene, now shrouded in darkness, and locked in winter, took the aspect as in summer-time it wore, when, an idle boy, he loitered upon the banks of that pond, gazing listlessly into the depths of its clear, though dark waters: when he dreamed away time in the luxury of youth and summer indolence. Memory recalled the scenes as then arrayed in foliage, shadow, sunshine, and floral luxuriance. In imagination, wild flowers of innumerable dyes, fringed the edge of the pond; he saw the deep shadow of forest trees upon the water, the blue sky above—in brief, he was for the moment, surrounded with the scene: the home of his boyhood!

Arousing from these reflections, he pursued his way into the village, and rode up to the door of the only inn in the place. The hinges of the old sign creaked as the wind swung it to and fro, and the traveller conjectured as to the probability of Washington, or rather the painting of him, being still there. He distinctly remembered when the sign was put up. It was in the year that Washington was elevated to the Presidency. All the village turned out upon the occasion, and made a holiday of it. Jonas Rocap, the landlord, had served in the armies, under the General, throughout the war, and there was not a more popular man in Cumberland county. These matters were fresh upon the traveller's memory, and through a vista of forty years he distinctly beheld the actors who then occupied the scene. But where were those actors now? Over how many had the grave closed? Was the good-natured, corpulent Jonas still living? There was every probability to the contrary, for, as far back as that period, Jonas was past the meridian of life.

Silently dismounting from his wearied horse, the traveller approached a window, through the panes of which flickered the light of a hearth-fire. In the bar-room he saw but one person, whom he supposed to be the landlord, and in whose features he thought he traced a resemblance to the merry-hearted Jonas of yore. The person in question was nodding near the fire, in a capacious arm-chair, the dimensions of which but just accommodated the dimensions of his "fair, round corporation." A candle, almost consumed, was dimly burning on a table at his elbow.

Lifting the latch, our traveller entered, stamped the snow from his boots and shook it from his clothes. The noise awakened the landlord from his nap. He was instantly on his feet, and ready to receive orders.

"A stormy night, sir," he remarked, assuming his most affable tones.

"Yes," was the assent of the traveller, throwing off his overcoat, white with snow. "I feel chilled from the efforts of it. Have my horse taken care of, will you?"

"Yes, sir. Where are you, Josh?" called the landlord, sending his voice into an adjoining room.

At the call, a sleepy-looking ostler, rubbing his eyes, blundered in. The landlord, full of indignation, emphatically exclaimed—

"Josh Robins, if you don't stir yourself quicker, I'll discharge you! You are always asleep! Wake up, you scoundrel, and take this gentleman's horse to the stable—rub down—four quarts of oats—fresh straw in stall!"

Thus imperatively did the landlord command, and sleepy Josh slowly obeyed,

"A lazy dog! he isn't worth his salt!"

The traveller had divested himself of his wet clothes, and taken a seat at the fire. A fresh candle was lighted by the landlord: he stirred up the coals, threw on two heavy gum logs, and bustled about, corpulent as he was, with an alacrity that was greatly in contrast to the snail-like movements of the ostler. The traveller intimated his desire to have supper. This the landlord communicated to a buxom daughter of his, by whom the cloth was quickly spread in the adjoining room, and, in less than half an hour, coffee was served up with good and inviting country fare. The traveller ate but little. He seemed dispirited. The landlord thought him the most uncommunicative guest he ever had entertained. A half-pint of brandy that he ordered, was barely tasted. As he sate by the fire after his light repast, he remarked that he felt unwell. Referring to his watch—

"It is after ten," he observed. "Has the fire been lighted in my room?"

"Your chamber is ready, sir."

"Bring me a light. I'll retire."

"This way, sir, if you please," and the landlord conducted his guest to a chamber. A fire blazed brightly upon the hearth, and the apartment wore a comfortable aspect. The storm was still beating against the casement; sill and sash were completely clogged with snow.

The storm ceased sometime during the night, for when the traveller awoke in the morning, he found the sun shining into his window, with bright, but powerless rays. The fire upon the hearth was out, and so cold was the atmosphere, that it congealed his breath. The rays of the sun effected not the slightest impression upon the snow that adhered to the window. It was one of those transparently clear and intensely cold mornings, with every object far and near covered with snow; such as the reader may readily picture to himself. The traveller, hastily dressing himself, advanced to the window.

How still and white was the scene on which his eye rested! Calm was the air; and the sign, which had creaked so dismally in the storm, hung perfectly motionless. He now recognized it to be the same which had been put up in the days of his boyhood, but the face of Washington was so defaced that not a vestige remained; at most, he could merely perceive the outline of a head; the rains of forty years had entirely washed out the blue and buff of the general's coat and vest. Washington was obliterated, but the name of Jonas Rocap, in obscure letters, underneath, and the date, 1790, in equally imperfect figures, above, might still be traced.

He descended to the bar-room, where the landlord, assuming his most winning manners, (having just bestowed a hearty box upon the ears of his daughter, and a sturdy thwack with a stick upon the shoulder of Josh Robins,) presented a chair, glanced at an old-fashioned, upright clock in the corner, and announced that breakfast would be ready "in ten minutes—at eight, exactly." To which he added, "The beef-steak is on the fire—milk toast done—coffee made—and I'll step into the kitchen to frizzle the eggs myself."

His guest took up an old newspaper, drew a chair to the fire, and occupied himself till the ten minutes had elapsed, and the clock chimed eight. The landlord reappeared instanter. "Breakfast is ready, sir." They were presently seated at a table overloaded with edibles, and the landlord was evidently quite vain of the display, but it was lost upon the traveller; he made no comment.

"Nell, pour out the coffee—sugar and cream in yours, sir? Shall I cut you a piece of this steak, sir? or will you have toast first, sir? I can recommend this dish, sir; I frizzled the eggs myself."

The landlord was disposed to be quite voluble, but the indifference of his guest dampened his efforts, and for a moment or two, with a blank expression on his face, he ceased his tongue. Rousing himself, however, "Did you sleep well, sir, last night?" he briskly inquired.

To this the traveller merely expressed an affirmative, without offering further conversation. He ate in silence, replying with as much brevity as possible to one or two other interrogations of the landlord, upon whose lively curiosity this determined taciturnity acted with chilling effect. Never in his life had he been, for the moment, more disappointed. "Queer old fellow, that," he remarked to his daughter, after the guest had left the table and was out of hearing distance. "Grum—sulky—disagreeable, like a cross dog—looks mad enough to bite one. I shouldn't wonder if—hum!—I don't altogether like his looks. You didn't over feed his horse, Josh, did you?"

Josh, with his mouth full of breakfast, grunted a negative.

"You didn't give him any oats, did you?"

Another negative grunted.

"Nor put fresh straw in the stall, did you?"

A third grunt of negation.

"That's right, Josh. If hay and hard floor ain't good enough for any traveller's beast, why he must travel farther and get better—eh, Josh?"

"Um," grunted Josh.

"I wonder what his name is?" was the remark of Nell.

Here was a fresh item of curiosity. "That's well thought of, Nell; I should like to know myself.—You're are not so big a fool as some people think.—I boxed your ears this morning, but you're used to that. I wonder what his name is. Josh Robins, what do you think it is?"

"Don't know."

"You're a stupid fool, you know nothing."

"Um!"

"Let me see—let me think. What can it be, Nell? He carried a small trunk up to bed last night—run up stairs, Nell, and see if there's a name on it, or any letters."

"There isn't I know, father, for I slipped up a few minutes ago to see."

"Nothing at all on it?"

"Not a letter—no mark of any kind. It's an old black leather kind of a thing that looks as if he had travelled about with it all his life."

"Was it open, Nell?"

"Strapped down tight and fastened with a brass padlock."

"A strange old fellow! something mysterious! something—um! Josh Robins, will you never be done eating! I wonder you ain't ashamed, so lubberly and so lazy, to eat so much! What, another cup, Nell? How many have you drank since you came to the table? How often have I told you that strong coffee isn't good for your health, and that you mustn't drink more than two cups at a meal? Clear away the table at once. Josh, fetch in some gum logs for the bar-room fire."

Leaving these orders behind him, he bustled into the bar-room, where he found the stranger putting on his over-coat and muffling up his face, preparatory to going out. "Forty years ago," remarked the stranger, "this house was kept by one Jonas Rocap—a soldier of the Revolution; he served through all the war; when peace was established he settled here—is he dead?"

"Long since, sir. Let me see. It is seventeen years ago this winter since his death, if I mistake not. But it's down in our old Bible, sir, where you may satisfy yourself as to the very year, month and day. I'll fetch it."

"No—never mind. He had three sons, I remember; John, William, and Jonas were their names, I think?"

"You're correct, sir. John was oldest, William next, Jonas youngest."

"Are all living?"

"But one, sir. William died a year before the old man; it was the small-pox that carried him off. John fell from the top of a load of hay, this summer was eight years since, and broke his neck. Jonas, who was a boy forty years ago, now stands before you, with hair almost as white as your own, sir."

At this announcement, the eyes of the stranger a moment scanned the features before him. “As I thought,” he muttered. “I took you to be a son of old Jonas—you look much as he did forty years ago. Have you kept here from his death till this time?”

“Ever since, sir.”

“What is your dinner-hour?”

“Twelve o'clock, sir. You shall have as fine a pair of chickens to-day as ever was eaten.”

“That matters not.” And, turning upon his heel, the stranger left the house.

The curiosity of Jonas Rocap was again disappointed by this abrupt termination of their converse. He sprang to a window and watched the stranger, who waded knee-deep through the snow, taking a direction towards the bridge. “‘Matters not!’ that's queer! I think it matters much what a man has for dinner. He treats a pair of chickens as if a pair was nothing. He shall pay for them, though. Where can he be going to, up to his thighs in snow? Who can he be? What can he have on hand that urges him to trudge in the cold through the snow?”

Thus was Jonas full of conjecture, and not a little puzzled at the mention of his father and brothers by the stranger, and the knowledge that he possessed of a date so far back as forty years. “Who could he be? Why was he in Bucksbuting?”

With these cravings of curiosity perplexed, he went behind the bar and helped himself to a glass of stimulus. His ostler, a man of all work, Josh Robins, with a big gum log on his shoulder, and propelling another with his foot, entered just as he was gulphing down the liquor. Now, of all things in the world that Jonas disliked, nothing more vexed him than that Josh should see him in the act of drinking behind his bar. He always felt like a thief detected in a larceny. Whether it was the singular twinkle of Josh's eye, or smirk of his countenance, upon such occasions, that he dreaded, or what, we cannot take upon us to decide. “Some men there are love not a gaping pig,” and “some are mad if they behold a cat,” says Shylock, and yet can they give no reason for it, other than some peculiar, undefinable sensation which masters them. So must it have been with Jonas: he could assign to himself no specific motive for this dislike, yet it swayed his feelings beyond his control. Upon such occasions he invariably flew into a passion.

“Josh, what are you about there? Can't you roll that log without all that noise! Make up that fire—quick! You're a snail!—a lazier scoundrel never breathed!”

Having bestowed this upon his ostler, he flung into the kitchen and assailed his daughter.

“Nell, what do you mean? Dishes not yet washed! What's the matter? Dreaming? Wash 'em up, and then make the beds, you idle trollop, you! Don't dare to speak back—don't dare to look sour at me! As sure as you do, I'll box your ears!”

Bustling back to the bar-room—

“Josh, have you made up that fire?”

“Um!”

“Get a shovel—clear the snow away from the porch. Be quick about it! Do you grumble? I'll cowhide you if you say a word! I've determined to turn over a new leaf. I'll have no more idle bread eaten in this house! Ah, good morning, Sharp, how are you?” he said to a neighbour, who at this moment entered.

“A sharp morning, this,” said Sharp, stamping the snow from his clumsy boots.

“Stinging!” answered Jonas, as he shuffled behind the enclosure of one of your corner-cupboard kind of constructions, so common to the taverns of towns and villages throughout the United States, called the bar.

“I'll take a little old rye,” said Sharp, and Jonas handed out glass and whiskey-bottle.

Sharp poured out, and, according to custom, swallowed half a glass of raw whiskey, drinking water after. By this transaction three cents were transferred from the trousers-pocket of Sharp to the till of the landlord's bar.

“Any lodgers last night, Jonas?”

“One.”

“Name?”

“Didn't tell.”

“Where from?”

“Didn't say.”

“How did he come?”

“Hor-back.”

Here, from a deep pocket of his ample trousers, Sharp drew forth a snake-like longitude of chewing tobacco, and amputated with his teeth a large quid therefrom.

“I say, Jonas”—and he then went on to say that he had seen a stranger down on the bridge.

“On the bridge?”

“Standing up to his knees in the snow, and gazing over the dam, for all the world as if in a dream.”

“Looking over the bridge, hey? Did he see you, Sharp?”

“Guess not. I had an errand down at Enoch Smith's store, and as I passed round by the mill I spied the stranger standing on the bridge. I wondered what he could be doing there.”

“Did you keep your eye on him?”

es, and he stood fifteen minutes in one spot.”

“All the time looking over the dam, hey?”

“Yes, now and then stretching over the rail in this way”—exemplifying it over a chair-back—“as if he wanted to see something under the bridge. He afterwards went round, and walked on the ice across the pond.”

“Which way did he go?” eagerly asked Jonas.

“He went up into the woods, and I lost sight of him.”

“Um-m-m!” muttered Jonas, with significant twitches of his burly countenance—um! something wrong about that man! I shouldn't wonder—um-m-m!—Ah, good morning, colonel—cold morning, colonel,” to a big, raw-boned man, who now entered, he addressed himself. This new comer was known in the village by the name and prefix of Colonel Ichabod Wriggins.

The colonel also called for old rye, a dram of which he swallowed, and three more coppers were added to the landlord's till. Seth Sharp and the landlord, with mysterious looks, and in suppressed accents, related to the colonel, with additions, embellishments and exaggerations, the arrival of the stranger, his odd movements since, and his taciturnity.—Colonel Wriggins said it was “queer!” and canted his head on one side in a position of profound thought; but he conjectured in vain—he could make nothing of it.

“Good morning to you, squire,” said the landlord to another who now entered. This was no less a person than Jonathan Stratton, a Justice of the Peace for the township of Downe, Cumberland county. He was a man of many acres; he had served the people many years as a member of the State Legislature, and had also been twice elected to the Congress of the United States. Full of these political honors, he had retired from public life, and was now living in private, enjoying merely the local dignity of a squire. He was a man much looked up to in Bucksbuting.

The squire asked for apple-jack, but upon second thought said he would take old rye, having imbibed a portion of which, and gulphed down a glass of water upon it, he took a chair in front of the fire, along with Sharp and Colonel Wriggins. Jonas Rocap deposited his portly body in his arm-chair. Seth and the Colonel looked big with importance, and the mystery of the stranger-guest was promptly detailed to the squire. The squire was puzzled; there was a comical profundity of expression in his face; he turned the matter over and over in his mind; but, like the colonel, he could make nothing of it.

Jonas Rocap made the affair more and more mysterious each time he rehearsed it. Each person who entered the bar-room was made a confidant in the mystery; and long before noon all the men, women and children in Bucksbuting were important with something—they scarce knew what; but a mystery of some kind was pending, and anxiously they awaited the development.

At noon the stranger returned to the inn, where half a dozen villagers had by this time assembled, and, with the landlord, were forming various conjectures in regard to him. Glasses upon glasses of old rye, and occasionally of apple-jack, were swallowed; three cents upon three cents were rapidly added to the till; and the landlord himself had by this time admitted such a mixture of old rye and apple-jack into his stomach, as to be scarcely able to keep himself perpendicular. Josh Robins had piled several gum logs upon the hearth, and the fire blazed high. Seth Sharp, Colonel Wriggins and Squire Stratton, warmed with sundry potations from the bar, were in a high strain of talk and contradiction, when the door opened and in walked the stranger. There was sudden silence. The stranger saw that all eyes were bent upon him, but he seemed to disregard the scrutiny. He leisurely took off his over-coat and seated himself at the fire-side, extending his feet near the flame to warm them and dry his boots. His face was quite pale; he wore a sickly, dejected look. The squire, who was the nearest seated to him, with much self-consequence in his manner, spoke.

“I reckon you found it cold out in the woods, sir?”

“Quite so.”

“Deep snow, sir?”

“Yes.”

The brevity of these answers cooled the assurance of the squire, and his face colored with confusion. The attempt was a failure, and he felt cheap that Seth and the colonel should see him thus “put down.” At this moment, much to his relief, the clock in the corner chimed twelve—the dinner hour of the village—and the bar-room was speedily emptied of all except the stranger and Jonas. Jonas drunkenly blustered about, splattered into the kitchen, (leaving the door between that and the bar-room open,) and rated his daughter in high tones for not having dinner ready at twelve to a minute. Of his movements the stranger took no notice, but remained with eyes fixed upon the fire, absorbed in the silence of thought. He appeared more haggard than he otherwise would by the length of his beard, which evidently had been several days without the application of a razor, and there was a vacant glare from his eyes, like the look of one bereft of hope, not desperate, but resigned.

At dinner he ate, what little he did eat, in silence. The landlord was in a loquacious mood and talked at random—but, finding his efforts to draw the stranger into conversation unavailing, he commenced bickering with his daughter.

The stranger soon left the table, and returned to his seat at the bar-room fire, where, closing his eyes, he sunk into a reverie. The frequenters of the bar-room, who had that morning talked over the mystery, one by one re-assembled and collected about the bar, renewing their thirsty demands upon the bottles of old-rye and apple-jack, and continuing to disburthen their pockets of coppers.

The sun, which had shone out so brightly in the fore part of the day, was now obscured; the atmosphere was much less severe, having moderated from extreme cold to that raw and chilly degree which is precursory of storm and snow. Notwithstanding the slow but sure labour of Josh Robins in rolling in gum logs and heaping them upon the fire—and never did chimney-fire blaze brighter—the aspect of the bar-room was deplorably gloomy. The floor, which had been half a century in use, and all that time had been exposed daily to the friction of sand and sole-leather, was worn into many little valleys; it was now, with sand and the quantity of snow that had melted from the boots of the landlord's customers, miry. His bar-room was a wide, long, spacious apartment—the ceiling low and dark with the smoke of many years. The glass of the windows was thick and greenish, as we find it in old houses. The chimney was a huge place, wide, and reaching almost to the ceiling. Against each jamb was a stationary bench, calculated to accommodate sitters. The light of the fire shone strongly on objects directly opposite it, but failed to reach the remote angles and recesses.

It was already growing dark, and Josh Robins was bringing in candles, as the old clock from its corner struck the hour of five. The frequenters of the place gathered nearer the huge heap of burning logs. Seth Sharp, the colonel, and the squire, formed a group in the chimney corner, sitting close to the stranger, while two others commenced a game of dominoes, and Jonas and one of his guests sat down to draughts. Around the domino players a group of lookers-on collected; the same around the draught players. Josh rolled in more gum logs. Liquor was called for, and old-rye, the favorite drink of all, (with an occasional exception in favor of apple-jack,) was placed before them. Dominoes and draughts were proceeded with, and to each group the game afforded ample interest for awhile. The colonel, squire, and Seth Sharp, chatted upon local politics—but, the subject becoming exhausted, they found themselves partly weary of each other, and were uneasy in their chairs for the want of matter to gossip about. The stranger had not opened his lips or eyes; his left elbow rested upon an arm of his chair, and his hand supported his head; he appeared to be sleeping.

Six was announced by the clock from its dark corner. Conversation upon the part of Seth, the colonel, and Squire Stratton, had entirely subsided—Each leaned back, drowsily basking in the warmth of the fire, the flame of which cheerfully played up the spacious chimney. The domino players, and the landlord and his antagonist at draughts, continued their respective games. Jonas being occupied, Josh was in demand; the duties of the bar devolved entirely upon him, and he was not idle in answering the calls that were kept up during the evening:—here a cigar was wanted—there a glass to be replenished with old-rye—the fire to be looked to, and various other matters. One by one the lookers-on dropped away from the games, and either sunk into chairs for a snooze, or buttoned their coats and left for their homes.

The stranger remained in his seat. The squire, colonel, and Seth Sharp, were dozing before the chimney, occasionally pushing their chairs a little back as the heat was too strongly felt. Sharp, who was heated inside with old-rye, and outside by the fire, had become drowsiest of all. He had now moved his chair out into the centre of the room nearly, and was leaning back with his head hanging sleepily upon his breast. The colonel, neither asleep nor awake, had his legs extended upon a chair before him; he was blinking at the fire, and kept his jaws in constant exercise upon a huge mouthful of tobacco, which he seemed to crunch with extreme relish.—The squire had propped both elbows on a table, and, resting his chin in his hands, was oscillating his head to and fro in most luxurious ebriety. Sharp, however, was so far gone as to snore.

Such was the scene, such the state of the topplers in the bar-room, and all was quiet except the heavy breathing of Sharp, the clattering of dominoes, and now and then a remark. This silence was suddenly disturbed—a fall! a crash!—all were roused—the colonel and squire each started up, and the landlord ejaculated an oath. What had happened? Seth Sharp had merely leaned so far back as to lose his equilibrium—had fallen, broken the chair-back, and bruised his head. He was quickly upon his feet again, and joined in the loud laugh that succeeded.

“Josh, snuff the candles. What are you about there! Bring a glass of old-rye!” called out the landlord.

This call for old-rye was repeated by every one present, and the stir and hubbub that now ensued—calls for Josh to bring old-rye, shuffling of feet, moving of chairs, expectorating, et cetera—were in strong contrast to the sluggish, listless, stupid kind of calm that had previously reigned.

Having roused up and shaken themselves, (like dogs from a hearth-rug as it were,) the colonel, squire, and Sharp, resumed their chat. The stranger changed his position no farther than to shift from his left elbow to his right. Jonas and his antagonist returned to the checker-board, and the clattering of dominoes was renewed.

"Come, squire," said the colonel, "give us a story—one of your old-fashioned ones, that make the flesh creep and the hair stand."

Seth joined in the request—and after farther coaxing and prevailing, the squire complied. In fact, he could tell stories better than he could make congressional speeches. Of the latter he had manufactured several long-winded ones, and altered them on the floor of the House; but he was more at home in tale-telling.

"I'll tell you," said he, "one that I heard Jonas—not this Jonas, but his father, old Jonas Rocap, repeat twenty years ago. Ah, he was a merry-hearted fellow! I think I can see him now, as he used to sit in this room, shaking his fat sides with laughter in the very chair that now holds me. Brimful of fun and anecdote was old Jonas—fun was his nature; he enjoyed a good joke above all things in this world; but when called upon for a story, he would sometimes surprise us with a tale quite contrary to what we would expect. Of this kind is the one I am about to repeat. It is a true story. Much of it occurred in this village, and old Jonas was an actor in it."

After some preliminary hems the squire commenced. We give the substance of the story as told by him, but have clothed it in language of our own, omitting the interruptive remarks, interrogations, answers, etc., that, as the reader must be aware, could not fail to be incident to a tale in a bar-room.

"At about the time the Federal government of the United States was established, and Washington was elected to the Presidency of the Union, there lived in this village of Buckshuting, a respectable old man, Benjamin Loper by name. He was the owner of the mill, and among his fellow-villagers reputed rich.—He had married late in life, and his only child, a boy, was worshipped by him with all that excess and folly into which the parental affection of old age is almost sure to run. This boy, (Auley by name,) who was in every thing indulged, grew up an idle young man—idle, but good-natured. His habits were of that indolently *dreamy* nature, in which the mind unfits the body for pursuits of activity, and it is the joy of the dreamer to pass away time in a kind of desultory loneliness, remote from the customs of domestic life. These sequestered habits were early natural to him. Even at the age of seven he would saunter into lone places—quiet retreats, 'o'er-canopied with luscious woodbine,'—where, utterly regardless of time, he would indulge in his waking dreams. Every nook, by-place, and haunt of the mill-pond and creek, were familiar to Auley. The banks of the stream are, at intervals, diversified with precipitous risings of earth, overgrown with wild-wood; these ascents he would climb, and creep into the unexplored recesses that nature had covered with briar and brush, and from which the light of day was almost totally excluded. Here he would be hidden, absorbed in his fancies, for hours upon hours of the day, nor be conscious of his situation till he heard the far halloo of his old father, or of some one sent in quest of him. The shores of the creek teem with echoes, and a halloo would penetrate the depths of these recesses in musical reverberations that pleased the ear of the imaginative boy. He would remain in his hiding-place listening, and not till the call had receded beyond his hearing would he emerge. Twilight was generally deepening the shadows of the dark creek as he came forth, he having wandered since morning; and he would wind his way home through tangled paths, pushing the branches aside, and disturbing the birds that had already retired to rest amid the overhanging foliage.

"Much anxiety did these habits of his son occasion old Benjamin. Desirous that the boy should be well educated, he sent him early to an establishment far from home. At each summer vacation Auley returned to his native village, and, resuming his habits, wandered upon the margin of the pond, bathed in its dark but clear waters, following far into the forest the course of the creek, and absenting himself from his father's roof with the same unconsciousness of the fleeting hours as formerly. Old Benjamin had hoped that these habits would be corrected; that absence from his familiar haunts, and the necessary practical duties of scholastic exercises would wean him from them. Not so. The boy endured the restraints of education, was docile to his teachers, and went through the routine of his duties obediently, but with little interest therein. Having completed his course, with eager delight he returned to Buckshuting.—Though eighteen years of age, his predilections had not in the least abated. His mind leaped and danced, it might almost be said, in the thought that he was returning to a long holiday, not to be broken in upon—his roving pleasures not to be disturbed by the dread of a return to the study of books. Books, it seems reasonable to suppose, would have been the choice of one so much given to solitude and meditation, but it was not so; and we have it as an instance of what contrary feelings and tastes a mind may be constituted.

"Pond, creek, *forest*, were again the daily range of Auley—fishing, bathing, strolling, lying at length upon the sward—alone—dreaming. From morning till night, notwithstanding the persuasions of his old father, he was ever out-doors, ever pursuing his peculiar pastime. Often would the old man mildly remonstrate. 'Stay at home to-day, Auley, do,' he would urge, as in the morning his son would be preparing to start; 'do stay at home; study as other young men *do*—why be always in the woods!'—Auley would reply with some good-humored excuse, good-natured smiles would suffuse his countenance, and thus he avoided his parent's injunction. But Benjamin's neighbors saw the ruinous course he was pursuing in regard to the welfare of his son; they saw how loose a rein he held upon the lad's inclinations. They represented to him the danger of permitting Auley to follow his will thus unrestrained, by which he was irretrievably wasting time, and habituating himself to a desultory existence that would, in the end, entirely unfit him for the social duties of life.

"Thus urged, old Benjamin bestrode the back of a quiet old horse of his early one morning, and jogged along a sandy road, looking with the eye of a farmer upon corn-fields, orchards and fences as he went, till he arrived at the ferry opposite a quiet town called Port Elizabeth, distant from Buckshuting between two and three miles. At the ferry was a scow, into which he and his horse entrusted themselves, and were conveyed across the river. He jogged into the town, knocked at the door of a quiet-looking house, which was the residence of a practitioner of medicine, and, after an interview of an hour with the physician, he re-mounted, re-crossed the ferry, and jogged home in time for dinner. At breakfast, upon the following day, he informed his son of this, and that he had arranged it with Doctor F. that he (Auley) should reside in the house of the Doctor and study medicine. Auley objected—the father urged—strongly at the start, but the persuasions of the son softened his determinations, and delays were the consequence; the weak fondness of the old man incapacitated him from enforcing the matter, and so it remained until Auley had reached his majority. Again and again, as convictions of misplaced forbearance were forced upon his mind, would the old man urge his son to commence; but again and again Auley procrastinated. The old man could not find it in his heart to be harsh, and day after day Auley continued to loiter along the banks of the mill-pond, and up the creek, with rod and line over his shoulder and little basket on his arm. He had many choice spots, cool retreats from the fervor of mid-day warmth, to which he resorted. Choosing one of these, he would recline upon the edge of the stream, with outstretched angle, placidly luxuriating in his indolent musings.

"In day-dreams he revelled. And in relation to this habit, angling was to him the same as any pursuit which any one might ostensibly assume whilst engaged in another under cover of it.—Success in angling he little regarded; it was but an excuse for his dreaming propensity; and he turned his steps homeward in the evening more frequently without a fish in his basket than with. His basket was of most use as a means by which he carried with him his daily food. Did the fish bite or not, it was all the same to Auley—he could dream while he waited for them. If they but nibbled about his hooks, carrying off the bait, he was not, as many an angler would be, provoked, but baited and rebaited with imperturbable patience. If weary of holding the rod he would lay it down; but his dreams went on; and stretched at length upon the green earth, with his imagination fully at play, he would resign himself to the wildest speculations of fancy.

"Such was Auley Loper! Ever immersed in thought, it was his delight to seek the solitude of pathless woods and sylvan retreats, to spread his limbs upon the margin of the creek, and dream away time. He lived in his dreams! his dreams constituted his happiness! It appeared to be his pleasure, his aim, to live untrammelled by system; to pass away life remote from the customs of his fellow beings.

"But this life was suddenly broken in upon by a new feeling that was stirred in his breast. He was smitten by the charms of Edith Compton, a maiden of sixteen, who was a native of the village, but had been several years absent. Edith was an only child. Her father had perished while she was yet an infant. He was part owner of a sloop, called the Ann Jane, that carried wood out of Maurice river to the city of Philadelphia; in those days a lucrative trade. It was upon a stormy night, the Ann Jane had left the mouth of the river—the tide was too low to cross the shoals on the coast of Egg Island, and the sloop stretched out into the bay to go round. Though stormy, no apprehensions were entertained by those in the Ann Jane, and, muffled in their pea-jackets and weather-defying gear, Compton, who commanded, had the helm and whistled merrily as the sloop sped at a rapid rate over the billows; two of his "hands" danced and capered about the quarter-deck, whilst the third, who was forward "tending jib," shouted aloud his gay song, with the spray dashing over him and the cold benumbing his fingers. Struck by a flaw, the sail suddenly jibed; the two hands dodged quick enough to escape the danger, but the blow of the boom knocked the unfortunate parent of Edith from the quarter-deck into the waves. His cry for help was heard. Another flaw struck the sail; the sloop was capsized. The three hands clung to the sides of the sloop and lived through the cold and gloom of the night, driven about at the mercy of the waves and wind. On the following day they were discovered, and rescued from their perilous situation. Compton was heard of no more. The sad news was conveyed to his young wife, who soon after, with her child, left Buckshuting to reside with her relatives in the northern part of the State, and at Springfield, in Essex county, she resided two years. She sorrowed much—deep was her anguish. After two years, she returned to her little property in Buckshuting, making annual visits to her relations. Edith, at the age of twelve, was left by her mother at a boarding-school in Springfield.

"At the time here treated of, Edith, having completed her course at school, had returned to live with her mother. Auley Loper, as stated, was struck with her beauty. He dropped his wandering pursuits and roused his energies to effect an impression in his favor upon the heart of the maiden. He succeeded. The youthful affections of Edith were not difficult to win by the wooing of a suitor so ardent and devoted as Auley now proved himself. Her mother looked on with an approving eye, and it was a matter of general belief in the village that Edith and Auley were shortly to be united. But an obstacle presented itself in the opposition of old Benjamin, who forbade the marriage in positive words, and was obstinately deaf to all intercession. The old man had heretofore been indulgent where he should have been imperative; now he was as contrarily the reverse—utterly refusing his son present support if he married, and threatening to disinherit him. In the face of this, how could Auley think of espousing Edith? Were he to wed her, from what should he derive a support? And now how poignantly he felt the sense of his dependence—how he regretted his folly in refusing to study when urged to it by his father.

"A change in the mother took place; she no longer encouraged the visits of Auley. Why was this?—Her little property was mortgaged; old Benjamin was the bond-holder; she was in arrears; he threatened her with his power if she did not assist him in breaking off the match. She was a timid woman, and what could she do? If she braved the old man he would sell her little property, and (to her, who had surrounded herself with a few articles of luxury as well as indoor comforts, and had established for herself in the village a gratifying character of gentility) how inconvenient would it be, how wretchedly uncomfortable it would render her. If her daughter married Auley, what prospect of support had he?—From his father, none? From whom, what, or where else? Considered in any light, in frowning him from her house, was she not adopting the most prudent step?—a step that would prevent her child from incurring innumerable hardships, and save herself the necessity of leaving her present home?

"In fine, she forbade Auley her house. Here was despair for the lovers! The dark eyes of Auley gleamed fire as he walked from the door on the morning that he received from Mrs. Compton his denial. But, at the window he saw the streaming eyes of Edith looking after him. 'She shall yet be mine,' he resolved. Where there is a will there is a way, says the proverb, and, regardless of the interdictory commands of her mother, Edith yielded to the solicitations of her lover, and contrived to meet him. Old Benjamin stormed, supposing at first that it was by some collusory arrangement upon the part of the mother that these interviews were affected; but she convinced him to the contrary, and represented to him the impossibility of preventing them; she pleaded, also, how hard it would be if, in consequence of a matter that was utterly beyond her control, she should be distressed and necessitated to vacate her house. 'Well, let them marry, and if you do not harbour them, Mrs. Compton, I shall not disturb you,' said the old man. To this stipulation she readily acceded.

"Auley sought several occasions in which to make appeals to his father, but the old man remained obdurate. 'I'll see him again to-night.' It was an afternoon of summer beauty, and the lovers stood side by side beneath the shade of that forest where so much of that young man's life had been loitered. They were gazing forth upon the sun-set gilded waters of the pond, and the sad feelings of each breast shone in the sad expression of each countenance. 'I'll see him again to-night'—but the tone in which it was uttered was little calculated to raise a hope that the intended application to the father would be more successful.

than heretofore. Edith was weeping. She had imparted to Auley the misery of mind she was subjected to by the upbraidings of her mother. The sun was down—they left the forest—and, 'I'll see him again to-night,' he reiterated, as he parted from her at her mother's door.

"'Father, you are about to lease the mill—hire it to me. I will be industrious, I promise you; and why cannot I then support a wife?'

"The old man sneered—gave a flat denial—taunted—contemptuously bade him marry Edith Compton. 'Marry her, and live on air!'

"The heart of Auley was ready to burst. 'Father!' he supplicated.

"'You—you with a wife!' sneered the old man. 'Why didn't you learn a profession when I wished you to?' he taunted.

"'But, father!' pleaded the son.

"'Once for all, Auley Loper,' said the old man, sternly, 'my consent to this marriage you shall never have. If you marry her, my doors are closed upon you forever!' And he abruptly retired, leaving his son bewildered with despair.

"It was the next day known in the village that Edith and Auley had wedded, and that they had left Buckshuting, (the door of his father and of her mother being closed against them), and were on the road to Philadelphia. It was subsequently known that they were living very poorly in an obscure part of the city; but in time the village gossip was rife with the astounding news that they had removed to a large house; and some of the villagers calling to visit them were entertained in apartments, furnished with a degree of splendor that caused them to stare. Edith and Auley dressed in the costliest that could be procured, they had servants to obey their slightest wishes, and their table was daily supplied with the most expensive edibles. How Auley managed to support this, engaged in no ostensible business as he was, created not a little wonder and conjecture.

Five years passed. Auley and Edith were understood to be going down in the world as rapidly as they had got up. Auley came to Buckshuting and applied to his father for a loan. The old man denied him. Soon after this, news came that his furniture was seized for rent. It was presently understood that he was in much distress—in the midst of which his wife gave birth to her first child. Auley again visited the village to get relief from his father; but as unsuccessfully as heretofore. The old gentleman, instead of softening as he grew older, became more indurated. At neither visit did Auley tax the hospitality of his father, but put up at the inn.

"It was the custom of old Benjamin to make semi-annual journeys to Philadelphia, travelling the distance on horseback, progressing from Buckshuting to the Pole Tavern the first day, and from thence on to the city, the next; returning by the same road, after an absence of a week. He invariably started from home of a Friday morning, so as to reach Philadelphia at his leisure, during the next day; nor did he ever fail on the Friday following, to set out upon his return. It was in the spring of the year 179–, that he made his last journey. Having effected his purchases, and attended to his own errands, as well as the various ones entrusted to him by his neighbors, he left the city on Thursday night, crossing the river from the foot of Market street, sleeping that night in Camden, and setting out on his way home early next morning. Contrary to his custom, he did not put up at the Pole Tavern, where he dined, at about two o'clock that day. To the landlord's inquiries why he did not stay for the night, he said that as he got into his saddle at Camden, to start, the bar-keeper at the tavern put a letter into his hands. This letter was of so strange a nature that he had determined to push on and reach Buckshuting some time that night.

"He was seen passing through the villages on the road, and a resident of Millville saw him as late as eleven o'clock, urging his wearied horse over the bridge that crosses Maurice's river at that place.—This man had been out at a 'jollification' at a place called Silver Run, a mile below; he was returning home, and on the bridge he met old Benjamin; they spoke as they passed each other. The man remarked that a storm was coming on—to which the other said he feared he should not get home time enough to escape it.

"A great storm passed over the village of Buckshuting that night. It was after eleven as old Jonas Rocap, landlord of the Washington, was closing his door. A loud clap of thunder and a vivid flash of lightning, both so fearfully instantaneous that he was startled as if struck, caused him to pause with his door open while he collected himself from his fright. At that instant a woman's shriek—but a smothered one—reached his ears. It seemed to come from the house of Benjamin Loper, whom he knew to be absent. He knew too that there was no one about the house but Rachel Avis, house-keeper for the old man. At that moment too he saw a light flit by one of the windows in the second story of the miller's dwelling. It seemed to him as if the light of a dark-lantern had suddenly been permitted to appear and then as suddenly shut up.

"Upon the impulse of the moment, Jonas pulled to his door, and hastened (not thinking of his hat) down the hill towards the miller's house. The rain was now pouring in a torrent, but unheeding the weather, he reached the house. He listened at the door—all was silent; he tried it—it was fast. The shriek was all in his fancy he now thought, and he had better escape from the rain. He had just concluded to turn away, when he heard—he could not be deceived now—the tread of feet, as if upon the floor of a chamber, in the back part of the house. The tread was heavy, and could not be that of Rachel Avis. He went round back of the house, to see if any light was perceptible there. All was dark. He tried the latch of the yard gate: it yielded to his touch. He entered—tried the back-door: it was unfastened, and in a moment he stood in the dark entry of the house. Again he heard the tread above, and a groan, deep and long, that so startlingly shuddered his feelings, as to check for an instant the circulation of his blood. There he stood in that dark passage—alone—a murder, perhaps, was being committed in the chamber above. His first thought was to cry out, but a sensation, like that attending the nightmare, when in our dreams we endeavour to act and speak, choked the words in his throat. The room in which he saw, from his door, the flash of light, he knew to be the sleeping apartment of old Benjamin. The old man was known to be rich, and a chest in his bed-room was reported to contain a large amount of money. Might not some one, incited by reports of this kind, have attempted to rob the house?

"He noiselessly groped his way to the stairs, and cautiously began to ascend; three or four steps had he made when he heard a door open above. He crouched down, and listened in breathless silence, footsteps passed from one of the back chambers to one in front—from the room of the house-keeper to that of old Benjamin, as he judged by the sound. Urged by a feeling of interest that overpowered his sense of danger, he now crept up the stairs, and placed his eyes to the keyhole of the old man's chamber. Over a chest at the side of the old man's vacant bed, two men were stooping and rifling it of its hoard, by the light of a lantern. It was but a momentary glance that he obtained before the light was put out. He heard the steps of the men coming to the door. He retreated down the stairs, intending to rush out of the house and rouse the village by cries of 'murder!' But in the darkness, he stumbled as he reached the bottom of the stairs, and fell forward with his head so heavily upon the floor, that he lay prostrate and half-insensible. The light of a lantern was in a moment thrown upon his face, and two figures in masks bent over him.

"'Is he much hurt?' asked one.

"'Stunned only,' said the other.

"'Who is he?' inquired the first.

"'Jonas Rocap, the landlord of the Washington,' answered the second.

"'He has been watching our movements,' said the first. 'As soon as he recovers, he will give the alarm. Let us be off. We must hasten from this neighborhood.'

"The robbers then left the house.

"The landlord, though severely stunned, heard and remembered what the housebreakers said, and was conscious of their movements. The storm still raged without, and as they opened the door to make their egress, the rush of cold air in the passage had the effect of reviving him. Again he heard a groan from one of the chambers above. Rachel was yet alive then. He raised himself from the floor and crawled up the stairs again. Opening the door of the house-keeper's apartment, he called her by name and groped his way towards her bed. She spoke not, but groaned heavily. In utter darkness, without the means of producing a light at hand, and at the bedside of a woman who could not speak, what was he to do? The woman was dying too, perhaps! The lightning, which had attended the commencement of the storm, in vivid flashes, now only glimmered in sheets, though the deep rolling of thunder and heavy dashing of rain continued.

"But one course was left him. He groped in the dark to the stairs again, descended them, left the house, and found his way to his own tenement. He roused his ostler and his sleepy-headed sons—roused all the village from its slumbers—collected a force of ten or twelve strong, and conducted them to the miller's. By the lanterns with which they came prepared, it was now seen that Rachel was not wounded, but gagged and tied down to her bed. Whilst they were unbinding the cord that fastened her, and relieving her mouth from the gag, a thunderbolt struck the house, jarring it to its foundations. Every one—Rachel among them—precipitately hurried from beneath a roof which was instantly enveloped in flames.

"At this crisis was heard the cry of one in jeopardy. The violence of the winds drowned the voice in a measure, but the snatches of it that reached the ears of the villagers indicated distress. Rachel being placed in a neighbour's house, the men who had collected, one and all, made haste, with the landlord at their head, in the direction from which the cry came. Bearing lanterns, and each armed with a cane or [illegible]

the raging storm. The burning house of the miller, which was now in a mass of flame, cast a bright glare far over the scene, penetrating the foliage of the forest, gleaming across the foaming waves of the dark pond, and sparkling with brilliant hues amid the spray and bubbles upon the rocks below the dam. 'Help! help!' was the feeble appeal which struggled above the rage of winds, whilst the destructive flame discovered to the astonished villagers, as they stood on the shore, a man and horse in the midst of the creek, unavailingly contending against the fury of the elements. Man and horse both perished!

"This calamitous storm subsided before morning. Upon the day following, which was one of sunshine and mildness, it was discovered that several planks of the bridge had been taken up, leaving a gap of eight feet in width. The removal of these planks was evidently the work of design, and a dire result had followed it, for it was but too certain that through this gap the horse and rider had fallen, and been carried over the dam, perishing in the waves below. The house of the miller was burnt to the ground. The old man's arrival from Philadelphia was not to be looked for till four or five o'clock in the afternoon. But about mid-day it was known in Buckshuting that he had been seen the night before crossing the bridge at Millville. It was Benjamin Loper, then, that they had seen perish in the creek! Unfortunate old man! He must have seen his house in flames, too!

"The planks of the bridge had been torn up by the robbers to prevent, or at least retard pursuit, in case the village should be alarmed; at least, such was the most probable conjecture that occurred to the villagers. That the robbery was committed by two persons, the evidence both of Rachel Avis and the landlord of the Washington proved. Rachel said that she went to bed early, intending to rise before day-break, as she expected Mr. Loper home next day, as usual, and wished to have her Saturday's work done betimes. She was awakened by a crash in Mr. Loper's chamber, and she at once thought of the money-chest and robbers. She shrieked, and was in the act of springing from her bed, when she was seized by a man who held her down, and prevented her from crying out by forcing his hand upon her mouth. She struggled with him, and so stout were her exertions he called to his confederate for assistance. 'Jim, come help—quick! she must be gagged!' were his words. The confederate came from Mr. Loper's chamber, and by their joint efforts they succeeded in gagging her with a handkerchief, and tied her with a cord so as to hinder her from rising. In this situation they left her, and she could hear them both at the chest in the adjoining room. She heard them leave the chamber, and almost immediately after a heavy fall. Articulate she could not; to groan was the utmost in her power. Five minutes or so after the noise of the fall, the door of her room was again opened, her name called, and she recognized the voice of Jonas Rocap, but it was impossible for her to utter a word, and the darkness prevented him from seeing her condition.

"Who were the robbers? Whence came they? Two horsemen had dashed along the road with arrowy speed by the place called Silver Run. It was near midnight, and their course was from the direction of Buckshuting. The man and wife who resided in one of the only two houses that stand there, and in whose house the 'jollification' had taken place, were just retiring to bed. Happening to cast their eyes through a window to the road as a sheet of lightning illuminated earth and heaven, they saw the two horsemen breasting the storm and riding as if for life.—Suspicion at once, though not very strong, singled out Auley Loper as one of these. He was known to be in distressed circumstances. He was said to be the associate of low gamblers, and the intimate companion of a man well known to the police of Philadelphia, by the name of Ned Hines. But, according to the housekeeper, 'Jim' was the only name mentioned, which, unless a name had been preconcerted, went to prove that neither Ned nor Auley were engaged in the robbery. In the struggle and hurry of the moment, it is most probable that the man who held Rachel, would have called out to his accomplice by the appellation most familiar. So reasoned a majority of the villagers. According to this view of it, if she were held by Auley, he would not have called to Ned Hines by the name of Jim, and, if Hines had held her, 'Lope,' by which name he was in the habit of addressing his companion, would have been the call. Mr. ****, who administered to the estate of the deceased, despatched a messenger to Philadelphia, however, with directions to apprise the young man of his father's death, to observe him narrowly, and ascertain if he had been absent from the city upon the night of the robbery.

"That it was the intention of Mr. Loper to draw up a will, disinheriting his son, was well known; but, now that he had perished intestate, Auley was heir to all. At the tidings of his father's death, the young man wept freely, and exhibited poignant regret that no reconciliation had taken place between them. He also evinced a deep interest in bringing the robbers to punishment, and an anxiety to have the matter sifted to the bottom of its mystery. In his circumstances he appeared to be quite embarrassed, borrowing from the messenger money to defray his stage-hire from the city down to the village. The report of the messenger, who was a man of neither penetration nor tact, perhaps, was, that he had detected nothing upon which to build a suspicion.

"The body of the drowned man was as yet unfound. Auley exerted himself with praiseworthy assiduity until the corpse of his parent was got from the bed of the creek. In the pockets of the corpse, money, bills, receipts, and a letter were found. The letter was an anonymous communication, warning him that his house would be robbed. This was the letter that he had spoken of to the landlord of the Pole Tavern, and the warning that it contained had induced him to push through the journey in one day. He told the landlord that it had been put into his hands by the barkeeper of the inn at Camden, where he slept on Thursday night. Of this barkeeper inquiries were made, but he could throw no light upon it. The letter had been dropped into a box, kept at the side of the bar, for the accommodation of persons putting up at that house. He could say nothing more.

"The corpse of the deceased was followed in funeral procession by a great number of people, and buried in the oak-shaded graveyard of the old Baptist congregation at Dividing Creek. Young Loper exhibited so much feeling at the grave, and throughout the sad occasion, that he won for himself the sympathy of the villagers generally. So mild, so becoming was his deportment, that many expressed to each other their regret that they had ever permitted themselves to entertain opinions of him contrary to that with which they were now impressed; for they were now convinced that though he might have been often indiscreet in his intercourse with the world, he could never have been guilty of crime; and that all the evil reports of him that had reached the village, were but calumnious inventions of some secret enemy, and as such they would hereafter regard them. There were a few, however, that were not thus readily reconciled to his character.

"Mr. ****, who administered to the estate of the deceased, was a man of unimpeachable probity, and proverbial for the despatch with which he transacted business. Auley was soon put into possession of the property, and became a rich man in the eyes of the villagers. His first movement was to present his wife's mother with the debt she owed the estate; he subsequently befriended several poor families in the vicinity; and, in fact, to judge from his actions, a better-hearted man never lived. Instead of taking up his residence at Buckshuting, as many expressed their wishes that he would, he announced his intention of continuing to dwell in Philadelphia, and advertised his property for sale. It was but a short time before he effected an advantageous disposal of the property.

"It was supposed that his objection to taking up his abode at Buckshuting, was in consequence of his having made friends and acquaintances in the city, to whom he had become so attached that he chose to be among them in future. But, as they afterwards perceived, such could not have been his object, for suddenly, without apprising any of his relatives, he left Philadelphia; and, notwithstanding the indefatigable inquiries of Mrs. Compton as to the fate of her daughter, year after year rolled away without her obtaining the slightest intelligence. In the meantime, the reward offered by the Governor of the State for the apprehension of the robbers, failed to bring the culprits to justice. The few who from the first had entertained certain suspicions, were now strengthened in their opinions, though with the majority of the villagers it was regarded only as a singular matter, nor did they for a moment in their thoughts connect Auley Loper with the guilt of the affair. Of the few who suspected Auley, the landlord of the Washington was one. He could not say upon his oath that Auley was one of the two seen by him bending over the money-chest upon the night of the robbery, but the resemblance of his figure to that of one of them, was very strong.

"Six years had elapsed, when the death-bed confessions of a man dying at New Orleans, were published in the newspapers throughout the Union, creating not a little sensation in the village of Buckshuting. This man confessed, among other crimes, that he had assisted in robbing the house of Benjamin Loper, and that his confederate was the son of the person robbed. Auley and he got acquainted at a gaming house in Philadelphia, and, both being necessitous, they were much together, and in the course of their intimacy, Auley related to him the incidents of his life, and dwelt with bitter feelings upon the paternal persecution he had met with in the affair of his courtship and marriage. Upon this hint he urged Auley to revenge himself by plundering his father's money-chest. At first Auley objected, but his compunctions were allayed by the specious arguments that his companion advanced in support of the undertaking. The spring visit of the old man to the city, which was near at hand, would be an opportunity to put into execution the plan they finally agreed upon. Auley kept a look out at the Ferry Hotel, at the foot of Market street, where he knew his father was in the habit of putting up, and it was not long before he announced to his confederate the arrival of the old man. They were upon the point of starting immediately, but the better spirit of Auley prevailed, and he refused to go. Two or three days went by, and the persuasions of his companion were ineffectual. But his wife—sick, abed, with a wailing infant—and without many of the delicacies that money will furnish to relieve the extremity of sickness—determined him. And on the Thursday night following the old man's arrival in the city, Auley and his confederate, having provided themselves with a dark lantern, a cord and certain burglarious implements, set out upon horses hired for the occasion. Auley's knowledge of the country through which they travelled, was such that, permitting his companion to follow leisurely by the main road, he would branch off himself into by-ways, reaching a designated spot by a circuitous route. At each meeting-place Auley would give directions where next to meet, and in this way they progressed without once being seen in the company of each other. By travelling all that night they were enabled to reach the forest in the vicinity of Buckshuting on the following afternoon before dark.

"This was the forest that had been the haunt of Auley in his years of dreaming: every spot of it was known to him; he led the way into a sequestered hollow, where he and his companion threw themselves upon the turf to rest, and permitted their tired horses to graze. After dark they removed themselves and horses to the edge of the forest, where they lay in concealment, awaiting to see the lights in the windows disappear, as the inhabitants of the village retired to their pillows. Time seemed to move on leaden wings, and they grew impatient. The light in the miller's house was early extinguished, but not in other houses. Not more than three lights were put out before ten o'clock, and that of Jonas Recap, and four others, were burning as late as eleven. Directly after eleven all were out but that of the inn. The wind had now risen, and was howling through the forest, whilst the star-lit sky became suddenly overcast and pitchy dark. Auley became strangely agitated. He was for committing the robbery at once, or giving it up and returning. They then tied their horses each to a tree, crossed the bridge and entered the village. Auley led the way, and they clambered into the yard back of his father's house; his confederate, by the application of a skeleton key to the lock, noiselessly opened the back door, and they entered the house. In the hall they paused a moment, and, by a chemical preparation that the confederate had with him, a light was produced and communicated to the candle in the small lantern that they carried. They then stealthily crept up stairs, and with the skeleton key opened the chamber where the chest was. They consulted in whispers, and it was agreed that Auley should enter the housekeeper's chamber and stand by her bed, ready to prevent her from creating an alarm, if the forcing open of the chest should waken her, and that if he required assistance he should call out 'Jim.' At this moment the impending storm burst.

"The particulars of the robbery having already been told, it is only necessary to refer to that part of the man's confession which explains what followed the departure of the robbers from old Benjamin's house. As they recrossed the bridge, Auley trod upon a loose plank, and the confederate proposed to tear up several of them, by which pursuit, in case it should be attempted, would be retarded so as to allow them time to escape. It was speedily done. They then hastened to the forest, and whilst unfastening their horses they heard the tread of a horse rapidly advancing. At that moment, the house which they had just robbed was struck by a thunderbolt and flames burst forth. Standing in the gloom of the forest, they paused a moment to view the conflagration, when it occurred to Auley that they had left the housekeeper tied down to her bed and gagged.—With a sudden impulse, he leaped from the forest into the road. At that instant a figure on horseback passed, urging a jaded horse to its utmost exertions. The flames of the burning house showed every object distinctly, and Auley recognized his father.—'Stop, father, stop!' he called, with a thrilling sense of the danger upon which the old man was rushing.—But it was too late. Horse and rider plunged into the dark chasm beneath the bridge and were swept over the dam. The man who made this confession was the notorious Ned Hines.

"This confession fixed the crime upon Auley Loper, and efforts were promptly made to find him out and bring him to trial. Descriptions of his person and of his wife were circulated throughout the United States; a large reward was offered by the legal authorities of New Jersey; in fact, nothing was left undone that could be considered likely to trace him to his hiding-place. But no clue to the discovery of him could be obtained.

"And it was now between seven and eight years since the robbery, when one summer afternoon the four horses of a mail-coach spanked across the bridge and ascended the hill of Buckshuting, stopping at the door of the Widow Compton until a woman and child got out, then starting and hurrying on at its usual speed. The peeping neighbors saw that the woman was sick and feeble, and that the boy was pale, thin, and in but little better health than his mother, for [illegible] son. It was presently known in the village that Edith Loper, who for more than seven years had not been heard of, was again beneath her mother's roof. During the following week, courtesy obliged Mrs. Compton to receive a host of visitors; and that Edith was beset with inquiries will be readily understood. Her story was an unvarnished one. 'It was from motives purely of love that I wedded Auley Loper,' she said, and she went on to detail the poverty with which she and her husband contended at first in Philadelphia, and the summer-day delight with which her heart fluttered at her sudden transition from the struggles of indigence to the ease of wealth, or, rather, the handling of money merely, as she since knew it to have been. 'We were very poor, Auley had scarcely shoes to his feet; we were daily in want of the necessaries of life, and my heart was sinking with despair, when he all at once absented himself much from home, being as long as three days at a time away from me, but showering gold into my lap upon his return. I was young and giddy, and never considered for a moment how he became possessed of it, but entered eagerly into his proposition to rent a commodious house and furnish it luxuriously. Costly dresses and jewels were extravagantly bestowed upon me, and I was but too pleased to triumph in this way over those who had sneered at my marriage with the "pennyless do-nothing." Four years went by in a thoughtless career of pleasure. Finding our family increasing, I at the same time became conscious that my husband was embarrassed in his circumstances. Creditors became clamorous—a sale of furniture—Auley barely escaped imprisonment. We then, deeply humbled, retreated into obscurity again.'

"Edith now found that Auley, who, in the earlier days of their marriage, was so impassioned a lover, grew gradually less and less affectionate. Though habitually kind, he ceased to be fondling; his countenance wore a worn and discontented expression, and his manner, compared with the joyous gayety with which formerly he would clasp her in his arms and smother her with caresses, was chillingly distant. Why was this? and why were they lodging in two rooms upon the second floor, as destitute almost as when they first came to the city? Why should her husband's influx of wealth not continue, if acquired by honest means? why were not those means still practicable? These were the thoughts forced upon her by the aspect that matters wore; and she who, confident through love, implicitly relied upon one with whom she was ready to share the extremest of toil and suffering, grew distrustful, shrinking from the possibility of being connected with crime as if from the contact of a venomous reptile. 'Auley's slumbers were restless too,' she said. As she lay by his side, she would be awakened in the night by his struggles and mutterings. He seemed to be contending, as if in personal and desperate conflict with some one. It was evident by the same dream repeated from time to time, and was most probably a subject indesinent to his waking thoughts.

"'At this time,' she continued, 'he was much in the company of a man that he addressed by the name of Hines. The look of this man I did not like.—Auley frequently brought him to our lodgings at very late hours of the night, and held with him many protracted interviews in the chamber adjoining where I lay.'

"Whilst lying upon the bed of sickness, she awoke one night from her fitful slumbers and overheard her husband and Hines talking in the next room. The partition was thin—her bed was close to it—she could not help hearing what was spoken; for the speakers, forgetting that they might be listened to, or trusting to the probability of her and the nurse being sound asleep, did not whisper. She overheard them concoct a plan for the robbery of Benjamin Loper's money-chest, which Hines said could be easily accomplished, the old man being absent and no one but his housekeeper to contend with. 'We had better start at once,' urged Hines. 'But I must tell my wife that I shall be absent a day or two,' said Auley. 'No need of waking her to do that,' Hines said; 'here is a pencil and paper; write a line or two and leave it on the table by her bed.' To this Auley consented, and presently Edith saw him enter her chamber, with a quiet tread, and place a slip of writing within her reach. Directly after this she heard Hines and him leave the house.

"Why, when he entered her chamber, did she not speak? why not let him know that she was aware of the plot? She wished to—tried—but could not—her tongue clave to the roof of her mouth. An overwhelming sensation of horror rendered her dumb.—The conviction, to which this discovery led, startled her mind for the moment beyond control. She shuddered as the probability forced itself upon her thoughts, that through robbery had the means been obtained by which Auley had supported the expense at which they had awhile flourished. Her heart sickened—a kind of delirium took place—and she lay in a state of mind bordering on distraction.

"Dawn was peeping through the bowed window-shutters as she recovered from this mental vertigo. Acting upon the impulse of what she conceived to be her duty, she awakened the nurse, who got together pen, ink and paper, and placed them on the table by the bed. Edith [illegible] and indited a few lines of morning to the father of her husband, and despatched it at daylight by the nurse, who crossed the Delaware by one of the earliest ferry-boats, and disposed of the letter according to directions, by dropping it into a letter-box in the bar-room of the inn, at which Edith knew the old man lodged in Camden. This she thought might possibly prevent the robbery—it might incite the old man to speed forward and reach home in time to protect his property. But a minute or two after the nurse was gone, other considerations occurred. Should old Benjamin, in consequence of her letter, be timely enough at Buckshuting to guard his property, would he not also consult with his neighbors for the capture of the thieves, and would not the detection of Anley ensue? This she had overlooked. The more she considered it, the more was she convinced that she was jeopardizing her husband. Oh, if she could but recall the nurse!

"In two hours the nurse returned; Edith, full of anxiety and alarm, sent her back to get the letter if it was not yet delivered into the hands of old Mr. Loper. But too late; the bar-keeper had given it to the old man an hour previously; he had set out upon his journey.

"Labouring under the most intense feelings; in the utmost dread lest her letter might prove the detection of Anley, for the *wife* yet swayed the sceptre of her heart, Edith lay feverish upon her bed. At dusk on the afternoon of Saturday her husband returned, and her mind was relieved of its dread on that score.—The messenger, bearing the tidings of the robbery, the burning of the house by lightning, and the death of old Mr. Loper, followed on Sunday. Of Anley's consummate deception during the investigation that followed she was an eye-witness, and, now knowing him to be at least a robber, her heart sunk despairingly low at the gloomy prospect before her—the husband of her heart, the father of her babe, a villain! Should she denounce him to justice? She could not reconcile such a course with the feelings of her heart. But to live with him in future was equally irreconcilable with her thoughts. What should she do?—To separate from him as soon as practicable and go home to reside with her mother, she resolved.

"After the estate was settled, the property sold and payment received, Edith became aware of frequent altercations between her husband and Hines, and it was her opinion, reasonably established, that half of the proceeds arising from the sale were exacted by the latter as the price of his secrecy in regard to the robbery. Anley became fitful and morose, and suddenly expressed his intention of removing to the West. Edith objected, but he peremptorily—it was the first that he had ever spoken harshly to her—bade her make ready, and, without allowing her time to receive a visit from her mother to whom she wrote upon the [illegible] her and her child away, journeying towards Pittsburg in one of those huge wagons, used for transporting merchandise over and far beyond the Allegheny mountains.

"Travelling in those days was a laborious and difficult matter to what it now is, and after a tedious journey of three weeks they arrived at Pittsburg, where Anley purchased a horse and vehicle to carry them farther. Leaving that place, another three weeks, more irksome than the first, was passed in penetrating the wildernesses of Ohio. Pitching his tent not far from a new 'settlement,' Anley reared with his own hands a log-hut, cleared a small plot of ground for gardening purposes, disposed of the horse and vehicle to a trader at the settlement, and resorted to fishing and hunting for a livelihood. Deer and the feathered tribes were plenty in the forest; the neighboring streams abounded with fish; and seldom did he shoulder his gun or angle in the morning and go forth, without returning laden with game or fish. But his mind knew no rest. His dark eyes were ever restless, and glaring wildly around, as if he dreaded the presence of some one. A shadow would startle him. His dreaming struggles and murmurs continued, and he would frequently start up from his slumbers with a cry of unearthly tone. His manner towards his wife grew austere—like that of one who is conscious that another knows a secret, and is fearful of being betrayed. He was watchfully careful to keep writing materials beyond her reach, lest she should, by some chance, send a letter that might communicate to the world where he had hidden himself. 'We have come to the wilderness—the wilderness is our home, Edith—here we must live, here die!'

"The spot where Anley had built his cabin, was a secluded hollow, surrounded by lofty hills, and in the midst of a primeval forest. The 'settlement' was two miles distant. There once a week Anley went to make small purchases at the store, and peruse such journals as found their way into that remote place. With the store-keeper he was in the habit of exchanging a few words, but to every one else he was sullen; and persons from the settlement, going through the hollow in quest of game, passed the hut without pretending to stop and talk with the wife and child of a man they suspected and feared. His dark brow and stern manner repelled all approaches, and for months at a time Edith would see only her sickly boy moping about the door of the hut during the day, and her gloomy husband at night, upon his return from hunting.

"Years passed. Edith had expected some day to escape with her child from the power of this guilt-troubled man, who swayed over her such a supremacy that she cowered to him as the dog to his master; but hope deferred crushed her spirits—all for her was hopelessness in this world, and she now looked only forward to death as a release; and that release was not far distant, she judged; for anxiety and solitude had cankered the root of her health. But her boy—her poor boy!—she did not wish to die before she saw him laid at rest beneath the green earth of that sequestered spot. Farther down in the hollow there was an opening between two hills, through which the sun shone brightly; and though the axe of the forester had never resounded there, yet the place looked as if the hand of man had pruned nature of its overgrowth, so divested of brush-wood was it, so equi-distant and grove-like its trees. To this grove, leading her boy by the hand, would Edith frequently repair, and at the foot of a tree, the branches of which threw a wider shade than the others of the grove, she would sit and clasp her boy to her breast. Beneath the green turf, shadowed by this tree, did Edith wish the bones of herself and her boy to repose. With tears streaming from her eyes, as she bent over her child's pale face, while his feeble arms clung to her neck, she would sit and lament the sad fate to which she was doomed. Her maiden home, her mother, and scenes of earlier years, would rise with the vividness of a picture before her, and upon her memory retrospections would crowd! Oh! if she could but return to the scenes of childhood—there, in the arms of her mother, linger out the sad remnant of her life—there die! But hopeless the wish—here must she linger—here breathe her last!

"'Under an assumed name,' continued Edith, 'we had thus been buried in the seclusion of the Ohio wilderness for years, when one cold day that Anley was at home, the man who kept the store at the settlement, passing through the hollow, with his gun and dogs, in pursuit of game, stopped at the door, handed in a newspaper, and passed on. He knew how anxious Anley was to read the journals of the day, and he had, upon several occasions, (receiving the paper early in the week, and knowing that Anley would not be at the store before Saturday,) extended to him this compliment, either bringing it himself or sending it by his son.' Anley began to read the paper. Edith presently saw it shake in his hands, whilst his whole frame was agitated as if from an attack of ague, and his eyes were staring wildly at a part that he was reading with intense emotion. He suddenly seemed to be choked, as if with asthmatical suffocation, and, with an effort, sprung up from his seat and rushed out into the open air.

"[illegible] dropped upon the floor. 'Used as I had become to his [illegible] fits of gloom,' said Edith, 'I was unprepared for this, and as I saw him stride through the hollow and disappear beyond a craggy eminence at a distance, I could but wonder what in the paper had thus agitated him.' Taking up the paper, she at once discovered the cause.—There, in large type, was a description of Anley's person, and a large reward offered for his detection, together with a circumstantial account of the robbery at Buckshuting, and the recent dying declarations of Ned Hines. Whilst she was reading, Anley re-entered; he eyed her with a glance of fury, snatched the paper from her hands, and threw it into the flames upon the hearth. He then unlocked a trunk in which was kept the gold that the sale of the Buckshuting estate produced, or rather that part of it left from the extortion of Hines. Of his treasure he was parsimoniously cherish, and it was with the extremest reluctance that he parted with the little of it that each week had to be paid at the store for necessaries. 'I am going to the settlement; I shall be back presently,' he said, and left the cabin. He soon returned with a horse and wagon that he had purchased in the interim at the settlement. 'Stir, Edith, stir—make ready—we must leave this,' he commanded; and trunks, bed, and the few household articles of the cabin were loaded into the wagon, and that night was commenced a journey, which, after weeks of wandering, was terminated in the depths of a forest, far—far remote from the habitation of man.

"In a mountainous region, almost inaccessible to human feet, a hovel was again erected by Anley, and he resumed his solitary quest of game and fish amid the wilds and streams of a vast forest—a pathless wilderness, roamed only by himself and beasts of prey. The distance from this cabin to any settlement Edith knew to be great, for Anley invariably was more than two days absent upon the errand when he departed to procure necessaries.

"'As time passed,' continued Edith, 'he grew more and more repulsive in his deportment to me; my child cowered from the dark gaze of a parent who never extended to him a word of kindness; and my situation was so awful, that death, even from the hand of a husband, which I was often led to expect, would at any moment have been welcomed, if my boy were only at rest. Terrible, terrible were the tortures of mind with which he was now visited, and I became convinced that a crime of deeper dye than the Buckshuting robbery weighed upon his soul.—Often, in these moments of bitterness and guilt, he would prostrate himself upon the floor of our cabin, and writhe and groan under the goadings and lashings of guilt. It was the agony of guilt without the power of repentance. Prayer he would try—but he could not pray—and he would rise from his knees with the look of an infuriated demon—curse—rage—and defy God with the most horrid blasphemies!'

"His ravings into the forest were now lengthened to an absence of several days at a time, she said, and he would seldom sleep at the cabin more than two nights in a week. Night after night she would lay awake, with her boy nestled to her bosom, during tedious hours of sleeplessness, listening to the moan of a desolate-like wind, as it swept through the dark forest, leaving pauses of silence to be startled by the cry of some prowling wolf, perhaps, or the more awful sound (as she would not unfrequently imagine) of an Indian war-whoop; and she would remain shuddering in the momentary expectation of an attack from a party of ruthless savages, whose depredatory incursions, in those days, were not uncommon in that part of the West.

"Thus had she lain one night,—it was boisterously windy without, but neither rainy nor severely cold, and Anley was absent,—watching the flames upon the hearth, kept awake by the elemental roar through the surrounding forest, till sleep closed her weary eye-lids, and she was happy in dreams of other scenes and other years. She was awakened by a strong glare of light and heat. Her first fear was of being surrounded by Indians, but a second thought convinced her that a gust of wind had whirled down the chimney and fanned the flame out so far as to set fire to the cabin. She leaped from the bed, with her shrieking boy in her arms, snatched up a few garments, and escaped uninjured through the door. Where should she find shelter?

"'I knew that in a few minutes the hut would be consumed to ashes,' said she, 'and, in desperation, I fled from the blaze, starting in the direction usually taken by my husband when he set out upon his errands to purchase necessaries. As I fled, as the distance between me and the cabin increased, hope once more animated my bosom; my frame seemed to be supported by a supernatural strength, and when my child tired I would catch him up and carry him, till he could again resume his feet. Oh, if I could but escape! That was the prayer of my heart! All that night and the next day, with this hope, I urged my way through the forest, and I would have toiled on during the following night, but my arms would no longer bear the weight of my child, and, sinking at the foot of a tree, I sheltered him as closely as possible to my bosom, and slept until the beams of the morning sun awakened me. Rising, I resumed my course. Though I did not myself experience sensations of hunger, the complainings of my little boy for bread, grew more and more painful to hear. Oh—oh I [illegible] night was again approaching—my spirits drooped [illegible] thought occurred to me that we should perish of hunger and [illegible]. Where I was I knew not. For all that I knew, I might be as distant from any habitation then, as when I started from the burning cabin. Night now closed around me. My boy had cried himself asleep on my breast, and I was preparing to pass another night in the forest, when—oh, what a relief to my mind! what a gush of gladness to my heart!—I saw a light glimmering through the trees, and at no great distance. I hastened towards it—gained the door of a cottage—I paused not to knock, but lifted the latch, entered, and sunk with my sleeping burthen upon the floor. I was in the midst of a forester's family. The good man, his wife and children, gathered round me; with heartfelt expressions of sympathy, they assisted me and my child to a bed, nourishment was promptly supplied, and that night my boy and I rested our wearied limbs in a situation of comfort.'

"From this cottage, after she had enjoyed a day of rest, the kind forester conducted Edith to the nearest settlement, four miles off. Here she unreservedly related the story of her woes and found herself among compassionate friends, who exerted themselves in her favor. Matters were put into such a train by them that she was enabled to commence her pilgrimage homeward with inspiriting hopes, and to pursue it with a degree of facility and respect that else would not have been her lot. And now, after weeks—many weeks of travel, she was once more in her native village, and beneath her mother's roof.

"Such was the story of Edith," continued the squire. "She and her boy grew worse and worse in health, and it was but a year and a month or two after this, that, ceasing to breath within a few hours of each other, they expired upon one bed, and were buried in one grave. Mrs Compton did not long survive her daughter."

"Was nothing more ever heard of Anley Loper?" asked Seth.

"Just what I was going to inquire—you took the words out of my mouth, Seth," said the Colonel.

"Forty years have passed since he left the village," answered the squire, "but nothing more has been heard of him. After the return of Edith to Buckshuting, active means were taken to discover him, for in the meantime circumstantial evidence had come to light, throwing a strong suspicion on him of being the murderer of a man by the name of McA*****, and that part of her narrative describing his struggles with a guilty conscience corroborated the suspicion, and, in the minds of many, fixed the crime upon him beyond a doubt. This McA*****," continued the squire, "was a miser, living alone in a house in Water street, Philadelphia. His neighbors were used to seeing his house shut up at times, aware as they were that he made journeys into the country to collect rents. But in the year 179- they were surprised to observe it closed for an unusual duration—five days—and suspicion of something dreadful was aroused by the foul stench that proceeded from the house. The door was burst open—a crowd entered—and there was the horrid spectacle of the miser's bloated corpse, with a hatchet buried in his skull. His chests and trunks were found open, each rifled of its contents, and ——"

"Yes, having murdered him, I took from him his keys, opened his strong boxes and plundered them of his gold!" cried the stranger, who now wildly started up from his seat, and confronted the narrator with a spectral glare. He spoke in a guttural and discordant tone, as if his feeble energies were strained to their utmost to gasp out the words. His sunken cheeks, cadaverous complexion, and ghastly eyes, imparted an unearthly look to him, and the landlord, Josh Robins, and all present, besides Nell from the kitchen, as they crowded round the man of mystery, were awed into mute terror by his frightful aspect. "Banished from home," continued the stranger, "with a young wife, in a strange city, and in a state of beggary almost—tempted by the gold of the miser and his lonely situation, I stole into his house and murdered him while he slept. Gold! gold! accursed gold! I lavished it upon my unsuspicious wife—in a few years it was gone—poverty again stared me in the face—I was the associate of a depraved man—the robbery of my father ensued—you know the rest—and after years of remorse and wanderings I have returned, a grey-haired man, to die in the village where I was born."

His voice ceased, his eyes closed, his frame shook with a convulsive throe, and he sunk to the floor.—Seth Sharp and the colonel quickly raised him and placed him in his seat—he attempted to speak, but failed—clasping his lean hand upon his breast, his head fell back, his limbs stiffened, and those who looked on were aware that he was dying. A moment—but a moment—and the soul of Auley Loper had left its clay tenement for another world!

On the third day following this, a group was collected around a grave that had been dug in an appropriate spot upon the border of the pond. The corpse of Auley Loper had been lowered into its resting-place, and the villagers were busily shovelling the earth upon his coffin-lid. A sum of money sufficient to defray the expense of grave-clothes, coffin, and respectable burial was found upon his person. His small trunk, or portmanteau, was found to contain merely a few articles of apparel—no papers. After the burial, his horse—an old and worn-out creature—was turned from the stable of Jonas into the forest, where, after a few weeks, he died within a few paces of the new-made grave.

Thus were the miseries incident to parental indulgence—its consequences to both parent and child—exemplified in the fate of Benjamin Loper and his son. Not alone fatal to them did it prove, but engulphed in its catastrophe the innocent wife and offspring of the latter. How frequently in our intercourse with the world do we find a doting parent thus influenced—weak where he should be rigid, and inconsistently obstinate where another course would be preventive of much misery. Remorse, too—as we see in the fate of the son—never forsakes the guilty. It is a staunch blood-hound that tracks his steps from the moment of crime to the last breath of existence.

* * * * *

Years have gone by since the events of that night in the village bar-room. The traveller who now enters Buckskinting will rest his eyes upon a fresh-painted sign of Washington, swinging before the inn, and, instead of the name of Jonas Roscup, he will read that of Joshua Robins. Jonas died from his intemperate habits. His daughter Nell took the ostler for a husband, and they are now landlord and landlady. Perhaps it was with a shrewd surmise that this crisis was near at hand that Josh used to leer when he saw Jonas gulping down old-rye and apple-jack. Squire Stratton, Colonel Wriggins and Seth Sharp still frequent the bar-room. The squire still tells this story—not ending it, however, as he did before the denouement of the night in question, but continuing it with the appearance of the mysterious stranger at the inn, and the discovery in him of Auley Loper.

WHERE THERE'S A WILL, THERE'S A WAY.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"James," said a master workman to a young man, a journeyman in his shop, "business has become so dull that I must reduce the number of my men. As you came in last, you will have to go among the first. I am sorry for this, but cannot help it. To continue my present force would be to ruin me."

James Harker, that was the journeyman's name, looked surprised and pained for a moment or two.—But he had a confident spirit within him, and soon recovered his self-control.

"I am sorry, too," he replied. "But I know business is very bad, and that you are perfectly right in reducing your expenses. I shall get along some how, no doubt."

"Yes, James, I have no doubt of that. Where there is a will, there is a way."

"The truth of that saying I have proved more than once in my life," the young man returned. "And I shall prove it again."

"I am sure of that," the master workman said.—"Such a spirit as yours always makes success."

At the end of the week, Harker, with three other journeymen, received their wages, and were discharged. Among these, Harker was the only married man. He had three children. One of the journeymen thrown out of work, was named Wilson. He lived near Harker, and the two walked homeward together. Wilson was a young man of good mind, some education, and excellent moral character. He had a widowed mother with whom he lived, and towards whose support he contributed as much as was needful. In doing this, he was taxed but lightly, for old Mrs. Wilson had an independent mind, and was habitually industrious. She always would be doing something.

"This is rather a bad business, Wilson," James Harker said, as the two left the shop, each with a week's wages in his pocket. He did not speak in a desponding, but, rather, in a cheerful voice.

"I don't see what we are to do," was gloomily replied. "There's no work to be had in the city, and won't be for months to come."

"I shouldn't like to say that. There must be work somewhere: and if there is, I, for one, will find it." Harker said, confidently.

"You can try, if you choose: but you'll have all your trouble for nothing."

"We will see. I have never given up yet, and never intend giving up while there is any thing left of me. It is the worst thing in the world to despond. Despondency is almost sure to produce failure, while confidence guarantees success. Where there is a will there is a way, that is my motto. It has helped me through narrower places than this."

"It has never helped me, then; and I'm sure I have a good enough will."

"Perhaps it is a passive and not an active will. It may be that you call upon Jupiter without putting you shoulder to the wheel."

"You may think so, but I don't," was returned a little impatiently.

Harker, seeing that his fellow workman would not bear plain talk, said no more on the subject. On returning home, James saw that the face of his wife was troubled. She looked at him earnestly, while the tears stood in her eyes: but she said nothing.—His countenance wore its usual cheerful air. This was, in part, assumed, to strengthen the heart of his wife, who was more inclined than himself to look at the dark side of things. After the children were all in bed, and his wife had taken her seat by a little work-table, with her sewing in her hand, James said to her—

"Don't look so troubled, Lucy. All will come out right in the end. I shall get work some where."

"I don't know, James. Times, you have said all along, were very dull. I'm afraid you will lie out of work all summer. And if that should happen, I don't know what we shall do. Mr. Eckhart hasn't had a stroke of work these four months, and can't get it any where. His family is in a distressed condition."

"Eckhart don't try to get work as he ought to try. He's above doing many things that he might do. I know all about him."

"His family is greatly in want of every thing."

"And he is walking about like a gentleman. Don't think, for an instant, Lucy, that I will ever see you and the children want, while I have health and strength. If I can't get work at my trade, I can get it at something else. Work I will. If I can't make ten dollars a week, I will make five. Half a loaf is better than no bread. Not so Eckhart. He must have just such kind of work, and just such prices. He can't do this, that, nor the other."

"But where is work to be had? There are a large number of persons idle."

"Where there is a will there is a way, Lucy.—That is my sheet anchor."

"Suppose every body has this will?"

"Then for every body there would be a way. Not, *of course*, exactly the way most agreeable to every body; but, still, a way in which service might be rendered to others, and an equivalent for that service obtained."

The confident tone of her husband encouraged Lucy. The feeling of despondency that had weighed upon her spirits for many hours, gradually passed off. This was succeeded by a more cheerful state of mind.

Early on Monday morning, Harker started out to put his first resolution into practice, which was to visit every establishment in New York, carrying on the branch of business at which he worked. As he had not calculated on getting work at the first, second, nor third application, he was not discouraged even when dinner time found him unsuccessful. To his wife's anxious questions he replied cheerfully. After dinner he went out again.

"How is business?" he asked for the fiftieth time, as he entered a shop near the close of the day."

"Dull enough," was the reply.

"Don't you think you could make room for a hand?"

Before a reply to this could be made, a man entered the shop, and asked if a certain number of articles, such as were manufactured there, could be delivered to him in ten days. The master workman agreed to furnish what was wanted in the stipulated time, and at once engaged the services of James Harker to enable him to fulfil his contract.

As Harker was returning home towards night-fall he met Wilson.

"Have you found any work yet?" asked the former.

"I hav'nt tried. It's no use. The business is killed up. I may look about a little during the week. But I don't expect any good to come from it.

"Nor will any good come from it, I am, myself, inclined to think. Efforts made in such a spirit are rarely successful. I started out this morning confident that some good would come of my efforts. And I am pleased to say that I have not been disappointed. After going from shop to shop, until I had gone nearly over the whole city, I at last hit the very moment when a dealer was making a large and hurried order, and obtained work for ten days."

"Ten days! What is that?"

"It is ten days work. Which is much better than ten days lost. Something favorable will turn up after that."

"Maybe so. But you'll find, in the end, that you are too sanguine."

"Think so?"

"Yes, I do."

"We'll see."

"Good day!" And Wilson passed on, feeling chagrined at Harker's good fortune, which was a rebuke of his own want of confidence and activity.

The cheerful smile that lit up the face of Lucy, when Harker mentioned his success, more than repaid him doubly for the efforts of the day.

The job lasted for the time specified. By working early and late, he was able to make just twenty dollars in ten days.

"Well, are you through with your job yet?" asked Wilson, meeting him the day after he had finished.

"Yes, I got through yesterday."

"What are you going to do now?"

"I'm going to try for work somewhere else."

"Do you think you will get it?"

"I do. Something will offer I am sure."

"You'll be a luckier dog than are some ten or a dozen I know, if it does. I've been trying ever since we quit work at L——'s, but it's no use. Not a hand's turn can I find to do. I went this morning to two shops, but no journeymen were wanted."

"Where there's a will there's a way," Harker said to himself as he walked slowly and thoughtfully along, after parting with Wilson. "He's not earnest enough about it. Two shops this morning! Why, I've been to ten, and was only too late by a quarter of an hour at one of them to secure a permanent situation. He's got a mother to fall back upon; while I've got a wife and *children to fall back upon me*. That makes a wonderful difference."

Wilson, on parting with Harker, returned home.

"It's no use trying," he said. "I don't believe I shall get any thing to do for months to come. I called at two or three shops this morning: every thing is perfectly flat. I know at least a dozen journeymen, with families to support, who have not had a stroke of work for weeks."

The mother spoke words of encouragement to her son. Told him not to let his mind be disturbed.—That she could easily keep up the family for six months to come, when work would be brisk again.

Assurances of this kind tended to make Wilson less anxious about employment, and, of course, less likely to secure it. It was not pleasant to his feelings, to be going from shop to shop, seeking work, and so he quit doing so. Many hours were spent in reading, but many more in wandering aimlessly about, waiting until business should revive.

"It's *dreadful dull*," was his *oft* repeated remark, to fellow workmen, who, like himself, could find nothing better to do than walking about the streets.—Occasionally he would fall in with Harker, who, some how or other, managed never to be idle over a day or two at a time. He kept always in the way of employment, because he was anxious to obtain *it*, and in consequence picked up many little jobs that would

"I don't know how it is," Wilson would sometimes say to him, "that you manage always to keep at something. I can't meet with any thing to do—And I'm sure I am as willing to work as you are."

"You don't keep all the while trying, as I do, I suppose. There are times when work has to be looked up. It doesn't come after people as it did a year ago."

Wilson didn't relish plain talk like this, because it reflected upon him unfavorably. He evinced his true feelings in his reply, that was not spoken in a calm, mild tone. The effect, however, was to cause him to go among the shops on the next day, when he was fortunate enough to secure a job that lasted a few weeks.

"Nothing like trying," remarked Harker to him sententiously, the next time they met. "It possesses a wonderful virtue."

But, even with trying, Harker found, after awhile, that he could not get enough to do to meet the wants of his family. Times seemed to grow harder. His mind, constantly active, and constantly seeking after the means for earning money, devised many schemes, and was aided by many suggestions awakened therein, that would never have presented themselves, had not his will been constantly stimulating his thoughts. The result of almost every day was, to him, an illustration of his favorite adage—where there is a will there is a way. He knew that the will was creative, and made in itself the means for gaining its ends. It was the consciousness of this that gave him courage to hope even in the hour of deepest darkness.

Some time had elapsed since he was thrown out of regular employment, and even he had been made to fear often amid his hard struggles. At length, try as he would, he could find nothing to do.

One morning, after having been idle for a week, he found himself with only a single dollar left, and no kind of prospect in regard to work. For the first time he could not relish his food. For the first time his confidence forsook him, and, instead of cheerful words for the ear of his wife, he was silent, depressed and thoughtful. To see her husband, always before, in every trying situation, so assured and cheerful, thus distressed about their prospects, at once dashed the spirit of Lucy to the earth. When she did venture to speak in her husband's presence, her voice was tremulous,—when she looked him in the face, he could see that her eyes were just ready to run over with tears. He could not bear this. It caused him the most poignant affliction of mind. Early after the scarcely-tasted morning meal, he went out with a kind of desperate determination to get something to do at all hazards.

"There is, there must be work for him that is willing to do it, somewhere," he said, half aloud, as he strode away from the door.

He had not gone far when he met his old fellow workman, Wilson. The latter looked quite contented. Since his last job, he had made a few feeble efforts to get something to do, but, failing of success, was now contented to eat his bread quietly, and wait patiently until times grew better. The statement from every one he met, that business was worse than ever, and that it was no use to look for work, satisfied his mind.

"Ah, good morning, Harker," he said, with something of triumph in his voice—"even your will can't always find a way, it seems. So you are idle still?"

"Yes. I have not been able to get any thing to do for a week."

"And won't for a week to come—perhaps a year."

"I'll get something to do before this day is over," was the half-desperate reply.

"At street sweeping, then."

"Very well. Let it be street sweeping, or any other honest calling that I can find. Work I must and will have."

"I want work as much as any one, but I am not quite prepared for street sweeping, sawing wood, or turning carman."

"If you had a wife and three or four children to care for, you might be thankful for the chance of turning a penny in either of the occupations you have named."

"But I hav'nt, thank fortune!"

"I have, then; and I am willing to work at any honest calling."

By this time the friends, who had been walking down Washington street, had nearly reached the Battery. Harker paused at a corner of a street, and said he was going to cross to the other side of Broadway, and look about among the stores in Pearl and other business streets, to see if he couldn't get work as a laborer, or a light porter.

"You are not in earnest, surely!" Wilson said. "A laborer, or porter!"

"I am in earnest," Harker replied. "Why not? Will it not be much better for me to work in a warehouse, or carry small parcels, or do the errands in a store, than to sit down, or walk idly about, while my family is suffering? I think so."

"Come, walk down upon the Battery with me, at any rate. Perhaps something will offer there. Who knows but that you may find small boating worth the trial. There are one American and two foreign ships of war lying off in the stream."

This was said lightly, but it made the heart of James Harker bound. The suggestion, he saw, at a glance was a good one. He did not hesitate a moment, but walked with a quickened pace to the Battery, and down towards Castle Garden. Several small boats were there, in each of which was an active oarsman.

"What will you charge to take me off to the Constellation?" a man with a lady on his arm, asked of a boatman, just as Harker and his friend came up.

"Two shillings a piece to go, and the same to return," was the reply.

"That is a dollar to take us there and back again?"

"Yes, sir."

The gentleman and lady entered the boat and were rowed off.

"Just the thing!" ejaculated Harker, as the boat bounded away. "Thank you a hundred times for your suggestion, Wilson."

"But you are not in earnest?"

"I am." His brightening face spoke more unequivocally than his words.

"Nonsense! But where will you get a boat?"

"Hire one."

"You can't."

"I can try. And where there's a will, there's a way." And so saying, Harker turned away, and took a direct course to the lower end of the Battery, where he soon succeeded in getting a boat from a man with whom he was acquainted. In this he rowed around to Castle Garden. Wilson, curious to see where all this would end, had remained standing by the railing of the Battery. He could hardly believe his own eyes, when he saw Harker come rowing, close under where he stood, and ask, jocosely, if he did not wish to go out to the Constellation. [illegible] had passed [illegible], when half a dozen men came up and asked if he would take them out to a French brig that lay off in the harbor, and return with them in an hour. A bargain was at once made with them, they agreed to pay him two dollars for the job, or a little over two shillings apiece.

"Where there's a will there's a way, Wilson," Harker cried out to his friend, in a confident voice, as he pulled off with his freight from the shore.

"I wouldn't do that for any one," muttered Wilson, in a dissatisfied tone, as he turned away and left the Battery.

At dinner time, Harker did not come home. A frugal meal had been prepared by his wife at the regular hour, but he did not return as usual. This made her feel uneasy. She could not remember when he had been away so long before. All the afternoon she waited for him, expecting him to come in every minute, but she waited in vain. Many thoughts troubled her. She had permitted herself to become gloomy and desponding while she had her husband to depend upon. [illegible] accident should have happened to him! Suppose he were dead!

This thought startled her so that she rose up from the chair she had drawn close to the window, in order to see her work more distinctly in the deepening twilight. At this moment the door opened, and her husband entered.

"O, James! where have you been all day?" she asked, eagerly.

"Hard at work, Lucy, and here are my nett gains," holding out in his hand seven hard dollars. "I hired a boat for a dollar, and have made eight dollars by rowing people out to the ships of war in the harbor. I've been hard at work all day, and now feel as happy as a young kitten, and as hungry as a bear."

Six months from that day, Harker, who continued "small boating," owned three boats, one of which he daily plied himself between the shore and the shipping, and the others he hired out. He had three hundred dollars in the Savings' Bank, and was as happy, to use his own words, as the day was long. As for Wilson, he walked about for nearly the whole of that time, doing nothing to benefit others, and living a burden to himself. Harker had several times tried to induce him to take a boat and try his luck, but the proposition always made him half angry. To his false pride there was something degrading in the occupation. He did not reflect, that idleness, or dependence upon others, was more really degrading than any occupation that was strictly honest. He had not studied to a good purpose that noble couplet of Pope's:—

> "Honor and shame from no condition rise,
> Act well your part—there all the honor lies."

Instead of looking at his duty—instead of only asking "Is this right?"—he let himself be governed by what he supposed people would think or say of him. Alas! that there should be so many in the world like Wilson. Men, from whose intelligence, and professed independence of character, more, much more ought to be expected.

When trade again revived, James Harker sold off his boats, took his money out of the Savings' Bank, and set up for himself. He is now doing a good business; lives in a large, comfortable house, and, it is hardly necessary to say, is esteemed and respected by all who know him. Six years have passed since he and Wilson parted on the Battery—one to row a party of men to a ship lying in the harbor, and the other to saunter listlessly about the streets. Harker is worth some ten thousand dollars, and Wilson is one of his journeymen.

THE PET OF THE FORECASTLE.

BY E. F. WELD.

The tale I lay before you is no romance—the facts having actually occurred some ten years since, on board of a Boston Indiaman. I was then young to the life of a sailor, and each scene at that time witnessed is easier brought to mind than the occurrence of "the last voyage." Never, in the eyes of her crew, was there a craft that could compete with her, though so rapid and many have been the improvements since, that, in sober truth, could she be placed side by side with a ship of the present day, our opinions would be overruled. Of her master, never better man broke bread or trod shoe leather; one of the old school, he was both sailor and gentleman; neither were her officers wanting in those qualities which endeared them to those under their command—and there were sterling old tars in her forecastle, who, in the very sense of the word, belonged to her; voyage after voyage, found them still in the same ship, at the same station, growling, sailor-like, for the same imagined cause, and denouncing in round terms some fixture, which, for half a dozen years, they daily had pronounced worthy a situation in tophet. Don't imagine these warm wishes resulted in any ill feeling; 'twas but a sailor's characteristic—for did the new comer dare to look ugly at what they condemned, the old salts would raise a breeze directly. Well manned, beside her compliment were to be found the *carpenter* and sail-maker, whom Jack rated together with cook and steward, as petty officers, that always gave rise to a discussion never as yet settled, which party, white or black, should be considered in the ascendant. In those days, and in that trade, there were articles to be found in the inventory, and considered as an essential part of the materials, now seldom carried by the Merchantmen. These were big guns and small arms, boarding pikes and nettings, arm chests in the tops, and in short, on a small scale, the "*tout ensemble*" of the man-of-war.

Every Saturday, the weather permitting, we went through a species of manual exercise, working our guns, repelling boarders, *extinguishing* fires, slinging yards, fishing "chips," as he, in the mock combat, was lowered over the side to plug a shot hole, and doing up a nautical engagement surpassing any one of Cooper's. Guns again run in and secured, rammers and sponges bucketed, the shot laid in the rack, and all things arranged, then followed an early supper; and, then, for a time, *discipline* was waived, and fun and frolic ruled the hour. The Saturday night of other days at sea—ay! where is the sailor who can look back on his past life, and not wish for an hour's enjoyment, or the seeming happiness of that short time *devoted* weekly to sweethearts and wives; the grog and the toast; home and friends recalled; the pledge to the absent wife, or dearly loved girl; the old song sung upon the occasion, the chorus of which all hands joined in, till space rang again.

> "But the standing toast, which pleased the most,
> Was the wind that blows, the ship that goes,
> And the lass that would wed with a sailor."

The premonitory squeak of the fiddle banished sentiment, and the lively strains of some hornpipe, put music into our very heels, as we shuffled, broke down, and changed in our "fore and afters." When the ship's bell proclaimed eight o'clock, the fiddler came up with his screws, the dancer laid by his pumps, and every man returned to his place and duty without a word.

Our happy routine, like all earthly enjoyments, was at times interrupted. One Saturday, while repelling boarders, a mere lad, a son of the Captain, in the melee fell overboard. We were going some six knots. As quick as thought, another boy, the pet of the forecastle, threw himself into the sea to save him.

The father did not forget he was master of a ship, and with the coolness of a hero he hove her too, and pursued the usual steps. His example inspired others, and both lads were soon safe again, and the pet of the forecastle had his ears boxed by the skipper, whose son's life he had saved, for cursing the luck because he had wet his tobacco. Cuffed as the pet was, it was evident that his bravery was appreciated, and this step raised him in the estimation of all. There was less of noise, more of grog, and as much enjoyment that evening as on any one previous.

Months had passed—the "pet's" popularity still continued, and from being rated a boy, he was now classed "ordinary seaman." More, he was appointed captain of a gun, the crew of which rejoiced in the sobriquet of the "awkward squad." Where is there an instance of the rise of any one, unattended by the creation of enemies? Our "pet" found one in the cook, who was the awkwardest of the awkw[illegible] and reproof from the young gunner, to him was doubly harsh.

We were now upon our return home. The fair weather face of the Captain had become stern and forbidding; the mandates of the officers were issued in more harsh and petulant; while the crew, catching the contagion, obeyed because they had to. A Saturday night had passed without the [illegible] jollity, and the former aspect of [illegible]

Prior to this, all hands had been summoned upon the quarter-deck, and in brief terms told that a theft had been committed. The supercargo's state-room had been entered, and the pockets of a pair of pantaloons rifled of a small sum in gold. The steward and his premises had been searched, and nothing discovered to confirm suspicion. As the steerage communicated with the cabin, and as all indiscriminately had free ingress and egress to the former place, all were liable to suspicion, and each must consent to the searching of his chest and clothing. All were indignant at the suspicion, and eagerly demanded the search. The "pet" was at the helm when the search was instituted, and as each individual "kit" was overhauled, without affording a clue to the theft or robber, the faces of officers and men brightened. Imagine the feelings of all, when, in the chest of the favorite, wrapped in a colored rag, was found the lost gold.

If ever men seemed prone to doubt their senses, here was an instance. Nothing short of proof like this could have raised a suspicion even as to the honesty of him, who now, in the minds of all, stood convicted. Poor lad—unconscious of the deed he was in a certain measure found guilty of, as he pursued his task his mind was freer from care than any of his companions. He was ordered to relinquish the helm to the hand of another, and arraigned upon the quarter-deck, in presence of all on board, accused of theft; and the light-hearted and happy boy of the moment previous, was now ordered to solitary confinement in the sail-room shaft, and judged guilty to await punishment. He protested his innocence with sobs and tears, but there was nothing he could advance to refute the testimony against him. The flushed cheek and confused manner arising from shame, were imputed to guilt; and the only kind word addressed him by his judges, was the promise of a mitigation of punishment if he would confess his guilt. His response of innocence was unbelieved, and considered as one hardened in sin, he was hurried below.

Heavy at heart were the worthy 'foremast hands, but there was one still heavier; the pallid cheek and settled frown of the master, together with his hurried walk, told of the feelings of the inner man.

Two or three days had elapsed, and still the crew had been spared witnessing the degrading punishment they felt it would be the lot of the lad to receive; and hopes were arising in the bosoms of most that they would be spared the sight of the application of the lash,—and that confinement and a civil process at the end of the voyage would be allowed to supersede the barbarous custom.

But these hopes were dissipated by their being addressed by the Captain, to the effect that "he even had entertained a delusive feeling that something might occur, or some hidden fact be brought to light to weaken the proof against the boy. Never, since I have been master of a vessel, have I been placed in such a trying situation;—were he a son of mine, my feelings could not be more poignant. We will wait longer yet with the same hopes, but if at the end of this week no new light is gained, were he ten times my son he must be flogged."

The dreaded day came, and as the men turned their dogged looks to the clear blue sky, it seemed as though they would rebuke nature for wearing an aspect so illy according with their feelings. Silently and sadly lengthened did the hours drag. 'Twas now late in the afternoon when the suppressed voice of the mate summoned all hands to witness the punishment. As they assembled, they wore more the look of culprits than many bona fide criminals could assume. The rough manner and hardy bearing of the sailor had become lost in the ascendancy of their finer feelings as men. Men, apparently callous to grief, who would have suffered the amputation of a limb without a groan, or looked death on a lee-shore in the face without a shudder, forgot they ever assumed the bearing of the stoic and were congregated in tears.

"I could have sewed that lad up in his hammock, ay, or tipped the plank that launched his corpse to Davy without blubbering; but as to this here, I say, shiver the man that can see it with a dry eye."

All felt with the speaker, and the example of an older man gave a free license to tears, to which the bronzed faces of the men were unwonted. Unresisting stood, or rather was supported, the boy, his extended arms secured by seizings to the shrouds, his weakened frame, swollen eye, pallid cheek, and throbbing breast, told of his sufferings, past and present. A word or look only, and he would be levelled with the degraded brute.

"Say that you are guilty," exclaimed the master, "and the lash shall not touch your back! Own it, and you shall be forgiven!"

"I cannot. Before God and man I am innocent!"

The Captain turned his head, and buried his face in his handkerchief. At his feet was his son, grasping his knees, and exclaiming, "Oh, father, believe him, forgive him, he is innocent! indeed he is!"

"Take away this boy!—take him below,—he may be spared what it is my duty to witness."

The cook stepped forward to execute his bidding. The boy refused to loosen his grasp; and while the cook was struggling in vain endeavors to remove him, he was suddenly seized by the captain and thrown to the deck, with a stunning violence.

"Seize this black villain! Seize him, I say!" as with the countenance of a madman he regarded the prostrate negro. Ere other hands could execute his bidding, the cook writhed beneath his muscular grasp. "Wretch, I have caught you at last!—don't appeal for mercy—don't dare to turn a suppliant look! I knew it! I felt confident of it," and shouting, "cut down the boy!" he fell fainting into the arms of the men.

'Twas, however, but a momentary weakness; recovering, he called for the boy, and, embracing him, said—

"But a moment ago, I declared were you my son I must do what I conceived my duty. I now say before all, forgive my unjust suspicions, and I will be a father to you indeed. 'Twas the hand of Providence, that intervened to save the boy. You see this rag, men; it is what the gold was found wrapped in. It was to see who had a shirt like it that I caused the second search to be made; not even a similar shred was to be found. But now, my eyes detected a patch on the cook's clothing to correspond. He is the thief—I give him up to you to punish. No appeal shall cause my interference for mercy, only do not forget, villain as he is, that he has a claim to humanity."

On the spur of the moment three hearty cheers were given for the captain, and three more for the boy. The master withdrew below, the negro was dragged forward, after confessing his crime, and summary proceedings instituted against him. A running bowline was clapped round his neck, the rope rove through a hole in the windlass end, and the united strength of a few men brought his breast in contact with it. Cobbing was decided upon, and custom has made this place the whipping post. The height of the windlass being three feet, a person "brought to," assumes the position of a bow, a handsaw takes the place of the lash, the flat being used. This degrading punishment is now nearly obsolete, and never resorted to, save for some appalling crime. All hands unite in the flagellation, a blow or two being dealt by each person in turn, according to the amount to be received.

All preparations complete, there was an adjournment, on the part of the men, to the forecastle to decide as to the number of blows to be administered. Long was their consultation. The captain, now cool, repented of the power he had put in the men's hands, and wished the ceremony, painful in its mildest sense, through with. His solitude was broken by the presence of the oldest tar in the ship, who stood, hat in hand, in the cabin door.

"Well, Jack, what is it?"

"Well, you see, sir, the boy is begging hard for the cook; and you know, sir, we never had a hand licked in your ship,—and seeing he's such a thundering rascal, we want to know if it wouldn't be better to put the nigger in irons and give him up to the lawyer land-sharks at the end of the voyage."

"Upon my word, Jack, the best plan in the world."

Let it suffice to say that the cook met with his deserts and the boy with his reward; the latter now commands one of the finest ships out of a neighboring city. With him sails a superannuated tar, who takes great liberties, and who boasts of sailing with him ever since he was the "pet of the forecastle."

WASHINGTON'S SWORD

AT THE CAPITOL.

BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

The Sword worn by General Washington during the Revolutionary War, was, at the request of his representatives, recently presented to Congress. It is substantial, but of the plainest workmanship—its embellishment of pure and simple beauty, consisting alone in the name, WASHINGTON, inscribed on the blade.

Behold, there cometh to the Capitol
 A mighty speaker, such as ne'er before
Entered, commanding, of the Congress hall,
 With eloquence sublime, to take the floor!

Peace! party strife—be still, each warring word;
 Let self and discord from the scene depart!
Sons of Columbia, 'tis your father's sword,
 Pointing a precept high to every heart.

See, on its blade his hallowed name it bears,
 Whence must a glory radiant like the sun,
Shine forth to all who should, as rightful heirs,
 Share the dear heritage his valour won.

Look on it, all! the moving sight shall be
 True as a touchstone, proving every breast—
Which of a spirit worthy to be free,
 Or to be subject, only is possessed.

For, the cold soul by selfish purpose swayed,
 Wrapped in a cloak to hide an under aim,
Must feel no reverence for this peerless blade—
 Can see no lustre in the Patriot's name.

Rome's keenest sword spake not with power like this,
 When Cæsar's eye fell quenched beneath its lid!
Who'd here betray his country with a kiss?
 Sooner go perish as Iscariot did!

Who here would sell his birthright at the price
 Blind Isaac's hairy son caused his to bring;
Or to the deed some hungry slave entice?
 Each may have food where fed Chaldea's king.

And, who's offended by my [illegible] free,
 Made o'er this [illegible]
"If any, speak!" and let the witness be
 Shame's honest blush on every patriot cheek.

Once, in the cause of Liberty unsheathed,
 High gleamed this arm, a terror to her foes;
Now doth it come, with bay and olive wreathed,
 Home to her Temple, for a long repose.

'Twas her good angel in a form of clay,
 Who held it fast, with pure, unerring hand,
And like a flaming sword turned every way,
 Round her young tree just planted in our land.

Then, when he saw the roots were firm and deep—
 Saw the dove nestled 'mid the spicy bloom,
Yonder he left his sacred dust to sleep,
 Where old Potomac sings beside his tomb.

While the blue waters, passing, bless the scene,
 Bright'ning the banks' soft verdure as they flow,
Doth calm Mount Vernon, with its cypress green,
 Earth's richest, proudest mausoleum show.

There doth our chieftain on his laurels rest;
 Where no vain offerings to his worth appear,
Nature has clasped to her maternal breast
 Him to whom Art no monument could rear.

Ye who, a priesthood to this temple came,
 Guard well the ark from every touch profane!
Where Right and Freedom claim a father-home,
 Let not the federal scutcheon take a stain.

With you, in image, stands our WASHINGTON
 In marble beauty, while his dust is near;
Ye have his counsel, and the rights he won;
 See that his virtues be not wanting here!

Arm of my country, if a private thought
 O'er thee be uttered, or a tear betrayed,
'Tis that my father's sword by thee was taught—
 His oracle, thy wearer, long obeyed.

Go to thy glorious rest! the true, the brave
 To theirs are gone, who knew thee in the strife;
Rest with the archives of a land that gave
 The world a WASHINGTON—our nation life.

The Daughters of La Roche

A Story of the Affections.

BY ROBERT MORRIS,

Author of 'The Angel and the Demon,' 'The Hasty Marriage,' &c.

"They grew in beauty side by side."

Who that has attended the death-bed of the loved and cherished, can ever forget its touching and painful scenes? The sands of life passing rapidly away—the pulse becoming feebler and fainter—the voice lower and weaker—the light fading from the glassy and spiritual eyes—the mingled expression of love, hope and agony, resting upon the thin, pale features. And, when at last the lamp goes out—the hands fall cold upon the motionless bosom—the limbs become rigid, and the spirit wings its flight to another world, who can forget the heart-screams of the doating mourners—the grief long suppressed, but now bursting forth as a torrent—the tears, the cries, and the exclamations, half in love and half in madness!

I once was present at the death-bed of a mother—a true and martyr-like woman—who had hurried herself to a premature grave, in an effort to provide for the comforts of two young and lovely daughters;—and were I to live a thousand years, the memory of that hour would still linger vividly in my mind. She died, too, in the full faith of a blessed hereafter—conscious of the purity of her life, and cherishing, as t[illegible] jewels of the soul, the sublime truths of the Christ[illegible] religion. But her daughters—her young and unpro[illegible] tected daughters! She left them to the tender [illegible] cies of a hollow world, and thus, with the [illegible] fondness of a mother's heart, fixed her straining [illegible] upon their sad but beauteous features, even [illegible] soul parted from the body, and the faith of a [illegible] religion brightened the pathway to a clime [illegible]

Sobs, and tears, and loud lamentations ca[illegible] these lovely orphans. They were now inde[illegible] in the world; and though they had been [illegible] some measure to prepare themselves for so[illegible] a bereavement, they could not realize all [illegible] and desolation. They had never known [illegible] care, for he had been taken from them in [illegible] childhood, before they were capable of [illegible] his value. Their mother had been the [illegible] to them; she had watched them in their [illegible] ness—had prayed for them, and [illegible] pointed out the paths of danger in the [illegible] had indulged them beyond her means—[illegible] herself of many a luxury, ay, many [illegible] order to administer to their comfo[illegible] ment—and now, as they looked upo[illegible] form, cold and still in the icy embra[illegible] God, how wretched and lonely see[illegible] tion! In vain their few friends end[illegible] their sorrow—to soften the angui[illegible] Tears, and tears alone, seemed to [illegible] and they wept in very bitterness [illegible]

Mrs La Roche was a French [illegible] with her husband and her young [illegible] this country during the troubles [illegible] revolution.

Compelled to abandon his nat[illegible] [illegible] father was a[illegible] small sum of money to enable the family in the country of their exile. He survived his arrival in the United States only two years—merely long enough to acquire a knowledge of the English language, and, with his lady, to attempt the establishment of a school of instruction in the French. The daughters were, at this time, too young to assist, but the mother, though utterly unused to a life of toil, saw and appreciated her position, and roused all her energies to the undertaking. She continued the school, and with partial success, after the decease of her husband. Compelled to economize in every possible way, she looked forward to the period when her children would be able to assist her, and thus her task would be greatly lightened. Increasing, as they hourly did, in beauty and intelligence, and manifesting, in every possible way, their appreciation of her love, and her untiring exertions spent in their behalf, her heart warmed toward them with every breath which they drew, and she would freely have laid down her life to ensure their welfare. But what will not a mother do for the beings of her affection? What will she not sacrifice—what trials and sufferings will she not submit to? Well and touchingly was it remarked by a Venetian lady, with regard to Abraham and Isaac, that "God would never have commanded such a sacrifice of a mother."

Mrs. La Roche had thus, with difficulty, but still in a spirit of great cheerfulness, conducted her little school for four years after the decease of her husband. But her health now began to fail. She had overtasked her powers. Her constitution, which was naturally feeble, gave way. Still she struggled on, in the most heroic manner. "A few years longer," she flattered herself, "and I may abate my labors. Then my children will be able greatly to assist me, if not wholly to take my place." She saw them ripening in beauty—and the natural dream of a mother's heart raised up suitors in abundance. So lovely—so correct—so imbued with the pure principles of religion—so accomplished! The heart of the widow rejoiced in the anticipated triumph of her offspring. Alas! even then the seeds of death were doing their work, stealthily and in silence. A little longer, and the body refused to administer to the wishes of the mind. Mrs. La Roche was prostrated on her death-bed, and her children, as already described, were orphans, in the fullest and most painful sense of the term.

Amy La Roche, the younger sister, at the period of which we write, was thirteen; Clotilde, the elder, was sixteen years of age. A lovelier pair never mingled their tears together by the cold corpse of a parent. Taught to regard her as the soul and centre of their social world—as the being to whom they must look for counsel and advice next to the Almighty—they clung to each other in their desolation, each striving to soothe the other, and each unconsciously adding to the poignancy of the other's grief. Clotilde wept wildly, but the sorrow of the younger seemed more heart-felt. The one was all feeling and impulse, and her agony of grief was relieved, in some measure, by the violence of the paroxysm—the fury of her despair. The younger was naturally of a thoughtful and melancholy nature, and her mild, blue eyes seemed to mirror, in their gentle lustre, the very depths of her soul. She was too young, moreover, to have a thought of fondness for another being on the earth beyond her mother. No other passion of her nature had been called even into fancied existence, and thus the poor girl pined, day by day, until she became thin and pale, and the elder found it necessary to conceal her own sorrow, in order to bring back the spirit of girlhood and joy to the fair features of her dearest Amy.

Throughout the crisis of their bereavement, they were visited assiduously and constantly but by one individual. Pierre Martien, or neighbor Pierre, as they called him, was intimate with their father in the more prosperous portion of his life, and had, like him, sought this country as a place of refuge during the perils of the revolution—perils which destroyed his family, and left him lone and wretched. He had, nevertheless, accumulated a considerable fortune in the United States, and, at the period of the widow's decease, was on the eve of returning to France.—Touched, however, by the sad condition of the sisters, he delayed his departure, and called day after day in the noble duty of watching over two fair beings, so entirely helpless and unprotected, and of administering every comfort and assistance in his power. This faithful friend was now in his sixtieth year—still, manly and gentlemanly in his appearance, and exhibiting but little of the weakness or infirmity of age. Week after week he postponed the day of his leave-taking, and yet he steadily persisted in his determination to return, at the same time condoling with the orphans, assisting them as delicately as possible, and hinting a fear that his departure would expose them to annoyance and misfortune. Clotilde saw and admitted all this, but what could she do? She still continued to keep up the little school, which her mother had bequeathed to her as an inheritance, but her inexperience and youth unfitted her, in a great measure, to exercise sufficient authority over the pupils, and thus, while she found them constantly diminishing in number, she discovered, with horror, that the health of her young sister was rapidly sinking. The color was fading from her cheeks—the bright light from her eyes.—Her existence seemed to have lost its spring and fountain on the decease of Mrs. La Roche, and, although the sweet girl struggled earnestly to assume a degree of cheerfulness and an air of satisfaction, she could not conceal from the penetrating eyes of Clotilde that there was a canker within.

Neighbor Pierre, also, noticed the change, and his heart melted within him at this new source of anxiety and distress. He sent for and consulted one of the ablest physicians of the city—for his nature warmed strangely and unconsciously toward the orphans, since he had visited them so frequently—and he was told that a change of air would alone save the life of the fading beauty. He pondered long upon this painful intelligence; at first unwilling to communicate it to the *elder* sister, for he knew that it would strike like an arrow through her soul. What could be done?—what was his duty under the circumstances? He pressed his hand upon his forehead, and mused painfully for hours. A thought darted to his brain. But no—he repelled it as unworthy—as unmanly—as treacherous to the friendship he had felt and professed for the dead father of the sisters. And yet it returned again, and grew stronger and stronger, until he had no power to resist its influence.

Accuse him not harshly, gentle reader—pronounce not against him rashly. *He* was alone in the world, and *they* were without friends and protectors. *He* was compelled by circumstances to revisit France, and yet he felt a voice within him assert that he had a duty to perform to the children of his deceased countryman. How could he best perform that duty? To subject two young, inexperienced and beautiful girls to the snares of the vicious and the reckless—to desert them in the hour of greatest need—to abandon them to the charities of a cold world—or worse, to the accursed arts of the profligate and libertine—the thought was full of anguish. Again he paused. He ascended to his chamber, and there, kneeling in prayer, he sought advice and counsel from the Searcher of all hearts. He rose from his knees refreshed in spirit, and comparatively calm and resolved. The next hour found him at the dwelling of the sisters. The younger was evidently weaker than on the day before, while the countenance of Clotilde wore a still more melancholy aspect. For a long time the visiter hesitated. He looked steadily into the beautiful features of Clotilde, where all was yet life, and hope, and youthful splendor, only mellowed and spiritualized by the tender anxiety of a sacred love, and his heart again misgave him. But he rallied his courage and drew her aside. He announced to her, in as kindly terms as possible, the opinion of the physician; and, as he saw the big tear start to her eyes at the consciousness of her inability to accompany Amy to a milder climate—softer and sunnier skies—he took her hand, and offered to become her husband. "Then," he added, "dear Clotilde, I will obtain a *right* to protect you. Then may we immediately sail for France, and, with the blessing of Heaven, a hope may be indulged of the restoration of our lovely Amy." He alluded to his disparity of years, and his reluctance to venture such a proposition—but he implored her, no matter what her determination, to judge his motives generously. As he lived, and had faith in the Divinity, he believed that he was influenced purely, justly and virtuously.

Clotilde covered her face with her hands. She had unbounded confidence in the principles of her father's friend—for he had ever conducted himself with the most scrupulous delicacy. She saw, too, the position of her sister, and she felt that the life of that sweet and affectionate girl was as dear to her as her own; and yet she knew not what to do or say. One only thought—one only dream, interfered with the course she believed to be dictated by duty. The path of her young life, chequered and darkened as it had been, had not been all shadow. A momentary rainbow had flashed its glories above. A youthful form sometimes mingled with her dreams. A voice, deeper and sweeter than those of the every-day world, sometimes rose to her memory, and whispered to the listening spirit of her soul. She was now nineteen years of age—a full and perfect woman—and how seldom is it in our land that the fair and the beautiful, the enthusiastic and the warm-hearted, pass through so many summers without discovering some being in the crowd purer and holier than the rest—some kindred spirit—some sympathetic soul! A look—a word—a pressure of the hand, will sometimes give tone to the story of a life.

Clotilde La Roche and Arthur Merville had met when

"Life seemed bathed in Hope's romantic hues."

She was but seventeen, and he twenty-two. But a few months passed, and the ocean divided them. He was the son of a bankrupt merchant, utterly penniless and prospectless, and thus, when an opportunity presented of a voyage to China, as the agent of an extensive commercial house, he was compelled by the force of circumstances to embrace it, even at the risk of an absence of five years. Thus they parted. "He never told his love" in words, but the heart must be cold and insensible, that requires such formal interpretation. The spirit of Clotilde wandered with, and lingered around him. Her name was mingled with his prayers, and her image haunted his sleep—the brightest, sunniest angel of his dreams. And *he* was not forgotten. She did not strive to forget, and if the effort had been made, it would have been a vain one.

Two years had now gone by, and Arthur was yet abroad. Foolish and timid as they were, no correspondence had been agreed upon, and he, unconscious of the interest *he* had excited, was afraid to write. He was poor—little better than a beggar—when he left his kindred and his home. He had no claim upon one so beautiful and lovely, and the pen was dashed to the earth in despair whenever he ventured a letter.

But the offer of Pierre Martien! It revived the early dream in the bosom of Clotilde fully and vividly. Yet her sister was dying! She saw her fading every hour. The delay of a single week might prove fatal. God of the orphan, advise and counsel her in this her hour of trial!

She sent for the friend of her father and told him all. If he would take her for his wife under these circumstances, she would freely accord her consent. Nay, she believed his motives to be generous and noble, and she honored him therefor.

More touched than *ever*—seeing the *evident* sacrifice she was about to make as a tribute to duty and her love for her sister, the old man hesitated. Again he meditated upon the subject, questioned his own heart closely, and endeavored to penetrate his motives.

It was finally agreed that they should immediately sail for France—that the engagement should be announced before their departure—and the marriage should take place immediately after their arrival.

But why prolong the story? The God of the orphan watched over and protected the sweet sisters.—The voyage was pleasant beyond their most sanguine expectations. Amy gained health and strength with every favoring breeze, and when they landed at Havre, her eyes again sparkled with the fire of youth and joy, and her cheeks glowed with the hues of beauty. Clotilde, too, seemed more lovely than ever, the sea-air had greatly improved her. Her spirits mounted—her soul again rejoiced—and even the apprehension which occasionally crept into her breast, in connection with the coming marriage, gave her less anxiety than she could have believed a few weeks before.

They landed on a bright Spring morning. The arrival of a foreign ship had collected a group around the place of debarkation. Among them were several Americans—they could have been singled out in a world of foreigners. And see! whose form is that pressing forward so eagerly? It is—it *is*—much changed—but not enough to escape the quick eyes of youth and the mind or love-taught memory. Yes, Arthur Merville rushes forward—the wanderer from the far East! What a meeting! How joyous—how unexpected! Even the presence of strangers is forgotten. Eyes sparkle—cheeks glow—breasts heave—and hearts respond. The old man looks on, first in surprise, and then with a quiet and benevolent smile, mellowing his features, advancing to Clotilde, he whispers, "Be not ashamed—your joy is my joy—and all will yet be well."

* * * * *

A few weeks thereafter, and Clotilde La Roche became the wife of Arthur Merville. Pierre Martien gave the bride away, at the same time publicly recognizing the young couple and their beautiful Amy as his adopted children!

Heaven, say we, soften the pillow and hallow the dreams of the friends of the fatherless.

JOSEPHINE LOPIERE;

OR, THE DUEL.

BY W. J. JACKSON.

> What is honour? A word. What is that word, honour? Air. A trim reckoning! Who hath it? He that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it insensible then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it;—therefore I'll none of it: Honour is a mere scutcheon, and so ends my catechism. [SHAKSPEARE.

Early friendship, when uninfluenced by any selfish motive, when it is the spontaneous production of a kind and generous heart, and is of spotless purity, how beautiful, how devine! Possessing, with all the warmth and sincerity of affection, the artlessness and innocence of budding youth.

Of such a nature was the friendship that existed between William Norwall and James Manford; they were bound together by its gentle bonds in closest union and love. Both were in the same class at school, and studied together the same tasks. They would mingle and be friendly with the other schoolboys, and take part in their games and amusements, but at their conclusion, would again join together with emotions of the most ardent affection. They would delight to roam far away from their schoolmates—and with nature's fairest scenes around them, to inspire them with pure and ennobling emotions, would paint brightest pictures of future joy and happiness. Now gazing upon the beautiful sky, without a cloud or speck upon its clear bright surface—fair emblem of their own innocence, and of their tranquil and unruffled minds; or observing the plants and lovely flowers of every varied hue, sending forth their refreshing perfume on the light wing of the gentle breeze; and now listening with gladdened ear, to the birds pouring forth their many different songs, making the woods and forests resound with their enlivening strains of melody, and almost charming the very breeze to attentive silence. Amid such lovely scenes, each would tell his dream of hope, and the bright prospects which fancy beheld in the dark and unknown future. Deceiving themselves with visions of halcyon happiness and delightful promise, which too soon the world and its stern reality would inform them, were idle chimeras of the buoyant and excited mind of youth.

Rapidly passed away their school-boy days, in innocence and joy. Oh! who does not love to wander back to his sunny childhood? How sweet, and yet how sad to linger among their remembrances, enjoying the various emotions which those recollections excite! Happy days, when we could indulge in the delusive dreams of fancy undisturbed, and knew not of the angry storms which were raging without, in the busy and too unfeeling world, or of the dark disasters which a mysterious fate may have in store for us. We deemed the desires of the heart easily attained, requiring us merely to put forth our hands and seize hold of them. In our journey through this world, where ills and sorrows come crowding on our path at every step, it refreshes the soul and cheers the heart to recall those golden days of innocent delight.

At length the joyous school-boy days were terminated, and the happy friends were compelled to separate; each choosing a different pursuit on the world's wide stage.

James was placed in the army, and William concluded to try his fortunes on the perilous wave.

Deep was the anguish of their bosoms at parting, but cheering Hope stood by with lovely countenance, and honied words of consolation and joy, drying their tears, hushing their anguish, and pointing out to their admiring gaze smiling prospects of fortune and honour.

* * * * *

Years had passed away, leaving behind their painful and pleasing remembrances. James Manford had seen considerable service, and had been promoted to the rank of a Captain in the army. It was almost ten years since he had heard of his early companion and school-mate, who at that time had sailed as first officer on board of a vessel bound for Canton.—The vessel was never heard of after leaving port, and it was generally supposed that she was lost, and that all on board perished.

James had become acquainted with Josephine Lopiere, a most accomplished young lady, and it was reported that she was heiress of much wealth.—She was also exceedingly pretty, her dark blue eyes beaming with beauty, and wearing a most beguiling and bewitching expression, with a delicately formed mouth of tempting appearance, which could put on at pleasure a smile of most winning sweetness; too exceedingly dangerous weapons when possessed by one skilled in their use, to carry confusion and conquest to the heart that her mind might wish to subdue.

James had experienced the magic influence of her smile, and his proud heart was compelled to acknowledge Josephine its conqueror.

What a strange power lies in the smile of woman! How subduing, and yet how full of encouragement is the bright glance of beauty! As the sun's bright beams dries up the foul vapors of the earth, and dispels the mist and fog which hides the bright heavens from our view, so the guileless smile of woman quiets the wild passions of man's nature, and dissipates the gloomy clouds of sadness which heavily oppress his mind.

A grand ball was to be given in Philadelphia, and James had obtained Josephine's assent to be present at it with him.

The evening arrived, and Josephine looked more lovely than ever, her handsome figure and beautiful face appearing to the best possible advantage.—There was a gay and brilliant company assembled, and the scene was truly impressive and gorgeous, almost dazzling the eye to gaze upon it. Numerous were the sylph-like forms and bright beaming eyes present,—beauty was there in all its various diversity. But there were few that could compare in loveliness to Josephine Lopiere, who glided through the dance with all the ease and gentleness of a heaving wave.

There was a handsome young stranger present whose acquaintance was eagerly sought by the ladies. He was of fine form, and his face appeared much tanned by the sun, indicating that he had been a resident of some Southern clime. His eye was bright and his face pleasant and agreeable, his deportment and appearance such as could not fail to win the regard and admiration of the fair. He, however, appeared rather indifferent to all their attentions, and seemed most desirous of pleasing Josephine Lopiere, who also manifested her pleasure at his regard, and encouraged his addresses. She hesitated not to slight Manford, whose soul was on fire with feelings of jealousy of his successful rival.

James Manford was a handsome and agreeable man, with a graceful and commanding form, and easy and winning manners; but there seemed something peculiarly fascinating in the stranger's appearance. Josephine was gratified, perhaps, at an opportunity of showing her power, by securing the attentions of the man others were so anxious to become acquainted with. Vanity is too often joined with beauty, and was perhaps no small ingredient of her nature. She felt vain of his particular attention to her.

Manford looked on with a frowning brow and agitated mind, and as he saw the stranger taking all the freedom with Josephine of one well acquainted, his heart seemed to rise in his throat, almost choking him with anger.

Josephine and the stranger were seated together—her delicate white hand pressed tightly by his—and she was now laughing merrily at a jest he had just perpetrated. The bugle sounded, inviting those who were to dance to take their places on the floor. The stranger had danced the three previous sets with Josephine, and she had promised Manford to dance this cotillion with him. Repressing with painful exertions the torturing emotions of his bosom, he left the company he had been with, and walked towards her, to request the fulfilment of her promise.

"Josephine," he said, in a somewhat smothered voice, "I believe you are engaged as my partner in this cotillion?"

The stranger, holding one of her hands in his, bowed rather stiffly—

"Sir, Miss Lopiere has signified her willingness to grant me the pleasure of being her partner in this dance, and you cannot suppose that she will retract her promise?"

"No, sir, I do not expect that she will retract her promise, the promise which she made previously to me, and which I hope, sir, if you are a gentleman, you will not interfere with."

"I believe, sir, that I have some claim to that title, and as a gentleman take a lady's word. Miss Lopiere said that she was not engaged for this set, and promised me this pleasure, which I feel no disposition to yield to another."

"I do not believe it, sir; you do not speak the truth, and I appeal to you, Josephine, did you not promise me previously?"

"Indeed, I have no distinct recollection of it, Mr. Manford, but yet it may have been so. I know that what has been told you is perfectly correct; I engaged this set with Mr. Lenardon."

"Now, sir, who has spoken the truth?" exclaimed the stranger, rather warmly. "I feel no inclination to parley or quarrel with you, sir, but I am willing elsewhere to give you any satisfaction you may desire, but remember at present the respect due a lady's presence, and which would be paid, by a gentleman, to one who is in every way entitled to it. But come, Miss Lopiere, they are waiting for us;" and he led her to join the dancers.

"Contemptible slanderer, you shall answer for that," retorted Manford, as, in a fearful passion, he hastily walked towards the door of the ball-room.

"Why, Manford, how troubled you look,—you shouldn't mind being cut out, it's nothing at all, particularly when you get used to it," exclaimed Frank Anson, as Manford was hastily passing out of the room. He was also in the army, and a wild, hair-brained fellow, ever ready for fun and mischief, delighting in such a thing as a row or duel, as the very best of sport.

"Frank, I am glad to see you, will you do me a favor?"

"Anything in the world you may ask."

"Come along with me, then," and, conducting him to the Merchants' Hotel, he wrote a challenge.—"Here, deliver this to the person you saw dancing with Miss Lopiere; his name is Lenardon: of course, you have no objections to serve as my friend?"

"None whatever, Manford. I observed the fellow you mean, and let me assure you that I am really happy to have this opportunity of serving you. Let me see—five o'clock in the morning—back of Gloucester—no apology—&c., &c. That's the ticket, Manford, and if he does not draw out he is as good as dead mutton, and no mistake.

The challenge was delivered and accepted. The stranger having the choice of weapons, chose pistols, an unfortunate choice, for Manford was an excellent shot, unequalled in the handling of a pistol. He promised to be on the spot at the time designated.

He accompanied Josephine home from the ball.—She knew Manford was displeased, but, poor girl, she had no idea of the mischief she had done. Reclining upon her pillow, she reproved herself for having treated Manford so unkindly. Removed from the dazzling scenes of gayety and fashion, and from the strangely fascinating presence of the stranger, reason, resuming its proper sway, told her, with its self-convicting voice, that Manford had been deeply wronged by her improper conduct. She slept uneasily; the painful remembrance of all that had transpired during the evening would continually steal through her mind, disturbing its tranquil serenity.

Punctual to the moment all parties were on th ground selected for the settling of affairs according the principles of honor. The morning was quite co and not a spot of blue sky was visible. The grou was plentifully covered with snow which had falle during the night. The spot which they had chosen was dreary and lonely, and appeared the very place for such "bloody business" as theirs. Occasionally the wind would disturb the silence as in gusts it swept by, seeming to sigh most mournfully. They had taken their stations, and stood gazing at each other in painful silence. The stranger appeared perfectly calm, yet on close observation one could perceive something like a shade of sadness overclouding his handsome and usually cheerful countenance.

He stood there compelled to be either a victim or an executioner, for the dreadful crime of having received the smiles and kind words of a a pretty woman and having reciprocated them. For that offence he must yield up all the delights and pleasures the world could afford, banish all thoughts of following those pursuits he loved, or of mingling again with those friends he so fondly cherished, and offer himself a sacrifice on the altar of honor. An altar like that of the heathen Deity, crimsoned with the blood of many innocent and brave, but strangely infatuated men. Or he must banish soothing and gentle peace forever from his bosom, and stain his soul with fearful guilt, by sending his adversary with all his sins upon his head, in the very act of disobeying the divine and emphatic injunction, "thou shalt not kill," before the judgment bar of God.

Manford was cool and collected, and surveyed his antagonist with no feelings of lenity. He felt that he had been deeply injured by the stranger endeavoring to share the affection and regard of her to whose love he deemed himself alone entitled.

The word was given to fire, and both of their pistols were simultaneously discharged, but neither of the parties were injured.

"Come, gentlemen," interrupted the seconds, "you have proved yourselves men of honour; let us return to our homes."

"No," spoke Manford, "this is no child's sport; I came here to fight, to draw blood or have it drawn; nothing else can wash out the foul stain cast upon my honour. I demand another shot."

It was useless to talk—he insisted on having another shot. The stranger smiled sadly, but spoke not; except the look of tender pity he cast on Manford, which spoke eloquently how great was his compassion for him. Not a muscle moved but with calmness and order; his countenance betrayed no sign of fear. A heart like his, so pure and noble, could not fear for himself.

They again took their stations, and once more the word was given to "fire," when the stranger, discharging his pistol in the air, fell.

On examining his wound, it was pronounced mortal; and the warm current of life was fast ebbing. He requested Manford to approach him.

"James Manford, for the deep wrong I have done you, I crave your pardon; for the injury you have done me, I freely forgive you. There is much that I wish to tell you, but my time is too brief, and I feel that death is rapidly approaching. But this I tell you, Manford, not to excite any compassion or to give you pain, but to satisfy you who I am. My name is William Norwald."

"Norwald! Oh, God! can it be? Yes, I see it all too clearly. I have murdered the companion of my youth—my only true friend. Oh, why did you not spare my soul this blighting anguish, and speak that name before? I would have been branded with all the vilest epithets of earth, rather than have fought with you."

"For these reasons, Manford, I concealed my name from you and others. I, by my conduct, innocently injured your feelings; I made myself intimate with one who, unknowingly to me, but as I have since learned, you fondly loved, and with whose exceeding beauty I was captivated. You felt irritated at my refusal to yield her up to you, when I thought myself entitled to her, and I felt rather indignant at your rude manner, as I thought it, of claiming her as your partner. My hasty and perhaps uncivil language offended you, and you sent me a challenge, which I accepted. After having accepted it, I inquired particularly concerning you, and judge my feelings when I discovered that you were my early friend and school-mate—the associate and sharer of my youthful joys and pleasures. At first I thought it monstrous to think of fighting with you, and determined to make myself known; but, alas! my coward heart would not let me—I had not the courage.—Many might say I was afraid to fight, and for that reason made myself known. You might disown me, and call it a sham to escape your displeasure. I resolved, whatever might be the consequences, to give you the satisfaction you required, and have done so. To tell you where I have been these many years, would occupy much time, and require more breath than I possess. I have left an account of it among my papers, which, if you feel disposed, you may peruse. My wealth I have disposed of, and I have few relatives and friends to mourn my death. I am nigh the end of my earthly career—[illegible] you, Maxwell—farewell!" And with perfect calmness, a soft smile playing upon his handsome countenance, the victim of honour expired.

Jared Maxwell was a changed man; his kind and noble nature had experienced a shock which it was unable to withstand. His spirit was crushed and broken—life had lost its charms, and he never prospered afterwards.

Thus were two generous souls, in the bright season of hope, in the vigor and pride of manhood, destroyed by that most barbarous and unnatural usage of duelling, which generally brings its votaries suddenly to the grave, or robs them of those most desirable and valuable of all earthly treasures, more to be prized than life itself, a good conscience and a peaceful mind.

How deeply is it to be deplored that fatal error among what are styled by many, men of "honour" and "spirit," which deems it a test of courage to stubbornly persist in a wrong, when the proof of it is plain and palpable, to entitle one to the very enviable appellation of "a man of honour!" How much to be regretted is that false estimate of character which leads a man to offer himself a victim to certain death, or to wickedly sacrifice the life of his fellow man, rather than frankly and fearlessly acknowledge the wrong done, expressing regret for it, and asking pardon—certainly the most honourable course to pursue, and far the best test of courage and correct principles. Man never approaches nigher the character of his Maker, than when he candidly confesses his error, and asks forgiveness for the harm done; and he sinks far below himself, when he recklessly continues to assert what he knows to be untrue, for fear the world should not think him possessed of honour or courage, or should doubt the unblemished purity of his character. Oh! that we would be less influenced and governed by what others think and say, and would attend more strictly to what justice and the principles of Christianity teach us, and be governed more by them and our calm sober reason!

Written for the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

CAROLINE MERTON;

OR,

THE BOARDING SCHOOL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LAFITTE," "BURTON, OR THE SIEGES," &C.

> When gratitude o'erflows the swelling heart,
> And breathes in free and uncorrupted praise,
> For benefits received; propitious heaven
> Takes such acknowledgment as fragrant incense,
> And doubles all its blessings.—LILLO.

Among the young ladies who were pupils at one of the best boarding-schools in our country, was little Miss Caroline Merton. She was about thirteen years of age, and one of the youngest of the pupils. Her parents resided in the metropolis, and were highly respectable and wealthy. She was the eldest of several brothers and sisters; and being naturally intelligent and apt to learn, she had been taken from one of those excellent schools, that do such credit to the city, at a much earlier age than usual, and sent to boarding-school, to enter upon higher and more ornamental branches of female education.

She had not been at her new school but a few days, before, though far from being handsome, she made friends of the teachers, and became very popular with her school-mates. She was not pretty, though she had soft brown hair, and fine, sparkling black eyes, and was quite graceful. Her mouth was homely, and her forehead too low and rounded; besides, she had a decidedly bad nose. But when she spoke and smiled, these features were not noticed, her voice was so cheerful, her smile so like sunshine. A beauty from the heart shone and expressed itself in her face so strikingly, that those who had seen her only when her face was in repose, wondered they should have ever thought her homely. This was true beauty. It takes the observer by surprise, and is, therefore, the more pleasing. It never wearies by monotony, and it is the most lasting. We should never judge of a face by its features alone. We should wait till it is illuminated with the beauty of the heart and mind. Few persons are really homely. Few are wholly unlovely. There is always in the plainest face some feature of beauty, some charm, of which the heart holds the key, which will please and win. We should never judge by first appearances. We should always take it for granted that the most forbidding face may conceal the most amiable qualities; and so we should take it for granted and judge them with a kindly and generous qualification. There is something to admire and to love in every body around us, if we were only thrown together with them under circumstances that would draw them out.

Thus some very beautiful young Misses, who, on seeing that Caroline was plain, turned their heads, and thought her not worthy their attention, on seeing more of her, began to love her. Thus Caroline soon found her situation very pleasant, and, as she zealously tried to do her duty to all, by yielding obedience to her teachers, and looking upon all her school-mates with a loving heart, she was very happy. There was, however, one error in Caroline's mind, which was the result of false impressions, doubtless made in early childhood, and inculcated by a weak and aspiring mother. She was very aristocratic.—With all her gentleness and generosity of character, she was proud of her elevated position in society. She came to B——— with these false notions, and her observing teachers were not long in discovering them. She had been at the boarding-school a fortnight, when a young girl, very modest and very pretty, who was an orphan, came to her and asked her to explain a difficulty in her Chemistry. Always ready to oblige, Caroline took the book and very kindly did her the service she required. The young girl thanked her very warmly, and went away. It was the first time she had spoken with her, though she had noticed her before, as sitting much alone.—The same evening, as she was walking on the lawn, she saw her again, seated beneath a tree on the banks of the river, alone, and looking very pensive, while her school-fellows were enjoying themselves not far from her. Interested in her in the morning, her interest was increased, and going up to her she asked her to walk. She was answered by a sweet, grateful smile, and together they strolled along the banks, admiring the bright river, and the boats and vessels that were gliding past. Suddenly, while the young stranger was very eloquently describing a scene she had one day witnessed opposite to them on the water, by a sloop upsetting in a squall, Caroline heard her name called. On looking round, she saw that it was Miss Ann Norman, a very beautiful, aristocratic girl, who had made herself very intimate with Caroline, because she knew her father was not only rich but was a member of Congress.

"Come here a moment, Miss Merton," she called—"I want to speak to you a moment."

"Excuse me," said Caroline; "I will be right back; I am so much interested in your account."

And away went Caroline tripping lightly and gracefully to the spot where her friend stood, surrounded by several other young Misses.

"Do you know who that was you were walking with and appeared to be intimate with?" asked Miss Norman, with a sneer.

"It was a Miss Hopkins. I like her very much."

"You can't know who she is, then!"

"Who is she? I never enquired. She seemed very lonely and sad, and I felt for her!"

"She has no business to be otherwise! She well knows she oughtn't to associate with us! I know you will be mortified when I tell you!"

"Do tell me what and who she is, then!" said Caroline, her pride taking the alarm.

"Her father was a low mechanic and her mother was a seamstress!" said Miss Norman, with a tone and look as if Miss Hopkins had been caught in some gross crime, which had been just discovered.

"Can it be possible!" exclaimed Caroline Merton, coloring. "I didn't know it; I only knew she was an orphan!"

"I knew you well enough to know you could not but have been ignorant of it, and so I called you."

"It is shameful that such girls should be admitted here! One don't know who to associate with!" said Caroline, vexed, because she felt she had lowered herself in the eyes of her aristocratic friends who were present; and perplexed to know how she should break off their untoward intimacy without hurting Miss Hopkins' feelings; for though aristocratic, Caroline was generous and kind-hearted. To be proud and even haughty is not altogether incompatible with a good heart; though it makes a person appear unfeeling and cruel. A certain pride of character is needful for all who would be consistent. If Miss Hopkins had been represented to her as a vicious and dishonest girl, then her pride of character would have properly led her to withdraw at once from her society; but when her fault was only poverty and humbleness of birth, then pride became guilty folly. There must, however, be some allowance made for Caroline. Her mother had early taught her, with great pains, that she was born in "the first society," and that she should never step below it. She had been forbidden to form acquaintance with any children out of her "own circle," and to regard those whose parents were in a less elevated station in society as *inferior* and unworthy her notice. If a poor girl spoke to her and said "good morning," when she came to school, she would toss her head and pout her lip and make no reply but feel very much offended at such a liberty! She learned to judge of and to choose her school-mates by their apparel and to regard with contempt those less elegantly dressed than herself.

This was the fruit of her mother's weakness. To observe these laws laid down by her mother was in the child's mind a virtue. Such an error of education would have destroyed the heart of most children, and rendered them insufferably unamiable. But Caroline was naturally lovely and benevolent; and was always ready to do kindnesses to poor children, so that they did not presume upon acquaintance with her. But if any one whom she had served should afterwards speak to her, especially before her associates, she would blush with mortification and be very angry and have nothing to say to them afterwards. Among her little friends in her "own circle," where there was no danger of her pride being wounded, she was one of the best, kindest, good-natured children in the world, loving and beloved by all around her. This feeling of aristocratic superiority, therefore, was only like a flaw in a vase which disfigures its beauty, but does not impair its usefulness.

"Yes, it is shameful," answered Miss Norman, in reply to Caroline's words. "But it can't be helped."

"How did she come here?" asked Caroline, stealing a look aside in the direction where she had left Miss Hopkins, whom she saw slowly walking on as if not expecting her to rejoin her. Poor girl! she suspected the cause of her being called by Miss Norman who never let any opportunity escape of showing her her superiority.

"She has been sent here by a gentleman who took pity on her and is educating her," was the reply of the young lady, with a contemptuous movement of the lip. "She has no business here, and we respectable girls (Miss Norman laid quite an emphasis on the word "respectable,") have all resolved together not to take the least notice of her."

Miss Norman's assertion was true. Miss Hopkins, who was a truly sweet and amiable girl, and decidedly the best scholar in her class, was "cut" to make use of an expressive term, by the more fashionable Misses; and when she sought friends among those whose standing was less aristocratic, she was "cut" by these also; for these aped the others, and feared to associate with one whom the "aristocrats" had discarded. Thus poor Maria Hopkins was without friends and associates; and sad and lonely was her life. There was no sympathizing heart to throb in unison with her own; no friendly ear to listen to her thoughts; no confidential companion in her studies and walks. There is no wonder that her sad, sweet face interested Caroline. But Caroline was most to be pitied; for no one can be happy who feels unkindly towards any one.

"I promised her I would return to her and she will expect me," said Caroline, perplexed.

Miss Norman laughed and said—

"Let her expect! I would not speak to her again if she had to wait all night."

"But I promised," said Caroline.

"What is a promise to such a thing as she?" said Miss Norman, proudly.

"The promise, if broken, affects not her, but myself," answered Caroline, with propriety. "I will go and speak to her, and excuse myself."

"You are a simpleton if you do," said Miss Norman, with a sneer. "But don't you tell her what I have told you!" she added as she saw she would return.

"No, indeed, I won't," said Caroline, hastening after Miss Hopkins, with whom she soon came up.

"Miss Hopkins," said Caroline, in rather a formal manner, "I am sorry I can't walk with you longer. I will therefore leave you to finish your walk alone. Good evening."

"Good evening," responded the orphan, speaking in a gentle tone and blushing at the same time very deeply; for she could not but discern and understand the change in Caroline's manner.

"I see I am fated to be loved by, and to love no one," she said, following the retiring form of Caroline as she hastened to rejoin the group she had left; "this dear girl who was so kind and towards whom my heart opened so freely, has been taught to despise me!"

At this moment the benevolent superintendent and one of the teachers approached, and both addressing her with kind interest, joined her in her walk in the sight of the observing group.

"She will be spoiled after this, and too proud to speak to us, by and by," observed one of the girls, with a toss of her ringlets.

"If the superintendent can walk with her, I am sure we can," said Caroline.

"You had best go and take her arm, then, Miss Merton," said Miss Norman. "But if you do, you will find no friends here!" This young lady spoke with great bitterness, the secret of which was principally envy: both of the beauty of Miss Hopkins (for Miss Norman passed for a belle) and her cleverness in study, (for Miss Norman was no scholar); and her pride was daily mortified by the superiority of Miss Hopkins contrasted with her own dullness.

Several days passed on, during which Caroline, on meeting Miss Hopkins, returned her gentle bow and smile only by a cold stare of surprise accompanied by a half nod. But each time she condemned herself for her manner, and felt in her heart that as an orphan and friendless, Miss Hopkins merited her kindness rather than deserved her disdain. She had had an opportunity during the hours of study and recitation to see developed the beauty of her character, in which daily were manifested some new and amiable traits.

"Oh, how I should love to have Miss Hopkins my friend, were she *respectable*!" she said to herself one day, when she discovered some new excellency in her character. We have italicized the word "respectable," because she gave it a peculiar emphasis. Caroline attached the usual vulgar meaning to the word. But in our opinion and idea of the word, there was not a more respectable young person at — school than Miss Hopkins, notwithstanding the humble condition of her parents, and the fact that she was educated by charity.

"Oh, how I do hate that Miss Hopkins," said Miss Norman to herself, at the very same time that Caroline uttered the above. "She affects to be so modest and recites so well, and blushes so courteously, that she makes every body else look homely and bold and appear ignorant!"

In a few days afterwards, Miss Norman, who was Caroline's room-mate, was taken ill with typus fever. This is known to be contagious, and there was, upon its announcement, a general panic among the pupils, Caroline, though alarmed, did not desert her, though all the other pupils did; but remained by her to assist in nursing her. The day following she also was taken with the same fever, and in the same room. The announcement of this new case, increased the terror of the pupils who came not nigh them, leaving them to their fate. There was, however, one exception. Miss Hopkins no sooner learned the illness of both than she offered her services to assist the nurse. She was warned of her danger; but firm in her purpose of doing good, she persevered till she was admitted to their chamber. Here shone forth the intrinsic brightness of her character. Her presence was as that of an angel, through the weary days and nights of suffering which the two young ladies passed. She watched by their pillows alternately, anticipating every wish, granting every wayward desire. At length she became so necessary to their comfort and happiness, that they would not permit her to leave them; nor would they receive medicines from any hand but hers.

"Oh, how could I treat you and hate you as I have done," said Miss Norman, as she was getting better, while Miss Hopkins was arranging her pillow for her to sit up in bed. "Forgive me!" and the tears gushed from her eyes.

Miss Hopkins smiled affectionately; and hearing Caroline's voice, she hastened to her where she was seated by the window in an arm-chair, looking very pale.

"Maria," said she, faintly smiling, "will you be so kind as to get the last magazine and read something to me. I like to hear you *read*, your voice is so musical!"

Miss Hopkins sat upon the cricket upon which she rested her feet, and read for some minutes; when Caroline placed her hand upon her head, and said with feeling—

"Stop Maria; I have not been listening! I have been thinking how good you are, and how silly and wicked my conduct has been towards you. From this time let us love each other and be friends. It shall by my part, if I get well, to make you happy."

The tears came into the lovely orphan's eyes, and she was so much moved that she could not have read another word if she *had* been desired to do so. She felt overjoyed in her heart; for she loved Caroline, and was only ambitious to be suffered to look upon her as a dear friend. Her wish was gratified, and thus had her good deeds been followed by the reward which always accompanies good acts.

In a month after their attack, the young ladies recovered nearly about the same time. Both had been taught a lesson of the heart; and they felt they could never show their gratitude sufficiently to Miss Hopkins. They became her intimate friends; and their example being imitated by the other pupils, Miss Hopkins, instead of being the most neglected girl in the school, became the most courted and loved. The lesson Caroline had learned was lasting. She had been corrected of her only fault, and now was wholly amiable and just in conduct and character; and when she reflected upon the past, she wondered that she could ever have been so foolish as to cherish prejudices against any one on account of the accident of birth or condition. Poverty and humbleness of life, on the contrary, presented, in view of her generous and well-judging mind, claims to her kindness and regard, of a most sacred character.

LINES,

ADDRESSED TO MARY *******,

BY ELIZA COOK.

"A thought ungentle canna be
The thought of Mary Morrison."—[Burns.

If there's a heart where peace and love
May emulate the hallowed dove
That bears the olive branch above,
'Tis thine, my Mary Morrison.

When Pleasure's pinions lightly fly,
And gaudy blossoms round us lie,
Perchance there's many another eye,
May shine like Mary Morrison's.

But when the cypress-wreathings bind,
Oh, where shall then the spirit find
A hand so gentle, voice so kind,
As those of Mary Morrison?

The stranger one who meets thy smile,
Need never doubt thy truth the while,
For Falsehood, with its serpent guile,
Dwells not in Mary Morrison.

The one who claims thy bosom's care,
Should claim the blessing "rich and rare,"
For who would not be proud to wear
A friend like Mary Morrison?

I would not ask that thou should'st have
A blazon'd record o'er thy grave,
Where wild-flowers spring and yew trees wave,
Will best suit Mary Morrison.

Sleep where thou wilt, there'll be no need
Of sculptured praise thy worth to plead,
'Twill be enough to know and read
The name of Mary Morrison.

Then let the sacred pledge-cup flow,
And heart and lip together go,
For God above and all below,
Must cherish Mary Morrison.

Ingress Abbey, Greenhithe, Kent, England.

THE CHOICE.

BY EDWARD POLLOCK.

How beats the heart with wild delight,
When on the soul the spells arise,
That gladly gush from wine so bright,
And fondly beam from starry eyes;
How melt the clouds of care away,
When sun'd in beauty's roseate sheen,
And life, how like a cloudless day,
If star-eyed pleasure reigns the queen;
Of then no magic so divine,
As woman's love, and sparkling wine!

But, ah! the pow'r of light gone by,
The whirl of passion's tempest o'er,
The cares that clouded life's bleak sky,
Seem darker, heavier than before;
And faint, and cold, the spirit turns
From cloud-built halls to earth again,
And the sad soul in darkness mourns
Earth's weariness and toil and pain;
So pleasure's fairy-dreams depart,
And leave behind an aching heart.

Then let me shun the fading glow
Of beauty's bright but meteor gleam,
And let my only light below
Be reason and religion's beam;—
So shall my path, though storms sweep by,
On warring winds, by fury driven,
Be all beneath a cloudless sky,
'Till lost at last in light and Heaven,
Where shines o'er blissful climes above,
The sunlight of eternal love.

Written for the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

IS IT WELL WITH THEE?

BY EDWARD YOUNG.

Mother, sorrowing o'er thy child,
Taken back as soon as given:
Wife, whose widow'd heart 's made wild,
By the dear bond rudely riven;
Parents, wailing for a son,
Who was all your pride and stay:
Friend, who mourn'd a dear friend gone,
Or a brother called away:
Husband, weeping o'er thy mate,
Dearer than thyself to thee;
All by Death left desolate,
Tell me, is it well with ye?

Yes, 'tis well. The loved and lost
Are not lost to us for ever;
They but for awhile have cross'd
O'er the deep and shadowy river,
That divideth the two worlds
Of Eternity and Time;
And they often come from thence,
Bringing to us bliss sublime.
Spirits whispering to our spirits,
Thoughts too subtile far to tell,
In the world that Flesh inherits;—
Yes, with us 'tis well, 'tis well.

They're more ours than when in life;
Then, they were not always nigh:
Now, where'er we wander, they,
Guardian spirits, round us fly.
Yes, they're with us every where,
Treading every path we tread;
Guarding us with pious care,
From the snares around us spread.
Time was that our hearts were prone
Too much to rely on earth;
Ne'er bestowing a thought upon
That world which gave our spirits birth;
But since those we loved have gone
Thither, Heaven seems more near;
And our thoughts oft upward fly,
For we have an int'rest there.

Written for the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

NEW YEAR'S EVENING.

BY W. F. S., OF THE U. S. N.

The New Year's evening from the Western sea,
Is o'er the golden clouds its influence blending,
And ocean-birds recite their minstrelsy,
As to repose the sun is slow descending;
All heaven is gleaming with a ruddy glare,
Bright waves spring up to melt with rainbow hue;
And many a scene of fairy land is there,
As varied shadows their enchantment strew.

Our sails are teeming with the perfumed breeze,
From sweet flowers of the glowing earth;
The mountain herbs, the palm and lemon trees,
That hidden spring uncultured into birth;
And now the stars half timidly appear,
Their far-off beauty in the blue sky seeming
As happy smiles from that ethereal sphere,
To consecrate the wanderer's blissful dreaming.

I have been musing, and mine eager soul
Has conjured thoughts which in their warm revealing
Stream o'er my memory with a sweet control,
And wake the sleep of many a mingled feeling;
The cherished smiles of tenderness once more
Around me seem their sweetness to impart;
And glowing lips their tender accents pour
To soothe the murmurs of my sighing heart.

Oh, many a spirit in its wild career
Thrills fondly now within its warm recess,
And fervent off'rings for the new-born year,
Ascend to God in prayers of thankfulness;
Peace lingers there, and opes her dear blue eye,
As rapture weeps the story of her soul,
And some warm heart the wanderer's name may sigh,
As memory yields to thought her dear control.

Coast of Spain, 1844.

SELECTED POETRY.

TO MY DAUGHTER

ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

Melor, my daughter, dear,
This is thy natal day,
And fears that oft oppressed me
At length have passed away.
Thy cheeks with health are blooming now,
They were not always so,
And the sufferings of thy little life
None but thy parents know.

I see thee as thou wert,
A weak and helpless child,
With fever parched, until thy brain
And feeble pulse ran wild,
I hear thy soft, imploring tones,
Beseeching us in vain,
To alleviate thy suffering,
And ease thee of thy pain.

I see thy mother dear,
Press thee fondly to her breast,
And, in the fulness of her love,
Call thee her angel guest.
I hear her on a bended knee,
In the stillness of the night,
Give up her only child to God,
And say that "all is right."

I see thee on the ocean waves,
When they run mountain high—
And where the noble sycamore
Throws its branches to the sky;
Where Afric's sable children
Toil beneath a burning sun
In slavery and wretchedness,
Until their sands are run.

Where the Mississippi rolls
Its torrents, wild and free—
And the Alabama pours its floods
Into the open sea
Near Withlacoochee's bloody stream,
Where the savage in his lair,
Still lurks with ready rifle—
Oh, I often see thee there.

And I see thee, too, in northern climes,
When Aurora throws her light
In flashes bright and beautiful,
Throughout the summer's night.
Where now, like cold ingratitude,
The air is sharp and keen,
And the fields are drear and desolate,
As my heart hath often been.

'Tis thus I see thee, daughter dear,
Though blinded now with tears,
And a little age it seems to me,
Though but two little years
Have passed away, since I first clasp'd
My darling to my breast,
And on the tablet of my heart
Thy lineaments impress'd.

Oh! what thy future lot may be,
I may not wish to know;
But should thy path be strewed with flowers,
Or with the thorns of woe,
Alike, lean on thy mother's faith,
Let her counsels be thy guide,
And walk in wisdom's pleasant ways,
With thy Saviour for thy guide.

For I would—at least I think I would—
Much rather see thee lie
In the cold and silent churchyard,
Than from his fold to stray,
Or be less pure than thou art now
On this thy natal day.

THE FATAL MARRIAGE.

BY J. AUSTIN SPERRY.

The bell in the steeple of the old "German Reformed Church," in the town of ——, was ringing its solemn peal, one Sabbath morning, in the summer of 1827, and numbers of the congregation, with faces more smiling than usual, were wending their way up the side of the hill upon which the time-honored place of worship stood. A new pastor was to grace its pulpit that morning, and the eagerness with which they approached, betokened that high expectations were entertained of his introductory sermon. His name, and [illegible] as to his talent and Christian zeal, and the benefits that were anticipated from his ministerial labors, were rife upon every lip until they reached the door of the sanctuary.—There, of course, speculation ceased, and group after group entering, took their seats, and waited in silent expectation for the beginning of the services. At length the new minister arose, and presented himself to their impatient eyes. However grave and not "given to wordly things," churchmen may be, personal appearance forms no small item in their estimation of a *debutante* on such occasions, and in this respect, the young clergyman possessed no slight advantage. His features were not only handsome, but noble, and there was a combination of suavity and dignity in his manner which at once engaged respe and admiration. When he entered upon his discours his hearers were not disappointed in their anticip tions, and as he proceeded their first good impre sion was strengthened. His style was simple, cle and forcible. Handsome, eloquent, and withal tinguished—for, though young, he had attained a eminence as well in the scientific and literary world, as in the church—it will not be wondered that his new charge were delighted with him. When the services were concluded, the fathers of the little flock pressed forward to shake him cordially by the hand, and proffer their congratulations. Among the rest, as he moved down the aisle, a tall, sinewy man, with bushy grey eye-brows, and a face corrugated by age, and perhaps cares, reached over the door of the pew in which, with his family, he was standing, and grasping his hand with warmth, said—

"Brother De Courcey, allow me to express my joy at your coming among us, and the pleasure your sermon has given me; it has been long since I have heard one which gratified me more. May your sojourn here be to the profit of our souls."

This old man was Ephraim Weston, an elder of the church, and the most wealthy citizen of ——. The portion of the family who were with him, consisted of a wife and two daughters. Of the latter, the eldest was a young woman of surpassing loveliness, and the eyes of the pastor, as he conversed with her father, very often wandered involuntarily to her face. His earnest glances caused her to cast down her eyes with a manner of modest simplicity—the effect of which was truly charming. De Courcey tarried a few moments with the old man, and then abruptly bidding him adieu, passed on hurriedly: for he felt that the thoughts which that blushing young face called up, were not consonant with the time or place.

Weeks passed, and the minister daily grew in favor with the members of his little congregation. By the influential among them, he was courted and caressed, and the more humble soon learned to regard his condescension to grace their family circle as the greatest of honors. Every attention which could be thought acceptable, was lavished upon him, and sufficient adulation greeted his ears to excite his vanity, if he possessed any, to its utmost. Among them all, no one was more wrapt up in him than Ephraim Weston, who had conceived a sudden and warm attachment to him, and, to the wonder of all who knew his unsocial disposition, eagerly sought his society, and repeatedly solicited his visits to his house. In fact, De Courcey soon became a regular evening guest at the old elder's mansion, and was frequently to be seen arm-in-arm with him upon the street.—This intimacy did not fail to attract the notice of the envious; it became the daily theme of their gossip, and the old adage, "too thick to thrive," was more than once repeated. The intimacy continued, notwithstanding, until at length it ceased to be a subject of remark.

The young minister's cheerful demeanor and brilliant powers of conversation, made him a general favorite with the members of the old churchman's family, and perhaps more than a favorite with the eldest daughter, for whose ear he had a whispered eloquence, very different from that which marked his intercourse with others. From the first time he had seen her, he had been impressed with her beauty, and on subsequent acquaintance had discovered in her lively, but unsophisticated mind, a rich fancy, and a confiding disposition, which completely enlisted his affections.

Julia was just twenty—the age at which woman's character begins to be fully developed, and her charms to be matured. And her character had in it all that is admirable or lovely in a female. Gentle, modest, amiable, generous: possessing vivacity without forwardness—beautiful without vanity; accomplished, intelligent, and the child of affluence, yet free from the usual concomitants of these qualities, pride and affectation—none who knew her could fail to esteem and love her. She was one of those rare instances in which we behold a combination of all the virtues with but few of the foibles of the sex.—One feature of her mind, though it added to her endowments, was not calculated always to promote her happiness in life. It was too much confidence—a proneness to place too much reliance in the sincerity of the world. She lacked that discernment of human character, which is seldom acquired but with bitter experience. Pure-minded and innocent herself, she judged others by her own heart, and in so doing, she prepared for herself disappointments that were to cost her tears of anguish in after life.

There was much romantic enthusiasm in Julia's disposition, tinged too with a fervour of religion. It was not strange, therefore, that to her, who beheld but the bright side of every thing, the new pastor should appear the hero of a thousand. So young, and yet so eminent for his talents and his Christian virtues—his praise in every mouth—his judgment looked up to, and his opinions regarded with deference, even by heads silvered with the honourable hue of age; in short, almost worshipped by the little society over which he presided, not to speak of those other qualities of so much appreciation in a woman's eye, he seemed to her a being of a higher order than those around him; a man with the endowments of a nobler sphere than that in which he moved—and when he sought her in the character of a lover, he found her heart already prepared to his will. Her affections were fresh, strong and unchanging—they were entirely his own.

The moment was one fraught with emotion to Julia, when he first made an avowal of his feelings and solicited her hand. They had been strolling in the garden attached to her father's mansion, and had paused to watch the grandeur of an autumn sunset.—They stood silently contemplating the scene, until the last crimson hues faded from the western sky, and the pale lustre of the moon began to fall upon the objects around them. De Courcey turned and directed her attention to the brightening planet.

"See," said he, "when the sun is absent with his rays, yon mild orb cheers the earth with its borrowed light. Do you not see in this an emblem of man's lot? While he tarries here deprived of the glory of his Maker's presence, he is cheered by the sweet smiles of woman, whom He hath given for a help-mate. The love of your sex, when it is pure, is a reflection of that higher love, as the moon's light is a reflection of the sun's."

She did not reply, but her mind was busy with thoughts which his words called up. After some moments of silence, De Courcey again spoke—

"Have you ever loved, Julia?"

She raised her eyes archly to his face, as if to see if he had asked the question seriously, and encountering his glance of earnest tenderness, her sweet face coloured as she replied,

"Never—that is—I mean"—

"I thank you for that pretty blush," exclaimed De Courcey; "it tells me what you mean. Are not our hearts one? Dear Julia, can you trust to me your future hopes?"

She placed her hand silently in his, and he con[illegible]

"Now my happiness is complete—I crave no more: for your gentle love supplies all I wish for of this world."

Julia's happiness, too, was complete. Henceforth her thoughts and feelings were centered in but one object—the noble, the pure-minded being who had gained her heart's first, warmest affections.

De Courcey disclosed his attachment to the father. Weston did not for an instant withhold his approbation—he had from the first witnessed the intimacy between his daughter and the young pastor, with inward satisfaction, and now was but too proud at the prospect of having the man he so highly esteemed for his son-in-law.

"Take her," said he, "and may God bless your union, and keep you happy."

A period of six months distant from the day of the minister's proposal, was appointed for the nuptials. Ere half that time had elapsed, a dissension sprung up which threatened to blast his hopes. He advanced, from the pulpit, doctrines which to the congregation were new and strange. The old elder was bigoted, and his pride of opinion sprung up at the first innovation upon his old tenets. He expostulated and reasoned with De Courcey, and finally, in anger, denounced him as no Christian. The latter, perhaps more than became his holy office, was proud and sensitive. The old man's words touched him to the quick, and he replied with haughtiness, that the opinions he promulgated sprang from honest conviction—he wished to *enforce* them upon no one, but so long as he believed them to be correct, he should maintain them.

"They are the sentiments of an upstart," returned the elder, with a flush of excitement that ill accorded with his professions as a follower of the Cross; "they are contrary to the Bible and religion, and so long as you continue to entertain them there must be a cessation of intercourse between us, and I desire that you discontinue your visits to my family."

De Courcey, of course, was no more a guest at the house of the elder, but he met Julia elsewhere. Her love for him, which had grown beneath her father's eye, we might say, was even fostered by his approving smile, had obtained too deep root to be shaken by the storm that was now gathering. In heart she was already wedded to him, and his she owned herself whatever should betide. Her father forbade her intercourse with him, and to prevent it effectually, kept her confined to the house and narrowly watched; but this opposition only strengthened her attachment. Debarred of his presence, in the solitude of her chamber, her thoughts were with him. She thought of the anguish he must endure for her sake. She well knew the rancour of her father's feelings, and wept for the persecutions that must ensue to him who was now a thousandfold dearer to her than ought else in the world. She dwelt, in memory, upon the praise which every lip had bestowed upon him, his pure character, his holy office, his Christian virtues; and her fertile imagination invested him with many excellencies, which he, nor indeed any man, had ever possessed.

Meanwhile, Ephraim Weston began to reflect and repent of his haste, and to long for a reconciliation; but these amicable feelings were soon dissipated by more cause for exasperation. The young minister, now freed from the slight restraint which respect for the old man's opinions had before imposed upon him, came out fully and freely with his new doctrines, and so startling were they, that the greater portion of his congregation rose openly against him. The opposition at length became so decided that he was forced to resign his charge. He now deemed it prudent [illegible] leave the place, at least until the excitement of the affair should have subsided. Accordingly he prepared for his departure, although the few of the congregation who remained his firm friends urgently pressed him to stay and endeavour to establish a new church. Ere he left, all his efforts to obtain an interview with Julia were frustrated by the watchfulness of her father, whose enmity towards him had by this time become as bitter as his friendship before had been sincere.

After the minister's departure, Julia was restored to her former freedom. It was not long before she found an opportunity of conversing upon the subject which absorbed her thoughts, with one of the banished pastor's staunchest adherents, a gentleman with whose family she had been intimate. This person detailed to her the history of his own clandestine marriage, and subsequent happy reconciliation with his father-in-law. He used many persuasive arguments to convince her that a similar act upon her part would be attended with the same result, and so palpable was his reasoning to her unskilled mind that she easily consented. Through his agency a secret correspondence was carried on between the unfortunate pair, and a plan matured. Her purpose fixed, Julia learned so well to dissemble her feelings that her father perceived with delight, as he thought, the alienation of her heart from its first love; and when, a few months afterwards, De Courcey returned to ——, believing that her attachment had entirely ceased, he scarcely deemed precaution necessary to prevent its renewal.

The winter had now past, and a mild spring was beginning to clothe the earth in a garb of freshness and beauty. It was upon a delightful evening in April, that a lively party had collected at the mansion of one of the most respectable citizens of ——. Among the many guests who participated in the convivialities of the occasion, were Ephraim Weston and his lovely daughter. The old gentleman seemed to be alive to nothing but enjoyment. He mingled with the younger portion of the assembly, and laughed and joked with a countenance whose furrows of three score years appeared disposed to slide into the smoothness of manly prime. What had contributed no little to his unusual flow of spirits, was Julia's conduct toward the young pastor, who was present.—She had passed him as a stranger, with a cold eye and a motionless lip. A load was removed from the old man's heart when he saw this, and a glow of satisfaction overspread his features,—he little knew what guile had crept into the heart of his beautiful and hitherto artless child.

The evening wore on, and at about ten o'clock, Weston discovered that in the group of smiling faces gathered immediately around him, Julia's was wanting. His eye wandered over the room in search of her, but she was not there. Many of the company were promenading in the hall, and, supposing she was there, he again joined in the light remarks of those about him. A short while afterwards, strange murmurs in the hall caused the lively hum of conversation which prevailed throughout the room to cease, and all eyes were turned in the direction of the door. Some of the guests who were standing in and about the door, now fell back, and De Courcey, with Julia hanging timidly to his arm, entered. Weston stood as if paralysed, and the rest of the company were mute and motionless as statues with astonishment, as the minister advanced, with a proud step and an eye gleaming with triumph, and presented the trembling girl to them as *Mrs. De Courcey.* The father's deep groan of anguish was the first sound which broke the silence, and the old man, closing his eyes as if to shut out the sight, clasped his hands convulsively upon his breast.

"Father, forgive me," faltered the young bride, springing forward and kneeling at his feet.

"Hence, wretched girl!" exclaimed Weston, in a voice which trembled with passion. "From this hour I disown you—and may God, in his justice, visit this disobedience upon your head and on *his* who has robbed a father of his child!"

He turned away from her. She rose and would have clung to his arm, but he dashed her from him, fainting, into the arms of her husband, and strode slowly from the room.

De Courcey bent over his young wife, with a countenance in which solicitude and anger were blended, and chafed her fair temples, until she returned to consciousness. Inwardly and bitterly did he denounce the unfeeling father, and, perhaps, too, a thought of revenge crossed his mind, for he had not yet learned wholly to suppress the evil passions of his nature. Alas! that we should say it, he had not that religion of the heart which becomes one filling the high office of a Christian minister—his religion was rather of forms and outward observances. He had entered the pulpit to point out the mote in his fellow-beings' eyes, ere he had plucked the beam from his own.

Poor Julia! hers was a melancholy bridal. W— she returned to herself, there were but few around her. The unhappy scene had ended the amusements of the evening, and thrown a chill upon every heart. One by one the guests had left, until they were almost alone. And, now that she was fully restored, those remaining offered their feeble congratulations with an embarrassed manner, and a constrained smile; De Courcey shortly after led her weeping to the home he had prepared for her. But how different had been the result from what she had anticipated! She had been taught to expect a few chiding words and then a happy reconciliation; but she was deceived. Her father had spurned her from him, with a look of deep agony and a malediction that fell like lightning on her heart.

There is an old adage that "no good comes of clandestine marriages;" and Julia's is but another of the many instances which have furnished evidence of its truth. A few weeks passed away. Weston repulsed the intercessions of his friends, and resolutely refused to see, or become reconciled to, his daughter; and De Courcey now left ——, with his young wife, to take up his residence in the city. He quit the pulpit and betook himself to literary pursuits. He was ambitious, and so much did he become engrossed with thirst for "the bubble reputation," that he began to neglect the beautiful young being, who had given up father, friends, early home and all, for him. In fact, Julia's mind was not formed for unity with his. He had not mistaken *her* character, but he had deceived her with regard to his *own*. He knew that there would be little sympathy between his cold, proud, aspiring mind, and her warm, gentle, and confiding heart. But he had looked upon her, in her innocence and beauty, and he could not resist the feelings which her sweet smile and guileless words inspired. He had assumed language and manners foreign to his real character, and won her.

The change in her husband's manner, and the memory of her father's curse, preyed upon Julia's mind. She became sad and dejected. She had no relish for the gay society of the city. She loved De Courcey tenderly and devotedly, and in proportion as his tenderness decreased, the sadness which hung upon her spirit deepened, until at length it settled into an habitual melancholy. De Courcey grew weary of her sickly smile and tearful eye, and sought, in the excitement of his daily pursuits, a compensation for that pleasure which home did not afford him. When they were together, there was no longer sympathy between them. His visions of fame and schemes for wealth, so different from the purer and holier thoughts he had once poured into her ear—those whisperings of higher than earthly things which in former days he was wont to link with his dreams of love—struck no answering chord in her bosom; and the repinings of her grief-laden heart, were to him a joyless substitute for her former radiant smile and silvery-toned laugh. With each day his feelings became more estranged.

Four years after marriage, Julia sat weeping in her chamber, a heart-broken mother. The pledge of her blighted love, an idiot boy, was a poor solace for her sorrows. De Courcey had become a dabbler in politics, and was now absent in the service of the government, a bearer of despatches to a foreign court, and Julia had just received a letter from him. It was not the warm greeting of a fond husband, impatient to return and clasp to his bosom a dear-loved wife, but a cold, unsatisfactory, duty-constrained epistle, and the young wife's tears fell thick and fast upon the hastily-scribbled characters. She laid aside the letter with a sigh, and turned to the simple face of her sleeping changeling. It was a sad object upon which to pour out the full feelings of a mother's heart, and while she gazed sorrowing upon its features, her mind wandered back through the dark past, to the scenes of her childhood—to those days, ere her eyes were dimmed with tears, when her soul was unwrung with grief, and her pure spirit was buoyant with a thousand sweet hopes. How painfully faithful was her memory! All the happy visions of her early home—the familiar faces of the companions and sharers of her youthful pleasures—the warm caresses of fond parents—the countless joyous hours of girlhood—all crowded back upon her mind, a melancholy host, to mock her woe. Her thoughts overcame her, and she wept afresh. At length, as if she had formed a sudden resolution, she rose, wiped her eyes, and proceeding to a table upon which were her writing materials, she sat down calmly to write, for the first time since her marriage, to her father. She plead to him for forgiveness, and told him of her deep misery and sufferings. She longed to return with her broken heart to that home she had too rashly left—to hear him recall the malediction he had invoked, and bless again his repentant child. This letter, when finished, was despatched; but she looked in vain for the answer—none came.

Three months elapsed since the departure of De Courcey, and he did not return. Poor Julia began to feel that she was sinking to an early grave. Her cheek had grown wan, and the impress of death was but too plain upon her pale brow. But her sad features were still beautiful, though she was drooping like a fading flower. As she felt her spirit nearing "that bourne whence none return," her desire to close her eyes upon the dear spot which gave her [illegible] to her stern father. His curse was fulfilled—her sin was expiated—he could not cast her from him in the hour of death. She wrote a last affecting adieu to her husband, and started, with her idiot child, for —— She was met upon the way by a friend, whom her relenting parent had sent to bring her to his home.

Deeply affecting was the meeting between the parent and his child. The old man had truly and bitterly repented his harshness, and after forgiving her, he turned to Heaven for his own forgiveness. Julia lingered but a few weeks after her return to his roof. It was near twilight, one mild evening, that her feeble form reclined upon a couch by a window, which overlooked the garden, and her father sat sorrowing by her side. She felt something revived by the pure air which fanned her brow, and at her request her father assisted her from her couch to a chair. She looked forth upon the garden. Just such an evening, upon that spot, De Courcey had first told her of his love. Her mind wandered back to that hour, and as she thought of all that had happened since then, her eyes filled, and the large tear drops coursed one after another over her pale cheek. Her father watched her sad, changing features, and a film covered his own eyes.

"Oh, my child! my poor child!" he murmured in a voice trembling with age, and broken with emotion, "let us raise our hearts in prayer."

She bowed her head upon his bosom, and he prayed aloud. When the old man ceased, he felt her head heavy upon his breast—his fingers wandered to her temples—they were cold. Her spirit had flown to bear his petition to the throne of mercy!

Ephraim Weston's gray hairs soon followed his daughter down in sorrow to the tomb. De Courcey returned from his mission abroad; wore crape on his hat a twelvemonth, and married again. How much truth is there in the words of the inspired one of Avon:

> ——'However men do praise themselves,
> Their fancies are more giddy and infirm,
> More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
> Than women's are.'

ODE FOR THANKSGIVING.

This beautiful Ode was brought out by the recent celebration of Thanksgiving Day, in our City of Brotherly Love.

THE HEART OF NEW ENGLAND.

BY THOMAS G. SPEAR.

The Heart of New England! How earnest and true,
It beats to the triumphs of order and law—
How loves it the precepts the Forefathers drew,
When the land of their rest from the ocean they saw;
When the bleak barren rock, where the Mayflower came,
Alone was the refuge the Wanderers found,
But whose fires there kindled have lit with their flame
The nations they left from the desert around.
Then, Sons of New England! wherever ye stray,
Forget not the principles of order and law,
But wide as the world the example display,
Your Pilgrim sires were foremost to draw.

There Liberty walks in her beauty, and smiles
On the [illegible] and the cottager's care,
And [illegible] the early [illegible]
The yeomen that drink in her fresh mountain air
There comfortable stand, from her valleys and hills,
The music of which where the bright waters flow,
And her ploughs and her wheels, and her [illegible] mills,
Have made her a greatness to flourish and grow.

Oh! Heart of New England! How sweet to recall,
In the land of the stranger, the pleasures of home,
Where the songs of the Pilgrims still sound in each hall,
The feet of their children deserted to roam,
How dear are the scenes where in childhood they played,
The neat country dwelling, the fair spreading trees,
'Midst the hum of toil, and the commerce of trade,
By the school-house where boyhood began its careers.

The sports of the field, when the studies were o'er,
That wak'n'd the rival into emulous pride—
The rambles of school-mates by forest and shore,
The whoop in the woods, and the leap in the tide,
With all the wild pleasures that gladden'd the time,
Around the neat cottage or snug-looking farm,
Still live in the thoughts of that bright northern clime,
That Virtue has bless'd with a [illegible] charm.

Brave Heart of New England, whose strength has been tried,
When Freedom demanded a word or a blow—
Where wise and brave have struggled and died,
In battles that humbled the haughtiest foe;
Still in peace or in war, for the cause that is true,
Thou hast ever a voice, and a blade to defend,
As earnest as when thy [illegible] were few,
The right to declare, and the weak to befriend.

Free Heart of New England! Thy throb is the same,
To Truth and to Duty, as every day,
And we love to remember thy land-home's name,
Too bright in its deeds for the world to decry;
And [illegible], oh! land of the true!
Too free to oppress, and too brave to appal,
The Error may never that Freedom undo,
Which Nature intended for thee and for all.

TWICE MARRIED.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

A happy bridal party was assembled at the house of Mr. Elwood Graham, on a pleasant evening in May, some ten or twelve years ago, to witness the rites that were to make an only daughter the bride of one of the most promising young lawyers in the State. Alice Graham, in mind and heart, as well as in external beauty and grace, was worthy the hand of Edward Delaney. No one who witnessed their union, failed to congratulate Mr. Graham upon the excellent choice his daughter had made from among the many who had sought her favor.

"If happiness ever attends the marriage union," remarked one of the nuptial guests to another, "it will be the smiling companion of Edward Delaney and his lovely wife."

"Yes. They will be happy, no doubt," returned [illegible] said in the tone of the speaker's voice as she said this, that caused the individual who had addressed her to say—

"You seemed to speak equivocally, Mrs. Clement. Or, did my ear deceive me?"

"Did I?" Mrs. Clement returned, smiling. "A bad habit with me, no doubt, this propensity I have to distrust life's young promise. I have seen so many bright skies overclouded—so many blossoms touched with the frost, that I am afraid to trust myself to hope all the good things my heart desires for those who are entering life's devious ways, strewn at first with so many beautiful and sweet scented flowers. But, doubtless, Edward and his bride will be very happy. Surely, upon their way the blossoms will linger long after they have faded from the paths of many around them. This it is but fair to hope. He, with talent, energy, and high moral worth—she, with beauty, accomplishments, and a pure heart loving deeply the object of its young devotion—would it not be strange, indeed, if they were not blessed even above the common lot? True—there may come loss of health, loss of children—a trial none but a mother's heart can fully estimate—loss of wealth;—But, none of these can take away integrity of purpose, nor the pure love they bear each other."

"Which pure love," remarked the first speaker, "has in it a compensating virtue; for, as life's ills close darkly around, it burns with a brighter and steadier light. The closing of the doors and windows that through life's day of prosperity let in the sunlight of fortune and the world's favor, does not make all gloomy within. A lamp burns brightly in an inner chamber—and a cheerful fire blazes warmly upon the hearth. Is it not so?"

"Yes—yes. It is only the putting out of that lamp—only the darkening of that hearth that brings night indeed."

"But this night cannot come to them."

"I think not—unless death extinguishes the lamp and the fire." Mrs. Clement said this with something of sadness in her voice. Death had, years before, extinguished her hearth-fire and heart-lamp, leaving her in darkness and desolation of soul.

"Death comes to all, early or late in life," returned the friend. "But his visits we will except. It is not well to associate the altar and the tomb together."

"Perhaps not. Though it is difficult to keep our thoughts from being stirred by memories of the past, —especially when circumstances awaken vividly those memories."

The presence of others who could hear their words checked this serious conversation between the friends. Mrs. Clement in a little while forgot the past in the pleasantness of the passing hour.

The first two years that succeeded this marriage, were truly blessed years. Mr. Delaney's reputation at the Bar, had steadily increased, and he stood, at the end of this period, among the first in his county for talents, legal abilities, and strict probity. Alice was very proud of her husband's reputation—and very happy in being the wife of a man whose character made up such a whole of excellence.

One day he came home evidently much elated in mind, as his wife, whose practised eyes could read his face as if it were a book, plainly perceived. He said nothing, for some time, about the matter that pleased him, until Alice, who did not like the suspense, remarked—

"Something has happened to please you, dear."

"How should you know that?" returned Delaney, smiling.

"Your face cannot keep a secret."

"Can't it? A true face, then, is it not?"

"It is no hypocrite—and for that I like it. But tell me what has given you so peculiar a gratification? I must be a sharer of all that stirs pleasant thoughts in your bosom."

"I am not so sure, Alice, that it will give you the same pleasure that it has given me."

"Let me hear, and then I can tell."

"You shall hear. I have been waited upon to know whether I will become a candidate for the Legislature."

"You have!" The face of his wife became graver.

"Yes, dear. But why *do* you look so serious?"

"I don't want you to become a candidate for office."

"Why not?"

Tears came into the eyes of the young wife—but she did not reply.

"You must have a reason, Alice," continued Delaney. "Speak out; and if it is a good one, I will be governed by it."

Still the wife was silent.

"Ah! dear, I'm afraid your's is only a woman's reason," he said, patting her cheek, playfully. "A simple 'because you don't want me to become a candidate.'"

"But does it not frequently happen, that a woman's intuition in a matter is better than a man's reason?" Alice said.

"It may so happen, in rare instances. But reason is the only safe guide; and I can acknowledge no other. So, you must bring reasons if you expect to influence me. I see reasons why I should accept the nomination. These must influence me, unless rendered nugatory by counter reasons. So, my pretty pleader, let us hear your reasons."

This playfulness of manner did not make Alice the less serious. Leaning her head against him, and turning up her eyes to his face, she replied, hesitatingly, as if she felt that her reasons would not have much weight.

"I cannot bear that you should be the subject of the vile slanders—of the cruel attacks upon character, that every man who now presents himself for office has to meet."

"But, to shun these, Alice, would be moral cowardice. Shall honest men leave the field to political rogues, in fear of trumped up slanders that no sensible man believes? Certainly not! Where would our vessel of State float, if competent pilots refused to take the helm, because incompetent ones, in their struggle for place, heaped false accusations upon their heads. No! no! dear. Our duty to a common country, should make us willing not only to suffer, but to die for her. We must be true patriots."

"But no dangerous strait now exists. And there are plenty who are fully competent to fill this office, who are willing enough to accept of it."

"If no dangerous exigency did really exist, your argument would not be sound. The first call has been made upon me to perform a public service.—With what propriety can I disregard my country's appeal, when there is no weightier reason for doing so, than a weak timidity—a fear to meet falsehood and vituperation, which will be poured out, no matter who comes forward? Every one could as legitimately make the same plea, and then there would be none to serve. But a dangerous strait does exist. The opposition is strong, and, if it succeeds, will carry measures in the Assembly highly detrimental to the interests of the Commonwealth. The candidate of our party must be a man invulnerable at almost every point. Such a man I, no matter how really unworthy in my own eyes, have been deemed, and as such, chosen for the candidate. It would be treacherous in me to desert my country in her need; and I cannot do it."

Silenced, but not satisfied, Mrs. Delaney found herself compelled to acquiesce; but it was with an instinctive fear of consequences, whose nature she could not define. The necessary frequent absence of her husband, who would be called away to different parts of the county to attend political meetings—the absorbing nature of a canvass—and the unnatural excitement of mind which she had observed it to produce upon others, were unuttered objections that oppressed her heart—and which often prompted her to plead with tears and love's eloquent persuasions, for him to give up his intentions. But she knew his firm character well enough to be satisfied that all these would be fruitless, and therefore forced herself to keep silence.

Delaney was an ambitious man. Not so much, really, from the love of serving his country, was he influenced in determining to accept the nomination that had been tendered him, as from the impulses of a desire to attain a place where all eyes would be upon him, and where he could so acquit himself, as to receive distinguished honors. His real aim, so far as attainment of place was concerned, was the Senate of the United States. An election to the Assembly was the first stepping-stone. Eagerly did he avail himself of the opportunity offered for becoming the candidate of a strong party.

To a man whose sole end is the glory attached to high places, nothing can be so dangerous as both the struggle and the ultimate success—especially in a country like ours, where the mass of the people declare who shall, or who shall not, be thus honored—and where the mass of the people must be gained over, or a man's ambition remain like a smouldering fire in his bosom. The merely ambitious man—that is, the man ambitious only of honors, and not of serving his country for his country's good, is exposed to a flood of temptations, not the least of which is the temptation to indulge excessively in wine. How this is so, need not be stated. Every one knows that during electioneering campaigns, wine and brandy are poured out like water, and that a candidate, if not a very firm, temperate, self-denying man, is in imminent danger. The true lover of his country—he who looks to the good of that country, instead of his own honor, is not thus in danger. The purity and elevation of his aim, keep his mind calm and well balanced. He does not become mentally intoxicated, and is not, therefore, in the same danger of bodily intoxication. To serve well his country, he knows, is not to procure votes by rendering men unfit to vote—for a bad cause as well as a good one can gain accessories by such a mode. He, rather, keeps his own mind clear, that he may elevate men into a region of mental discrimination, from which they may rationally see who is really the best man to serve his country faithfully. Instead of going down to brutalize himself and his constituents, he lifts both himself and them up, and sets and leads them to act as men standing upon their feet. Thus he is safe from the peculiar temptations attending electioneering canvass. Men who cannot think for themselves, or who are really too indolent so to do, can be elevated to see rational truth in the light of other men's minds, and thus be led to do the truth in a right cause. And for this reason, men can as readily be led to vote right, from seeing the truth, as from mere blind prejudice, or brutal infatuation.

Delaney, otherwise clear minded, was so eager to succeed, that he did not see this. Too readily he was led in the vicious practice of being all things to all men. Of flattering the weak, and drinking with the lover of drink—the latter class a very numerous one. Alas! more than once did he so far indulge this habit, as to become unconscious of any thing.

Alice, who was watching the progress of the canvass with an eager heart, that bled with every sneer, every false accusation made in the opposition papers against her husband, found a new cause of anxiety in his changed appearance and manner when he was at home, which was now too rarely, as he was most of his time engaged in electioneering through the county. The real nature of this change, even her quick perception had not made out, when her attention was arrested one morning by the words in an opposition paper—"The Drunken Candidate."—Quickly letting her eye run over the paragraph they headed, she read as follows:—

"We are told that the great mass meeting so much bragged about at the 'Cross Keys,' was a signal failure. Delaney was so drunk that his friends had to take him from the stand, amid hisses and groans.—This is the third time he has been so much intoxicated during the canvass, as to be unable to speak. We are sorry for him. But we told some of his best friends, when they proposed to bring him out, that he was a weak man, and would disgrace himself and them in some way. He has done it, now, effectually. Both he and his party are dead. We shall carry the election by an overwhelming majority."

The newspaper dropped from the poor wife's hand, and she sat for a long time motionless and tearless. The shock paralized at first both mind and body. When perfect consciousness again came back, Alice had a keener heart-ache than she had ever felt. The peculiarity in her husband's appearance, that had troubled her, was all explained. "Intoxicated!"—Could it be possible? Was she really awake or dreaming? While such thoughts were passing through her mind, her husband came in, unexpectedly. He had been away for a week, and she did not look for his return for two or three days. He greeted her affectionately, yet with something of embarrassment in his manner, while his eye glanced about with an anxious expression.

"A cursed, lying scoundrel!" he muttered between his teeth, his brow darkening into an angry scowl, as he perceived the newspaper which had fallen from his wife's hand upon the floor, and knew it to be the one in which a scandalous paragraph about himself had been inserted.

"Don't talk so, husband," Alice said, in a deprecating tone, her face becoming still paler than it was when Delaney came in.

"Why should I not?" he returned, much excited. "Am I made of iron or brass? Can I bear to see such scandalous lies published about me, and not be roused into indignation? I would not care so much for myself," he added, in a more subdued tone—"but such allegations go beyond me. Such arrows lodge in another bosom—in your bosom, in fact, Alice. I saw the paragraph last evening, and at once returned home, to assure you, if that were necessary, that it was a base falsehood. As to the election going against me—that is all nonsense. Our party was never so sure of success. I shall go in by an overwhelming majority!"

As Delaney uttered the closing sentence, he elevated his voice, while he assumed the attitude of a speaker, and gave it with true stump oratorical effect. Alice looked at him for an instant or two with painful surprise, until she was made fully certain that he was even then strongly excited by drink. This broke down her spirits completely. Tears gushed from her eyes, and she buried her face in her hands and moaned sadly.

It is not our intention to follow the candidate step by step, up to the time when the voice of the people proclaimed him their representative in the General Assembly of his State. Enough that he gained the election,—but at a great sacrifice: the loss of domestic felicity—the sacrifice of his wife's peace. He gained the election—but in the struggle he lost those high-toned feelings that Alice had loved. And worse than all, he acquired habits, and formed associations, that made home less attractive. Four months at the Capital of the State, his thoughts during the whole time excited, from various causes, tended rather to wean his affections from his wife, than to bind him closer to so fine-minded a being. She resided with him at H——, during the session of the Legislature, and noted with feelings that it would be hard to imagine, his gradual declension from the elevated, honest manliness of character, for which she had at first loved him. He had become an ambitious politician, eager for distinction, and too regardless of the means whereby that distinction was gained.

At the next election, he was again the party's candidate, and notwithstanding the most vigorous efforts against him, was chosen to represent the people.

Three years from that time, he was placed on the ticket for Congress. During the period that elapsed, he had changed greatly for the worse. His habits had become very irregular, and his temper soured towards his wife, whose pale, sad, heart-broken look, ever reproved him when in her presence. They had two children, a boy and a girl, the eldest four, and the youngest two years old. Lovely children they were, but their loveliness could not win him from his ambitious schemes. He had fixed his eyes upon the Senate chamber in the National Legislature, and no charm could win him to turn to the right or left, or to linger by the way. Unfortunately, he had not felt the danger he was in from a too free use of intoxicating drinks. But his wife saw it, and ventured to give him a gentle warning. She met a cruel and angry repulse!

In the struggle for a seat in Congress, he descended to still lower depths than any into which he had before degraded himself. He drank almost to intoxication every day. His wife and children were scarcely thought of, and not seen, sometimes, for weeks together.

On the day he was declared the successful candidate, his wife returned, with her children, to her father's house, and sought the protection of her own family. All his former tender love for her had faded from his mind. He regarded her coldly, and sometimes with positive unkindness. And he was, moreover, so abandoned in his habits, that such a woman as Alice could not live with him. A feeble remonstrance was made against her precipitate course of action, followed by a threat to take the children from their mother, and then the heart-stricken wife was left in the asylum she had sought.

A year afterwards, owing to the gross abandonment of himself to vile and evil courses of conduct, his wife, urged on by her friends, applied for and obtained a divorce from Delaney. He went to Congress for a second term, and was then dropped by the party, as unfit to represent them. He had become little better than a common drunkard. Thus disgraced, he left the county, and went no one knew whither.

Three years passed, during all of which time Alice, who continued to live with her father, heard nothing of him who had once been her husband. Gradually her feelings were beginning to rise from the shock they had received. Her children were unfolding before her like plants that were pleasant to look upon, and the fragrance of whose leaves affected the sense of delight. About this time, she went to visit a friend who had married and moved away to a neighboring State. It was about the time when the Washingtonian excitement was at its height. Every village, town, and city, gave forth its crowded audiences to listen with intense interest to the thrilling experience of men who had arisen into life as from the dead.—The wonder was in every thought and upon every lip. People looked at the new phenomenon with a bewildered astonishment.

In the evening of the day on which Alice arrived at S——, a great experience meeting was to be held in one of the churches. Her friend, who had become enthusiastic in the cause, urged her to go to this meeting, which Alice did, although with a feeling of reluctance. The house was crowded above and below. A broad platform had been laid upon the railing of the altar, upon which sat the president of the society, the secretary, ministers of various denominations, and several reformed men, who were to be the principal speakers. The preliminaries usually appertaining to such meetings having been arranged, a brief opening address was made by one of the ministers. A reformed man then related his experience with great effect. After he had finished, there was a pause of nearly a minute. At length a man, who had been seated far back, with his face partly turned from the audience, arose slowly, and moved to the front of the stage.

A half suppressed exclamation escaped Alice as her eye caught the well-known features of him who had been her husband, while a quick thrill ran through her. Then her whole frame trembled in accord with her fluttering heart. The face of Mr. Delaney was greatly changed since she had last looked upon it.—Its calm, dignified elevation had been restored, but with this difference—what before was cheerful, was now sad—very sad.

"Mr. President," he began, in a subdued voice, "although I had consented, at your urgent solicitation, to address this large assembly to-night, yet I have felt so strong a reluctance to doing so, that it has been with the utmost difficulty, I could drag myself forward.—But I had passed my word, I could not violate it. As to relating my experience—that I do not think I can venture upon. The past I dare not recall—Would to Heaven that the memory of just ten years of my life were blotted out."

The speaker paused a moment, already much affected. He, resuming in a firmer voice, said—

"But something must be said of my own case, or I shall fail to make that impression on your minds that I wish to produce. Pictures of real life teach the heart with power, while abstract presentations of truth glitter coldly in the intellectual regions of the mind, and then *fade* from the perceptions like dissolving figures in the diorama.

"Your speaker once stood among the first members of the bar, in a neighboring State. Nay, more than that—he represented his county for three years in the Assembly of the Commonwealth. And more than that, still—occupied a seat in Congress for two Congressional periods."

At this announcement, the stillness of death pervaded the crowded assembly.

"And yet, more than all that," he continued, his voice sinking into a low, thrilling tone—"he once had a tenderly loved wife and two sweet children.—But all these honors, all these blessings have departed from him," he continued, his voice growing louder and deeper in his effort to control himself. "He was unworthy to retain them! His constituents threw him off, because he had debased himself, and disgraced them. And worse than all—she, who had loved him devotedly—she, who had borne him two dear babes, was forced to abandon him, and seek an asylum in her father's house. And why? Could I become so changed in a few short years? What power was there so to debase me that my fellow beings spurned, and even the wife of my bosom turned away, heart-stricken from me? Alas! my friends—it was a mad indulgence in strong drink. Strong drink! aye, is it not a mocker? A very demon—a Circe, changing the human into the bestial. But for this, and I were now an honorable, and useful representative in Congress, pursuing after my country's good, and blessed in the home circle with wife and children. But I have not told you all. After my wife separated herself from me, I sunk rapidly. A state of perfect sobriety brought too many terrible thoughts. I therefore drank more freely, and was rarely, if ever, from under the bewildering effects of partial intoxication. I remained in the same village for some years, but never once saw her during that time—nor even a glimpse of my children. At last I became so abandoned in my life, that, urged on by her friends, no doubt, she filed an application for a divorce, and as cause could readily be shown why it should be granted, a separation was legally declared. To complete my disgrace, at the next Congressional canvass, I was left off of the ticket, as unfit to represent the district. I then left the county and state where I had lived from boyhood up.

"Three years have passed since then. For two years of that period I abandoned myself to the fearful impulses of the appetite I had acquired. Then I heard of this new movement—this great temperance cause. At first I sneered, then wondered, listened at last, and finally threw myself upon the great wave that was sweeping onward, in the hope of being carried by it far out of the reach of danger. I did not hope with a vain hope. It did *for* me all and more than I could have dreamed. It set me once more upon my feet—once more made a man of me. A year of sobriety, earnest devotion to my profession, and fervent prayer to Him who alone gives strength in every good resolution, has restored to me much that I have lost—but not all—not the richest treasure that I proved myself unworthy to retain—not my wife and children. Ah! between myself and these the law has laid its stern, impassable interdictions. I have no longer a wife—no longer children—though my heart goes out towards those dearly beloved ones with the tenderest yearnings. Pictures of our early days of wedded love are ever lingering in my imagination. I dream of the sweet fire-side circle—I see ever before me the once placid face of my Alice, as her eyes looked into my own with intelligent confidence. I feel her arms twine about my neck—the music of her voice is ever sounding in my ears."

Here the speaker's emotion overcame him. His utterance was choked, and he stood silent with bowed head and trembling limbs. The dense mass of people were hushed into an oppressive stillness, that was broken here and there by half-stifled sobs. At this moment there was a movement in the crowd.—A single female figure, before whom every one appeared instinctively to give way, was seen passing up the aisle. This was not observed by Delaney, until she had come nearly in front of the platform on which he stood. Then the movement caught his ear, and lifting his eyes, that instantly fell upon Alice—for it was she that was pressing onward—he bent forward towards her, with suddenly lifted hands and eager eyes, and stood like a statue until she had gained the stand, and advanced quickly to his side. For a moment the two stood thus, the whole audience thrilled with the scene, upon their feet, and bending forward. Then Delaney opened his arms, and Alice threw herself upon his bosom with a quick, wild gesture. Thus for the full space of a minute they stood—every one *fully*, as by a singular intuition, understanding the scene. One of the ministers then came forward, and gently separated them.

"No—no," said Delaney, "you must not, you cannot take her away from me."

"Heaven forbid that I should do that!" replied the Minister. "But, by your own confession, she is not your wife."

"[illegible] not," returned Delaney, mournfully.

"[illegible] ready to take up her vows again," Alice said, smiling through tears that now rained over her face.

Before that large assemblage, all standing, and few with dry eyes, was said, in a broken voice, the marriage ceremony that gave Delaney and Alice again to each other. As the Minister, an aged man, with thin white locks, finished the rite, he laid his hands upon the heads of the two he had joined in holy bands, and lifting up his aged eyes, that streamed with drops of gladness, he said, in a solemn voice—

"*What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder!*"

"Amen!" was uttered by the whole assembly, as with a single voice.

THE HAPPY MIND.

BY MISS ELIZA COOK.

Out upon the calf, I say,
Who turns his grumbling head away,
And quarrels with his feed of hay,
Because it is not clover.
Give to me the happy mind,
That will ever seek and find
Something fair and something kind,
All the wide world over.

'Tis passing good to have an eye,
That always manages to spy
Some star to bear it company,
Though planets may be hidden;
And Mrs. Eve was foolish, very,
Not to be well content and merry,
With peach, plum, melon, grape and cherry,
When apples were forbidden.

We love rare flowers, but suppose
We're far from Italy's rich rose,
Must we then turn up our nose
At lilies of the valley?
Can't we snuff at something sweet,
In the "bough pots" that we meet,
Cried and sold in the city street,
By "Sally in our alley?"

Give me the heart that spreads its wings,
Like the free bird that soars and sings,
And sees the bright sides of all things,
From Behring's Straits to Dover.
It is a bank that never breaks,
It is a store thief never takes,
It is a rock that never shakes,
All the wide world over.

We like to give old Care the slip,
And listen to the "crank and quip,"
At social board from dearest lip,—
No fellowship is better:
But he must lack the gentle grace,
That marks the best of human race,
Who cannot see a friendly face,
In mastiff, hound, or setter.

Our hungry eyes may fondly wish
To revel amid flesh and fish,
And gloat upon the silver dish,
That holds a golden plover.
Yet, if our table be but spread,
With savory, cheese, and oaten bread,
Be thankful if we're always fed,
As well as the wide world over.

We may prefer Italian notes,
Or chase the melody that floats,
About the gay Venetian boats,
Half wild in our extolling;
But surely music may be found,
When some rough native harp unbound,
Strikes up like cherries "round and sound,"
With English "tol-de-rolling."

We may be poor—but then, I guess,
Our trouble with pomp is less,
For they who wear a russet dress,
May never fear the rumpling.
And though champagne froth never hums
Between our fingers and our thumbs,
Red apoplexy rarely comes,
To dine with plain stone dumpling.

Then out upon the calf, I say,
Who turns his grumbling head away,
And quarrels with his feed of hay,
Because it is not clover.
Give to me the happy mind,
That will ever seek and find
Something good and something kind,
All the wide world over.

SCÆVOLA:

A TALE OF THE EARLY DAYS OF ROME.

BY H. W. HERBERT,

AUTHOR OF "CROMWELL," "MARMADUKE WYVIL," ETC. ETC.

Never had Rome been in such peril, since from the long steep slope of Alba the little colony was removed to the Quirinal Hill, hard by the yellow Tiber, under the guidance of the two bold brethren, sons of the great Quirinus: a mighty Tuscan host, under Lars Porsena, of Clusium, had bucklered the fallen fortunes of the Tarquins, those Latin Kings of Rome, and with the Roman exiles, and many a Latian lucumo, lay just beyond the Tiber. They had already taken the Janiculum, and would have carried Rome itself but for the desperate valour of Horatius Cocles, who made good the Sublician bridge against unnumbered odds, until the rafters were broken down behind him, and the advance of the enemy utterly frustrated. Now opposite the guarded walls, the narrow river alone interposed between them: upon the gentle slope lay the entrenched and rampired camp of the Tuscans, itself a rival city. The large square space enclosed within its trench and palisade, crowded with streets of neat white tents, and having the Prætorium of the monarch, a proud pavilion glittering with gilded ornaments and many a waving banner, in the centre, was in full view of the Roman sentinels, who, pinched by the famine that had begun already to assail the beleaguered town, and dispirited by the absolute prohibition to sally forth or skirmish, gazed even enviously on the bright blazing fires of the enemy, about which they might see the busy cooks, sweating and toiling all day long, and on the shambles crowded with cattle, driven off from their own plundered farms and devastated pastures. On every side the outposts of the foe narrowed them in and straightened them. On the hills westward of the city, every crag bristled with the javelins of a detachment, watching like some fierce bird of prey from its steep eyrie, to pounce upon whatever convoy might dare approach the walls—every brake, dingle, or ravine, concealed a shoal of archers. While on the level meadows, by Tiber's side, gay squadrons of the Latin horse, and the proud Roman exiles, with Sextus the accursed—the vile polluter of fair and chaste Lucretia—the worst and the eldest of the Tarquins, or Aruns, youngest and bravest of that bad race, at their head, might be seen wheeling to and fro, like falcons on the wing, ready to stoop upon their foes on the slightest opportunity. Despondency sat on the brows of the noblest and the boldest of Rome's Patrician warriors—the Consuls, as they went around the walls all armed, and glittering in their brazen panoply, with their twelve lictors at their backs, had not a word of cheering import to utter to their spiritless and faltering soldiery. The orders not to fight had cast a gloom over the fiercest and most fiery, and those who would have rushed upon certain death undaunted and even cheerful, now pined, although secure from present peril. It was the afternoon of a hot summer day, and the dews were already beginning to fall over the withered grass and leafy woods—the deep green meadows on either side of the bright Tiber, lay broad and fair in the rich yellow sunlight, with many a reach and winding of the tranquil river, flashing out in the sunbeams like sheets of polished silver, and all the grand and massive woods, which covered the horizon toward the sea, steeped in calm purple shadows.—Few of the soldiery were visible upon the walls of Rome, for only a centurion's guard were posted on the river's bank, beside the ruins of the Sublician bridge, with a light crimson banner pitched in the green sward, and a hundred lances standing erect beside it, with their long steel heads gleaming merrily. Several fine horses, with handsome trappings, were tethered here and there beside them, but the men were outstretched on the grass, in the shadows of some scattered willow bushes. A solitary sentinel stood on the summit of the Capitoline stairs, and though the distance was considerable, the plumage on his helmet, the folds of his drapery, and all his glittering accoutrements, could be distinctly seen. None of the skirmishers of the enemy were visible, though several threads of smoke rising up from among the bushes on the hill sides, indicated the spots where they were posted, ready to show themselves, and make themselves felt at a moment's notice. One horseman only was in view, galloping rapidly from the woods in the rear of the Tuscan camp, bearing despatches, probably, and he too was thrown out in bold relief, as he crossed the summits of ridge after ridge, cutting clear against the blue sky, and then for a moment disappearing in the alternate hollows. Within the camp all was at rest and peaceful, the idle soldiery loitering about in scattered groups, lounging upon the benches in the shade of the pavilions, drinking and jesting one with another, or playing at games of chance, with dice, upon the heads of some empty wine casks. There was not a breath of air to waive one of the many banners which decked the lines of that confederated host, and all their glittering folds hung lazily around the flag staffs, adding to the appearance of quiet and lassitude which seemed to pervade every thing—the very sentin[illegible] slumbered upon their posts, and the only things wh[illegible] were at all in motion, the smoke wreaths near[illegible] which went up here and there from the cooking f[illegible] curled lazily to and fro, as if reluctant to leave earth, and blend themselves in the cool transparent skies. On a high platform, with three steps leading up to it, in front of the great pavilion, or tent, were placed two curule chairs, something like [illegible] camp stools, except that they had low [illegible] backs, made of carved ivory, beautifully [illegible] and inlaid with gold, and near one of them [illegible] small circular table, with writing implem[illegible] parchment, but no one occupied the [illegible] had as yet even ascended the platform. [illegible] the aspect of the camp and city, at the mo[illegible] the horseman, mentioned above, arrived [illegible] in the rear of the ramparts, and after some [illegible] ley was admitted by the sentinels on [illegible] his horse without, fastened to one of [illegible] After dismounting, and thus gaining [illegible] new comer sauntered slowly up the [illegible] the central pavilion, passing from time [illegible] change a brief question and answer [illegible] passer by, but not attempting to [illegible] communication with any one. H[illegible] admirably formed youth, not, it is [illegible] above the ordinary height of men, but extraordinarily strong and muscular. His shoulders were very broad, and his chest full and rounded. His arms were above the due length which would have been in strict proportion to his size, and extremely sinewy; his legs were well shaped, and gave the idea not only of great strength, but of unusual agility. He was dressed in a somewhat singular style, though one not unfrequently seen among the peasantry or hunters of the Appenines, and was perhaps more remarkable from its contrast to his face, and the peculiar expression of his high and patrician features. He wore a low crested cap, of that form which the Romans called *galerus*, made of the skin stripped from the head of a wolf, with the jaws and teeth still attached to it, and seeming to grin savagely over his broad and massive brow. A part of the bushy tail of the same fierce beast of prey had been sewn in the guise of a rude crest feather, across the top of this uncouth head-piece, and a thong of the skin held it tight under the wearer's chin. His neck, and the upper part of his breast, and all his sinewy arms, were bare to the shoulder, except that he had on a pair of armlets, if they might so be termed, of the same brindled hide, guarding his wrists, where the vulnerable veins and sinews would otherwise have been left exposed dangerously, nearly extending to the elbows, like the top of modern gauntlets, but leaving the hands at liberty.

His dress was a loose tunic of some coarse linen stuff, exceedingly thick and heavy, confined at the waist by a belt of wolf-skin, in which were seen two knives, one a common straight two-edged dagger, with a black leather scabbard and a brazen hilt, the other a long, heavy-bladed, crooked weapon, not very much unlike a modern billhook, made sharp on the inner edge, and carried in a clumsy carved sheath, which, with the hilt, was made of the wood of the Italian maple. His feet were covered by rude shoes of ill-tanned leather, and his legs were defended upward to the knee by a species of complicated network of leather thongs. He carried in his hand a long light javelin, with a broad head of polished steel, with a long cord, or *amentum*, as it was termed, attached to the handle, and wound into a loose coil, which would easily unclew itself and run out when the weapon was hurled by the javelineer. A short cloak of goat-skin, with the hair on, hung from his left shoulder, and had its other corner looped into the back of his girdle, at the right side.

Many eyes were fixed with a curious scrutiny upon him as he strolled carelessly along, but they were not perhaps so much attracted even by the singularity of his attire, as they were by the fine union of strength with activity and grace which all his limbs presented to the view, by the resolute and bold determination expressed by his firm, [illegible] and above all by the eminent beauty of his whole countenance, and of each several feature. His hair, black as the wing of the wild raven, and no less lustrous, clustered in thick and curly masses over his head, but was cut short on the neck behind, and parted carefully in front under the grizzly head-piece. His eye was keen as the eagle's, piercingly penetrative, yet at the same time calm; it might almost have been termed cold, and very steady. His nose was thin, and highly Roman, his mouth well cut, though there was a habit of compression in the lips, and a trick of clinching the teeth rigidly together, which spoke plainly of unwavering resolution, as did the sharp, clear eye of fiery valor. The face and chin were clean shaved, as if to show the massive outlines of a jaw and chin compact and hard, and solid as if they had been cast in bronze.

That young man could not certainly have passed his twenty-third or twenty-fourth year, an age in which the mind is for the most part more or less under the rules of impulses and passions, than of determinate and steady principles. In him, however, there was nothing that would indicate that his mind had ever wavered, or that he had once hedged aside from his purpose. A physiognomist would have warned you to do no wrong to such a man, or having wronged him, to lose no time in placing seas between yourself and his certain vengeance. He would have told you that the soaring falcon was not more certain of his swoop on the trembling dove, than he to wreak a tenfold vengeance on the head of his foeman. He would have told you that the bloodhound would not hang closer on the traces of the hurt deer, than he upon the scent of injuries—that the sagacious elephant would be more likely to forget, than he, the least wrong done to him—the merciless tiger be more likely to forgive and spare his prostrate victim. He would have told you that to him peril would but be an incentive to exertion—that pleasure would not woo him from his course, nor luxury melt in the least his iron energies. He was indeed made of the stuff from which were modelled the mightiest heroes of that race, the most wonderful, perhaps, that ever trod the earth—indomitable, stern, fierce, even pitiless, in the prosecution of their everlasting and insatiate ambition—hard, resolute and fearless—the old Roman, in the days of the Republic. That man a [illegible]sant or a hunter of the Appenines!—that man a [illegible] and senseless Sabine, or a wild Daunian, from [illegible] forests of Pencetia!—as well might you mis[illegible] for the slavish, supple, polished Greek—or for the dark-hued Mauritanian! A Roman every inch of him!—a Roman!—a Patrician!—born, doubtless, on the sumptuous Quirinal—trained from his infancy to run, and leap, and wrestle, to hurl the ponderous bar, and launch the massive discus, to swim the rapids of the Tiber, to bear the heaviest toils of manhood while yet a very stripling on the wide Field of Mars—a soldier from his cradle, inured to all extremes of cold or heat, to thirst, and hunger, and fatigue, and pain, by that iron discipline which made the Roman legionary the most perfect soldier that the world ever witnessed. A Roman who has drawn in, with the very sustenance from the maternal breast, that deathless *amor patriæ* in which no people ever yet surpassed them—that furious wish for national renown, and national glory, which in them stood in the place of all milder virtues, in which the love of parents towards their children, children towards their parents, maids towards the chosen of their hearts, was merged and obliterated altogether—that fixed and resolute ambition that made them devote themselves, madly prodigal of life, to certain fate, if by their dying they could do aught for Rome's aggrandizement or safety. A Roman, by every glance of his eye, every curl of his lip, every strong footstep printed on the earth, each one of which might be interpreted to say, "Onward and forward, but back, never—not for life itself!" And yet the dull Etruscans gaze on his princely port, and martial tread, and fancy him a mere boor from the hills!

Lo! there is now a bustle in the camp, and round about the king's pavilion. Forth come the lictors, two and two, with their bright axes bound about with rods, and twenty-four in number ranged themselves round about the platform. Emblems of magistracy and of rule, which the Roman State, ever prompt to borrow whatever it deemed good in the policy of other nations, had itself borrowed from Etruria—and after them a slave, bearing a brazen tripod, which he set down in front of the platform, before the curule. It was filled with some fuel of an exceedingly combustible nature, and burned with a fierce, vivid flame, upon which the slave scattered frankincense from time to time, diffusing pleasant odors, and filling the whole atmosphere with spicy perfume. Immediately after the lictors had taken up their stations, two persons, both habited in crimson tunics, with white robes above them, came forth from the tent, and ascending the steps of the platform, seated themselves on the curule chairs in silence. There was a simplicity both in the dress and manners of those eras that mocked the stateliness of modern times, scorned the servility of modern homage. Those persons were Lars Porsena, the King, the mightiest king of Etruria—perhaps of Italy—and his chief secretary. Yet was there no distinction in their garb—no crown upon the head of Porsena—no sceptre in his hand—only an ivory footstool, sole token of the king's higher rank. The soldiers neither bowed, nor shouted, but fell into their ranks quietly, and stood to their arms in silence.—Meanwhile, the disguised Roman, or Daunian hunter, as he wished to seem, advanced to the esplanade below the platform, and stood there leaning upon his javelin, and gazing with apparent indifference, but really with intense eagerness and curiosity upon all that was passing before his eyes.

Meanwhile, a trumpet sounded, and one of the lictors forthwith made proclamation that the soldiers should advance one by one, in turn, to the king and receive their pay. The officers broke up their companies and the men ran forward with a great shout and crowded round the platform, which they ascended each after each, and received coin from the secretary, who sat by the circular table, examining the tickets of the men, and noting down the sums which he disbursed. For a little space the young Roman stood motionless gazing as if in much curiosity at the soldiers and chief personages, whom he was, in truth, examining anxiously, endeavoring to distinguish between the two—for he dared not inquire lest he should create suspicion by the question—by and bye, however, he made up his mind, as it seemed, and leaving his javelin leaning against the canvass wall of one of the tents, sauntered slowly forward among the soldiers, as if curious to come nearer, endeavoring, not without a certain degree of success, to feign a stupid stare, as of an ignorant rude boor. He stopped at times and stared about him; then sauntered on a pace or two; then stood again quite quiet; until at length he won his way without exciting any surmise as the object of his motions up to the foot of the platform—then he stood waiting calmly for an opportunity, when no one should be interposed between himself and the person whom he took to be the king. At last the occasion came; then, with one vigorous bound, he cleared the three steps at once, unsheathing the straight dagger as he did so, and, before any one could interrupt him, and, in fact, before any one suspected what he was about, reached the side of the secretary, overturning the table by his impetuous speed. Another instant, in which the dagger flashed in the sunny air with the violence and certainty of the electric fluid—it pierced the crimson tunic—it pierced the broad breast of the secretary—and stood hilt-deep, fixed in his very heart. "This to thy heart, Lars Porsena," he shouted; "so perish all Rome's foes!" And ere the secretary fell, which he did instantly, deluging the whole platform with his lifeblood, Mutius darted off, whirling the heavy billhook from its wooden scabbard, and cleaving, by two heavy, downright blows, two of the lictors, who sprang forward to intercept it, to the teeth; and almost escaping, but as he leaped down from the back of the platform, dodging the blows made at him by the heavy axes of the lictors, and bounded off at a speed that would have set pursuit at defiance, he was met by a large body of soldiery rushing toward the spot, alarmed by what had passed, and after a violent resistance, by which three more of his assailants were either killed or desperately wounded, was seized and dragged back to the scene of his late daring exploit.

Lars Porsena arose, and, standing up, majestically waved his arm abroad, and cried aloud to his soldiers—

"Lo! I am here, my children! The base assassin's blow has failed. Bring him before me!"—Then as the dauntless Roman stood, all calm and collected, at his foot-stool—"Who art thou?" cried the king.

"Mutius, a Roman, and a noble!"

"And whence this villainous outrage?"

"Know, king," replied the youth, "that neither arms nor valor, prudence nor daring, sentinels nor guards shall save thee from the certain death which awaits thee—awaits all the foes of Rome! On thy throne, at thy festive board, on thy nightly couch, daggers shall be about thee. Death under the royal robe—death in the brimming cup—death in the pleasant sleep! Three hundred Romans have conspired—have sworn together—that, since the sword may not reach thee, the dagger shall find out thy life.—Three hundred, whom neither death nor torture shall deter!—who will not fail, as I have failed, nor falter more than I."

"Bold words, young Roman!" answered Porsena; "let us see now if thy deeds match them, or if they be words only! Ho, lictors, summon the torturers, summon the headsman, with the axe and block—and, ye, unbind your scourges!"

"See king," replied the other, "see what a Roman can endure, when it is for Rome he suffers."—And, with the words, shaking off the grasp of his guards he walked slowly to the tripod and thrust his left hand into the midst of that fierce flame—he held it there immoveable and calm, not a *frown* on his dark high brow, not a contortion on his noble features! He held it there amid the unrepressed amazement, and undisguised admiration of all who witnessed his heroic constancy, until the member shrivelled, and cracked, and the black gore oozed out, and the hand fell a heap of ashes upon the glowing embers—"Judge now," he said; "judge now!" with an exulting smile—"what terror death has for a Roman, who can bear fire unterrified so."

Lars Porsena sprang forward, and seized him by the left hand—"Brave Roman!" he exclaimed, "be my friend, as I will be a true friend henceforth to Rome and Romans!—Thy valor has preserved thy country. Go—thou art as free as air. Go with him, lictors—carry the richest presents—say Porsena sends peace to Rome for love of Mutius the left handed."

Thus Rome won peace and honor—hence her bold champion bore the name, and his sons after him, forever—the proud surname of Scævola, or the left handed.

(From the London Friendship's Offering for 1844.)

THE BRIDAL VISIT.

BY MRS. ABDY.

Three weeks have elapsed since the marriage
Of the pretty demure Anne Grey;
So on Monday we ordered a carriage,
Our dismal first visit to pay:
I shall fully describe its progression,
And then, if you happen to call
On a dozen young pairs in succession,
My sketch will do well for them all.

The bride, in robes gracefully waving,
Sat looking as gentle and fond
As a bride in an Annual engraving—
All satin, white ribbons, and blonde;
And her words were so soft, so bewitching,
That she seemed like the fairy's pet girl,
Who, whenever she spoke, kept enriching
Her friends with a flower or a pearl!

The bridesmaid, the blue-eyed Kate Harris,
Looked simpering, rosy, and neat,
Not at all like the "Bridesmaid by Parris,"
With her wreath of white flowers at her feet!
And I thought, as with arch emulation
Her "principal's" movements she eyed,
She might soon, at a short preparation,
Succeed in the part of a bride.

The bridegroom looked joyous and pleasant,
Yet, somehow, I felt for his doom:
Not a lord of creation was present,
Twelve ladies were ranged round the room:
Their fathers, their husbands, their brothers,
Sent excuse (such I find is the rule),
And the happiest man of all others
Mounted guard as "le cavalier seul!"

All poured in his ear the perfections
Of his fair one, the wonder of earth:—
Such a mind! such a soul! such affections!
Such meekness, discretion, and worth!

[illegible]
It would make life so joyously glide,
As to prove the sweet words of the poet,
"That "the wife is more dear than the bride."

And the lady, meanwhile, was delighted
By the whispers of many a voice;
All merits, they vowed, were united
In the fortunate man of her choice;
"Such eyes! such a sound understanding!"—
Then they praised her new harp, and worked chairs,
The time-piece that stood on the landing,
And the green-house half way down the stairs.

None breathed forth a doubt or a stricture—
Alas! can it be, that, ere long,
Care shall darken this honey-moon picture,
And change its right side to its wrong?
Must these lovers have seasons and weathers,—
Must they ever the region forsake
Of smiles, morning visits, white feathers,
Blonde veils, Lisbon wine, and plum-cake?

Can that furniture ever grow faded?
Can that bride muse on house-keeping ills?
Can the brows of her loved one be shaded
While turning o'er tradesmen's long bills?
Can friends blame their silly enthralment,
And pass them with looks cold as ice,
Or give them a daily instalment
From a great joint-stock bank of advice?

Yes, the roses desert Hymen's fetter,
When sovereigns grow scarce in the purse,
And the cheering "I'll take thee for better,"
Gives place to "I find thee the worse;"
Hearts, once pain and danger defying,
Then shrink from the world's slightest rub,
And the lady grows nervous and sighing,
And the gentleman pines for his club.

Yet let me not cloud with prediction
A bright sunny season like this—
Eldorado is not quite a fiction,
We may now and then peep at its bliss;
And would you its wonders discover,
And breathe for a time its pure air,
Just go, ere the honey-moon's over,
And call on a new married pair!

A RACE FOR A WIFE;*

OR,

Peggy Magrath, the Irish Coquette.

A True Story.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

Andrew Kennedy and Mike Barry were suitors for the hand of Peggy Magrath. The power which Irish fathers exercise over their children, is often any thing but gentle; they dispose of them in marriage frequently to those they consider the best bidders; and it is no small compliment to Irish women to say that, even in instances where they have loved others, they very generally succeed in withdrawing their affections, and making true and devoted wives, and affectionate mothers. In the case of Peggy Magrath, however, one candidate stood about as well with her father as the other. Both were fine stout fellows, able to work, when they could get work to do, with a cabin and a potatoe garden, "waiting for furniture," and both anxious to possess the hand, heart, and little fortune of Peggy Magrath. There are two ways of winning a woman's favour, the right and the wrong. Andrew Kennedy had taken the right, Mike Barry the wrong. Andrew in the first instance made sure of the girl—Mike of the father. And if Andrew had been a whit worse off in the world—if his cow had not been as good—his feather bed as heavy, or his pig as weighty as those of his rival, might would have overcome right, and Andrew would have had no chance. But as it was, the father finding that one "boy" was as well to do as the other, and that moreover the "faction" of the rejected would be too strong for him, though they would yield to the lady, declared, as he was walking home from "early mass," that he would leave it "'twixt the Almighty and his daughter;" let her settle it in God's name, and he'd wash his hands of it altogether; only she must settle on one or the other that week, for he could not be having his peace of mind destroyed with her and her sweethearts any longer—his house was like a fair or a station with them, for boys, "that could not let the girl alone;" and sure it was well for him and his "ould woman," they had but one daughter; for if they had more, they'd quit the country sooner than be bothered entirely the way he had with them—for bachelors!

Now Peggy was as arrant a coquette as ever flirted a fan in a ball room; one of those who are born with an intense desire to continue the "slave trade;" who delighted in tormenting; and who, whether she cared or not for a man, would enjoy teasing him; indeed, the better she loved, the greater her pleasure in tantalizing the object of her affections. As long as her father wavered between Andrew and Mike, the true affection she bore the former made her dread losing him so much, that she was far more affectionate to him than she had ever been to any one else; and once when her father said something that led her to believe he decidedly favoured Mike, she burst into a flood of tears, and declared she would "die" sooner than marry him. Now when her father, accompanied by both suitors, entered the house, and he told her there were her bachelors, and she must make up her mind which of the two should be her husband, for he (her father,) had no mind to keeping [illegible] the long lashes of her eyes without once raising the lids, and to the utter astonishment of both her father and Andrew, accepted Mike's offer to dance the first jig with her that evening—completely turning her back on her former favorite—Mike having got her consent to the dance, eager to show himself off to the best advantage, bethought that his "brogans" would look bad "on the floor," and, like a fool, left the field open to Andrew, while he set out to borrow his brother's "pumps." This opportunity was not lost upon Andrew, who renewed his suit, but became thoroughly perplexed by the waywardness of woman's nature—he could make nothing of her.

"Indeed," she said, "she would as soon—as her father was so hard upon her—marry one as the other. May be she showed more favour one time to Andrew than to Mike, and may be at another time she'd show more favour to Mike than to Andrew; may be she'd just toss up for them—call Mike the Head, and Andrew the Harp, and so get her luck."

Andrew, poor fellow! was half mad with vexation,—and yet, what could he do? He entertained serious thoughts of an abduction, but where was the good of it? Sure, if she was that changeable "craythur" she wasn't worth the having.

He offered to fight Mike for her, but this her father negatived at once; he would have no fighting for a child of his. "But I'll tell you what, brave boys!" exclaimed the old man; "I'll tell you what—do as I did for my good wife, and what no Irishman was ever ashamed to do—run for her! Every boy in the place is free-footed—run for her, and let the fleet foot win her!"

This was agreed upon. Both the young men were remarkable for activity—both anxious to win a bride; and, despite Peggy Magrath's coquetry, when she took her stand upon the rising ground that commanded a view of the "race course," all agreed that she was worth ten times the trouble.

"I'll tell you what it is, Peggy," said one of her companions, "I'll bet my bran new handkercher that never crossed my neck, barring this day, that Mike will be the hero; he's longer in the legs—and oh, my! but he's the active boy intirely."

"Well, whoever wins, Peg's luck will be happy; that's all I say. Suppose they should both win!" added another. "What will you do then, Peggy dear?—toss up for them?"

"There they go!" exclaimed a third—while Peggy's heart beat stout reproaches at her unfaithfulness; "there they go—it's cruel hard, so it is, to make them end such a race by coming up even this bit of a hill at the long run. Mary Grady, do you mind the day Aby Flynn, running the race for his wife, fell and cut his head, so that the grave was his wedding bed—poor fellow!"

"I'd rather they'd give it up at once," exclaimed Peggy, following the contending parties with her eyes, and trembling from head to foot at the advantage which Mike had evidently obtained over Andrew—"I'd rather they'd give it up. Well, I don't care who wins or who loses—I'll marry which I like," she continued, bursting into tears, and covering her face with her hands.

"Oh honour, Peggy," they exclaimed; "surely, you would not be guilty of such a falsity as that?"

"Tell me," she answered, all her coquetry forgotten in her anxiety for him she really loved, so that she dared not look upon the race; "tell me, for the love of mercy, how he's going with her?"

"With him!" repeated as arrant a coquette as herself—"Which of the him?"

"Andrew!" she breathlessly replied.

"Oh, be the dads! I don't know," she answered, winking her merry eyes at her companion, while Peggy pressed her hands more tightly than ever over hers; "I don't know at all—what do you think, Mary Megle?"

"Oh!" said mischievous Mary, "I can't tell; I'm sure now it was six to one, and half a dozen to the other—but now—oh my! but Mike has the legs, to be sure—maybe he can't use them—thath! well that last spring he gave bates all. Oh, then, it's Mike that will make the fine husband, and no mistake—take yer hands from your eyes, Peggy, woman—there's money bid for you!"

"Open yer eyes, jewel-avourneen!" said another; "here, they're coming up the hill—that's right, shout, boys. Oh, then, Mrs Mike, maybe I won't shake a foot at your wedding; take down your hands, and look for yerself—Mike, yer a rale hero!"

The young men were, as she said, running up to where they stood, but not in the degree Mary so mischievously intimated. Peggy was literally without the power to withdraw her hands; her feelings entirely overcame her.

"Take her, Mike; you well deserve her, exclaimed the tantalising girls, as Andrew, panting and gasping, ascended considerably in advance of his rival.

But Peggy heard them not; subdued by her emotions, she had fainted on the sward. Such is the overpowering nature of woman's coquetry, that after she recovered, and was well assured of Andrew's victory, she would have played fair lady Disdain, if she dared—but her father interposed, and she is now

THE REVERSE.

A TALE OF REAL LIFE.

In the month of August, the following marriage might be found in a column of our daily papers:—"On the 18th inst., by the Rev. Philip M——, D. D., William Gordon to Maria Sheldon." Maria had made what the world would call a good match. Her husband was an honest, industrious tradesman, was engaged in a lucrative business, and had means enough to support her respectably. A neat house was furnished for their reception, and they took possession with feelings understood alone by those who marry from pure, disinterested affection.

Affairs glided on smoothly; he was attentive to his business, and she did all in her power to make his house a cheerful one. After some time, one night at ten o'clock found her waiting his return; this was unusual. For the first time since her marriage, was he out at that hour. She tried to while away the tedious moments in numerous ways, hoping that every one would be the last spent in solitude. At length he came; a political meeting, he said, detained him longer than he expected, as a number of addresses had been delivered by eminent men, and he had become interested, and had forgotten how slowly the hours passed to her, with whom he had been in the habit of passing all his leisure moments. Excusing him with a smile, she answered—

"I should not have complained of feeling weary on this your first absence, but you have been so much with me, that I have become selfish. Dear William, you must blame your previous attentions for my fault."

"Do not call it a fault, Maria; it does not need even as much as you have said; you have uttered no complaint; it is from those tell-tale eyes that I have learned how lonely you have been."

As he spoke, he fondly gazed upon the beautiful features of his wife, that upon his entrance had lost their heaviness, and sparkled with double brilliancy. He loved her with as much truth and fervour as ever warmed the heart of the fondest husband, and he resolved that excepting those hours devoted to business, none should be passed from her side. But, alas! for man's resolution! the first step had been taken; the second was not difficult.

At that time there was a great political excitement, and the meetings, as is generally the case, were held in taverns. William, though not a warm politician, was young, and like even older persons, believing his candidate the one above all capable of filling the office sought, with credit to the State. He imbibed the views of his associates, and if not as conspicuous, was as anxiously watched as those who had been foremost in the ranks. Ten o'clock now found him at home as seldom as formerly away from it.—Maria attributed it all to the meetings, that she knew he was constantly attending, and therefore uttered no murmur.

It grieved her to see him return sometimes with a flushed cheek, and unsteady step; she did not give vent to her uneasiness, and only trusted when the election was over, he would forsake all that had grieved her so much, and return again to his former conduct. She was willing, as ever woman is, to look forward to a bright and beautiful future. She knew that all who live have clouds as well as sunshine to encounter, and thought the present one would soon pass away, and leave her a horizon as serene and calm as the day she looked back upon as her morning light. At the meeting where William might always be found, there was a party of young men near his own age, possessing pleasing address and manners; they made it a business to attach themselves to all new comers by inviting them to drink to their better acquaintance, and thus gently lead them into the worst of vices. They knew that William was in good business, and to him they professed the warmest friendship. They made up various kinds of excursions and pleasure parties, to all of which he was invited—and, of course, had to bear a part, if not the whole of the expense. For a man in his moderate circumstances, this could not long continue; his business was neglected—his customers finding him inattentive, sought more punctual men. When his friends found his means exhausted, they saw in him many faults that had not presented themselves before. The foremost, and most to be despised, an empty purse; that was a bugbear from which his associates shrunk with terror. He was now the father of two children, no money, no business, a ruined reputation—what was to become of him? The thought almost made him mad, and he had recourse to the bottle; with this he banished all thoughts of his condition, his home, his wife, and his children. How he succeeded we shall see.

Four years had elapsed since the conclusion of the first part of my narrative. In a room in one of the small houses that are situated in the northern part of the city, sat an interesting woman. The room was small, but very clean, and had an air of comfort that cleanliness always gives. The furniture was all for use—not a piece for ornament. In one corner stood a cradle, in which a babe was sleeping; beside it sat an elderly woman, with her foot upon the rocker;

upon the hours of study. The bell rang unheeded, and when we came into school, we were, as we deserved to be, reprimanded by our good and indulgent preceptor; and many of our number, ashamed of their behaviour, refused to offend in like manner again. It was not so with us all.

One day, a part of our number having staid out upon the river more than a quarter of an hour after the bell had done ringing, one of the boys was sent for us; but we soon forgot that we had been called, and continued our game. Shortly, we saw the preceptor, himself, coming down to the river. We were then alarmed; and all, but myself and Nathaniel Beecher, ran, by a round-about way, to the shore and to school. We resolved to stay the whole afternoon. The preceptor came out upon the wharf, and called to us to come to him. Fearing that we should be taken back to school and punished, we resolved not to answer, and pretended not to hear him. After repeatedly calling us, and receiving no answer, he came upon the ice; but when he had walked a short distance from the shore, we saw that we were in no danger of his catching us, as the ice was very smooth. At length, in an attempt to catch me, the preceptor slipped and fell heavily upon the ice. I stood still, and dared not go near, for fear he would punish me; but I was now very sorry for what we had done.—Our preceptor had always been kind and good to us, and my feelings were hurt to think I had been so ungrateful. Meantime he had got up, and with a painful effort walked to the shore. I followed him, and Nat went off to the other side of the river. As I approached the shore, I turned to see where he was going, continuing to skate backwards as I looked. Suddenly I found myself in the water. I had fallen into a hole which had been cut for fishing. As I dropped I threw out my arms, and thus saved myself from going under; but the current was very strong, and it was with the utmost difficulty that I could hold myself above the water. I felt as though some evil spirit beneath the water was dragging me under, and my heart sunk within me. At length I was drawn out of the water by my preceptor. He spoke kindly to me, and said he would take me home, that I might change my clothes. I was very much affected. I had prepared to bear my well-merited punishment; but when I heard his kind and gentle tones, and saw that he was not angry, I burst into a passionate flood of tears, and, dropping on my knees, begged his pardon for my bad behavior. He took me up at once, and told me never to kneel but to the Lord, that he would forgive me. We had nearly reached the shore, when I looked round for Nat. He was looking towards us, and skating along with his arms folded, and all at once dropped beneath the ice and disappeared. He had, while looking at us, skated into an air-hole. I involuntarily screamed, and started with all speed for the place. The preceptor followed, having guessed the cause of my exclamation.

The accident had been seen from the shore, and many persons came hurrying to the spot, and among them the father of the boy. He was told, on shore, that it was his eldest son; and rushing to the spot, and putting his head down in the hole, held it there a long time, looking, but all was in vain. The rapid tide had borne him far down the river, and his body was never more seen.

The events of this day taught me the lesson of *obedience*. It stamped upon my mind the truth, that the first great duty, next to our devotion to our Maker, is respect and obedience to those who are placed in authority over us. I never again *played truant*.

WASHINGTON.

We have need to remind no American reader that the day on which this paper is dated is the anniversary of the birth of GEORGE WASHINGTON. While nothing which we can say can add a leaf to his laurels, and nothing which any man living can write can diminish his fame, we should be failing in our own duty to pass such an occasion without a note of attention. We are bound, as are all other citizens, to remember, and to *cause* others to recollect the example which he has left us; and to cite the fame which has outlived party spirit and the attacks of contemporaries, as a proof that those who deserve well will receive the willing justice of a grateful people. While we can commend no living politician or statesman with entire immunity from suspicion as a partisan; it is a grateful exercise of patriotism to turn back and dwell on the virtues of those whose account is closed; and to praise where we can do it without liability to the charge of speaking from interest or prejudice.

Such is the popular feeling. Men of all parties and of no political party, meet on common ground this day; rejoicing, apparently among other causes of gratulation, that there is one thing at least, on which this party-divided country can speak unanimously—the fame and glory of one whose whole *character*—not mere exploits—furnish the brightest page in the history of his time. The worst man may [illegible] glorious passages for the history of his country, honorable in his public, while despicable in his private life; or the good man may shine for awhile in all relations, and then sink, the partial praises of his countrymen kindly dropping a veil over the ill *conclusion* of what was well begun;—but few—very few—like Washington, are examples to posterity from the cradle to the grave, and alike honorable in all relations, and under all *circumstances*.

The ancients made their heroes after death, gods and demi-gods. We, better taught, stop short of that impious folly; and as our reverence is preferable to their idolatry, so is the character of the subject of our respect and veneration immeasurably above that of any niche-filler in the Pantheon. Let it not then be empty words, or mere declamation. Let us endeavor to feel what we profess, and to imitate what we so much laud and hear lauded.

As appropriate to this day we submit a poem from "The Leydon Bard," which has lain many days in our possession, awaiting this anniversary.

CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.

Blest is the land that in its greatness feels
The mellow breeze which Freedom's lofty breath
Wafts o'er its plains! whose reason, perched aloft
Upon the summit of intelligence,
Smiles at the feeble writhings of the serfs,
Whose necks with ignorance are bowed to [illegible]
And utterly trammeled by the [illegible] of kings.
The proper sphere for Liberty is light;
There man is man, and not the slave of slaves,
For where his thoughts and feelings are confined
Within the narrow compass of his hearth,
And never, e'en in whispers, heard beyond,
Their energies must soon be lulled to sleep
Within the gloomy chasm of despair.
Then degradation spreads her mournful pall
O'er all his hopes and social sympathies,
Beneath whose shameful curtain he is swept
Unheard, unnoticed, and unknown, to ruin.
But where no frontier rears its frowning head
To fetter thought, except the boundless space
Of vast infinity; and mind unchained
In reason, or in fancy's shallop glides
Upon the bosom of reflection's tide,
There truth and system must have their abode,
In stately grandeur pours the public mind,
Robed in its pristine galaxy of light;
And despots tremble to behold the land
Where Freedom dwells, and Liberty prevails.
Such is the land, the labors, and design
[illegible] well conceived, and carried out
A brilliant scheme [illegible] happiness.
He moved his lips, and [illegible]
He waved his hand, and legions came with joy,
To do his bidding, and award him praise.
His rusty sabre he with dread unsheathed,
To cultivate the dreadful art of war,
Amid the files of his united band;
But kingdoms his delightful mandates heard,
And statue-like they lingered back aghast
To see, admire, and tremble as he spoke.
The path to glory beaten well, and fresh
With trails of champions that had gone before
Seemed dignified, and honored to excess,
As firm he entered on the weary march,
And trod upon the portal's golden step
Of fame's time-honored Pantheon.
The hand
Of high Omnipotence protected him
In peril's hour through warfare's mingled din;
And his deep gratitude to smiling Heaven,
Stands registered upon time's records now,
By far the brightest token of his life—
A lasting echo of what man should be.
The champion of the sacred rights of man,
And victor o'er the mistress of the seas,
He valued not what mortal greatness brought;
But humbly 'mid the honored of his race,
Resigned a sceptre of such costly worth,
That e'en the proudest potentate of earth,
Could ne'er demand a more illustrious boon.
The foes that first as captives to him came,
No sooner gazed upon his honored brow,
Than in a grateful shout of tender thanks,
With beating hearts that his kind mercies tested,
They praised the goodness of his noble heart.
E'en mid the legions of his enemies,
Were voices heard that proudly spoke, to bless
The institutions that to him gave birth.
The sage-like maxims which fell from his lips,
In careful recollection were preserved,
As precepts that should be a nation's guide,
And which might teach the Delphian priests of old
A lesson heretofore to them unknown.

Whilst in life's grand arena last he stood,
And to his fellow-lab'rers bade adieu,
A nation's warmest sympathies gushed forth,
In streams of adoration o'er his head.
Loud were the shouts which hailed him victor now,
As soldier, statesman, citizen and friend.
Their patriotic echoes spread abroad,
Enveloping with new lustre his fair name;
Whilst ev'ry bosom vied with eager care,
To twine around his silvered brow a wreath
Of everlasting gratitude and love.

Behold him after life well spent, in peace,
Upon the margin of his fav'rite stream,
Beneath the branches of domestic shade
[illegible]
To scenes of sweet reflection; and behold
Beyond the narrow pale wherein he sat,
His NAME, his COUNTRY, and young LIBERTY
Bloom altogether—three most noble flowers!
This was the glory of a virtuous life
To move at large before a wond'ring world
In all the pomp and majesty of fame,
Unscathed by envy's sharp and fatal tongue;
Hurl to the earth a mighty corner-stone,
Whose downfall should regenerate mankind;
And when the vast achievement had been done,
Fly to his home, and there expire in peace!
To contemplate the virtues of this Sire,
Amazement bursts, and wonder fills the brain
With marvellings at Nature's handiwork.
How from the deep research of ages past
She could conceal perfection's mould of mind;
And then, as though unconscious, push it forth,
To ornament immortal WASHINGTON!

To the Editors of the Philadelphia Saturday Courier:

Gentlemen—If you deem the following poetry worthy of a place in your popular and widely circulated paper, you will publish it of course. It was composed some few years past, by Robert Dowsman, Esq., of Greenvale, Lancaster County, Virginia, and I am sure, as I have the original in my possession, that it has never been given to the public through the medium of the press. This highly gifted young man, now no more, was deprived of his sight in early infancy.—He possessed a rare talent and great fondness for Music and Poetry, and his spirit-stirring performances on the Violin, Flute, Flageolet, and Accordion, were equalled only by the beauty and originality of thought which characterized his poetical compositions. He lived for several years previous to, and at the time of his lamented death, near the then dilapidated Protestant Episcopal Church, which was made the subject of the following lines. Fortunately for him, he was nursed in the lap of affluence; but more fortunate still, he had the respect, the esteem and the confidence of all who knew him; and he died leaving many to exclaim in the language of one of his own verses,

> "O Death! where will thy darts be staid,
> Thou mocker of all human promise!
> O Grave! how much we love is laid,
> In thy cold lap forever from us."

Yours, &c. W.

WRITTEN AMONG THE RUINS OF WHITE CHAPEL CHURCH.

These ruined aisles and mouldering walls,
Have oft to holy anthems given,
Sweet echo, when the voice of all,
Ascended up in praise to Heaven.
And age and youth, and high and low,
Together came in humble love
And joined to worship and adore
The one Eternal Throne above.

And beauty too, was there with smiles,
That seemed to stern decay denied;
Each happy bridegroom through these aisles,
Conducted along his blushing bride.
And where are now that mingled throng,
Of grief and love—of fear and trust?
Swept by the tide of time along,
Around these walls asleep in dust.

And graves are here, o'er which may weep,
The friends whom memory long shall prove
While thousands here forgotten sleep,
That once had life, and hope, and love.
And there where holy men have stood,
The everlasting truths explaining,
The owl may build in solitude,
'Mid tombs themselves to ruin waning.

And walls in silence moulder down,
Whence every voice and sound hath fled,
Save where the wild winds seem to moan,
And breathe the requiem of the dead.
And as their sighing numbers flow,
Through ruined aisles with mournful swell,
I deem it angels murmuring o'er,
The ruin which on Eden fell.
And in a warning voice they call,
To Adam's thoughtless race below,
All that is mortal since the Fall,
Back to the dust must surely go.

Farnham Church, Richmond Co., Va., March 26th, 18[illegible]

DEATH SCENE OF THE CHRISTIAN.

BY ROBERT MORRIS.

> "Faith in her God, she welcomed death,
> A sweet release from pain,
> And gently yielding up her breath,
> She died—to live again."

The triumph of Christianity over all other forms and systems of belief, its divine origin and heaven-inspiring hopes, are never made so distinct and conclusive, as at the closing hours of the true believer. This was forcibly illustrated a few days since, in the case of a young female of this city. She was only eighteen years of age, and had been lingering for months under the influence of that almost hopeless malady—consumption. She rose on the morning in question, and calmly mentioned to some of her friends, that she felt that her last hour was approaching. They endeavored to dispel such an idea, and to cheer her by encouraging language, as to her possible recovery and the promises of the future. But she shook her head, smiled faintly, and begged them to send for the family physician. The request was obeyed—the physician was promptly in attendance. His opinion confirmed the views of his patient. He said that she was evidently wasting rapidly away, and would not in all probability live beyond the day. Still, perfectly self-possessed and fully resigned, she prepared herself for her approaching decease. She called her friends and family around her, told them that she would soon be in the land of spirits, and bade such of them as she might not be able to see again, an affectionate farewell. She then sent for the clergyman who had attended her, and with him engaged in various religious exercises. She sang a hymn during the day appropriate to her condition, and appeared not only composed and resigned, but perfectly happy. She had long been a professed Christian, and as life approached its end, her faith and hopes in the saving and redeeming influences of Christianity, grew stronger and stronger. Her death scene was indeed calm, touching, beautiful. It formed an easy transition from the world of mortality to a region of immortality. The things of this life were parted with, without a regret. Her heart, her soul, had long been disposed to, and prepared for, the journey, she was about to take. She knew that the future would soon burst upon her, "new scenes, a new and an untried world, an eternity vast, boundless, endless. But she was a Christian, and she had faith and hope of immediate ascension to the mansions of light and glory, to the welcome of angels, and to the approving smile of the Creator."

HELEN AND EDWARD;

OR, AN EVENING AT HOME.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Not going to the ball!" said Mrs. Lindley, with a look and tone of surprise. "What has come over the girl!"

"I don't know, but she says she's not going."

"Doesn't her ball dress fit?"

"Yes, beautifully."

"What is the matter, then?"

"Indeed, ma, I cannot tell. You had better go up and see her. It is the strangest notion in the world. Why, you couldn't hire me to stay at home."

Mrs. Lindley went up stairs, and entering her daughter's room, found her sitting on the side of the bed, with a beautiful ball dress in her hand.

"It isn't possible, Helen, that you are not going to this ball!" she said.

Helen looked up with a half serious, half smiling expression on her face.

"I've been trying, for the last half hour," she replied, "to decide whether I ought to go, or stay at home. I think, perhaps, I ought to remain at home."

"But what earthly reason can you have for doing so? Don't you like your dress?"

"O, yes, very much. I think it beautiful."

"Doesn't it fit you?"

"As well as any dress I ever had."

"Are you not well?"

"Very well."

"Then why not go to the ball? It will be the largest and most fashionable of the season. You know that your father and myself are both going. We shall want to see you there, of course. Your father will require some very good reason for your absence."

Helen looked perplexed at her mother's last remark.

"Do you think father will be displeased if I remain at home?" she asked.

"I think he will, unless you can satisfy him that your reason for doing so is a very good one. Nor shall I feel that you doing right. I wish all my children to act under the government of a sound judgment. Impulse, or reasons not to be spoken of freely to their parents, should in no case influence their actions."

Helen sat thoughtful for more than a minute, and then said, her eyes growing dim as she spoke:

"I wish to stay at home for Edward's sake."

"And why for his, my dear?"

"He doesn't go to the ball, you know."

"Because he is too young, and too backward. You couldn't hire him to go there. But, that is no reason why you should remain at home. You would never partake of any social amusement, were this always to influence you. Let him spend the evening in reading. He must not expect his sisters to deny themselves all recreation in which he cannot or will not participate."

"He does not. I know he would not bear to such a thing as my staying at home on his account."

"Then, why stay?"

"Because I feel that I ought to do so. This is the way I have felt all day, whenever I have thought of going. If I were to go, I know that I would not have a moment's enjoyment. He need not know why I remain at home. To tell him that I did not wish to go will satisfy his mind."

"I shall not urge the matter, Helen," Mrs. Lindley said, after a silence of some moments; "you are old enough to judge in a matter of this kind for yourself. But, I must say, I think you rather foolish.—You will not find Edward disposed to sacrifice so much for you."

"Of that I do not think, mother. Of that I ought not to think."

"Perhaps not. Well, you may do as you like. But, I don't know what your father will say."

Mrs. Lindley then left the room.

Edward Lindley was at the critical age of eighteen; that period when many young men, especially those who have [illegible] with sisters, would have highly enjoyed a ball. But Edward was shy, timid, and bashful in company, and could hardly ever be induced to go out to parties with his sisters. Still, he was intelligent for his years, and companionable. His many good qualities endeared him to his family, and drew forth from his sisters towards him a very tender regard.

Among his male friends were several about his own age, members of families with whom his own was on friendly terms. With these he associated frequently, and, with two or three others, quite intimately. For a month or two, Helen noticed that one and another of these young friends called every now and then for Edward, in the evening, and that he went out with them and staid until bed time. But unless his sisters were from home, he never went of his own accord. The fact of his being out with these young men, had, from the first, troubled Helen; though, the reason of her feeling troubled she could not tell. Edward had good principles, and she could not bring herself to entertain fears of any clearly defined evil. Still a sensation of uneasiness was always produced when he was from home in the evening.

Her knowing that Edward would go out, after they had all left, was the reason why Helen did not wish to attend the ball. The first thought of this had produced an unpleasant sensation in her mind, which increased the longer she debated the question of going away, or remaining at home. Finally, she decided that she would not go. This decision took place after the interview with her mother, which was only half an hour from the time of starting.

Edward knew nothing of the intention of his sister. He was in his own room, dressing to go out, and supposed, when he heard the carriage drive from the door, that Helen had gone with the other members of the family. On descending to the parlor, he was surprised to find her sitting by the centre table, with a book in her hand.

"Helen! is this you? I thought you had gone to the ball. Are you not well?" he said, quickly, and with surprise, coming up to her side.

"I am very well, brother," she replied, looking into his face with a smile of sisterly regard. "But I have concluded to stay at home this evening. I'm going to keep your company."

"And you indeed! right glad am I of it! though I am sorry you have deprived yourself of the pleasure of this ball, which, I believe, is to be a very brilliant one. I was just going out, because it is so dull at home when you are all away."

"I am not particularly desirous of going to the ball. So little so, that the thoughts of you being left here all alone had sufficient influence over me to keep me away."

"Indeed! Well, I must say you are kind," Edward returned, with feeling. The self-sacrificing act of his sister had touched him sensibly.

Both Helen and her brother played well. She upon the harp and piano, and he upon the flute and violin. Both were fond of music, and practised and played frequently together. Part of the evening was spent in this way, much to the satisfaction of each. Then an hour passed in reading and conversation, after which, music was again resorted to. Thus passed the time pleasantly until the hour for retiring came, when they separated, both with an internal feeling of pleasure more delightful than they had experienced for a long time. It was nearly three o'clock before Mr. and Mrs. Lindley, and the daughter who had accompanied them to the ball, came home.—Hours before, the senses of both Edward and Helen had been locked in forgetfulness.

Time passed on. Edward Lindley grew up, and became a man of sound principles—a blessing to his family and society. He saw his sisters well married; and himself, finally, led to the altar a lovely maiden. She made him a truly happy husband. On the night of his wedding, as he sat beside Helen, he paused for some time, in the midst of a pleasant conversation, thoughtfully. At last he said—

"Do you remember, sister, the night you staid home from the ball to keep me company?"

"That was some years ago. Yes, I remember it very well, now you have recalled it to my mind."

"I have often since thought, Helen," he said, with a serious air, "that by the simple act of thus remaining at home for my sake, you were the means of saving me from destruction."

"How so?" asked the sister.

"I was just then beginning to form an intimate association with young men of my own age, nearly all of whom have since turned out badly. I did not care a great deal about their company; still, I liked society and used to be with them frequently—especially when you and Mary went out in the evening. On the night of the ball to which you were going, these young men had a supper, and I was to have been with them. I did not wish particularly to join them, but preferred doing so to remaining at home alone. To find you, as I did, so unexpectedly, in the parlor, was an agreeable surprise indeed. I staid at home with a new pleasure, which was heightened by the thought, that it was your love for me that had made you deny yourself for my gratification. We read together on that evening, we played together, we talked of many things. In your mind I had never before seen so much to inspire my own with high and pure thoughts. I remembered the conversation of the young men with whom I had been associating, and in which I had taken pleasure, with something like disgust. It was low, sensual, and too much of it vile and demoralizing. Never, from that hour, did I join them. Their way, even in the early stage of life's journey, I saw to be downward, and downward it has ever since been tending. How often since have I thought of that point in time, so full-fraught with good and evil influences. Those few hours spent with you seemed to take scales from my eyes. I saw with a new vision. I thought and felt differently.—Had you gone to the ball, and I to meet those young men, no one can tell what might not have been the consequence. Sensual indulgences carried to excess, amid songs and sentiments calculated to awaken evil instead of good feelings, might have stamped upon my young and delicate mind a bias to low affections that never would have been eradicated. That was the great starting point in life—the period when I was coming into a state of rationality and freedom. The good prevailed over the evil, and by the agency of my sister, as an angel sent by the Author of all benefits to save me."

Like Helen Lindley, let every elder sister be thoughtful of her brothers at that critical period in life, when the boy is about passing up to the stage of manhood, and she may save them from many a snare set for their unwary feet by the evil one.

THE DEATH OF EVE

'Twas evening tide. The fiery charioteer
Who guides the coursers of the king of day,
Had urged their ascent up the azure space
Which links the orient with the distant west,
Until his burning wheels a moment paused,
Upon its utmost height. A moment more,
And the descending arch-way mirrored forth
The brilliant glories of the irradiant king!
And now, before he reached the utmost bound
Which severs day from night, he paused again,
And cast a lingering look on scenes behind.

Beneath a bower, near Eden's eastern gate,
Around whose leafy sides in festoons hung
The richest, sweetest flowers of orient birth,
Reclined the dying mother of mankind.
The constant partner of her every joy,
And (since that fatal day, when perfect bliss
Fled their polluted bower, and sped its way
To holier scenes beneath the throne of God,)
The constant partner of her every woe,
Beside her knelt. Her children too were there.
Not all—for one was not. Long since his voice
Had ceased to mingle in their pious song,
As with the fading light of evening sky,
They offered up their joyous notes of praise,
To Him who rules the skies. One other still
Was absent from that lovely group, which thus,
In silence, gathered round the mossy couch,
To view a sight on earth unseen before—
A mother's dying hour. That other one
Now roamed a stranger to that holy place,
Which springs from pardoned sin, with Heaven's broad seal
Of reprobation on him.

Some ere this
Had gaz'd upon the pallid corpse of him
Whose blood was by an elder brother shed.
Then nature, trembling, stood aghast, and God,
Before whose face a murdered brother's blood
For retribution cried, in anger spoke,
And midst the gloom His vengeful power displayed.
Now all was calm. Serene the sun declined,
And nought except the breeze's silken hand
Disturbed the ringlets o'er her pallid brow.
But soon a trembling seized that gentle frame—
A quiver passed through every nerve and limb—
Unwonted paleness sat upon her face,
And shortened breath spoke dissolution nigh.

"Companion of my life," at length she said,
"The hour is come. The hour of lamented doom,
Which by my guilt we both incurred, now waits
Its consummation. Speak to me, once more,
Forgiveness of the rash and dreadful deed
Which exiled us from Eden's blissful shades,
To wander here, and reap the bitter fruits
Of our rebellious act." Sudden she ceased,
For thought of joys by disobedience lost,
And pain and death by her own hand incurred;
And more, the hatefulness of sin itself,
Her utterance sealed. A look of tenderest love
From Adam's moistened eye her sorrows calmed,
While from around fell many a tear bespoke
The strength and tenderness of filial love.

"My children," she resumed, "you too have heard
The tragic tale of Eden's shameful fall.
'Tis woful for a mother thus to name
The sad inheritance she leaves to those
She holds most dear. For you I still must grieve;
Yet weep not thus for me. A moment more,
And all of earth from me will pass. A scene,
More bright than even Eden's blissful bowers,
Will then arise before me. Even now
A shining seraph, from above, like those
We often saw amidst the flowery walks
Of Paradise, whispers to my ear,
In accents sweet, of endless joys above,
And bids me look on high. There Abel lives;
And, drest in robes of spotless innocence,
Before the Golden Throne adoring bends;
With him, a convoy of celestial ones
Come to attend my panting soul above,
Where sin is known no more.

"Hark! they draw near!
I see them now! Softly! they beckon me
To join their song—a song so sweet, like that
They sung, when first they saw Creation's work,
Wrought and complete. But hark! a single voice,

And one well-known, I hear, 'Tis Abel's voice!
And with a sweet-toned harp alone he sings,
A song unlearned by all the heavenly choirs—
The wonders of redeeming love! That song
My voice shall join. Behold, the Host Supreme
Extends a golden harp, and bids me come!
Then quickly all farewell. 'Twill not be long,
For soon you too will join me there. Farewell!"

While thus she spoke, the solemn group had knelt
Around her sylvan couch, with listening ear,
To catch each word. But when her voice,
Which seemed new-toned to that blissful song,
Pronounced the word "Farewell!" her eye stood fix'd,
Reflecting, like some gently sleeping lake,
The silver beams of evening light; and when
The throbbing breast and quivering lip were still'd—
And smiles, which faded not, illumed the cheek,
As though the soul had left upon that face
The impress of its joy. Then first a cry
Of anguish deep, bespoke the heart-felt grief;
And mingled tears bedew'd that lovely form
Forever stilled in death.

* * * * *

Within the view of Eden's warded gate,
A single mound protects the slumbering dead.
A cypress tree—a daughter's tender care—
Points out the hallowed spot, and 'neath its shade
A bed of flowers their richest beauties yield,
To deck the grave that angels watch and guard.

ADUMA.

[illegible], Pa.

MY FIRST PROPOSAL.

'A faint heart never won a fair lady,' has become a settled truism; but whether a strong heart ever won a coquet, is problematical; yet as far as I am concerned, I will endeavour to solve the question.

The dulness of the summer months in the city induced me to return to my native town. I had been absent for several years, and longed to visit once more the scenes of my childhood, and enjoy the pure air and fascinating idleness of the country. It was in the quiet and sober village of Pelham, that I met with the heroine of my story.

I had been in town but a few days, when the quiet of the village was sensibly disturbed by a rumour that Mrs. Beal was to give a party, for the purpose of introducing her niece, Miss Polly Shivers. Such an uncommon occurrence formed, of course, the all-absorbing topic of conversation, and various were the reports circulated regarding the young lady who was to form the chief attraction of the evening; but all agreed she was an heiress, and disengaged. A residence in the city for several years had softened the natural uncouthness of my manners, and given me a degree of confidence necessary to figure in society, and this confidence was rendered doubly strong when I thought of the insignificant rivalry I should meet among the village beaux; so I fully resolved to 'lay siege' to Miss Shivers, and, if possible, gain her affections.

The evening for the party arrived, and in order to create an overwhelming sensation, as well as to give evidence of my city breeding, I repaired at a late hour to Mrs. Beal's, and, of course, found the whole company assembled. Opposite the door were seen a dozen young ladies, standing arm in arm, watching the entrance of each party, while another group were telling fortunes, or looking over some soiled engravings. The village beaux clustered about the door, keeping at a respectable distance from the ladies, their countenances betraying the will to do, but not the soul to dare.

Miss Shivers was standing in the recess of a window, listlessly gazing on the scene around her, but without appearing to participate in the gaiety of her companions. Her person was rather beyond the common size, or, perchance I should say, it was a very uncommon size, and she would have been vulgarly termed fleshy. Her hair, the colour of which might have been poetically called auburn, but which, in plain prose, we will describe as sun-burnt yellow, was dressed smoothly back from her forehead, and gathered into a knot on the crown of her head, over which a gilded comb stood stiffly up like a gravestone in a desert. I could never discover the colour of her eyes, but they must have been very attractive, for they were continually looking at each other over the bridge of her nose, (which, by the way, offered but a slight obstacle) so that the lady would have been called, by malicious persons, cross-eyed. I have often heard of a transparent skin, and a brilliant complexion, but never exactly understood the meaning of the terms, but I should not say that Miss Shivers had a transparent skin, though her complexion was very brilliant, and beautifully reflected the lights in the room, and shone conspicuous above all others.

The lady was dressed in a white satin, gaily ornamented with flounces, lace, and ribbons, and the dress showed like a newly painted house, and was as stiff as chiselled drapery. An enormous gold chain hung from her neck, to which was attached a watch of no very delicate dimensions, the dial of which being exposed, it was very useful to her neighbours; a pair of long white kid gloves covered the lower part of her rather muscular arms, and finely contrasted with a pair of most inveterate red elbows.

Now, dear reader, you have before you, as well as my feeble pen can describe, the belle and the attractions of Mrs. Beal's party.

Though Miss Shivers was not very prepossessing in her appearance, the ten thousand dollars which I found she had in her own right, induced me to be introduced to her. But I will not weary the reader by a narration of the numerous flattering attentions I bestowed on the lady, or the significant remarks which those civilities occasioned amongst the guests; suffice it to say, that I returned home that night fully resolved to win the heart, at all hazards, of the heiress.

For the first week I made but little progress, but I was not to be discouraged. No attention was omitted; not an art in the whole catalogue of love was left untried; still my lady-love was unmoved; she spoke not a word of encouragement—no, not one sweet endearing accent escaped from her lips to calm my troubled breast. Still I persevered; day after day I was at her house; books I brought from the library; the choicest fruits were to be found on her table, and I read one volume of 'Elegant Extracts,' merely to find some lines for her album expressive of my feelings. Poets have sung of the devotedness of Leander, who swam the Hellespont to see his lady-love, but I waded neck deep in the horse pond to procure for my love the water-lily. Romeo leaped the garden wall to see his Juliet, but I sat for hours on the fence to watch my Polly as she retired to her chamber. But all these evidences of my devotion were of no avail; I wrought no change; I was enduring 'the keenest of all ills—uncertainty,' and resolved to bring the affair to a crisis. But how to make the proposal was the question. After a dozen plans, I resolved to ask the lady to take a ride, and to accept of that opportunity to open my heart to her. My invitation was accepted, and hope revived again. At two o'clock I was seen driving through the town with Miss Shivers at my side.

The awful moment had now arrived. I was now to know my destiny; I was to be the accepted lover or the rejected one. I became excessively agitated; every word of the beautiful address I had concocted the night previous vanished from my memory. But an attempt was to be made, and when we had passed through the village into the open country, I broke the ice. I began first by calling Miss S.'s attention to the beautiful scenery, for I thought a little sentiment was necessary. I spoke of the waving grass, the laughing flowers, the azure skies, and the thousand little beauties that everywhere met our view. The lady agreed with me exactly, but she spoke with no enthusiasm; there was no sentiment, no romance, no feeling; and I found this would not answer, so I stood on another tack.

'Have you ever been in Boston, Miss Shivers?'

'No, sir.'

'Don't you think you should like to reside there?' I asked, giving the horse a cut.

'I really cannot say, Mr. Simpson.'

'I think you *could* be pleasantly situated there; (another cut;) the society is very fine, though one certainly wishes for his friends around him: *I* often feel lonely, and sigh for a companion—'

'Yes, sir.'

'I am confident you could be happy there,' I replied, almost in despair, and giving the horse a tremendous lash, 'I should delight to introduce you to my friends, if my society is as agreeable to you, as yours is—'

'Mr. Simpson!' shrieked Miss Shivers, 'you are driving *into the ditch!*'

The words were no sooner spoken than over we went, and both were thrown from the chaise. Miss Shivers screamed, the poor horse kicked, and I endeavoured to free myself from the reins.

I arose at last, but in the very agony of despair, I gazed upon the lady. What an object! bonnet torn, dress soiled, and her face covered with mud. I could have sunk into the earth. I begged, entreated, but had not the power to move.

'I will never venture into that chaise again,' said the lady; 'but why don't you assist me? I shall die—I am dying.'

She went into hysterics. I caught her as she fell, and though my arms were nearly broken in the attempt to save, I still supported her. She revived at last, and, succeeding in persuading her to take a seat in the chaise, I turned the horse's head toward the village.

Here was a downfall to all my hopes. I was a ruined man, I knew. I threw my head back against the chaise, and in silence indulged in my misery. The lady uttered a few words about careless driving, broken bones, and ruined dresses, but spoke not a word of consolation.

I drove rapidly home, scarcely knowing where I was going, until I was aroused by the renewed screams of Miss Shivers, and I had just time to see that I had run over a child who was playing in the road. My companion became alarmed, and ordered me to give up the reins. In vain I expostulated—in vain I stated the ridiculous figure we should make driving through the town; I was obliged to yield my right as driver, and the lady took the reins.

Imagine me, dear reader, riding through the village, driven by a lady.

I returned home in a state of mind bordering on insanity. I thought of the scandal the affair would create, the jokes that would be made at my expense, and the utter annihilation of all my dreams of bliss. I rushed from the room, and finding no person on whom to wreak my vengeance, I ran to the stable and lashed the poor horse until I was exhausted by the exercise.

A week passed, and I scarce ventured from the house, but remained 'a weary-worn and wretched thing;' 'a gloomy wilderness of dying thought,' acting to perfection the despairing lover. At last I ventured to open my heart to a friend, who informed me that Miss Shivers had quite forgotten the affair, and considered it a capital joke. My friend also stated that I should meet her at her house that evening, when all would be explained and settled.

My heart beat warm again, and a smile was seen once more upon my face; but with a faint heart I attended the party, and after various attempts, succeeded in making a humble apology for my past misconduct. I could have cried for joy when I found that all was forgiven, and that I was reinstated in Miss S.'s good graces. Oh! shall I ever forget the thousand attentions I paid that evening—the conundrums I told—the 'easy bows' I also merely to present her with the [illegible]—the sighs I uttered, the decided hints I offered—no, not 'while memory holds a seat in this distracted globe.'

The evening passed rapidly away, and when the hour arrived for the company to depart, it was discovered that a cloud had arisen, which threatened a tremendous shower.

Miss Shivers was determined to walk home, though I hinted that I would order my chaise, forgetting the character that I had established as a driver. My arm was offered, however, and under one umbrella we departed. We had two miles to walk, but had not proceeded many rods before the rain began to fall in torrents, accompanied by strong symptoms of thunder. I drew the shawl closely around the lady, and inquired if she was alarmed.

She replied that 'she did not mind thunder so much, but she was rather shy of lightning.'

I had determined during the evening to renew my proposal, and I thought the present a good opportunity, though we walked nearly a mile, ere I could screw my courage to the sticking point. At last I broke the painful silence.

'Miss Shivers, our unfortunate upset prevented me then from expressing my feelings as fully as I could wish, but I hope——'

'Oh, Mr. Simpson, how it lightens, I hope you have no steel on your umbrella!'

'No! nor is my heart of *steel!*' I replied. 'I have longed for an opportunity to express to you my——'

'How careless you are, Mr. Simpson; you have led me into a puddle of water. I should think the lightning would direct you.'

'Oh! but the lightning of your eyes misdirects me,' I exclaimed, trembling with emotion.

'Don't talk such nonsense, Mr. Simpson, I won't listen to it.'

But I had committed myself, and my tongue would not be silent.

'*I love you!*' I exclaimed, 'and I must tell you so.'

'Mr. Simpson, if you don't mind your business, I won't walk with you.'

I grasped her hand, fell down on my knees in a puddle of water, and while the rains from heaven and burning tears trickled down my face, I gave utterance to my feelings in no studied language. In vain I spoke of the ardor, the sincerity of my attachment; in vain I depicted my future misery if I should be rejected. Eloquence was of no avail, and I changed my language. I upbraided her, I called her a coquette, a hard-hearted, heartless woman, a trifler with my affections. I talked of pistols and suicide, but all, all in vain. The lady tore the umbrella from my hand, and after a few peculiar epithets, left me to my misery.

The rain was falling in torrents, the lightning flashed, the thunder roared, but I heeded them not, but remained fixed, immoveable, senseless. How long I stood upon the spot I know not, but when I came to my senses, I was drenched to the skin, and cold as an icicle. Mortal man could not resist the elements longer. I gave one more look, one more ejaculation of anguish, and ran for home. Wet, exhausted, desperate, I entered the house and seated myself before the kitchen fire. A little reflection told me of my misfortune. I saw that I had been jilted, laughed at, and derided. I knew that I had made a fool of myself, and I became enraged. I paced the room like a madman; it rang with my vows of vengeance. I upset a cupboard of crockery—overthrew tables and chairs—I threw my [illegible] favorite cat into the fire, and [illegible]

[illegible]
Nancy's lap-dog in the head with the gridiron. The whole house was in confusion—my mother screamed, the children cried, but I heeded them not, but rushed to my chamber and locked the door.

How I passed that night, the reader can imagine; suffice it to say, that I left town the next morning, cursing the day I visited Pelham, and mortified by the result of *my first proposal*.—*N. Y. Mirror.*

TO MY LAME BOY.

BY JOSEPH BOUGHTON, Esq.

Oh, who can see the wounded bird,
A-[illegible] a [illegible] or broken wing,
Without a pitying thought or word,
Bestowed upon the hapless thing?
Who would not rather see its form
Careering through the ambient sky's,
And feel his beating heart grow warm,
Towards that sweet tenant of the sky?

Can I then look on thee fair face,
And mark the sadness resting there—
Regard thy form of mould and grace,
Those eyes of heavenly impress, where
Are beaming boyhood's bright rays,
Nor feel my eyes with tears grow dim,
As with a parent's heart they gaze,
My boy, upon thy [illegible] limb?

Those eyes look out upon the lawn,
Whereon thy infant footsteps strayed,
And where thy feet, like agile fawn,
Have with thy little comrades played.
But now in vain thy spirit leaps,
To join that laughing, merry band,
And that young spirit, drooping, weeps,
To feel that it is thus enchained.

Must that young heart be rent with woes,
And sadness strike each tender string—
Must sorrow's crushing, blighting throes,
Blast each bud thus blossoming?—
And shall the arrows, keen and dire,
That speed from sad Misfortune's quiver,
Descend, with their malignant ire,
On thy devoted head for ever?

No—innocent, sweet [illegible], no!
For ever in each feeling breast,
A chord will vibrate to the [illegible],
Which has thy slender form oppress'd,
And true will be the tender care
Of those whose eyes shall watch above thee,
And frequent will the fervent prayer
Ascend from gentle hearts that love thee.

And when bold manhood's pathway bright
Shall burst upon thy eager gaze,
Kind friends will [illegible] to their might,
To cheer thee onward through its maze.
And oh, through life, may Virtue's hand
Upon thy brow her chaplet bind,
And Wisdom, on thy every hand,
Shed treasures of the immortal mind.

Binghamton, N. Y., 1843.

Written for the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

REPEAL SONG.

"When my country shall take her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written."—[Emmet.

Arise, sons of Erin! the moment is nigh,
When the world shall respond to the patriot's cry!
No longer our necks shall be bowed to the yoke;
By true hearts and strong hands shall our fetters be broke—
And through distant lands, echoed, the glad shout shall be,
Which proclaims to the nations, that Ireland is free!

Awake to the struggle, brave spirits, awake!
From Boyne's sullied waters, to Cashel's wild lake—
Let the watch-word of liberty [illegible] go forth,
From Munster and Ulster, the South and the North—
'Till the gathering storm shall be heard o'er the sea,
To tell England's proud rulers that Ireland is free!

Arouse! for the sake of the patriot dead—
Not in vain has their blood on the scaffold been shed.
In our hearts live as those of the year ninety-eight;
Be our arms stronger nerved, when we think of their fate—
And, like theirs, be our graves—if we live not to see
The land that we love best, a land of the free!

Oh! glorious the contest—and righteous the cause!
For our long oppressed country, her church, and her laws!
And the day is approaching, when bright through the gloom,
Freedom's [illegible] shall rise on the patriot's tomb!
And pure and unclouded the dawning shall be,
From the night of long ages, oh! Ireland, to thee!
B****.

Richmond Hill, N. Y., 1843.

WHAT'S IN A WORD?

BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT,
AUTHOR OF "MARMADUKE WYVIL," "CROMWELL," ETC. ETC.

Far from the busy mart and the gay haunts of fashion, there stands yet, in the outskirts of a large city in a free, civilized, and happy land, a tall, dilapidated-looking building, of red brick. By no means devoid of pretension in the style of its architecture, though it had evidently never been completed, with many rows of large and handsome windows, it was probably intended by some speculator, more enterprising than sagacious, for a hotel, or summer boarding-house; but there needed but one glance to see that it had degenerated into a mere hive of the poorest and most squalid of the laboring poor. The doors were warped and shattered; and one leaf of the principal entrance swung by the lower hinge alone, and [illegible] if the slightest [illegible] would [illegible] it from that likewise. The windows, not one of which was entire, were stuffed with all kinds of substitutes to shut out the keen air of an American December night, which was setting in with more than usual rigor—a half-starved pig lay stretched out in a cavity which yawned under the wretched wooden steps that gave access to the wide door-way; where to carry out the original design there should have been a splendid marble stair and terrace; two or three gaunt and wolfish looking curs were prowling to and fro about the entrance; and a dirty, crop-eared, discolored cat, was watching their movements with a jealous eye, from the broken hand-rail, which offered but a frail support to the hand of any one ascending the slippery and sordid stairs.

It wanted a little while of sunset, and the sky was still full of light, but the very sunshine was cold and ungenial in its aspect; the northwest wind blew, cutting and keen, from the neighboring river; and if a drop of water was spilled by chance on the pavement, it was converted on the instant into a globule of solid ice.

Every one, who was abroad that evening, even if he were wrapped up in the warmest garb of wadded broadcloth and rich fur, felt the severe and biting cold even to his bones, as it seemed; and walked as fast as he could to keep his blood alive, and his flesh unfrozen.

But there was one man, who, though not clothed against the weather, nor indeed covered sufficiently to enable him to face the mildest breath of winter, far from hurrying along the street, loitered with a sad, pensive, and yet restless air, as if he were afraid or unwilling to reach the end of his wanderings.

He was a man, in the prime of youth, who must have been naturally well looking and powerfully framed, though his features were now so much sharpened by care and perhaps by want, that almost every trace of comeliness had vanished from their outlines; while the expression that pervaded them was so wild, haggard, and painful, that it was actually unpleasant to behold them. His figure also, though the breadth of the shoulders and symmetry of the proportions could not be concealed, was so terribly emaciated and shrunken, that his threadbare and patched though scrupulously clean surtout, of what had been once fine black cloth, fluttered about him like the fantastic draperies of a scare-crow. Not a shred of linen was visible at his cuffs or collar, a rusty black neck cloth twisted about his neck, alone appearing above the collar of his closely-buttoned frock. A more disastrous and lamentable object could not be well imagined than this young man, who should have been, it was plain to me, one of the noblest and most athletic of the great Maker's creatures.

Yet lamentable and frightful as it was, there was, with all the poverty, nothing that looked like a trace of vice or profligacy, nor any thing depraved or low in the character of the man; on the contrary his bearing and demeanor were those of a gentleman, and the expression of his features, although they were pale and pinched and almost distorted, would have been fine and noble, but for the wild anxiety which gleamed from the bright blue eyes, and quivered in the muscles of the mouth.

Bitter and piercing though the night wind was, and insufficiently as he was clad to face it, for his path lay in its very teeth, this man, as I have said, loitered, and at times stood quite still, looking up with an expression half melancholy and imploring, half reproachful, to the bright stars above him. Then he would clench his hands and gnash his teeth, and stride off ten or a dozen paces—and again stop and gaze about him anxiously, as if he were in search of something, which he expected, but could not find.

At last he muttered to himself—"No hope—there is no hope!—none!—neither on earth, nor in Heaven! No hope—nor help—nor pity!" he paused for a moment or two and laid his thin hand on his brow, as if he were in deep thought. "No!" he said; "no! no! that were but cowardly—if I were in the world alone! but with her it were mere baseness and infamy to fly from my own misery—and leave her to die alone.—No! no! I must bear it—bear it, till I have closed her eyes, and then—then—rest!"

He said no more, but hurried on his way as fast as the weakness of his limbs permitted, as if some new thought had struck him, and soon reached the desolate and dilapidated-looking house I have described. Without stopping at all, he mounted the filthy stairs, and passing into the open door-way, ascended flight after flight, each darker and more gloomy and more sordid than that below it, until he reached the attic; there he stopped for a moment at a low doorway and listened before he entered—"She sleeps," he said, in an under voice, before he opened the door; and entered with a light and noiseless foot.

That was indeed a melancholy chamber—there was not a particle of fire on the cold hearth, only a little pile of white wood ashes; there was not a piece of furniture in the room but two crazy chairs, a deal table, and a miserable bed, scarcely half covered by a sort of rug and a colored horse blanket—a man's great coat, a pair of tattered pantaloons, nay even the shirt, which that wretched being should have worn, were laid upon the bed, most vain and sad attempt to [illegible] of the poor invalid, who lay there so still and calm, yet so cold that even in her sleep she shivered, and her teeth chattered though she knew it not.

She was a delicate, fair girl, not above nineteen years of age, with a skin whiter than the driven snow, and a profusion of rich auburn hair, which had escaped from her coarse but clean head-gear, and fell in rich silky masses over the harsh ticking of her uncovered pillow. She too was, like the man, extremely thin and attenuated, but in her the thinness appeared to be rather the result of disease than of hunger; for there was an ominous flush on her transparent cheek, and the blue veins stood up like cords over the poor thin hand which lay upon the pallet's edge, so wasted that you almost might have seen the light shine through it.

For a moment the young man stood looking at her as she slept, with a face of unutterable anguish—then he stooped down and listened to her breathing—and then drawing himself up again to his full heighth, wrung his hands bitterly, while a large tear rolled down his wasted cheek, and fell upon that little hand.

Instantly the fair lids up-rose and a pair of the brightest and loveliest blue eyes, that ever beamed upon mortal man the bliss of most pure affection, shone out upon him full of gay and cheerful hope, and a smile of ineffable sweetness played round the ruby lips which had preserved their freshness to the last, to greet his covering.

"Dear, dearest Arthur," she said, in a faint, low voice, that still spoke unaltered and unalterable love, "how long is it since you have come back? How long have you been looking at me?"

"But now," he replied, "dearest—and now in vain"——

"No, darling, not in vain," she answered—"say not in vain, for is not your coming all and all to me? When you are with me I feel neither want nor sorrow—all is bright happiness and hope, as it was years ago at home. Oh! never say that it is in vain that you come back to your poor Ellinor. Stoop down and kiss me, love."

And he stooped down and clasped her thin frame to his breast, and her white arms were clasped around his neck, and their lips met in the hallowed kiss of pure affection—affection true to the last, through misery and more than mortal anguish.

"Dearest, how cold you are," she murmured, forgetful of her own bitter sufferings—"how you shake, you who are so strong and brave and hardy. Oh! take your great coat, I implore you; I am not cold at all, indeed I am not. I had a long sweet sleep with many pleasant dreams, and I feel quite refreshed, and better than I have felt these many days, and I am not in the least hungry within—I believe fasting is good for me—but I am very much afraid that you are famished too, as well as almost perishing with cold."

"No, I am not," he replied; "Ellinor—no, I am not, indeed. I was given a little food while I was abroad seeking for work, and I have brought you part of it. No, indeed, I am not hungry—and the chilliness will pass away immediately, now that I am out of the night wind."

And he produced two little rolls of bread, and gave one of them to the poor invalid, with a little water in a cracked tea-cup; and, alas! the brightening of her poor eye, and the avidity with which she broke and ate the miserable food, told but too plainly that the tale she had related of her improved health, as the result of her compulsory fasting, was but a kind and pious fiction. And he, while his vitals were devoured with the keen agony of famine, for he had scarcely eaten in three days, looked on with his arms folded on his breast, and a well-pleased smile on his features, rejoicing that she could partake and enjoy the miserable meal which alone he had been enabled to bring home to her.

Which was the greater hero—he who stood there with wolfish appetite suppressed, his tongue cleaving to his palate, and his throat almost convulsed with hunger, yet with no selfish thought in his sad heart, or he who rode in sullen triumph, and smiled where the dead lay thickest, over the charnel plains of Austerlitz and Jena?

A little talk of better days, a few sweet memories of the past sadly recounted, and with a fond smile on her lips, the sick girl sank again into a calm and gentle slumber; and he, the husband of her innocent youth, stood watching her, heart-stricken and despairing.

After a little while, her deep and regular breathing announced that she was fast asleep; and then, having gazed for a short space upon the remaining roll, with wistful eyes, he hurried to a small cupboard at the farther end of the room, and laying it on the shelf, closed the door hastily upon it, exclaiming:

"No, no—I will not be tempted. No. I *will* not—at least she shall have wherewithal to break her fast to-morrow."

Then he groped about in the drawers of the table for a scrap of candle to replace the morsel which was now just expiring in the socket, and having found and lighted it, he sat down, resting his folded arms upon the board, and burying his face in his hands, remained for nearly an hour plunged in the turmoil of rapid and conflicting thought.

His was a very sad, but alas! not unfrequent story. A youthful artist of high promise, and unwearied industry in the old country, he had, as men say, marred his fortunes, and brought ruin on himself, by making a love match with a sweet, virtuous and lovely girl, the daughter of a stout thrifty farmer in the neighborhood of the town in which he pursued his profession. The parents on both sides were dissatisfied; the girl's father, a rude, ignorant, hard-tempered man, complaining bitterly that Ellinor should have thrown herself away upon a beggarly painter-man; while the rich, miserly tradesman, whose marriage-bed had been honored by the birth of the noble and intellectual youth, whose mind he was no more capable of comprehending than is the dull tortoise of measuring the eagle's flight, set no bounds to his fury when he learned that his son, for whom he had destined the hand of a cross-grained and skinny spinster, the daughter of a green-grocer Alderman, had demeaned himself to marry what, in the purse-proud insolence of trade, he dared to call a mere clod-hopper's child. Prejudice on the one side, and insolence on the other, soon led to an open breach; high words passed; and it was only by the young artist's active interference, that farmer Goodwin was prevented from laying the weight of his sturdy arm and silver-mounted horsewhip on the shoulders of the pert linen draper—an interference which, while it averted none of his own father's small, spiteful rancor, completed the alienation of the more manly agriculturist; and ended in his being speedily and formally disowned by both parties, and thrown unassisted on his own resources. Sickness and want soon followed; and in an evil hour listening to tales, never to be fulfilled, of the immense facilities of living, and the certainty of employment in the transatlantic world; he set sail for America with his young and lovely wife, their passage-money and the price of their outfit having consumed nearly the whole of their slender means.

It is notorious that in the United States, even in the most prosperous state of the commercial world, while every handicraft, or mechanical pursuit, or even the use of the spade, commands a ready market and high rates of compensation, all intellectual labor is ill-paid, unless it be of the very highest grade of excellence; and all employment of that nature is precarious and uncertain to the utmost.

It happened, moreover, as appears frequently to be the case with the events of human life, misfortune following hard upon misfortune at one time, and at another joy succeeding joy in quick succession, that the period at which Arthur Aston landed with his fair young bride in America, was one of singular and almost unexampled depression even in that land of rapid vicissitudes and continual fluctuations. Hundreds, nay, thousands, who a few little months before, had been rich in every earthly good, were now reduced to more than comparative poverty; and men who, half a year previously, would have lavished thousands of dollars on a picture, or on an article of furniture, were now obliged to look carefully to the expenditure of every dollar.

A few days made it evident to Arthur that his utopian dreams were little likely to be realized; and a few weeks, of which every hour was spent in fruitless endeavors to obtain employment—or what is called by the ignorant and heartless rich men of great cities patronage—convinced him that if he would not starve himself, and see his sweet wife starve before his face, he must be content to descend to a lower sphere than the ideal; to apply his talents to some purpose less elevated, and more utilitarian, than the representation of fair forms and glowing landscapes; and to exchange his ardent aspirations for eternal fame, to the mere struggle for that daily bread which is not given for the mere asking.

After a while, he was glad at a mere pittance to engage with a card engraver, at a salary so small, that, with the closest economy, it sufficed barely to procure the mere necessaries of life for the young couple.

Still they were happy and contented, and grateful to the Giver of all good; and in each other they found that amplitude of perfect bliss which the world giveth not, nor can take away. During the summer months, and the delicious autumn time, that loveliest season of America, they struggled on, still happy, cheerful, and full of hope; and many a pleasant walk by the calm river's side, when the day's toil was over, brought back to the mind of the young bride the happy time when the first love of her fond heart was won by the green banks of that small, brimful, English river, which, flowing through the loveliest of England's lovely landscapes, had soothed her infant ears to sleep on her lost mother's bosom; and banished by the grateful recollection all thoughts of care or present sorrow, lost in the fullness of past happiness.

A little longer, and cold winter came; and with it sickness and fresh sorrow. The keen, piercing cold of America, added to want, and suffering, and sorrow, smote the frail, delicate form of the young girl, and silently and uncomplainingly she wasted day by day; and the hectic flush crept over her pale cheek, and the unnatural brightness of the eye, awakened dread suspicions of the presence of that fiend, which most preys upon the loveliest and the best.

Then, to complete the ruin, Arthur's employer failed—and failed, too, indebted to the wretched man in above one half of his most miserable three months' pittance; no part, however small, of which, was there a hope of ever more recovering; and, yet worse, of so base a nature was the bankruptcy, that it created a sort of secret prejudice, if not suspicion, against all persons who had been in any wise connected, even as sufferers, with the dishonest artisan's affairs.

His wretched means were all swept away—his poor employment was at an end—his character was in some sort blighted—he was completely, hopelessly destitute—his wife was dying! Could any man be more wretched—be more sternly tempted?

Yet he had striven bravely against fortune—yet he had borne up manfully, and with a resolute and cheerful heart against the spite of destiny—and she, that delicate, frail comforter, had ever smiled most brilliantly, and spoken most hopefully, when matters looked the darkest. Still it was all in vain—every small ornament, every dear relic of better days, long flown, had been pawned or sold to buy medicines or bread; and now, for two long days, there had been nothing left to sell except the clothes each wore upon their person, and bread itself had failed them, as every thing but bread had failed them long before.

Daily, for weeks, Arthur had been a beggar for employment—yet he had begged in vain—even the poor boon of laboring to the utmost for the smallest pittance, had been denied to him—in his own beautiful profession he could obtain no work, he had no skill in handicraft, no strength to dig.

That night, for the first time, he had begged for bread; he had met contumely, insult, mockery—but no compassion; at length, as he was returning home hopeless and starving, to his starving wife, a very poor Irish woman, standing at the door of a wretched-looking shanty, was struck with the misery and famished look of the unhappy man, and went in and brought out the two rolls, which she had carried home as a rich prize, and thrust them into his hand with a tearful eye and a few kind words, and refusing all thanks, shut the door in his face when he would have returned them.

Five minutes before that, the richest man in the city, whose autograph signature he had engraved not a week before on a plate for a visiting card, had denounced him for a drunken dog, and bid him work, or go to the alms-house.

Alas! that it should so often be the poor who feel the most compassion for those poorer yet, and stint themselves of their own wretched sustenance to minister to the wants of their brethren, while the rich are contemptuous, and hard, and haughty!

This night as he sat alone, all these things rushed at once in a torrent over his soul—his wretchedness—his struggles—his despair—and she—she dying!—dying of want, when perhaps a few paltry dollars might preserve her. Then he thought of the rich man, and his brow was heavily contracted, and his hand clenched, and his teeth grinded together, as he thought of the supercilious sneer and cruel taunting laugh with which he had listened and replied to his plainly delivered tale of sorrow.

Then in an instant, as if by an electrical impulse, the autograph flashed on his mind, and at the same point of time, the name of the bank wherein the rich man kept his large deposits, occurred to him—at any other time he could not have recollected it, perhaps, had it been to save his life. He had once carried a check thither for his employer, who kept his account in the same institution—then he remembered that he had seen a blank check of the same bank in his own drawer the day before—nay he remembered even the very nook of the drawer wherein it lay concealed, and the chance by which it had got there.

Thought suggested thought with the speed of light, and almost before the first idea of sin was mooted in his agitated mind, the plan was matured, the plot half executed.

The rich man's sneer and cruel word, had changed the innocent and honorable sufferer into the knave and felon.

The blank check was filled up with rare skill, the haughty merchant's autograph was appended—no eye could have detected the imposture, so brilliantly was the deceit executed—no, not the eye of the man himself, whose signature was counterfeited. It was for a small sum—a very small sum—for even in sin and deceit this honorable point yet remained to the sinner, that he would owe nothing to his fraud but the merest and most absolute necessaries of existence.

The sneer and bitter taunt had turned his life blood to gall—had changed the whole tenor of his thoughts from right to wrong, in a moment—aye! in the twinkling of an eye!

He looked—so completely had passion led him astray—upon his intended crime not merely as a deed justified by circumstances, but as one in itself almost praiseworthy—as a sort of moral retribution—a licensed spoiling of the Egyptian—and taking vengeance in kind on the oppressor.

His was, in fact, for the time, and on that subject, [illegible]. Men will say, "What's in a word?" Often times, I reply, "felony, murder, madness!"

He actually knelt down and prayed when his forgery was completed; and then, without undressing, laid himself down beside his sleeping bride, and after lying awake for a little space, anticipating with a strange sense of satisfaction the certainty of having food and medical attendance for his Ellinor to-morrow, he too sunk into a deep slumber, and awoke not until the sun was high in the clear and frosty heavens.

Then he rose up, brushed his thread-bare garments, and performed his ablutions with assiduous care; and that done, without breaking his fast, after bending down for a moment, and imprinting a light kiss on her fair pale brow, he left the wretched chamber, bent on his evil errand.

An hour later he might have been seen walking among the busy crowds that thronged the marts of that proud city, toward one of the chief banks, but with a step that faltered, either from weakness or irresolution. His face was ghastly pale, and his whole frame shivered between the effects of nervousness and cold, and at times he almost staggered in his gait, so worn was he, and wasted by fierce famine, and yet more fierce excitement.

Several of the bystanders gazed at him earnestly, so strange and sad was his appearance; and one or two who were passing paused in their haste to stare at him, but having stared their fill, they went their way silent and pitiless.

He had now reached the broad flight of marble steps leading the votaries of Mammon up to the great shrine of their hourly worship, a shrine vaster and nobler than any temple built in that country to the Living God, when as he paused at the base of the ascent, two men came down from the door in earnest conversation.

One—Arthur's eye recognised him at a glance—was the young, burly, heartless merchant, whose sneer on the preceding night had almost maddened him; whose simulated check he was about to offer at the counter. His stalwart frame was wrapped in a pelisse of wadded broadcloth, trimmed with rich sables; a well contented smile played over his thick sensual lips, which, as he passed the starving artist, uttered with pleasant emphasis the to him hallowed words—"Millions of dollars."

The other was a hale old man, with hair as white as snow, small twinkling eyes as bright as stars on a frosty night, a broad, hale, ruddy face, from every line and dimple of which smiled out benevolence and good will toward men. His dress was plain, though well made and of excellent materials; and notwithstanding the keenness of the wintry morning, he wore no upper garment over the old-fashioned blue coat, closely buttoned to his chin. He had no need of surtout or wrapper—that gay-hearted good old man—there was warmth enough in every thought and feeling of his kindly soul, to render his body proof to all the cold of Siberia.

His eye fell on the face of Arthur as he passed, scanned all his features for a second or two, with quick and decisive intelligence; and then, as if satisfied, he stopped short, and said in a loud cheery tone:

"What's all this—what's all this, my poor fellow? You look like a sober honest man, and you are cold and hungry, I am sure—what is the matter? are you sick? Upon my life and soul"—he added quickly, as Arthur turned yet paler at the sound of kindly words, while his brain reeled, and his heart beat so quick that his breath seemed to fail him, and that he would have fallen but for the pedestal of a tall marble column—"Upon my life and soul, I believe the man is perishing with hunger—what a shame!—what a shame!—in the centre of our rich community!"

"Pshaw! pshaw! Mr. Brotherton," replied the other—"your tender heart is always leading you astray. He is a wretched drunken vagabond, who begged of me last night in the street; but I know too much, I can tell you, to give him money to spend in the grog shop. Come along—come along. I cannot waste my time here."

"Then go away!" answered the other—"Nobody wants you. I shall stay here with this poor fellow; he is no more drunk than you are—it is wretchedness—only wretchedness!—Alas! that there should be so much of it in this world. Come cheer up—cheer up. You look better now. I will take care of you. Now stand away, my good friends," he went on—for a crowd began to gather—"Nothing at all remarkable—nothing to stare at, I assure you—only a poor sick man. Call me a cab, my good boy, will you?—that is it—we shall do very well now."

And in a moment, as the vehicle drew up to the side of the trottoir, he helped Arthur Aston in with his own hand, and stepping nimbly in beside him, desired the man to drive rapidly to his own home.

Once there, a little proper food and a glass of wine restored the faculties of the young man, as it were, miraculously—nor, as he regained his strength, did his heart, which had been unlocked instantly by the first cheery tones of the good old man, close again stubbornly, or harden itself against the voice of conscience and of better thoughts, upspringing from the seed sown by the first kind word.

All his sorrows—all his sufferings—and his for-meditated sin—were soon recounted to the friendly listener, nor did a few tears flow from the eyes of either during the piteous tale. It needed not a long time to prove the truth of the recital, and—that once proved—Arthur nor Elliner had any reason more to blame the spite of fortune.

By that judicious patron the young man's talents were employed, and not long afterward the glowing and harmonious offspring of his teeming fancy were seen decorating the walls of the good rich man's stately mansion. The giddy train of fashion crowded the artist's studio, and it was deemed a favour by the fairest and the proudest of the land, to be permitted to bear off a picture from his easel.

His beautiful young wife's disorder, which had arisen from want only, and the ills of poverty, speedily yielded to the sedulous attention of her devoted husband, and the more genial days which thenceforth dawned upon him—nor had a year passed since she lay alone upon the untended couch of almost mortal sickness, before she was the boast and belle of the great city.

Never from that day forth were Arthur and his fair wife tempted beyond their power to bear—they lived happy, and fond of making others happy—honoured of men, and, so far as we may judge, acceptable to the Most High was their way of life.

But Arthur never from the day when the good man saved him, ceased to remember how much of good there *had* been to him,—how much of good or evil there may be to every man—in the most trivial word that falls from the lips of heedless and indifferent speakers.

This Beautiful World of Ours.

O, this sweet world is beautiful, and life
Is a sweet mystery full of loveliness.
[Sat. Cour. May 4.

Oh, this is a beautiful world of ours,
With its birds and its delicate petall'd flowers,
And its glancing streams, and its sunny light,
And hearts filled up with their deep delight.
O, this is a beautiful world, and fair,
With its forms as light as the morning air;
And eyes that dance in their gladsome glee,
And its lightsome hearts that are bounding free,
Dreaming of bliss that ne'er may be;
O, this is a beautiful world to see,
And joy comes rife on the gliding hours,
As they pass in this beautiful world of ours.

How bright are its skies with their gossamer clouds,
That screen the blue with their silvery shrouds;
Now dyed with purple and fringed with gold,
With a crimson streak in each airy fold,
Or tinged with a delicate pink alone,
Like the flush of a rose on a lily thrown.
Now frowning dark in the thunder pile,
Or glancing bright in the sunbeam's smile,
Now sailing like snow-white swans along,
Or hastening past in a motley throng,
And piling up castles with splendor-towers,
As they float o'er this beautiful world of ours.

Sweet Spring comes over our beautiful earth,
And wakens the spirit to gladsome mirth;
And the heart grows light when her voice is heard,
And the leaves of the trembling trees are stirred,
By the wing of many a blithesome bird.
The delicate flowers, 'neath her rosy feet,
Spring forth with their innocent smiles, to greet
And welcome our steps to each green retreat.
The dew-gems gleam on each bending spray,
And the wild-birds warble the livelong day,
And the woodlands ring as they gaily sing,
Their silvery peals to the merry Spring;
And she laughs as she scatters her buds and flowers,
All over this beautiful world of ours.

Then night comes on and the woods grow dim,
The birds have carol'd their vesper hymn,
To departing day, as the last sun ray,
From the deepening heavens has passed away;
And the stars look down with a smile of love,
From the darkening arch of the vault above.
Nature her holiest garb doth wear,
And a love-like radiance filleth the air;
Delights through the quickening pulses move,
Till the spirit seems melting away in love;
While the moon looks down from her star gemm'd
bow'rs,
And smiles on this beautiful world of ours.

Night goes by, and the morning streak,
Glows on Aurora's crimsoning cheek;
And the sunlight comes and kisses away
The tears from the cheek of the new-born day;
The sunbeams quiver o'er hills and streams,
And the blossoms awake from their dewy dreams,
With many a sparkling gem that gleams,
With a quickening flash in the golden beams;
While every trembling bush and tree,
Is rife with the wild birds' melody.
O, lovely and fresh are the morning hours,
As they pass from this beautiful world of ours!

I love to stand by the glancing streams,
As they sparkle and flash in the sunlight gleams,
And throw up their bubbles all gleaming bright,
With many a colour of rainbow light.
Oh, beautiful, lovely, and fair are they!
As they flash but a moment and vanish away,
Like the visions that light up our early dreams,
Are these bubbles that dash o'er the crystal streams,
Painted with many a beautiful hue,
They gleam but an instant, and pass from our view;
And the hopes that brighten our onward way,
Are as bright, and as quickly they vanish away.
And our hearts fill up with a new delight,
And the stream flows on in its gladsome light,
And scatters its spray in silvery showers,
To think what a beautiful world is ours!

And yet, though lovely and fair to see,
And beautiful though this world may be,
There are in it spirits bowed down with pain,
That ne'er may wake to its joys again!
There are [illegible] none may speak,
That steals the blood from the crimson cheek,
And quench the light in the flashing eye,
And turn the laugh to the maiden's sigh!
As thorns are found with the sweetest flowers,
So is grief in this beautiful world of ours!

When the beauty of earth shall have passed away,
When its blue skies fade, and it's flowers decay,
When the spirit shall tire of the restless mirth,
And the unsatisfactory joys of earth;
When its gladness hath power to charm no more,
And all is dark which was bright before;
We will leave these scenes for the fadeless bowers
Of a far more beautiful world than ours!

EMELINE H. BROWN.

Wooster, Ohio.

THE ANTIQUARIANS.

A PHILADELPHIA STORY.

BY H. N. MOORE.

"The gown is his that wears it, and the world his that enjoys it," says the proverb.

"What have you to-day, Dickins?" Dickins was spreading the cloth for dinner.

"Soup—fish—stewed oysters and boiled mutton, sa," was the respectful answer of Dickins, as he noiselessly arranged plates, knives, forks, glasses, napkins, etc. His bachelor master, though he dined solus, made it a rule to have his table set for two, liable as he was, just at dinner-hour, to the ever-welcome dropping-in of his esteemed friend and brother-in-law, Godfrey Oldmixon.

As the servant was leaving the room, he said—

"You needn't serve up the mutton, Dickins; I'll have some venison, instead. How long has that saddle been hanging?"

"Three weeks the day before yisterday, sa."

"Bring in a slice or two on the chafing-dish, then."

"Yis, sa."

"And here is the key of my wine-closet; bring me one of those bottles on the upper-shelf, to the left."

"Yis, sa." And exit Dickins.

In a few minutes soup, fish, and oysters, together with uncooked venison on the chafing-dish; besides vegetables, a decanter of brandy, and a bottle of Madeira, were on the table. The bachelor supped a few spoonsful of the soup, ate plentifully of fish and vegetables, and sipped brandy and water.

"Is that sprinkled well with salt, Dickins?"—speaking of the venison.

"Yis, sa."

"Draw the cork"—pointing to the bottle of Madeira.

"Yis, sa."

The cork of the Madeira was extracted.

The bachelor passed a knife through the middle of a half-pound lump of butter, leaving one moiety upon the plate, and tossing the other into the chafing-dish. Half of the Madeira was emptied into the dish, also.

"Light the wicks, Dickins."

Dickins did so, and a strong lambent flame expanded over the convexity of the dish; the musical simmer of butter and Madeira was presently audible, and a savoury steam titillated the olfactory of the bachelor and the nozle of his servant.

While the flesh of deer, with Dickins standing by with knife and fork, to keep turning it, is being cooked, we will suppose that the bachelor has lifted the cover from the dish of stewed bivalves, and is freely partaking of them.

"It's done, sa," says Dickins, as he stoops and puffs out the spirit-flame.

"Change my plate," says the bachelor.

Presto! and a slice of deer, plentifully spooned with butter and Madeira gravy, is before him. With vigour does the bachelor ply his knife and fork; indeed, with such a gusto does he masticate and swallow, notwithstanding soup, fish, and bivalvulars, already deposited in his ventricle of digestion, that a finnicking appetite would wonder to see him, and a dyspeptic would be horrified.

Now, don't suppose, reader, that our bachelor is that vulgar creature, a gourmand; he is not: but a man of exercise, of high health, and *such* an appetite. He is fond of a good table, and indulges in terrapins, capons, canvass-backs, and these sort of niceties. He is rich, and can afford to have them. But as to making a swine of himself, he is far from it. He indulges with discretion.

While he is at his venison, suppose we describe him.

Ambrose Quaint is his name—a bachelor of forty-two; and a nice, amiable, quiet-natured celibat he is, in the comfortable enjoyment of four thousand per year. In the house where he now resides he was born; it is a three-story old brick, in the street called Pine, and between the streets Third and Fourth, Philadelphia. His honored parents died several years ago, and he has lived there ever since, "keeping bachelor's hall." He has a housekeeper, a quizzical looking woman; one that seems to be always on the alert, never off her guard. She is a *Miss* Krips, upwards of fifty, wears dress-caps and fashionably made frocks, and, presuming upon the score of once having been a lady somewhere in some of the West Indies, she thinks herself something better than housekeepers in ordinary, and wears a quizzing-glass at her side, looking through it upon all occasions as if she were most inconveniently near-sighted. If you will listen to her, she will very obligingly give you much information of manners and customs in the islands of St. Kits, St. Thomas, Jamaica, and others, illustrating it to you by a detail of incidents, in which is slipped in at every opportunity, "the British officers," "dining at our house," "the carriage," etcetera.

Worthy of notice too is the bachelor's cook—a flabby-faced, high-colored Englishwoman, in blowsy cap and calico short-gown; she goes by the name of Becky, and is a great terror to three pointers that the bachelor keeps—a kennel at the back end of the yard accommodates them. These pointers, not satisfied with a liberal allowance of purtenance and the table scraps that fall to their share, have a habit of sneaking down the back area and gravely peeping in at the window, and in at the kitchen-door, if open to the extent of a crack; and several beef-steaks doing quietly on the gridiron, have at times (the door being open and Becky's back turned) been carried off by them, just when the tread of their master was heard above, pacing to and fro with a most keen appetite.

These depredations had dreadfully enraged Becky against Messrs. Grouse, Carlo, and Jet; she wondered why "Mr. Quaint would keep such consarned things about him—what could he see in the nasty thieving brutes?"

But Becky had no conception of partridge-shooting pleasures, and her master had; he went annually, about the first of November, into Lancaster county, accompanied by his brother-in-law, and scoured the fields in pursuit of partridges, and clambered the crags of a place called Wolf Rock Hollow, after pheasants.

So exasperated was Becky Cook with Mr. Grouse in particular, that it was the wish of her heart to "spit him alive;" and many a time and oft, as Grouse stood peering wistfully through the panes, heartily did she express to herself the satisfaction it would give her to see him in the roasting condition of Monsieur Turkey or Madame Goose, whichever it might be. But Grouse was an old dog, wide awake for cooks, and kept at a respectful distance. Tempting as might be the savory steams that reached his acute nostrils, he never advanced into the kitchen while Becky was there. Carlo and *Jet*, who were years younger in experience, were less cautious, and received daily kicks and cuffs in consequence of their intrusions. Grouse, like a skilful general, always saw his way clear for a retreat in case of exigency. Did he venture as far as the door, and his yellow eyes were seen by Becky, she was sure to dash at him the first thing she could place her grasp upon—of which the following is an anecdote.

It was about three years ago. Carlo and Jet were plump little canine infants, toddling and tumbling up and down the area steps to the infinite worriment of their anxious mother, Dido, (a pointer of youth and great promise) who overlooked their gambols with a maternal expression of countenance and a fearing whine. Becky was moving about the kitchen fire, and Grouse was gravely watching through one of the window panes. Becky's face was the color of her stove when red-hot; there was malignity in her eye which ever and anon glanced at Grouse, who, with his presence of mind and discretion on the alert, had noticed the aggravated state of her physiognomy, and kept his body sheltered, merely permitting his head to be exposed, ready to dodge the projectile, should it be hurled. Grouse knew well enough why the cook was thus irate. A beefsteak was stolen from the fire the morning previous, and he was seen toting it down the yard to the kennel. Miss Krips had seen him from a second story back window, and informed Becky of his guilt. Dido for an instant left her pups, and ran back to the kennel; in that instant one of the pups tumbled the height of two steps, and yelped out as shrilly as if half killed. The paternal feelings of Grouse in that instant, caused him to lose sight of his prudence, for in hastening to soothe his yelping progeny, he exposed his person full in front of the window, and instantly did Becky shy a stew-pan at him. Fell was her purpose. With all the nerve of a muscular arm, accelerated by the impetus of boiling hot anger, was the stew-pan hurled. "Out! you black thieving rascal!" was the emphatic accompaniment. The window was broken, but her aim was so incorrect that the missile struck wide of Grouse, he vanishing up the area, and retreating to the kennel, while Becky was left to explain matters to Miss Krips, who came bustling down into the kitchen, and to Ambrose, who was disturbed in his perusal of the morning paper by the crash, and came to the head of the kitchen stairs to ask what was the matter. In reply to Becky's explanation, he told her that the sash must be repaired and the panes put in, out of her wages.

"The loss of the beefsteak is mine, not yours," "and you must learn better than to dash stew-pans through windows, at my dogs."

Having mildly, but impressively, uttered this reproof, he retired to his parlor and resumed his paper, not without a passing thought of how inconveniently calamitous it would have been had Grouse been maimed, young and untrained to the field as was Dido, and as near at hand as was the partridge season. This same Dido only lived to see her sons once in the field when by an accident she was deprived of life.—Mr. Quaint and his brother-in-law had passed a week out in Lancaster county and were returning home by the night line of cars; Grouse, Dido, Carlo, and Jet, with the bags of game and shooting contraptions, stowed within an enclosure of wire-railing surrounding the top of the car in which they sat. The night was cold and dark, and the iron-horse was rushing at the rate of twenty miles an hour, snorting aloud and startling the silence of gloomy forests; all at once, was heard a shriek as if one of the dogs had fallen from the top of the car—another shriek, but it was far behind. At the next stopping-place Ambrose and Godfrey got out and ascertained that Grouse, Carlo, and Jet remained within the wire-railing, but Dido was missing. Leaving directions with the barkeeper at the stopping-place, they resumed their journey home.—The barkeeper's letter followed in two days, stating that the dog was found the next day lying between the rails of the track, with two of her legs broken, frozen to death.

Ambrose's present waiter is a mulatto, very spruce in appearance and quite dexterous in waiting upon the table, for plates vanish and come again with almost magical celerity. He happens to bear a name spelled with an *i* instead of an *e* in the last syllable, that is, now so familiar to the public—Charles Dickins; Charley Dickins, as the waiter next door calls him in the daily colloquies with which they enlighten each other while washing the front steps; Dickins, as his master addresses him. Sometime ago the bachelor had a young fellow from Canada who proved well enough in his capacity, but had such a spice of foppery about him that it was disgusting. The chap, whose hair was cut short when he came into the bachelor's service, permitted it to grow longer and longer until it was of a length and fashion even outdoing the sooplock touch so prevalent now-a-days, approximating to the picturesque and cavalier profusion of Charles the First and his courtiers; black as jet was it, and so saturated with bergamot-scented pomatum, that Ambrose, who despised such things in general, could but experience a particular distaste to it in one whose situation necessitated him to be grabbing at coal-fires and brick-dusting knives and forks. On Sunday the fellow would be trigged off in broad-shouldered coat, puckered gaiter pants, piece-heeled boots, gorgeous vest, and, in fact, would be so dressed that the bachelor finally felt it necessary to his comfort to discharge the fellow with a written good character.

But let us look in upon the bachelor as he sits, after dinner, in his elbow-chair in his old-fashioned parlor. You see a plumpish, not obese, body; a small-featured, rotund countenance; animated grey eyes; dark hair, cut close to his head by his neighbor and barber, of extensive reputation, John Quard, who commisseurs in singing birds, and has the front of his blue frame covered in summer time with pendent cages and yellow warblers. His (Quaint's not Quard's) shirt-collar, you observe, is not reversed as is the mode, but stands up under his ears and pokes out in a sharp corner at each side of his cheek. His vest has not a rolling collar, but the primish cut of years ago, and a shirt-frill protrudes from it. His trousers are loose and flowing, but, whilst he is seated cross-legged, inasmuch as he wears no straps, they ride up his boots, and when he is walking they show many creases and bulge at the knees, contrasting strongly with the stretched down and skin-fitting pants of Chesnut Street promenaders. Straps he never wore, and he says he never will. His coat is always of brown or of a shade very near it. He is seated, you see, at a circular table covered with a green and white tapestry, and is reading in a folio tome of some quaint old author of the Elizabethan era. Of nothing does he pride himself so much as his collection of books. In the words of Chaucer—

> "For him was lever han at his beddes hed,
> A twenty bokes, yclothed in black or red,
> Of Aristotle and his philosophie,
> Than robes riche, or fidel, or sautrie."

There, between fire-place and window, you see the bookcase that was made to his father's order sixty years ago; it is filled with works which have been read and re-read by Ambrose ever since he was able to read. He reads the current literature of the day, at least such of it as is of a nature he can endure, but has a never-failing resource among his own volumes. Those two portraits—that elderly gentleman in blue coat and powdered queue, and that middle-aged lady in neat cap, rich brocade gown, and with face all smiles—represent the parents of Ambrose. Those two ebony-framed engravings—that hanging between the windows you can see at a glance is Washington; the one above the mantel-piece represents a clergyman—one who possessed brilliant talents, and was for several years rector of Christ Church and St. Peter's (Philadelphia), but so great was his aversion to the Revolution that he left the country and went to England—an impressive orator, a tasteful poet—Jacob Duché.* Those two busts on the bookcase—that with the peaked beard is Ben Jonson, that with the wreath, Tasso.

Hark! a knock at the front door. Charles Dickins, with as Chesterfieldian a suavity of manner as could be expected from a waiter, and grinning in the goodness of his heart, opens the door. In walks a gentleman. Dickins throws wide the parlor door and "Mr. Oldmixon, sa."

"Good day, Godfrey," says Quaint, speaking with that easy familiarity with which we salute a daily visiter.

"Good day, Ambrose."

"Sit down. How is Jane?"

"Well."

"And the children?"

"Well."

A quaint pair of brothers-in-law are Ambrose Quaint and Godfrey Oldmixon! Schoolboys together, similar dispositions led them into similar quiet pursuits, and naturally into friendship. Godfrey was in those days, as now, much at the house in Pine street, and consequently much in the company of Ambrose's sister—a good-natured girl, who had no physiognomical beauty, but a figure remarkably elegant; her manners were easy and attractive; never girl of her age possed more intelligence. Her attractions, hidden to many, were discovered by Godfrey; a mutual attachment took place, and they were married.

"What if Jane had not taken a fancy to you, Godfrey—if she had married some one else!" said Ambrose, one evening as the three of them (Jane with baby on her lap) were seated in his parlor and dosting in their comforts. These were but simple words but the tones in which they were spoken conveyed a world of meaning.

Godfrey and Jane reside in Eighth street, between Walnut and Locust; their house is a wide three-story; the three windows in front of the second story reach down to the floor, with inside shutters and a semicircle of iron-railings projecting in front of each. This house is but one of a few that remain about the city—this few indicating how small a portion of a community is proof against that tide of innovation that has been sweeping over the social condition of private life within these twenty years past.—Thirty years ago these balconic projections were to be seen, two or three, if not more, in every square of residences where the wealthy clustered. No farther back than the visit of La Fayette to the United States as the guest of the nation (it was in 1824), we can remember how frequent they were to what they are. How vivid is that picture to our eye!—triumphal arches, emblematically emblazoned flags flying, banners aloft, the military and populace moving to martial music in one dense mass, windows and house-tops crowded, hats and handkerchiefs waving, and the spontaneous huzza of a grateful people greeting the hero as he passed! How many of these balconies that have since disappeared were then crowded with beautiful ladies!

This house was an heirloom that had descended to Godfrey. At the time of his marriage with Jane, it was the only source of income enjoyed by him. It rented for six hundred and fifty dollars, out of which he dressed, boarded, purchased books, and kept himself in pocket-money. Jane, having her income of four thousand, proposed to reside in it. Godfrey acquiesced; due notice was given to the occupant, upon whose removal, the new-married couple took up their abode there. And there, from 1830 to the present time, they have resided, the most affectionate man and wife in Philadelphia perhaps; during which twenty-three years they were made the happy parents of two daughters and four sons, and had had the pleasure of uniting the eldest daughter to a worthy young country gentleman, and are now the grandparents of a hearty little Ambrose, junior. This daughter, who is an especial favorite of her uncle's, has called her firstborn after one who has ever been indulgently kind to her, and whom she loves with a deep feeling. Lycoming county is her place of residence; she and her uncle regularly correspond, and in his letters he entertains her with much city gossip in his quaint style of epistolizing.

Ambrose and Godfrey are much in the habit of taking long walks, beguiling the way with conversation which they alone could enjoy, and making observations upon things that scarcely any other two in the world would give a second thought. About every other afternoon Godfrey repairs after dinner or to dinner to the residence of Ambrose, and (weather permitting) they take a stroll. If they do not conclude upon a walk, they sit together in Ambrose's parlor and converse, or each gets a volume down from the bookcase, and there the two of them read. If either meets with a passage that is instructive he reads aloud and the other pauses from his book to listen. The passage calls for merely a comment, perhaps, and they resume their silent perusal, but not unfrequently one remark leads to another, they forget their books, and hours of animated discussion ensue.

Anything old excites the interest and veneration of both. Inordinate is sometimes their curiosity in regard to a dismantled building, and nothing disquiets them more than to see (sacrilege as they consider it) the daily tearing down of time-darkened walls and putting up of glaring new fronts instead. Ambrose, in particular, from his youth possessed this feeling. Godfrey took it up more from his brother-in-law's example than from an original bent; but it has so grown upon him, that it is now but in the slightest degree less strong.

"What do you think, Godfrey," said Ambrose, one afternoon, as his brother-in-law entered,—(this was about six years ago)—"the old Presbyterian Church, in Pine street here, above Fourth, is to be gutted completely; pews, pulpit, windows, roof and floors, are to be all new; the aged trees are to be hewed down; there is to be a basement, according to the recent style of church building; the exterior is to be rough-casted."

Now, the reader, if a resident of Philadelphia, is most likely familiar with the locale of which we are writing. He must know that Ambrose Quaint, to reside in Pine street, between Third and Fourth, must look from his windows upon the old Episcopal church and grave-yard of St. Peter's opposite; that the grave-yard occupies the whole square in length, and is half a square in breadth; that at Fourth street the ground of the Third Presbyterian Church commences, and reaches nearly to Fifth; and that in the centre of this stands the white structure that has been reared upon the walls of a building that a few years since stood in venerable plight, surrounded with tall trees, wearing as shaded and as reverential an appearance as its neighbour.

"Ah, Godfrey! what a modernizing age we have fallen upon. We shall have nothing old to look at in our walks shortly." Approaching a window and looking over at St. Peter's, "May this, at least, this time-honored House of the Lord, be preserved from the desecrations of that boasted March of Improvement which is striding over our country, and trampling in its progress, with ruthless disregard to the past, upon all that is venerable and hallowed! Time-honored church, how I revere it! What sacred retrospections are associated with it! Within its walls, from Sabbath to Sabbath, sate my parents in their childhood, before its altar they were united; at its font Jane and I were christened; and from early life to old age, it was their place of worship! Do you remember the Sundays of our boyhood, Godfrey?"

"They were halcyon days, Ambrose!"

"Our old pew, Godfrey—you remember? and the two boys with spotless collars neatly turned down—our ringletted hair—the prayer-book that Jane and you held together—my honored and beloved parents! —and the loud pealing of the organ—and the hymn of praise—and the prayers—and the responses—and—"

"Remember—yes!" Godfrey glowingly interrupted; and as a stream from the reservoir of memory flowed upon his heart, he was filled to overflowing with gratitude for the happiness he now enjoyed, and had enjoyed for the most of his life, as the schoolmate and companion of Ambrose in earlier years, and as the husband of Jane, and his brother-in-law since.

A devout and prayerful feeling animated the breast of each, as they looked over towards the old church; their hearts were full to overflowing; and Ambrose broke forth with a quotation familiar to both, and peculiarly apropos to the moment. They were standing side by side.

> "'I love the church, the holy church,
> That o'er our life presides;
> The birth, the bridal, and the grave,
> And many an hour besides!
>
> The vaulted dome that trembled oft
> Above the chanted psalm;
> The quaint old altar where we owned
> Our very Paschal Lamb;
>
> The chimes that ever in the tower
> Like seraph-music rung,
> And held me spell-bound in the way
> When I was very young.
>
> Be mine through life to live in her,
> And when the Lord shall call,
> To die in her, the spouse of Christ,
> The Mother of us all!'"*

* * * * *

The world is full of common sense and nonsense; but much that seems ridiculous is not so, and *au contraire*.

Respect for the Past, veneration in presence of its monuments, indicate at once a gentle mind, pure taste, good heart.

It will readily be inferred that these reverential feelings for whatever wears the impress of Time, cannot dwell in a breast unattended with an antiquarian propensity to search into the history—the details, the memoirs, as it were—of such memorials of the olden time as come within notice. Antiquaries in many particulars the brothers-in-law are,—and there is an anecdote of the kind that the invidious make a source of ridicule. Before relating the anecdote, it is requisite that the reader should know that this propensity leads them to take an especial interest in rain-spouts. Rain-spouts, quotha! Yes—you smile—perpend before you ridicule—read!

As they perambulate the city in their customary walks, the dates upon the spouts are a never-failing fountain of interest to them. You are quizzing, certainly! In truth I am not. With all the old and interesting houses noticed by Watson, in his Annals of Philadelphia, they are perfectly familiar, and in their antiquarian explorations about town, they have discovered several worthy of record, overlooked by that author. A date upon a spout casually meeting the glance, will be to the memory of either a magic touch. To the mind of either, a date is the starting-point of a stream of thought, conversation, argument, ideas and sentiment. In Philadelphia, where the period at which a house is erected is almost invariably recorded upon the spout, a penchant of this kind (spout-gazing shall we call it?) is apt, very apt, to plant itself in the soil of a quaint and thoughtful disposition; and it has "ample room and verge enough" to ponder, speculate and philosophise; for dates from the present 1842 are spout-recorded as far back as 1727, if not earlier. Those old, sober-looking three-story houses, with massive door-frames and thick window-sash, that here and there remain about the city, like a maiden aunt of ninety in a family, in antiquated dress—such houses as present a front chequered with glazed bricks, a style now in utter desuetude—they are the dwellings to arrest the attention of the quaint and antiquarian. A house of such an aspect, with the year 1750 on the spout, in the sprawling figures peculiar to the last century, is an object of intense interest to the brothers-in-law; they will at once imaginarily invest it with the furniture and inhabit it with the people of that period, and review the social and political condition of our forefathers at that time. They will see in imagination, wainscotted parlors, carved tables and chairs, bright andirons supporting big hickory logs blazing upon the hearth of an elaborated chimney-piece, and a gentleman of the old school, in powdered periwig and benevolent countenance, small clothed and silk-hosed, his feet in silver-buckled square-toes, and his body in embroidered waistcoat and coat, sitting at the fireside, surrounded by his wife and children, correspondingly habited.

Again, 1768 on a spout, would be associated with the birth of Joseph Bonaparte, for instance, who was born on the 7th of February of that year; and 1769 with that of his illustrious brother, and of the Duke of Wellington, in which year both were born. From thoughts in respect to the birth of these, our brothers-in-law would follow up the career of each hero, discussing doubts, stating facts, and explaining probabilities of history, to their mutual edification and pleasure. A spout with 1776, would bring in review the American Revolution, with its brilliant array of great names and glorious associations.—Another, with 1793, would recal the Reign of Terror, with all its train of horrors—its atrocities—the guillotine—blood—the death of Louis XVI., of Maria Antoinette, and of the many distinguished persons who were the victims of that dreadful crisis.

The dates mentioned are merely promiscuously quoted as exemplificatory of a general effect. One date would be confined not merely to the events of one nation or the biography of one person, but extended to cotemporaneous history and biography.—For instance, 1793 reminded them not only of the French Revolution, but of that awful epidemic, the Yellow Fever, which ravaged Philadelphia with its accumulation of miseries during that year. The 1732 upon the old State House spout is seldom passed by either of the brothers-in-law without a sequence of musings, in which is pictured the Hall of Independence, with the Signers of the Declaration. Dates upon the title pages of books have the same tendency. A glance at 1715 reminds of the death of Louis XIV., and the whole epic and the episodes of his life and reign; 1660 of Charles the Second, his restoration, and the profligacy of his court; 1599 of the birth of Oliver Cromwell and his career; etcetera.

Godfrey, accustomed to the sight of dates upon spouts in his habitual walks with Ambrose about Philadelphia, feels himself quite lost in New York, in which city he has an aged relative whose heir he is, and the old lady exacts from him quarterly visits of one week's duration each. As he toddles the old lady about on his arm, he looks around, during the long pauses in conversation, in vain for a spout with a date upon it, or a time-darkened brick house, to set his thoughts in motion—every spout is a blank, every house is red. The few exceptions that there are, it has not been his lot to discover. He loves and honors his aged relative, but is always glad when the week expires, and he is at liberty to hurry back to Philadelphia and the company of his wife, children, and brother-in-law.

But the anecdote:

The brothers-in-law, in strolling along Second street one day—this was eight years ago—paused, as they invariably did when passing that way, to admire the quaint style of Christ Church,—turning away from which, Godfrey noticed a very old house, to which he directed the attention of Ambrose, on the opposite side of the street. (The house has since been torn down, and new stores built on the site.)

"The spout," was the first thought of Ambrose—"what date has it?"

"There appears to have been a date on it," said Godfrey, "for I can distinguish traces of figures."

"Traces?" said Ambrose. "Yes—I see."

"The figures have been knocked off most likely by some ruthless Goth or Vandal of a carpenter's apprentice," suggested Godfrey.

"Why do you think so, Godfrey?"

"The roof has been newly shingled, you see, and a boy with a hatchet in his hand and mischief in his thoughts"—

"Yes—yes—very likely, Godfrey. What an old affair it is!" uttered Ambrose, in antiquarian veneration, as his eyes scanned the checker-board-like front, and the old-fashioned appearance of the house.

"What if we go across and make inquiries?" proposed Godfrey.

Across they went, but to their interrogatories they could elicit no satisfactory answers in regard to the age of the house, and so forth. The date had never been seen by the lady they spoke with, and in fact she was not aware that there ever had been one, though, looking up at the spouts of the opposite houses as she spoke, she supposed it quite likely, but it must have been a great while ago. In fact she had never noticed before that it was the custom to have dates upon spouts. An odd kind of business for two gentlemen to knock at a door and ask questions about, thought she; and it occurred to her that they might be quizzing her, but their countenances were so serious, that upon second thought she dismissed the suspicion.

"Yes, there certainly has been a date," said Ambrose, having stepped to the edge of the pavement, and gazing earnestly up to the spout as he spoke; "the traces of four figures are evident—there's a one and a seven distinct, and the other two look to me like three and two. What if it should be 1732, Godfrey? the year in which Washington was born, eh?"

"If we had a ladder now," said Godfrey.

"Yes—or a stout rope," said Ambrose. "If a rope can be procured, and if this good lady will permit me, with it around my waist I will climb out of her garret window, and——"

"Ain't you afraid, sir?" said the lady.

"Afraid, ma'am—not in the least. Why where will be the danger? My brother-in-law can stand inside of the window and hold on to the rope, while I creep on my hands and knees down to the edge of the roof and peep over the eaves."

"And would you go to all this trouble to——"

"Yes, ma'am, to ascertain the date of the spout on your house," answered Ambrose, in reply to the lady's surprise.

"Well, I declare!" said the lady.

"You wonder at our curiosity, ma'am. No doubt you look upon this as a foolish notion of ours. But notions are various, ma'am—they differ to a wide extent."

"True!" admitted the lady.

"The pleasure," continued Ambrose, "that my brother-in-law and I take in an antiquarian research of this kind is to us as keen as is the delight experienced by a lady in putting on a new dress—and can aught be more gratifying than that, madam?"

"Well," said the lady, smiling, for the compliment had reached her, "get your rope and try."

Ambrose hastened to the nearest grocery and borrowed one of those substantial hempen twists with which brawny draymen lower hogsheads into cellars, or heave them up therefrom, as the case may require. A drudge about the store shouldered the coil and followed Ambrose to the house, through the entry and up to the garret. With alacrity did Ambrose lay aside his hat and strip off his coat. One end of the rope was made into a noose and fixed round his waist; the other end made fast to the leg of a bedstead.

Thus secured, Ambrose crept out of the garret window and crabbed it, with Godfrey holding on to the rope, slantwise and across to the edge of the steep roof. The grocery-store drudge gaped with his mouth and eyes wide open. The lady of the house looked on in trepidation over the shoulder of Godfrey, who, with feet planted firm and his grasp tight upon the rope, stood with tremulous interest in the result of his brother-in-law's scrutiny of the spout.

It is not to be supposed that any movement like this could be effected without notice in such a thoroughfare as Second street, between Market and Arch. A staring crowd soon collected on the opposite pavement. "What's he after?" was the general question. "It's hard to tell," was the general reply.

The eaves of the house (as may be observed upon all very old buildings) were heavy and projecting, and the bachelor found it not so facile a matter as he had anticipated to get at the spout. The eaves shut completely over it, and he must consequently stretch himself far out to enable him to scrutinize with an accuracy that the decyphering of the characters on the spout required. The spirit of alacrity with which he had started was quite checked, as he now felt conscious of the danger that threatened. He felt inclined to retreat; but there was the gaping crowd opposite—if he did not accomplish his purpose, what a shower-bath of ridicule! "Hold tight, Godfrey."

"I-a-say, Ambrose, hadn't you bet-bet-ter-er come in again?" was the quivering remark of the brother-in-law, whose knees now shook against each other. His grasp upon the rope was growing uncertain, too.

Ambrose inwardly coincided—he thought to himself he *had* better—but he was in for it, and neck or nothing he resolved.

"Hold on, Godfrey; hold tight"—and he placed himself flat upon his breast, stretching his head over the eaves and squirming his neck about like a topsy-turvy terrapin on the floor of an eating-house.

"I say there, take care there!" cried a voice from the crowd below.

"Look out, or you'll loose you're balance," cried another.

"That chap in the window looks frightened," was remarked.

"If he should let go the rope now."

"Hold on, Godfrey"—and the bachelor squeezed himself a little farther. He had now stretched over far enough to get a sight of the figures, or rather the traces of them, and the one and the seven were plain—a little nearer, and he should be able to decide whether the doubtful figures were three and two, or other numerals.

"Oh, he'll fall! he'll fall!" shrieked a female from the crowd.

The brother-in-law was indeed frightened as the voice from below had suggested.

"Hold on Godfrey," reiterated the bachelor, his face distended and red with blood, as he made another movement. He was now stretched beyond his balance and his weight upon the rope was heavy.

"Hold on, Godfrey!"

But the trembling, frightened Godfrey was capable of heeding the injunction no longer—he fainted—the rope dropped from his grasp, and the heels of the bachelor were somersetted over the eaves. Loud shrieks rent the air from below, and the tender-hearted of the crowd covered their eyes with their hands and ran away, dreading to encounter the shocking spectacle of spattered brains, mangled flesh and crushed bones, which was instantly pictured in their eyes.

Those shrieks were in less than a moment followed by boisterous laughter. The precaution of having the rope fastened to a bedstead leg saved the bachelor's life. Kicking and sprawling, with the ease and grace of a tyro in swimming, he now hung midway between roof and pavement, swaying to and fro, in a situation ridiculously imminent, and to the infinite amusement of the crowd. Hilarious shouts and all kinds of odd remarks emanated from below, and the cake and apple stand of a plaid-cloaked and crazy-bonneted woman near by furnished missiles to the no small discomfort of the object in suspension.

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good," remarked she of the apples and cakes, gratified by the quick and profitable vendition of her stock in trade.

His pendulous and oscillatory eminence abashed our bachelor much; he was for the time as bad off as a rogue in the pillory. In a moment or two, however, he was relieved from his predicament by being pulled in through one of the second story windows.

The majority of the crowd then dispersed. The lady of the house smiled, and the grocery-drudge grinned.

"Where's my brother-in-law?" were the first words of Ambrose, as he got upon his feet, and got the rope from round his waist.

"Here I am," said Godfrey, having recovered from his momentary swoon on the garret floor.—"Here's your coat."

Ambrose—not injured, his skin chafed a little by the rope, and his mind flurried a little—quickly put on his coat. He gave the grocery-drudge a piece of silver and dismissed her.

"Sit down, sir; compose yourself; I should think it imprudent for you to go out just now," said the lady, as she motioned the brothers-in-law to observe through the window a portion of the crowd lingering in front of the house to gratify themselves with a shout of exultance at the bachelor's egress.

They waited awhile, but the crowd dispersed not. In this state of affairs they were obliged to escape by the back way, ripping their pants over yard fences, wading through kitchen slops, and retreating (skulking almost) through Jones' Alley into Front street, and round home.

This anecdote of the brothers-in-law was for months a standing joke; but the bruit of it has died away to an echo merely; it is in the remembrance of but a few of their acquaintances.

* * * * *

This veneration for the Past, discovers itself in many of the bachelor's traits; in the care he takes, and the pride he has therein, of the old-silver which has descended to him, the quaint fashion of which he preserves inviolate; in the well-worn, big-lettered brass door-plate which he retains with the name A. QUARRY—his father's name—which has been there from his earliest remembrance, instead of adopting the small plated style that almost every family now-a-days places under the bell-handle; and in the respect, able as he is to be costly, that he holds the articles of furniture left by his parents, retaining them in parlours and chambers precisely as they have been since his childhood. It was not long since, that he accidentally found, in the shop of a silversmith, a silver tankard, of antique pattern, with the initials of his great-grandfather thereon. He immediately purchased it—left it with the smith to be burnished—and set about, with true antiquarian zeal, to learn the vicissitudes by which it had descended from his progenitor to the smith. He has an antique silver cream-cup that was sometime ago presented to him, since at a great age; this cup has a squat, duck-like look, and many a fine lady or gent would deem it in wretched taste to garnish a tea-table with it, but the bachelor is of a different notion, and for no money would he part with such a relic of the olden time. In the plain, prim parlor of his aunt, is another memento of the Past: it is a portrait of John Penn, Esq.,* presented to the Quaint family by Mr. Penn himself; at the death of the good old lady, it becomes the property of our bachelor. With his aunt, who resides in quaint style and comfort, in the upper part of the city, Ambrose has frequently long conversations. She is a loquacious old lady, but he is as quick to ask questions as she is to answer them, and hour upon hour, they will sit together, chatting of the olden time. With anecdotes of our Revolution she teems, and Washington, Howe, Lafayette, Cornwallis, Franklin—the great ones of both sides throughout the war—pass in review before you, with vivid effect, as she narrates, conversant as she is with so much that the dignity of history passes without a notice. And in nothing is his respect for the Past more evinced than in his attachment to the family pew in St. Peter's, in which pew, for a century almost, his family has worshipped. Not the narrow seat of modern churches this, but the family accommodating enclosure that affords the degree of privacy requisite (such the bachelor's opinion) to quiet and unostentatious worship. To his religious duties, none more attentive than he, both in form and spirit,—punctually in his seat Sunday after Sunday, with Godfrey and Jane and their children, repeating the prayers, the creed, the litany, the psalter, and showing forth the praises of the Lord throughout the sacred and impressive services of the Episcopal church.

A subject of much interest to Ambrose, was the recent addition of a steeple to St. Peter's;† it was to be in keeping with the style of the church, not an innovation of modernism; it was investing the church with more of its characteristic venerability, imparting to the whole that old-English aspect that we delight to associate in our mind with an Episcopal house of worship. It was, therefore, with his entire approbation that he saw the rearing of that "silent finger which points to Heaven." From letters sent by him to his niece in Lycoming county, we have the privilege to extract, and we find one for the following.

"It much—much indeed—rejoiceth your uncle, my beloved niece, to know that your happiness hath daily increased since you changed the name of Oldmixon for that of Wentworth. Your last letter is all sunshine—your feelings, dear Cecilia, are mirrored in that epistle as beautifully correct as you may see a face in the glass at your toilet. I never compliment. The simile was unavoidable; it came in pat. But don't be too sanguine, my dear girl. Much hath the young wife and mother to be proud of, I know, but——

"You ask me to tell you all the particulars relative to the steeple of St. Peter's that is being erected. My sundries of information thereof amount in the aggregate to no more than, that a gentleman, Benjamin Goodwill by name, hath—without any ostentation in the matter, I really believe—presented the congregation with a chime of bells, like unto those that you have heard tintinnabulate so harmoniously in the steeple of Christ Church. The cash to purchase the bells it was his pleasure to offer, and to accept it was the pleasure of the congregation, and this steeple—belfry and spire, rather—is being built to suspend them in, upon their arrival from England. They are expected by the next of Cope's packets, I believe. The donor of these bells was several years a merchant, residing in the East—at Canton, I think. Having acquired wealth, he returned to the United States. He is of a slender figure—he dresses neatly in black; his hair is thick on his head, but gray, and he wears gray whiskers. I judge him to be between his fiftieth and sixtieth year. He has won for himself a character for liberality and open-heartedness that renders him deservedly popular, and he occupies, at present, a prominent position in society here." * * * *

From another letter we extract—

* * * "We were talking at the time about old houses, regretting the loss of Mrs. Stamper's and Gov. M'Kean's quaint residences—you can just remember them if you try, Cecelia, I think; they were at the corner of Pine and Third streets, with long gardens running back; the sites are now occupied with rows of new three-story bricks. Dr. Blackwell's old house, with its chequered brick-work, and massive mouldings, remains in excellent preservation, but the luxuriant side-garden is gone, and a red row occupies the site. What an abomination in the eyes of an antiquary these red-rows are! 'But they will grow old in time, Uncle,' you say—Ay! but—

"The steeple of St. Peter's is finished. It presents a square tower of brick-work, rising above which is a spire; the spire is surmounted by a gilt cross, at a height of more than two hundred feet. I look at it now from my window—how it towers! The bells—they were rung to-day for the first. The daily papers had apprised the citizens, and, as early as eight o'clock this morning, the pavement before my door, and all along from Third street to Fourth, was crowded with a concourse to hear 'a gratuitous' chime. At the hour appointed they were rung, and right musical was the effect. But you should have seen the gilt cross, how it shook; the jar of the bells vibrated it to and fro, and the crowd, with mouths agape, and half-suspended respiration, expected to see it topple every moment; but the ringing is done, the concourse has dispersed, and it still glitters in its lofty altitude.

"The elevation of this cross has not been unattended with dissatisfaction. It ought not to be there, say some, who are for substituting a vane—but the majority of the congregation approve of it. The vestry of the church were at one period equally divided upon the matter. Dr. Chapman, of facetious notoriety, being told this 'wondered how that young man managed to get along with a vestry where one half were *vanes* and the other *cross*.' The architecture of the steeple is ridiculed, too; the spire is compared to a candle-extinguisher by one—and another is put in mind of a shot-tower by the belfry. But these exceptions are prompted by either hypercriticism, folly or ignorance; good taste has not a word to say in disapprobation. But it is proverbially impossible that any thing should please everybody.—For my part, Cecilia,—and your parents agree with me,—I regard the whole with a favorable eye, and freely award my quota of approval to the liberal spirit which has characterized this undertaking from first to last." * * *

* * * * *

Venerable, hallowed St. Peter's! There—it was there that Ambrose first saw the light and love of a fair face that——

It was several years ago. Ambrose was but twenty years of age. It was the Sabbath. Religiously impressive was the solemnity that reigned throughout the interior of that old church. The hymn that immediately precedes the sermon was concluded, and the last sounds of the organ lingered in faintest reverberations on the ears of the congregation. Never was autumnal afternoon more beautiful; warm and mellow were the tints of sunlight that shone through the antique casements, and a calm and holy peacefulness prevailed in the breast of Ambrose as he reclined his head back in preparation to bestow his attention upon the discourse that the good and beloved Bishop White was about to commence. As hush as if it were empty was the church. Hark!—a faint exclamation, as if from some one in pain. Ambrose turned to look—a lady!—he sprang forward to an opposite pew, and caught her in his arms as she swooned. To support her into the air, was but the work of an instant. She revived.——

From this how easily to suppose an attachment took place. Sweet,—yes, she was a sweet young girl, the first and only love of Ambrose Quaint! She had come from the north, to the warmer climate of Philadelphia, with the hope of benefiting her health, which had been sensibly affected for some months past by that slow, but sure destroyer, consumption. In the family of the M——s, she received every kindness, and a flattering sensation of renovated health disposed her to participate limitedly in the gayeties of society during the ensuing winter. Ambrose was ever by her side. Pure was the love that grew up between them, and the following autumn was fixed as the time when they should be united in *form*, as in *heart* they already were. But that disease—deceptive, alluring consumption!—like a fire which had smouldered, to burst forth in time with intenser flame, it now renewed its ravages upon the delicate frame of the fair girl, and it was but too evident to her lover, and the kind friends surrounding her couch, that her lamp of life would burn but a little, a very little, longer.—She died.—

Those that feel deeply, can ill express their sufferings. Ambrose followed in the funeral procession without a tear—but he did not mourn the less. Too sacred his grief to be paraded! But in the privacy of his chamber, after the burial, oh how bitterly he wept! And to such an extent her death affected him, that he was prostrated on a sick bed, and his life was at one crisis considered in danger. Four months was he confined to his chamber. In time, though, these deep traces of anguish were worn away, and the world claimed its proper part as his life stole on. But so wedded to *her* was his heart, that he then vowed to be the husband of her memory ever after, and faithfully has he kept his vow. Before the world he is a bachelor, but a husband in his own heart! Frequently does Godfrey, upon entering the quiet parlor in Pine street, find his brother-in-law abstracted in an intensity of thought, with his eyes tear-dimmed, and bent upon a miniature. The interruption causes Ambrose to shut up the case, and return it to his pocket. Godfrey is at once aware of the character of Ambrose's thoughts, and the latter is conscious of the other's knowledge. How sacred to the heart such musings are, Godfrey comprehends: the electric spark of feeling touches the wire of sympathy, and his eyes are also tear-dimmed. Not a word upon the subject is spoken by either; but, each relapsing into a train of musings, several moments are passed in the silence and luxury of sentiment.

The memory of his love is to Ambrose like the ideal-presence of his saint to the devout Catholic; and through life, deprived of her, has not for him the same objects it otherwise would have had, yet his duties are many he knows, and that sense of duty instructs him not to indulge in sensibility to the extreme which is sometimes permitted to human the heart, but to be active in the sweet offices of humanity, and to participate rationally in the pleasures that life affords when properly pursued. "He knows the world without despising it—the peculiar privilege of a great mind."

> "Thus while the world but claims its proper part,
> Oft in the head, but never in the heart,
> His life steals on; within his quiet dwelling
> That homefelt joy all other joys excelling."—[Rogers.

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[*] A descendant of William Penn, and much respected for his private virtues. Congressman Fenton knew him, and speaks of him with delight. He presented to the Pennsylvania Hospital the statue of his ancestor that stands in front of the institution.

[†] Built during the summer and fall of 1842.

[‡] November 30, 1842.

[§] The Rev. W. H. Odenheimer, Rector of St. Peter's.

ON TIME.

Even while the careless disencumbered soul,
  Sinks all dissolving into pleasure's dream,
Even then to Time's tremendous verge we roll,
  With headlong haste along life's angry stream.

Can gaiety the vanished years restore,
  Or on the withering limbs fresh beauty shed,
Or soothe the sad inevitable hour,
  Or cheer the dark, dark mansions of the dead?

Ah! Beauty's bloom avails not in the grave,
  Youth's lofty mien, nor age's awful grace;
Moulder alike unknown the prince and slave,
  Whelm'd in th' enormous wreck of human race.

The thought-fix'd portraiture, the breathing bust,
  The arch with proud memorials arrayed,
The long-liv'd pyramid shall sink in dust,
  To dumb oblivion's ever-desert shade.

AUNT JERUSIA'S GOLD NECKLACE.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

Nothing within the memory of the oldest inhabitant of the obscure country town of Redfield, had created such a "sensation," as Mrs. Le Richmond's new house; it being the only three story building in the place, and except the meeting-house, the only one painted white. Its situation, too, which was on an elevated piece of ground, added greatly to its imposing appearance. Many of the inhabitants were proud of this new and splendid edifice, regarding it as not only ornamental to the town, but as giving it a consequence which it did not before possess: and if a stranger inquired the way to the little inn of Redfield, instead of saying as formerly, that it was a quarter of a mile from the meeting-house, they were in the habit of saying that it was half a mile from the large white house on the hill. Others, on the contrary, considered the building of so large and costly a house, as an innovation upon the primitive customs of the town, which ought by no means to be countenanced. Among these Miss Jerusia Hopkins, a spinster of fifty, set her face against it in a most decided manner, and gave people to understand that she should abstain from cultivating an acquaintance with so proud a woman as Mrs. Le Richmond, and should use her influence with her sister, Mrs. Fay, in whose family she resided, to induce her to follow her example.

Mrs. Fay, the widow of a respectable farmer, had only one child, a daughter, who at the time of our story, was sixteen. Lucy was a light-hearted, joyous creature, and the notes of the sweetest song-bird that thrilled on the ear from the woods, or the orchard when the trees were in full bloom, had nothing in them that sounded happier, or more musical. She had, moreover, all the beauty and simplicity of the flowers that grew in the sunny nooks of the woodland, or on the borders of the clear brook near the homestead, where she loved to linger and observe the limpid water, as it quietly rippled over the smooth pebbles, or sparkled down the side of some old gray rock. Her eyes, which were of that most changeful of all hues, the hazle, were large and brilliant, and shaded by long, curved lashes, perfectly black, although the cloud of curls that fell down her neck, were of a rich, sunny brown. Her complexion was of a clear, healthful hue, in which ordinarily the lily predominated, but when exercising in the open air, the richest of roses seemed to be melting through her transparent cheeks. With all her beauty and sweetness, however, she was no favorite of aunt Jerusia.

"I do think," said she, one day to her sister, "that you are to blame about that girl."

"Why?" inquired Mrs. Fay.

"Why! I should think you would know why.—Don't she go roaming about in the woods and down by the brook a whole hour at a time, doing no earthly thing but singing and plucking flowers."

"I know that, sister, but it is for her health to exercise in the open air, and it does my heart good to look at her when she comes back, with her eyes sparkling so bright, and her cheeks looking so red."

"She better exercise herself at the spinning-wheel, as you and I used to, when we were of her age."

"She does spin five skeins a day, which is called a good day's work."

"Yes, but she is so spry, she can whirl off her five skeins by two o'clock in the afternoon. She might just as well spin her eight as not. She is what I call a lazy, idle baggage, and the man who gets her for a wife will repent in dust and ashes, or I will never guess again."

Just at this moment Lucy bounded into the room, with a large bunch of frost flowers in her hand.

"Only see how beautiful these are," said she. "I could hardly step along the sunny edges of the woodland, without crushing them, they were so plenty."

"And it would have been no great matter if you had," said her aunt Jerusia. "You had better be turning the spinning-wheel, and so I have been telling your mother."

"Now, aunt, if you will not scold a single word," said Lucy, "as soon as I have finished spinning to-morrow, I will starch and iron your best sheer muslin cap, so that it will look as well as it did when it was new."

"I have no thoughts of scolding, Miss Flippant. I guess your cousin Jerusia"—and she applied the corner of her apron to her eyes—"would not accuse her old aunt of scolding."

Lucy made no reply, though a crushed tear sparkled on her long silken eye-lashes. But the ill humor of her aunt cast only a transient shadow over her spirits, and five minutes afterwards, when Celia Carter, a girl of her own age, was seen approaching the house, she ran to meet her with a face radiant with smiles.

"Did you know that a gentleman and two ladies from Boston, are visiting at Mrs. Le Richmond's?" inquired Celia, as they entered the house together.

"No—who are they?"

"Mr. Clarence Le Richmond, her nephew, and a Mrs. Allison and her daughter."

"Have you seen them?" said Lucy.

"Yes—they walked out after tea, last evening, and I happened to meet them."

"And how did they look?" inquired Lucy.

"Look! Why they looked like other folks, I suppose," said aunt Jerusia, looking sharply up from a blue and white coverlet, fresh from the loom, on which she was sewing a netting fringe.

"Yes, as your aunt says," replied Celia, "they looked pretty much like other folks, only a little more stylish."

"None the better for that," said aunt Jerusia.—"Old as I am, I have spun and wove four *kiver-lids* this year, with my own hands—two *bird's-eye fashion*, and two in the rose of Sharon. Now what kind of a figure would this city Miss you tell *of*, make in the loom, think ye?"

"I have heard," said Celia, "that Mrs. Le Richmond intends to have a soiree, before they return to Boston."

"And what new-fangled thing is that?" said aunt Jerusia.

"Celia means a party, I suppose," said Mrs. Fay.

"Well, it is amazing," said aunt Jerusia, "how genteel people do grow. In my young days, when the boys and girls met together, we called it having a frolic. After a while they began to tall of having a party—and now, in order to be at the top-notch of gentility, you must call it having a swarry."

"You mean a soiree, aunt," said Lucy.

"To be sure I do, and I said a swarry—what did you think I said, Miss Flippant?"

"Come, Lucy," said Celia, "I want you to walk part way home with me, if you are not particularly engaged."

Lucy looked inquiringly at her mother.

"Yes, go child," said she, and Lucy went, regardless of the speech which her aunt commenced about idleness.

"Has not your aunt Jerusia a gold necklace?" said Celia, as they walked down the green lane that led to the road.

"Yes, she has—why do you ask?"

"Have you never heard what a beautiful ornament gold beads make for the hair, woven with black bugles?"

"No, I never have."

"Hannah West, who has been living in New York, says the beads and bugles are woven into nets to contain the braided hair behind."

"I don't think that I should look so well with my hair braided as I do with it curled, as I generally wear it."

"Oh, yes you will; your hair is so bright and glossy, it will look beautifully braided."

"But how are the beads and bugles to be arranged?"

"O! Hannah knows how, and grandmother has promised to lend me her gold necklace, so I shall send and get some bugles in season for Mrs. Le Richmond's soiree."

"Have you received an invitation so soon as this?"

"No—but that makes no difference, *for we shall* both of us be invited of course, and as I am going to send to-morrow for some bugles, I thought you might like to send at the same time."

"I should," replied Lucy; "but I am afraid that aunt won't lend me her necklace."

"Why not? It will not injure it in the least."

"I know it—but I am so unfortunate, though I do my best to please her, to be no favorite of hers."

"It will be no harm to ask her," said Celia; "and as the person I shall send by, is going in the morning, it will be necessary *for you* to ascertain to-night."

"I am almost certain," said Lucy, "that she will not lend it to me. I will let you know, however, early in the morning."

When Lucy returned home, she took the first opportunity to consult with her mother relative to the necklace.

"I think your hair will look better as you always wear it," said her mother, "but since you seem so very earnest to have it, you can ask your aunt for it, though I think it will be of no use."

"I should think she might lend it to me," said Lucy, "as she never wears it herself."

"I know she never does, but she designs it for your cousin Jerusia, and on that account, is very careful of it."

"Do say a word in favor of her letting me have it, will you, mother?" said Lucy, who returned to the room where her aunt was still busily engaged sewing the fringe to the edge of the coverlet.

Assuming all the courage possible, she said to her aunt—

"I am going to ask a favor of you."

"That is nothing strange—what do you want now?"

"I want to borrow your gold necklace to wear one evening, and no more."

"Borrow my gold necklace!" said her aunt, dropping her work into her lap, and looking up with an air of utter astonishment.

"Yes, aunt, just for one evening, as I said before."

"And pray what do you want it for?"

"To wear to Mrs. Le Richmond's."

"I thought as much. No—I don't like the proud widow well enough to let my gold necklace go into her house. Besides, I am going to give it to your cousin *Jerusia*, who was named for me, and I never intended that any body should wear it again, till it goes round her neck the day she is eighteen, which will be the fourteenth day of next month, just two weeks and two days from to-day."

"I must say, sister," said Mrs. Fay, "that I am sorry that you feel so determined not to lend Lucy your necklace, for you and I both know that it is natural for young girls of her age to like to look as well as they can."

"She wants to look well in the eyes of that city spark, I suppose. Jedediah Green would make twice as good a husband. Birds that figh high, are apt to light low."

Finding her to be inexorable, neither Mrs. Fay nor Lucy said anything more upon the subject. They had all been silent for five minutes or more, when aunt Jerusia said—

"Lucy, I have a mind to make a bargain with you."

"Well, aunt," said she, "what is it?"

"If you will engage to make me fringe enough for the red and white kiverlid I am weaving, I will lend you the necklace for one evening."

To this, Lucy readily assented, for the reluctance with which her aunt had acceded to her request, had made the ornament described by Celia Carter, appear doubly desirable.

The bugles were sent for, and arrived in due season, and it is doubtful, whether the pleasure enjoyed by Lucy and Celia in weaving them with the gold beads, under the direction of Hannah West, was not superior to that of wearing them. The next point to be settled was relative to their dresses, and after some hesitation on the part of Celia, whose inclination leaned towards a changeable silk, made out of an old one her grandmother gave her, but which having been turned, looked as good as new, they concluded to dress in white. All this was settled before they had received the anticipated invitations. They came at last, however, and aunt Jerusia being included in that sent to Mrs. Fay and Lucy, she was so far mollified as to say, she believed after all that Mrs. Le Richmond was a real lady.

"Do you mean to go, aunt?" said Lucy.

"No, child," she replied; "but may be, I shall conclude to go and take a social cup of tea with her in the course of the winter."

To Lucy, time crept with a snail's pace, till the desired evening arrived, and although the mantua-maker, who undertook to remodel her white dress according to the newest fashion, was not deeply skilled in the mysteries of her art, as she remained to assist in putting it on, she succeeded by a process known only to the "craft," to make it set, as she said, exactly like the dress Miss Allison wore on Sunday.

The Parsonage was the most handsomely furnished house of any that Lucy had ever seen, the parlor being adorned with a sofa, covered with highly glossed copperplate of gorgeous colors, and the floor with a carpet ornamented with red and yellow stripes, which the good dames of the neighborhood had spun and wove, and presented to the minister's wife on New Year's Day; she was, therefore, dazzled and almost bewildered by the flood of splendor which broke upon her when she was ushered into Mrs. Le Richmond's drawing-room, the walls of which were nearly covered by pictures in massy gilt frames, and the windows concealed by curtains of the costliest fabric. She had too much tact, however, to suffer her astonishment to be perceived. The extreme beauty of her countenance, and the sweetness of its expression, almost immediately attracted the attention of Miss Allison, who requested to be introduced to her. Mr. Le Richmond, too, the "city spark," as aunt Jerusia called him, did not fail to perceive that she was by far the loveliest girl present, and sought an early introduction. Much to her own surprise, she soon felt as free from embarrassment in their company, as when she was with her most intimate associates; for she had not yet learnt that it is the secret of true politeness to make every person feel at ease within the sphere of its influence. She never spent an evening so pleasantly before, and when she returned home, as her aunt Jerusia had gone to spend a week with her brother and his family, she, without any fear of being checked, commenced conversing with her mother, relative to what she had seen and heard.

All at once, her mother exclaimed—

"Why, Lucy, what has become of your head-dress?"

Lucy started, and put her hand to her head.

"I have lost it," said she, "but how, I cannot tell. What shall I do? Aunt Jerusia will never forgive me if her necklace is gone."

As it was a bright, moonlight evening, they thought if she dropped it while returning home, they might possibly find it; they, therefore, went quite to Mrs. Le Richmond's door, looking carefully at every step. Their search was unsuccessful, and they thought it possible that she might have dropped it before she left the house; but they could not think of seeking admittance, as they found by the lights that gleamed from the different chamber windows, that the inmates had already retired to their sleeping apartments. Lucy returned home with a heavy heart, and her mother was far from feeling happy, for she knew that offering to replace the lost necklace by a new one, would be of no avail, as it would not be *the* necklace. Lucy slept little that night, and if for a few minutes she lost herself, black bugles and gold beads were ever before her eyes. Her only comfort was, that her aunt Jerusia was absent. It was like a reprive to a criminal, and she indulged a faint hope that she might find the necklace before her return. In the morning, she rose before the sun, and recommenced her search. She had gone up and down the road several times before there were any indications of the family being astir at the great white house. At length she beheld a thin wreath of blue smoke borne upwards on the morning air, and assuming as much courage as possible, she approached the door and rang the bell. The door was opened by a girl, who informed her that Mrs. Le Richmond had not yet risen, and would not like to be disturbed so early, but that she was certain that she would be perfectly willing for her to look for the necklace, in any apartment which had been open to the company the preceding evening, and that she would assist her in the search. It was not to be found, however, and Lucy was again compelled to go home, more despondent than ever. Directly after breakfast, she informed Celia Carter of her loss, who joined with her in making every effort to discover the lost treasure. The idea of encountering her aunt's anger so preyed upon Lucy's spirits, that she could neither eat nor sleep, and her merry song, and her still merrier laugh, were hushed. Time passed on till it wanted only three days of her cousin Jerusia's birth-day, previous to which she knew that her aunt would be at home. The next morning she dreaded to look out of the window, lest she should see her coming.—About an hour after dinner, the chaise of her uncle Hopkins, which had been the family chaise of his father before him, its square top lined with spotted calico, and edged in front with a white linen fringe, came nodding up the lane. Lucy's face became suddenly flushed, and then she turned quite pale.

"Mother," said she, "do you tell aunt about the necklace, for I cannot."

Mr. Hopkins assisted his sister to alight, but said he was in too much of a hurry to come in. Aunt Jerusia, whose spirits were uncommonly good, said she had a nice visit, and that her niece Jerusia would make them a visit the next day.

"You know," said she, "that to-morrow is her birth-day, and I intend to tie my gold necklace round her neck with my own hands. I suppose, Lucy, you have strung it, as I told you, on the yellow silk string. I have bought a nice piece of purple lustring ribbon to tie it with."

Lucy burst into tears, while Mrs. Fay undertook to inform her sister that the necklace was lost.—"But," added she, as she saw the storm of anger gathering on her brow, "I have money enough to purchase another, which you are welcome to."

"And what good will another do!" said aunt Jerusia. "I valued it for the sake of its antiquity. It has been in the Hopkins' family almost a hundred years, and had it not been for that vain, idle girl of yours, it might have remained in it a hundred years longer. For my part, I think I am pretty well paid for indulging her in her foolish vanity."

Lucy endeavored to express her deep regret, in the hope that it would soothe her, but it only exasperated her the more, and she had wrought herself in a state of mind bordering on frenzy, when some one rapped at the outer *door*. Lucy opened it, and Mrs. Le Richmond, Miss Allison, and Clarence Le Richmond entered. Lucy hastily attempted to obliterate the traces of tears, and Mrs. Fay whispered to her sister, and begged her not to pursue the subject of the necklace in the presence of their visitors; but aunt Jerusia had not the least idea of practising such forbearance, the less so, from her natural self-consequence being much increased by her having on her red and green striped Italian silk, her best sheer muslin cap, and her high-heeled lasting shoes; a costume which, in her opinion, put her on a level with Mrs. Le Richmond as far as personal appearances was concerned, while, in most other respects, she considered herself her superior. She accordingly took the first opportunity to inform Mrs. Le Richmond that she had been reprimanding her niece for her carelessness. Mrs. Le Richmond not knowing what answer to make to such a piece of family information, contented herself by a slight inclination of her head.

"The truth is," resumed aunt Jerusia, "when you had company a few days ago, Lucy, thinking, I suppose, that some city spark might be present, (as she spoke, she cast a sidelong glance at young Le Richmond,) wanted to look mighty fine; so nothing would do, but she must borrow my beads. Well, she warnt content to wear them round her neck, but she must go string them crinkle crankle-wise, with a parcel of black bugles, with which she made a thing shaped a good deal like the pot we boil greens in, to wear on the back part of her head. Well, she put it on, and wore it to your house, and that was the last I shall ever see of my beads, I suppose."

"She was so unfortunate as to lose them," said Mrs. Le Richmond.

"Unfortunate! For my part, I call it downright carelessness. You cannot think how idle and careless she is, and, in my opinion, she would be the ruin of the richest man in the world, who should be so unfortunate as to marry her. She is not much like her cousin, Jerusia, I guess; my brother's oldest daughter."

"I would willingly replace the necklace by a new one," said Mrs. Fay, "but the one lost had been in the family about a century, I believe, and it is more on that account, than its intrinsic value, that my sister so highly prizes it. The loss of it has made both Lucy and myself very unhappy."

Lucy, on whose cheeks the blush of shame and vexation had, during her aunt's speech, been growing deeper and deeper, had, with the utmost difficulty, suppressed her tears. The last words of her mother, spoken in a tone of sympathy, at once caused them to flow afresh, and she was obliged to leave the room. Clarence Le Richmond, who had often thought of her since the evening he met her at his aunt's, felt highly indignant towards aunt Jerusia, whose remarks, by no means, lessened her in his estimation. Lucy bathed her eyes and face in cold water, hoping to be able to return, but on consulting her glass, she found the vestiges of recent weeping too apparent, which obliged her to content herself with looking from the window, to witness the departure of the visitors.

"What an opinion Mr. Le Richmond must have formed of me," she half murmured to herself, "from what aunt Jerusia said of me." She then thought of certain flattering attentions he paid her on the evening of the party. "But if he should ever think of me now," she thought, "it will be only as a vain, idle girl, beneath his notice. How foolish I was for borrowing the necklace, for after all, my hair would have looked better as I usually wear it."

It did not occur to her, amidst her regret at what had happened, that she might not be considered a suitable match for a rich and fashionable gentleman like Clarence Le Richmond, as she was entirely ignorant of the distinctions of society, as they exist in large and populous cities. Before leaving her room, she determined within herself to make one more thorough search for the necklace. She, therefore, directly after tea, put on her shawl and her cottage bonnet, and, arranging her curls as becomingly as she could, as she would be obliged to go close to Mrs. Le Richmond's, she told her mother that she should be back before dark, and set out upon what she considered her almost hopeless excursion. She pursued her way slowly, stopping almost every minute to turn over the dry leaves, which the autumn wind had drifted under the fences. She had arrived at the foot of the eminence on which Mrs. Le Richmond's house was situated, and was looking among the leaves beneath a large maple, when she heard some one pronounce her name. She looked up and beheld Clarence Le Richmond. Her face was instantly suffused with blushes, for the scene in the afternoon flashed upon her mind.

"You are looking for a certain net, composed of bugles and gold beads, I presume," said he. "What will you give me if I find it?"

"Oh, anything I have in the world," she replied.

"The price may be greater than you imagine," said he, smiling at her earnestness. He then drew a small package from his pocket, which partly opening, so as to disclose its contents, he presented to her, saying, "This, according to your aunt's description, must be the lost treasure."

With a face covered with smiles, it was her first impulse to press her lips to the hand that restored it, but reflection came in season to check the action, and she attempted, in set phrase, to speak her thanks. The feelings of her heart, however, could not find vent in such a formal way, and finally, though smiles still wreathed her lips, tears gushed from her eyes. Le Richmond drew her arm within his, slightly pressing her hand as he did so, and they proceeded slowly towards the homestead. It is probable that Lucy had never been so happy in her life. The weight which, from the loss of the necklace, had so long heavily pressed upon her spirits, was removed, and it was evident, from Le Richmond's appearance, that he was far from regarding her in the light in which her aunt Jerusia had represented her. In *his* heart, too, there were many delightful emotions, which reflection, as yet, came not to crush. There was, to him, something perfectly unique in the simplicity and confiding manner of Lucy, which, joined with her beauty, was weaving around him a stronger spell than he imagined.

"It is so lovely an evening, will you not prolong your walk?" said he, when they arrived opposite the green lane that led to her home.

She declined, saying that she told her mother that she would be at home before dark.

"How strange," said she, looking up to him and laughing, when they had nearly reached the door, "that I never thought, till this minute, to ask you where you found the necklace."

"If you will permit me to go in," he replied, "I will inform you and your mother and aunt Jerusia, all at the same time."

Aunt Jerusia gave him a sharp look over her spectacles, as he entered, as much as to say, "What brings you here so soon again," and Mrs. Fay handed him a chair. Lucy, in the mean time, removed the bugle and gold bead net from its envelope, and handed it to aunt Jerusia.

"Where on earth did you find it?" said she.

"Mr. Le Richmond found it," Lucy replied.

"I want to know if he did. How lucky. Did you find it in the road, Mr. Le Richmond?" she inquired, turning towards him a countenance which had undergone a perceptible mollification.

"No, madam, I found it in the shrubbery, suspended on a rose-bush."

"I remember now," said Lucy—"and it is strange I did not think of it before—that as the evening was very mild and beautiful, Celia Carter and I, and several others, went to walk in the garden without our bonnets."

"Well, I am sure I am glad that it is found," said Mrs. Fay, "and shall always feel truly grateful to the finder."

"So shall I," said aunt Jerusia, "and if you will come to-morrow afternoon, and take a dish of tea with us, you shall have the pleasure of seeing the gold beads around my niece Jerusia's neck. She is a nice girl, Mr. Le Richmond, and will make a capital wife. Within a year past, besides doing a great deal about the house, she has spun and wove a hundred yards of tow and linen cloth, and whitened it all herself, so that it looks more like a snow-drift than anything else. I can tell you that she is the master smart girl you ever saw in your life, and hasn't a drop of lazy blood in her veins. You won't catch her out in the woods after flowers, nor singing songs and such kind of trash; but on Sunday she can sing a psalm tune equal to any of them. Now, Mr. Le Richmond, it is none of my business, but I should like to ask you a question or two."

"Certainly, as many as you please."

"Well, people do say, that you are rich enough to buy a dozen such farms as we have in our town;—now I want to know if it is really so or not."

His color heightened a little as he replied—

"That must depend on what they are valued at."

"I see you don't care to deny it," said she, "and my advice is, that you marry some real smart girl for a wife, and settle down among us. Now my niece, Jerusia, will have a fifty acre lot for her portion, which will make a pretty snug little farm, I tell her. Don't you think so, Mr. Le Richmond?"

"I should think it would," he replied.

"Well, you must come to-morrow afternoon, as I said before, and take a dish of tea with us, and you will have a chance to see her. She isn't a girl to take the eye at first, but she will do twice the work that Lucy will, and not spend one half so much on finery."

Mrs. Fay now joined her own cordial invitation with aunt Jerusia's, and he promised to take tea with them the ensuing afternoon.

The next day, directly after dinner, the old chaise was again seen nodding up the lane. In a few minutes, it stopped opposite the house, and Miss Jerusia alighted.

"Now, Sam," said she, addressing her brother, a boy of a dozen years old, who came with her, "go right back as fast as you can, for father wants the horse for the cider-mill, this afternoon."

Aunt Jerusia went to the door to welcome her niece, followed by Lucy.

"I began to feel afraid that you wouldn't come," said her aunt. "I expected you before dinner."

"Well, I did calculate to," she replied, "but I was busy stringing apples, and I ought to have staid at home this afternoon, and kept on stringing, it is such complete weather to dry them."

"But you must consider, child, that your eighteenth birth-day don't come only once in your lifetime, and we expect the city spark will be here to tea."

"Do tell me—well, I am glad I wore my white gown. I thought, at first, of wearing my new calico, but finally I thought I would dress in white, considering it was my birth-day."

"Well, I am glad you did wear it, for upon the whole, I think Mr. Le Richmond quite a nice young man. I took care to give him a hint about your spinning, and weaving, and the fifty acre lot."

"La—did you, aunt? Now I am sure I shall not know which way to look, when I come to see him."

Miss Jerusia had, during the foregoing colloquy, entered the house, and divested herself of her bonnet and shawl. In almost every respect, she formed a striking contrast to Lucy. Her size, for a person of her sex and years, was of surprising amplitude, and exposure to the sun and wind, while whitening her hundred yards of cloth, for she was generally in too much of a hurry to put on her cape-bonnet, had so embrowned her skin, that it was nearly the color of her hair, which was somewhat between a brown and a flaxen. She still adhered to the obsolete fashion of wearing a large comb, with a top four or five inches high, the gloss of which, she occasionally restored by the white of an egg. She had made an attempt to curl her hair, by putting it in papers the night preceding, but, being all unused to the curling mood, it already dangled from her forehead and temples, in a kind of stringy style, which made her look as meek as her own barn-door fowls, when their plumes were drooping from exposure to a sudden shower.

"If Mr. Le Richmond is coming, I suppose I had better keep my gloves on," said she producing a pair of coarse white thread gloves, which she said she had knit between sunset and dark, when she could see to do nothing else.

"La, no, I wouldn't," said her aunt, approaching her with a smiling countenance, with the necklace suspended from between her thumb and finger, which she gently vibrated in the sun, which shone in at the window, in order to make it glisten, and look as tempting in the eyes of her niece as possible.—"There," said she, "don't you think you will look handsome with this round your neck?"

"La, aunt," she replied, simpering, "you don't expect me to praise myself, do you? But I will say this, I always thought a gold necklace set off a girl more than anything."

"Well, you know that I always told you that I should make you some kind of a present the day you were eighteen, and this is what I meant to give you—so sit down in this chair, and let me tie it round your neck."

She obeyed, and the necklace was tied with the purple ribbon, in a manner quite satisfactory to aunt Jerusia.

"There," said she, "now go and look in the glass, and see if it don't look handsome."

Miss *Jerusia* viewed herself for some time, with an air of great complacency, when, happening to glance her eyes out at the window, she saw Clarence Le Richmond coming up the lane.

"Dear me," said she, hastening to a chair, and taking her knitting-work, which she said was a pair of mittin' gloves for Sam, "he won't think me so industrious as you told him, aunt, if he catches me without any work in my hands."

She had only time to get fairly engaged, before Le Richmond entered.

"This 'ere girl," said Aunt Jerusia, "is my niece, that was named for me, that I told you about," and he very gravely made a bow, and Miss Jerusia rose and made a courtesy.

The combined advantages of being dressed in white, and having her neck adorned with a gold necklace, much to aunt Jerusia's surprise, did not wholly attract his attention from Lucy, although her dress was nothing better than a pink and white gingham, and her neck was without ornament, except the brown, glossy curls, by which it was shaded.

"What o'clock is it?" said aunt Jerusia, desirous to see whether his watch was gold or silver.

"Half past four," he replied.

"If I may be so bold," said she, "I should like to just look at your watch."

"With the greatest pleasure," said he, handing it to her.

"Now do you suppose this is real gold?" said she.

"So the watchmaker told me," he replied.

"Likely as not, it cost you the matter of fifty dollars."

"Yes, madam, more than twice that sum."

"Do tell me if it did! Here, Jerusia, take it and look at it, so that you can have it to say you have had a hundred dollar watch in your hand."

"Well, it *is* handsome—that is certain," said Jerusia. "Our schoolmaster's is just nothing at all to it. Here, Lucy, I suppose you want to look at it, don't you?"

Lucy blushed, as with an air of embarrassment, she received it from Jerusia's hand, and was about to rise and return it to Le Richmond, who prevented her by rising himself, and taking it. The half hour before tea was spent in a manner peculiarly edifying to aunt Jerusia, who descanted on the virtues of the "fifty acre lot" with great volubility. She, moreover, informed him, that two large chests, which sat in a certain back chamber, and which contained household linen enough to last twenty years, would certainly fall to the share of her niece. In the meantime, the younger Jerusia, plied her knitting-needles most indefatigably, throwing into her countenance a look of great demureness, highly proper and becoming for the occasion, and never, but once, opening her lips, when she remarked, if she didn't mind and get Sam's gloves done for him to wear to meetin' the next Sunday, he would be awful put out with her. Though Le Richmond, as in politeness bound, lent an attentive ear to aunt Jerusia, his eyes frequently wandered to Lucy, who, with cheeks glowing from a consciousness that he was regarding her, looked lovelier than he had ever seen her before. As soon as the sun had fairly sunk below the horizon, Miss Jerusia rolled up her knitting-work, and said she must go, for Sam said, if he came for her at all, it would be before sunset. As she was putting on her shawl and bonnet, in an adjoining apartment, she whispered to her aunt to know if she thought Mr. Le Richmond minded her gold necklace.

"Mind it!" said her aunt. "Yes, indeed, I guess he did. I saw him look at it over and over again, and once, he kind *of* smiled like, as much as to say he thought it looked handsome."

"Did he, though?" said Miss Jerusia, looking very much pleased.

"I am certain he did," replied her aunt, "and I should think nothing strange, if he should offer to go home with you."

"Shouldn't you? Well, I shall be so frightened.—If he offers me his arm, had I best take it or not?"

"No, indeed. According to my idea of things, it would be amazing bold on so short acquaintance, and I should advise you not to walk too near him, but now and then edge away towards the other side of the road."

Le Richmond, as aunt Jerusia had conjectured, offered to accompany her home, though it must be confessed, that the look he cast back on Lucy, showed that it was an act of politeness, which he would have willingly dispensed with. Aunt Jerusia stood at the window observing them, as long as they remained in sight, and was greatly satisfied to find that her niece obeyed her parting advice to the letter.

Clarence Le Richmond found autumn so very attractive in the country—so he told Mrs. Le Richmond—that he came to the conclusion not to return to the city, so soon by several weeks as he had first intended. He often, by the merest accident, met Lucy during her customary rambles. It was the last of November, and so warm and bland, that it seemed as if summer had returned to shed one more sunny smile on the scenes where she had lately reigned, that one of those accidental meetings took place between them.

The clear air had renovated her bloom, and as she stooped to gather the brown nuts, thickly strewn beneath the trees, she looked beautiful as a young wood-nymph. It so happened, for he certainly had premeditated no such thing, that he addressed to her certain words, such as are found only in a lover's vocabulary. And can it be doubted, that these words were to Lucy's ear even more musical than the wood-bird's song, which she had ever loved so much? Reflection came, in a calmer moment, to Le Richmond, yet he did not repent. Why should he? He was in possession of a large fortune: he was subject to no person's control, and Lucy was beautiful, sweet-tempered, and so young, that there was ample time for her to learn every thing *necessary*, in which she was deficient, while her mind was still pliant.—Lucy's mother was consulted, and Mrs. Le Richmond was, likewise, admitted to their councils, the result of which was, that Clarence and Lucy were to be married at the expiration of one year. Although Aunt Jerusia greatly wondered at Le Richmond's folly in choosing Lucy, when her niece Jerusia, with her "fifty acre lot," and her store of household linen, was ready to accept him, she was put into good humor by an elegant silk dress, presented to her by Le Richmond. A still sunnier gleam shone in upon her temper, when, just as she was trying to decide in what fashion to have her dress made, she was informed that Squire Hichens, a widower of forty-five, and the richest farmer in town, had offered himself to her niece Jerusia, and was accepted.

Bright Hopes.

BY S. D. ANDERSON.

Amid our dullest, darkest hours, bright hopes will often rise,
As Summer clouds that flit athwart the azure of the skies,
Gilding with magic brilliancy the impress of our dreams,
With all the vivid gorgeousness of sunshine on the streams.

And often on our path will come the rainbow gleams of joy,
Such as the worldlings rudest touch can never all destroy,
Some kindly word, some fairy smile, will often thrill the soul,
More wildly than the deepest draught of pleasure's madd'ning bowl.

And there are times in memory's store more treasured than the rest,
Some moments that are peopled with the memories of the blest,
Some hoarded bliss that comes to us, pure as an Angel's wing,
Or young love's sweetest promises to which our wishes cling.

And long gone years are given back with all there glad'ning powers,
And manhood lives in fancy o'er the joys of childhood's hours,
Before the chilling hand of Time fell on each scene of bliss—
And earth seemed fair as once it was beneath its maker's kiss.

And there are thoughts that often come as offerings to the shrine,
Bright aspirations from that fount whose every gush is thine,
Blest with the dreamy track of fame along the coming years,
And mingled in the prophet pile that busy fancy rears.

Bright hopes that paint the soaring mind to richer gifts in store;
A fairy palace built from it on that dim fortunes shore,
Some far-off isle where Summer reigns eternal in its bloom,
And hopes that spring in gladness there ne'er find an early tomb.

Philadelphia, 1841.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Ballad.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

The ring is on my hand,
And the wreath is on my brow;
Satins and jewels grand
Are all at my command,
And I am happy now.

He has loved me long and well,
But, when he breathed his vow,
I felt my bosom swell,
For the words rang like a knell,
And the voice seemed *his* who fell
In the battle down the dell,
And who is happy now.

But he spoke to re-assure me,
And he kissed my pallid brow,
While a reverie came o'er me,
And to the church-yard bore me,
And I sighed to him before me,
Thinking him dead D'Elormie,
"Oh, I am happy now!"

It was spoken—it was spoken—
Quick they registered the vow;
And though my faith be broken,
And though my heart be broken
Behold the golden token
That proves me happy now.

Would God I could awaken!
For I dream, I know not how,
And my soul is sorely shaken
Lest an evil step be taken,
And the dead who is forsaken
May not be happy now.

MARY DELAVAN.

BY J. AUSTIN SPERRY.

A gloomy, dilapidated, time-blackened structure, yclept Sternwood Hall, (from a family of that name, who were its original proprietors,) in one of the loneliest and least inviting spots in the State of Maryland, is the opening scene of the present narrative.—The building was of stone, with an awkward chimney run up on the outside of either gable, and great openings in its wall, gave ingress to the rude wind of winter. It was situated in the midst of a sterile looking plain—we might call it a common, for no sign of cultivation is presented—with not a vine clambering over the roof, or a lonely tree near it, to relieve the monotony of its appearance, or give to its antiquity even *melancholy* grandeur. The interior of the mansion was quite in keeping with its exterior, and its apartments were gloomy and uncomfortable enough. In one of them, upon a snowy day in January, there sat by the fire, in a dingy arm chair, an invalid old man. His face was much marked and furrowed—partly by age, but more by disease and long continued mental agony. A young female, with a pale, sad, yet beautiful face, sat upon a stool at his side, holding one of his withered hands in hers, and looking up tenderly and anxiously at his emaciated features. She was his daughter, and the only friend whom the reverses of fortune had left him—save a few negro domestics—the only being whose face ever greeted his solitary abode. And then, with what sweet devotedness did she cling to that dying parent! smoothing with filial love and angel gentleness, his thorny path to a lowly grave! It was a spectacle to which the sternest nature could scarce have denied the tribute of a tear—to look upon that slight girl, unwearying in her holy duty, ministering to the last wants of that infirm sire—springing with the alacrity of sleepless affection to meet his every wish—suppressing the sigh that struggled in her own breast, and concealing the canker that was preying upon her own life, that her faint smile might dispel the gloom that was gathering around him.—That daughter's sweet love was the lone star that rose upon the evening of the old man's life, and it brightened the more as the night of the grave approached him.

Roderick Delavan had been a man of wealth and influence in the Southern States. He had been drawn into the whirlpool of political life, and had been ruined. Domestic griefs crowding upon public cares, completely paralyzed his energies, and he fell from the pinnacle to which his ambition had borne him. He was a proud man, and could not brook either the scorn or pity of those who beheld his fall. So he fled from the theatre of his more prosperous career, and came, with the only child the grave had spared him, to end his days—he little thought how soon—in the solitude of Sternwood place. More of his history than this it is not necessary, for the purposes of our story, to reveal.

The old man was gazing vacantly through the window at the falling snow. He started, and as if unconscious of his daughter's presence, called aloud upon her name.

"I am here, father;" and she pressed his thin hand more tightly within her own. He looked down into her face with the enquiring gaze of one who was trying to recall once familiar but forgotten features. By degrees, the light seemed to break in upon the darkness which clouded his memory, and bending his trembling head, he pressed his lips to her pale brow.

"Go, child," said he, "call hither your brother."

"Father!" she exclaimed, and raised her mild eye to his, while a tear that stole quietly down her cheek, betrayed that something in his tone and manner had awakened in her breast an emotion of pain.

"Why do you hesitate, child? Go call me my boy."

The girl burst into tears, and the old man, after regarding her for a moment in surprise, said, as if speaking to himself, in a suppressed tone—

"Mary is weeping—what can trouble the child?—She will not call me my boy. My boy!—why, what am I saying—he perished at sea, long ago. And yet I saw him through that window, distinctly. His face was turned upward, with its familiar smile, and the snow-flakes fell and melted upon his forehead. Was it not strange, dear, that *his* features should be so fresh in my mind, when the next moment, I scarce knew *yours*? But, I am failing fast—my course is almost run."

"O! do not, do not talk so!" said she, looking up imploringly through her tears. "There are many days for you yet, father, and I cannot bear to think that we will be separated."

"And that grieves me too, child. To think of your being left without a home—without a friend. Curses upon them that have brought me to this! My poor Mary! But there is a Power will guard you, and—and—I stand here, gentlemen, to vindicate that measure—I am not daunted by the opposition it has met with—I am aware"——

He paused, and his eye, which had brightened with the last flighty words, again grew lustreless and vacant, and his head sank back upon the chair-top. The daughter softly quitted her seat, and bringing from the mantel-shelf a glass which contained a composing draught, placed it to his lips. He turned away his head languidly, and said—

"Not now, Mary. I feel calmer, easier, indeed, than I have felt for some time. Be seated again—there! Look at the falling snow."

He raised his hand with a steadiness he had not been capable of for weeks before, and pointed to the window. The girl's countenance exhibited an expression of distress at his incoherent language and manner. She raised the glass once more, and proffered him the soothing mixture.

"Drink it, father; you are feverish and agitated, and you need rest."

"Child, I tell you, no! I do not need it. My mind is not wandering now—the film has passed from before it. I feel as if my torpid soul were awakening into a new existence—as if the strength of youth had returned to bear me back from the very threshold of the grave."

"O, joy! joy!" cried the girl, springing up, and in the sudden elation which his words occasioned, throwing her arms about his neck. "It is returning health! I knew you would recover, and your Mary will not be left alone. We will live pleasantly here in the old Hall, and when Spring comes"——

"Do not indulge such idle hopes, my daughter," said the old man, and he shook his head sadly as he continued. "It is not returning health—it is only the brightening up of an expiring torch, or the last gleam of a setting sun. But do you mark the snow?"

"I see," she replied; "how fast it is coming down!"

"Yes, and thick and chilly as those flakes, misfortunes are now crowding upon your young heart.—But it may be well. That drear, icy garb gathering upon the earth, will cherish germs beneath it which will put forth in beauty in the spring. Mary, when I am gone—"

"No, no, no, father! do not talk of when you are gone. I know you are recovering, and will be quite well soon. Spring will come, with its warm sun, and we will walk forth and look upon every thing in nature that is bright and beautiful. We will be happy—oh yes! happier in this humble, quiet place, than when fortune smiled more brightly upon us;—and you shall be as proud of your Mary in our secluded home, as when she was the admiration of a false-hearted crowd."

* * * * *

And spring did come, but the old man walked forth no more. The sun of the first morning of flowery May rose in cloudless splendor, and its ruddy beams fell like mockery upon the sorrowing form of Mary Delavan. She was kneeling by the last resting-place of her heart-broken sire. Poor, sorrow-stricken orphan! her tears fell fast upon that fresh mound. She was alone now. In the whole earth, there was not one heart to share her grief—not one shelter she could claim by any tie—not one friend to dissipate the loneliness of her young spirit—no asylum even, to which she could fly from want—despair! A melancholy prospect this for one so gentle and so young! Sad change from the luxury and splendor in which, but a few short years before, she had moved!' Sad enough!

Well, the sun rose upon Mary at her father's grave; ere it set, Sternwood Hall and its appurtenances were sold beneath the sheriff's hammer, to liquidate a portion of her father's debts, and she was a dependant upon the purchaser's charity—charity (if it may be called such) which sprung, not from any sympathy for her misfortunes, but from that condition of society which imposes upon a man, for his character's sake, the task of appearing not inhuman. She easily apprehended the feeling which prompted the meagre kindness extended to her, and her father's proud spirit burning in her breast, woman's as it was, scorned to be dependent upon such reluctant hospitality. She conceived a plan of maintaining herself by means of those little domestic accomplishments which, under other circumstances, she had acquired merely as a source of relief from the tedium of a lonely hour. Knowing none of the world, save that bright side she had seen when, in other years and other lands, she had mingled in the gay walks of fashionable life, she imagined that in the busy thoroughfares of a city she could easily obtain employment, either at needle-work, or as instructress in some seminary or private family, for which latter, by education, if not by experience, she was well qualified. Baltimore, being the nearest city, was the place to which her eyes turned as the scene of her future struggle for her daily bread. The idea once formed, with the strength of resolution so characteristic of woman in the hour of adversity, she did not delay to carry it into execution. The new owner of Sternwood Hall, content to be rid of so unprofitable a burden, did not oppose the step; but, with an amiable boast of his own benevolence in extending to her, thus far, the shelter of his roof, laid her under still further obligations by a letter of introduction to an influential friend in the city. She had a very little stock of money; enough, perhaps, if used with economy, to maintain her for several weeks. Thus provided, she bade adieu to the endeared spot which held her father's remains.

The day upon which her journey was undertaken, was dull and cloudy, and the country along the route was by no means picturesque. There were but few romantic views or striking objects to engage attention; nothing to draw the mind from itself, or cheat the heart of the grief which pressed heavily upon it; and as the stage-coach, of which she was the only passenger, rolled along the solitary road, her thoughts turned inward, and reverted to the past. And oh, it was a melancholy train of memories which then crowded upon her mind. The joyous visions of a few years agone, where were they?—the warm-hearted friends, the smiling companions, the fond parents, the cheerful home? Passed away, like sunlight before a storm, or the verdure of summer before the blight of an early autumn. So sudden! It seemed but yesterday she had felt a mother's soft embrace—but yesterday that her heart grew warm beneath her father's approving smile. The tones of a brother's voice, too, were lingering within her breast, and his words of affection, every deep accent, came back mellowed from the past, like the soft return of echo from the distant hills. Nor had her breast been a stranger to deeper and more thrilling emotions. She had known the wild spell of that love which transcends the mere ties of blood. She had hung upon the words of one who became to her heart more than self—tones which, to her, were eloquent of all that is noble, and generous, and good. She had worshipped with all the energy of woman's nature; and he upon whom the rich treasures of her affections were bestowed, was not unworthy of the offering. Alas for her young hopes! A brother and a lover, it was said, shared the same ocean grave.

Words suffice not to depict the agony of those *few* hours of reflection. Every burning thought seared her brain as a brand of fire. Grief crowded upon grief, in gloomy retrospect, until the fountain of her tears gushed up and broke forth in a long and passionate flood. It is strange how an unrestrained flow of tears will assuage the keenest anguish. Mary wept, and grew calm. Her grief seemed to have expended itself by its own violence, and there was even pleasure in the tranquil feelings which succeeded.—Hope now sprung, Phœnix-like, from despair. She looked forward to her future destination, and laid out plans for her future actions. She would toil for money, not merely to meet her own wants, but that she might do good to others. She would seek the abodes of wretchedness and sorrow, and relieve the distresses which haunted them. Hers would be the task to comfort the afflicted, and to gladden the needy—and hers would be the sweet reward of prayers and blessings from grateful hearts. She would make herself loved among the children of want, and respected among the affluent.

While she indulged in these pleasant dreams of the future, night came on; but so wrapt was she in her thoughts, that she scarce noted the change from light to darkness. It was near ten o'clock, that her reverie was broken by the halting of the coach before an old and gloomy-looking inn, within the suburbs of Baltimore. It was now, as she alighted, that the imprudence of the step she had taken, for the first time flashed upon her mind. Here was she, alone, unknown, in the city. She had come under the protection of no one, and had no voucher for her character, other than her own word. Was it probable, under these circumstances, that she could obtain lodging at a public house of respectability? She was hesitating whether she should enter the inn, go at once to the landlord, and throwing herself upon his generosity, explain her whole situation, when a boisterous shout from within greeted her ears, followed by peals of Bacchanalian laughter, oaths and imprecations. She started back from the door, and stood for a moment shuddering at the thought of having so nearly ventured into a den of iniquity.—The idea of passing the night, in her unprotected condition, under the same roof with a gang of drunken revellers, was not to be entertained for a moment. The only alternative which presented itself, was to proceed at once to the house of the gentleman to whom her letter of introduction was addressed. She turned to the coachman, and requested him to drive her to No. — Sharp street. The fellow, who was not possessed of the most obliging disposition in the world, and seemed to be more than usually irritated by some unruliness on the part of his horses, refused, in a surly tone, to comply. A lad, who was lounging in front of the inn, at this moment stepped up, and offered his services for a trifle to conduct the lady, if she was disposed to walk, to the place designated. She gladly agreed, placed the consideration demanded in the boy's hand, and directed the surly coachman to stow away her baggage (no great task) at the inn, until called for.

Arrived at No. — Sharp street, the boy, considering his commission at an end, merely pointed to the door and precipitately retreated. She ascended the marble steps, and applied a faltering hand to the knocker, and then, with a palpitating heart, awaited the result—for to a proud mind, it is a task which requires no slight degree of courage, to face a stranger in a supplicant's attitude. But Mary, it seemed, was to be spared that humiliation. Five minutes passed and no answer came to her summons. She repeated it; and the loud raps reverberated within, and returned to her ear with a moan of startling emptiness, sounding "the knell of another hope." Again and again she repeated the knock, until the conviction that the house was untenanted became almost certainty. The boy might, perhaps, have mistaken the number, she thought; but upon raising her eyes to the top-sill of the door, the feeble rays of a street lamp showed but too plainly that he had not erred.—While she was pondering upon the next course to pursue, she was startled by a strange din in a neighboring cross street. It came nearer and nearer, until at length the broad glare of torches burst upon her sight, and a company of riotous firemen, in blood-red coats and hats, shouting like fiends, and indeed their whole appearance corresponding with one's ideas of the inhabitants of Tophet, whirled past her, with their engine—the rattling of whose wheels, blending with yells and angry vociferations in strange confusion, echoed and re-echoed far and near through the deserted streets, breaking upon the midnight stillness like the howls of a savage war party. It was a scene at once disgusting, terrifying, and bewildering to the heart-sick adventurer, and she stood quaking with dread, for she knew not, if observed by these demoniac ruffians, to what brutal violence she might be subjected. She felt relieved when the last dark and passion-marked face had gone by, and she was still unperceived. She was composing herself to apply once more to the knocker of the door—for she had still a lingering hope that there might be some one within, even if not of the family she was in search of, some one at least who would direct her where to find a secure asylum for the time—when the flashing of receding torches revealed to her gaze a tin label on one of the window-shutters containing the ominous words, "*To Let.*" She descended the steps, sick with repeated disappointments, and was wandering, she knew not whither, but had gone only a few yards, when her strength began to fail her; a faintness crept over her limbs, and her brain grew dizzy. She tottered back to the steps of the house she had left, and leaned against the ballustrade for support. Death-like stillness now reigned in the street; not a sound indicated that human beings were near. Even the watchman seemed to have deserted his round, perhaps for a slumber in his box, or to render his devotion at the altar of the toddy-vender. How strange was the contrast between that moment and the five minutes previous, when the bright glare of torches flashed upon the sight, and the rioters dashed in their mad career through the street, causing the still walls to ring with their wild clamor. Now all was quiet as if the sombre edifices were but the monuments of the dead, and the rays of the street lamp fell upon door and window, and its cold, pale gleam was reflected back from the dingy cornices, which looked as gloomily as if they were frowning upon the intrusion of the straggling rays. And as Mary stood and contemplated, her strength revived, and eagerly she listened for some human footstep, and strained her eyes through the darkness to catch a glimpse of some living form, to which she might speak and implore guidance or protection. At length she saw a dim object coming noiselessly and slowly, close within the shadow of the houses, towards her. It approached with stealthy step and exposed to her view a being who seemed to have escaped but newly from the pit of misery, or to have stolen itself from a charnel house. The rags that hung upon its limbs seemed ready to drop off with their own weight. There was no expression in its lank face, save a half-stupid kind of despair.—The sunken eyes looked cold and leaden from beneath the matted brow, and dark locks hung dishevelled by the wan and bloodless cheeks. In truth, it looked like a thing let loose for a little space from a grave of torments. As this figure glided by Mary, it turned its ghastly features towards her with a look that seemed to implore her pity. Her heart was moved by the wretched spectacle, and in the momentary excitement of her warm sympathies for the miserable being before her, she forgot her own sad and pitiable condition.

"Father of mercies!" said she, inwardly; "there is starvation and sorrow, and the agony of lingering death in that haggard face. Poor wretch! want and grief have gnawed its very heart strings, and it moves like something not entitled to the human shape. Can such things be, here in the midst of hundreds and thousands, who daily eat, drink, and make merry; the wasted crumbs from whose tables would, perhaps, make the heart of yon emaciated creature leap wild with gladness and gratitude? Oh, I feel as if I could scourge such a world till it cried—cried for the mercy it knows not."

She felt an unaccountable desire to follow the steps of the distressed object that had just passed, to overtake it, and speak to it in words of kindness. But while she was debating with herself the propriety of such a step, the figure disappeared in the distance.—With the passing of the object that had thus excited and engaged her thoughts, they returned to her own perplexing dilemma. Where should she go? What should she do? She could do nothing but wander the streets until she met some one of whom she could implore counsel or assistance. To add to the distress of her situation, a slight rain commenced falling, with every prospect, from the thickness of the sky, of increasing to a storm. She had turned into Pratt street, and was hurrying along at a rapid pace, when she was encountered by the same wretched object which had passed her in Sharp street. He was issuing from a store, which he had doubtless broken into, with his arms loaded with boots and shoes. He no sooner beheld her than he started, and in the alarm of detected guilt, dropped the plunder at her feet. A watchman at the same moment rushed across from the opposite side of the way; the haggard burglar took to his heels and a chase ensued. Mary was bewildered by the scene and stood in mute surprise until she was aroused by the voice of the watchman who returned unsuccessful from the pursuit.

"What's the matter, girl?" said he, "what are you waiting for? Get along home, or I'll take you to the watch 'us."

"Alas! I have no home," said Mary. "I am a stranger here and know not where to go—for pity's sake, direct me to some respectable place, where I may obtain shelter for the night."

"Respectable!" ejaculated the watchman, as he gathered up the shoes which lay at her feet, and closed the door of the store, which the thief had, in his haste, left open. "Respectable houses don't take to females that walk about in the rain this time o' night, and women that pretend to be vartuous don't come to strange places by 'emselves. We'll toddle to the lock-up—that's the most respectable place you can get into to-night."

"Oh, gracious Heavens! no! no!" she exclaimed, seizing and clinging wildly to his arm. "Oh do not take me there—I have done no harm! I am an orphan, and have no friend to give me shelter or protection. Hear me, and when you know what brought me here, you will find me shelter."

From the vehement manner in which these words were uttered, the watchman was half inclined to believe her deranged. His heart, however, was not altogether devoid of the gentler feelings of humanity, and he lent an ear to the story of her trials. He was at first a little suspicious of her veracity, and even when she had concluded, he paused to consider whether the impulse that prompted him to aid her did not militate with his duty as an officer; but his kindly sympathies prevailed at length, and he conducted her a few squares to the house of a widow acquaintance, where, after some hesitancy on the part of the woman, and much argument and entreaty on his part, he finally procured her admittance for the night. He had his misgivings, notwithstanding, and before he departed he called the woman aside, and directed her not to suffer Mary to leave the house before he should see her again in the morning.

Mary retired to the humble bed that was provided for her, with a heart grateful that her miseries, for a few short hours, at least, were ended. But the agitation of her mind kept sleep from her wearied eyes until the first gleam of daylight; and then when it did come, it was more a stupor that followed mental and physical exhaustion, than the refreshing repose of slumber.

* * * * *

The forenoon was pretty well advanced, when a scene transpired in a police office, in a narrow street of the city of monuments, to which we must invite the reader's attention. A worthy Justice of the Peace was seated at his desk, wondering whether the world had suddenly grown very moral; for he had not heard a case since the forenoon of the day previous—when his office door was opened, and an officer made his appearance, with a ragged and half-starved looking culprit in charge.

"Ah!" exclaimed the magistrate, seizing his pen, and assuming a tone of official dignity and severity, "who is this individual?"

"Harris Bender," replied the policeman.

"Harris Bender, eh? Well, what is the charge against him?"

"Breaking into the shoe-store of Messrs. ———, at one o'clock this morning."

"And where is the evidence?"

"Coming," said the officer; and the words had scarce passed his lips, when the watchman, who has been already introduced to the reader, entered with Mary Delavan. Her face was very pale, and there was a wildness in her looks which was very different from the calm and sweet expression which had usually marked her features. Her eye was restless, and the despair of a goaded spirit shone in its quick glance. She had evidently, from the disarray of her habiliments, been hurried from her bed to the police-office, without knowing upon what disagreeable errand she was bound.

At the same instant with the entrance of Mary, another police officer brought in a tall, well-dressed, and rather pretty woman; and these were followed by a few idlers, whose curiosity had attracted to the place. Among the latter, was a young man, in the plain, starched habits of a professor of religion. He had a fine, open countenance, and every feature glowed with that generous and affable expression which springs only from hearts in which the nobler feelings of man's nature have been cultivated.

The examination commenced. Mary was compelled to testify that she had seen the prisoner, (whom she had recognized at a glance) on the night previous, issuing from a store in the street where the watchman had found her, with a bundle of shoes in his arms, which, upon being alarmed by the approach of the watchman, he dropped at her feet, and made his escape. Her evidence was sufficiently conclusive to warrant the committal of the man for trial, and Mary was required to give security in the sum of five hundred dollars to appear against him. This decision of the magistrate she did not comprehend. When it was explained to her, she immediately stated that she had no such security to offer.

"I must commit you to prison, then," said the magistrate, bluntly.

Mary raised her eyes, and fixed them upon him in a glance of unutterable anguish; then, without uttering a syllable, closed them, and folded her hands upon her breast as if in inward prayer. There was something irresistibly touching in this little act, eloquent, as it was, of the deep misery of her lot, which appealed strongly to the sympathy of the young man in the religious garb. The watchman, too, who had taken her under his protection, was moved, and a tear trickled over his rough cheek. He approached the magistrate, and related to him the account which she had given of herself when he had found her.— The magistrate, after having patiently listened to the narrative, shook his head with the significant smile of one who knew the world too well to be imposed upon.

"You are a good-hearted fellow," said he to the watchman, "but you let your feelings sway your judgment. Remember, this is not the first time you have been duped into neglectfulness of your duty."

"But," persisted the watchman, "she has a letter of introduction to Mr. L——."

"Let Mr. L—— be sent for, then."

"I went for him this morning," returned the other, "but he has left the city."

"Let the girl show the letter, then. If she is unfortunate and innocent, as she represents herself, you can easily find some one charitable enough to go her bail."

A ray of hope brightened Mary's features. She seized her reticule, and opened it eagerly. But the letter was not among its contents. Her features sank again into their dull, listless, despairing expression, and she said in a tone of indifference, which showed that her heart had been wrung to the utmost, and no blow could further wound it—

"I have lost it."

The magistrate very leisurely picked up his pen to fill a warrant of committal, remarking in an under tone to the watchman—

"You see the girl is a deceitful jade; but your credulity swallows any thing that falls from a woman's tongue."

The words, though not intended for Mary's ears, reached them. Her feelings, though deadened to misfortune, were keenly alive to the insult to her character. An instant start was the effect it produced; the color mounted to her cheek; her eyes flashed with virtuous indignation; her lip curled proudly; and with her head erect, and a step of firmness and dignity, she approached the magistrate.

"I am," said she, and her tones, though slightly tremulous with the depth of her emotion, were distinct, "as incapable of falsehood, as you are of justice or mercy. You have the power—condemn me to what ignominy you can; while I am innocent, I can bear the worst."

The magistrate changed color, and quailed a moment beneath her glance, but soon rallied, placed the warrant he had made out in the constable's hand, and motioned him to take her into custody, with an angry gesture. He had mistaken the fearless retort of injured innocence, for the bold defiance of an artful mind.

The young man in the religious garb now stepped forward. The scene had deeply interested him, and impressed by the girl's manner with a conviction of her guiltlessness, he resolved to befriend her.

"Will your honor inform me what is the amount of bail required in this young woman's case?"

"Oho!" sneered a voice at his elbow, "what is bred in the bone won't come out of the flesh. I thought you had broken off your acquaintance with light-o'-love characters, and joined the church."

The young convert (for he had but recently been taken into Christian communion) shrank back, abashed and mortified that his charitable motives should be misconstrued. He had the holy aspiration, but not the moral courage, to be a Christian. What would the world say? But he cared not what the *world* said. There is something chivalric in battling openly with Satan, and winning the applause of that respected class of our fellow-beings who profess the Christian faith. What would the *brethren* say?— That was the cross whose weight he could not support. If the girl should not prove so innocent as he believed her, his fellow-Christians might mistake the purity of his motives, and suspect him of sliding back to the evil ways he professed to have forsaken. Too many are there, who strive to be Christians in the eyes of their fellow-mortals, forgetting that Higher Tribunal by which, not the outward actions, but the secret workings of the heart must be judged.

The officer, in whose charge Mary was, sent for a coach. In the meantime the Justice proceeded to hear the next case, which was that of the woman whom we have mentioned. The charge against her—it is not necessary here to state its nature—she did not attempt to refute. She was subjected to a trifling fine and ten days' immurement in the county jail. There was a pensiveness and a gentleness in the air of this woman (affected doubtless for the occasion) which, to an unsophisticated mind, argued anything but a nature steeped in dark and fearful passions; and there was a placid, thoughtful beauty in her features, which had certainly once been more brilliant, and were yet, though grey hairs were mingling with her brown tresses, sufficiently unimpaired by the hand of time, to be called fascinating. When she had heard her sentence, she quietly paid the fine, and while the warrant for her committal was in process of being made out, she approached Mary, and said, in an under tone—

"This is the world and its *justice*, child. It grieves you now—after a while you will despise it, and triumph over it."

Mary raised her eyes with some astonishment to the woman's face, and encountered its expression of kindly sympathy with a feeling of gratefulness.— There was a bitterness in the woman's tone which harmonized with her own thoughts, at the moment.

"I despise it already," she replied with emotion.

"When you do so thoroughly," rejoined the other, "it will no longer have power to sting you."

The coach arrived, and they were hurried away to the felon's abode. Guilt and innocence were companions in the same narrow cell—sharers of the same lot of infamy.*

Of all the qualities of our nature, pride is, at the same time, the most dangerous and the most indispensable—a blessing and a curse. Like that most fearful of the elements, fire, if properly restrained and applied, it may be productive of infinite good, but once escaped beyond control, it rages with devouring fury, consuming every virtue and kindly feeling, until it leaves the soul a scathed, blackened and cheerless ruin.

Alas for Mary! Against every withering mischance she had borne up with the courage of a martyr—but this last trial was fated to undo her. She was degraded in the eyes of the world, and her pride, stung to the quick—to desperation—whispered of vengeance—on whom? The world which had wronged her. And how? By violating those laws by which she was doomed to so unmerited an ignominy. Silly girl! she knew not what she was doing.— Wounded pride could only turn upon herself, like the wounded serpent which madly buries its fangs in its own flesh.

The woman who shared Mary's cell had from the first marked her for her victim, and too skilled an incendiary of evil passions was she to leave a doubt of her success. She fanned the flame which was kindled, until it blazed up with fearful intensity—the funeral pile of virtue. No wile was left untried to excite the woe-worn girl's indignation against the world which had dealt so harshly with her. Then by a cunning appeal to her womanly sympathies in behalf of her own errors, and by gradually familiarizing her mind to fascinating details of vice, she eventually overcame the barrier which Mary's principles of moral rectitude opposed to her design, and subdued her to her will.

Upon the very day that the fallen woman's term of imprisonment expired, the burglar, against whom Mary was held in durance to testify, died in his cell, and of course our heroine was discharged with her iniquity-steeped companion. They issued forth together, and Mary was led from the dungeon to a still darker fate.

* * * * *

May with its bloom passed, and June with its tearful skies came weeping for the blossoms that were fallen and the bitterness of its young fruit— How emblematic of life! Youth is the *May-day*, with its blossoms of hope, and then succeed the first realities of life, like the fruit in its first stage—all bitterness—and our June is a tearful one; and a well or ill-spent life brings an age of comfort or grief, as an arid or genial summer brings an autumn of famine or a glorious harvest.

A storm obliterated the twilight of the first evening in June; but it was soon over, and the moon struggling through the clouds poured a sudden flood of pale light full into the lonely chamber of Mary Delavan. She started from her couch, as if in alarm, to the midst of the room. And what was there in those clear, harmless rays that should startle her?— Was it not the same beautiful planet she had often gazed at with delight? Was there any change in its beams? None! But there was a change in the being on whom they fell. There had once been a purity in her breast, to which the chasteness of the calm moonlight was congenial. That purity had fled, and in its place was—guilt! Her soul was dark, and it feared and hated light—for light is the emblem of truth. She had no sooner reached the shadow beyond the flood of radiance which poured through the window, than the momentary excitement which had impelled her ceased, and the same miserable sensations which for hours before had oppressed her, returned. Oh, it was horrible!—that feeling of emptiness, and loneliness, and gloom, which at that moment possessed her. There was a desolateness within her that was almost unendurable. Virtue and truth had left her breast, and vice and evil passions had scarcely yet stepped in to fill the void made by their desertion.

"It does seem," she mused, passing her fingers calmly over her brow, "that the mind, or the soul, or whatever that may be which we call self, has for its companion an unseen good as well as evil genius, whose presence and promptings give direction to thought and guidance to action. The companion genius of *my* soul was the good one—I have expelled it, and the evil one seems loitering at the door, as if in doubt of its right to enter the vacant tenement.— Hence, this loneliness, this fearful solitude within me. And how strangely calm and unmoved I reflect upon these things. Oh!" she exclaimed aloud, and her face brightened with the instant thought, "oh, what hope is this returning! I may even yet recall the good spirit that was my guardian angel—I will—I will! I will shut out the evil one!"

She pressed her hands convulsively to her breast, contracted her brow sternly, and bent low her head, as if by this movement she were closing the door of her heart against the spirit her exclamation referred to. But if the evil was shut out, there was no barrier which could exclude remorse.

A golden brooch, which secured a bracelet upon her wrist, at this moment slipped its fastenings, and by a slight movement of the arm, was thrown to the floor at a little distance from her. Accustomed to the sight of this trinket daily, and almost hourly, it had not before called up an unusual emotion; but her mind was now wrought up to a painful state of excitement by the reflections which had just passed through it, and, as it lay glittering in the moonlight, the sight recalled to memory the hand which had bestowed it. It was her brother's gift, and a train of early associations came up before her mind with harrowing rapidity and vividness. In the unutterable anguish of the moment, she groaned aloud. She pressed her fingers again to her brow—it was no longer cold and clammy, but hot and feverish—it was burning with the glow of awakened guilt, and her hand shrank from the touch. Oh! the pangs of that remorse!—the moments it endured were hours of agony, and they brought madness with them.

There was a knock at her chamber door.

"Who is it?" she exclaimed, and then, without pausing for an answer, continued—"Stay a moment, I am coming. Coming," she added, in a lower tone, "but not to you who knock there—not to you!" The summons was repeated. "Have patience," she exclaimed, "I am *coming*—wait till I am arrayed."—Again she added, in the same suppressed tone as before, "Coming, but not to you! Yes, wait till I am arrayed. It shall be in crimson—that is fittest. Crimson—deep—deep as the blush of shame!"

There was mirth in the low, convulsed laughter which succeeded these words—but it was a very unnatural kind of mirth; it sounded like the delirious laughter of a maniac, and it continued to burst from her lips at momentary intervals, as she moved slowly toward her toilet. Again the knock at the door was repeated. "Oh, I am coming!" she exclaimed, impressively, as she drew from her dressing-case a broad knife, which she held wildly up to the moonlight, where its bright blade gleamed and flashed like a meteor!

* * * * *

Misfortune is no palliation of guilt. No wrongs received at the hands of others, can justify a departure from the path of honor and virtue; and the most miserable of all infatuated beings, are those who think by wantonly wrecking their own good fame, to spite the world. They but attempt to retaliate upon their Maker, the injuries they receive at the hands of the evil one; and their blind resentment must inevitably recoil in its force upon their own heads. Is it not better to suffer *all*—and if it comes to the worst, *die* with the blessed consciousness of a spotless reputation, and the comfort of an approving conscience, than to yield to the impulse of passion, or the allurements of vice, and die—for die we must in any event—goaded to madness by the pangs of remorse?

Ye, who are beset by the "ills which flesh is heir to"—who are battling against a stern fate—yield not! Struggle on, for the next hour may bring you a triumph! Pause ere you cast away the last hope; for the moment that you despair, the prize may be within your grasp, and you lose the success for which you have so long bravely striven, and which but one more effort might make your own.

Such was the case with Mary Delavan. The knock at her chamber door was to announce the return of that brother whom she supposed had found an ocean grave. He had been wrecked, saved, and had wandered for years beneath "Afric's burning sun;" but the limits of our story will not allow us to give more of his history here. It will be sufficient to say that he had returned, learned his sister's misfortunes, and agitated with affection and fears, but still confident, despite the appearance of circumstances, in his sister's integrity, had tracked her to this place.—We cannot paint his heart-rending disappointment upon finding her weltering in her own blood—fallen from virtue, and a suicide. The shock was more than he could bear. A brother's love excused a sister's weakness, and bitterly he cursed the institutions of his country which had driven her to shame and the grave. The same false reasoning and the same mistaken spirit of resentment which had actuated her took possession of him. He saw her placed in the earth, and then left, none knew whither.

A few years ago, a pirate was executed in one of the West India Islands. He bore several names; but on his person was found a pocket-book, whose only contents consisted of a lock of braided hair, and a small piece of paper curiously cut, upon which was inscribed, in a childish hand—

"G. T. DELAVAN—FROM HIS SISTER MARY."

HOME HAPPINESS.

Like a thing in the desert, alone in its glee,
[illegible]
Like a bird in the forest, whose world is its nest,
My home is my all, and the centre of rest.
Let ambition stretch over the world at a stride,
Let the restless go rolling away with the tide;
I look on life's gewgaws as follies at best,
And, like a [illegible], feel safe when I'm going to rest.

I sit by the fire in the dark winter's night,
While the cat cleans her face with her feet in delight,
And the winds all a cold, with rude clatter and din,
Shake the windows like robbers who want to get in;
Or else, from the cold [illegible] away,
By the bright burning fire see my children at play,
Making houses of cards, or a coach of a chair,
While I sit enjoying their happiness there!

I walk round the orchard on sweet summer eves,
And rub the perfume from the black-currant leaves,
Which, like a geranium, when touched, leaves a smell
That lad's Love and sweet briar can hardly excel;
I watch the plants grow, all beginning with the showers,
That gleam like pearls in a sunshiny hour;
And hear the pettichap's [illegible], whistle a tune,
To cheer the lone hedges [illegible].

Joys come like the grass in the field, springing there,
Without the mere toil of attention or care;
They come of themselves, like a star in the sky,
And the brighter they shine when the cloud passes by.
I wish for but little, and that is all there,
Whose peace gives us faith in the home of the hare;
Who would else, [illegible] by her fears, run away
From the shade of the flowers and the breeze of the day.

Oh, the out-of-door blessings of heaven for me!
Health, riches, and joy!—it includes them all three.
There peace comes to see,—I have faith in her smile,—
She's my playmate in leisure, my comfort in toil;
There the short pasture-grass [illegible] in her nest,
Though scarcely as high as the grass-hopper's breast;
And there [illegible] the wild honey bee,
And there joy in plenty [illegible] for me!

Far away from the world, its delusions and snares—
Whose sports are but breath, and its breathing but cares,—
Where trouble's sown thick as the dews of the morn,
One can scarce see a rose without meeting a thorn.
There are some view the world as a lightly-thrown ball,
There are some look on others like spiders in a wall—
Nothing more. There are others, Ambition's proud heirs,
Of whom I have neither the courage nor cares.

So I sit on my bench, or enjoy in the shade
My toil as a pastime, while using the spade;
My fancy is free in her pleasures to stray,
Making [illegible] round the whole world in a day;
I gather home-comforts where cares never grow,
[illegible]
Till I see the lone hedges bend wearily by,
Then like a tired bird to my corner I fly.

The Capture and the Escape.

An Incident of the Irish Rebellion.

BY THOMAS J. BEACH.

It was in the latter days of that tremendous struggle for liberty, so well known by the common title of "The Irish Rebellion," as to require no more definite mention at our hands, that the courage, patriotism and sincerity of those who were enlisted in the cause, were conspicuously exhibited by the severity of the trials they were required to undergo; the perils they had to encounter, and the despair that thickened around them—like black clouds indicative of the storm that was about to scatter the true-hearted bands of the United Irishmen, and sweep the bravest and the best from the face of the earth. Already there had fallen before the British arms, many a bold spirit in whose skill and intrepidity the hopes of thousands had been centered, and in whose bloody grave the hopes of thousands were buried for ever. Numbers had been captured, and loaded with fetters, whose weight alone could restrain their active limbs, then thrust into dungeons inaccessible to all but the officers of death—the sole means of preventing the spread of that influence, which must have grown out of such examples of indomitable resolution, unyielding patriotism and faith, as were exhibited by the unfortunate captives, even to the end. Spies it was well known had been crawling about the country, and such active measures had been taken by the government, and well directed onslaughts made by British troops, as rendered it too apparent that information was conveyed to the enemy by "traitor knaves." Danger threatened on every side, and the most secret meetings were attended with risk of life, even in the mountains—in the very heart of the rock. At length the treachery of Reynolds led to the arrest of several of the most prominent leaders of the insurgents on the 12th of March, 1798, who were captured "at one fell swoop." Of the party who were assembled on that occasion, one alone effected his escape—brave, eloquent and good, the patriot and fast friend of Ireland, Lord Edward Fitzgerald. He succeeded in eluding pursuit, and with every prospect of success for several weeks. Endeared to the hearts of the people, he seemed to be secure against all the efforts of that foe, who was scenting every avenue with all the ferocity of war-hounds spurred on by an insatiable thirst for his blood. Alas! the fidelity of a host, each one of whom would have sacrificed himself for the noble victim, was insufficient for his safety. On the 19th of May, after a desperate resistance, he fell into the hands of the enemy, and was exposed to the terrible vengeance of that power, whose tenderest mercy to the Irish rebel was a speedy death. The news of this severe calamity carried consternation for a moment into the bosoms of the bravest who were yet at large; it was but for a moment, and recovering from the shock, the rescue of Fitzgerald was a theme of whispered discussion among a few daring spirits, to whom the ignominious death, which, in the event of failure, was their sure and certain fate, presented no terrors in comparison with the glory of saving him, who would have been the saviour of themselves and their native land.

Among the adventurous spirits which that stirring time called forth from the interior, was young Arthur Donore, the son of a wealthy land owner, whose love for his broad acres overcame the active devotion in his country's service, which it is but justice to say he would have manifested, had his situation and circumstances been the reverse of what they were. But it was no secret among Arthur's acquaintances that his father allowed him to draw for very liberal sums, and the drafts were promptly honored, although the old gentleman knew the uses to which his son appropriated the money perfectly well. To counteract any sinister consequences from this course, however, it was rumored, and not without foundation, that "the squire," as old Mr. Donore was called, had more than once volunteered to supply the King's troops when quartered in his vicinity, with sundry beeves, and had entertained with great ceremony at his own dwelling, the officers of the regiments, with the best that his cellar and his larder could afford. He is also said to have bowed them off upon their march with much courtesy, and upon returning to his mansion has been casually overheard to damn with considerable animation every Englishman in the country. This is, however, mere tradition, and cannot be traced to any authentic historical source.

Young Arthur had been chosen the chief of a little party of twelve, which formed a branch of a band of some two hundred determined and active men, with either of whom, and in any quality requisite to the duty to which they were pledged, Arthur Donore would compare with advantage. Yet active, thoughtful and attentive as he was, he found time and opportunity to fall in love with one of the prettiest, sweetest, and most charming girls in the neighborhood, Agnes O'Terry. Agnes was an orphan child, and had been brought up in the family of her uncle, Phelim O'Terry, who was an avowed friend of the royalists, though by no means a serviceable one, being too much interested in his own pursuits to give much attention to the affairs of the King. He cultivated his land, cursed the rebels, sold his produce, and went to bed with the full consciousness of having done his duty. Perhaps if he had known that such a full-blooded anti-royalist as Arthur Donore was performing prodigies of valor, liberating his country from the yoke of England, and afterward occupying an elevated station in her councils, in the dreams which flitted around the pillow of his pretty little niece, Agnes, every night, his apathy might have been moved to a proper consideration of the necessity of interposing his authority, and handing the young phantom hero of the dear girl's brain, to a reality any thing but agreeable. But Arthur and Agnes were wise enough to keep both their love and their rebellion to themselves, and it was only in a stroll at evening in the thick wood, upon the silent hill, or by the brook that came leaping and brawling along the valley, that they talked to each other of love and happiness—of treason and death. And how strange were the emotions that thrilled their young breasts—how conflicting—how opposite—how hostile was each alternating word and thought! with this, a tear—with that, a smile; with this, a dread—with that, a hope; with this a palace—with that, a dungeon; life with the one, and with the other darkness, chains and death.

One evening the moon was pouring down a brilliant stream of placid light on hill and grove, and plain and river, when they met at their usual trysting place. Arthur passed his arm around her waist, took her left hand in his and carried it to his lips.

"How hot your hand is, Arthur," said the gentle girl.

"Fancy, dear, fancy, that's all," he replied, and conducted his companion with a quick step, along the path which led into the wood. They had advanced some distance under the deep shade in silence; at length the young man suddenly spoke: "Agnes," he said, "you love me, dearest, with all your heart?"

"Did you mean that for a question, Arthur? No, you would not offend me by asking it! Love you! O, I would follow you through the world in poverty or in pride, live with you rich or poor, die with you, lay down my life for you, Arthur—give up all for you—all, but—my honor!"

"And if you gave up that, Agnes, dear, Arthur Donore would be your's no longer—he could love you no more. Look at this gold cross I wear; I bought it in Dublin, and afterward put it to the test of the chemist's art. It sustained no blemish, but proved to be pure gold—had it failed under the test, I would not have worn it another hour. It might have appeared as bright to another, but to me it would have been worthless. So with woman, Agnes; if she falls under the art and passion of the man she loves, she becomes his victim—not his wife. He would be rid of her as soon as convenient; she may be as beautiful to the eyes of another, but to him she is a thing of no value. He never loves her more. But I am cheating the priest of a homily. Agnes, dear, I have something particular to say to you to-night."

"Say it, Arthur, I am ready to hear. I know it will be nothing that I ought not to hear."

"Lord Fitzgerald is taken—we have just received the news."

"God protect him!" exclaimed the girl, with that fervent emphasis which such an event at such a time was well calculated to inspire.

"He must not die, Agnes, if the lives of a handful of United Irishmen can save him from the scaffold. You know he must not die," said Arthur, meaningly.

"I do not understand you, Arthur—you would not—"

"You know, darling," interrupted the youth, "that I am in a dangerous service at best; I have been in the battle, and bear the marks of the Englishman's bayonet, and the scratch of his sword; his bullet has made a whole in my hat—thank God it wasn't my head—and the time may come when his rope will—don't tremble so, darling, there's been better men hung than you or me either."

"Arthur don't talk to me of that," sobbed the poor girl, clasping her arms around his manly neck, as it were to protect it from the sacrilege contemplated in his words; "let us fly now, dear Arthur; we have plenty of money to carry us safely away."

"What, fly, and Fitzgerald in their hands; think again, Agnes, and unsay that counsel. Listen to me. We have a chance to save him, but, it is a desperate one—a 'forlorn hope,' as the soldiers call it. If we fail I shall be close to him in his last moments, and we shall go to heaven together—Fitzgerald and Arthur Donore!" Animated with the suggestion of his ardent patriotism, the young man lifted his eyes upward, and the straggling beams that came down through the foliage betrayed a glistening tear.

"Arthur, cruel, cruel Arthur, you love me not—Arthur would rather die with Fitzgerald than live with Agnes."

"You haven't got the argument right, darling," said O'Connor resuming the lover, and kissing the tear wet cheek of his devoted girl; "say this—'Arthur O'Connor would rather die *for* Fitzgerald with honor, than live with Agnes in disgrace.' Agnes consented to that!" But Agnes could only give such consent as sobs and tears implied. "Our party meets to-night for action," he continued; "we assemble at Fergus O'Leary's old water-mill, on the stream beyond the wood, about a mile above the gibbet, where Flynn and McGanty were hung—it is some three miles from this; you know where it is, do ye, Agnes!"

"I do," she replied.

"Well, I mention it to you that if any thing should happen—what's that? A footfall, by St. Patrick—*yonder* bough sprung, too—there's not a breath stirring—hush!" and the youth bent cautiously down, till reclining upon his hand, he was able to apply his ear close to the ground. He remained in this position several minutes, but detecting no repetition of the sound, he arose.

"I don't think it was any thing," whispered Agnes, trembling at every joint.

"I hope not," added Arthur, also in a whisper; "but I would have given the parson a double title this year to have been at that bough five minutes ago; though it might possibly have been caught in another branch during a blow, and that instant released itself."

"Or a bird might have alighted on it or left it," said Agnes, and at that instant a thrush darted into the tree above their heads, and broke into song. "I told you so."

"Well then, it was a bird. Now I must be quick and tell you all. Agnes I shall not see you after this night until the expedition is over, and if I should be taken, you will not be allowed to visit me unless you are my wife. Will you go with me now to Father Phillip and become my own? Will you darling—and then I'll conduct you back at once to your uncle's house, and leave you till we can meet under worse or better circumstances. You will not answer me! Agnes will you—"

"Sudden as it is and unprepared as I am, if it will make you happier," interrupted the gentle girl, "I will."

"Ah! bless my pretty one," exclaimed Arthur catching her to his heart, and kissing from her lips the honey which those sweet words had left in passing to his ear. But he delayed not to lavish caresses, though he felt how exquisitely the bliss of that moment relieved the arduous duty he had pledged in his country's service. Giving to his betrothed the support of his strong arm, her feet but lightly touched the ground as he hastened with her along the path of the wood which emerged near the dwelling of the reverend man, upon the verge of the neighboring village. Arthur prefaced the subject of his visit with a handful of silver and gold, and the priest summoning his little household to be present at the ceremony, Arthur and Agnes were in a few minutes linked in happy union by the holiest ties. As they were about to depart the priest followed them to the door, replaced the money in the young man's hand, saying that he was familiar with the name and deeds of Arthur Donore, and desired him to apply the money to the sacred purposes of his heart; "it is Father Phillip's donation," said the venerable man, "to his struggling country."

Conducting his bride to a spot within a few paces of her uncle's dwelling, Arthur indulged in a long and passionate embrace; it was a moment of ecstasy not unmingled with the pangs of acute apprehension; it was a parting for a few hours or for ever, and he could not resist the conviction that the probabilities fearfully favored the latter. His wife—his newly wedded wife bathed his cheek with tears that would not be suppressed, and it was not till he felt his own bosom yielding to too tender emotions, that he was able to tear himself away—"Good night, Agnes," he exclaimed, "good night; your husband will meet you here to-morrow, or—" the last words were lost to her ear as the young insurgent darted off toward the wood, and took the dim path to O'Leary's mill. Sorrowfully Agnes stole into the house and reached her chamber unobserved. She longed to sleep that the time might pass more rapidly away, but she discovered that the anxiety that pervaded her mind, would banish all repose from her pillow until she could hear the result of Arthur's undertaking, or see him again. Nearly an hour had passed away, and she was sitting at the window looking toward the spot at which he had disappeared from her sight, when her attention was arrested by the sound of horses feet, and in a few minutes three persons rode up to the gate of entrance, dismounted and tying their horses to the fence walked up to the door. A thundering knock brought old Phelim out with great promptness, inasmuch as he had not retired to bed; otherwise they might have knocked the house down, and the old gentleman would have crawled out of the ruins asleep.

"Walk in gentleman," said O'Terry, eyeing the military equipments of two of the party, and recognizing in the third one Paddy Mullen, a ragged scamp of the village who was known to keep up a familiar intercourse with every hen-roost for five miles round the country—"walk in gentlemen," he said, "walk in, but you, Paddy Mullen, if you set your foot in my door, I'll set my foot in—"

"Stop, sir," said the officer, "he must come in; he's in the king's service to-night, and I cannot allow him to be out of my sight; we shall remain but a few minutes, and so there will be no harm done." Accordingly the whole party were admitted, the door was closed, and Agnes could hear no more. She awaited their re-appearance in an agony of suspense, and conjecture was nervously at work to divine the purpose of so strange a visit, and from such unwelcome visiters. In about a quarter of an hour one of the two in regimentals came out, mounted his horse and rode off at a full gallop toward the village at which she was aware a small detachment of soldiers were quartered. Another quarter of an hour elapsed, and the second soldier, accompanied by Paddy Mullen came out; they mounted their horses and on bidding O'Terry good night, the officer advised him to keep an eye to the girl, or he would get himself into trouble. They trotted slowly away toward the wood and were soon lost to the view of the trembling girl, who had felt her blood chill in every vein at that soldier's parting words. Her anxiety became intense, and though she had been unable to trace the path of the royalists from her window, she felt almost confident that they had taken a direction toward O'Leary's mill. Her very fears began to fill her heart with determination, and scarcely knowing how to act by a sort of instinctive impulse she went down stairs. Her uncle was alone, and sat smoking his pipe at the table; he looked up sternly and demanded her errand. Embarrassed, she replied that she feared something was the matter, as she had seen soldiers leaving the house.

"Go to bed, go to bed," said he, "and let me hear no more of your associating with rebels, or you will bring me as well as yourself to the dungeon and the block."

Agnes obeyed in silence; she had not failed, however, to observe upon the table, pen, ink and paper, and a few fragments of the letter strewed upon the floor. Those articles she felt assured had been used by the visiters, and resolving to satisfy her curiosity she awaited patiently until her uncle had retired; then quietly descending to the room she picked up the scraps from the floor; they were written upon; an error in the billet which did not admit of correction, had, beyond doubt, caused the writer to tear it up and prepare another; she placed some of them together as well as her trembling hands permitted, and presently her most dreadful forebodings were realised. She could make out the name of "Arthur Donore"—"O'Leary's mill"—"send eighteen men"—"Paddy Mullen"—"to-night in the woods"—"sweet heart, Agnes O'Terry"—"d—n pretty Paddy says"—"too good for a rebel"—"be active," &c. &c.

This startling discovery was too explicit to be misunderstood, and it required but a few moments reflection to enable her to determine how to act. Opening the door with great caution she passed out, closed it after her, and ran with speed into the woods. Then taking a circuitous rather than the direct route, she hastened on toward O'Leary's mill; almost breathless and exhausted, having scarcely relaxed her pace she arrived at a spot where the path she had chosen struck into the narrow and customary road, about half a mile from the mill. Here she was petrified for an instant to find herself close to a couple of horses tied to a tree by the wayside; but she recovered her self-possession upon finding the riders were absent. She listened, and heard voices at some distance down the road in a direction opposite to that she was pursuing, which she supposed were those of the soldier and Mullen, who had probably walked down to see if the detachment was coming up; at that moment she heard Mullen exclaim "here they come;" not a moment was to be lost; releasing one of the horses she sprang into the saddle, and guiding the animal upon the turfy edge of the road, galloped off; in the stillness of the night, however, every footfall sounded painfully distinct, and Agnes could but imagine she had never heard a horse tread so heavily before; her fears were excited, and the mill was yet a quarter of a mile distant when those fears were realised, and she discovered that she was pursued; a horseman at full gallop was within two hundred yards of her, and she without a whip or—no not without a spur; a pair of scissors was fortunately at her waist, and plunging the pointed blade into the horse's flank the spirited animal goaded thus, bounded forward with mad precipitation; she was gaining on her pursuer, and neared the mill considerably in advance; a light was twinkling through the broken window and she could already discern the figures of men within; anxious to warn them of their danger she uttered a scream so startling and shrill, that the horse reared, affrighted at the unnatural sound, and flinging his delicate burthen to the ground, dashed on with the speed of the wind. That cry, however, brought out the insurgents, and as the horse came down among them, the bridle was seized by Arthur Donore.

"Good God, the dragoons are upon us; fly, we are betrayed; into the woods—a single horseman comes; I'll meet him and try his metal." So saying, as his companions disappeared in the woods, Donore leaped into the saddle and rode on to meet the approaching foe, who had slackened his pace as he came up to the spot where Agnes had fallen.

"Stand rebel, and surrender," said the soldier.

"Not with such a light above, and such a steel beneath me," replied Arthur.

"Then look to your head, braggart," said the dragoon, drawing his heavy sword and spurring towards the insurgent. But Arthur had already drawn a pistol from the holster, and as his assailant came up deliberately fired; the soldier reeled upon the horse, clutched at the pummel of the saddle but there was no holster there, and fell heavily to the ground; he muttered the words "d—n, if the girl had taken—Paddy Mullen's—horse—this wouldn't have—happened," and sank exhausted with the loss of blood. Arthur was in a moment by his side and proceeding to search the body for papers, when a female form at a few paces distant caught his eye; he knew the dress, and raising the face to the moonlight recognized his Agnes; the blood was trickling from a wound at the side of her head, her cheek was cold, and the gentle breathing of her lips had subsided; his heart was bursting with anguish, and he checked not the tears that flowed plentifully from his eyes; he judged easily from the circumstances around him the cause of this catastrophe; Agnes had evidently sacrificed herself for me. His reflections and lamentations were, however, interrupted by the rapid approach of horsemen, and starting to his feet, he discovered by the ringing clatter of arms, that a party of soldiers were coming down at fast gallop; lifting the lifeless girl in his arms he bore her to the mill, and in the room where that death scream had appalled his ear, calmly awaited his fate. The soldiers came up, entered the mill and presented themselves before him; he was seated with Agnes clasped to his bosom;—"Fire, soldiers," he exclaimed, "You shall not part us; one of your villains has slain my wife, and I have killed him; the carrion is without there; come, do your work, I'll die with her in my arms."

But the scene excited the pity even of the hirelings he addressed, and quenched the thirst for blood. "Tell us," said an officer, "where are your comrades, and you shall live."

"I do not wish to do a murder," said Arthur, "but if you repeat that proposition, either you or I, will never look upon the sun again."

"O, ho, there's some hot blood in you yet; seize the fellow," commanded the officer; and Arthur unwilling to release his embrace of Agnes was easily secured. An order to "take the woman from his arms" was not executed without a violent struggle in which one of the soldiers was stabbed to the heart, with the scissors which Arthur had discovered in the hand of Agnes and wrenched from her grasp in the last moment of resistance. No sooner was she separated from him than she gave signs of recovery; consciousness speedily returned, and now it was that they experienced the agony of their situation. While he had imagined that his wife was dead, the young insurgent had been reckless of life himself; but now that she was alive and restored, but not restored to him, the desire of life and liberty made doubly cruel his bonds. But short time for reflection was allowed him when he was conducted from the mill, mounted upon a horse in the midst of a dozen of dragoons, and conveyed to the village at which he had that same evening been made the husband of Agnes. She was taken in charge by the officer of the detachment and half a dozen men, and escorted to her uncle's house, her guilt as an accessary being attributed rather to love than rebellion, and accordingly overlooked.

Arthur was lodged in a contracted building called "the cage;" his limbs were loaded with chains, and a huge padlock united the links in a common circle about his waist. A sentry was posted at the door, and no little precaution had thus been taken to secure the prisoner, it being ascertained that he was no other than Arthur Donore. His name had become too familiar in its association with the rebellion in that quarter, and upon the following day he was privately sentenced, after the brief formality of a court martial trial, to be hung upon the tree nearest to his place of confinement and at the ensuing midnight hour.

The afternoon was drawing to a close and the declining sun looked through the narrow loop-hole in the thickly rivetted door, as if to take a parting glance of one upon whom he would not look again alive. The hope of escape through the aid of his friends he knew was too fallacious to be indulged for a moment. They were ignorant of his approaching fate and would be overwhelmed by the fact of his arrest; and were it otherwise, they dared not assemble to confer, and could not venture into the village alone. He felt that he could meet death without a pang, could he behold his wife once more before he died; but all communication with any living soul had been forbidden him. The tears and entreaties of woman, however, prevailed over this stern decree, and the sun was just setting when Agnes, attended by an officer, presented herself at the door of the little prison, with an order to be admitted for a quarter of an hour to the presence of her husband. The order required the interview to take place under the eye of the officer, but he was young, and not having yet grown callous in the service, remained without by the sentinel. Agnes was ushered into the cell alone, and the sudden clanking of chains was her first welcome; Donore was lying upon the straw, and a coarse rug partially covered the upper part of his body, as if it had been hastily thrown over him. Agnes sunk by his side and threw herself upon his bosom; he raised himself to meet her embrace, and by the action exposed his left arm, which was stripped, and in which he had opened a vein. Agnes would have shrieked at the dreadful thought which rushed to her mind, had not her husband intuitively placed his hand upon her lips and at the same instant whispered in her ear, "Neil Sassenach!" Then calmy taking up the mug in which water had been served to him, he allowed the blood to trickle slowly into it, until it contained nearly half a pint; in the meantime he continued his conversation with Agnes in their native tongue, both of them speaking with much energy, though in subdued tones. But their quarter of an hour had been permitted almost to double itself, when Agnes was summoned away.

A long, long embrace, tears and reiterated adieus, and that parting was over. As she walked away leaning upon the arm of the officer, her eye was accidentally arrested by a rope with a running noose suspended from one of the stout branches of a neighboring tree; a shudder thrilled her frame, but lifting her heart to Heaven she there reposed a holy trust, that the cord of the executioner might never disfigure the neck of her husband, or disgrace the name of Arthur Dosore. She left the officer at the edge of the village, and thanking him in broken language for his courtesy, took the path to her uncle's dwelling and soon disappeared in the intervening copse.

Night came on, and the sentry continued his measured march before the door of the village cage, occasionally giving a word to a comrade as he passed to quarters. At length all was still, and the solemnity of night was unbroken save by the remote murmuring of a stream, and the fitful song of a restless bird. Every inhabitant of the hamlet had retired to rest before the village clock struck ten, except some half a dozen soldiers who were tippling beer in a little room of the house occupied by the detachment, awaiting the hour which was to summon them to perform the last offices upon the body of the sentenced rebel, young Arthur Dosore. But that rebel was resolved to cheat the "gallows tree," and as the sentry passed the door of the cage a few minutes before eleven o'clock, he heard the sullen clank of chains within, a staggering step, and the heavy fall of a body to the floor, succeeded by a deep guttural groan. Unlocking the door, a scene of horrible ghastliness presented itself. The body of the prisoner had sunk with the legs drawn under it, and the head fallen over toward the door; the neck was exposed in the bright moonlight that streamed in, and from ear to ear there was nothing but one gore of blood, and a pool of the crimson fluid had dabbled his dark hair, as his form apparently writhed in the last agony; a large pocket knife was firmly clasped in his right hand. Even to one accustomed to the horrible scenes of war, the mutilated body of the suicide is possessed of adventitious horrors, and to remain in such company was too much for a soldier even of that day to endure. The sentinel gazed upon the mangled remains of the wretched insurgent, and turning with a shudder from the revolting scene, hastened to the rendezvous, some two hundred yards distant, to inform the officer of the night of the occurrence. Disappointed of their prey, the minions of the law cursed their own neglect in not searching the rebel more carefully, whereby they might have discovered, and deprived him of the instrument of death. They proceeded, however, without delay, to the cage, but what was their astonishment to find that the body had been already removed; there was the pool of blood, and there lay the chains in which their prisoner had been bound; but the prisoner—where was he? A strict search was immediately set on foot, and continued through the night. A party visited the residence of Phelim O'Terry, but there they learned that Agnes had also disappeared.

* * * * * * * *

A boat was moored in a little inlet of the sea, about a mile and a half from the scene we have described, and a fishing smack was at anchor a cable's length from the shore. A horse approached the spot at full speed; the faithful creature bore a double burthen; a female alighted first, and her companion, a young man, springing to the ground, caught her in his arms, and carried her to the boat; with a strong arm and a good will he handled the oars, and in a few minutes they were upon the deck of the little craft, with all sail set, a good breeze aft, and her sparkling prow standing down the channel for the coast of France.

"Tell us how you managed it," said the old fisherman, as soon as the young man had washed a mass of clotted blood from his neck.

"Bless your old soul, nothing easier," said Arthur; "I had to trust to myself alone you see, and so while I had nothing else to do I turned my attention to phlebotomy, breathed a vein in my arm, and caught the blood; luckily Agness here got permission to visit me, for the last time, eh darling!—at least the poor thing thought so when she came in—and so I got her to charter your smack, Toddy; well after the night set in I commenced the painting, and laid it on from ear to ear; poured the rest of the blood on the floor, and then blundered down among it, and a pretty frightful beast I made of myself, be sure of it, for the loon of a soldier toddled off as I expected, leaving the key in the door; I observed that the key of my padlock, when they put the chains upon me, was attached to the same ring, and so I just took an opportunity to borrow it for a moment during his absence—and—and here I am."

Arthur and his bride made a safe landing in France, but the pleasure of escape was not unmixed with bitterness and sorrow, for the first news that fell upon their ears was the death of Lord Edward Fitzgerald.

LINES FROM A CONVALESCENT.

TO H. G. H——N, Esq.

List, Harry, to the poet's song;
Though caged the bird that sings to thee,
And harsh the notes he would prolong,
Till sweeter tuned by liberty.

Shut from the clear bright world around,
And all its gay and gladsome life,
On wings of retrospection bound,
Tracing its pleasures and its strife.

long my path by every way,
The welkin rings with very joy,
d shout and laugh to hail the day,
hat wears no trace of time's alloy.

This, Harry, is glad boyhood's home;
The hills, the vales, the streams along,
The sky above, a spotless dome,
Fill'd with the music of his song.

Sweet vale of love, young friendship's home!
How leaps the heart to sing of thee;
While nearer in bright visions come
Those precious pastimes back to me.

Crown'd with the lily and the rose,
Where drinks the heart its fill of joy,
And youth in all its beauty glows,
And stoops to kiss the blushing boy.

Decked with the flowers that fill the heart,
In perfumes from the fields of bliss;
Rich in the smiles that know no art,
Hallowed by love's first holy kiss.

Sweet early love, that after years
Or flight of time may not destroy,
Though friendship sits alone in tears,
And memory weeps departed joy.

Oh, ever thus my harp in tune,
Would sing of life without a tear,
Of joys for aye that wake no moan,
Through all the peaceful atmosphere.

While memory, happy in the past,
Lives 'mid the glow of that bright day,
Unmindful of the shades that cast
Their gloomy shadows o'er my way.

And here, but not by marble walls,—
Where friendship's steps are wont to tread,
'Neath sculptured tombs and laboured scrolls,—
Would we enshrine the lovely dead.

Safe where the heavenly powers keep
A guard of shining angels near,
The ashes of our kindred sleep,
Hallowed by many a holy tear.

The half blown rose, whose timid glance
First shrank from this bright world of care,
Yet smiling through her blushes, drank
The pearly dews that crowned the flowers.

Loved memory of a peerless flower,
That blossomed but to fade and die;
To leave my heart in grief's first hour,
To droop beneath its agony.

The first fair child of early spring,
The sweetest bud of all the year,
A gentle, tender, beauteous thing,
Germ of a higher, happier sphere.

For ever now an angel near,
To guard the steps and cheer the way
Of manhood in this vale of tears,
Where all are hastening to decay.

Wealth, pomp, and power, and living fame,
That man to splendor and a crown;
To leave no record of a name,
When time shall tread their trophies down.

And we shall sleep as sleeps the dead,
Forgotten in this world of death,
Where friendship comes with mournful tread,
And grief awakes the tranquil breath.

To meet amid the groves of heaven,
And pluck the fruits of endless life,
'Mid early loves and friendships given,
That blessed us in this world of strife.

J. M. L.

January, 18[illegible].

THE TEST.

An Interesting Tale of Real Life.

BY A "LADY OF MARYLAND."

"I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
(Yet wanting sensibility) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm."

"Well, Edward, what does home look like after your long absence?"

"Exactly the same as when I left it, mother. I cannot perceive the slightest change. Time seems to have stood still with you all here. Your eye remains as bright and your cheek as smooth as ever, and I could almost fancy it was but yesterday I parted with you."

"It is three years since, my son, and the time which to you appears so short, has passed heavily enough with me. But do you miss nothing at home? Is there no familiar face absent from our little circle?"

"Oh! yes, poor little Adeline—what has become of her?"

"Her father has returned, and taken her home to a beautiful estate he has lately purchased. Adeline is at the head of one of the most splendid establishments our country affords. But why do you smile, Edward?"

"At the idea of Adeline being at the head of a splendid establishment! She who always seemed afraid of being obliged to speak, and was absolutely distressed to death if a stranger happened to look at her."

"She was very young when you saw her last, and was certainly very timid; but she is much improved both in manner and appearance since then."

"I am glad of it: there was abundant room for improvement in both."

"You speak harshly, Edward. Adeline was always extremely amiable, and her society has been my chief solace during your long absence."

"You do not mean to tell me, mother, that you, with your lively energetic mind and warm affectionate heart, could find pleasure in the society of such a being as Adeline Howard?"

"Why not?—you know Adeline is not deficient in intellect."

"But she is in feeling. She lacks soul, animation, tenderness, all that can interest the imagination or warm the heart. She is exceedingly amiable! Yes, negatively so. She has not sufficient energy to be otherwise; but she has no sensibility: and the utter absence of it renders her perfectly uninteresting in spite of the regularity of her features."

"But you forget that three years have passed since you saw her."

"True, and in many respects she may be improved; but she can never possess that refined feeling, that exquisite tenderness which renders woman a creature to be loved, cherished, almost idolized."

"You speak feelingly, my dear Edward," said Mrs. Hamilton; "I am inclined to suspect that you are thinking of some one who possesses those qualities in which you imagine Adeline to be deficient."

"I will not conceal from you, my dear mother, that I have met with a being who realizes all my ideas of womanly perfection, one whose beauty, perfect as it is, is yet her least attraction. Oh, mother, had you seen her beautiful eyes fill with tears, and the bright glow fade from her cheek, as she listened to the pathetic tales I have sometimes read to her, you would own with me that softness, tenderness, and sensibility, are the true attractions of woman."

"It is very true, my son, that these are very attaching qualities, and the woman who is destitute of them lacks that charm which is peculiar to her sex, and without which she can never be warmly loved, however her conduct may command our esteem.—*But before we determine the value of sensibility in any particular character, we should know to what it tends.* That is a very false, though I believe a very common kind of sensibility which exhausts itself in lamenting over misery without making any effort to relieve it."

The entrance of a servant who presented young Hamilton with a letter, interrupted the conversation.

"Your letter contains pleasant news, Edward, I am sure," said Mrs. Hamilton, after a pause, during which she had marked the countenance of her son, as he read again and again the few lines which his letter contained.

"It does indeed, mother, and it is not unconnected with the subject of which we have just been speaking. To be plain, it is a letter from Frank Burnet, containing an invitation to attend him as groomsman. His wedding is to take place in a few days."

"Well, and is it the prospect of a wedding that makes your cheek flush, and your eye dance so merrily?"

"No, mother; but——"

"But what, Edward?"

"I never thought you dull before, mother. Can you not divine that Frank is to marry Miss Linden, and that her cousin who resides with her, and who is to attend her as bridesmaid, is the only being who has ever made an impression on the heart of your son."

"I could not divine all this certainly, my dear Edward, but I can rejoice that it is so, since it appears to afford you so much pleasure. But you have not told me the name of the fair lady who is destined to be my daughter."

"Ah! my dear mother, I am not certain of that! Beauty and merit like hers must attract universal admiration, and I am not vain enough not to have many fears, though I am not without hope. Her name is Herbert—Cecilia Herbert. She is an orphan, and resides with her uncle, Mr. Linden, whose daughter Burnet is to marry. On one occasion, I accompanied Burnet on a visit to Miss Linden, and it was there I saw Miss Herbert."

Mrs. Hamilton looked with maternal pride upon the handsome features of her son, and as he left the room, she mentally exclaimed—

"With a form of surpassing elegance, with a mind of such lofty powers, and with a splendid fortune, it is not likely that he will be refused by any woman. My only fear is lest the object of his choice should not be worthy of the noble heart that beats in the breast of my only son."

There were lights and music and the sounds of laughter from many lovely lips in Mr. Linden's spacious drawing rooms. The bridal party entered and the music ceased, and the light laugh was succeeded by a solemn silence, as the man of God commenced the ceremony which was to blend into one the destinies of two loving hearts. The bride, a pretty, modest looking girl, leaned on the arm of her chosen one as she uttered the responses which bound her to him forever, and the deep seriousness of his countenance evinced his sense of the importance of the trust confided to him. By his side stood Edward Hamilton, his fine face flushed with emotion, and his whole soul beaming in his eyes, as he sought those of Cecilia Herbert, who occupied a corresponding position by the side of the bride. And here was a form and face that might well rivet the attention of a passionate admirer of female beauty. Her form was about the medium height, and symmetrical in all its proportions. Her complexion was dazzlingly fair, and the rich hue of her cheek could only be rivalled by the still more brilliant color of her half-parted lips. Her hair of pale glossy brown fell in luxuriant ringlets over her brow and cheeks, and almost obscured her eyes—those eyes of deepest blue that in their alternations of melting softness and of sparkling vivacity were alike bewitching. They were now bent timidly on the ground, and it was only at the conclusion of the ceremony that they were raised to meet the ardent gaze of our hero. Then the deepening color of her cheek, the modest confusion of her manner, evinced her sensibility to the admiration she excited, and completed her conquest over the enamoured heart of Edward. Scarcely could he restrain the expression of his feelings, but he remembered his promise to his mother to scan closely her character before he committed himself by a declaration from which, when once made, he could not in honour recede; and for the remainder of the evening he paid her only those attentions which their relative positions justified.

The bridal party were to remain a week at Thorndale, the residence of Mr. Linden, and then the newly wedded pair were to proceed to their new home, accompanied by their particular friends, among whom Miss Herbert and Edward were of course included.

The week which followed the nuptials was one of unmingled enjoyment to our hero. He fancied he was reading the character of her he loved, when in fact he was only becoming more and more absorbed by his devotion to the fair girl who was his constant companion. His mornings were spent in riding or walking with her; his evenings in reading to her, and marking with delight the sensibility which evinced itself in smiles or tears, as the subject of their studies was humorous or pathetic—or, in hanging over her chair, as she performed some brilliant piece of music, or warbled in a voice of melting softness some touching ballad.

The time sped swiftly away, and the morning at length arrived which was to disperse the happy party, and on which the bride was to take her departure from the paternal mansion. Her new residence was about forty miles distant, and thither the bridal party proceeded, the weather being remarkably fine, in open carriages. Edward, whose wealth permitted the indulgence of his tastes, and who was fond of fine horses, drove Miss Herbert in a phaeton, with a pair of spirited animals, which were somewhat difficult to restrain. He managed them, however, with perfect ease, and purposely kept in the rear, that he might enjoy the society of his companion unrestrained by the presence of others.—Gradually his voice assumed a tone of deeper tenderness, the long pent-up feelings of his heart struggled for utterance: another moment would have decided his fate—but in the agitation of his mind, he had relaxed his grasp of the reins, and his horses finding themselves unrestrained, started off with a rapidity which it was for some moments impossible to check. In their headlong speed they passed a cottage, near the door of which several children were at play, and to the indescribable horror of our hero, a little girl, who was too much frightened to get out of the way, fell directly in front of the carriage, the wheel of which passed over her. The next moment Edward succeeded in stopping the horses, and assisting Miss Herbert to alight, they both entered the cottage into which the poor child had been carried. The little sufferer was extended upon a bed, pale and apparently lifeless, and by her side stood her weeping mother and a group of children. The cottage was evidently the abode of extreme poverty, and the utter absence of neatness made every thing appear even more forbidding and miserable than it would otherwise have done. The woman, it appeared, was a widow, and the mother of eight children, who were dependent upon her labor for support.

The agony of Edward Hamilton, as he looked upon the little creature, upon whom his carelessness had been the means of inflicting severe and probably permanent injury, if not death, was extreme.—Yet it did not prevent his doing all that could be done for the sufferer. Leaving Miss Herbert in the cottage, he proceeded in quest of a surgeon, and in a village about a mile distant, he found one, who returned with him. While Doctor Willis was examining the condition of his patient, Edward retired to the porch of the cottage, in which Miss Herbert was seated. He did not appear sensible of her presence; he was wholly absorbed by his anxiety for the suffering child. Cecilia approached him—he did not raise his head. She laid her hand on his arm, and uttered his name. Still he remained silent, and she proceeded—

"Dear Mr. Hamilton, do not let this affair distress you so. You could not help this accident, and you have done all you could do in procuring a surgeon, and every thing necessary for the child."

"But if she should die, I can never forgive myself, nor bear to look at the poor mother who had been by my means deprived of a child."

"There is no fear that the child will die; and even if it should, the poor woman will have no cause for complaining of you. Indeed, on the contrary, I think she should be obliged to you for removing a part of her burthen. Seven children are enough for one woman, in all conscience, particularly if they depend on her for support."

As Miss Herbert uttered these words, Edward Hamilton, looking for a moment intently in her face, with astonishment depicted in every lineament of his countenance, started from her side and walked into the garden, where he threw himself upon a rude bench, and gave unrestrained vent to his emotions. Had the beautiful face of Cecilia Herbert been suddenly transformed into that of a gorgon, he could scarcely have been more shocked than he had been by the words which had fallen from her lips. True, her object was to console him, but how hard, how coarse, how unfeeling must be the heart which could conceive such thoughts—which could prompt the lips to speak lightly of that most holy tie which binds a mother to her child. Edward's gloomy meditations were interrupted by the surgeon.

"I have come, sir, to let you know the situation of my patient. It is not near so bad as I expected. She will do well if she have the necessary comforts, and those, I am sure, your liberality will provide."

"Most willingly, my dear sir, if you will be my agent in this matter, and let no expense be spared to procure every thing that can conduce to the comfort of the poor little sufferer and her mother. I have a young lady under my charge, whom I must convey to her friends, but in a day or two I will be here again, when I hope to hear favorable accounts of your patient."

Pressing the good Doctor warmly by the hand, Edward returned to the house, and placing a well-filled purse in the hands of the woman, and desiring that a nurse and every comfort should be procured for the wounded child, he handed Miss Herbert into the carriage, and they pursued their journey in silence, and with feelings very different from those which, only a few hours since, had filled their bosoms.

How short a time will sometimes change the whole current of our lives! On the morning of this day, Edward Hamilton could conceive of no greater bliss than to call the fair creature by his side his own; and the only thought that troubled his mind was a fear lest he should not be able to awaken in her bosom feelings corresponding to those which filled his own. Now, amid all the gloomy and despondent feelings which saddened his heart, he was yet thankful that circumstances had revealed to him the real character of the object of his love, before the irrevocable words had passed his lips which must have bound him to her forever. He remembered his mother's words, and he acknowledged the truth of the remark, that many who will weep over the fictitious woes of the poet and the novelist, have little sympathy with real distress. He recollected that amid all the agony and confusion which the late accident had occasioned, Cecilia had never essayed to soothe or comfort the suffering child or the alarmed mother, and had seemed more annoyed by the dirt and discomfort of the cottage as it affected her own convenience, than moved by the evident misery of its occupants. As these thoughts passed through his mind, the manner of Edward became more and more constrained—and when, at a late hour, they arrived at their place of destination, it was a relief to both to separate.

Fatigued as he was that night, Edward Hamilton could not sleep. He had retired at an early hour to his apartment, which was at the back part of the house, and the window of which overlooked the back portico. The night was warm, and he sat at the open window, hoping that the air would cool his fevered temples and calm his nerves, which had been irritated by the events of the day. He had sat but a few minutes when he heard voices below, and the sound of his own name uttered in the voice of Cecilia Herbert, caused him involuntarily to pause. The speakers were Miss Herbert and another young lady, who were promenading the portico arm-in-arm.

"Well, Cecilia," said her companion, "has he come to the point yet?"

"No, indeed! I think he is farther from it than ever. I thought this morning he was going to say something to the purpose, but just as he opened his lips, his horses took fright, and I thought we should have been dashed to pieces."

"And that, I suppose," said Miss Milton, laughing, "scared away his love, did it?"

"No, but unfortunately as we passed a miserable hovel, near which a group of dirty children were playing, one of them fell down, and the carriage passed over her. The child was carried into the house, and we followed as soon as we could get out of the carriage. You never saw such a miserable, dirty looking place. I could scarcely bear to remain in it for an instant, and the bed on which they laid the wounded girl, was so disgusting that I would not have gone near it for the world. I dont know what Hamilton wished or expected from me, but something that I did, or something that I omitted to do, has offended him, for he has been cold and reserved ever since. For my part, I believe he fell in love with the mother."

Edward heard no more. Sick and disgusted, he retired from the window, and endeavoured to lose in sleep the remembrance of his unhappiness. Early on the ensuing morning, (having written an apology to his friend, and given it to the servant who attended him,) he left the house, and was several miles distant before its inmates had arisen. Edward travelled rapidly, for he was anxious both to escape from his own thoughts, and to ascertain the situation of the child who had been injured. Upon entering the cottage, he was sensible of a great improvement in its appearance. The room in which the little girl lay was perfectly clean—the little bed was hung with white dimity curtains, and covered with a delicate white counterpane. The windows were furnished with blinds which admitted the air, while they excluded the glare of the sun—altogether the apartment wore an aspect of neatness and comfort which contrasted strongly with its appearance on the preceding day. Edward attributed this change to the exertions of Dr. Willis, and inwardly blessing the kind physician, he proceeded to inquire into the situation of the patient. She was better, much better, and comparatively free from pain. As Edward was addressing some enquiries to Mrs. Ross, the mother, the doctor entered,

"I am glad to see that your patient is better, doctor," said our hero, "and I thank you from my heart for the kind and efficient manner in which you have executed my wishes;" and he glanced, as he spoke, round the neat and cheerful looking chamber.

"You are mistaken, my good sir," answered the worthy physician; "with the best intentions in the world, I could not have effected so great a change in so short a time. This has been the work of fairer hands than mine, though I will not deny that I had some agency in the matter. Immediately on leaving here yesterday evening, I was sent for to attend a sick servant at Col. Howard's, and after prescribing for her I related to Miss Howard the accident which had befallen our little friend here. She came here soon after, and took measures to make the situation of poor little Mary as comfortable as the circumstances would admit. She did more. She watched by her bedside all night, and with her own hands administered the necessary medicines, and by her soothing attentions contributed to restore the sufferer to composure. I think," he added, with energy, "it is scarcely exaggeration to say, that woman is an angel."

"She is indeed an angel of mercy," said Mrs. Ross, "and Mary may have cause to bless the accident which brought her to our house."

"Does Col. Howard live in the neighborhood?" asked Edward.

"He does," replied the doctor; "he has lately removed here, I think not more than a month ago; and the poor people have already reason to be thankful to the Providence which brought him and his lovely daughter to reside among them."

At this moment a tap was heard at the door, and a lady entered the apartment.

"Ah, Miss Howard," said the doctor, respectfully presenting the seat from which he had arisen, "allow me to name Mr. Hamilton to you."

"I believe I had the honour of knowing Miss Howard before," said Edward, with a feeling of respect very different from that with which he had been accustomed to think of 'poor little Adeline Howard.'

She frankly extended her hand to meet the offered ance of her old acquaintance, and enquired with affectionate solicitude after the health and welfare of his mother. She then passed to the bedside of the wounded child, and bending over it, she spoke a few cheering words, and produced a small basket of choice fruit. As she stood there, Edward fixed his eyes upon her, and saw that three years had indeed produced an alteration. When he had last seen her, she was a timid, uninformed, bashful girl. Now she was a graceful, dignified woman, though modesty and reserve were still the characteristics of her manner. Her person was tall and perfectly formed, and her features were regular and beautiful, though her complexion lacked brilliancy, and her dark grey eyes neither sparkled with vivacity nor melted with tenderness; but shone only with the mild and tempered light of benevolence and intellect. Edward sighed as he remembered the splendid orbs on which he had so lately loved to gaze, and before he recovered himself, Miss Howard had left the cottage. He then recollected, that as the friend of his mother, he ought to have paid her the respect of attending her home, and he determined that as he meant to take up his abode in the neighboring village till Mary Ross had entirely recovered from the effects of her accident, he would on the ensuing morning pay his respects to Adeline and her father. He did so, and being pressed to remain to dinner, he complied, and in the evening he attended Adeline on a visit to the cottage of Mrs. Ross. He was surprised at the close of the day to find how little time he had to be miserable. On the succeeding morning Col. Howard returned his visit, and Edward found his village residence so dull that he could not refuse to return home with the old gentleman.

Gradually little Mary recovered, yet still Edward lingered in the neighborhood. What detained him there? He did not know, nor did he pause to enquire. Sufficient for him that he was happy there; not with the tumultuous feelings which had so lately agitated his breast, but with a feeling of deep and quiet happiness which was as new as it was delightful to him. It is said that hearts are most easily caught on the rebound. This may be true, yet it was not till many months of intimate association had convinced him of the worth of Adeline Howard, that Edward owned to himself that he loved her with a depth and tenderness far exceeding all that he had felt before. He had learned to distinguish true sensibility from that, which, venting itself in sighs and tears over imaginary sorrows, turns with disgust from real suffering, and is too exquisite to come into contact with distress for the purpose of relieving it. When he saw that Adeline, though delicate in her habits, and refined in her tastes, shrunk not from witnessing any misery which could be alleviated by her presence, he felt that here was a heart with which his own could fully sympathise. He did not love in vain. Adeline became his happy wife, and his mother welcomed with delight the only woman she had ever seen whom she thought worthy to be the bride of her son.

THE MESSIAH.

When first born nations looked through distant time,
And future years before them swiftly pass'd,
Nations with pomp and kingly pride came forth,
To rule the world, then sunk into the tomb—
And other nations rose, and slept in death.
Far down in time, like ocean's wandering waves,
New kings commenced their reign, new poets sung—
New prophets lived, and birds and beasts were slain,
To testify the death of Him "to come."
Like one who on the shore of ocean stands,
When the blue waves lie still, and pendant stars
At twilight gild the main, till the pale moon,
With broader beams, comes forth upon the deep,
And last of all the sun lights up the day—
So ancient seers look'd out on time's broad sea.
First in the shadowy distance, scarcely seen,
While age on age, like wave on wave, flowed on,
They just discerned, through mists of centuries,
The "*promised seed*"—the appointed Shiloh crowned.
Tracing the opening vista, they beheld
An era of increasing light and joy;
Beyond, far down, an age of darkness lay—
An age of terror and the reign of death.
Few prophets lived, few poets sung, few fires
Were burning on the altar of the Lord,
And they but dimly, till like oilless lamps,
Their beams expired and left the world in night.
Intently through the years of fearful gloom,
They traced long shadows, reaching down—*half* down
The day of time; at length, like morning clouds
Before the sun, they vanished in the light
Of Bethlehem's star, which shed his effulgent beams
O'er the world's gloom, gilding the hoary locks
Of coming years, with hues like those which crown
Angelic forms in the bright realms of bliss.
At length the day long promis'd and desir'd,
Arrived, fulfilling ancient prophecies.
Earth slept, unconscious of its destiny,
Not knowing the Messiah was at hand.
Calm was the air, serene the cloudless heaven,
When rose in brilliancy the star whose beams
The wise men guided to the infant King.
Mute was the shepherd throng, and prostrate, while
They wondered and adored. Silent their flocks—
And silent all, except the vocal spheres,
Where angels, with loud, bursting melodies,
In strains of rapture sung "Good will to man,
On earth be peace and universal joy;
For unto him is born a Saviour, who
Is Christ the Lord—whose reign shall never end—
Whose name shall be Immanuel—God with us!"
They, listening, not in vain, but full of faith,
With joyful haste, to Bethlehem repair,
Approach the manger, and the lowly couch,
Where, with rich gifts, they bow themselves before
The infant Majesty of heaven and earth.

ADUMA.

Winchester, Pa.

THE GLEANER.

BY MISS POWER.

Midnight had tolled from the church-tower of the quiet little hamlet of Ashley; all around was silent as the lowly graves that clustered about the old, gothic, ivy-clad church itself, whose dark shadow swallowed up in obscurity half the tombs on one side, while those on the other lay bathed in a flood of light, that the yellow harvest moon poured down upon them, making each humble name, each simple inscription of love and piety graved on the head-stones, legible as at noon. From the latticed window of a small cottage that stood in the midst of its little garden, somewhat apart from the other houses of the village, the light—the only one visible—gleamed brightly; and now and then the casement opened gently, and a female head might be seen stretched forth with an expectant and somewhat anxious air; at length the sound of a footstep struck upon the ear of the watcher, and in a few seconds there appeared the figure of a man wrapt in a large cloak, and bearing some burden in his arms. The woman hastily closed the lattice and met the stranger at the door, which she carefully closed as soon as he had entered.

"Is your husband at home, Mary?" he inquired.

"No, sir," she replied, "he heard that the poachers were likely to be about the new plantation to-night, so he went with the blood-hound to watch for them."

"Then to your care," said the stranger, "I confide this charge!" and, as he spoke, he threw off his cloak and laid a new-born infant in the woman's arms.—"I know," he continued, "that you will tend it fondly and carefully—that you will, indeed, be a second mother to it; but remember," he added, emphatically, "remember, no word, no hint, must ever escape either you or your husband, as to how this child came to your care. You will tell your neighbours, as we have already agreed, that it is the orphan of your cousin who died at Winchester. You will rear it, in every particular, as if it were your own; and on the first day of each month you will receive a sum more than sufficient to defray whatever expense it may entail upon you: but, however, I have arranged all that with your husband. You will have the child christened Ellen, and it will of course bear the surname of your cousin. Now farewell—one kiss for the poor little stranger, who will, I am sure, never feel the want of a mother while under your care."

"That it never shall, sir!" replied the young woman, earnestly; and even were it not for your sake, Mr. Edward, I should love it tenderly, because it comes to supply the place of my poor little Willy;" and, as she spoke, she fondly pressed the slumbering infant to her breast.

Satisfied with this assurance, the young man threw his cloak around him and departed.

"God bless him!" said Mary, as the door closed after the visitor; "a finer or a better lad never broke bread. But this is a strange business. I suppose the child must be his—but who can the mother be?—Ah, I warrant," she continued, looking at the fine cambric wrapper of the infant, "that none but gentle blood flows in its veins. Poor little one! many a tear has that mother shed over you this night, *I* know: it must have been a hard necessity that forced her to part with you almost as soon as she became possessed of you; but God knows that however she may miss you, you shall never miss her while I live!" and, as the young woman fondly kissed her little nursling, she felt half consoled for the loss of her own infant, which had died a short time previously.

Mary Graham had lived, from the age of sixteen, as nursery-maid in the family of Sir Edward Herrington, the proprietor of Ashley Park. Her good looks, good temper, and good conduct, had gained her the favour of all the household; and when, at twenty-three, she had left her situation to marry the head game-keeper of Sir Edward, her master had given the young couple the prettiest and most comfortable cottage in the village, which, with a considerable portion of the surrounding country, belonged to him. Since her marriage, which had occurred about two years previous to the commencement of our tale, her kind patrons had ever continued their protection and good will towards her. Seldom did a day pass by without some of the younger members of the family finding their way to Mary's cottage. Her husband, too, was in high favour; and deep consultations were often held between him and the elder sons of Sir Edward, upon the important points of rearing dogs, making artificial flies, &c., in all of which subjects he was deeply learned.

Sir Edward Harrington had many excellent qualities: he was generous, sincere, kind, and considerate, to his inferiors and dependents; a fond and indulgent husband and father, and a firm and true friend; but his pride was extreme, his enmities deep and lasting; in proportion to his attachment to those he loved, was his aversion to those he hated; and though not prone to take offence, yet, when once aggrieved, he never forgave the offender. At college he had had a violent quarrel with a young man named Vane, who had been his schoolfellow and friend, and whose family seat adjoined that of Sir Edward's father; from that time the two young men had never spoken, and though, when in after years each succeeded to his paternal estate, Mr. Vane (on whose side the quarrel had commenced) made some attempts at reconciliation, the haughty and implacable spirit of his former friend rendered him deaf to all such overtures; and he, in his turn, being disgusted at this obstinacy, the breach became wider than ever.

Sir Edward's family consisted of five children, three sons and two daughters. Charles, the eldest, had completed his twenty-third year, and Edward was just of age; the other children, the offspring of a second marriage, were considerably younger.

Mr. Vane had but one child, a daughter, verging on that lovely age, eighteen, whose mother had died in giving her birth. Accustomed from her childhood to the most perfect liberty, Laura Vane was necessarily a little spoiled, and had no idea that her will was ever likely to be disputed by her doting father, not that she was disposed to try the point, for she was tenderly attached to him; and, naturally good-tempered and affectionate, though high-spirited, she was ever kind and gentle to her father.

On the occasion of a royal birth-day, a grand subscription-ball took place at the country town, some few miles from the estates of Sir Edward Harrington and Mr. Vane, at which both families appeared. It was Laura's first ball, and radiant with joy and delight, she certainly looked very lovely; all eyes were directed to her, as, with the step of a sylph, she moved through the crowd of dancers. Among the most earnest of the gazers was Charles Harrington; he had heard of the beautiful heiress, and had seen her as a child, but as no intercourse had ever taken place between even the younger members of the two families, she was a perfect stranger to him.—But love and youth despise the variances of hate and age; and, to shorten our tale, the two young people, somehow or other, struck up an acquaintance, and fell desperately in love: then came interference on the part of the parents, angry altercations, tears, &c.; in a word, the course of their true love ran as crooked as it was possible for it to run;—and thus matters continued for upwards of a year, when Laura, while staying at the house of a friend, was taken dangerously ill, and, in spite of all that could be done to save her, expired within two days of the first attack. Charles Harrington left England on the death of the object of his affections, and after a few years his family lost all traces of him; and the unhappy Vane, almost broken-hearted by the loss of his only child, gradually pined away in his lonely wretchedness, and died not many months after his daughter.

Ten years flew by, and considerable changes had taken place at Ashley. Sir Edward had been dead some months, his second son had got an appointment in India, Charles was still abroad, no one knew where, and Lady Harrington and her younger daughter (the elder being married, and her son at college,) were the only occupants of the once gay and hospitable mansion. Graham, the husband of our old friend Mary, had fallen into ill-health, and was no longer able to perform his duty as game-keeper.—While Sir Edward was alive, he had allowed this faithful servant a comfortable maintenance, but since his death this had been withdrawn: and though Lady Harrington and her daughter assisted them most kindly, they were no longer in the same flourishing circumstances as formerly. The sum for the support of little Ellen had for the first three or four years been punctually remitted, but since then had never been received, so that she was now, instead of being a means of support, a burden to them: but as such they never for a moment considered her; she was indeed to them as a dearly beloved and cherished daughter; and her sweet and gentle disposition, her warm heart, and fair and intelligent face, rendered her a fit object of love and interest, not only to her adopted parents, but to the inhabitants of the village, who had ever a kind word or a simple gift for the little, quiet and somewhat shy child, whose gentle manners and fair face made them almost unconsciously feel that she was superior to the children around her.

In harvest time, little Ellen would go forth to the fields to glean, and, somewhat apart from her young companions, pursue her task, singing to herself, in a soft under-tone, some of the ballads Mary Graham had been wont to sing to her in her early childhood. Many a handful of corn was dropped in her path by the kind-hearted reapers, so that, like Ruth, her gleanings ever far exceeded those of her juvenile neighbours.

One day, having collected a rich harvest of wheat, and being moreover laden with a can of new milk, which the wife of the farmer to whom the field belonged had given her to take home, our little heroine, somewhat fatigued by the heat and the weight of her burden, sat down on a rustic bench close to the lane which led to her home. The song of the birds, the distant voices of the reapers, the murmur of the honey-bee, all the sounds of summer were wafted to her ear; the balmy breeze waved her rich hair, the sunshine lay on all around, wild flowers peeped up from the bank, and the child fell into a happy trance, which was only broken by the sound of a strange voice, inquiring if John Graham still lived in the cottage by the church. Our little dreamer was broad awake in a moment; and, with a deep blush and a curtsey, replied in the affirmative, adding, that she lived there too, and offering to show the way to the gentleman, (for such the stranger evidently was.)

"What!" he exclaimed, "you live there?—What is your name?—Is it Ellen Grey?" and upon receiving an affirmative from the astonished child, he clasped her in his arms, pressed her to his heart, and, amid smiles and tears, called her his child!

And now, at last, was Mary Graham informed as to the parentage of her nursling: Charles, now Sir Charles Harrington, was the father of the little Ellen, and Laura Vane the mother. Finding that there was no hope of gaining the consent of their parents to their union, they had entered into a private marriage, of which the only witnesses were Edward Harrington and a Mrs. Ellerton, a young widow, who, though a few years elder than Laura, had been for years her only friend and confidante, who had been present at Ellen's birth, and who closed the eyes of the ill-fated young mother.

Sir Charles Harrington never entered into a second marriage, so that our little gleaner is now one of the richest heiresses, perhaps, in England, being already in possession of the Vane estate, which she holds in right of her mother, and also entitled to the reversion of Ashley Park, with all lands, tenements, &c., thereunto belonging. John and Mary Graham, though falling into the sere and yellow leaf, are "as happy as the day is long,"—never weary of chanting the praises of "their child, Miss Ellen," such being the titles by which they connect their parental feelings, and their respect; and looking forward eagerly to the time when their cares may be employed by a *grand-child, Lady* Ellen,—which, *entre nous*, gentle reader, may not be very far off, as there is a certain Lord Al——, but it is not fair to tell a secret that has been confided to us.

Uncle Edward has made a splendid fortune in India, and is coming home to find a wife to help him to spend it in England; for myself, I doubt not that he will succeed.

THE MASTER HAND.

BY MRS. NORTON.

And dost thou say my heart is cold,
  Because thine eye cannot discover
(As round its jealous glance is rolled
  On glittering crowds) one welcome lover?
And dost though think I cannot love,
Because thy suit my lips reprove?

Oh, valueless the wind-harp's tone,
  Which, swept by Summer's careless breezes,
Gives forth a wild, uncertain moan,
  As often as the zephyr pleases.
What marks its faint and causeless sigh?
Once heard, it has no melody.

But when the stricken lyre, which long
  Hath hung upon the wall decaying,
Breathes out its soul of love and song,
  Obedient to the minstrel's playing,
And to its master's touch alone
Responds with loud and plaintive tone,—

Then, then the power of Music breaks
  The spell that bound our calmer feeling,
And every slumbering passion wakes
  In answer to its wild appealing,
'Till then our swell'n hearts, too full for words,
Die trembling on those quivering chords.

Years bring no change. Even tho' we stand
  Where cold the minstrel's form is lying,
Fancy shall see that skilful hand
  Once more among the sweet strings flying;
And Music's floating notes shall come,
And mock the silence of the tomb.

And many an hour and many a day,
  Shall Memory please herself by bringing
Small scattered fragments of the clay
  That hung upon that wild harp's ringing—
Though Summer breeze caress in vain,
And careless hands awake no strain.

Even so the heart, that, sad and cold,
  Warms not beneath thy careless wooing,
Hath known Love's power in days of old,
  And worshipped—to its own undoing,
And many a passion, quiet now,
Hath glowed upon my faded brow.

And still, perchance, the day may come,
  When, from its halls of silence taken,
That heart, in its deserted home,
  To life and love and joy shall waken.
It hath the Music at command,
But thine is not the master's hand.

THE OLD COAL MAN.

(FROM THE ELLWOOD PAPERS.)

The few cold days we had early in the fall made fires necessary, and as we had not yet laid in our winter's supply of fuel, it became necessary to get a single ton of coal.

As soon as the load was thrown down before the door, a gray headed old man, lame in one leg, presented himself, and asked if he might put the coal away in the cellar. His face was all begrimed, and his clothes black with coal dust. In one hand he held a shovel, and in the other a basket.

"How much do you charge?" I asked.

"A quarter dollar, ma'am," he replied, in a respectful tone, touching his hat as he spoke.

"Very well," I replied, "you may put it away." And I returned to my room, which looked out upon the street. On glancing out, as I seated myself by the window, I saw that the old man had a fellow laborer, who looked as old, as poor, and as dirty as himself. The sight of these two old men, toiling for their shilling a-piece, with their heavy baskets of coal, touched my feelings. I thought of my own gray-headed father, whom I loved with filial tenderness, and imagination pictured him in the condition of the two men at work beneath my window. My heart turned from the picture with a shudder, but I could not help looking down at the men, and the sight of them kept my thoughts busy.

"What a poor pittance it is that these men toil for," I said to myself. "How eagerly they work, as if the reward of their labor was to be a hundred dollars, instead of the eighth of a single dollar a-piece. Ought I not," I asked, as my feelings became more and more interested, "to pay them more than the price agreed upon?"

"But why do that?" I argued with myself, "twenty-five cents a ton is the regular price for putting away coal. No one expects more. That is their price, and they are satisfied with it."

"That may be," I reasoned in turn. "But why are they satisfied? Because they can get no more. Twenty-five cents a ton has been fixed as a fair compensation, and it is useless to ask more."

"Well," I opposed, "and why has this price been settled on as a fair one? Simply, because it is *really* worth no more to perform the amount of labor required to put away a ton of coal. A man can do it alone in less than an hour, and twenty-five cents an hour is good wages for a labouring man. Working ten hours a day, he would earn two dollars and a half a day, or fifteen dollars a week."

"But," my benevolent feelings urged against this, "a coal man cannot, of course, get ten hours' work a day at putting in coal, or even five hours."

"How do you know that?" said prudence. "You don't know any thing about how much work he can get. A great many tons of coal are bought in a large city like this. No doubt these men make a great deal of money. They seem content enough with their wages, at least, and, of course, they are the best judges of its sufficiency."

"Well, perhaps it is all so," I returned, mentally, lifting my eyes as I spoke, and glancing at the two old men below, who had nearly finished their task. "But they dont look as if they earned five dollars a week, much less fifteen. A quarter between the two! Indeed it seems like too little. I really feel ashamed to offer it. How many, many quarters, and halves, and even dollars, do I spend in self-indulgence, while these poor old men have few of the comforts of life. And now I am arguing with myself against the justice of paying them a fairer compensation for their labor, than that for which I agreed. The fact is, we are very nice in our bargains with the poor, holding them strictly to the minimum of compensation, while upon ourselves we lavish all kinds of expensive indulgencies. In the morning we will chaffer with a poor sempstress, cook, chamber-maid, white-washer or porter, about a sixpence—and in the afternoon spend ten or twenty dollars foolishly. A dollar thrown away upon self-indulgence, costs us not a pang. But sixpence more to a poor dependent, than just happens to suit our vacillating ideas of economy, gives us an hour's uneasiness and self-reproaches.—The fact is, I'll give the old men a quarter a-piece. That is little enough."

To oppose this resolution, came the thought, that if I gave them more than they asked, I would do them really more harm than good. That the good which a shilling a piece would do them, would be no kind of a compensation for the disappointment they would experience in not getting a like advance at other places. The fact of having been better paid here than usual, would naturally lead them to think about increased pay elsewhere. They would no longer be content with the regular price. And to take content from the poor man, would be to do him the greatest possible harm.

While I thus thought, a domestic came into the room, to say that the coal was all in the cellar. For one moment I hesitated, and then handed over a single quarter of a dollar. As I did so, I felt a slight pang. The servant left the room, and I again glanced out of the window. The two old men were patiently awaiting the reward of their labor. Cool as the day was, their work had started the perspiration, and they stood with bared heads, wiping their soiled faces, their thin gray locks waving in the wind. My heart was touched at the sight, and I half uttered the name of my domestic aloud, under the impulse I felt to recall her, and double the coal men's compensation. But I restrained myself. In a few minutes it was too late to put my good intentions into practice.

I was not satisfied with myself. Try as I would, I could not drive from my mind the image of the old man who applied for the privilege of earning a shilling. To me an extra shilling would have been of no consequence—to him it might have proved a blessing. I felt that I had been guilty of grinding the poor—not in thoughtless adoption of social customs, but deliberately and at set purpose. I had saved a quarter of a dollar, but at the expense of a troubled conscience. At last I succeeded in driving these unpleasant thoughts from my mind. Friends whom I loved came in, and in pleasant converse new images arose, and new affections came into play. One of these friends wore a neat ornament that pleased me very much. It cost three dollars. So well did it suit my fancy, that I commissioned my husband on the next morning to procure me a similar one. He did so. But before I had an opportunity to wear it in company, I was led once more to think of my old coal man.

Two or three mornings after that on which our ton of coal was bought, my eye lit upon a few brief paragraphs in the newspaper which evidently alluded to the lame old man who had excited my unfruitful sympathy. He was dead. A blood vessel had been ruptured during a fit of coughing, and he had died of suffocation. The paragraph went on to state that he had left a wife and four little children who had been solely dependent upon his daily labor for food. They were now in distress and destitution. He who had loved them had been suddenly removed from them. The fatherless and the widow were left in want and desolation. An earnest appeal to the sympathies of the public was made.

I threw the newspaper aside—put on my shawl and bonnet—took my purse from a drawer, and hastily left the house. A brisk walk of half an hour brought me to a comfortless row of tenements near the Schuylkill. In an upper room of one of these, I found a middle aged Irish woman, in feeble health, with four children. A question or two brought out a gush of native pathos, that drew tears from my eyes. The style and eloquence of her lamentations for her lost "mon," showed her heart to be full of deep tenderness—and that her loss was truly irreparable. I found her very poor—actually in want of the most common necessaries of life. To a question or two about her husband, she replied—

"Och, indade, ma'am, and my poor John was a hard working man, when he could get it to do, and didn't drink a drop. But he had been out of work nearly all summer—and hard enough has it been to get even praties for the childther. And now, just as the coal time had come on, and he was beginning to get something to do, he has died—och hone!"

"How much could he make in this way?" I asked, after her new burst of grief had subsided.

"Never more than three or four dollars a week, unless sometimes when the gentlemen favored him, and give him a little something more than the regular price for putting away their coal. But this was not often. Rich people don't think much about our wants. They would make us work for them for nothing if we would do it. John often came home angry, because, he said, that even after he had earned his money, it was begrudged to him."

The woman spoke with bitterness. I felt that there was too much justice in what she said—and that I was not altogether guiltless. I emptied my purse before leaving her meagrely furnished room, and went away I trust a wiser woman.

LIFE'S LESSON SHOULD BE.

BY R. HALLECK.

Forget not—regret not
  The joys that have fled,
Though sweeter and fleeter
  Than fresh odors shed
From the jessamine's cup,
  Or the bright chalice hid
From the gaze of the sun
  'Neath the violet's lid.

Forget not—regret not;
  Hope ever should burn
The incense of love
  In her funeral urn.
Shedding glory and light
  O'er the gems of the past,
By time on the altar
  Of memory cast.

Forget not—regret not;
  Why should we regret,
While one star remains,
  That another has set!
And though all may have faded,
  Others brighter by far,
Through the gloom may arise
  Than one once worship'd star.

Forget not—regret not:
  Life's lesson should be
Like the stars that are hung
  O'er the limitless sea,
A guide to our path,
  Bright links of the chain,
To lead us and bind us
  To virtue again.

THE COQUETTE.

A TALE OF THE WORLD.

Chapter I.

MRS. CHETWYND'S DRAWING-ROOM.

"My *child*," said Mrs. Chetwynd to her lovely daughter, as they were both seated in that lady's luxuriantly furnished drawing-room, in one of the most fashionable streets of London, "do, for one moment, attend to me; I wish to speak seriously to you on your present condition. Whilst I live all will be well, but when I die you will be destitute—absolutely destitute. I have, as you well know, only a life interest in your poor father's estate, and instead of having saved something out of my income for your future maintenance, I have always been unable to make it do, and now I am deeply in debt. Had Heaven blessed me with a son, then this economy would have been unnecessary, but as it is, your cousin Cranmer got every thing there was to leave, and you nothing. Do then, dear Emilie, make up your mind, whilst the opportunity is allowed you, to procure for yourself a good husband and a comfortable home.—You are pretty well educated, and with pleasing manners. You are, or rather have been, the fashion, and had you chosen, you might long before this have been a happy and envied wife."

"Happy, mother," interrupted the daughter, as she raised her fair head from her embroidery frame; "happy! what with that odious and horrid Mr. Smith, or that no less disgusting Sir John Beaumaris?"

"And why not," resumed Mrs. Chetwynd, gravely; "Mr. Smith, as far as I know—and for weeks he was here almost daily—was anything but odious and horrid. His person was good—his manners, though rather unfinished, were not vulgar—his estate was large greater than you could have any pretensions to share, and"—

"His name, too, was so pleasant," added the daughter.

"I have yet to learn, Emilia," resumed the other, "that having a common or ugly name, is a sufficient reason for refusing an agreeable man. Name! oh, my child, be not so thoughtless. But Sir John, *his* name surely was good enough for you, and his rank sufficiently high: what can you allege against him?"

"Oh, a thousand things. In the first place is he not old enough to be my father?"

"Hardly; he, I think, Emilia, was thirty-eight, and you are and twenty."

"But he was grave enough and cross enough; and oh, mother, I would rather die an old maid than marry such a man. No, my husband must be far different from either Mr. Smith or Sir John Beaumaris—Let me see, he must be young, handsome, agreeable, travelled, rich, and talented; must have a good house in town, (not a box like this), a villa at Richmond, a mansion in the country, and an old castle in Scotland; then his name must be a good one, his family high, and his descent noble. I should prefer a peer, of course, but I should not, I think, on reflection, refuse such a man even though he were a commoner; and now, mamma, you know what your future son-in-law is to be like."

"Nay—nay," was the answer, "such a one you will never gain. But, child, I foresee your doom—an old maid, destined to wear out life as a 'companion' to some cross and tyrannical woman; hated by your inferiors, scorned by your employers, and tormented with the constant reflection, that, had you taken your parent's advice, your lot, instead of being thus miserable, would have been most happy. You think me wrong, now, Emilia, but the time will soon come, when you will bitterly remember this conversation."

And the tears came in the affectionate, though imprudent mother's eyes, as she thus sketched her darling daughter's future fate.

But *that* daughter would not believe her assertions, would take no heed of her warnings, and blinded by her own foolishness and vanity of heart, persisted in believing that ere long she should, by a brilliant marriage, falsify her tiresome mother's gloomy predictions.

A certain Lady St. Philip now entered the apartment, and in the gossip of the day, their previous conversation was soon forgotten, at least by the beautiful, scheming, and heartless girl.

Chapter II.

THOUGHTS AT THE TOILET.

As Emilia sat at her toilet that night, the words of her mother again recurred to her.

"But impossible," she murmured, as she surveyed her lovely features in the bright mirror before her; "is it possible that *such* can be my destined fate?—Am I really to die an old maid?—no, no; this speaking glass tells me otherwise, and the world, whenever I enter its charmed circles, unless it flatters me too greatly, assures me that I have only to *ask*, and I shall *have* immediately. A companion! horrible idea. I remember last summer old Lady Helmsmere's telling me all about the miseries and torments she had to endure in seeking for a companion, and *she*, I can easily imagine, could *inflict* as well as receive all her troubles. There was poor Miss Sefton, too, she went out as a companion, and died, I understand, in her very first place. But, however, I must endeavor to attract one of my numerous admirers, and get him to the point. Let me see, who is there amongst them who possesses all those requisites I asked for this morning—the Duke of Glenmorris; ah, he is too high a prize for me; besides, he was offended last week with me, because I laughed at his fine speeches. Lord Villiampton! hum—I could not object to him, but I have no chance there. Sir Peter Penmaire! he is a blockhead; besides, I am not sure that he has a villa, and a villa I *will* have. Sir Claude Cressence! ah, he is a darling, but then he is so dissipated; besides, he is a coxcomb, and always seems to think that every one is dying for him, and such a man I cannot bear. Well, who is there left? Only, I protest, Colonel Fitz Spencer, and poor Mr. Clanwilliam; and one of these two it must be, and now which?—The Colonel has an uncle a baronet, and if by any lucky chance his two gawky sons should die, then after the old man is gone, the Colonel would be Sir Henry. Now, I have no objection to him; he is not very good looking to be sure; but then I believe mamma was almost right in what she said, and I must not expect too much. And lastly, this Mr. Clanwilliam; what can I say for him? Which is the better prize of the two? Both, I think, are about equal, and so I will leave it to chance to decide. To-night I shall, I know, meet them both, and it shall not be my fault, if one of them, at least, does not before long pop the question."

Thus far had she thought, when her maid's question as to whether "she would wear the blue crape or the primrose satin," effectually changed the current of her ideas, and she was soon busily engaged in the mysteries of the toilet.

Chapter III.

THE TWO LOVERS.

And so she went and met them; but alas! for her hopes, neither that night, in spite of all her attractions (and, to tell the truth, she had never looked more beautiful), nor in the course of the next few months, could she draw a "declaration" from either of the two gentlemen. Both seemed suddenly to have grown prudent and cold, and both evidently cared but little for all her charms.

For the Colonel there was, however, some slight hope remaining, for if he did not show *her* much affection, yet he testified *none* to any other woman; but for Mr. Clanwilliam, all hope was now over, for he had openly joined in the admiration of a new and most lovely belle, and was, if report spoke true, deeply smitten with the fair beauty.

In the meantime the season passed away—the last ball of the season was danced—the last dinner eaten—the last scandal discussed—and people only waited for Parliament's breaking up, to betake themselves to the country and all its attractions; and still nothing was done in the way of procuring a husband for Emilia.

Mrs. Chetwynd talked on, but her daughter paid no attention to her discourse, and when at last they left London to pay a visit to the hospitable house of an old friend at S——, it was with a sinking heart, and a sad apprehension, that the former thought upon her declining health, and of the rapidly approaching time when her thoughtless child must be left alone to bear the scorn and hatred of a world that hath no compassion for poverty or want, and that only loveth wealth, and rank, and station.

Chapter IV.

THE LAST CHANCE.

Still there was a chance: for amongst the many guests whom they met at S——, was the same Sir John Beaumaris whom Emilia had refused with so much scorn the year before; and still willing, too, he appeared to forget all her former coldness, and again to ask her to be his richly portioned wife. And after many long and serious discourses on the subject, the foolish girl was actually nearly persuaded that it would be advisable for her to give the baronet that encouragement which she well knew would be all he wanted to enable him to propose again, when, unluckily, (or should we not say luckily?) Colonel Fitz Spencer suddenly appeared again upon the stage—and henceforth the baronet's doom was fixed.

What! marry *him!* when she could have the charming Fitz Spencer, only by a little exertion on her part? No, never! And in spite of all her mother's admonitions, she at once, and without ceremony, made the truth evident to [illegible], as he well might be, disgusted with her conduct, soon left her to her fate; and within a very short time married a girl, who, though not beautiful, and a belle, was yet modest, amiable, and affectionate.

It almost seemed as though the Colonel read the secrets of the coquette's heart, for he continued to lure her on as long as the baronet remained; but as soon as ever he was gone his attentions became less frequent, his manners grew colder, and she was very soon convinced that all her hopes from that quarter were in vain.

And thus the six weeks of their visit passed away. At the end of that time they left S——, for the house of another friend, where unfortunately there were no beaux for Emilia to captivate; and Christmas saw them once more in Baker street.

Mrs. Chetwynd day by day grew weaker, and was now assured that her time on earth was very short, whilst the sad knowledge that at her death her daughter would be quite destitute, affected her body as well as her mind—and rendered her less than ever capable of resisting the attacks of her insidious disease.

But Emilia, what said she? Was she sorry for her treatment of Sir John; and disappointed at his marriage with another? Probably in her heart she was, though she would never own it. But that she was irritated with Colonel Fitz Spencer, there could be no doubt; and in the bitterness of her feelings when she found how much he had deceived her, she first of all found and experienced the pangs of retributive justice—for she, that had so often deceived others, was deceived herself.

Thus, then, another year dawned, and found Emilia aged three and twenty, with waning beauty, (for time and distress of mind, aided by constant dissipation, had begun to produce their usual effects) a dying mother, and no lover at her decease to supply her with that home and protection she would so much stand in need of. Was she not, in spite of all her faults, to be pitied?

Chapter V.

THE PROPHECY FULFILLED.

"Who is that cross, disagreeable looking woman I saw with your aunt to-day?" said Lady Helena Carmane to Augusta Errington, as they were walking together in the spacious and beautiful park of Errington Court, one bright May morning last year.

"What? Oh, only the companion," was the answer.

"And who is she—has she no name?"

"Yes, I believe so," said Miss Errington, with a laugh, (she had good teeth, and was therefore fond of laughter). "She is a Miss Chetwynd. But why do you ask? I am sure there is nothing wonderful in her appearance—not but what she is good enough for my aunt."

"Why, because I fancied I remembered her many years ago as a very lovely girl."

"Indeed, did you?" asked the other. "Well, she must be changed then, for *now* she is anything but lovely."

"Time alters all of us," replied Lady Helena in a grave tone, "and you, my young friend, will find that twenty years hence, you will not be quite so good looking as now."

The compliment to her present beauty was at least acceptable to the young lady's mind, and she went on to ask with some degree of interest for further information.

"Her's is a sad story, my dear. She might once have been the wife of my brother-in-law, Sir John Beaumaris. Indeed, so attached to her was he, that I believe he twice made her an offer of his hand."

"And she refused him?" asked Augusta, in wonder.

"Ah! you may think it strange now—but she was vain and foolish—and a coquette. No one was good enough for her, though she herself had not a penny: and so time went on, and at last her mother, who had a very good jointure, though she foolishly saved nothing of it, died, and left her child destitute.

"And then, what could she do? She had no friends, for her conduct had disgusted every one: and literally after Mrs. Chetwynd's funeral, and the furniture had been sold, she had not got fifty pounds in the world. I know this to be true, for Sir John, notwithstanding her bad treatment of him, still took some interest in her fortunes. Well, she tried for a place as companion, and after awhile succeeded. But she did not stay long at Lady St. Lawrence's, for she was soon found out in a most violent flirtation with young Lord Idleforte, the heir. This of course would not do; so she was dismissed. What next became of her I do not know; but when I again heard of her, she was living with a *deaf* and almost blind lady in Kent, who kept no company, and never stirred from home. So you may imagine that was not a very pleasant situation. What a change, too, from her previous life, and how much she must have suffered when she thought (as she could not but think sometimes) of the opportunities she had thrown away, and of the station in life she might have held, had not her absurd pride and vanity stood in the way. Well, I suppose she kept there till old Mrs. Kerr died, for I saw her death in the papers this spring; and now I suddenly find her living with your aunt, Mrs. Bellew. And now you know her history. Would, poor thing, that she could recall the past—and then how differently would she act; but she chose her own way, and is now suffering from it."

"But was she really ever beautiful?" asked the young lady.

"To be sure, it is long ago, and she has had much to bear—but now she seems to be so grave and ill-tempered, I really wonder aunt can like to have her in the house. But then, *she*, too, is not the gayest, nor the best tempered—well, it is a sad story."

"It is so," was the answer. "And one from which we may *all* profit. But you ask whether Emilia Chetwynd was ever beautiful. I tell you I remember her one of the most lovely girls I ever met with. Do you recollect that curious old collar I showed you the other day, which you admired so much? Well, that was named after her the "Chetwynd," and for a time every body wore them. Ah! she was quite the fashion then—the belle of the day—and now—ah! Augusta, you see what she is come to."

And the kind-hearted lady sighed as she thought of the difference; and henceforth Miss Errington, remembering the past, treated her aunt's companion with less hauteur than she had formerly done.

Chapter VI.

HER FUTURE FATE.

Alas! that such should be the history of Emilia Chetwynd! But that it is true cannot be doubted—and that there are many others whose fate has been like hers, can as little be denied. Oh! that the young would beware; and that they would shun the character of a coquette, and let prudence, as well as love, guide them in their search for a husband.

But there are many—many Emilia Chetwynds in the world, and though some may not meet with so just a reward for their sins as she has done, yet that all in some measure are punished for their crime in after life is, and must be evident.

And now, at the age of thirty-eight, behold her—as fulfilling the repugnant office of "companion." Worse, far worse off than a servant, she has to bear with all the bad temper of her employer; is always expected to be useful to her—nay, is commanded to amuse her. She has no time of her own; she is allowed to express no wish contrary to Mrs. Bellow's likings or dislikings; is at any hour liable to be turned off without warning; and finally, should she ever struggle on till Mrs. Ballew's death—then, when that event takes place (and it cannot be long) she will once more have to seek her bread, and once more have to accommodate herself to the habits and wishes of her next employer.

Pity her we may; but we cannot in our hearts say that her lot is undeserved; and however much we may be tempted to exclaim against her punishment, yet must we remember that all these things were foretold her by her mother; and that, had she chosen, she could have avoided them all, and now have been a happy and beloved wife.

From the Louisville Journal.

The Rainbow.

BY AMELIA.

I sometimes have thoughts in my loneliest hours,
That lie on my heart like the dew on the flowers,
Of a ramble I took one bright afternoon,
When my heart was as light as a blossom in June;
The green earth was moist with the late-fallen showers,
The breeze fluttered down and blew open the flowers,
While a single white cloud to its haven of rest,
On the white wing of peace, floated off in the west.

As I threw back my tresses to catch the cool breeze,
That scattered the rain-drops and dimpled the seas,
Far up the blue sky a fair rainbow unrolled
Its soft-tinted pinions of purple and gold;
'Twas born in a moment, yet, quick as its birth,
It had stretched to the uttermost ends of the earth,
And, fair as an angel, it floated all free,
With a wing on the earth, and a wing on the sea.

How calm was the ocean! how gentle its swell!
Like a woman's soft bosom it rose and it fell,
While its light sparkling waves, stealing laughingly o'er,
When they saw the fair rainbow knelt down on the shore.
No sweet hymn ascended, no murmur of prayer,
Yet I felt that the spirit of worship was there,
And bent my young head in devotion and love,
'Neath the form of the angel that floated above.

How wide was the sweep of its beautiful wings!
How boundless its circle! how radiant its rings!
If I looked on the sky 'twas suspended in air,
If I looked on the ocean the rainbow was there;
Thus forming a girdle as brilliant and whole
As the thoughts of the rainbow that circled my soul—
Like the wing of the Deity, calmly unfurl'd,
It bent from the cloud and encircled the world.

There are moments, I think, when the spirit receives
Whole volumes of thought on its unwritten leaves,
When the folds of the heart in a moment unclose
Like the innermost leaves from the heart of a rose;
And thus, when the rainbow had passed from the sky,
The thoughts it awoke were too deep to pass by;
It left my full soul like the wing of a dove,
All fluttering with pleasure, and fluttering with love.

know that each moment of rapture or pain
But shortens the links in life's mystical chain;
I know that my form, like that bow from the wave,
Must pass from the earth and lie cold in the grave;
Yet, oh! when death's shadows my bosom encloud,
When I shrink from the thought of the coffin and shroud,
May Hope, like the rainbow, my spirit enfold
In her beautiful pinions of purple and gold.

From the Memorial and Herald.

A Summer's Sunset.

O'er the bright bosom of the western sky
The radiant, gorgeous clouds of sunset lie,
And with their rich and varied dyes display
Their lustre borrowed from the orb of day
Whose dying rays reflected glory shed,
And beams still linger tho' that orb hath fled.
O! who could gaze on such a scene, and who
That sky, those rainbow-tinted clouds could view;
That drapery of heaven which oft the sun
Puts on when his diurnal race is run,
With heart unmoved, untouched by awe nor feel
Devotion's fervour o'er his bosom steal.
Here let the Painter at the sunset hour
In homage bow to him whose matchless power,
And skill transcendent o'er the heavens throw
That flare of light, those clouds of varied hue.

ERASMUS.

The Earth is Beautiful.

BY CAROLINE GILMAN.

The whole broad earth is beautiful
To minds attuned aright,
And wheresoe'er my feet are turned,
A smile has met my sight.
The city with its bustling walk,
Its splendor, wealth, and power,
A ramble by the river side,
A passing summer flower.
The meadow green, the ocean swell,
The forest waving free,
Are gifts of God, and speak in tones
Of kindliness to me.
And oh, where'er my lot is cast,
Where'er my footsteps roam,
If those I love are near to me,
That spot is still my home.

THE FATAL SISTERS.

BY MRS. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ.

"Who are those three ladies dressed in black, in the corner of the room?" asked a young lady, who seemed the stranger guest, of another seated at her side.

"Why do you ask?" replied Louisa Marshall, the young lady addressed—"Do you find their appearance so attractive?"

"Not exactly attractive," answered Miss Warner; "but there is such a similitude in their figures, dress and demeanour, and they are so different from the rest of the company, I feel a curiosity, if not interest, concerning them."

"I will tell you all I know of them," replied Louisa, her eye brightening with pleasure, at an opportunity of indulging her ruling passion, observing too that a handsome young man, who was turning over the leaves of a Souvenir, was within hearing of her musical voice. "They are the three Misses Collins—of the maiden sisterhood—who live somewhere in the outskirts of the town, in a 'grand, gloomy, and peculiar' style. What brought them out in a fashionable circle to-night, I cannot divine; for I thought they never went any where except to church and the church yard. They always dress in black, have that same solemn, changeless demeanor, those long, thin, unsmiling countenances, and deep set eyes."

"Perhaps they have met with deep afflictions," observed Miss Warner; "indeed their mourning dress indicates it."

"That may have been—as we have not resided here long, I know nothing of their past history.—Never having felt the same curiosity as yourself, respecting them, I always feel a chill creeping over me when I am about to meet them. I call them the Fatal Sisters, and I have no doubt, if you examine them closely, you will perceive the distaff of Clotho, the spindle of Lachesis, and the shears of Atropos, under the folds of their everlasting black dresses."

"Excellent," exclaimed a young man, who had been attracted near Louisa by the vivacity of her countenance, and the animation of her gestures. "It is one of the best things I ever heard in my life. I shall never look upon them again, without thinking of the Fatal Sisters. And now I think of it, there is a striking resemblance—only the starry robe and crown of stars are wanting."

Excited by applause, Louisa continued her sarcastic remarks till she had gathered around her a circle of apparently admiring listeners. She could not help glancing her eye towards the handsome stranger, who still stood a little aloof, with the book in his hand, but its pages no longer occupied his attention. She met a dark, fascinating, fixed gaze, but it was evidently the gaze of indignation, not of admiration. The cheek of the young man was flushed—he closed the book, and laying it on the table, with some precipitation, walked towards the corner were the Fatal Sisters were seated, and was soon engaged in earnest conversation with them.

"Who is that young man?" asked Miss Warner, with provoking calmness, of the confused and blushing Louisa.

"I don't know," replied she, in a changed voice. "I never saw him before. He must be an acquaintance—perhaps friend or relative—of the Misses Collins. Who could have dreamed of such a thing? He looks as fashionable and high-bred, and they as if they had just issued from the tombs. He must have heard every word I uttered. I dare say he is repeating it to them at this moment. Well, if he is mean enough to do that, I don't care what he thinks of me."

But she *did* care a great deal, in spite of her expressed indifference, and she secretly resolved that she would never give play to her satirical spirit, within reach of a stranger's hearing. It was not long before she felt that her punishment was begun. She saw the lady of the house approach the young man, and by the direction of her eye, she knew she was asking him to be introduced to herself. A cold and polite bow of negation was returned, and she had the intense mortification of knowing her acquaintance was rejected. She learned, moreover, that his name was Woodville—that he was the nephew of the Misses Collins, and the son of their only married sister: for whose death they still wore the sable badge of mourning: that he possessed an independent fortune, with every advantage that nature and education could impart—and that, as the party was given in honor of his arrival, the lonely sisters had been induced to leave their almost vestal retirement, and appear for the first time, for many years, in a crowded and fashionable drawing room.

Louisa was silent and abstracted the remainder of the evening. She did not blush for her unkindness and levity, in levelling at unoffending strangers, the arrows of derision, but she throbbed with indignant shame, at being detected in the act. Accustomed to be admired, anxious to shine, desirous to secure the reputation of a wit as well as a beauty, Louisa considered herself one of those privileged beings, who may trample with impunity on the social rights of others, provided she could do it with a graceful step

and brilliant satire. Personal satire is the [illegible] as well as the most wounding species of ridicule—and they who indulge in its exercise often become fearfully expert before they are aware of the keenness and power of the weapons they are using.

Young Woodville was not mean enough to repeat to his aunts the remarks of Louisa—but in all societies there are some who bear the amiable character of *tattler*—who listen and smile and gather up the venom of slander, that they may diffuse its poisonous influence. Through a medium like this, the Misses Collins were informed of the classical embellishments which the lively imagination of Louisa had thrown around their persons. Like all beings of delicate sensibility and retired habits, they were extremely sensitive to personal ridicule, and reproached themselves for being persuaded to depart from their usual quiet tenor, to be exposed to such indignities.

"I know we are no longer young and handsome," said Miss Collins, the eldest of the maiden sisters, after they had returned home, and were discussing the events of the evening; "and it was very foolish to place ourselves in contrast with youth and beauty. I believe all of Mrs. Grey's guests were young, but ourselves, and I have no doubt our sad countenances did throw a chill over the poor girl's spirits."

"You must not feel slighted, dear Arthur," said the second sister, in the same meek tone, "if we refuse all other invitations, while you are here. Even if this circumstance had not occurred, I should have returned weary and dejected. Had it not been for our presence, you might have derived pleasure from the very source which now causes you pain and displeasure—I regret this far more on your account than on ours."

"Yes," added Miss Esther Collins, the youngest of the three, with a smile, though a tear trembled in the corner of her eye; "we deserve the lesson, for the vanity which suffers from the wound; and I have no doubt the young lady herself reflects with pain on her conduct: at least, she never intended it should reach our ears."

"I have as little respect for the young lady who listened only to betray, as for the one who could indulge in such unfeeling remarks," observed Arthur, whose indignation was somewhat softened by the recollection of Louisa's conscious blushes, and evident self-reproach. "I admired the beauty and graceful vivacity of the last, and it was the musical tone of her voice which first attracted my attention. But the lips which, cold and rancorous, distil the venom of satire, can have no charm for me, though sweet as the flowers of Hybla's scented field."

We have thus introduced the few personages who are actors in this moral sketch. Notwithstanding Louisa's regret, she could not erase the impression she had made, or prevent the repetition of the unfortunate witticism. The name of the Fatal Sisters was affixed to the three sad-dressed females, and even in their retired walks to the house of God, children were heard to whisper the *sobriquet* they did not understand. Several times Louisa resolved to write them a note of apology, but the fear that Arthur Woodville would believe it addressed to himself, rather than to them, restrained the expression of her penitence and shame. Her curiosity was now painfully awakened on the subject of their history, and the cause of their secluded life. There was an old lady, who resided in the neighborhood, who, from her great age, seemed coeval with the rocks and hills which girdled the valley—one who, having seen *better days*, was held sacred from public charity, and supported by private benefactions. She was called, by common respect, Old Lady Storer, the head of the aristocracy of the poor. From this ancient and distinguished oracle, Louisa sought the information she desired.

"Yes, yes," said the old lady, taking off her spectacles, and wiping them again and again, as if to clear away the mists of by-gone days. "I will tell you all about them, for I love to talk about the gracious ones. I remember them when they were young and handsome as you are now—in a different way, to be sure, for they had a grander look, with their bright black eyes, and long curling black hair, which covered their shoulders like a mantle. It seems but yesterday, since I used to see them riding by, with their long skirts, and black plumes waving among their ringlets, smiling with the young gentlemen who followed in their train; for, of all the young damsels of the country, they were the most sought after and admired. I was old then, and I little thought I should have lived to see them grow old, bright and blooming as they were. They had no mother, but their father lived, and people said he was father and mother in one. He was a high-minded man, just to all, and kind to the poor. I know he has been kind to me. Well, Miss Betsey, the eldest, was to be married, and there was to be a splendid wedding. And well they might attempt to shine, for a more beautiful bride these eyes never looked upon, and the bridegroom was a goodly man, of noble proportions and gentle countenance. I used to see them walking together, slowly and alone, and I thought something would take place. I have seen them stand for hours together, on the banks of that stream yonder, that you see shining up in the sunbeams, when the moonlight was on it, and they seemed to forget there were any human beings in the world but themselves. The wedding day came—carriages without number rolled up to the door—while I stole there on foot, to see my young benefactress, as I feared, for the last time. Night came on, and yet no bridegroom was there. Miss Betsey's cheek grew as white as the white dress she wore, but she tried to smile, and said he would come soon. The father grew angry, and swore in his pride that the man who dared to slight his daughter should answer it in his heart's blood. Alas! another hand than his, had drunk that true heart's blood. All night they watched his coming, but in vain. Miss Betsy would not believe him false, and she sat at the window, starting at every sound, holding her breath, and turning red and pale a dozen times in a moment.—The next day, slow steps brought him to the door, in the bridegroom's dress, but it was all dabbled in blood, and there were six wounds in his heart, each of which was large and deep enough for his soul to pass through. He was murdered by the way-side, by whom God, the All-seeing and All-knowing, only knows. He was rifled of his purse, his watch, and the ring of his betrothal—so it was supposed his assassin was a robber. Oh! many a day has passed since that sad day, and I have looked upon many a sight of woe—but never have I seen such a spectacle of grief as I witnessed then. Miss Betsey did not shriek and rave as I have heard some do in their agony—but she clenched her hands, till the blood oozed from the roots of her nails, and dropped upon her bridal robes. For weeks she never spoke or wept, and all thought that her mind had become a blank, through despair. At last the tears began to flow, like the rain of the deluge, day and night. They washed the roses of youth from her cheeks—they dimmed the sun-light of her eyes. She grew old before her time—and never from the day when she put off her white, blood-spotted robes, has she worn any thing but a suit of solemn black—the badge of her heart's widowhood. But, blessed be God! she mourns not like one without hope. She has found consolation in the promises of the Gospel, and looks forward to a re-union with her beloved, on the green borders of the promised land."

Old Lady Storer paused, and wiped the mist from her glasses with her white linen apron. Louisa wept. The romantic story of love and sorrow awakened her fullest, warmest sympathies. A better feeling than curiosity urged her to listen to the history of the two younger sisters, which the old lady commenced with new animation, pleased with the sensibility of her youthful auditor.

"Miss Lucy," continued the aged historian, "was next in age, and she clung to her sister in her grief, as if she shared all its bitterness. Miss Mary, the third daughter, married Mr. Woodville, a rich man, and went far away from her own home. Esther, the youngest and fairest, the darling and pet of the whole family, went with her, and for a while it seemed that joy had forsaken the household. But, after a time, Lucy was seen riding and walking with a young man, still handsomer and nobler in person than he who was murdered. I heard they were to be married, and I trembled, fearing that some doom hung over the household, and that the bridal wreaths were never to bloom round their maiden brows. Again there were great preparations for the event, and Esther was sent for to officiate at her sister's wedding. She was then in the first bloom of youth, and had about her a charm which no one could resist.—The fickle bridegroom transferred his affections to this youngest, loveliest sister, and the quick eye of jealous love soon perceived the change. She loved him as few women could love, but she was proud, and her delicacy shrunk from receiving vows through honor, which the heart no longer sanctioned. She yielded him to her sister—but she scorned the idea of being a sister's rival. She was wretched at the thought that she had unconsciously supplanted her, and vowed that her future life should be an expiation for the offence. Thus, these three young sisters, blighted in all their hopes of happiness, devoted themselves to their father, who began to show the incipient marks of insanity—a disease which gained a fearful ascendency over his once powerful mind, and terminated only with life. Their married sister, Mrs. Woodville, died a few years since, under circumstances peculiarly melancholy, and I am told that her only son is now on a visit to his relatives.—It is hard for one who sees them now to realize what they once have been; but sorrow such as theirs dries up the very blood, hardens the soft features, and draws the lines of premature age on the face and form. But disappointment has brought with it many a godly lesson to them. It has weaned them from the world—it has lifted their hopes to Heaven, and it has taught them great tenderness to the feelings of others. Their charity never faileth—it suffers long, and is kind; and truly it vaunteth not itself.—They furnished the roof which shelters, and the garment that covers me. These glasses, by which I am enabled to read God's blessed word, are the gift of Miss Betsy's own hand. Miss Lucy provided this

And in every comfort I possess, Esther has shown active agency. This very morning she put this nice cap on my head, and told me when it needed crimping, no other fingers than hers must do it. Oh! when the Lord makes up his jewels, they will shine like stars in the diadem of his glory!"

Louisa left the cottage with an humbled and subdued spirit. The tide of youthful vanity ebbed low in her heart. The early history of the Fatal Sisters occupied her mind. Their blighted love, singular misfortunes, and evangelical virtues, seemed as so many accusing spirits condemning her for her heartless mockery. She looked forward through the vista of years, and felt, for the first time, that there must be a dreary prospect before her, if the misfortunes common to humanity should fall to her lot. She had no sustaining principle in her own mind, and the anchor on which she leaned was tottering and insecure. In the sunshine of her life, she had turned from the guiding cloud, and she dared not hope that the pillar of fire would appear to illumine the darkness of her destiny. Oppressed by an unusual weight of reflection, she entered her chamber that night, and in obedience to a custom of hers, long indulged, and often reproved by her more cautious mother, she drew her table by the bed-side, and throwing herself upon the couch, began to read by the candle-light, though she in vain endeavored to fix her thoughts upon the book which she held in her hand. Her mother slept in an apartment on the opposite side of the stair-case, and Louisa flattered herself that it could not disturb her repose, nor endanger her safety, and that there was no harm in disregarding a warning suggested by over-anxious apprehension. She held the book, and turned the pages, but her thoughts were wandering, and the dread of some coming evil became so intense, that her heart palpitated, and her cheek turned pale. She had long known that there was sorrow and disappointment and death in the world, but she had assumed it as a truth, that the three sisters had always been old, sad and unattractive; and, because they had once been beautiful, and young, and loving, she reasoned upon the same principle that all who were young and lovely, must pass through the same fiery and defacing ordeal.

At length the reaction, succeeding over-wrought feeling, took place. A sensation of languor stole over her, the book fell from her hand, while the candle still burned by her side. The windows of her chamber were left open, the damp night air swayed heavily the folds of the curtain, and now and then the long blaze of the unsnuffed candle wavered and bowed towards the muslin drapery that waved over the head of the sleeper. Louisa was awakened by a hot glare around her. She started up, and beheld herself encircled with flames. The curtains had come in contact with the blaze, and were consuming with fearful rapidity. At the foot of the bed, they were festooned up, to admit the air—and Louisa, following the impulse of self-preservation, so strong within us, in the hour of peril, darted from under the burning arch, and forgetful of every thing, but flying from danger, rushed down the staircase, and fell with violent shrieks against the door, which she vainly sought to unclose.

When she recovered a consciousness of her situation, she found herself in the open air, at a little distance from their blazing dwelling, the roar of flames sounding terribly in her ears, their glare shining with dazzling horror on her eyes. Her mother stood near, with disheveled hair and disordered dress, wringing her hands, and crying out in despairing accents—

"We are undone—we are undone! Nothing can be saved!"

Louisa saw and heard all this, and she knew that her incendiary hand had lighted that burning pile, that her own disobedience and wantonness had made them houseless and homeless. Mrs. Marshall was not rich. She had a small annuity, which, in addition to her house and household goods, enabled her to live in comfort, and to furnish Louisa with the paraphernalia of a fashionable wardrobe. There was no insurance, nothing was saved, and they must depend upon the kindness of friends for food and raiment for the morrow. They were taken to the nearest neighbors, but the family was large, and they knew they must be a burden there. Mrs. Marshall was delicate in constitution, and the shock and exposure to the night air prostrated her on a sick bed. Louisa felt that if her mother should die, she had dug her grave with her own hands, and she lifted her hot and burning eyes to Heaven, and prayed that she might die too. While she sat by her mother's bedside, in a state bordering on distraction, three figures softly entered and approached the spot where she was seated. They were all clothed in black—they looked pale and sad—but their voices were mild and their words kind. They were the *Fatal Sisters*, come on an errand of mercy, and they would not be refused. They came, like the Good Samaritan, to pour oil and balm into the wounds of affliction, to offer shelter to the houseless, food, raiment, home-born comforts, and ministrations.

"I have not deserved this from you," said the weeping Louisa. "You have more reason to hate, than to pity me."

"Come with us," said the elder, "and we will try to make our home even as your own. Our house is large, our means are ample;—we are all skilled as nurses, and there is perfect quiet such as an invalid loves. A bed can be placed in the carriage, and your mother can be borne there without danger or fatigue. Be assured," added she, pressing her hand, "we cherish no feelings towards you, but the sincerest kindness and the deepest sympathy."

Louisa felt the language of Scripture verified in herself. Every word and look of kindness was like a living coal on her remorseful heart. Misfortune had humbled her pride, and in proportion as her pride and vanity were abased, her gratitude was exalted.

A few hours saw herself and mother domesticated in the family of the lonely sisters. Mrs. Marshall soon recovered under their soothing and gentle influence, and Louisa gradually assumed an appearance of composure. But self-reproach and anguish gnawed at her heart.

"Oh!" she would say to herself, a thousand times a day, "had I obeyed my mother's injunctions, we might yet possess the blessings of home. How long must we eat the bread of dependence?"

This was a question constantly recurring, and it produced the most solemn resolves on her part, to make up to her mother, as far as possible, for the consequences of her rashness. She knew her mother's annuity was small, and she determined she would never encroach upon her now slender means. She would teach a school—she was sure their former friends would assist her. The moment she suggested the subject to the kind sisters, they encouraged and supported her in her virtuous purpose, and Arthur Woodville eagerly assisted her in the plan.—Louisa's *desire* for admiration, which had often led her into folly and excess, seemed completely swallowed up in the nobler ambition that now urged her onward. She felt she must be low in the esteem of young Woodville, but she would not scorn his pity, for it was all she merited.

"I wonder you are willing to stay with the Misses Collins," said her former friend, Miss Warner, during a ceremonious call; "they know all you have said of them, and you have fastened upon them such a ridiculous name, I am sure they never can forget it.—It is a pity that Arthur Woodville heard you, for who knows what might have happened, remaining together in the same house so long?"

Something had happened in consequence of this juxta-position, of which Miss Warner was not aware. The society of one of such exalted powers of mind, and noble and ennobling qualities of heart, gave a stamp to the character of Louisa, such as no one who knew her in her days of folly would have believed it capable of receiving. She felt animated in the discharge of every duty, by the hope of securing his approbation—being assured that the wanton levity of the past was forgiven, if not forgotten.

Louisa found another warm friend in her misfortunes, and that was old Lady Storer. It was near her cottage that Mrs. Marshall rented a small house, where Louisa taught her daily school; and the old lady would bring her knitting and sit in an arm-chair, which Louisa would always abdicate on her entrance, and invested with the grandeur and solemnity of great age, her presence inspired awe and diffused stillness amid the juvenile band. By and by she brought her hour-glass, and placed it upon the table, and its gliding sands whispered as they slid along of everlasting peace. Louisa wondered at her own happiness.—The days were too short for her new duties. The time, which she feared would hang heavy on her hands, flew by on wings of down, and scattered light as it flew. It is true, she had some trials, but they were easily borne. If a little rebel resisted her laws, and threatened to bring a spirit of misrule into her peaceful community, old Lady Storer would lift her spectacles and shake her silver locks, in grave rebuke, and the young offender was generally brought to a conviction of its faults. The Sisters, too, aided her, in her task, by their counsels and encouragements, and Louisa often said she would not exchange her situation for any other in the world.

But, alas! for the strength of human resolution!—It was not more than a year from the commencement of her new duties, before she prepared to resign them. The children wept as they bade her farewell, and entreated her not to leave them. They tried to bribe her with flowers and garlands, but she told them, with a tear in her eye and a smile on her lip, that other duties called her, and she must obey the summons. Old Lady Storer took up her hour-glass with a sigh, for she had passed many happy hours in that little circle. It was pleasant, in life's polar winter, to be surrounded by the primroses and violets of opening spring. She had, too, her forebodings, for old age loves to catch the dark shadow of the future, and she was sure there was a doom hung over the house, to which the destiny of Louisa was shortly to be linked. But she did see, what she prophesied never was to be consummated—a wedding in the house of the lonely Sisters. The old Lady wept, for she remembered the hopes of other days so fearfully blighted—but she prayed that a blessing might descend on Arthur and Louisa as they before the bridal altar, once more erected in the family mansion. That blessing followed Louisa to her new home and rested there—as the ark of the covenant went before, and the place where it rested was hallowed ground.

Louisa was reminded, in looking over her wedding gifts, of her once prevailing sin—but so gently, she could hardly feel it a rebuke.

She found in a careful envelope a beautiful *distaff*, a silver spindle, and a pair of scissors, as bright as the sunbeams that gleamed on them. Threads of gold and silver were wound upon the distaff, and these words were written on the white paper in which they were wrapped:—

"May all your days be woven of these bright elements, and no *dark worsted* be permitted to mingle with the brilliant tissue."

Louisa's cheek crimsoned, and for a moment she wondered that the three gentle Sisters, who now represented to her imagination the three Christian Graces—Faith, Hope and Charity—should have recalled a passage in her life, which she wished buried in oblivion.

"Forgive me, my Louisa," said Arthur, unwinding some of the glittering thread, and passing it sportively round her neck—"the gift is mine. Receive it, as it is offered, in the spirit of confiding love; and instead of being a painful memento of the past, it will be a pledge of a bright and happy futurity."

Reader! this is an "o'er true" sketch, scarcely embellished by the tints of imagination. It is not necessary to point out the moral, like the writers of ancient fables. Of all the dark threads woven in the variegated web of human life, there are none so black as those fabricated by the hand of slander; and let not those who indulge in satire and derision, ever dare to say, in the pride of self-reliance, "Thus far will I go, and no farther."

HOW AND WHEN TO WOO.

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

Dost thou idly ask to hear
  At what gentle seasons
Nymphs relent, when lovers near
  Press the tenderest reasons?
Ah, they give their faith too oft
  To the careless wooer;
Maidens' hearts are always soft,
  Would that men's were truer!

Woo the fair one, when around
  Early birds are singing;
When, o'er all the fragrant ground,
  Early herbs are springing;
When the brookside, bank and grove,
  All with blossoms laden,
Shine with beauty, breathe of love,—
  Woo the timid maiden.

Woo her, when, with rosy blush,
  Summer eve is sinking;
When, on rills that softly gush,
  Stars are softly winking;
When, through boughs that knit the bower,
  Moonlight gleams are stealing;
Woo her, till the gentle hour
  Wakes a gentler feeling.

Woo her, when autumnal dyes
  Tinge the woody mountains;
When the dropping foliage lies
  In the half-choked fountain;
Let the scene, that tells how fast
  Youth is passing over,
Warn her, ere her bloom is past,
  To secure her lover.

Woo her, when the northwinds call
  At the lattice nightly;
When, within the cheerful hall,
  Blaze the faggots brightly;
While the wintry tempest round
  Sweeps the landscape hoary,
Sweeter in her ear shall sound
  Love's delightful story.

CYMON SMYTHE;
OR, AVARICE OVERREACHED.

BY EDWARD YOUNG.

Chapter I.

Simon Smith, or, as he called himself, Cymon Smythe, Esq., Attorney and Counsellor at Law, sat in his office, in the little village of Joneston, in one of the States, "out west," engaged in filling up a deed.

Now, the matter of drawing out a deed, considered in the abstract, has nothing in it of a very pleasurable nature; but the deed in question appeared to be a very pleasant one, indeed, to Simon. There was a pleasant smile on Simon's countenance; or, as near a pleasant smile as his countenance was capable of putting on; and his face was not very highly gifted that way, that's true. But, as we were saying, there was a smile on Simon's face, and a twinkle in his little eyes, and he paused occasionally in his task, to smile at the reflection of himself in the looking-glass that hung over the writing desk, and to rub his hands with an infinite relish. Altogether, Simon seemed to be in the very best possible humor with himself and the whole world.

"Will forever warrant and defend," ejaculated Simon, as he put the finishing stroke to the document. "Now that's what I call pleasant. There's nothing like being sure in these matters. I know plenty of folks that call themselves rich, and are considered rich, that are not worth a cent, but there's no mistake about this. 'Squire Joseph Allbright's a rich man, and *I* know it, for I've drawn up many a deed and mortgage in his favor. Let's see: here's this farm and mill, worth twenty thousand dollars, and then there is three or four others, besides houses and village lots. He must be worth, at least, fifty thousand dollars; and only two children, Henry and Kate. That's twenty-five thousand, each; or, at least, the 'Squire will give Kate twenty thousand. That'll be thirty thousand to Henry and twenty thousand to Catherine."

Simon paused in his soliloquy to admire himself afresh. To make his wiry hair assume anything like a decent shape, was a task of some importance; his whiskers, too, were quite refractory; he had pulled them and brushed them, and twisted them round his fingers, nearly all the morning; but in spite of all they *would* grow back. If any reasonable man, in a fit of temporary insanity, had permitted such excrescences to disfigure his face, the *first effort* of his returning reason would have been used in shaving them off. But Simon never meditated the possibility of such a thing: he considered *his* whiskers as the very "*ne plus ultra*" of whiskers; and *his* moustaches, in Simon's opinion, surpassed Count Knockmanoff's. Besides whiskers and moustaches were fashionable, and that was enough for Simon.

"Yes," cried Simon as he gave his moustache the finishing twist. "Yes, I can get Kate Allbright, I *know*. She can't resist me, and I can't resist her—twenty thousand dollars. She's always pleased to see me; laughs at my witticisms; (I think I'm tolerably witty), praises my poetry, and is altogether partial to me. Twenty thousand dollars and a good practice! I'll get along yet."

Simon's soliloquy was interrupted at this point by the entrance of a client. There was a tone of great condescension in Simon Smi—we beg his pardon—Cymon Smythe, Esq.'s voice as he returned the salutation of his client.

"Remarkably fine weather for the season, Mr. Woodford," said Smythe.

"Very fine, indeed," returned Arthur Woodford. "Mr. Smythe, I have exchanged my lot for one of 'Squire Allbright's, nearer the business part of town, and I wish you to fill up the deeds. You can do it to-morrow?"

"Certainly, certainly," replied Simon, nodding graciously. "And how do you find business in Joneston?"

"Very good! Much better than I expected."

"I'm glad to hear it. By the by, I have a pair of boots I guess I'll let you fix. Wait a minute, and I'll show 'em to you."

While Simon was getting his boots the door was opened, and a poor Irishwoman with an infant in her arms, and four small children at her side, entered the office.

"A very fine day, jintlemen. Have yees a thrifle, jintlemen, ye cud give to a poor, lone widdy? Me husband, Dinnis—pace to his sowl—was tuk wid the fever an' ager, an' couldn't doa hand's turn for more nor six months, an' thin, to the top o' that, he tuk the billyous faver an' died wid it. I'm come all way from the State of Allaynois aloot, jintlemen. Could yees help me wid a thrifle and the Lord will bless you."

"Han't got any thing to give," growled Simon.

"Iver so small a thrifle," urged the poor woman.

"Got nothing to give I tell you. Clear out! These Irish beggars," continued Simon, as the poor woman went away, "always have some such story to tell. Beg, beg, beg: get your money to spend for drink.—No doubt her husband is some great lazy rascal that won't work; as for his being dead, I don't believe it.—But what's your hurry?" cried Simon, as Arthur opened the door. "Wait a minute, you have not seen my boots yet."

"I haven't time now, I'll call again, or you may bring them down to my shop," said Arthur, as he left the office. He hurried on till he overtook the beggar woman, and, putting a half a dollar in her hand, said—

"There is a little for you, good woman, I wish it was more. You see that shoemaker's shop at the farther end of the street? Come there in an hour; I think I have some shoes I can give you for your poor children."

"May God bless your honor!" fervently ejaculated the poor creature. "The Father of the widdy and the fatherless, who's given you the big heart, grant that ye may never need the means to help the desolate. Meself and childern will pray for your honor. God bless you, sir!"

"I wonder," thought Arthur, as he walked away, "I wonder how rich people, who have the means to assist the unfortunate, can refuse themselves the pleasure of doing it. If they could only feel half the pleasure that I do in giving my mite, they would not wait to be asked, but would seek for opportunities to be charitable. They can spend hundreds for pleasure, dresses, and feasting, and wine. Wine! indeed: the look and blessing of that poor woman have made my heart feel warmer, and my spirit more cheerful than all the wine in the world could effect."

Arthur Woodford did look happy. He was a good-looking fellow at all times; but now his handsome face had an extra glow of beauty on it, and his dark hazel eyes were lit up with the light of the happy spirit within, till, in spite of his rough dress, he looked like a nobleman. And so he was—one of Nature's own nobles—worth a dozen of the generality of the Dukes and Lords of the old world, any day. Arthur, as you know by this time, was a shoemaker, and had not long been a resident of Joneston. He was about twenty-five years old, middling height, well formed and robust, with a look of candor and intelligence in his face, which his inner man did no discredit to.—His quiet, unassuming manners, strictly moral habits, good sense, and good nature, had already won for him the friendship and esteem of every one in Joneston whose esteem was worth possessing.

As a general thing, there is more of genuine republican feeling and sociality in the small towns of our republic than can be found in any other places in the world—than can be found even in the larger cities of our own land. And this is true, especially of the villages of the western States. There is to be found very little of that distinction of class which characterizes the older States. The professional man, the merchant, and the mechanic associate freely together, seeming to recognize to the fullest extent the truth of the axiom "that all men are created equal." The question is not so frequently asked there "is he rich?" or "is he of good family?" Or, if asked, it is not with the view of determining what grade he shall associate with. The stranger who removes into one of our western villages has not long to wait for acquaintances; a few days are sufficient to introduce him to everybody. And there is such an open-hearted frankness about western men, and they seem to take so much delight in doing little acts of kindness for new-comers, that a stranger is soon at his ease, and feels as if instead of being in a strange land, he was among old friends whom he had known a life-time. The citizens of Joneston were characterized for their enterprise, morality, and sociability. It was just the place for a young man to commence life in whatever talents he might have; there was plenty of opportunity here to draw them out, and a right-seeing sense in the people to appreciate them, and push him forward.

But let us return to Simon, whom we left somewhat angered and astonished by the look of contempt which Arthur bestowed upon him.

"Well, I vow, I should like to know what you mean, Mr. Snob," cried Simon. "Who are you with your proud looks, you poor, petty cobbler? Hang you, I can buy you and keep you, too, a half a dozen times over."

So far as money went, perhaps, Simon could show six dollars to Arthur's one: but in spite of his declaration, we may be permitted to think that the concentrated riches of a community of Smiths would fall far short of the true worth of one Arthur Woodford. With this belief, we make bold to say that Simon could not buy him *once*, to say nothing of the six times. And, before we go any farther, we may as well give the reader what information we have of the previous history of Cymon Smythe. The first knowledge Simon possesses of himself is at a period some twenty-two years prior to the date of our story, when he found himself sitting on the steps of a house in one of our western cities, shivering with the cold, and crying with hunger. In this situation he was found by the owner of the house, who, being fortunately a humane gentleman, ordered the housemaid to take him into the kitchen and give the poor child something to eat. His stomach having been satisfied and his face washed, Simon was taken into the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Davenport.

"Poor child," said the benevolent Mrs. Davenport, "I wonder that he did not freeze to death in those rags."

"What is your name little fellow?" inquired Mr. D.

"I dun know," said Simon.

"Where do you live, then?"

"I dun know."

And "I dun know" was all the answer that could be obtained from Simon.

"Poor creature! What shall we do with him, James?" enquired Mrs. D.

"Indeed, 'I dun know,' as he says. 'Tis an awkward affair. Perhaps some enquiries will be made for him. At any rate, we will keep him for the present, for I cannot bear the idea of sending any child to the poor-house, as it is now conducted."

So the matter was settled. Days and weeks passed, but no enquiries were made for Simon, nor could Mr. Davenport learn any thing from those he enquired of. The boy was fairly domiciled in Mr. Davenport's kitchen, where he was christened Simon Smith by the house-maid.

When as large as boys usually are at six years old, he was sent to the district school, which he continued to attend till he was fourteen, when he was taken by Mr. Davenport into his office, as a kind of a clerk, allowing him a small salary for his services. His duties in this situation were not very burthensome, consisting in making fires and sweeping out the office, going on errands, and sometimes copying legal documents. Simon contrived to lay by nearly all his salary, and Mr. Davenport dying when Simon was about twenty, left him to shift for himself. He had not been idle in his situation, but had managed to pick up a smattering of law, and being seized with the idea that he could push his fortune better at the

West, he started for that section of the country, and arrived at D—— with two hundred dollars in his pocket. His first business was to get into a lawyer's office, to study for admission to the Bar. This he soon found an opportunity of doing, and being blest with what the Irish call "the gift o' gab," he contrived, while reading Blackstone and Kent, and copying documents for his teacher, to pick up enough money by pettifogging to lay by a little over and above his expenses.

Simon passed examination, and had his name enrolled among the honorable fraternity of attorneys; and hearing that Jonesten presented a good opening, he removed there and commenced practice.

Simon prospered. He talked large—boasted much of having studied in the office of the celebrated Mr. Davenport, and being gifted with an abundance of words, he managed to delude many into the idea that if he was not a very good-looking fellow, he was, as the Hoosiers say, "an all-fired smart hoss." But this was only among the more illiterate part of the community, who are apt to consider that eloquence consists in the number and sound of the words, without regard to sense. Upon this reputation, and descending to many little meannesses to get "cases," Simon made money—and *kept* it. Let Simon alone for doing that. He was not the individual to spend money—not he. And Simon, too, was a moral young man—never attending balls, or sleighing parties, or any other amusement that cost anything. Dancing was immoral, very—when he had to pay the fiddler.

Simon had lived in Jonesten about five years when our story commences; and, although by some he was considered a tolerable kind of a lawyer, by the majority he was despised as a mean, grasping pettifogger. He had been called so once by one of the nabobs of Jonesten, but he pocketed the affront because he could not afford to quarrel with 'Squire Harding. But enough of Simon for the present.

Chapter I.

There was to be an evening party at 'Squire Albright's, and Cymon Smythe, Esq., and Arthur Woodford were among the number of invited guests.—Evening came, and found Kate and her brother Henry seated in the drawing-room to receive their guests.

"How do I look to-night, Henry?" enquired Kate.

"Splendid! You never looked better in your life. Poor Mr. Smythe, what glances he threw at you, and all last. You're too cruel, Kate. The poor fellow thinks you are in love with him."

"*I* in love with him! Bless the poor man, what could put such a ridiculous notion in his head?"

"What! Why, your coquetting with him, to be sure. I know you only did it to laugh at him; but he thinks 'tis because you admire him. At any rate, he admires you, for he told me so."

"Told you so? Well, I declare, that's a new way of wooing. What did he say?"

"What will you give to know, Kate? It must be something valuable, for recollect my *honor*; it won't do to sacrifice *that* for a trifle. Mr. Smythe didn't expect that I should tell you. Oh, no—ha! ha!"

"You provoking little rogue, do tell me."

"For how much, Kate? What say you to that copy of Bryant that Arthur Woodford presented to you?"

"Indeed, I shall give you no such thing," replied Kate, with a slight blush.

"I knew it—I knew it. That's right, Kate. Arthur Woodford's present is worth more than all Mr. Smythe ever said in his life; at least, you think so. Now, confess, if I'd asked for anything else but that, you would have given it to me."

"No, I would not—there; and I think you're a provoking boy. I'd give you nothing."

"Yes, a kiss, at least: there, and now I'll tell you. I happened into Smythe's office yesterday, and he soon began to flatter me, and then to praise you, and finally says he, 'Ah, Henry, if I dared but tell her how much I admire her: her beauty, wit, and good nature. How fortunate will that man be who shall win those matchless charms.'"

"'Matchless charms!'" cried Kate, scornfully. "My matchless charms are all contained in papa's strong box."

"That's it, Kate; he is a mean fellow. I've wanted to talk with you, and this is a good opportunity. You think because I'm a little boy yet, only sixteen, that I can't see anything: but I can—I can see that you are a little, just a little, in love with Arthur Woodford, and that he is in the same state with you. You needn't blush, 'tis a fact, and I'm glad of it. If I'm to have a brother-in-law, I hope you'll select me a good one; and for my part, I don't know a better, nobler-hearted man than Arthur Woodford."

"Do be still! What do I care for Arthur Woodford? Do you suppose papa would let me marry a mechanic?"

"And why not? Isn't father one of the best men in the world? And didn't I hear him tell 'Squire Harding that he did wrong in forbidding his daughter Julia associating with the Hart girls, because their father was poor? 'And,' said Pa, 'I'd rather my Kate and Harry should associate with good, honest, hard-working young people, than with such worthless, well-dressed drones as Tom Clivers and Joe Sherrod.' That's what father said. Now, don't you think he would rather you'd marry a noble fellow like Arthur, than such a tight-fisted fellow as Smythe? I guess he would."

"Mr. Woodford has been winning your little heart with a few doses of flattery," said Kate.

"Now, Kate, you know better. Arthur never flattered any body; *that* you know. I'll tell you what he did do. Last Thursday I saw him talking to an Irish beggar woman; but he didn't know that I or any one else observed him. And when I came along I gave her a shilling, and asked her what that gentleman had given her? 'The blessing of the Father be wid him,' says she; 'I'll tell your honor. Ye see the lawyer's place beyant? (it was Smythe's.)—Well, I went in there wid me childher, an' there was him an' another man, a little red-whiskered fellow. Well, I tells 'em how me husband died, an' axed 'em could they help a lone widdy. What does the little man do but tell me to clear out, as spiteful as a bear, not givin' me even the kind word or look, barrin' the help. I shuk the dust of my feet at his dure, an' come away. In a minute out comes that gintleman, an' says he to me—givin' me fifty cents—'Good woman, here's a thrifle for you, an' come down to me shop, an' I'll give ye some shoes for yer childher.' The blessing of all the Saints in Glory be wid him!' I tell you what, Kate, I never felt better in my life; and I made up my mind then who *I* should like for a brother-in-law."

Didn't Kate look pleased while Harry was telling his story? She said nothing, however, for by this time the company began to assemble.

Never was there a happier party than that met at 'Squire Allbright's, if happy faces and merry laughs be any criterion by which to judge of happiness. Tom Clavers and Joe Sherrod were the noisiest. These young gentlemen seemed to act as if they thought the more rumpus they could make, the more attention they should attract, and the more gentlemanly they would be considered, because they contrasted so admirably with Arthur Woodford and others who were engaged in a quiet conversation on the beauties of the engravings and annuals which were on the centre table. Clavers and Sherrod came from, no one knew where, and lived, nobody could tell how; but they always dressed well—were full of the little tittle-tattle and small talk so highly relished by many would-be ladies, and were altogether 'nice young men.'

Accompanied each by a young *lady*, as noisy as themselves, and followed by a *few* witless young men and women, who were seduced by their dashing manners, Clavers and Sherrod [illegible] from room to room, up stairs and down, keeping up a shower of small wit and torrents of laughter, till they made themselves very conspicuous, and very annoying, too, to two-thirds of the assembly, who heartily wished them at home twenty times an hour. Cymon Smythe was there, of course; and Cymon paid great attention to Kate Allbright, too, as a matter of course.

"Miss Catharine," said Simon, conducting Kate to the piano, "will you favor us with one of your sweet songs?"

Kate was not one of those young ladies who require a great urging to do what they intend to do from the beginning. She did not plead a bad cold, a lack of practice, or any other of the excuses so prevalent among fashionable damsels, but took her seat at the piano at once.

"Beautiful! Seraphic!" ejaculated Simon, as Kate finished. "Do you know, Miss Catharine, that you have improved wonderfully? Ah! what a delightful thing music is; and I am such a lover of it—it fills my soul with a multitude of such exquisite sensations, that I can never weary of hearing it. An air like that you have just sung, and sung as you sang it, might almost win me back to life if I was dying."

"Upon my word, a very pretty speech, and worth twenty such airs. And what do you think of music, Mr. Woodford?" said Kate.

"I believe no one is more susceptible of the 'concord of sweet sounds' than myself," said Arthur—"but I never could succeed in giving an exposition of my feelings that was intelligible even to myself. If you will permit me to take your seat, Miss Catharine, I'll try and give you a random thought on hearing an old song that I often heard at home."

Arthur ran over a symphony, and in a fine tenor voice, sang the following:

SONGS OF HOME.

The songs of home! the songs we heard
  And loved when we were young;
We ne'er forget them, for they are
  The songs our mothers sung.
Ah! little do we know the worth
  Of childhood's sinless days,
The pleasures of our fathers' hearth,
  And those dear olden lays,
Till added years bring added cares,
  A long and weary train,
To bid us prize those simple joys
  We ne'er can know again.

The songs of home! those dear old songs,
  We heard our mothers sing,
The earliest sounds that mem'ry caught,
  And longest [illegible]
Though other songs in happier hours
  May charm our ears awhile;
'Tis only they when sorrow low'rs
  Can win from us a smile;
The world may hold a thousand airs
  More sweet and musical,
But one dear song of home to me
  Is richly worth them all.

"You surprise me, and very agreeably, too," cried Kate. "Why have we not found out before that you played and sung so well? No matter—you shall pay for cheating us so long. I'll punish you."

"Believe me, no task that you can impose will be anything but a great pleasure to me," replied Arthur.

"We shall see that. And, in the first place, I order you to find Mary Hart, and bring her here forthwith. We'll have a quartette. I'm sorry that one who loves music as you do, Mr. Smythe, can't sing. What shall we do? Can Mr. George Hart sing?"

"Admirably."

"Then bring him with Mary. Ah! here they come!" cried Kate, as Arthur returned with Mary and George Hart. "Now, Mary dear, do take this seat. You know, or ought to know, that you can play ten times better than I can."

Dear Kate, how happy she was! And poor Cymon Smythe, for once in his life, could say nothing; but, ah! how he looked! If looks could annihilate, poor Arthur would have been knocked into nonentity twenty times while Kate was speaking.

Whilst the quartette was being sung, Simon turned away and entered into a political disputation with the editor of the *Jonesten Gazette*.

"Will you favor us with that air I heard you sing last night, Miss Mary?" said Arthur, when the quartette was finished.

Kate played and sang very well, but she was quite right in saying that Mary Hart sang better. How beautifully she performed, and her voice was so full and rich, it was a treat to hear her. Kate's eye sparkled, and her beautiful face flushed with rapturous excitement, as Mary sang the first stanza. At that moment in dashed Clavers and Sherrod, with their noisy train, and Simon and the editor waxed warmer in their controversy. It was no bad representation of Babel on a miniature scale. Kate was a little vexed, and so were all who had ears for music.

"Gentlemen," cried Kate, as Clavers and Sherrod romped by; "do for pity's sake cease your frolic for a little while. Have you no ears? Don't you hear that she plays and sings divinely? And you, too, Mr. Smythe; really, I'm astonished that you should make such a noise. Don't you hear that Mary is an angel?"

Kate's [illegible] that she doubted Mr. Smythe's enthusiastic love of music, notwithstanding his sentimental declaration, and Simon felt that she did. In truth Simon had no more ear for harmony than a hog, not half so much, indeed, as the "learned pig Toby." He could not whistle, to say nothing of singing, three consecutive notes of Yankee Doodle, or any other common air, correctly; so that his being called to life by the power of music, may be set down as "Fudge."

We knew Simon well, and we have always had an idea that no sound had so great an effect on him as the jingle of the precious metals.

Enough of that—let us return to the party. The song was finished, and Kate, now that the excitement had passed, imagining that at the moment she might have been hasty, and perhaps a little rude, was eager to atone for her warmth, and entered into a conversation with Simon. Arthur sat at a little distance from them, taking no part in the conversation except when remarks were addressed especially to him. He was content to be silent, and to admire undisturbed the beauty and vivacity of Kate Allbright's face, which was a perfect embodiment, a warm, breathing realization of his soul's ideal. There is no incentive in the world equal to love. Nothing that refines the heart and exalts the mind like a true and worthy affection. And this was the case with Arthur. The beauty of Kate Allbright had pleased his fancy, and the purity of her heart, and the intelligence of her mind had captivated his heart. In the world's estimation she was far above him, and it would be madness for him to expect to win her; but love pays little heed to such difficulties: it stops not to consider whether the object be attainable. And Arthur thought not of the distance between them till he had yielded himself up to the sweet passion; then he began to see the difference that divided him from the object of his love, and to believe that his passion was hopeless. But the belief of its hopelessness did not make him despair—it exalted him. It filled him with a determination to make himself worthy of her; it refined his feelings—called the dormant energies of his mind into activity, and in a measure re-created him.

The conversation between Kate and Simon at last turned on poetry.

"By the way, I believe you are a follower of the Muses, Mr. Smythe," said Kate.

"Why, yes, I flatter myself that I have talent that way. You have seen my lines 'To Greece,' in the last Journal, I suppose. My friend the editor, tells me that they have much of the fire of Byron in them. Indeed, I think myself that they would not discredit him."

"I was much pleased with them," replied Kate.

"These are not my best," returned Cymon. "Still, I think they're good, considering how quickly I composed them."

"Are you so expert then with the pen? I have a great mind to give you a task."

"Ah, how happy I shall be to perform it," cried Cymon.

"Will you? Then, Mr. Smythe, I'll give you a theme—'The West.' You will certainly surpass yourself in this untrodden field. And, Mr. Woodford, you recollect that I said I should punish you for deceiving us so long; you must take the same theme also for a poem."

"Mi! I cannot; indeed I can't. Pray, excuse me; or commute my sentence to something within my power," cried Arthur.

"Ha! you are trying to deceive us again," exclaimed Kate.

"I—but—Miss Catharine"——

"I won't hear a word. Do you think I don't know who is the author of those poems in the Gazette? You can write—so, gentle knights of the quill, do your devoir. A lady's smile awaits the victor."

"Your smiles are valuable, Kate," said Mrs. George Hart; "but allow me to suggest a more tangible prize. You embroider beautifully. Now then, promise the victor a pair of slippers. Shall I in your name?"

"I did not think of getting myself into work, or I should not have been so ready to impose a task on others," replied Kate. "Still, I won't let that baulk me of my honor; so you may offer the premiums."

"Very well. Then, gentlemen, the successful competitor is to be rewarded with a pair of slippers embroidered by Miss Catharine's own fair hands. I know that no inducement, except the hand, could be stronger, and I hope to see something excellent from each of you. The poems must be sent to me to-morrow evening. Is it not so, Kate? Well, the following evening the award will be made.

"I shall try to present you something excellent," said Simon.

"And I shall do the best I can," said Arthur.—"Such a prize will call all my powers into activity."

"I believe you," said Mrs. Hart, in a whisper—"and if I'm not mistaken, you'll have a partial judge on your side."

"I fear you are mistaken," replied Arthur.

"No, I am not; and you'll find it so some day.—Kate is partial to you, and if you were not so fearful you might win her. We married ladies are allowed to know a little of such matters; and, take my word for it, Kate almost, if not quite, loves you."

In a little while the party separated, and Arthur went home in better spirits than he had been for some time. Yet what was it to him that Kate loved? Could he hope to win her father's consent? We shall see.

We must take our readers again to Cymon Smythe's office. It was the morning after the party. Simon sat at the writing-desk, not, however, engaged in writing—no, it was a more pleasant task: he was counting a pile of silver that lay before him, and which had just been paid to him by a client.

"Forty-eight—forty-nine—fifty," said Simon, as he finished. "There's nothing like the hard stuff yet. This, with what I have in my cash box, makes two thousand, seven hundred and sixty dollars and fifty-three cents. That is not bad. And I have it all safe—in specie. Catch me keeping notes, or loaning money on mortgage, or speculating. Not I. 'A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.' Now then, I'll put this away, and then for writing that poem. Confound it! I don't half like it; but it's got to be done. I wish I could find something to give me an idea."

Cymon sat down to write. It was a difficult task for him; but he succeeded at last in completing it. He then copied it, folded it, and directed it to Mrs. Hart; which was hardly done when Mr. Joe Sherrod entered the office.

"Well, Smythe," cried Sherrod, "how goes it? I say, that was a pretty fine party last night."

"Why, yes, tolerable. But you got rather a sharp talking to for making such a noise as you did."

"Pooh! I didn't mind that; Kate meant no harm. And for that matter it seems to me that you got the worst of it."

"Oh, no, not at all. Kate apologized to me."

"She did? Well, I shouldn't have thought it; but I suppose she made a distinction in your favor. You are rather attentive in that quarter."

"What makes you think so?"

"It's the general talk. You'll be a lucky fellow if you get her. Upon my honor, if her old man wasn't such a straight-sided old chap, I'd give you some trouble—I'd run opposition to you."

"I shouldn't fear you."

"Perhaps not. But I tell you what it is, Smythe, I think you'll have trouble enough as it is. I'm glad though that you're fixed there so that you won't interfere with me."

"Interfere with you? I didn't know that you were aiming at any one."

"I haven't been; but I'm going to begin. Not with any one you know, though. There's a young widow come to town last night, on the boat. I haven't seen her yet; but I'm told she's handsome, not over twenty-five, and what's of most consequence, she's got the '*ready*.'"

"How much?"

"Report says ten thousand. If it's only half that I'll be satisfied. What say you for calling on her to-morrow? I got acquainted with her brother at the tavern: a tip-top fine fellow, and he'll introduce us. You'll go? Good. Then I'll call for you. What time is't. Eleven! I must be off and take a drive with Tom. Recollect, to-morrow!"

"Ten thousand, eh!" soliloquized Cymon, after Sherrod's departure. "I don't know, Josey Sherrod, whether I shan't interfere with you. Don't be too sure. Ten thousand, slap up. No waiting for old men to die, nor contingencies of that kind. That's worth thinking of at any rate. Besides, I'm not sure that I can get Kate; and I have heard that widows were easier to get than young girls. There's no harm in trying to make an impression any how; so that if I fail with Kate, I'll have the widow to fall back on."

* * * * *

"Well, Kate," cried Mrs. Hart, as she entered the parlor in the evening, "I have the documents here which are to decide for whom you are to exert your skill at embroidery."

"I've but little choice which wins," said Kate.

"It will do for you to say so; but I imagine you have a little predilection one way. But now for the poems. Call Harry to read them, so that we can decide. Here, Harry, we want you to read these.—Begin with this. Clear your voice, and put yourself in an oratorical position."

THE WEST.

BY CYMON SMYTHE, ESQ.

Awake my tuneful muse to sing
The glory of the West;
The richest land in all the world,
And certainly the best.
Its skies are blue, its air pure too,
Its trees grow very tall;
The barbarous, savage Indian once
Was monarch of it all.
And flowers so rare grow bright and fair
Upon its verdant green,
And rushing rivers there are found
The best was ever seen.

The Indians they are drove away
By white man's mighty arm,
And where they used to hunt their game,
The white man has a farm.
Now fertile, blooming prairies,
Produce abundant wheat,
Her enterprising farmers sees
Their joy is now complete.
And cities they grow in a day
Upon its rivers shore,
And peace and plenty fills the land,
What can you ask for more?

"Ha! ha! ha! Nothing, my dear Mr. Smythe.—We're satisfied. We wouldn't ask for any more for the world. What do you think of it, Kate? Is it not unique? And is it not wonderful that any human being who could in all seriousness perpetrate such stuff as that, should esteem himself a poet? Yet this Mr. Smythe thinks himself second to no one in America."

"Precisely so, Alice. It is just those who could seriously write such trash, who have such an overweening conceit of themselves. True genius is always modest."

"Yes, and distrustful of itself," said Mr. Hart.

"I must differ from you there," replied Kate.—"Genius may be modest and retiring, but not distrustful of itself. It has always appeared to me that the higher order of genius, particularly of the poetic, must carry with it a degree of confidence in its powers; an innate consciousness of its strength and ability. I can believe that one with only a partial amount of genius; or, to speak more properly, one with a high order of talent, may be oftentimes doubtful of his strength. Possessed of a mind capable of appreciating the labors of a genius, and not so blinded by vanity as not to see the difference between them and his own efforts, he will feel his inferiority, and be likely to rate himself lower than he really is."

"Will your honor please to sum up your argument and let us know what it amounts to," said Harry.

"I should say, therefore," continued Kate, not noticing Harry's bantering tone, "that genius has great modesty with great self-confidence. One with middling and sometimes a high order of talent, modesty united to diffidence and self-distrust; and another with neither genius or talent, great self-confidence, with a super-abundant vanity and no modesty."

"Very well. Now, then, we'll hear what Mr. Woodford has to say. Come, begin."

THE VOICES OF THE WEST.

FIRST VOICE.

I heard a murmuring sound,
As the west wind hurried past;
A wild and mournful voice,
Dreamy, undefin'd, and vast.
I heard the rustling leaves
Of old primeval woods;
The roar of waterfalls,
And the rush of mighty floods;
The cry of savage beast,
Of panther, wolf, and bear;
And the songs of summer birds,
Trembling sweetly on the air;
And the light foot-fall of savage men,
As they swept the forest through,
The bow-string's twang, the arrow's flight,
And Indian's war halloo.
Harsh, jarring, wild, unearthly,
Were the sounds together whirl'd;
Like the murmuring of chaos
Ere light broke on the world.

SECOND VOICE.

Again the west wind past;
But another voice it bore;
More defined, and yet more vast
Than the one it held before.
I heard the forests groan
As the mightiest trees were fell'd;
And the pattering of the wheels
Which the water-falls impell'd.
The river's voices warred;
But mingled with them now,
I heard the clanking engine,
And the steamship's hollow sough.
The low of kine, the neigh of steeds,
The clucking of the hen,
The watch-dog's bark, the cock's shrill chime
And the song of husbandmen;
The ringing of the anvil;
The grate of saw and plane,
And the rattling of loaded dray,
That told of Commerce's reign;
And the *dear*, heart-soothing chime
Of the old church going bell:—
All the mingled sound and din
That out from cities swell.
'Twas the birth-cry of an Empire,
In the wilderness brought forth;
Which yet shall be the glory,
And the hope of all the earth;
For millions of free-hearted men
Shall homes and altars rear,
And the poor, down-trodden of the world
Shall find a refuge there,
Europe's, Asia's, Afric's glory,
Like stars that flee the day,
Shall be swallowed in the brightness
Of this young Empire's ray.
Tyrant's foot or bondsman's knee
On its soil shall ne'er be prest;
For the starr'd flag of the free
Guards the Empire of the West.

"Who wins, Kate? I say Arthur Woodford, and shall notify him accordingly. But what do you think of it?"

"That I'm disappointed. Mr. Woodford can write better. There is not the least attention paid to versification. Some lines have one number, and some another of syllables; and so far as that is concerned, it is not equal to Mr. Smythe's."

"Not equal to Smythe's! Now, Kate, you must be crazy. I don't believe you. You think that it is worth a dozen of Smythe's," said Harry.

"So do I, Harry," said Mrs. Hart.

"You may both think as you please," replied Kate, "and I shall do the same. I do not consider this poem at all equal to many of Mr. Woodford's in the Gazette. What his idea may have been when he commenced it, I don't know; but I imagine that he has failed to express what he intended at the beginning—that is, that the execution is not up to the conception. And this, by the way, may be said of his poems in general."

"And I think the same may be said of your criticism," returned Mrs. Hart. "But, never mind, good or bad, Arthur Woodford is to have the slippers."

"Yes, and no one will be better pleased than Kate, in spite of her complaints."

After some further conversation, Mrs. Hart left, and Kate sank into a reverie, trying to analyze her feelings for Arthur Woodford. Although her eye grew brighter, and her cheek warmer, at his approach, and the mention of his name made her heart beat quicker, yet she did not *love* him, *she* thought. She admired his talents, esteemed him for his moral worth, had just that amount and kind of feeling which makes a firm friendship—but it was not love. So Kate came to the conclusion that she entertained nothing more than a sincere friendship for Arthur Woodford.

What a self-deluding passion is love. Kate loved Arthur. She might try to cheat herself into a contrary belief, but the passion was fixed—a warm, fervent love—such a love as only women who have hearts can feel. Not that sickly preference, based on outward appearance, which some imagine is love, and wed with, and regret before the honey-moon is passed: but a deep, soul-seated feeling, which is never known but once—which clings to its object through every change, in weal and in woe, in poverty, disease and affliction—yes, even in crime! Such was Kate's love for Arthur.

Chapter IV.

The following morning found Joe Sherrod, accompanied by Cymon Smythe, in one of the private parlors of the Jonastan Hotel, which was for the present the residence of Mrs. Decamp. The widow sat on the sofa near the window, and while she is sitting there, we may as well try and sketch her portrait.

She was apparently about twenty-five, fresh and rosy; her admirable figure was displayed to the best advantage in her lounging attitude, and her whole appearance was rather captivating at first sight. Her hair was dark brown, nearly black, and arranged with exquisite taste to set off her broad but low forehead. Her mouth was rather large, but her lips were so ripe and tempting, and the teeth they disclosed in parting, so white and even, that it could hardly be called a defect. Her nose was perhaps a thought too long, but on each side of it was such a sparkling black eye, that it could not throw a shade on her downy cheeks. Altogether, the widow would have been pronounced a handsome woman by the majority, but there was something about her which we did not like. About her eyes, particularly, there was a bold, yet sinister expression, which gave them, at times, the appearance of having a slight cast—not a decided squint, but a certain undefinable look which, like Miss Julia's, was "werry pecoolier."

"Do you intend making Joneston your future residence, Madam?" enquired Cymon.

"Perhaps I shall," replied the widow; "the little I have seen of it I like very much, and if I can find a house that suits my fancy, I shall purchase it and settle down. I've travelled so much for the last two years, that I begin to feel the need of a permanent residence."

"A very good idea," Mr. Sherrod remarked. "I hope Jonestown will be that favored spot; for, to tell you the truth, we need you here very much."

"Indeed—you flatter me."

"Do I Smythe? Not at all. Society here is in a horrid condition. In fact, we have no society—it is a mere mob. Would you believe it, Madam? mechanics are invited everywhere: there is no exclusiveness, no refinement, no ton. Go where you will, you are sure to be jostled by these dirty artizans, and offended with the smell of glue, or wax, or cabbage."

"You give me a pretty picture of your village, but can it possibly be true?"

"Too true. Now, if I am not mistaken in your appearance, you know what good society is, and if you stay, would set a proper example. It only needs one possessed of wealth and beauty to commence the reformation, and many here will follow; and in a short time the mechanics will be cut dead, and reduced to their proper level."

"You certainly flatter me," replied Mrs. Decamp; "but I assure you if I should remain, I could not think of associating with mechanics."

"Then we must prevail on you to stop," said Cymon; "for every time I go anywhere, I am shocked by having to meet these low-bred laboring men."

After some further conversation, equally uninteresting, interspersed with ill-natured remarks on their neighbors, Sherrod and Smythe took their departure.

"Have you learned who they are?" enquired Mrs. Decamp of her brother.

"Yes—Smythe is supposed to be worth five thousand dollars. The other, nobody knows how he lives, but he is presumed to live by his wits, and you know such fellows have generally but a small capital."

"He won't answer, then. Smythe must be the man."

* * * * *

Simon having reached his office, fell into a cogitation. The personal appearance of the widow had captivated his fancy, and a perplexing debate was agitating his faculties as to whether it were better to accept Kate Allbright with her twenty thousand dollars in prospect, or to make a bold push for the more dashing widow with her ten thousand in hand.

"I don't know what's best to be done," soliloquized Cymon. "I'm up a stump. Kate's a very pretty girl, but the widow's amazing handsome—such lips and such eyes! Ten thousand in ready money now. Can't I turn that into twenty thousand before I should likely get Kate's? I think I can. I must reflect awhile——Well, my mind's made up; I'll try for Kate first. If I get her, well—if not, I'll lay siege to the widow; and as there's no use standing shilly-shally, I'll go see the 'Squire at once, and get his consent."

Cymon proceeded at once to carry this resolution into effect. 'Squire Allbright was at home, and Cymon was ushered into the library. The usual remarks on the weather, and the common topics of the day, being disposed of, Cymon opened the business which had brought him before the 'Squire.

"I have come to see you on a subject of great interest to me," said he, "and, as 'tis best to have it settled at once, I will say that I've come to ask your consent to address your daughter."

"Humph!" returned the 'Squire, "that's manly. You love Kate?"

"Dearer than life."

"And for herself alone?"

"Certainly—most certainly."

"I believe that you are doing a very good business, and that 'tis increasing. Very good. I understand you that you love Kate for herself—so of course it will not make any difference to you whether she has any dowry or not?"

"No—to be sure not. I care nothing for money. And I've always considered that it should have no weight in marriage."

"That's right. Give me your hand. If you can get Kate's consent, mine shall not be wanting. But before you propose to her, let us have a fair understanding. You think that I am rich?"

"Oh, no—I don't think, I *know* it."

"I am sorry to undeceive you," said the 'Squire, in a serious tone, "but you are mistaken."

"Is it possible? You're joking, surely."

"Indeed, I'm not. You, as well as others, have an erroneous idea of my real circumstances. I will be candid with you, so that you may not think when 'tis too late that you have been deceived. My circumstances are briefly these: When I came to this part of the country, I had but little of my own, but my brother having some spare funds on hand, sent them out by me to invest in real estate. Most of the property now held in my name belongs to him, and I have just received a letter from him, stating that he is engaged in settling up his business in the East, and will soon be here. When he arrives, I shall have to deed back to him that which is really his, and that will leave me but a very small property. I am glad, therefore, that you have such an affection for Kate, as 'twill give her a good home."

"Hem—I am—hem—very much surprised," stammered Cymon, whose face was visibly lengthened.

"No doubt; but, as you love Kate for herself, that can make no difference to you."

"I—I—don't know that," cried Cymon, who began to think that he had got into a scrape, and was desirous of getting out as soon as possible. "I supposed, of course, that you were able to give your daughter something. And"——

"Well, what?" said the 'Squire, tartly.

"Why, if you must know, I don't think you've acted honest in pretending to be rich when you ain't."

"Go on, sir."

"I should never have thought of proposing for her if I had not supposed she would be worth something some day."

"And so your love for her amounts to just that, does it?"

"Certainly. With my prospects and standing, one naturally expects to get an equal at least. And as I think I've been deceived, I shall not consider myself bound by anything I've said."

"So, so! Then I have the pleasure of bidding you good morning. And, do you hear? I shall not grieve if I never see you again. Good bye, sir!"

"I don't think you will ever see me *here* again," said Cymon, as he took his hat and marched out.

"Ha! ha! ha! I thought I knew what kind of stuff you are, Mr. Smythe," cried the 'Squire, rubbing his hands in great glee. "Why what a pitiful, little scamp you are. I hope you'll meet your match, and I've an idea that you will. There's a Providence yet in the world, and such grasping, money-loving dogs generally suffer in some way. I've stretched the truth a little; but I hope it is excusable. And I'm not sure that good will come of it, for that fellow will spread the news, and there's nothing like a reverse for showing you who are your friends."

The 'Squire had stretched the truth. The facts were these. His brother had sent some money by him to invest in land, and the property he had purchased with it had risen greatly in value; but aside from that, the 'Squire was worth forty thousand dollars.

Chapter V.

A week had passed by since the scene at 'Squire Allbright's, during which time Cymon had paid assiduous court to the widow, and spread the report of the 'Squire's circumstances, with some additions of his own; so that it had got to be very generally believed that, instead of being rich, 'Squire Allbright was not worth a cent, and was moreover deeply in debt. Cymon did not tell how he came by the information. His version of it was that in attending to some legal business for the 'Squire, he had ascertained that the property all belonged to his brother; and he thought it his duty to put the public on their guard. The 'Squire did not contradict the story. Some regretted that it was so: some were glad, because they liked to see others reduced: and *one* was glad because it filled him with hope.

Cymon, as we have said, paid assiduous court to Mrs. Decamp and his addresses were treated very favorably; he had now arrived at the determination to propose for her hand. Arrayed in his best, Cymon proceeded to the Jonestown Hotel. We will not delay the reader with an account of the interview, but simply say that Cymon proposed and was accepted.

About the same time Arthur Woodford called at 'Squire Allbright's and was ushered into the library. A few uninteresting topics having been settled, Arthur said—

"I hope you will not think me impertinent, but may I ask, is the report I have heard, that you had met with reverses, true?"

"Unfortunately," replied the 'Squire, "it is very true, that I am not so rich as I was supposed to be."

"I don't know whether to say I'm glad or sorry, 'tis so," said Arthur.

"I do not understand you," replied the 'Squire.

"It has given me hope. From my first acquaintance with your daughter, I have felt an ardent and sincere affection for her. As long as you were reputed rich, I loved hopelessly; for I was not presumptuous enough to think that I should be accepted.—But since I've learned the state of your affairs I've been emboldened to ask your consent to address her."

"That is all very well; but do you think you are able to support a wife?"

"Not in the style to which your daughter has been accustomed; but I believe I can support one comfortably and honorably. My business is increasing, and in a few years I shall be as well off as I wish to be. At present, I can only offer her an honest heart, and a pair of willing hands. My whole desire would be to surround her with comforts."

"I believe you, my dear sir, and I must tell you that I have always esteemed you so highly, that if, instead of waiting till now, you had offered yourself when I was considered wealthy, I would have accepted you as heartily and wished you as good success with my dear girl, as I do now. If you can make yourself acceptable to Kate, I shall be proud to call you my son-in-law."

Soon after this conversation, Arthur left; and the 'Squire said to himself—

"Well, I never was better pleased in all my life. When I told Smythe to try him, that I was poor, I had no idea that it was going to turn out so well.—I've suspected sometime that Arthur loved Kate, and I think she returns it. He is poor comparatively; but, bless my soul, he's not so poor as I was at his age. I like him, for he is a fine young man. I hope Kate thinks so, too, and I imagine she does."

During the next few weeks, Arthur was a constant visitor at 'Squire Allbright's, and a continued acquaintance with his sterling qualities soon removed what doubts Kate might have had in regard to the state of her feelings towards him. She could no longer disguise the fact of her affection.

Certain of her father's consent, and believing in Kate's looks he had read a favorable feeling for himself, Arthur determined to avow his love. With this determination he one evening entered the parlor where Kate sat, looking so bewitchingly beautiful, that his courage began to fail. However he soon found words: but what he said, and what Kate replied, we leave to the imagination of the reader; for love conversations, however interesting to the parties, are rather tedious on paper. That Arthur pressed his suit with all the ardor of a young, warm heart, and the resistless eloquence of an honest love, is all we can say. And that Kate, like a sensible girl, as she was, received the confession of his love, and admitted her affection for him with a frankness which Arthur blessed, and, we presume, kissed her for, is all the reader may know.

Arthur left the house the happiest of men, for Kate had fixed an early day for the ceremony; and by a singular coincidence, it happened to be the very day on which Cymon Smythe was to lead the widow Decamp to the altar.

Our tale is nearly told, and we shall use but a few more words in bringing the reader to the denouement.

A happy party, among which were the Harts and Hardings, were assembled at 'Squire Allbright's to witness the celebration of the nuptials of Kate and Arthur. Every thing passed off in excellent style, when just before they were about to break up, the 'Squire—who had cracked jokes with the old folks, and romped with the young ones, his merry blue eyes twinkling, and his honest old face fairly shining with happiness—begged the attention of the company a few minutes to what he had to say.

"My dear friends," said the 'Squire, "always excepting the night I was married myself, this has been the happiest evening of my life; not only because my dear girl has been united to one of the best men in the world, but also because by your attendance here to-night, you have convinced me that all those friends I valued most highly have remained true to me and mine. I cannot permit you to go away without correcting an error. You have heard that I am poor?" All bowed an assent. "It is altogether a mistake, I assure you. I am nearly as rich as I was ever reputed to be. At any rate, I think I am worth forty thousand dollars."

This announcement was received with marked pleasure and approbation.

"I believe," continued he, "this is good news to all of you. I perceive, my dear Arthur, that you are as much surprised as any one. I don't imagine, my son, that you are one whit happier, only on Kate's account. She knew it all the while. Let me again assure you, my friends, how much I am indebted to you for your presence this evening, and that I shall always be happy to see each and all of you at all times. God bless you all!" Here ensued such shaking of hands and congratulations, as nothing could equal, and then the party separated in the best humor imaginable. More noisy, if not more joyous, was the party that attended the wedding of Cymon Smythe and Mrs. Decamp. Nothing occurred at it of interest; so we will merely say that they were married, and that Cymon deemed himself a lucky individual. Perhaps he was.

The following day 'Squire Allbright presented the young couple with a pleasantly situated residence, near his own, into which they were to remove in a few days. Rich in their affection for each other, and comfortably situated so far as this world's goods are concerned, Kate and Arthur entered on their married life with every prospect of continued happiness. Not so with Cymon. The first sorrow of Cymon's matrimonial existence was when he learned that the 'Squire, or rather the construction he had put upon the 'Squire's words, had deceived him. But all this was as nothing to what occurred on the third morning of the honey moon. On that eventful morning, Cymon slept rather later than usual, and was somewhat surprised on waking to find himself alone; but on looking at the sun he concluded that he had overslept himself. He dressed and descended to the breakfast room, nothing doubting to find Mrs. Smythe and her brother at their morning meal. Alas! they were not there; neither could the "help" give him any information of their whereabouts. What *could* the matter be? Cymon began to feel alarmed. He hurried up stairs, and the first thing his eye lit upon was a letter lying on the light-stand, which he had not before noticed. With strange misgivings he tore it open, and read the following:

Dear Smythe: By the time you have read this, I shall be some distance on my way to Canada. It will be useless for you to follow me. I could not be prevailed upon to return. I have taken an unaccountable dislike to you, and think it best for us to part. And as I had no ready money by me, I have taken the liberty to help myself to yours. It amounts to about three thousand dollars. I was in hopes it was more, but I'm content with that. Please accept my thanks for it, and believe me to be,

Yours, affectionately,
AMANDA DECAMP.

P. S. My *husband*, who accompanies me, desires me to present his best respects, and to advise you, when next you are desirous of entering on a matrimonial speculation, to be particularly cautious of young, rich and strange widows, especially if they have a *brother* with them.

Pen cannot paint the agony of Cymon on reading this epistle. He searched the room all over; but his cash-box—his darling cash-box—which he carried home with him every night, and deposited at his bedside, was nowhere to be found.

The widow had absquatulated—that is to say, had *de-camped* with it, and Cymon was distracted. He started forthwith in pursuit of the fugitives, but could not overtake them, for the very sufficient reason that instead of going towards Canada, they had started for the South—Texas perhaps. But although they eluded pursuit at that time, yet there is an overruling Providence in the world, keeping watch over the actions of mortals; and sooner or later metes out to crime its full degree of punishment.

The subsequent destiny of Mr. and Mrs. Decamp we may hereafter lay before the reader; at present we will only say that Cymon Smythe returned to Joneston almost broken hearted, and so little was he esteemed that no one seemed to pity his misfortune.

THE SMUGGLER.

BY MISS PARDOE.

It was early on a dark and stormy November evening, that, in a small cottage situated under a high cliff, near Folkestone, in Kent, the family of Jacob Horton, an industrious old fisherman, were collected round a blazing fire of mingled coal and drift-wood, awaiting the hour of supper. The cottage consisted only of three rooms, which were floored with brick; but there was an air of neatness and comfort about the whole aspect of the place, which made it cheerful in spite of the poverty of its inmates.

Jacob Horton was a hale and hearty veteran, who had braved the wind and waves during the best portion of a century, and struggled manfully with want and temptation throughout the same period. At the age of thirty he had married the daughter of a neighbour, more remarkable for her modest demeanor and careful housewifery, than for either beauty or that species of coquettish village wit which is apt to captivate men of less prudent and steady principles. He had been rewarded for his good sense by the untiring and uncomplaining industry of his wife, who, far from being weak enough to repine at the hardships to which they were both occasionally subjected, only became more fertile in expedients, and more energetic in exertion, whenever a season of trial overtook them. The approval and affection of her husband, were recompense sufficient to the good dame, whatever might be her deprivations; and they were ungrudgingly and cordially expressed, for Jacob thoroughly appreciated the cheerfulness of spirit and alacrity of will with which every concession was met by his honest-hearted help-mate; and whenever he returned thanks to Providence for the prudence and industry of the mother of his children, he did not fail to do so equally for the unselfish and willing nature with which they were coupled. Nothing enhances the virtue of doing your duty, like the doing it in every circumstance as if it was its own reward.

For many years the worthy couple were childless; and both Jacob and Sarah were weak enough to repine at this dispensation, and to believe that they should be both happier and more comfortable had they a family; forgetting that if it required a struggle to support themselves during the winter months, when the bitter weather rendered the avocations of Jacob at once more dangerous and less profitable, while it necessarily exacted a greater outlay for their narrow housekeeping, every addition to their little circle must only tend to increase their difficulties. The fisherman dwelt on the delight which it would be to him to have a son, whom, from his earliest infancy, he would train to the adventurous pursuit which he himself followed; who, even as a boy, could accompany him in his now lonely fishings under the bright summer moonlight; and who, when grown to manhood, might be at once his friend, his comrade, and his hope. The mother, with all a woman's unselfish and outgushing tenderness, lingered over the picture of a smiling infant nestling on her bosom, or springing in all the gleefulness of infancy in her arms, or crawling over the well-sanded floor, within reach of her watchful eye, while she plied her needle or her wheel. This was her first picture of regret; and then, true to the timid instinct of her sex, she willingly skipt over the next few year of peril and of toil, in order to image to herself the child who had been the plaything of her womanhood, grown up to man's estate, and become the prop and solace of her age. Alas! how frequently does the selfishness of human nature lead parents to overlook the fact, that Heaven often denies in mercy the yearning desire which renders them impatient under its wise and beneficent decree.

At length joy visited their humble home, for Sarah became the mother of a boy, whose extreme beauty soon grew into the proverb of the hamlet. A proud man was Jacob then, when he spread his sail, and threw back a parting glance at Sarah and his child, as they stood upon the shingley beach to see him start; and a proud woman was his wife when on her homeward way, she was stopped by some warm-hearted neighbour, anxious to steal a kiss from the laughing, crowing infant whom she carried in her arms. No matter what fatigue the fisherman might have encountered during the day, he was never too weary to sport with the gamesome child when he returned to his home at night; and the boy was scarcely four years old, *ere*, on a calm summer's noon, he would row him out to sea, and flinging him from the boat, and then springing after him, encourage him to make companionship with an element upon which so much of his future life was destined to be passed. This vigorous mode of training was for some time strongly deprecated by the mother; but as it was pursued day after day without any evil result, she suffered herself to be laughed out of her fears; and this the more readily, as she knew the fondness of Jacob for his boy—and was herself once more in a situation calculated to divert her anxieties in some degree from her first-born.

Another son completed the happiness of Horton, and an unusually profitable season led him to declare that the infant had brought a blessing with it. The remark was prophetic. But having now given our readers an insight into the fisherman's past career, we will at once revert to the narrow hearth beside which we first brought him under notice.

On the evening already mentioned, it was surrounded by five individuals. The warmest settle was occupied by Jacob himself, whose loose trousers and short jacket of coarse blue cloth, were surmounted by a venerable and benevolent countenance, about which his long hair, as white and as glittering as moonlight, fell in masses so profuse, as to indicate that to him years had brought no decrease of strength. He was busy in repairing a herring-net, and at his feet, pursuing the same task, sat a fine young man of about twenty, whose large deep blue eyes, chestnut hair, and manly countenance, were the very types of frank and good-humoured happiness. In form, he was robust and well-proportioned; and his laugh, which on ordinary occasions was frequent, revealed teeth so dazzlingly white, that they gave an air of joyousness to his whole appearance. The mother, who was a goodly specimen of comely old age, was far more attractive with her silver locks smoothly banded beneath her snow-white cap, her decent dress of linsey-woolsey, and her clean coarse apron, than would have been many a decayed beauty, who, in losing her personal charms, had also lost that proper self-pride which prevents the faded coquette from degenerating into a slattern. Sarah Horton had unconsciously achieved that most difficult feat for a woman—she had grown old gracefully; and now, as she plied her wheel in the full blaze of the cheerful fire, had there not hung a deep shadow of care upon her brow, she might have served as a model of calm and contented age. Near her, and also facing the fire, sat a young and pretty woman of eighteen or nineteen, before whom stood a similar implement of industry; but the monotonous hum of the matron's steadily revolving wheel, was not echoed by that of the fair creature at her side. It is true that the thread of flax was between her slender fingers; and that a foot, whose beautiful proportions were only too apparent in the faded finery of a heedless slipper, originally far too delicate and costly for the condition of its wearer, rested upon the treadle; but neither foot nor finger were in motion. The girl sat bending forward, with her uncombed ringlets falling in a cloud over her face; her cap, which had lost its purity of tint, and which was profusely tricked out with a gaudy-coloured ribbon, pushed carelessly backward; while her naturally beautiful figure was marred and rendered even unsightly, by the unwomanly want of decency perceptible in the arrangement of her clothes. It was easy to see that her gown, her apron, and even the shawl that she had flung about her shoulder, had all once been of the most showy description; but that, their first freshness faded, she had made no effort to replace by neatness the gaiety of their original appearance.

It was a melancholy sight: for where a young and lovely woman, whatever be her station in life, however high or however humble, loses her self-value, and yields to an habitual indolence, which prompts her not only to disregard her natural advantages, but even to sully them by a want of neatness and common order, there must be something hollow or cankered at her heart; something perverted or unworthy in her nature; or a carelessness of consequences, and a recklessness of the future, calculated to produce the most unhappy results.

Her eyes were fixed upon the fifth individual of the group, who occupied a settle opposite to the old man. It was the child of prayers and tears—the first-born of the Hortons. The lovely infant had advanced from a laughing and handsome boy, into a man of such surpassing beauty, that, had the soul within been worthy of the shape in which it was enshrined, earth would scarcely have contained his prototype; but young as he was, for he had barely numbered five-and-twenty years, evil passions and unholy dispositions had given a character of ferocity to his countenance which negatived all his attraction. His finely arched eye-brows almost met above his nose, from the habitual scowl which lowered upon his brow, and there was a savage and sneering rigidity about his mouth, that, in his moments of violence, repelled alike sympathy and affection. Yet there were times when those foul signs of satanic nature were for awhile effaced; and during those brief and unfrequent intervals, there was a haughty power about the beauty of the youth, which, fearful as it was, and better suited to some high-born noble than to the son of a poor fisherman, failed not in its effect on all with whom he came in contact. It was the spell of a master-spirit, for good or for evil; and, alas! he had not chosen "the better part."

At the moment in which we have introduced him to the reader, he was engaged in sharpening the blade of a large clasp-knife, which he was industriously grinding on both edges, and forming into a point. Between his knees he held the stone necessary to the operation; and occasionally a gesture of impatience escaped him, as some temporary impediment occurred. At his feet lay curled up a wiry, crop-eared terrier, blind of an eye; one of those suspicious-looking brutes whom an honest man would shrink from claiming, although it might be valuable both for its courage and attachment. It is singular how much moral character may be remarked in dogs. How opposed is the bold yet gentle bearing of the Newfoundland, the docility of the spaniel, the fine instinct of the sporting-dog, and, above all, the intelligent devotion of the shepherd's collie, to the sneaking, cunning, stealthy carriage of the coarse-coated, sharp-eyed, snarling terrier of the vagrant and the idle. Jacob Horton, had he been consulted upon the subject, would not have given house room to the ill-looking and worse-tempered animal at his hearth; but the son had been too long accustomed to set the inclinations of the father at defiance, for such a trifle as this to be mooted between them.

There had been silence in the cottage for several minutes, which was at length broken by the old man, whose eyes, as he raised them from his employment, fell on his elder son. A deep sigh escaped him; and he shook his grey head mournfully, as he said in a tone rather of sorrow than rebuke:

"I wish I could see you working on the nets, my boy, instead of making that knife look fitter to commit murder with, than to serve as a tool for an honest man."

"Maybe you would," was the sullen reply; "but I leave needles and spinning-wheels to the women.—They don't suit me."

"And how do you expect to use such a knife as that will be, if you go on grinding it for another half hour?" asked his father, in the same subdued voice in which he had first spoken.

"I thought you said just now that it would do for murder," answered the young man, without looking up, or desisting for an instant from his occupation.

"Nay, nay, my dear Richard," interposed the meek old woman; "don't talk so to your father. He only spoke out of his love for you."

"Why are you so savage, Dick?" asked the young woman, in a sharp, wiry voice; "no one will take you for either a boy or a woman."

"Hold your tongue, Mary," was the answer, as the young man looked up, and glanced fiercely at her. "If I'm obliged to be baited by my father, I won't sit here to be twitted by my wife."

"Nonsense, my dear lad," again interposed the anxious mother; "the poor thing meant no harm."

"She'd better be minding her wheel than preaching to me," said Richard Horton; "but if she can do nothing else, she can hold her tongue, I suppose that won't interfere with her idleness."

"It becomes you to blame me, don't it?" laughed the girl bitterly; "you, who promised me, when I married you, that though, maybe, your parents were poor, I should have a house of my own, and the best of clothes and food! And what have you done for me? Here I am in your father's hovel, wearing the rags of the things I was married in, and living upon stale bread and fish! I, who could have had Geoffrey Maston, the miller, and ate the best of meat every day in the week, if I saw fit. And you reproach me with idleness! Didn't you tell me I should never put my hand to work? And didn't you entice me away from a comfortable home, only to make me a beggar!"

Richard Horton sprang to his feet, with clenched hands, suffering both the knife and the stone to fall to the floor; while the terrier, barely escaping a wound from the one or the other, bounded into the centre of the room with a quick short bark, and then stood motionless, with the poor remain of ears that he possessed fiercely cocked, and his solitary eye turned like a ball of fire upon his master, as if waiting until he should indicate a victim. The quailing mother had sunk back in her chair; but the fair young creature who had provoked the storm, rendered desperate by disappointment, did not even alter her position: while ere another word could be spoken, or a blow struck, the old man stood erect, and stretching out his nervous arm:

"Peace!" he shouted, with the voice of a stentor; "the first who offers violence to his own blood beside this hearth shall earn my curse! How now, Richard Horton; is it come to this? Pity, rather than punish, the poor weak girl you have taken to your bosom, and sworn to cherish and protect. Have more respect for the grey hairs of your mother, than to strike a blow under her very eyes. Have more respect for yourself than to raise your hand against a woman. For shame, for shame, my son! Let us rather sit down in fellowship and love, and advise together how we may mend the evils she complains of, than brawl and fight, as if we were drunkards in a beer-shop."

"I was quiet enough till I was baited like a bull," violently replied the young man. "Am I to blame that everything I have put my hand to has gone wrong since the black day of my marriage with a slatternly girl? Is it my fault that I can't dress her like the Squire's wife, and feed her as farmer Thomson crams his turkeys? Have not I braved storms, and darkness, and a jail and a felon's death, over and over again, to satisfy her selfish vanity! And must I be bullied out of my life, because I've failed? No, I say, no! Let her look to it; for when my day of luck comes, it shall be a heavy day for her."

"Richard," said the old man solemnly, as he pressed him back into his seat; "let us have no more of this. Mary was wrong, very wrong; but she's young, and didn't think of what she was saying. She only spoke in idleness."

"I'll be sworn she did, as she does every thing else," said young Horton with bitterness. "Look at her now, and show me if you can, in that untidy sluttish woman sitting by your fire-side, what's left of the smart, active girl I lost my liberty to. Isn't it enough to make a man desperate—to turn him into a savage?"

"My son," interposed the old fisherman, "there was one thing wanting to make Mary a good wife, and that one was *example*. You took her from a station of life where she couldn't be fit for the hardships of a poor man's helpmate. You wouldn't be persuaded that your nets and your boat wouldn't keep her as she had been accustomed to be kept; and you mustn't blame her now if it don't answer."

"I never meant to keep her by such paltry means," was the sullen remark.

"I fear not, indeed," sighed the unhappy father; "and it is just upon that subject that I want to talk to you. Be persuaded, my boy; be persuaded, while there is yet time, to leave off the wretched trade you have taken up, and the wild associates you have got among: return to your old calling, and your father's heart. You may still be poor, but you'll offend no longer against the laws of God and man."

"Why, is there any commandment that says we shan't land the brandy, or the tobacco, or the dry goods that we've honestly paid for, whenever and wherever we please? No; the free-trader isn't a thief; he's honestly told down his money for the articles, and he's a right to do as he will with them."

"Richard," exclaimed the old man in a tone of anguish, "you're a madman, and you'll bring yourself to the gallows!"

"Who knows but I may, if I live long enough," was the flippant answer; "but, at all events, I shall have many a good spree first, and show the stuff that I'm made of, instead of plunging through life like a coward or a fool."

"Peace, I say, once more," cried his father angrily. "I will have no such prison-talk under an honest roof; so throw aside this wicked nonsense, and tell me, like a reasonable being, if you can, what course of life you're determined on; for if you intend to follow up the trade you've commenced, you shan't bring suspicion and disgrace on your father's home, poor as it may be."

"I can't go on starving," said the young man sullenly; "and what's more, I won't. There's plenty of gold in the country, and he that can win it ought to wear it. Why should a man sit down quietly, and let the great folks put their heel upon his head, and crush him? or labour night and day to pamper the pride of a set of upstarts, who will grind out his youth and his strength, while he toils to earn a few pence, which must be wrung from the niggards at last, when he can put a bold heart upon the matter, and gain gold by his own courage?"

"Because the pence that are honestly earned will bring a blessing with them; and the gold that's got by stealth, with an uneasy conscience, and a constant fear of punishment, can only bring sorrow," said old Horton. "Don't talk to me of courage and a bold heart; true courage doesn't sneak about in the darkness, frightened at every sound, and ready every moment to make sure of its own safety by violence, and even murder. Let me tell you, Richard, that the boy sitting here at my feet has shown twice the courage that you have. He has withstood temptation, and done his duty, while you've been running your neck into danger, and grieving your parents' hearts."

"Ay, he's a brave one," said Richard, glancing at his brother askance with a contemptuous leer; "and he turns a pretty penny by his bold deeds, doesn't he? Why, I suppose he may make a matter of five shillings a-week when he sets himself about it!"

"And he makes them like an honest lad, Dick," said the old man. "Ned has no need to shirk when he sees a blue coat on the beach, as he runs the boat ashore. Take care that, poor as his earnings may be, he isn't obliged some day to keep your wife out of them."

"She'll be well kept when that time comes, I shouldn't wonder," laughed the young smuggler—"I wish 'em both joy of it. However, we'll talk about that to-morrow: so give me my supper, mother, or I must be off without it."

Mrs. Horton obeyed without comment, but with a heavy heart; and the frugal meal was not yet over when a shrill whistle sounded from without, and Richard started to his feet; while the dog, hastily bolting a morsel of fish, which his master had just flung to him, rushed across the kitchen, and began to scratch against the door, as though he sought to open it, and escape into the free air.

"Richard, my son! my son! at least stay at home to-night," cried Jacob, rising from the table, and placing himself between the young man and the doorway. "In pity to my grey hairs, listen to me for once. I don't know why, Richard—for I'm but a poor, ignorant old man, and I'm afraid to give a wrong name to the terror that's upon me—but I feel as if I should get over all my sorrows if you would only stay at home to-night."

"I can't, father: we expect a cargo, and I must help to run it. I shan't be able to show my face again if I shirk; and I wouldn't give two-pence for my life if once the lads take into their heads that I mean to peach." And so saying, young Horton strove gently to put his father aside; but Jacob would not be so repulsed.

"Listen to me, Richard," he persisted; "you were the first born of our hearts, and would you break them now? I do implore you, even on my knees, do not go forth to-night." And as he uttered these words with a solemnity which smote even upon the stubborn spirit of him to whom they were addressed, the old man sank upon the floor at the feet of his unhappy son, and clung wildly to his knees. Young Horton turned turned away his face, while he endeavoured to loosen the strong grasp in which he was held; and with averted eyes continued his attempt to argue his agonised father out of an opposition which he had already resolved should be useless.

"Get up, get up, father," he said impatiently; "this is no moment for child's play: go I must, so it's of no use making me waste my time. However, let me see this cargo run, and then we'll talk about what can be done afterwards. Mind, I don't say that I'll give it up, but perhaps I may; for its true enough that I did promise Mary a place of her own, and a power of other things, and I should like to keep my word, only I don't choose to be told of it at every turn; and, besides, I want to show you all that I'm above the law, and a match for the 'long-shore bull-dogs any day in the week." And by the time that the misguided young man reached the climax of his speech, the touch of natural feeling with which it commenced had given place to a savage ferocity, worthy of the desperate errand upon which he was bent.

At this moment another whistle, shriller, but less sustained than the first, rang out upon the night air: and by a violent exertion of strength, Richard Horton wrenched himself from the old man's grasp, who, by the suddenness of the motion, was flung forward upon his face, and the gray hairs to which he had just so pathetically alluded, were trailing in the dust. The wretched young man turned one look upon his father, and muttering, "'Twas his own fault—he would have it so,"—he sprang across the threshold into the darkness, followed by the terrier. As Jacob fell, the second son started to his feet, and ere the door had closed behind his elder brother, he had raised his miserable parent tenderly in his arms, and led him back; with the large tears slowly trickling down his furrowed cheeks, to his settle by the fireside, whither Mary followed him.

"Don't take on so, father," he said, with an awkward attempt at consolation; "Dick's a wild chap, but he always contrives to keep himself out of trouble, whoever may get caught. Why, he was in that fray where Jack Smith and Ned Davis were took, though you never knew it; and you see he managed to get off clear. So, don't give up because Dick's been a bit rougher than usual to-night. He's a good fellow at bottom; and I warrant he'll be the first to be sorry for what he's done when he comes back."

"Ay," echoed Jacob, as if unconsciously, "when he comes back."

"There's a dozen of them down Dover-way said they'd have him; but you know they mayn't keep him for all that, when he comes to see rightly into the thing. He was over-persuaded."

"But they tried you, and you were not over-persuaded," answered his father, with a mournful shake of the head.

"Why, yes, so they did, to be sure," reluctantly acknowledged the good-natured lad; "but you see I'd no fancy that way."

"Heaven be praised! Heaven be praised!" said Jacob solemnly; and the sorrows of the afflicted family found a relief in silence.

Suddenly the report of a pistol was heard, ringing sharply out upon the night-wind; and it was succeeded by another and another, each apparently nearer than the last, to the cottage of the Hortons. Jacob clenched his hands more rigidly, and bent down his face upon them, until his long gray hair streamed over the dark tresses of his daughter-in-law, who had instinctively shrunk yet closer to him. The old woman fell back in her chair, and flung her apron over her head to conceal the agonized workings of her features; while Ned, the only individual of the party whom apprehension for a beloved though undeserving relative, had not deprived of his self-possession, bounded from the floor, and seizing a fish-spear which stood near him, was preparing to quit the cottage, when the movement attracted the attention of the old man, who, raising his head, and perceiving the intention of his son, exclaimed hurriedly, "Stir not a step, Edward, or you shall carry my curse with you! Am *I* to lose both of my boys in the same hour?—Stand fast, Ned; stand fast, I say. You cannot help him, and you may peril your own life in the fray. D'ye think *I* would sit here, old as I am, if I could save him one chance of ill? Let us pray, children, let us pray; there is no help but from above." And while he was yet speaking, the old man sank upon his knees in supplication, and those about him silently followed his example.

It may seem strange, that as this was by no means the first time that Richard Horton had come into collision with the preventive force, the emotion of the family should have been so powerful; but it must be remembered that a presentiment of evil had settled upon the spirit of his father; and, moreover, the sounds of the conflict had never before approached so near to the threshold of the old fisherman. The next half hour, even occupied as it was in prayer, appeared almost interminable to those whose petitions were diverted from their earnestness by the continued signals of violence from without. But at length all was still: and after a brief interval of agonised and voiceless devotion, Jacob Horton rose from his knees, and sighing deeply, resumed his seat. One by one his wife and children also placed themselves beside him; and then, without a word of comment or speculation, they all awaited, in mute anxiety, the reappearance of the young smuggler.

Some time had passed away in this melancholy watching, when suddenly the tramp of steps, and the clamour of voices, once more came upon the silence of the night; and now there was no further interval of stillness, for each was conscious that those without were slowly but certainly approaching the cottage, and ere long a heavy blow with the stock of a pistol upon the door, and the cessation of the steps, announced that the strangers, be they whom they might, desired admittance.

"Draw the bolt, Ned," said Jacob, in a voice that sounded hollow, and almost extinct; "draw the bolt, and let him enter, for the last time, under the roof of his father."

The young man sprang forward, and did as he was desired; when, as the door fell back, the figure of one of the coast-guard was seen upon the threshold. "I'm sorry to disturb your family so late at night, Master Horton," he said civilly, as he nodded to the old fisherman, who sat transfixed, with clenched hands and glaring eyeballs, the very embodiment of prophetic horror; "but we've had a skirmish with the smugglers just under the turn of the cliff, and want to know what we've caught. So lend us a light.

will you, young man, and help us to get him up to the fort!" And taking from the hand of Edward Horton the lantern in which he had hastily placed their solitary candle, he bent over the dying man, and held the light close to his face. As soon as he had done so, he uttered a long low whistle of astonishment and perplexity, and continued gazing upon the blood-stained countenance for several seconds, ere he again glanced towards the group in the cottage kitchen. "Sit still, *Jacob*; sit still, old man," he continued with rough kindness, as he saw that the fisherman had risen from his seat, and was approaching the door; "this is no sight for you: so heave ahead there, my lads, and pick up this chap; there's life in him, maybe, yet; and we can get help at the fort, if Master Ned here will bear a hand with the lantern."

"No, no," cried *Jacob*, with hysterical violence; "*here*—*here*, where he drew his *first* breath, let him draw his last. I *know*—I *see*—I *feel* that it is he! I am old, but you cannot cheat me in this! Leave him, and go—*go!* Stay not here, for his blood is on you; and I, *miserable* old man that I am, I am his father. Leave him to me now, he cannot break the law again."

"I am afraid," said the principal of the party doubtingly, "that it's more than I dare do; for it's no use denying that you're right in your guess, Master Horton, more's the pity. But, after all, as you say, there's an end to his smuggling (for I believe he's gone outright;) and if you'll only promise that he shall be forthcoming if it should prove otherwise, why, I don't care if I strain a point, and run the risk."

"Go, then—go," said Jacob huskily; "leave us to our dead, and let us close our door upon them that slew him. You have done your duty, and I will not curse you; but go, for it kills me to look upon you."

"Poor soul! it's natural enough," said the rough sailor, as he turned to depart; "well, good night t'ye, Jacob, and better luck for the future." And without the interchange of another word, the father of the slain man parted from his slayers, whose steps had ceased to be heard ere he approached the dead body of his son, which had been lifted across the threshold by two of the blockade-guard.

While this short dialogue was going forward, the wretched mother stood in the centre of the floor, speechless and motionless; her dilated eyes riveted on the livid and upturned countenance of her son, her lips parted with a voiceless agony, and her form as rigid as that of a statue. The miserable wife had been unconscious from the first moment in which her eyes had fallen upon the body of her husband, and she lay back upon her chair, with her long hair, which had escaped from under her cap, streaming to the ground, and her arms hanging helplessly beside her. Perhaps the individual of the group who at that moment suffered the most intensely, was the brother; for there was a solemnity in the old man's grief which bore him up.

The other actors in this humble tragedy did not, however, long continue in the partial passiveness of feeling in which their first anguish had found a temporary mitigation. Ere long, shriek after shriek rang through the cottage, and the distracted wife, awakening from her trance, flung herself franticly upon the dead body of her husband, mingling with her wail for him the most bitter reproaches upon herself: while the heart broken mother, less demonstrative, but even more affecting in her despair, seated herself upon the floor, and having lifted the head of her lost son upon her lap, bent over it until it was hidden from the gaze of those about her. The sterner grief of the old man was tearless; but as he stood leaning over his wife, a thousand thoughts of the past were called up by the dark realities of the present; and he felt rebuked by the very views of the sinner whom he mourned.

He lay there who had been reluctantly granted to his impatient beseechings, when he wearied Heaven with prayers for that which it withheld in mercy, and thus drew down a malediction and a punishment in what he deemed, in his blindness, must be a blessing. How was his pride humbled now! How was his presumption levelled with the dust! Like the first man, when he hung over the corpse of Abel, he felt that for him death had indeed come into the world!—There lay the scoffer against the law, stricken down by the very law that he had spurned. He, whose proud spirit had revolted against labour, and who had left his wife a pauper upon the compassion of the brother whom he had affected to despise—the disobedient son who had been the awful instrument of retribution and rebuke to his own parents—the man who had repaid good with evil, love with scorn; and who had taught a great and fearful moral to his fellow-men, by proving, in his short and dark career, how much of misery, of anguish, and of shame, may be brought upon a whole family, and not unfrequently upon a wide circle, by the errors and vices of an individual. It were vain to dwell upon the misery of the Hortons. Suffice it, that not even the devoted and dutiful affection of the surviving son could blot out from the memory of Jacob and his wife the disgrace which had been brought upon them by the errors of their lost son; while the widow, who was thrown upon their pity, became a sadder and a wiser woman, earnest to repair, by her activity and gratitude, the indolence and thanklessness of her married life. The good character which the old people had borne for more than half a century, stood their friend in this season of trial; and not a finger was raised in scorn of them or theirs; and it was well that it was so, for grief already lay so heavy at their hearts, that it was bowing them rapidly to the grave.

MERRY OLD HOUSEHOLD FIRE.

BY JOSIAH D. BANGS.

I love the fire, the clear wood-fire,
  With its merry old honest blaze,
As its light beams forth, like a glance of mirth,
  From a friend of the olden days.
The fire!—the fire!—the bright-browed fire!
  With its voice like a pleasant lay,
And its laugh outright, at the frosty spite,
  And storms of old winter gray!

They may drag the coal from its dusky hole,
  Like an imp from the pit of shame,
And the cold, rich walls, 'round palace halls,
  May glow with its sullen flame,
But the cheek will pale, as a sickly veil
  Were over the features thrown;
And the eye grow dim, unnerved the limb,
  At the glance of the burning stone.

Yet never you fear the wood-fire clear,
  As it leaps from the hearth-stone high,
As it sparkles and spits, and sings by fits,
  Will sadden the cheek or eye.
Oh, no!—not so!—but a ruddier glow,
  O'er the blushing cheek spreads free,
And the eye grows bright, with a merrier light,
  In the blaze of the green-wood tree.

I love the fire—the old wood-fire,
  'Neath the humble roof that gleams,—
As a welcome warm from wind and storm,
  For the weary and sad it beams.
For the houseless poor, at the palace door,
  Need seek no sheltering dome,
While never as yet hath the wanderer met
  Repulse in the poor man's home.

That pilgrim band, as they touched the strand,
  'Mid the gloom of the tempest dire,
They kindled it then, those stern-browed men,
  The merry old household fire.
And the stout tall trees that had braved the breeze
  Long 'ere the Mayflower came;
Their forms still bow to feed e'en now,
  That homely but hallowed flame.

And I love that fire—the household fire,
  For it speaks of the olden time,
When the voice and look were an open book,
  And true to the heart's deep chime;
When the simple prayer that was offered there,
  In the calm still hour of even,
Though the words on earth might have their birth,
  The thought seemed fresh from Heaven.

Oh! ne'er may it die, as a thought goes by,
  That gleams on the hearth-stone free;
But aye let it leap, and sparkle and sweep
  'Round the heart of the green-wood tree.
Forever the same may its bright broad flame
  Shine out with a cheerful blaze,
And around it still fond feelings thrill,
  As they did in the olden days.

New Vineyard, Me., January, 1848.

MONEY TO MAKE OUT;

OR,

THE EVILS OF DEBT.

BY MRS. H. M. DODGE.

"Unfortunate, indeed! There is Col. B., and I must meet him, or cross over the street, which, by the by, I can do, with a very good grace, as there is a table on the opposite walk, covered with fine flower pots, arranged for sale. Really, that's too bad! He is crossing too, and I must meet him after all! I began to hope that I should reach home this morning, without the honor of another dun."

"Good morning, Mr. Hall, how are you?"

"Quite well myself, Colonel, but—but my child is rather ill, so you will please excuse me, as I must be in haste."

"With all my heart, Mr. Hall; but when you have a little leisure, we will look over our accounts, as I have a large sum of money to make out within a week, and shall therefore be under the necessity of calling in all my dues. Good morning."

"Money to make out! This is the universal cry. Now, there is not, in the whole English language, another combination of words which can fill my mind with such strange gloom and terror, as that same 'money to make out!' Should a bold assassin enter my chamber at midnight, present a dagger to my bosom, and bid me fight for my life, it would not horrify me half so much as the entrance of a kind friend, whom I owed and could not pay, if I guessed he had 'money to make out.' Were I in a frail vessel, in the midst of a furious tempest, and should I hear the Captain say, after a long and desperate struggle of effort, that all was over, and we were sinking into the dark bosom of the deep, it would not unnerve me half so much as that dreadful 'money to make out.' Nor if I hung on the tallest spire of St. Peter's Church at Rome, and saw the whole vast building a mass of red flame beneath me, methinks I should not feel one half the strange uneasiness that maddens my brain when I am told, with a peculiar nod, there is money to be made out. Yes, and what would be, if possible, still worse, were I fastened to the fatal table of the Inquisition, watching the slowly descending swinging knife, as it came nearer—nearer—nearer,—until it whizzed my very hair, I am sure that a colder horror would not then curdle my life-blood, than that which comes out of that most fearful of all arrangements of letters, 'money to make out.'"

Thus mused our genteel and richly dressed city merchant, as he passed rapidly up Broadway, looking neither to the right hand nor the left, lest he should meet some too familiar countenance. Just as he turned into the street which led to his own house, he met a woman, who was selling early strawberries. She asked him to buy. He thought he could not afford it, but the fruit looked delicious. He fumbled his pockets, and finally succeeded in bringing out a fifty cent piece. This would purchase enough for a fine dessert; and, any way, it was only fifty cents, if he was in debt; and, certainly, such a trifle could not affect him; so he gave the woman the only piece of coin he possessed, and directed her where to leave the fruit. He had walked on but a few rods, when a ragged, half-starved looking little negro boy stepped into the path before him, and very impertinently said his mother wanted the money he owed her *for* washing.

"Very well, my little man," said Mr. Hall, who was sometimes rather complimentary, when unexpectedly dunned; "but I have no change to-day, though I shall have some this week."

"Mother said she must have it now," persevered the boy, in a louder tone of voice. "It's only fifty cents, sir; she has some money to make out to pay her rent, and if it ain't paid by to-night, we shall be kicked into the street in the morning."

"Money to make out again!" groaned Mr. Hall, with strides which left the little blackey far in the rear, and soon brought him to the marble steps of his dwelling. "Who could have believed that even the mouths of the very negro boys in the street, would open, to pour upon me these words of shame and madness?"

He entered a large and handsome back parlor, threw himself on a sofa, and covering his face with his handkerchief, he charged the maid to admit no person to that room, and to answer all inquiries after himself with a "not at home."

We do not know exactly what passed in his mind during the hour which he remained in that position; for he gave no other signs of life than a wild whisper of the word "debt," followed by a convulsive shiver, when the door-bell was once heard to ring; but we will take his own text, and thus innocently fill up this painful blank of time by imagining what the sermon might have been; and if our words are not precisely the same as those by which he expressed his feelings to his own mind, still, we doubt not but there may be a very striking similarity between the ideas.

"*Debt!* Who is nursing a scorpion in his bosom, until the poison will taint his whole blood, and madness or death will ensue? It is the man in debt!—Who is clinging to the top of the unsheltered, eternal rock, gazing with bursting eyes on the vast and wide expanse of ocean around him, and exposed to the pitiless vengeance of the wild elements, with no hope of escape? It is the man in debt! Who is sailing on the calm waters, far above Niagara, and delighting himself by gazing into the clear depths beneath him, knows not his position, until the changed motion and the staggering rapidity of his boat startles him with the dreadful truth that he is in the rapids, and is nearing with increasing speed the frightful chasm! It is the man in debt! Ah! and who is leaning over Ætna's crater, and while he gazes far down into the depths of boiling flame, feels his foot slip, his balance lost, and finds himself sinking—sinking? It is the man in debt!"

At length our man in debt sprang upon his feet, with an energy so wild, and yet so determined, that one might well have imagined that he believed himself suspended over the warring fires of the volcano, and fully designed to make good his escape. His eye gleamed with new fire, and his countenance glowed with a strange brightness. He strided the room rapidly, and clearly evinced, by his quick glances from one thing to another, that some new and important subject was undergoing a thorough investigation in his mind. Once he paused, and carefully examined the quality of his coat and pants, the high lustre of his satin vest, the fineness of his linen, and the gold chain, which was the safeguard of a one hundred and fifty dollar watch. Then he glanced at his wife's piano, but quickly turned from it with a deep sigh to a long and sorrowful gaze upon the flower-pots arranged in the back yard. The dinner bell at length broke in upon his reveries, and an unusual expression was seen on his countenance when he entered the dining room. His wife tenderly inquired the cause, but he replied only by a strict scrutiny of her cap, her dress, the furniture of the room, and lastly, of every thing upon the table. After the meats were removed, a beautiful glass dish, filled with strawberries covered with cream and loaf sugar, was brought in and placed on the table. He started at the sight, as though an adder had bitten him, and his affectionate wife again inquired the cause of his strange conduct.

"We are not able to afford such things, Lucy," said he quickly.

"Why, my dear," answered Mrs. Hall, "the wa must told Betty that you paid only fifty cents for them."

"Only fifty cents!" reiterated the husband, rising from his chair; "the bill of our poor washerwoman is *only fifty cents*, and though she greatly needs it to-day, I cannot pay it in consequence of purchasing this unnecessary fruit."

"Unnecessary!" repeated Mrs. Hall, with a sneer.

"But wife," added he, with a severe determination in his voice, "there *must be* a change in our affairs. I cannot live longer as I have lived for a year or two past. I am no longer a man among men. I am dunned at the corner of every street, and am always afraid to look about me, lest I should meet the eye of some one whom I *owe*. I am utterly crushed with debts, and if there cannot be a change we are lost!"

The pretty lip of the young wife pouted in silence.

"I repeat it, with the strong emphasis of a drowning man, there must be a change in our affairs. We must abridge."

"*Abridge!*" cried Mrs. Hall, reddening to her very temples, "what can we possibly abridge?"

"My dear," continued Mr. Hall, with a soothing tone, as he beheld the distress of a wife whom he most tenderly loved, "any sacrifice which you may be obliged to make, will cost me a far more severe trial than it can possibly cost you; but I see no other way—we must abridge our expenditures."

A long pause succeeded. At length Mr. Hall resumed:

"My brother has a less lucrative trade than mine, and yet with a family three times as numerous, he owes no man a dollar; besides, he has money in the Bank."

"And he works like a slave with his own hands," replied Mrs. Hall, "and just look at his wife—she is always in the kitchen, like a bound girl. Besides, only think of two dreary, half furnished parlors, and such a morsel of a kitchen, with no nursery!"

"And I intend to work with my own hands, too," answered the husband; "and my dear, as we have but one child, can't you give up your nursery and nursery maid?"

Mrs. Hall turned pale. Had it come to that?—Must she be tied up to her own offspring, no longer able to ride, walk, or visit at pleasure?

"And," continued he, cautiously, "if we had a smaller house, we could do with less help in the kitchen; and besides, we should need less furniture, and several expensive, and nearly useless articles, might be turned into the payment of debts. My gold watch, and your piano"——

The poor wife sunk back in her chair, and covering her face, burst into a hysterical flood of tears.—Had she heard the conclusion of the sentence, she might perhaps have felt more for her husband than for herself—for, pressing his hands against his throbbing heart, he declared that death, but not debt, was preferable to asking her to make this last sacrifice, and with hollow groans he traversed the apartment.

Mrs. Hall was the spoiled child of indulgence; still she was naturally kind and amiable, and nothing was wanting but the proper circumstances and the right direction given to her feelings, to develope her true character, and make her a most patient and self-denying wife. That afternoon, as soon as her husband had gone, she ran over the street, to see old Mrs. Green—a woman highly esteemed by all, for her excellent good sense, as well as for her kind and sympathetic heart—and to her she made know her troubles.

"Tush! tush! child," said the old lady with a smile, "never mind that. Just come down patiently to your altered circumstances, and trust me for it, you'll be a great deal better off some day, than you ever were yet."

"But how shall I begin?" said the young wife, wiping away her tears.

"Begin? Why begin by giving up all you can do without, and be comfortable. Let the piano go first."

"Don't name it, Mrs. Green. Oh! my dear piano! what should I do without its music?"

"Its music! Would not the music of your husband's happy heart, relieved from the burden of debt, be much sweeter in your ears? Give up the piano—it is a childish toy compared with his peace."

"And what next? Mrs. Green," inquired Mrs. Hall, as a new light seemed to animate her countenance.

"Why, dear woman," replied the old lady, tapping her under the chin; "after you have parted with all you can spare, have taken a low rent house, and dismissed all your help but one girl, then begin one of the sweetest things that a mother ever had to do—the taking care of your own dear baby; and you will soon find its little smiles and love will more than repay all your efforts."

"Mrs. Green! my friends would all shun me! Just think of Mrs. Brown, and Mrs. Willet, and Mrs. Goodsense"——

"Stop! stop! child—what have you to do with them? They will not pay your husband's or your debts. Besides, if they are persons of good common sense, they will not despise you for conduct which it is both your duty and interest to perform, and if not, why should you care for their friendship? It is not on them that you are dependent for happiness, but, as the old-fashioned poetry says—

> "From our own selves our joys must flow,
> And that dear hut our home."

Now, let me assure you that nothing affords greater contentment than independence—even on a small scale—and this your poor husband is fully prepared to enjoy. I have been told for a long time that he was deeply in debt, and that he was toiling to keep up a style and appearance which he could not long maintain. Yes, Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Willet both told me so; and they said, too, that he owed their husbands money, which they had often asked him for, but never expected to get."

"Is it so, then," replied Mrs. Hall, sobbing like a grieved child. "I am glad you told me that. It will help to crush this pride, and nerve me up to duty. My resolution is taken. Dear Mrs. Green, you have saved me."

"But let me give you a little advice," said the old lady, "before you commence your new course of life. I have been over the same ground myself, and I can assist and encourage you a great many times, by telling you how I got along, and perhaps you may profit a good deal by my experience. In the first place, and I consider this very important too, never appear depressed or discouraged before your husband. Your cheerfulness will do much to keep up his courage, and assist him in the labor and self-denial which he will have to encounter. If you have any sad feelings, either suppress them entirely, or give them vent when you are alone; but above all things, never upbraid him. This would inflict a wound upon his very heartstrings, and I should greatly fear, would shake the foundation of his affection for you. At any rate, don't make the experiment. You say your husband was always kind and indulgent; be assured then that he will do the best for you that he can; and even if, in his righteous determination to throw off the burden of debt, and restore to every man he owes his own property, he should sometimes be obliged to deny you conveniences which you may find it difficult to do without, don't repine before him or make use of any short words; nay, don't even let a shade pass over your countenance; but let him see that you can cheerfully deny yourself for his sake. I can assure you, he will not forget such things, but will reward you when he is able. There is another rule which you must adopt, and impress it daily on the mind of your husband, if you would get out of debt: never buy what you do not strictly need, nor even then, if you cannot pay for the article when you take it—do without it rather than make a debt. This is what has crushed you."

Mrs. Hall went home with altered feelings. She examined all her furniture, and selected the plainest and most useful articles to be retained. She looked at her beloved piano, and the tears would start, but she dashed them away, and said the sacrifice must be made. It was the gift of her dear husband on the morning of their marriage, and it should be given up for his sake. Suddenly a new thought crossed her mind. She was a fine musician—every one admired her at the piano. The instrument, if sold, would not probably bring half its value—would it not be more advantageous to keep it, and become a music teacher? She screamed with joy at the thought.—Several young ladies of her acquaintance were about commencing music. In less than three hours, she had visited every one of them, and had engaged ten scholars, at $50 per annum. Four of the young ladies were the daughters of merchants whom Mr. Hall was indebted for a less sum than the amount of the music lessons.

"And, now," said she, as she flew home with the lightness of a happy bird, "they will never dun my dear husband again."

That night Mr. Hall walked Broadway with a slow step and heavy heart. He had seen most of his creditors, told them his plan, and arranged with some of them to take his most valuable furniture and his watch. He had dismissed his foreman, determining to fill that station himself, and he had rented a small but convenient two story house, at $100 per annum. This was in reality the best afternoon's work which he had done for more than two years; still he was miserable. When he went out, he left his wife in a paroxysm of tears; how could he meet her and tell her of his arrangements? He passed his own door several times, and walked up and down the street with the feelings of an outcast. He was unable to ring the bell, and sat down on the steps to meditate on his wretched lot. At length observing that the back gate was open, he passed into the kitchen, and stole softly up stairs. The nursery door stood ajar, and he heard his wife singing Watt's cradle hymn with a cheerful voice, and rocking her infant in her arms. He felt encouraged, and the next moment he was embracing the two dearest objects of his earthly love. The young wife tenderly smoothed back the long black locks which had fallen over his forehead, and assured him that she was never so happy as at that moment. Then she went on to tell him all her little plans, and while he met the animated glances of her sweet blue eyes, he pressed her still closer to his heart, and felt that he too was happy.

Two years from that evening, Mr. Hall owed no man a shilling. He still lived in the same small house, still labored early and late, and his wife still taught music; but had you searched the city over, you could scarcely have found so happy a family.—Every prospect of wealth began to dawn upon them, and they looked back, with grateful hearts, on the vortex of ruin from which they had so narrowly escaped.

DANCING SONG.

Dance, dance, as long as ye can,
We must travel through life, but why make a dead march of it?
The fine linen of State may sit well upon man,
But 'tis pleasant, methinks, just to rub out the starch of it.

Dance, dance, as long as ye may,
See the plumes of the pine, how they dance on the mountain;
See the ocean floods dance while the winds pipe and play,
See the radiant bubble-drops dance in the fountain.

Dance, dance, let no cynic rebel,
See the stars are for ever all dancing and twinkling;
'Tis the music of spheres that they dance to so well,
And that music is ceaseless, though soft be the tinkling.

Dance, dance, every one,
The gnats round our heads dance in endless gyration;
The very worlds foot it away round the sun,
Keeping up the old figure first led by Creation.

Dance, dance, see the sweet rose
Bend to the blue-bell in light minuetting;
Summer leaves fall when the autumn gust blows,
But they dance and die merrily wildly pirouetting.

Dance, dance, look on the hill,
The white lilies nod, and the bulrushes quiver;
The beautiful water-flags! when are they still?
They dance in the mill-pond, they dance in the river.

Dance, dance, see over-head,
How the clouds dance along, with their gaudy robes streaming,
Look below, see the legions of dancers that spread
In the corn-ears that shake with their golden crowns gleaming.

Dance, dance, the wisp-light will try
With its harlequin dancing to tempt the lost ranger;
The flame of the ingle-log dances on high,
To shed joy in the household, and beacon the stranger.

Dance, dance, the savage is found
Dancing in fury, in triumph, and laughter;
The child from the village school trammels unloosed,
Dances as rarely he's seen to dance after.

Dance, dance, as long as ye may,
Nature gets up a great "ballet" about us;
Her stage-room is vast, so come trip it away,
For Life's Opera cannot be perfect without us.

George Washington Wilkins,

The Man who lived for his Country.

BY H. HASTINGS WELD.

It has been queried whether party newspapers are or are not a public blessing. Mrs. George W. Wilkins has no doubt that they are a domestic nuisance.

It has been debated whether caucus, spontaneous or newspaper nomination is the proper way to bring a candidate before the public. On this, as on the first point, Mrs. Wilkins has but one opinion—that all party machinery only tends to domestic derangement.

In the fable, the comparative merit of the party who first puts the heel, and of that which first plants the toes in walking, remains an open question. So do parallel cases in our own republic. On such subjects again, Mrs. W. is quite unanimous. Her motto is, "a plague o' both your houses!"

There are more women of Mrs. Wilkin's "political faith" than there would be, if there were more men of the right kind. Public spirit is lauded in the newspapers, and greeted with three times three cheers at the "Head Quarters"—but a man's spirit should not run so entirely into public channels as to leave him no interest in domestic matters. Mr. W.'s did. His heart was in whatever caucus might be on foot, till his dear dove at home found herself entirely forgotten. His thoughts were oftener on election returns than on his own profit-and-loss account; and he knew the salary and value of every office in the State and Union, better than he did his own baker's bill. Domestic matters, pressed upon his notice, were regarded as inopportune and unimportant intrusions; just as the real business of the nation is set aside in Washington, while the Congressmen are more agreeably employed in talking of themselves against time, and for party. His children fared as ill as private claims on the Congressional docket; the principle in both places being heroically to scout and neglect what should be attended to, and to give the whole thought to what were better left undone and unsaid.

Mr. Wilkins soothed his conscience with the plea that he "lived for his country." No doubt his country is very much obliged to him, but it has unfortunately hitherto taken no method to make its sense of that obligation apparent, or to lessen any of its weight. Meanwhile, as we have hinted, his own affairs were falling not a little behind hand; and it did not require more than the ordinary penetration of a woman to discover that fact. Still, with the recklessness of a gambler, the more he suffered by his negligence towards his own affairs, the more inattentive did he become; seeking in the excitement of partisan politics and the hazards of party chances, that occupation of his mind that should enable him to shut his eyes upon the financial difficulties that were accumulating about him, and the domestic discomfort which had now invaded his once happy house. At the time when our sketch opens he had become desperate.—His patriotism was no more a thing of volition or a mere amusement. It was life and death with him. He had spent time and money so liberally, so extravagantly, that office alone could make him whole, or, failing in that, could provide him with a refuge from absolute want. At least so *he* thought. Still he endeavored to conceal his dilemma. He succeeded, but only partially. His heaviest creditors suspected the truth, but they were too politic to betray him. Wise after their generation, they very disinterestedly turned their influence in aid of his hopes. In another man's case, with Wilkins for a looker-on, he would have comprehended their motives. In his own he was too blind to see them, or if he suspected the state of the case, he would not acknowledge it, even to himself.

Mrs. George W. Wilkins grew impatient. We have said that she had penetration enough to discover that he was embarrassed, but she did not understand the whole of his difficulties, nor all of his motives. Irked at his neglect of her, she resolved to make an effort to bring him back to domestic habits again. On one Monday morning she begged him for the evening of that day to be hers.

"Beg pardon, my dear," said the husband, as he peeped at her for a moment over the top margin of a political newspaper: "but this evening I am, unfortunately, engaged with the committee of safety."

The wife was disappointed but she persevered.

"Well, then, George, to-morrow evening will do."

"Unlucky again!"—the husband really began to feel sorry—"but to-morrow evening I must meet the county delegates."

"County lodge!" Mrs. George W. was going to say, but she did not. It would have been both unwifelike and unladylike. She drew a long breath and said, "perhaps, then, my dear, on Wednesday evening?"

Mr. W. had glanced down the leading column of his paper, and reddened—partly with confusion, and partly with impatience—as he peeped under the margin, and answered, "really, Ann, I am sorry, but I am engaged on that night to meet the ward committee on important business."

"Thursday night?"

Wilkins bit his lips. He was attempted to say something hasty. He looked at his children and thought better of it. "I should be happy to be with you every evening, but the *other* party are straining every nerve, we must employ all our tactics, and on Thursday night the list of nominees for the city watch is to be examined and fixed upon."

"Say Friday night, then." This was spoken in a voice a little sharp. Both husband and wife were now restrained by good breeding alone from what would have seemed very like a quarrel.

Wilkins had now reached the top of his paper again, and, foreseeing that he was to be compelled to answer for every night in the week, "I [illegible] perceive you are determined, Mrs. Wilkins, to have the whole arcana of party management out of me. On that evening we have to decide between the claims of two 'boss sweepers,' to determine which of them is likely to marshal most votes in his troop of scavengers."

"Very important business, certainly, Mr. Wilkins. But after having thus spent five nights out of six abroad, you will give us the sixth at home?"

"I would, but—"

"Come now, George"—

"I am really sorry, but I have promised myself to two or three of our fellows. The truth is, that some people are to be managed one way and some another. We have on that night a little supper."

"And you are wanted to pay the whole bill, as usual, I presume," said the wife, out of all patience. Wives never look at such things through their husband's spectacles.

"You know I am never guilty of such extravagant folly," said George W., with some heat.

"But you do 'become responsible,'" said his wife, "and that amounts to the same thing in the end."

"Ann," said the husband, in a softened tone, "I am sorry to find you prying so much into my business. It is unlike you."

"George," she answered, cadence for cadence in his manner, for both were grieved, "I regret that you force it upon me;" and stretching her hand up for the card-rack, she took out and handed him quite a parcel of tradesmen's bills. "I am deeply mortified that you do not, as you did once, either anticipate these or leave me the means to pay them."

"Tell them to call at the counting-room," said the husband, as he left the table and took his way mournfully to his business. He was in a sad state of perplexity. It lasted until he met the first political friend; dissipated then for an instant, the feeling of uneasiness returned with every business step that was forced upon him. He was, indeed, like all gamblers, most miserable while the mighty stake was pending; but he counted on a relief from all, when his appointment should reach him. On this he firmly counted. He really earned it twice over, as party services are estimated, and still daily he was struggling, "playing the patriot," to "make assurance doubly sure." What a life for a freeman!

Hardly had Wilkins left his house, when No. 1 of the applicants, whose "address" Mrs. Wilkins had packed in the card-rack, sent his daily messenger.—She knew the rest would follow, and afraid of the saucy look the servant would give her as the stereotyped answer would be given to each dun, she put on her hat and hurried out, unfashionable as was the hour. The child's heart, let whatever other ties may grow about it, tends ever back to its earliest support, and Mrs. Wilkins' steps mechanically carried her to her father's house. Her mother, after a word or two of greeting, left the room. The daughter rose to follow.

"Ann!"

She paused at her father's voice, and as she turned, perceived that he had folded up the paper he had been reading, and was placing his spectacles in his pocket. The daughter awaited what he might have to say to her.

"Close the door, my child, and sit down by me."

Without knowing to what this all might tend, she complied. There was a moment of silence and embarrassment. The father abruptly said, at length—

"Ann, I refused to-day to endorse your husband's paper."

The poor woman turned pale, then red, then burst into tears and buried her face in her hands. This was so cruel! And how had she deserved it? But the skilful physician probes deep before he attempts to apply the remedy. The old gentleman proceeded:

"You know your husband is in difficulties."

The wife nodded.

"And that he never can recover himself." This was said in the kindest of tones, and her father had taken her hand and was looking with all a parent's earnest affection into her face. He proceeded—"I am not poor, at any rate. I could have done him the favor he desired—and much more—but it were only to throw a bubble to be swallowed in the ocean of his losses. He does not appear to know it, but he is a hopeless bankrupt."

The wife had now nerved herself for the worst, and sat erect, pale, but composed. It was now the father's turn to give way, and the old man wept.

"Your husband should have told you this, but I know he has not. I saw you coming, and wished to spare your mother the pain of this interview. I have no reproaches for you, you must have none for him. It will do no good."

The daughter's lips trembled.

"You must not want; your dear children must not."

"Their father!" whispered the wife.

"And he must not either. But, Ann, he must not ruin me first, and then make a double shipwreck of character and substance."

The father rose and paced the floor. Ann revolved these deeply discouraging matters in her mind. She thought of herself, her children—worse than all, her husband—dependent and beggared. She felt almost as if her father was no more a father, and resolved at one moment to go away without accepting or thanking him for his vague, and, as it seemed to her, his ungracious offer of assistance. Then she remembered the tradesmen's bills—the very servants unpaid—and felt as if she had no more a home to return to.

Her father did not keep her long in suspense, for the mother, thinking probably that he had had abundance of time, now returned. The presence of a third person gave new collectedness to both, and the old gentleman proceeded to tell her that he had settled upon her enough for comfortable maintenance, and he pressed upon her acceptance the first quarter's income, from his own hand.

"And now," he said, "there is but one condition which I exact. Not a word of this to-day or to-morrow, to your husband; keep your secret till he makes you his confidant."

It was hard to promise. It was hard to thank her father. It was impossible to control her feelings, and she burst afresh into tears. He escaped the contagion by hurrying away, and Ann returned home to find a tradesman's boy just turning chop-fallen from the door. She called him back, and enjoyed that cheapest of all luxuries, the satisfaction of paying the demand. We say cheapest, because when you give another but his own, and receive pleasure thereby, you certainly buy joy with another's capital.

Now, once more happy, how did she burn to let out the secret! She saw her husband post away at night; she knew now his nervous anxiety for occupation, and was half inclined to quarrel with him that he did not make her his help-meet. How much do those mistake, who fancy that the wife cannot be a man's best counsellor!

Ann was almost miserable in her happiness. She felt that with a word she could stay his uneasiness, for now, with the key to his conduct, she could read in his moody countenance the anxiety he felt for his wife and family. She saw his hand tremble as he passed his fingers through Jane's flaxen curls; she knew that it was not a cold which made his voice husky when he said, "we will see about that," as Jane asked him if she was not to join the new music class at school. And as the boys clambered upon his knees, and dinned their begging petitions into his ears, she saw that he would have pushed them rudely away, in his agony of hoarded and concealed perplexity, if he had only *dared* to say, what they must soon feel, that their father was a beggar!

Still he went to the meeting of the committee.—Can a gambler stay away from his dice? His all was staked on party devotion; he must play his part down to the last instant, and while hope remained. Should he fail after all!

That fear haunted his *dreams*. He groaned in his sleep, and then the groan was followed by a mumbled party shout—and then an exclamation of disgust—of loathing. Then her own name, "*poor* Ann!" Oh, how she longed, as she watched his face, in his troubled sleep, to shout joy in his ear, and read to him her father's deed of settlement! But she was pledged to silence, though her heart ached!

A strange enigma is human nature. Will it be believed that after all, before she slept, she had determined upon tormenting him more still? And yet she did. It is a trick of the fondest friendship, when you see one whom you love in despondency, to add to his vexation, that the relief may be more exhilarating.

Mr. Wilkins almost feared that the *furnishing* of the next breakfast would be wanting. He started with puzzled pleasure at the well-spread board; but he asked no questions. It seemed to him an omen of good, and he took hold of the morning paper with an affectation of more than ordinary engagedness, lest his wife should obtrude some unwelcome news upon him. He would not have been surprised to hear that the baker had cut off supplies, his butcher refused another steak, or his cook struck for arrearages. But no such word came; no word of any kind. His coffee was sipped to the lees, and no kind voice asked for "his cup." He looked over, and then let the paper down to the floor to gaze in undisguised astonishment at the breakfast scene.

The sugar-bowl was crowned with a ragged pamphlet. The toast was hidden under a newspaper. The tea-pot was turned into a Chinese pagoda, with more *roof* than body, by an open document which rested upon it. The whole breakfast paraphernalia was thus displaced, and Mrs. W. was deep in the column of a society report, or some such matter.—Little Johnny had quietly doubled up his spoon to make a bridge from his bowl to his saucer, of the same comparative cost to his bread and milk that the future Harlem bridge will be to its purpose. Little Sam, on the other side, had straightened the sugar-tongs, as an approach to the demonstration of the problem that a good rule works both ways; and little Jane was mapping diagrams on the table with slops.

"Mrs. Wilkins!" he cried. The children started, and Mrs. W. leisurely looked up. "Your children are doing all manner of mischief!"

"Ah!" said the lady, keeping her finger on the place where she was reading, that she might not lose it, "Well, I do really wish that you would take care of them."

The father sent them from the room. "Ann," he began, "this practical joke is unkind. If you only knew!"—The door-bell rang, and a note was brought in for "George Washington Wilkins, Esq." He read it—turned pale—and, rising from the table, stood staring out of the window to conceal his face from his wife. She went up, and resting her hand upon his shoulder, looked anxiously and affectionately into his face. He would have shaken her off, his heart melted and he could not. He saw each of his children's faces in hers. He read the chronology of their married life in her features; the first happy year; the contented ones that followed; the care which had dimmed her fine features, as he went abroad for that companionship he should have sought at home. He kissed her pale forehead, and dropping into a chair, uttered not a word. She sat down beside him, and passing one hand round his neck, took the open note in the other.

"Is that *all*?" she asked.

"And is not that enough? Yesterday, Preston promised me that he would take care of my note to-day, on which he is endorser. To-day he writes, in cold, cramped terms, that he cannot. Is not that enough?—my paper protested; my house falling about my ears; my wife and children beggars! But it isn't all. My everything depended upon an appointment under government, which Preston's influence had all but secured. If he refuses this trifle, of course it is because the application has failed."

Oh, how Ann longed to shout, "I'm glad of it!"—How did her heart ache for her husband. But they were [illegible] and Wilkins [illegible] his face a political friend was announced.

"So," said the caller, "Preston *himself* has that birth he promised you! A shabby trick he has played the whole of us."

Wilkins controlled himself wonderfully well. It was all explained. While working to procure Wilkins a place, to pay himself and others, he had found it a better speculation to take the office himself, and let the debt go. The visitor soon bowed himself out, to bruit the news, and the husband and wife were again alone.

"Tell me all, unreservedly," begged the wife. "It would not be *idle* curiosity if I *did desire*, merely as a wife, to know the whole; but I have still another *reason*. Tell me all—trust me, George; *do*, and I will not betray you."

He did. It was a painful narrative to both while it lasted; to him that his friends were thus hollow; to her that her husband had been thus duped. But the sun soon broke the clouds away. She told *her news*. The first fear of want to his beloved ones was over, and the mother of his children seemed dearer than ever.

Many years have passed. Our hero still "lives for his country," but he has learned that a good citizen's first duty is to that "*imperium in imperio*," his own family, loyalty to which is the guaranty of good citizenship. Who serves his own household best, best serves his whole country, his whole kind, and his God; for neglect of one's own, comports with neither patriotism nor piety.

Fortune has once more smiled upon him, and his wife's patrimony is swelling untouched, for her children. The traitor, Preston, retained office long enough to ruin him for all other pursuits, and now supports a miserable consequence as fugleman for whatever faction will best pay, and whipper-in of such partisans as are self conscious of being even less than he.

Nanny, wilt Thou gang wi' Me?

O, Nanny, wilt thou gang wi' me,
  Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town?
Can silent glens have charms for thee,
  The lowly cot, and russet gown?
Nae langer drest in silken sheen,
  Nae langer deck'd wi' jewels rare,
Say, canst thou quit each courtly scene,
  Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O, Nanny, when thou'rt far awa',
  Wilt thou not cast a look behind?
Say, canst thou face the flaky snaw,
  Nor shrink before the winter wind?
O, can that soft and gentle mien
  Severest hardships learn to bear,
Nor, sad, regret each courtly scene,
  Where thou wert fairest of the fair.

O, Nanny, canst thou love so true,
  Through perils keen wi' me to gae?
Or, when thy swain mishap shall rue,
  To share wi' him the pang of wae?
Say, should disease or pain befall,
  Wilt thou assume the nurse's care,
Nor, wishful, those gay scenes recall,
  Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

And when at last thy love shall die,
  Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
  And cheer with smiles the bed of death?
And wilt thou o'er his much-loved clay
  Strew flowers, and drop the tender tear?
Nor then regret those scenes so gay,
  Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

THE BACHELOR'S WILL.

BY MRS. M. ST. LEON LOUD.

A lovely group were the Mayberrys as they drew around a bright fire, whose ruddy glow illumined every nook and corner of a small, but pleasant apartment, while the wind of a December night howled wildly without. The widow and the fatherless—the poor and unknown! Yet over them the sweet spirit of peace and domestic love, which flies from many a stately dome, folded its white wings.

"Fanny," said Frank Mayberry, a young gentleman of some eight years old, with curling hair, and black eyes, "I wonder if we shall get any presents on Christmas eve? I should like a cannon—a real brass cannon."

"And I," said the lisping voice of the little rosy pet of the family, "I should like a great doll; look Fanny, so tall," and she raised her dimpled hand as high as her own head.

The person thus addressed, looked up from the work on which she was busily engaged, and with a warning gesture, said in a whisper—

"Hush! you forget that you must not wake mother—and now, dear little brother and sister of mine, let me tell you, that you are not to expect such presents this year. You know we have no father now, to bring us money and beautiful things; so you will be good, reasonable children, and say nothing about presents—it would distress mother. I will tell you how we can keep pleasant holidays: we will get something nice for dear mother, and do all we can to make her happy."

"So we will," exclaimed the noble-hearted boy; "and, Fanny, can't I sell my marbles to help you? I am getting too big *for such* things," and he drew himself up on tip-toe.

"Well, do not make a noise now," said Fanny, kissing him tenderly; and taking the little one on her lap, the attention of both children was soon absorbed in a fairy legend improvised for the occasion.

On a couch, drawn up before the fire, her delicate features, colourless as the pillow on which she reclined, lay the mother for whose repose they were thus solicitous. The first sound of Frank's voice had broken her light slumber, and though her eyes remained closed, not a word had been lost upon her. Tears stole down her cheeks at the thought that the highly prized and innocent gratifications of childhood must be denied to those so dear to her; yet how inexpressibly soothing to her heart was the knowledge of the perfect love existing between her children, and their devotion to herself. Mrs. Mayberry was an invalid both in body and mind, and to divert the latter from preying upon itself, she had been persuaded to leave the solitude of her own chamber, for the more cheerful atmosphere of the family sitting room; and there, supported by cushions and pillows she usually spent the day, beguiled, in spite of herself, into a temporary forgetfulness of her sorrows, by the unwearied efforts of her children to amuse and comfort her; or lulled to sleep by the sweet voice of the elder daughter as she chanted the beautiful ballads of olden time. If the invalid slept, Fanny would draw Frank and Milly close to her side, and tell them tales of genii who dwelt in chrystal palaces; or of sea nymphs who watched over the dead as they slept on the coral floors of the ocean, till thoughts of their father would steal over their light young hearts and sadden them into silence. And that elder daughter! Methinks I hear some one ask me to describe her.—Describe Fanny Mayberry? Take an inventory of the charms which went to make up the graceful fairy-like being of sixteen summers, who was the guardian angel and preserver of that helpless family—the light of their eyes, and the idol of their hearts? One might as well describe a sunbeam—a dancing spray flung from the brow of a sparkling waterfall—a sound of passing music. Ah! believe me, I shall impose no such task upon my sober grey-goose quill. Thou hast now, dear reader, an introduction to every member of the Mayberry family—pardon me: for in a comfortable corner, on a small rug worked in zephyr, for her especial use, by the fair fingers of Fanny Mayberry, sits a tortoise shell cat who was taken in, on the very day little Milly was born, and shares with that young lady the importance which attaches to the youngest of the family. Nor is she wanting in a due appreciation of her position, as you may judge from the dignified erectness of her attitude and the unutterable self-complacency with which she folds her tail around her snowy feet, as she purrs her low song; and the side-long glances of jealous disdain which she casts upon her opposite neighbour, a Newfoundland dog, of the largest size, whom she appears to consider as a decided interloper. Ever and anon, the new comer, in the overflowing of an honest heart, extends towards her his huge shaggy paw, as if to say—"Come, shake hands and be friends," then suddenly withdraws it, as if aware of the shrewish temper hidden beneath that fair and placid exterior. Ah! Neptune, it is true thou art become prime favorite, and Mrs. Grimalkin may now sit whole days unnoticed by the fireside, while thou art caressed by every one. Often too, when bending over thee, tears fall fast from the eyes of those to whom thou art the living witness of widowhood and orphanage. Yes! when the beautiful vessel that was bearing swiftly to his home the long-absent husband and father, laden with the rich treasures of the East, and full of warm, active, buoyant life, went down beneath the foaming waves—when the heavens were dark and a fearful tempest swept the bosom of the ocean, then—but we will descend from the apostrophical vein in which we might become so entangled as to grow unintelligible, and inform the reader that a few months previous to the date of our history, the noble merchantman, commanded by Captain Mayberry, was lost in a storm at sea, and one only of all her crew, escaped to "tell the tale." In that dreadful hour, Neptune never for a moment forsook his master's side, and when the long-boat, crowded almost to the water's edge, put off from the sinking vessel, he swam by it until it swamped, and every soul went down into the ocean depths. With difficulty he regained the portion of the wreck above water, where, with cheek and brow pale as death, yet with a calm and fearless eye, stood a mere youth, surveying the appalling scene. Lower and lower sank the white wings of the Sea Gull, as with a short prayer for mercy, the young man sprang into the waves. All grew dark around him, and hours must have elapsed ere he was taken up by a homeward bound vessel, clinging with one hand to a broken mast, and grasping with the other the long hair of the noble animal whose powerful efforts were fast failing. Intense was the anguish of those who listened to this recital from the lips of the survivor; and when after a few brief hours, Darcy Howard departed for his own home in a distant city, and there was no longer an eye to intrude upon the sacredness of their grief, the bereaved ones clung closer to each other, and wept afresh. From the elastic minds of the children, the bitterness of their first grief soon passed away, for their father had not been "taken from their midst." He had not shared their daily occupations and amusements—the hopes and fears of their childhood, and, though the joy of those brief periods, when his vessel was in port, had greatly endeared him to their hearts, his longer absences caused him to be remembered rather as a favorite guest, than one of the familiar household band. But in the bosom of Mrs. Mayberry, the deep chords of affection which bound her to the object of her first love—the husband of her youth—had been rent asunder, and the shock had well nigh proved fatal to her delicate frame: sinking her mind at the same time into a state of helpless and hopeless despondency.—Every thing devolved upon Fanny, who, hitherto a timid, retiring child, came forth from this, her first trial, a thoughtful, energetic woman, and well qualified, by her affectionate spirit, for the duties which pressed upon her.

The ample pay of Captain Mayberry had supported his family in the comforts, and many of the luxuries of life, but it was their all, and an immediate change in their establishment became necessary. Fanny's arrangements would have done credit to an older financier, at the same time all was done so quietly, that Mrs. Mayberry felt no added pang from the prospect of reduced circumstances.

Two months from the death of Captain Mayberry, found the little household settled in a very small but *neat dwelling in a private street*, and Fanny had the rich reward of seeing a faint smile of satisfaction pass over the pale face of her mother, as she said—"It seems very comfortable." Yes! and bright and pleasant grew that humble home, for Fanny's own hands were actively employed from morning till night; and it is astonishing what wonders can be wrought by one pair of hands—small, delicate ones, too—when moved by a willing spirit. It was Fanny who rose with the dawn, and lighted the fires, that the rooms might be comfortable when her mother came down; it was Fanny who made and baked the fine white rolls which they ate for breakfast; and it was Fanny who rubbed the brass, and dusted the furniture, until *every* article shone as if the light of her own sunny spirit was reflected upon it. Now, let no one suppose that Fanny had acted in all this without counsel. She—no; the Mayberry family had a friend—a dear, queer, old "single gentleman," and no less a personage than the owner of the Sea Gull, to say nothing of sundry other crafts; in short, a wealthy shipping merchant.

Mr. *James* Ballantyne was the very counterpart of *Brothers* Cheeryble of Dickens, with a face—I had almost said "*round as the shield of my fathers*,"—but as I am not so certain on that point as was the immortal Ossian, I shall merely say round as the moon, and as bland, with small twinkling eyes, as if two of the lesser luminaries, yclept stars, had been set like gems on the broad disk of the above-mentioned planet. A smile of the most perfect benevolence just relaxed the muscles around a well-shaped mouth, displaying the white walls of an "ivory palace" in which time had made no breach; add to these the more solid attraction we have spoken of, and you may be sure he was a man who stood pretty high in the world. But not for this last qualification was he *prized*—we may as well say *beloved*—by the Mayberrys, for beloved he certainly was, though without the least spice of romance. To Mrs. Mayberry, he was the early friend, and liberal patron of her husband; to the younger children, the bountiful dispenser of toys, nuts and gingerbread; while Fanny treated him with the frank confidence she would have extended towards a near relative. Better than any other human beings were the Mayberrys beloved by Mr. James Ballantyne, and when he learned that his richly laden bark had gone down in the midst of the ocean, his own loss seemed but as a feather's weight in comparison with the calamity that had fallen upon them. With many offers of assistance, tendered with a sincere desire for the acceptance, he strove to atone for his innocent share in their misfortunes—and gratefully did Fanny avail herself of his advice and experience, while with true delicacy she declined all pecuniary assistance.

In our opinion, the noble oak supporting a delicate vine upon its strong and sturdy branches, bearing it aloft from the dust of earth into the pure, *free* upper air, where its dancing tendrils may rejoice in the sunshine, and dally with the zephyr, answers a higher and more beautiful purpose, than when hewed and squared into mathematical proportions, imprisoned, perchance, in the keel of some merchant vessel, till it rots away in ignoble servitude. Something of this very original idea passed through the mind of Mr. Ballantyne, when he began to experience the delightful conviction that he was necessary to the happiness of the Mayberrys—all of them—and it was better and far more agreeable to serve so lovely a family, than to be forever selfishly and sordidly poring over immense invoices and bills of lading, or laying in cargoes and ship-stores. He would have laughed had any one hinted that the secret of all this was conprised in the little magic word "Fanny!" How the earthly particles fly from a heart subjected to love's alembic! That of Mr. James Ballantyne was in danger of becoming wholly etherealized. Not less astonishing were its effects upon his outward man. For twenty years his garments had displayed one unchanging hue of that delectable mixture in broadcloth, vulgarly called pepper and salt; beautifully diversified on high days and holidays by others of drab, the more exposed parts exquisitely shaded off by the action of the sun into a suspicious whitey brown; and, being of that privileged number whose known ability to dress well entitles them to appear boldly in *any* attire, no one ventured to sneer at his apparel. Now, however, a shining suit of the finest black encased his portliness, and every article, from the crown of an unexceptionable hat, to the toe of a highly-polished boot, was perfect; and as the newly transformed surveyed himself in the full length dressing-glass that had recently found its way into his chamber, he "laid the flattering unction to his soul" that he had arrived at the precise age most interesting to young ladies. Rejoicing, therefore, in his rejuvenescence, and flourishing scientifically a new ivory-headed cane, he might have been seen every evening, after business hours, threading the streets in the direction of Mrs. Mayberry's dwelling. Oh! those were golden hours for a man who had passed half a century untouched by a warmer passion than love for his day-book and ledger; and when he returned home from that cheerful little room where every thing whispered of the presiding genius—when he heard no longer the music of Fanny's voice, nor watched the movements of her sylph-like figure—oh! how cold and dreary seemed his own spacious parlours, with their costly decorations—while the spirit of loneliness which brooded over his hearth and board, seemed to have acquired additional gloom.

"Fanny," said Mr. James Ballantyne, as one morning, at a very unseasonable hour, he entered, sans ceremony, the small apartment in Mrs. Mayberry's house, where culinary business was wont to be performed, (Cupid forbid that we should call it the *kitchen*,) where Fanny stood by a table, her cheeks glowing with healthy exercise, the loose sleeves of her dress turned back to the elbows, displaying her round and dimpled arms, while the tips of her taper fingers were crimsoned with the juice of the fruit she was preparing for their simple dessert—"Fanny, I wish to speak with you, if—"

"Pray, Mr. Ballantyne," interrupted Fanny, casting a glance at her checked apron, and blushing like one of her own cherries, "pray walk into the parlour—I will be there in a moment."

"No, Fanny, here in this very place must I speak, for never were you lovelier, never dearer than now, when I see you devoting yourself to the happiness and comfort of your family. Fanny, can you take charge of yet another? Have you any love to bestow on one who loves you—who has long loved you as a child—but knew not the strength and nobleness of your woman's nature till within the last few months? I have seen your home growing brighter and brighter, while mine has darkened around me. Speak, Fanny, will you not be the star to dispel its gloom?—will you not share my wealth, and with all who are dear to you, make my home your own—make it a paradise?"

Poor Fanny!—motionless as a statue, she stood until those strange words were ended; then sinking into a chair, and burying her face in her hands, she felt as if the earth were about to swallow her up.—Marry Mr. Ballantyne! a man old enough to be her grandfather! She could pronounce the three cabalistic words comprising the bounden duty of woman, as a daughter, but not as a wife. Wealth!—what has that to do with the gushing feelings of a young and innocent heart? She was sure her mother could not enjoy wealth gained at such a price. Shall we tell *all* the truth? And far more rapidly than we have written them, did these thoughts pass through the mind of Fanny Mayberry. Yes! even at that moment, there flitted a shadow across the magic glass of memory, and a slender youth, with dark, melting eyes, and thick waves of glossy hair parted from a noble brow, stood before her, in the place of the portly wooer. Fanny rose up, and with all the composure she could assume, and a smile upon her lips, laid her hand confidingly in that of her admirer, and said—

"I have always loved you, Mr. Ballantyne—let me *still* love you—as a grateful, affectionate daughter, who will honour and obey you, as such, to the end of her life. I can be nothing else to you."

The next morning, Mr. Ballantyne was found in his counting room, clad in his accustomed grey, and perched upon a high stool, with a pen behind his ear, busily engaged bringing up the accounts that had gone sadly behind during his short mental aberration. We shall say nothing of the desperate glances which he cast from time to time at the apothecary's window opposite, where certain little bottles whispered temptingly of a quietus for the sharp pangs with which he was suddenly affected in the region of his heart. But our hero was a man of sense, and had no desire to prove the first exception to the maxim laid down by the immortal bard, that "men have died, and worms have eaten them, but not for love," so he dined at a hotel for a week,—then hired a French cook and dined his friends at his own table for another week. At the end of that time, he returned to his old habits, and—visited the Mayberrys.

"Mr. Ballantyne—Mr. Darcy Howard," said Mrs. Mayberry, as the former entered their little parlour, and the substance of a certain shadow, we have hinted at above, rose and bowed gracefully to his new acquaintance. "This is the young gentleman who brought us, during your absence last fall, the melancholy intelligence of the loss of the Sea Gull," she added in a trembling voice.

"I wish he had gone down in her," was the first thought of Mr. Ballantyne, but as he looked more narrowly at the handsome countenance of the young stranger, pale with grief or illness, and perceived that his dress indicated a recent bereavement, a softer feeling seemed to take place of his uncharitable wish,—for, albeit "unused to the melting mood," his eyes filled with tears, and grasping the hand extended to him, wrung it with strong emotion; then casting one look at Fanny, who had not dared to raise her eyes, he left the house, and from that time became so wholly absorbed in business as to have no leisure for visiting.

And who was Darcy Howard? The only son of a widowed mother, for whose support, as a last resource, he had gone to sea in the capacity of steward's clerk. On the arrival of the vessel at her destined port, he found a letter awaiting him, containing information of the dangerous illness of his idolized parent; and on learning that the Sea Gull was shortly to sail on her homeward voyage, he procured a passage in that doomed bark. Fortunately, the vessel which rescued him from his perilous situation was bound to the port where Captain Mayberry's family resided; and after performing his painful mission to them, he hastened to his own home, which he reached in time to close the eyes of the only relative he knew in the wide world.

Poor and alone, in his darkest hours there would rise before him a vision of beauty and goodness, brightening one spot of earth, and of a meek and gentle being who might supply to his heart the place of the mother he had lost. Daily did those yearnings for that green oasis in life's desert become more intense, until he resolved to seek it, and ascertain if there was room for a wanderer within its hallowed precincts. We need not say that the kind heart of Mrs. Mayberry received him as a son, linked as he was with the memory of the lost. And Fanny?

"She loved him for the dangers he had pass'd,
And he loved her that she did pity them."

Yes, they loved as only the young and pure-hearted can love; yet, as if words would have broken that sweet dream, they never spoke of love. It was enough for Darcy, that after the duties of the clerkship, which he had obtained in a large mercantile house, were over for the day, he was permitted to make one of the circle that gathered round the humble fireside of Mrs. Mayberry; and it was enough for Fanny to listen to the music of his voice as he read aloud, or repeated again and again the story of that dreadful shipwreck.

And thus time flew by with those who took no note of its flight, but there came an awakening.—Poverty like an armed robber stole upon them stealthily but steadily. Poverty! that blighting mildew, eating out the heart of all human enjoyments, rusting and corroding the finest chords of the soul; tearing asunder the ties of home and kindred, and scattering far and wide those bound together by love—laid its iron grasp upon the widow and orphan. The little fund that had been raised from the sale of their superfluous furniture was exhausted, and though Fanny toiled at her needle with all the energy of despair, the product of her labor was inadequate to their wants. Day by day the blooming cheeks of little Milly grew paler and paler—the dark eyes of Frank turned sadly and tearfully upon his sister, as she bent wearily over her joyless task—while, to add to their distress, Mrs. Mayberry became rapidly worse, in consequence of her mental anxiety, until she was confined to her bed a helpless sufferer.

Their last morsel had been divided—their last farthing expended—and where to procure the necessaries her mother's situation required, Fanny knew not. Kneeling by the bedside of the invalid, she gave way, for the first time in her presence, to an uncontrollable burst of grief. Long and silently they wept together. At last, Mrs. Mayberry spoke.

"It is strange that Mr. Ballantyne should have deserted us—and I have been thinking, Fanny, of asking you to write to him. I know it would be humiliating," she continued, observing the slight shudder that passed over the frame of her child, "but the time has come when pride must be forgotten—and, after all, why should we hesitate to ask assistance from one who has always professed such an anxiety to aid us?"

Fanny knew why, and she buried her face deeper in the pillow. Rather would she starve, but her mother—her young brother and sister—should they perish before her eyes because of her pride? She rose, and, seizing a pen, wrote a few hurried lines—she scarcely knew what—and flew to her chamber, to await the return of her messenger. In half an hour, a business-looking letter was placed in her hand. She opened it, and a bank note for one hundred dollars fell into her lap. It was unheeded, for her eyes were rivetted on the contents of that dreadful letter.

"Ah! Fanny, wealth is a good thing, though you once valued it so lightly, and I rejoice that you will allow me to impart some portion of it to you. You might once have become mistress of great wealth, and a heart devoted to your happiness. I am no longer a rich man, Fanny, for I have discovered an heir in whom I am deeply interested; and henceforth the bulk of my property is held in trust for him. I have still enough, however, to place you—and all those so dear to you—forever above the reach of want. Will you, dearest Fanny, still accept the offer which you once rejected? Will you not make me happy, and, in so doing, deserve the blessings of your family? I am about to leave the city for six months, during which time you will receive monthly the same sum I now enclose. If your answer is favorable, I shall depart joyfully, cherishing the hope that, on my return, you will comply cheerfully with the arrangements I may then make for our mutual happiness.

"Yours, devotedly,

"James Ballantyne."

Alas! for "the course of true love," that it should so seldom "run smooth!" Fanny's resolution was taken—an answer was despatched—but when she stood by her mother's bed, and laying the money before her, said, with assumed calmness, "There, mother, Mr. Ballantyne has not disappointed your expectations,"—nothing save the extreme illness of Mrs. Mayberry could have prevented her from observing the change which a few hours had wrought in her child. Ah! little did she dream of the fearful sacrifice with which their deliverance had been purchased! Nobly did the heroic girl struggle to conceal every trace of anguish from those for whose sake she had immolated her heart's dearest hopes, and she succeeded. But when night released her from her duties—when her mother, under the restoring influence of medicine and nourishment, slumbered sweetly on her pillow, watched over by an experienced nurse, whom Fanny had provided—then, and not till then, the long pent up agony burst forth. During the dark hours of that terrible night, one thought alone seemed to burn on her brain in characters of fire—Darcy Howard; how could he bear to learn all that had occurred? how could she let him know it? Yet something must be done instantly, for she must see him no more—she could not trust herself to look upon that noble countenance again. Henceforth it would be crime even to think of him as she had done. The cold grey light of morning streamed in at her window before her trembling fingers concluded the letter which she felt would be as a sentence of death to a loving heart—the more bitter because unexpected—for with woman's pride she had concealed their true circumstances from him. The letter was sent, and the bitterness past.

Now, let no one suppose that pale, cold, and victim-like, Fanny moved about her daily occupations. No! her sacrifice was enriched with the sweet perfume of a cheerful offering. She had saved the life of her mother—she had brought happiness to her brother and sister, and comfort to their dwelling;—could she be wholly miserable? What though she sometimes shrunk like the sensitive plant when touched by a careless hand, as some lightly uttered word recalled feelings which she had hoped forever subdued?—the secret was her own. No one even guessed why Darcy Howard suddenly left the city, and his name soon ceased to be mentioned among them.

Six months passed away, and no tidings of Mr. Ballantyne. Fanny had early acquainted her mother with her engagement, and that good lady, placing implicit confidence in the principles and discretion of her daughter, felt assured she would be happy in the lot she had chosen. One may be sure that both began to experience no small degree of anxiety, as the time drew near for its fulfilment, which grew into wonder and conjecture, mingled on the part of Fanny with a flattering hope which she dared not attempt to analyze.

Another month and another was nearly completed, when the whole family were thrown into confusion by a summons to attend the reading of a will, at No. 10 —— street, the residence of the late Mr. James Ballantyne; without having had any previous intimation of that gentleman's death. For the honor of poor human nature, we will not decide what feeling predominated in the bosom of Fanny, as they were conveyed rapidly to the place. It was a spacious room—rich and massive furniture gleamed dimly in the light which struggled faintly through the folds of heavy damask which shrouded every window from ceiling to floor, rendering indistinct the forms and faces of the group who sat in breathless silence awaiting the denouement of this singular scene.

A rattling as of parchment was heard; a dusty roll was unfolded before their eyes, and a sharp voice commenced—

"The last will and testament of Mr. James Ballantyne." (Mrs. Mayberry put her handkerchief to her eyes and sobbed audibly.) "I give and bequeath all my real estate, amounting to the sum of one hundred thousand dollars, to my only lawful heir, Darcy Howard, the son of my deceased sister, on condition," here the reader's voice assumed a higher key; "on condition that said Darcy fulfils on my behalf, a certain matrimonial engagement entered into by me some eight months since, with"—hem! hem! "Fanny Mayberry; on condition, further, that said Fanny agrees to perform scrupulously, a promise she once made to *love, honour*, and *obey*, as a daughter, a certain antiquated gentleman who was so silly as to think she could pronounce them as his wife."

Now we are not going to tell all the particulars of the scene that ensued; how Darcy Howard emerged from a dark corner, and flew to throw himself at Fanny's feet, at the same moment that Mr. James Ballantyne bolted from a curtained recess, laughing heartily at the conceit of hearing his own will read; and how the concussion of the heads of uncle and nephew as they met mid-way, raised bumps unknown in phrenology: nor how Fanny blushed, while Mrs. Mayberry's tears were turned to smiles of joy—but we may tell, that the conditions were accepted, and that about a month later, a happy party assembled round a sumptuous entertainment, prepared in honour of the heir and his beautiful bride.

"Your health, Mrs. Fanny Howard," said Mr. Ballantyne, quaffing a goblet of—*water*, my friends, for aught we know—we would not say *wine* for the world. "Your health, Mrs. Fanny Howard, and I now feel myself amply revenged for the trifling affront you put upon me on a certain occasion. I determined to punish you in my own way, and an opportunity offered, when I discovered that the youngster there was the son of my only sister whom I had long mourned as dead. The resemblance to his mother was so striking that, though I said nothing on our first introduction, I took measures at once to ascertain the truth of my conjecture. Had I met him on his first hasty visit, I might have been spared the little mortification you wot of, Fanny—but being absent at the time, when you mentioned the name, it did not occur to me as one in which I was interested. I saw, too, that he was more likely to win favor in a lady's eyes, than a rusty old bachelor like myself.—Nay, never blush about it, Fanny; a young lover is better than an old one, and it was a sore trial to give up a lad like my nephew there for a grey head like me. But you acted nobly, and a good daughter cannot fail of making a good wife. Heigho! 'Love while the heart is in its prime,' that's the best maxim. And now, children, I hope you will never have occasion to find fault with

"THE BACHELOR'S WILL."

THE FATHERLESS.

BY MRS. ABDY.

Seek not the smiling vale, sweet boy,
  With early wild flowers gay,
Where birds pour forth a song of joy,
  And silvery waters play;
Though violets spring beneath thy feet
  Though blossoms scent the air,
No welcome shall thy presence greet,
  Thy father is not there.

Seek not the room remembered well,
  Where often thou wouldst glide,
Eager thy childish tale to tell,
  Close to thy father's side;
How wouldst thou count his treasured books,
  And praise his pictures rare!
But never shall a father's looks
  Again rejoice thee there.

Some bid thee turn to yonder mound,
  Where mournful yew trees rise,
And tell thee in that hallowed ground
  Thy cherished father lies;
Oh! seek his grave with sorrowing heart,
  Strew it with flow'rets fair,
But 'tis thy father's mortal part
  Alone that moulders there.

He lives above the vaulted skies,
  With spirits pure and kind,
And casts perchance his watchful eyes
  On those he left behind;
May all the counsels he has given,
  May all his pious care,
Aid thee to turn thy thoughts to Heaven,
  And lead thy footsteps there!

Vain, dearest boy, thy earthward gaze,
  Vain thy beseeching sighs,
The guardian of thy infant days
  Can glad not here thine eyes;
Yet still pursue thy search of love
  In faith, in hope, in prayer,
Till thou shalt reach the realms above,
  And meet thy father there.

CAM[illegible] IN ENGLAND

The Young Embroiderer.

BY MRS. LEONARD.

"Will you buy my collar, Miss?" said a pale, meagre-looking girl, apparently about twelve years old, to a bright, joyous young creature, who stood in the door of a fashionable shop, waiting the motions of a lady within. The voice of the pale child was sweet, yet so timid and faltering, that it was heard only by the young girl, who turned her dark expressive eyes upon the shrinking figure before her, and said—

"Where could you get a collar, child, fit for a lady to wear?"

"I worked it, Miss, and may be it is not beautiful enough for such as you—but perhaps you have a mother;" and her mild blue eyes were directed to the lady within.

"You—you worked it!" she exclaimed, with a look of surprise. "And pray, who taught you to embroider collars?"

"My mother, Miss."

"Callahan! Callahan! what pitiable object is that you're talking to?" said the lady within the shop; "do let the street beggars alone, child;—come look at this Mecklin—it is really superb!"

But Callahan was now so entirely engrossed by the little suppliant at the door, that she neither seemed to hear about, or care for the Mecklin. The really beautiful work of this interesting, though extremely miserable looking little girl, surprised her.

"This," said she, "cannot be your work, child."

A deep flush spread over those pale cheeks, and Callahan Clermont was struck with the half pleased, half painful expression of her interesting countenance, as she raised her eyes to hers, and said—

"I speak the truth, Madam."

Callahan turned from her, and laying the collar before the lady at the counter, exclaimed—

"Oh, look at that, Aunt Jarvis!—is it not exactly like French work? How delicate and beautiful those sprigs are—and done, too, by that sickly-looking girl! Do buy it, aunt, it is a picture, and it becomes you so," she continued, placing it on her shoulders. "Oh, you must buy it!"

"O, Callahan, you have not an ounce of discretion! I believe the beggars all know you by sight, for you are always assailed in some way."

"Why, aunt, she has not asked either of us for a cent, and you are not obliged to buy the collar unless you like it; but if you could see how becoming it is, you would buy it, just to please Uncle Jarvis."

"Well, well, child, if she will take a dollar for it."

As Mrs. Jarvis was moving towards the door, her niece sprang before her, saying—

"A dollar, aunt Jarvis! why, the muslin, cotton and thread are worth more than that; don't ask her to take one dollar—offer her five, at least: do, dear aunt, give her five, and take it out of my pocket money."

Though this conversation was all carried on in a low voice, it was heard by a gentleman who stood at the opposite counter, buying a pair of gloves.

"I wish I could teach you a little prudence, Callahan," said Mrs. Jarvis, drawing herself in a very stately attitude as she advanced to the door; "the child has stolen the collar, I dare say."

The poor little girl heard the accusation, and casting a mournful glance on the beautiful pleader, who stood half hid behind her aunt, her cheeks glowing with disappointment and mortification, she took the collar from Mrs. Jarvis, and walked hastily away, without speaking.

"Poor little thing, how disappointed she looked! I am sure she is no common beggar!" Her voice trembled, and her eyes filled with tears. Bending out of the door, as much to conceal them as look after the child, she murmured, half aloud, "I wish I was a woman."

"And so do I," said the gentleman, as he passed rapidly from the shop, and followed the little girl, whom he soon reached. She was wiping the tears from her sunken cheeks with her tattered frock.

"Why do you weep, little one?" said the gentleman in a soothing tone, walking beside her.

She looked up and attempted to speak, but the tears flowed afresh, and she could only sob out, "the lady called me a *thief*!"

"Better to be called one than to be one, child, for God knows your heart; but you are very young, and seem very poor—too poor to have such rich work to dispose of. Have you no friend to sell it for you?"

"A friend, sir? no—we are very poor, and Jenny says that it is only the rich who don't care for them that have friends."

"And who is Jenny?"

"A poor black woman, that takes as good care of us as she can, but there are four of us, and I am the oldest. Indeed, sir, I am willing to work, though the children, with whom I have no wish or time to play, call me the proud, lazy, little would-be lady, living with a nigger. I am not able to labor, and if I *could* sell my collar now, I should be so happy; for—for—we have not money enough to"—

She stopped—hesitated—her lips trembled, and the big tears rolled down her cheeks.

"Let me have the collar, child; and there are five dollars, the price fixed on it by the generous young girl in the shop, who wished to buy it so much. Is that enough?"

"Oh, more, sir, more; three dollars would be all I hoped, all I ever expected."

She pressed the hand of the gentleman to her lips, when he gave back the bill to her, and saying, "You have made me so happy!" darted away before he had time to ask her name, or follow her.

The next morning the light-hearted and sweet-tempered Callahan Clermont stood beside her uncle, pleading for a larger allowance of pocket-money. He smiled on her, and said, as he patted her glowing cheek—

"Why, child, what can you do with it? You have now every thing you can wish for. Shelves full of books, new music, flowers, birds, and all kinds of gew-gaws—and, indeed, every thing a child can desire."

"Why, uncle, you forget that I am not a child now; why, do you know that I am almost fifteen? and see, I am quite up to your neck! Double my allowance, dear uncle, and see how prudent I will be. I will put down every thing I spend, even to a penny whistle, if I should buy one, and if there is one thing in it unnecessary for me, one improper charge, I will repay you out of the next quarter. Is not that a fair bargain, uncle? Do try me, for I have not had a cent to spend this whole week. Will you try me, uncle?" and she threw her arms round his neck, and looked so coaxingly in his face, that he [illegible] it difficult to refuse her; but he said—

"I must consult your Aunt Jarvis first; she knows better than I do how much you require."

"Oh, no, no!—pray don't consult my aunt, for she says I have not an ounce of *discretion*. If that is the case, it is a great pity that I am fair!"

"Why so, child?"

"Because, Solomon, who was the wisest man that ever lived, you know, says that a fair woman without discretion, is like a jewel of gold in a swine's snout."

Mr. Jarvis laughed, called her a little rogue, and asked what she wished for so much just now, that required such an increase of funds.

"Various things, uncle; one is a collar—"

"What, a collar and bells to play the fool with, or collar and bridle to hold you in with, fly away!"—for she had bounded away to turn over the letters and

She laughed and replied, "Neither of those, sir, but a muslin collar for the neck."

She then narrated in her own animated and touching manner, the events of the preceding day, the mortification and disappointment she felt; her wish to be a woman, and the rejoinder of the gentleman.—Mr. Jarvis listened with delight to the artless recital, and asked how she could expect to find the child again, in such a city as New York.

"Oh, I shall see her uncle, and I should know her among a thousand. I felt so sorry yesterday, when the little girl walked away, that I do believe I should have run after her, and put all my rings in her hand, had I not *feared* that Aunt Jarvis would have sent the shop boy after me; and the little girl would have been terrified with the belief that we were chasing her for a thief. The look she cast on me haunts me now, it said so plainly—'When you are so happy, how can you trample on a poor sufferer like me.' I had rather have had five dollars yesterday than ten to-day; and it seems almost wrong to be so happy, when I think of the poor little girl, with her pleading innocent looks; her meagre form, and tattered garments; and hope I shall never be without money again. I did want that collar so much, uncle. I suppose Aunt Jarvis was discreet and wise and may be I shall be when I am old—"

"Here," said Mr. Jarvis, turning over the letters and papers which Callahan had begun to examine, "here is a packet, directed to Miss Clermont—quite a large one, too, do you know the hand, Callahan?"

"Oh, I suppose it is new music from my music master." She opened it, and, to her utter amazement, the little girl's collar fell at her feet. "Well, this is magic," exclaimed Callahan; "see here, uncle, the very collar—yes, the very one, for here is the paper that I tore when I opened it. Did you buy it for me, uncle, or did Aunt Jarvis? Oh, yes, it was Aunt Jarvis, after all. She sent Peter to find her,—what a naughty girl I was to think she was cross. I will run and ask her pardon, for I was certainly very unjust."

As she was bounding away to acknowledge, and ask pardon for her injustice, her uncle called her back, saying, "Here, here, Callahan, you did not see the lines on the envelope. I think they will unravel the mystery—'To the kind-hearted girl who yesterday wished herself a woman; that she may retain the same warm, generous feelings that now throb in her guileless breast when she becomes one, is the wish of the Donor.'"

"The gentleman in black followed her then, and bought it—how I envy him: how I wish I knew him—for he could tell me all about the little girl, I dare say. Oh, you must help me to find him out, uncle."

"Well, describe him to me, dear."

"Now, let me think," replied Callahan, putting her hand to her brow, "he is tall and slender, dresses in black, and walks very quick, his voice is uncommonly fine, and I suppose he is handsome—but I did not see his face, uncle, for I only looked at him as he walked away."

Mr. Jarvis laughed, and said, "You will be an excellent hand to find him out, without knowing his name or his looks; but, never mind, you have the much desired collar, and now you won't care for the double allowance."

"Oh, yes, I shall, uncle, and you will give it to me, I know,—and to-morrow I shall come to you for it, and now I must leave you, for Mr. Carter is coming up the steps with an armful of new music, and I shall be practising for an hour or two."

Weeks passed, and Callahan saw nothing of the little collar girl, as she called her; though her aunt said she needed leading strings, for she was starting off after every little ragged child she saw, and once, actually ran into a sailor boarding house because a little ragged girl went in a minute before.

Mr. Jarvis laughed at her, and asked why she did not look out for the tall gentleman in black.

Mrs. Jarvis continued, "you had better give it up, Callahan, for you have worn the collar, and been to Mr. Bushwell's store, until they begin to smile when we come in. He knows no more about the tall gentleman, or the little beggar, than we do, for I asked him. 'A gentleman one day inquired the name of my niece,' he said, but he did not observe his looks, or know his name. Now give it all up, child, and run after no more beggars, and look no more after tall gentlemen that wear black. It looks so much like a child, and is so unlady-like."

"Well, I am only a little girl, you know, auntee; no one expects me to be wise and discreet, like you, and walk along soberly, and look *dignified*; it would make me ache, indeed it would, Aunt Jarvis."

"You are tall and look quite like a woman in the street, Callahan, and who can tell whether you are fourteen or twenty, if you behave like a lady?"

"Well, I will try to please you when we walk out again. I despair of seeing the little girl, or the tall gentleman in black; and will endeavor to forget them."

A few weeks after this conversation, the family were invited to celebrate the birth-day of an acquaintance that lived about a mile from the city. It was a lovely, rural spot, and great preparation had been made to make the fete agreeable. Callahan was full of bright anticipations; and nothing could be more lovely, than her sweet, happy face, dimpled with health and good humor; she knew she was beautiful, but her own good sense, and the instructions of a pious grandmother, had taught her that beauty would neither make her happy nor useful, that it might attract admirers, but would never gain for her a single friend. Callahan had been the sole care of this intelligent and highly gifted woman until her thirteenth year, when her death caused the removal of the sorrowing girl to her uncle's care, around whose heart she had entwined herself, until he thought of her only as his child, for he often said he would sooner part with his wealth than his lovely little playmate and pet.

The great charm of Callahan Clermont was her disinterested, cheerful temper. No one ever heard her speak an ill-natured word, for disappointments did not make her petulent. She was full of kind and generous feelings, with a reverence for God, which had been so strongly impressed upon her youthful mind, that it still influenced her conduct, though she was not in a family who would increase that reverence, or who would build on the foundation which her good grandmother had laid.

Mrs. Jarvis was a fashionable church woman; strongly attached to the forms and ceremonies of her own church, and strict in her observance of them. In her opinion, the performance of these duties gave her a claim to the title of Christian—which title we must leave her to enjoy, as our story is about the young and for the young.

Callahan was most tenderly attached to her grandmother, though she was old and had a deformed face, that made her anything but agreeable to the eyes, but her intelligence, her goodness, and the peculiar sweetness of her manners, attracted and attached those who were not repelled by roughness of feature.

Callahan was overwhelmed with grief at her loss, and Mrs. Jarvis was amazed to see the child really pine for her deformed grandmother, amid all the elegancies of her own splendid establishment, and the varied amusements of the city. To divert her from melancholy thoughts, they took her to Niagara, and spent several months travelling—but it was long before she could enter with spirit into anything like recreation. Now she was the life of the house; every being in it, from the master to the lowest dependant, smiled at her approach, and all who served her, did it with the light foot of alacrity. Thus cherished, and thus educated, the fair girl bounded into life, like some bright vision of hope and joy, that adversity must pass by in her cheerless round.

But to return to our story.—At the fete, Callahan was like an uncaged bird, and as she roamed through the grounds, or climbed the hills in the neighborhood, her full heart sparkled in her eyes, or gushed forth in song, until the very birds seemed animated with her joyousness. Exhausted at last, she proposed to her young companions that they should all separate in opposite directions, and seek some solitary spot, to rest in or to ramble, according to their own taste or humour. They agreed: and Callahan sprung for the brook, the course of which she followed until she found herself in a thick grove of *dwarf* willows, near which was a large patch of osiers for baskets.

"This," said she, throwing herself on the bank by the brook—"this is the very spot I wished to find."

We will leave our favorite to rest, and return to the drawing room of Mrs. Morris, where all the company assembled before sunset, except Callahan; but the sun sunk behind the hills, and twilight was deepening, and still she came not. Mr. Jarvis, beginning to be alarmed, was preparing to seek for her, when she entered the room, pale, and apparently exhausted, her feet covered with dust, and her eyes still moist with tears. Her uncle drew her to the window, apart from the company, and begged to know where she had been and what troubled her so much.

"Oh! uncle," she replied, "I have found her: and heard such a tale of woe."

"Found whom, my child?"

"The little collar girl, uncle."

"Oh, well, I am glad of it, and now brighten up, for see, Mrs. Morris' guests for the evening are already assembling—and it will not accord with the festive occasion to wear a face of gloom."

"I hear the voice of Mrs. Le Ray," said Mrs. Jarvis, who had followed her husband; "and really, Callahan, I should be excessively *mortified*, to have her, or Miss Le Ray, or even William, see you in such a plight. Your hair is all in *disorder*—your cape on one shoulder—your shoes *covered* with dust, and your face almost as white as your frock. I wish the collar girl had been in the Red Sea, or anywhere, that you should not have been plagued with her at this time: do run out the side door, that's a good child, and go into the chamber and arrange your dress—hasten, hasten, they are coming in."

Callahan moved quietly away to obey her aunt, though she sighed *deeply*, for her young heart was full. The splendour, the bustle, and the gaiety around her, contrasted so strongly with the scene of misery she had just left, that it was long before she could compose her feelings, though her dress was soon arranged; it was, she found, quite difficult to dress her face in smiles,—but she succeeded, and descended to the drawing room as bright and as beautiful, as even her aunt could desire. She was still pale, it is true, and there was occasionally, during the evening, a shade of melancholy in her dark, expressive eyes, and a look of thought and care, unusual for one so buoyant and playful. She declined dancing on the plea of fatigue—and her uncle, observing her occasional thoughtfulness, retired early. As they took the young ladies home in their carriage, the conversation was general: but when they were alone in their own parlour, Mr. Jarvis drew Callahan to his side, and kissing her pale cheek, said—

"What has sobered you so much, my darling? Open that little heart, for I see it is full to overflowing."

"Well, sit down, uncle, for I have a long story to tell you."

"Then make it a short one, dear, or wait until morning, for it is late now, and you ought to be in bed."

"Oh, I cannot sleep, uncle, until I tell you all about the poor little collar girl. I wandered a great way from the house in search of a quiet spot, and saw the little girl—whose name is Clara Moreton—gathering osiers for baskets. Delighted beyond measure at finding her, and determined now, to know all about her and the family, I insisted on accompanying her home, though the humble little creature told me it was no place for such a lady—that I should be ashamed to go in; when I got there. But this only increased my desire to go, and we set off together.—She led me through cross streets and by lanes, and reached at last, a miserable, dark, shattered looking building, in the cellar kitchen of which, these four children were sheltered, and barely kept from starving by Jenny, a black woman—their only friend. On a small cot, the only bed or resting place in their possession, fit for a human being, lay the sister of Clara, a child of ten years. She turned her languid eyes upon us when we entered, a slight colour tinged her pale cheek—she stretched out her hand, and said in a feeble voice—

"'I am so glad you come back so soon, sister; did you bring me the flowers?'

"Clara kissed her, and said—'No, dear, but I have brought you something better. This is the kind young lady I told you about a great while ago; had you rather not see her and hear her gentle voice, than to have any thing that I could bring you, Marion?'

"The child nodded, and cast a timid glance upon me as I approached the bed, but I could scarcely restrain my feelings sufficiently to speak cheerfully to the little sufferer, when I looked round upon the dreary, comfortless, [illegible]. Without one article of furniture—save the bed, a bench, and chest—by which the black stood washing. Oh, uncle, why are some so poor and others so rich?"

"That is a difficult question to answer, Callahan—so go on with your tale of sorrow."

"While I stood trembling with emotion by the bed, a little ragged boy came in with a basket of matches on his arm, saying—

"'I am so tired and hungry, Jenny, that I can't stay any longer: nobody will buy to-day, say what I will.'

"He shrunk back when he noticed me, and stood behind his sister."

"'Never mind, child,' said Jenny, 'there is something to eat,' and what do you think it was, uncle?"

"Black bread, I suppose, dear."

"Nothing but a potatoe; they had no bread uncle," said Callahan, her eyes filling with tears, and her voice tremulous with emotion. "No, they had none, and for weeks they had not tasted either bread or meat."

There was a moment's pause, but Callahan dashed away the tears from her drooping lids, and continued.

"Amazed at the contrast of their situation and manners, I asked how they had become so very poor. Jenny said, in a low tone, 'Their father died a drunkard!' and then continued, in a louder one—'We have all seen a better home than this; but God, who knows what is best for us, has seen fit "to visit the sins of the father on the children." Alack a day, Miss, there was a time when the blessed mother of these children was as beautiful and as much cared for as you be; and she was only brought from our own happy England, to have her tender heart broken.—But she has gone to her God and Father, and but for these helpless babes, I should rejoice to follow her.' She told me, before I left, their whole history; and lovely indeed did the gentle, tender, affectionate Clara appear, as she detailed her various efforts for their support; the care she took of her sick sister, for whom she deprived herself of even her scanty allowance, and often went for a whole day without food, that she might procure for the dying child some little dainty.

"And now, uncle, I shall surprise you. Do you remember the clergyman who was so very polite to us, when our carriage broke down on the road to Niagara?"

"Yes, perfectly—though I did not admire him much; his breath smelt too strong of brandy. But his wife was a most lovely being."

"She was, indeed, uncle; and looked to me just like the lilies that were drooping in her own vases; and her gentle manners, and sweet voice, reminded me so much of my own beloved grandmother, whose ways were just so loving and affectionate."

"I, too, remember the beautiful English lady," observed Mrs. Jarvis, "and thought her children uncommonly handsome and well behaved, particularly the eldest, though her face had a mournful expression."

"Aunt Jarvis, that child is the little collar girl, Clara Moreton!"

"Is it possible! Well, she is amazingly changed. I never should have known her."

"I suppose, aunt, that sickness, suffering and poverty would change any of us just as much; and me, I am sure, it would have killed outright. But Clara Moreton is a Christian child, or she could not bear, with such uncomplaining gentleness, the misery God has seen fit to put upon her. She bends to the storm like the violet, and when I think of her, toiling day after day in that miserable cellar, with scarcely light enough to thread her needle, I look around me and ask myself why I am so loved, and cherished, when I am not any better than she is, and not half as useful!"

"We will not talk about that now, dear. Tell me how Parson Moreton's family came in New York?"

"He was turned out of his beautiful home (the parsonage) because he was a drunkard. His conduct broke his lovely wife's heart. After his dismissal, and her death, the cruel man gave himself up entirely to his degrading appetite, and was often in bed for days together. The deacons, and other good men in the church, followed him up, and did all in their power to rouse him from this dreadful state, to the care of his children. Angry at their interference, and determined to get rid of them, he took his family to New York. Fortunately, the kind-hearted Jenny accompanied them, for in a few weeks they had no other friend. Mr. Moreton's intemperance killed him, and it was to bury that cruel father that Clara was in such distress to sell her work. Had her unkind parent remained in the village where she was born, and where her mother was all but idolized, they would all have been protected and cherished; for during their mother's illness, the nicest fruits, and choicest wines, the most delicate food, and every attention, was lavished upon her. Two ladies wished to take the two eldest children, but Mr. Moreton would not consent to leave them, because he had determined to take them all to England the first good opportunity. Without a cent to help themselves—without a friend to advise—without any dependence but Jenny, they have struggled on until now. Will you let them suffer any longer, dear uncle? I know you will not. I will take all my allowance and you will add"—

Callahan stopped, looked earnestly in her uncle's face, saw the kind expression of his benevolent countenance, and continued—"just what you please."

"They shall be cared for, my child; now go to bed, and rest in peace—for you have been so much excited that your very lips are pale. Good night."

The limits of a story will not allow me to say much of the change of habitation, or the gratitude of the orphans, nor is it necessary: every one that has a heart, can imagine it, as well as the joy of the generous, warm-hearted Callahan, who had, by her unwearied energy and disinterested kindness, raised the drooping spirits and cheered the sinking hearts of the orphans.

It is by such deeds as these, that the young obtain a right to be gay and joyous. The mere flush of feeling, from the glow of health and animal spirits, though becoming and agreeable, is but the same emotion that fills the bosom of the antelope, when he bounds over the plains, and scarce shakes the dew from the spring flowers, with his nimble feet.

But when the heart glows with disinterested love to God's creatures—when the young bosom beats with noble and generous sentiments, the eye is lighted with a beam divine, that will give expression to the dullest orbs, and the plainest countenance will wear a smile of almost seraphic beauty.

Callahan's charity was a steady glow, not a spasmodic affection—she spent all her liberal allowance in furnishing the two comfortable rooms her uncle Jarvis hired for them. A year passed, and still the kind-hearted Callahan aided and encouraged by her bounty and her patronage, the three orphans—for the little Marion died in a few weeks after their removal, happy in the belief that Clara had found a friend that would not forsake her.

The little pale, half-starved collar girl was changed by the fostering hand of kindness, into a lovely, interesting, and grateful friend—for whom Callahan felt a sincere and strong attachment. She did not introduce her to her large circle of fashionable acquaintances—not because she considered her an inferior, for in many respects, Callahan felt that she was decidedly superior to most of them. Her education was one of rare excellence, and her mind by no means a common one. With the Bible (which was the treasury from which she gleaned) she was perfectly familiar—and Callahan felt that her bounty had been more than repaid by the knowledge of God and His works and ways, she had obtained from this lovely, pious young creature.

Callahan, now just sixteen, was beginning to feel that she was no longer a child, and most anxious to think occasionally about dignity and elegance of manners, of which she had heard so much, and thought so little. She had for many months taken upon herself the disposal of all Clara's work, and was often called by her young friends the "Lady Patroness."

One morning she was in a fashionable store with a pelerine cape Clara had just finished, and while she was telling Mr. Laborde that he must get fifteen dollars for it, as it was embroidered by a protege of hers whose work was quite the ton, a gentleman, who stood near, looked earnestly at her, and then said in a low voice—

"The fair girl is changed into the *Lady Patroness*, and sighs no more to be a woman."

Callahan turned to the speaker—his fine expressive eyes were fixed upon her face. She blushed deeply and attempted to speak, but her voice faltered, and she hesitated—he smiled, bowed, and left the shop. The year before, she would have caught him by the hand, thanked him for his kindness to her protege, and asked his name—but now the timid delicacy of the woman restrained the warm gush of girlish delight, and she saw him depart without even asking Mr. Lalonde who he was—though she looked from the door as he crossed the street, and followed him with her eyes until he entered the house of the British Consul.

Callahan hastened home and told of her meeting with the tall gentleman in black. Her uncle said rather archly—

"I think, Callahan, you will not find it difficult now, to tell me his complexion, and even the colour of his eyes and hair."

"Indeed you are mistaken, uncle," replied Callahan, blushing, though she knew not why. "I only know that he has large, dark, expressive eyes—is quite tall, and still dresses in black."

The next day, while Mr. Jarvis was reading the papers, with his niece beside him, he exclaimed—

"O! ho! what is here? Why, Callahan, lay down your book, and listen to this—'If there are any of the heirs now living of Mrs. Moreton, formerly Marion Ellandon, who can prove their claim to that title, they will find, at the office of the British Consul, papers and letters inviting them to England, to take possession of the fine estate and title of Frederick Baron Ellandon, their uncle in the third degree.'"

Callahan jumped up, clapped her hands, caught up the paper, read it all over again very rapidly—danced round her uncle, and then ran to the stairs, calling loudly to her aunt, who came running down, exclaiming—

"What's the matter?—what's the matter?"

Callahan was putting on her bonnet when Mrs. Jarvis entered the room; she ran to her, saying—

"Only think of it. Clara is an heiress, and little Fred, Baron Ellandon. Oh, I am so delighted, I cannot wait to say a word—there it is all in the papers."

"Is that all you have been making such a fuss about? Why you silly child, you could not be more pleased if it was yourself."

"No indeed, auntee, I am sure I could *not*—for I have *now all* I want or wish for." And away she bounded as happy as she expected to make the little trio.

"I do think, Mr. Jarvis, you indulge your niece almost too much—she does not restrain her feelings at all—how wild with joy she looks, and see how she skips along the walk; I am really afraid she will knock some one over, she moves so rapidly."

"Have no fears for Callahan, my dear wife. With a heart that overflows with love and good will to all around, whose happiness seems but the reflection of others' joy, how can she be too much indulged? I love to watch the growth and expansion of such a mind and heart, and most sincerely pray that nothing will happen to blight the fair promise she gives of superior excellence. There are but few, I fear, that possess a heart like Callahan's."

"She is a good girl, I know, Mr. Jarvis, though I think she is rather too wild for a young lady; you forget that she has passed sixteen."

"Well, my dear, sixteen is mere nothing to sixty. Her manners, though frank and easy, are never rude nor rough, and I would not exchange my bonny niece, with her heart of love, and her smile of gladness, for anybody's niece in the whole world. I hope the dear girl will be the first to communicate the joyful tidings; it is a pleasure she richly deserves, and one that even an angel might covet."

But we must follow the affectionate girl to the humble abode of her friend, which she entered with a smile of delight, and clasping Clara to her bosom, exclaimed—

"Oh, I am so happy I can scarcely speak. I have such news for you all!"

"What can it be that can add so much to your happiness, dear Miss Callahan?" said Clara, in a gentle tone, though she looked with surprise on her flushed cheeks. "I thought you was as happy as mortal could be. But sit *down*, and let me know this new joy."

Callahan put the paper in her hand, pointed to the paragraph, and then observed, "It is for you that I *rejoice*."

Clara read it, raised her eyes to heaven, and said, with a trembling voice, "Oh my mother, and my gentle Marion, could you have shared it with us! But God is good—they are happy."

"Yes, dearest Clara, they are happy and so you will be, when you reflect on the good you can do—the happiness you can confer. You can be to others what I have been to you, a friend and comforter."

"True, true, dear Callahan, you shall be my model; and I hope I shall know how to use God's gifts as well as you have. But what is to be done? I know nothing about the Consul, nor indeed anything about business; you must direct me."

Callahan, with an energy and promptness that would have done credit to an older head, arranged every thing: and when certificates, letters, and proofs of every kind were collected, satisfied there was nothing wanted to establish their identity, she took Clara with her in a carriage to her uncle's, who readily accompanied them to the Consul's.—What passed there, it is not necessary to relate. It is sufficient for our purpose to know, that the claims of these poor orphans were established, and they were the acknowledged heirs of Frederick Baron Ellandon. The little match boy, who stood, day after day, with his basket on his arm, and his bare feet knocking against the stones to warm them, when the morning air was chilly—and whose eyes were often dimmed with disappointment as he walked round and round in vain for purchasers—this poor little ragged urchin was an English Baron.

While the Consul was congratulating the gentle Clara on her good fortune, a gentleman entered without ceremony whom he addressed as Harry. The gentleman was retiring hastily, but catching a glimpse of the group, he stepped forward, bowed, and advanced to Mr. Jarvis—

"By what lucky chance, my dear sir, do I meet you in my uncle's office, when I have sought you every time I came to the city, in your own house, without success?"

"Mr. Mr. Russell, I have never seen your card, or heard of your calling."

"You live in Broadway, I believe?"

"O no, that is a distant relation of mine of the same name."

"Ah, that accounts for your not hearing of my calls."

Clara's face was crimson when Mr. Russell's eye met hers, and he advanced to give her his hand.

"Sure," said he, "I have seen this face before?"

"You have, indeed, sir; for you are the good Samaritan, who did not pass by on the other side, but stopped to pour oil and wine into my wounded heart."

Mr. Russell shook her hand most cordially, [illegible] of her good fortune with a smile of satisfaction, and then turning to Callahan, said—

"And this young lady and I are old acquaintances, I believe, though I fear we shall not be half as good *friends*, as if she were still wishing herself a woman?"

"O ho! so this Harry Russell, whose mother was a particular friend of mine, is your tall gentleman in black, Callahan?

"I heard you was studying Divinity somewhere in the neighborhood of the city, Harry, and often wondered you did not come to see me, for your mother's sake, if not for the old times when I used to bring you sugar plums and marbles. But I move that we all adjourn to my house and dine together."

"An excellent move, I think," replied Mr. Russell, "as I have much to say to you all—particularly to my two young friends."

There was a happy party assembled at the dinner table of the hospitable Mr. Jarvis. Callahan moved round among them like the good genius of the house. They separated late in the evening. Mr. Russell advanced to Callahan when he said good-night, and begged her to allow him still to be her almoner.

"I was not aware, Mr. Russell, that you ever officiated in that office," said Callahan, half laughing.

"Why, have you forgotten already, Miss Clermont, that I was but your almoner when I bought the collar?"

"A most convenient and most profitable one I must call you, Mr. Russell; since you not only *do* the business but provide the means. Oh, you shall have the title, most assuredly. And I will endeavor to pick up a title for myself, as I am stript of all mine: I am no longer the 'fair girl sighing to be a woman,' or the 'lady patroness,' for my only protege turns out to be the greater lady of the two."

"I think, Miss Clermont, you have a fair claim to a title; for I discovered the first time I saw you that you was of noble blood."

Callahan blushed, and turned to Clara, saying—"Mr. Russell thinks he is speaking to you."

"No, my dear Miss Callahan. I understand him perfectly, and it reminds me of what I have often heard from the lips of my beloved mother, when her far off relationship to a noble man was mentioned in her presence—'That nobility of soul was the only nobility worth possessing.'"

"I thank you, Miss Clara; my meaning exactly. And now, good-night. To-morrow I shall call for particular directions from you, Miss Clermont, and a regular installation into office."

"That's right, Harry," said Mr. Jarvis; "come to-morrow, and next day, and just when you like. I shall always be glad to see Lucy Lyman's son, while he is worthy of such a mother."

I will only observe in closing my tale, that it was written for events which really took place; and that I may, if occasion should require, finish the account of Callahan and Clara, who were not separated again until the family sailed for England, as Mr. Jarvis took them all to his own house, and made the necessary preparations for their voyage.

ZUMA;

Or, The Peruvian Secret.

A FREE TRANSLATION FROM THE FRENCH OF MADAME DE GENLIS,

BY ALBERT ROLAND.

Towards the middle of the seventeenth century the animosity of the Peruvian Indians against the Spaniards, continued to exist in all its bitterness.—They were subjugated, but not subdued, and their conquerors maintained dominion over them by force of terror alone. The remembrance of the cruelty of their vanquishers, at the time of the conquest, was but too faithfully preserved from generation to generation; and the present treatment of their oppressors was little calculated to extinguish their hatred. The viceroy then in power, was one of the most heartless wretches that had ever been placed in authority over them. He stopped at the commission of no crime to accomplish his vile purposes. Under his command was a secretary who, moved to every act by an insatiable cupidity, was even more intensely hated than the viceroy himself. This secretary, at about the period of which we write, died suddenly, in horrible agony, with all the symptoms of having been poisoned. A rigorous search was made for the perpetrators of the deed, but not the slightest trace of them could be discovered. This occurrence caused much consternation amongst the Spaniards, as it was not the first crime of the kind of which the Indians had been suspected. It was generally believed that they were in possession of the most deadly poisons, and had, more than once, made use of them; but neither the torture nor the fear of death itself, which had several times been inflicted upon the mere suspicion of the crime, could elicit any confessions from them.

This viceroy was, shortly after, recalled, and the Count Chinchon named as his successor. The Count was in the prime of life and possessed all those virtues and amiable qualities which are so attractive—

he had just married, and the warmest affection existed between his wife and himself. The Countess wished to follow her husband to Lima, but, fearing to expose her to the hatred and perfidy of the Indians, he begged her, notwithstanding the great pain which a separation would cause him, to remain behind, at least until he could become acquainted with the habits of the Indians. The Countess was dreadfully alarmed at the thought of the exposure of her husband to the animosity of these revengeful savages. Her terror was heightened by the relations of the former viceroy, who represented the Indians as vile slaves, who, though apparently obedient, and ever attached to their masters, were capable of plotting in secret the blackest and most criminal designs against them. He told also the surprising and almost inconceivable subtlety of the poisons of these countries, and represented things in such a terrible light, that the Countess determined to accompany her husband and to watch over him with all the precautions of fear and all the vigilance of love. She took with her some Spanish ladies to compose her court at Lima, among whom was one of her oldest and most intimate friends. Beatrice was little older than the Countess, but her attachment to her was maternal; she had made every effort to persuade her friend to remain at Madrid, for a time, at least, but finding herself unsuccessful, determined to accompany her.

The Indians, however much delighted at the removal of the late viceroy, were not better disposed towards his successor. He was a Spaniard and must consequently be avaricious and tyrannical. It was in vain that they were told of his humanity, gentleness and justice. "He is a Spaniard!" said they, amongst themselves, and in this word was expressed all their *deepest* hatred. The Indians had not yet felt the softening influences of religion. The teachings of those who pretended so much sympathy for the poor savages were confined to the display of a few external rites, without any attempt being made to instil into their minds, the sublime principles of the Christian faith. Besides, the grasping avarice and flagrant injustice of their conquerors and teachers, accorded but illy with the doctrines by which they professed to be guided. The consequence was that the Indians hated the religion of their vanquishers as much as they hated the Spaniards themselves, and still preserved, secretly, ancient superstitions and idolatrous worship.

The Indians, since the conquest, had exercised a secret and quiet vengeance, which was little suspected by their oppressors. They had been compelled to yield to the Spaniards all the gold and diamonds of the New World, but they concealed treasures a thousand times more precious and useful. They alone were acquainted with the most efficient antidotes and remedies which Providence had supplied to preserve them against the evils of their country.

One of the greatest obstacles in the way of the conquest of the *New World*, was formed by those dreadful diseases for which the Peruvian bark has since become known to the European world as a specific remedy. At the approach of Autumn, the fevers produced by the miasmata emanating from their marshes, swept away great numbers of the white men, baffling the medicine and skill of their physicians. It was observed that the Indians uniformly escaped the fatal consequences of these dreadful diseases, and this exemption was attributed to their acclimation. But this was not the true reason; they had discovered the salutary properties of the Peruvian bark, but had entered into a solemn compact to preserve this knowledge from the Spaniards, not only to gratify the revengeful feelings they entertained toward them, but in the hope also, that these men would be finally driven out of the country by the insalubrity of the climate.

Notwithstanding the rigorous slavery to which the Indians were subjected, a kind of secret union was still maintained amongst them. Chiefs were appointed whose duty consisted in assembling them on certain occasions, for the purpose of worshipping the sun, of renewing their oaths, and designating victims amongst their enemies. Most of them, with the exception of those employed about the palace of the viceroy, found frequent opportunities of meeting, at night, in places amongst the mountains, deemed inaccessible by the Europeans. At this time their supreme leader, for they had many, was named Xenico. Soured by the misfortunes of his countrymen, and particular injustice, his soul, naturally great and generous, had long been closed against any gentle and tender emotions. A deep indignation, founded as it seemed to him upon the most righteous principles, had, at last, rendered him fierce and barbarous in the highest degree. The base and cowardly employment of poisons was, however, entirely repugnant to his nature; he had never descended to this terrible means of vengeance, and had always interdicted its use among those over whom he had charge. Xenico had an only son, named Mirvain, whom he devotedly loved, and into whose breast he had instilled a part of his hatred toward the Spaniards. Mirvain, young, handsome and generous, three years before the period at which our story commences, had been married to Zuma, one of the most beautiful of the Indian females in the neighborhood of Lima. Zuma, as gentle and sensible as she was lovely, constituted the happiness of her husband and lived but for him and her child.

Another chief, Azan, had, next to Xenico, the greatest ascendency over the Indians. Azan was violent and cruel, and no natural virtue tempered in him the deep hatred with which he was always animated.— The two chiefs were of illustrious origin, and boasted of having descended from the royal race of the great Incas.

Some days before the arrival of the new viceroy, Xenico convoked a nocturnal meeting upon the hill of the tree of health, as that from which the substance known as Peruvian bark is taken, was called by them. When they had assembled:

"Friends," said he, "a new tyrant comes to rule over us; let us renew our oaths of a just vengeance. Alas! we are able to pronounce them only in the darkness. Unfortunate children of the sun! we are forced to envelope ourselves in the shades of the night! Let us now, around the tree of health, repeat the terrible formula to hide forever its properties from the white man."

Xenico then in an elevated voice, with a firm tone, repeated the following oath:

"We swear never to reveal to the children of Europe, the divine virtues of this sacred tree,—the only wealth remaining in our possession! Woe to the Indian, faithless and perjured, who, seduced by a false appearance of virtue, by fear or weakness, reveals this secret to the destroyers of his gods, and of the sovereigns of his country. Woe to the coward who gives this treasure to the barbarians who rule over us, whose ancestors have burnt our temples and cities, overrun our fields, and whose hands have been bathed in the blood of our fathers. Let them keep the gold they have torn from us, the desire for which is so insatiable and which has cost them so many crimes; but let us, at least, keep this gift of Heaven. If a traitor is ever found amongst us, we swear to pursue him to extermination, be he our father, our brother, or our son. We swear, that if he be engaged in the ties of marriage that we will destroy his wife and children, if they have not been his denunciators; if his children are in the cradle, to immolate them, that his culpable race may be extinguished. Friends do you all, in the depths of your souls, agree to these fearful oaths, which have been left us by our fathers, and which have been already so often repeated?"

"Yes, yes!" cried the Indians together, "we pronounce all these imprecations against whomsoever shall betray this secret. We swear to guard it with an inviolable fidelity, and to suffer the most frightful torments, even death itself, rather than reveal it."

"Remember!" cried the ferocious Azan, "remember, that in the first years of our servitude, thousands of Indians were put to the most horrible tortures—but none wished to save himself by betraying a secret which our fathers have guarded for more than two hundred years. What punishment is terrible enough, then, for him who can betray us? I swear, further, that if there exist amongst us an Indian capable of becoming such a traitor, he shall die by my hand alone; and if he have a wife, with children at the breast, I will sacrifice all."

This fierce avowal was not made without design. Azan hated young Mirvain, the son of Ximeo, not only because he did not exhibit a sufficient degree of animosity against the Spaniards, but because Mirvain, the adored husband of the beautiful Zuma, and father of a lovely boy, was happy; and the wicked are always envious of the felicity of others.

"Azan," replied Mirvain, "every one may be faithful to his oath without exhibiting your ferocity.— Your menaces are unnecessary and useless, for there is no one amongst us capable of becoming perjured. But it is not necessary that there should be a traitor to pursue or a crime to punish, to render you a barbarian, in your feelings and desires."

Azan, much irritated, was about to reply, when Ximeo, who foresaw an angry and violent dispute, representing the imprudence of prolonging these clandestine meetings, ordered all to retire.

The Indians, obliged to dissimulate, always preserved the appearance of respect and submission. A numerous company of young Indian girls awaited the arrival of the Countess at the gates of Lima, strewing flowers in her path. Zuma was at their head, and the Countess was so much struck with her beauty, and the grace and sweetness of her manner, that she desired to have her amongst the Indians who were employed in the palace. The Countess soon became attached to Zuma, and engaged her in the service of her chamber, and about her person. This favor seemed to Beatrice, the friend of the Countess, a great imprudence; for her imagination was so blackened by the terrible stories she had heard of the perfidy of the Indians, that, in spite of the natural generosity of her character, she gave herself up to all the sinister fears and dark suspicions with which distrust fills us. But she was excusable; it was for her friend, and not for herself that she feared: and she saw, with a troubled heart, this friendship of the Countess for an Indian female. The women of the Countess, who were extremely jealous of the new favorite, took advantage of this weakness of Beatrice, to increase her prejudice against Zuma; they said the Indian was [illegible] dissimulating, ambitious, presuming upon her beauty; and that, far from really feeling the love she pretended for the Countess, she detested all the Spaniards. Although Beatrice did not credit everything that was told her, their calumnies had the effect of causing a real aversion to Zuma, especially as she found that nothing she said produced any change in the Countess, who became, daily, more attached to the young Indian. Zuma, on her side, conceived a tender affection for the Countess; but, aware of the aversion in which she was held by the ladies of the Court, remained, except when she was called upon, shut up in her own chamber.

The viceroy spared no pains to gain the love of the Indians; but they had known the commencement of the government of many of his predecessors to promise justice and moderation, to which a few years gave the lie, and the real goodness of the Count was lost upon them.

The Countess had been but a few months at Lima, when her health began evidently to decline. This change was, at first, attributed to the intense heat of the climate; but her sufferings increased daily, and she was finally seized with a fierce intermittent fever. This disease, so strange in its nature, and so unaccountable to the Spaniards, always alarmed them to the highest degree. All the remedies then known, were employed without effect. The inquietude of Beatrice was unbounded; she questioned the physician, whom they had brought from Spain, who, unable to control the malady, spoke mysteriously, and attributed it to some extraordinary cause. The alarmed tone with which he spoke, and his air of concealment, awakened in the breast of Beatrice the horrible idea that her friend was dying of a slow poison. From this time she had not an instant's quiet. She sedulously concealed her suspicions from the Count and Countess, but imparted them to two of the Countess' women, who readily agreed with her as to the cause of their mistress' illness. But who could have committed this crime? No one but Zuma, said they, who had free access to the chamber of the Countess at all hours. But Zuma! at the height of favor with the Countess, what motive could she have in being guilty of this atrocious act? Hatred has always a reason for the destruction of its object.— Zuma was hypocritical, vain and ambitious. It was hinted, too, that she had a secret and criminal passion for the viceroy. Moreover, she was an Indian, and familiarized from her infancy with the contemplation of the blackest crimes.

Beatrice, for some days, repelled these frightful suspicions, but she saw her friend perishing slowly before her eyes, and her reason gave way to her fears. She no longer observed with her own eyes, but she gave credence to the most extravagant stories. The Count, without dreaming of crime, became only uneasy at the repeated and violent attacks of prostrating fever. Beatrice had placed Zuma under strict surveillance, and she was never allowed to enter the chamber where the draughts of the Countess were placed.

The innocent and kind-hearted Zuma, in the midst of these diverse agitations, thought only of the Countess, whom she loved with all the sincerity of a pure and grateful soul. She was deeply pained when she thought of the infallible remedy that existed against this affection, which was consuming the life of her benefactress, and which she was unable to indicate. Zuma was aware of the dreadful oaths by which the Indians had bound themselves to guard this secret. She would willingly have sacrificed her own life to save that of the Countess, but she knew that for her to reveal the existence of this remedy, would be to devote, not only herself, but her husband and child, to a certain death. She knew that Ximeo, the better to insure her discretion, had placed their dear child as an hostage in the hands of Azan and Thamis, another of their chiefs, who, though not so ferocious as Azan, hated the Spaniards in an equal degree. Nor did she dare to confide her trouble to Mirvain, and she was compelled silently and alone to bear her grief. The affliction increased as the weak hope which had sprung up in the breast of the friends of the Countess vanished, as a favorable aspect which the disease for a few days had put on, changed; the next paroxysm of fever was so violent, that the physician announced his fears for her life. Consternation spread throughout the palace at these tidings. The Count and Beatrice were in despair, and poor Zuma suffered more silently, but as deeply, as any. The Countess, aware of her condition, showed as much courage as sweetness and piety. The sacrifice of a life which has been pure and innocent, is always made calmly, and without terror. She received the sacraments, and bidding a tender adieu to her friend and husband, recommended the Indians, and particularly her dear Zuma, to his care. Zuma, a witness of this pathetic scene, was no longer able to resist her excess of grief; her health, already very feeble, gave way entirely, and she was attacked in the evening with the same malady which was destroying the Countess. After two or three paroxysms, Mirvain was allowed by the Indians to carry secretly to his wife, every day, a dose of the precious powder which was to relieve her; they would allow him, however, to take only the smallest necessary quantity. Zuma, after the third paroxysm of her disease, received, in the morning, the first dose of the medicine which she was to take during the day. When she was alone, she looked upon this powder, and tears streamed from her eyes.

"Great God!" said she, "it is Thou who inspirest me! I can save her life by sacrificing my own. My course is taken. I will not reveal this great secret. She shall have the medicine intended for me, and will recover. They will not suspect me, but will attribute her cure to the remedies used by her physician. I expose neither Mirvain nor my child. I do not betray our oaths. I die only, and she lives. What is the life of the poor Zuma, compared to that of this child of Heaven, who makes use of her power only to console the afflicted and to succor the unfortunate? to the generous protectress of the poor and the slave, whose dying voice I have heard praying for these cruel Indians who are allowing her to perish, when it is in their power to save her. And, oh! my benefactress, in the shades of death you have not forgotten your faithful Zuma! I have heard your mouth pronounce her name and bless her! Yes! I swear by the holy light of the sun, that I will save thee!"

Zuma then enclosed the powder in paper, put it into her bosom, and, with a great deal of difficulty, rose from her bed. She then considered the means by which she would be enabled to introduce herself, secretly, into the chamber where the draughts of the Countess were placed. She had no idea of the horrible suspicions entertained with regard to her, nor the precautions taken to exclude all the Indians, and herself particularly, from this chamber. She had observed that since the illness of the Countess, none of the Indian slaves had been employed in her service; but she attributed this state of things to the zeal and jealousy of the Spanish ladies, or to that of which she had heard so much, and understood so little, *etiquette*. She resolved to defer her visit till the evening, when she hoped to find no one awake; but, to be sure that she should make no mistake, she went down to reconnoitre the way, and to see if she could not find some passage into this room except that through the Countess' chamber. Luckily she discovered a back door, in which was the key, opening from a long corridor into the chamber she so much desired to enter. She glided noiselessly back to her room, determining that she would make the attempt to accomplish her purpose as soon as night came on.

According to the orders of Beatrice, all Zuma's actions were strictly watched, and on this day one of the spies hastened to that lady to report to her that the husband of Zuma had called in the morning to see his wife—that they had had a long interview, of which, however, she could hear nothing, although she had stationed herself at the door, as they conversed in a very low tone—that Mirvain left the chamber of his wife, at last, with an agitated air—that Zuma then came down stairs, traversed the corridor, and examined carefully all the doors, till she came to that of the Countess' ante-chamber, where she stopped, with every evidence of surprise and agitation, and then re-ascended to her chamber. This relation awakened anew all the slumbering fears of Beatrice. She at once conceived that it was the intention of Zuma, for the accomplishment of some purpose, to enter this chamber in the evening. The women were ordered to keep strict watch upon the chamber of Zuma, and to report to Beatrice the moment she left it; they were ordered, also, to leave the key in the door of the Countess' ante-room. Beatrice went, without delay, to communicate her intelligence to the viceroy, who, without entering into all her suspicions, was very much moved, and consented to secrete himself with her, in the ante-chamber, that evening, to await the result.

An hour after the close of the day, Beatrice was informed that Zuma had descended the staircase without lights, and with all the precautions of fear and concealment. Beatrice and the Countess went, hastily, to their hiding places. After the lapse of some minutes, they heard the door open softly, and saw Zuma enter. She was pale, and trembled, and walked slowly with great apparent effort. She looked around the chamber with a troubled and affrighted countenance—and went toward the door which led into the chamber of the Countess, where she paused a moment as if to listen. All was quiet. Zuma approached the table on which was a decanter of crystal, containing a draught for the Countess; she drew from her bosom the paper of Peruvian bark, opened it, and taking up the decanter with one hand, with the other she poured in the powder. The viceroy froze with horror at the sight, and unable longer to control himself, rushed from his hiding place, exclaiming:

"Wretch! what have you put in the decanter?"

At this apparition, Zuma lost all command of herself, and the decanter slipped from her hand and was broken to pieces. She fell upon a chair crying—"I am lost!" and fainted. She was taken up and carried to her chamber.

The Count and Beatrice determined they would hide from the Countess the intended crime.

"She would beg for the pardon of this monster," added the Count, "and nothing in the world could induce me to grant it. An example is needed and I will make one."

The tidings soon spread in the palace and city that Zuma had been detected in an attempt to poison the wife of the viceroy. On the same evening she was delivered up to justice and sent to prison. Mirvain, upon learning the frightful news, went immediately to seek Azan and Thamir—and with death in his heart, said to the former:

"You have my son in your hands, but promise me that after our deaths, if we do not reveal *the secret*, you will give him back into the hands of my father?"

"We swear it!" said Azan; "but remember, that the least indiscretion will cost his life."

"We know how to die," replied Mirvain.

With these words, he left the ferocious Indians and threw himself voluntarily into prison, as the accomplice of his wife. He had easily divined the motive of Zuma, but was unable to justify her, except at the risk of his son in the hands of the barbarian Azan, and he resolved to die with his unfortunate wife.

At the break of day the Council assembled to examine Mirvain and Zuma. The doors were opened and a great number of Indians, amongst whom were Xenico, Azan, and Thamir, crowded into the chambers to witness the trial. The unfortunate couple were dragged in loaded with chains. Zuma, on perceiving Mirvain, cried with vehemence—

"He is not culpable—he was entirely ignorant of my designs"—

"Stop, Zuma!" cried Mirvain, "I am equally guilty with yourself—and could I exist after your death? Let us die, Zuma," he added, significantly; "let us die in silence, and the life of our boy will be saved."

Zuma understood him, could make no reply, but burst into tears.

The examination commenced. Zuma was unable to deny the facts which Beatrice and the viceroy alleged against her. It was asked how she obtained the powder which she put into the draught.

"She received it of me," cried Mirvain.

Zuma attempted to deny it by saying that her husband was entirely ignorant of her designs.

"And what were your designs?" asked one of the judges.

"It was not my intention or desire to poison the Countess," replied Zuma.

"Why then did you use this powder? Did you believe it to be some salutary remedy?"

At this question Zuma trembled. Her eyes at this moment encountered those of the cruel Azan: his look was menacing and she seemed to see her slaughtered child before her.

"No! no!" cried she, with a distracted air, "I know nothing of remedies."

"It was poison? You confess it?"

"I confess nothing."

"Answer, then."

"I can but conceal."

At these words Xenico advanced and placed himself between the two prisoners, saying—

"Give me chains also. I wish to die with them."

"Ah! my father! live for our child," cried Mirvain and Zuma, in the same breath. But he persisted in his intention.

The judges had received orders not to make use of the tortures in any attempt to discover accomplices. They removed Xenico and re-conducted Mirvain and Zuma to prison. The physician of the Countess then appeared. He declared that the malady of the Countess presented such extraordinary symptoms, and had so long resisted the most efficacious remedies, that he could not help giving way to the most horrible suspicions. There was no doubt he said, left upon his mind, as to the atrocity of Zuma's designs. He believed that this ungrateful and perfidious slave had been administering a slow poison to the Countess, but, finding herself excluded from the sick chamber, and fearing that the youth of the patient and the efforts of the physician might overcome the effect of the poison already administered, had determined to accomplish her purpose by one powerful dose.

At this detail, the judges trembled with horror, and on the strength of the mere opinion of this unprincipled man, who was mortified at the ill-success of his treatment, Mirvain and Zuma were declared guilty of the crime of poisoning, and condemned to be burned alive at noon, on the same day. The prisoners were again brought into the hall to hear the judgments. Mirvain listened to the sentence with an heroic firmness. Zuma threw herself at his feet:

"Thou art lost through my agency," cried she, "this is my only source of grief. O, pardon me!"

"Accuse but the barbarity of our judges!" replied Mirvain. "Be consoled, Zuma! the tyrants who have condemned us to death, liberate us from a frightful yoke. A few hours hence and we will be slaves no longer!"

These words moved even the heart of the hard Azan.

"Mirvain," cried he, "make yourself easy with regard to your son; he shall be as dear to me as if he were my own."

Orders were now given for the preparation of the pile upon which, in three hours, they were to suffer the most frightful of deaths.

The countess appeared to be really dying. Her physician reported to the viceroy that there was no possible hope for her recovery; that she would be unable to sustain more than three returns of fever, and that in six or seven days she would be no more. The count, looking upon Zuma as the cause of this dreadful misfortune, allowed no thought of clemency toward her to enter his breast. He offered pardon to Mirvain, however, if he would make a full confession of his crime.

"Tell the viceroy," responded Mirvain, to the offer, "that even the hope of saving Zuma, could not draw another word from me."

The viceroy did not wish to witness this execution. He left Lima in the morning for a country residence about half a league from the city, with the intention of remaining there all day.

The unfortunate Xenico conceived a thousand impracticable plans for the rescue of Mirvain and Zuma. He would have made an attempt to assemble his friends for the purpose, regardless of consequences, but on this morning the Indians were closely watched and were not even allowed their ordinary liberty. Even a secret interview with Azan and Thamir was impossible. A proclamation was soon issued obliging all the Indians in Lima to assist at the execution. They were without arms; the Spanish guard around the pile was doubled, and two hundred soldiers escorted the unfortunate victims. Nothing was left but submission. The distracted Xenico determined to throw himself into the flames and perish with his children.

During this time, whilst the whole city was agitated in anticipation of the terrible spectacle, the countess, entirely ignorant of what was going on around her, lay in an intermission of her fever more prostrated than ever. The agitation of every one who attended her was so great that the countess at last observed it, questioned Beatrice, and saw clearly that something extraordinary had occurred, and was concealed from her. Beatrice often left the chamber to weep without constraint, for there was within her heart a half consciousness of the innocence of poor Zuma, notwithstanding the circumstances seemed to force her guilt upon her. During an absence of Beatrice from the chamber, the countess interrogated one of the women who knew all, and perceiving that she wished to conceal something from her, imperiously demanded to know the truth. The woman then related the circumstances, and added, that Mirvain and Zuma, far from denying their crime, had gloried in it. The surprise and horror of the countess, at this dreadful revelation, may be easily imagined. She immediately ordered a litter to be prepared, and rising with much difficulty and after repeated efforts, with the assistance of her women, succeeded in attiring herself. When the litter came, she placed herself upon it, notwithstanding the prayers of the women and Beatrice, and ordered the four stout slaves who bore it to hasten with all possible speed to the place of execution.

Twelve o'clock struck. Mirvain and Zuma, on foot, loaded with chains, issued from their prison, and started for the place where they were to suffer. Zuma was hardly able to sustain herself; but with the assistance of a priest and one of the soldiers, she moved slowly through the crowd, which pressed upon them toward the place of execution. In the crowd she perceived Azan carrying in his arms her dear boy. At this sight she gained new strength, and disengaging herself from the priests and soldier, rushed toward Azan, and in a moment the child was gazing in the face of his mother. She shed upon its innocent face a torrent of tears as she imprinted upon its lips the last maternal kiss.

"Zuma," said Azan, "cheer thyself; remember that your death is an act of vengeance, and that our secret will be rendered more inviolable than ever."

"Oh! I do not desire vengeance," cried Zuma; "if I could but save the countess I should die content!"

She was unable to say more. She was pressed forward, and her infant torn from her arms. When the feeble, clinging grasp of the little fellow was broken, as he struggled to remain with his mother, then, indeed, did it seem as if her heart would give way.

They moved on and approached the place of execution; Zuma's strength gave way as the fatal pile came in view. She fell into the arms of the priest, who accompanied her, almost insensible.

"Zuma," cried Mirvain, "have courage; our death will not be very painful, in an instant we will be suffocated."

"Oh!" replied Zuma, "I see but the flames. Oh, how terrible!"

As they approached, each step augmented her overwhelming terror. The Indians with cypress boughs in their hands, were gathered with mournful countenances around the pile. Suddenly they heard cries from afar, and presently a cavalier riding at full speed darted amongst them.

"Stop! stop!" cried he, "the countess orders it, and will be here in a moment."

The proceedings were stayed, and Zuma with [illegible] while imploring heaven that they might be saved. The litter of the countess was soon observed coming at a rapid pace, the bearers urged on by the impatient lady. It reached the place of execution, and was soon surrounded by the guards and Indians.

The countess raised her veil, and her sweet countenance alone, though pale and languishing, announced clemency and pardon.

"I have not," said she, "the power to grant a pardon, but I know that I shall obtain it from the goodness of the viceroy. In the meantime, I will take under my protection these two unfortunate beings. Remove their chains and scatter that pile, which should not have been raised had I been earlier aware of these proceedings."

At these words the Indians threw up their cypress branches, and made the air resound with their cries of joy. Xenico rushed from the crowd, crying:

"Yes! she, too, shall be saved!"

The countess invited Mirvain and Zuma to follow her, and they walked near her litter, and thus returned to the palace, followed by an immense crowd, blessing with enthusiasm the clemency of the countess. Arrived at the palace, she drew Mirvain and Zuma into her chamber, where they fell on their knees by her side. Greatly exhausted by the effort she had made, she seemed for some moments to be dying. She gave a hand to Zuma and to Mirvain. Postanes, unable to bear the sight, demanded liberty to have the two Indians taken into the anti-chamber and guarded.

"Not so!" cried the countess, "I will answer for them; let them remain."

"Great heavens!" exclaimed Beatrice, "you hold in your arms two beings who have conspired, perfidiously, against your life!"

"Where else should they be," replied the countess, "they have repented, I know, even if they ever did harbor evil designs against me, and I freely forgive them."

"Oh! my benefactress," cried Zuma, "would that I could prove to you how much I have loved you. But I will not survive you!"

"Detestable hypocrite," exclaimed Beatrice, "have you the effrontery after having been detected in the attempt to poison your mistress, to pretend such great affection for her?"

"Insult them not, Beatrice," said the countess, "they have repented of the act. Ah! Zuma, is it possible that you, whom I loved so much, in whose countenance purity of soul seems depicted; is it possible that you could have been guilty of this crime of which they accuse you?"

Zuma, almost beside herself, and unable to bear the thought that her benefactress should consider her guilty of an act so repugnant to her soul, attempted to speak, but Mirvain fearful that in her excitement she would reveal the secret they had sworn to keep, interrupted her:

"Zuma," said he, "be silent. The truth and our innocence must become known. The life of the countess will be saved."

Mirvain was questioned in vain; he preserved an obstinate silence. A courier had been despatched by the Countess for the viceroy, at the moment she started to rescue Zuma, and she expected his arrival each instant, wondering that he did not return. She was about to send another messenger, when an unusual commotion was perceived in the court of the palace, and shouts were heard which announced the liveliest joy. Beatrice went out to ascertain the cause, when the voice of the viceroy approaching the chamber was heard. The Countess ordered the door to be opened, crying, upon the appearance of her husband:

"Pardon, my lord, pardon for the culprits!"

"They are your saviors!" exclaimed the viceroy, entering the chamber.

Every one was petrified with astonishment. The viceroy bore in his arms a beautiful boy, at sight of whom Zuma could not repress a cry of joy. It was her own child. Zuma again pressed to her bosom the dear boy whom she believed she had held in her arms for the last time, and the viceroy overwhelmed her with his evidences of gratitude. Ximeo came in at this moment, and addressing Mirvain, said—

"You may speak freely, now; the secret of the tree of health has been revealed by general consent. Many of us have taken the powder in the presence of the viceroy, and he desired to take a portion himself, before bringing it here."

The Count related in a few words the important fact which the Indian had revealed.

"Great heaven!" cried the Countess, throwing her arms around the neck of Zuma, "this angelic creature would have sacrificed her life for me, and was about to be immolated for that consummate act of goodness! Is it possible that an act so sublime and touching, could have been construed into an atrocious crime?"

"And this heroic pair," said the viceroy, "would have braved a terrible and ignominious death to preserve their child!"

"The Countess has done more," said Zuma; "believing us monsters of ingratitude and perfidy, who had conspired against her life, she rescued, with an overwhelming degree of goodness, and protected us."

"She, as yourself, will receive the reward of her virtues," said the viceroy; and taking out two doses of the precious powder, prepared them for Zuma and the Countess; the latter would take her's from no hand but that of Zuma.

Beatrice and all the Spanish ladies now surrounded Zuma, and loaded her with caresses. Beatrice, with a passionate movement, kissed that hand which she was the first to consider capable of so black a crime.

In the midst of this enthusiasm, the viceroy took Mirvain and Zuma by the hand, and led them out upon a balcony which looked down upon the principal streets, now filled with Spaniards and Indians.

"Here," said he, showing them, "here are the voluntary victims of gratitude, of parental love, and the sanctity of an oath. Indians! their sublime virtues, and the noble act of the Countess, have done away a hatred, formerly too legitimate, but now unjust. You alone were able, by an unanimous act, to absolve yourselves from a cruel and vengeful oath, and you have done so; from the enemies, you have become the benefactors of the old world. The care to render you happy, is henceforth not only a duty of humanity, but one of gratitude. Indians! all of you, who in this memorable assembly, come to sacrifice your fierce resentment to sweet pity and justice, are free. Such exalted sentiments render you worthy of equality with your vanquishers. Enjoy this glory—you have been enfranchised by your virtue. Love your sovereign, and be faithful to him. The lands will be distributed amongst you, and whilst you cultivate the tree of health, let the reflection that through your agency this gift of heaven is spread over all the earth, render you doubly happy."

This speech excited in the highest degree the enthusiasm of the Indians; and this day, which opened so sadly upon them, closed with deep and heart-felt rejoicings.

The fever of Zuma, and that of the Countess, under the influence of the new remedy, rapidly subsided, and in a week the Countess was in full convalescence. Honors and riches were heaped upon Zuma and her spouse, which she bore with her characteristic humility. Her affection for the Countess never diminished, and they remained warmly attached friends ever after.

Count Cinchon introduced the Peruvian bark into Europe. It soon became known by his name, for its valuable tonic properties, and a preparation of Cinchona is still regarded as the most valuable remedy in those terrible autumnal diseases so common to a low, marshy country.

HIDDEN SORROW.

BY EMELINE E. BROWN.

'Tis this hath filled my tones with mirth,
And lit the beaming eye;
The semblance of a careless heart,
A bitter mockery.—[*Harriet E. Spangler.*

There flitted through the lighted hall a being strangely bright,
A form of matchless loveliness, a creature made of light;
With rosebud lip, and blooming cheek, and eyes of flashing jet,
That thrill'd into the very soul whene'er their glance was met;
And sparkling words of gaiety fell ever from her tongue,
While silv'ry peals of laughter through the vaulted arches rung:
They called her happy, but the smile forsook that brow of snow,
And o'er it came a look of deep, unutterable woe!

"And so ye think me happy! ah! but little know ye how
An aching heart may throb beneath a gay and careless brow;
The eye may flash, the cheek may glow, the lip with smiles
may wreathe,
As light may gleam upon a stream, where all is dark beneath;
Yes, many a sad'ning thought lies veiled beneath a careless
air,
And mirth and gaiety may hide a heart of dark despair!

"Oh, often when in festive hours my brow with smiles is drest
And all unmix'd, my careless laugh rings far above the rest,
There comes a thought, a bitter thought, I may not, dare not
tell,
That, like a fall of freezing ice, may check the spirit's swell;
And then my brow, to hide its gloom, a gayer smile will wear,
And seek to veil its mournfulness beneath a mirthful air.

"O, when you meet with one whose laugh is ever ringing out,
And sparkling jests, and giddy words, give echo to the shout;
With laughing brow, and flashing cheek, and ever beaming
eyes,
Know that beneath that seeming joy a life-long anguish lies;
The deepest grief will seek to veil itself with artful wiles,
And fearful is that misery that hides its face in smiles!

"I'm weary, ah! how weary! and a load is on my breast,
I long to fall asleep, and be forevermore at rest;
There is a world where cloudless realms enfranchised souls
traverse,
Whose pleasure hath no bitterness, whose love is not a curse!
And I am sad and weary, so weary I would fain
Close up my eyes in sleep, and ne'er awake to earth again!"

Warren, Ohio.

EMILY ALLISON;

OR,

THE SEWING GIRL.

BY CAROLINE ORNE.

"Well, Elsey, what do you wish for?" said Elvira Belmont, to a girl who had been waiting some five or ten minutes for her to finish an animated discussion between herself and Adeline Bradford, relative to the most fashionable and becoming material for a ball-dress.

"The girl that sews for you is below," Elsey replied, "and wishes to know if it is convenient for you to pay her to-day. Here is her bill."

As Miss Belmont unfolded it, exhibiting a long catalogue of charges, she exclaimed, "What does the girl mean by sending me such a list as this! I don't believe she has done half what she has charged me with." And she ran her eye over the different articles, though without repeating her accusation.—Having examined it, "Only think, Adeline," said she, "here is a bill, amounting to fifty dollars, for working caps, capes, collars, and flounces. Mrs. Allan was here a few days since, soliciting charity for one of those sewing girls, but I am sure there could be little occasion, when they can earn such large sums."

"Does she charge high for her work?" said Adeline.

"I cannot say that she does. She worked me a cape for three dollars which was quite as beautiful as those which were selling for ten and twelve."

"What induces her to work so cheap?"

"Why, to confess the truth, I threatened to quit employing her if she did not come down to my prices. Here, Elsey, take back Miss Allison's bill, and tell her to call again next week. If I pay it today," said she, turning to Adeline, "I shall not have enough left to purchase the elegant ball-dress we have been talking about."

Elsey, after an absence of a few minutes, returned.

"Miss Allison," said she, "wishes to know if you can make it convenient to let her have a few dollars, if you cannot pay the whole."

"No, not a cent. I don't choose to take the trouble of paying her by driblets. Tell her to call next week, and she shall have the whole."

Miss Allison, who had called regularly for the last six weeks, and uniformly received the same answer, had followed the girl up stairs, and, taking courage from despair, now entered Miss Belmont's drawing-room. Adeline Bradford was much struck with her appearance. She was a tall, graceful girl, apparently eighteen or twenty, with a profusion of light brown hair, and the finest blue eyes she ever saw, with those long, curved lashes, which impart to eyes, of whatever hue, one of their most seductive charms. Her whole countenance, indeed, was of rare beauty, though very pale, and marked by that worn and haggard look, occasioned by privation and severe toil.—At the sight of Adeline Bradford—for she expected to find Miss Belmont alone—a hectic flush flitted over her cheeks, which, for the moment, made her appear almost radiantly beautiful.

"Could you not be content to receive my answer through my waiting maid?" said Miss Belmont, in a tone of anger.

"Pardon me," she replied, her voice trembling with agitation, "but I was in such pressing want of a few dollars."

"Well, you can certainly wait till next week. I have not a single cent that I can spare to-day."

Miss Allison, though she made no reply, did not leave the room.

"You may go," said Miss Belmont; "I have given you my answer, and shall not recede from it."

"Miss Belmont," said the poor girl, in a voice half choked with tears, "I have neither father nor mother, and have a brother and sister at home, who are too young to work. This morning I divided the last piece of bread between them. It is now more than a year since you commenced employing me, and I have often, for the sake of not disappointing you, sat up nearly all night, but, as yet, you have paid me nothing."

"I am very sorry that I cannot spare you the money to-day," said Miss Belmont. "You must call on some one else who employs you."

"I have been able to obtain employment from only one lady besides yourself, and she has been absent from the city several weeks. Had it not been for her, who has always paid me when the work was finished, the children—as I often have myself—must have suffered for food."

"Well, there is half a dollar, and as bread is cheap, now, it will purchase a good deal."

As she spoke, she carelessly threw it on the table, when it rolled off and fell upon the floor. Another hectic flush passed over Miss Allison's countenance, as she stooped to pick it up.

"I will credit it on my bill," said she to Miss Belmont—then turned and left the room.

"Was not the girl's pertinacity astonishing!" said Miss Belmont. "I found she was determined not to go till I gave her something—so I threw her the half dollar to get rid of her."

"If she were not so very pale, and had not such an anxious, care-worn look," said Adeline, evading a reply to what Miss Belmont said, "she would be one of the most beautiful girls I ever saw."

"She looks well enough, but I cannot endure to see a person in her situation so bold and impertinent."

Before Adeline had time to reply, Elsey re-entered the apartment, saying that Mr. Lester was below, and wished to see Miss Belmont. Elvira's countenance brightened, for Herbert Lester was the person whose regard she coveted above that of all others.—In this respect she showed taste and discrimination, for in elegance of person and manners, as well as trinsic worth, he had no superior. He was wealthy likewise—he and Lucilla, his only sister, having shared between them the princely fortune of a deceased relative.

"Come, Adeline," said Miss Belmont, after hastily adjusting some portions of her dress more becomingly, "will you not go down and assist me to entertain Mr. Lester?"

"I will go down," returned Adeline, "but I have already made a long call, and must return home."

As she walked slowly towards home, the image of Emily Allison was constantly in her mind, and she determined, as far as her means would permit, to endeavor to relieve her wants. These were comparatively limited, for her father, though a man of considerable wealth, had a large family to support, so that she not only found it necessary to work her own capes and collars, but with the assistance of her mother, to do the plain sewing for the family. When she arrived home, she examined her purse, which she found contained only a few shillings; her quarterly allowance, with which her father regularly supplied her, having been expended in the purchase of a more expensive dress than ever she had indulged in before, to wear to the anticipated ball. She now regretted that she had not listened to her mother, who always advised her, never on any occasion, when she could well avoid it, to go to the full extent of her means in purchasing an article of dress, but always, if possible, to retain something by her for purposes of charity. What little she had, she enclosed in a blank envelope, and sent it to Miss Allison. While Adeline Bradford was thus employed, Herbert Lester, who had been for some time attracted by the brilliant beauty and graceful manners of Elvira Belmont, found, during an hour's conversation with her, that she acceded so cordially to all his favorite opinions and most cherished sentiments, that he took leave of her with the nearly formed determination to win her, if possible, for his bride. When he returned home, he found his sister had arrived, who had been absent several weeks, on a visit to some friends in the country. After those many questions had been asked and answered which often follow each other in quick succession, when friends who have been separated again meet, Herbert, leaning his head upon his hand, remained silent several minutes. He then said—

"I am glad that you have come home, Lucilla, for I wish to know your opinion relative to a certain lady, who, I am half afraid, will steal away more than her due portion of the heart which has, as yet, been exclusively devoted to you."

"And respecting whom you have already decided in your mind, I dare say," said his sister.

"Very nearly, I confess; but still, I should like to know what you think of her."

"You must first tell me her name."

"Elvira Belmont."

"I would rather you had said Adeline Bradford."

"Adeline is a very pretty girl, but not half so brilliant as Elvira."

"Certainly not—but her beauty is of a kind that improves upon acquaintance, and I have reason to believe that her moral sentiments are purer and more elevated."

"That cannot be. I spent an hour with Elvira this morning, and found her sentiments, in every respect, pure and elevated as your own. When I informed her that you had it in contemplation to raise a fund for the relief of indigent widows and orphans, she was enthusiastic upon the subject, and her fine eyes actually filled with tears."

"I am delighted at what you say, for I had formed the opinion that she was selfish and unfeeling."

"I told her that you would probably call on her when you returned, for the purpose of consulting her relative to the most judicious and practicable method of carrying your plans into operation, and she replied that she trusted you would find her with a well-filled purse and a willing heart."

"When I intend to call on her, I suppose I must let you know, so that you may accompany me."

"Certainly. But to change the subject, do you know there is to be a splendid ball a week from this evening, and that you must go?"

"Yes, I heard there was to be a ball; but so far from knowing that I must go, I had concluded in my own mind to remain at home."

"I shall insist on your going, for Elvira Belmont and Adeline Bradford will both be there, and I want you to compare them, now that I have, as I hope, removed the strange prejudice you had imbibed, that Elvira was selfish and unfeeling."

"Well, I will agree to attend the ball, on condition that you will walk with me as far as Miss Allison's this evening, and call for me when it is time for me to return."

"Who is Miss Allison?"

"A young girl who sews for me. She works lace and muslin beautifully; but I make a point of giving her plain work principally, as it does not require such close attention, and is less trying to the eyes."

Her brother promised to go with her, and at seven o'clock they stood before one of those miserable habitations of the poor, which, in greater or lesser numbers, may be found in the dark and [illegible] alleys of all our large cities. Herbert knocked at the door, which was opened by a blue-eyed, curly-headed boy, almost seven years old, who had been weeping, for bright tears were on his cheeks. Her brother now left her, having promised to call for her in about an hour.

"Is your sister Emily at home dear?" enquired Miss Lester.

At the sound of her voice he sprung forward, and clasping his arms round the skirts of her dress, exclaimed—

"O Miss Lester, how glad I am that you have come, for Emmy does nothing but cry."

Emily, when she heard some one knock at the door, made an effort to compose herself, but her feelings were in that peculiarly excited state, that made her as unable to bear kindness with composure, as "the proud man's contumely," and when Miss Lester took her by the hand, and with an air of unfeigned interest enquired respecting her health, and how she was getting along, she burst into such an uncontrollable agony of tears that she was obliged to leave the room. This caused the tears of little Edwin to flow afresh, and his little sister Letty, only three years old, who knew there was sorrow, though she could not comprehend the cause, hid her face in his bosom, and wept from sympathy. It was not long before Emily returned.

"Excuse me, Miss Lester," said she, "my firmness seems utterly to have forsaken me to-day, and although I knew it distressed these poor children, I could not prevent my tears from flowing."

"I am afraid that your health has suffered in consequence of applying yourself too closely to your sewing."

"It is true that I have found myself failing of late, but it was not that. There are times when some trifling incident will cause all our sorrows, past and present, to rise up at once, and like a swollen tide, threaten to overwhelm us. For a whole year I have worked early and late for a lady, who now owes me fifty dollars, and who has never paid me a cent till to-day, when, after much solicitation, she threw me a half dollar, as a person would throw a bone to an ill-natured dog. Thinking of the careless, disdainful manner in which she threw me the money, gave the impulse, and many, many painful and bitter things rose up before me with all the vividness of reality. I thought of the days when I was surrounded with as much splendor as she, who had the heart to treat me with so much scorn, is now; and when I had a father who would not suffer "the winds of heaven to visit my face too roughly;" and of the time when, by the failure of others, and injudicious investments, [illegible] into a state of hopeless imbecility. I thought, too, of my [illegible] mother, who, with no one to assist her but me, and with scarcely bread to eat, watched over him a whole year, as she would over a helpless infant, and when he was gone, how like the vine uprooted and broken by the fall of the decayed tree round which it twined, she too drooped and died. All the agony and desolation of that hour came back to me, as did the winds that mingled its tones with her funeral knell, as it told me the vessel was lost in which *he* sailed who would have protected me and saved me from all that I have suffered."

Miss Lester did all that she could to soothe her excited state of feeling, but finding that the feverish flush on her face increased rather than diminished, and that her pulse was wildly throbbing, she began to be seriously alarmed, and having persuaded her to lie down, took little Letty in her arms, who soon fell asleep. A few minutes afterwards, her brother called for her to return home, and she requested him to go for a physician, who, in the course of fifteen minutes, was at the bed-side of the sufferer. He informed Miss Lester that there was every symptom of inflammatory fever, and unless the most energetic means were resorted to, there was every reason to apprehend that her disease would terminate fatally. Miss Lester remained with her all night, and in the morning procured her a good and careful nurse. She likewise took the children home, and committed them to the care of her housekeeper.

"I believe I shall call on Miss Belmont," said she to her brother, "and as you will, of course, go with me, according to promise, I advise you to look particularly to the tie of your cravat, and see that your hair is arranged in the most becoming style."

"How soon shall you go?"

"In half an hour."

"I shall, without fail, be ready to escort you."

They found Miss Belmont alone, and looking—so Herbert Lester thought—beautiful as an angel. The conversation took a literary turn, and he was charmed to find that she had read extensively, and that his favorite authors were hers. In poetry, particularly, he found that they agreed not only in admiring the same authors, but the same poems, and she recited several pathetic passages which he named with so much taste and feeling, that he began to imagine that his sister, though her hand was "open as day to melting charity," was dull and frigid when compared with Elvira Belmont.

As soon as Miss Lester found opportunity, she brought forward the subject which her brother had mentioned the day previous, and was pleased to see that Elvira entered warmly into her plan. When Lucilla Lester rose to go, she remarked that she intended to call on a young girl, who was sick and an orphan, whom she considered one of the most prominent objects of charity within her knowledge, and invited Elvira to go with her. She readily assented, and fifteen minutes' walk brought them to the dwelling of Emily Allison. Herbert Lester left them at the door, and Elvira followed her conductress into a mean apartment, where, to her inexpressible consternation, she beheld in the patient her, whom, the day preceding, she had treated not only with insolence but rudeness. Her first impulse was to go to the bed, and in a whisper to entreat her not to appear to recognize her. It was a useless request, for delirium prevented her from recollecting either her or Miss Lester. When Elvira became aware of this, emotions of joy succeeded the feelings of fear and shame which had, at first, assailed her. Her joy, however, was of short duration, for soon her own name was pronounced by Emily, sometimes with epithets of reproach, and then in accents of entreaty, though in language too incoherent to reveal distinctly any circumstance which had taken place. But soon there began to be "method in her madness," and, seizing Miss Belmont by the wrist with a frantic grasp, from which she could not break, she recounted minutely all the incidents which she had the evening previous told Miss Lester; only now, instead of suppressing Miss Belmont's name, she revealed it.

"And yet," said she, when she had finished, looking up into Elvira's face, "for all she was so hard-hearted, she was as beautiful as you, and very rich."

Lucilla, who could not help pitying Miss Belmont, in whose countenance feelings of shame, amounting almost to agony, were depicted, succeeded by addressing the poor girl, who was perfectly insensible of the retributive pain she was inflicting, in a soothing, conciliatory manner, to prevail on her to release her reluctant auditor.

"I hope," said Miss Belmont to Lucilla, after somewhat recovering her self-possession, "that you will not be so ungenerous as to suffer the ravings of a maniac to influence your opinion concerning me.—It is true I owe her for work, and that she called yesterday for her pay, when I happened to be totally unprepared, but I promised to pay her next week, and she would have found me as good as my promise."

Miss Belmont had the discernment to see, at once, that her explanation failed to reinstate her in Lucilla's good opinion, and, saying something about her nerves being unequal to bear such a scene, she coldly bade her good morning, and left the house.

She had been gone only a short time, when some one rapped at the door, which, on opening, Lucilla found to be Adeline Bradford.

"I am much pleased to meet you here," said Adeline, "for you may be able to tell me whether it will be likely to wound Miss Allison's feelings to offer her a few dollars, without requiring her to sew for it in return?"

"Your aid will be very acceptable," replied Lucilla, "though, unfortunately, Miss Allison is insensible to what might either wound or give her pleasure."

"She cannot be dead," said Adeline, starting.

"No, but she is in a burning fever, and totally deprived of reason. But how came you to know that she needed pecuniary aid?"

"She called at Elvira Belmont's the other day when I was there, and I inferred from her appearance and what she said, that she was not only in indigent circumstances, but actually suffering from privation.—Unfortunately, I had parted with all my money, except a trifling sum to purchase a ball-dress and several ornaments more expensive than I could well afford. One of these, a beautiful bracelet, Elvira coveted the moment she saw it, so I let her have it for eighteen dollars, the same I gave for it, one half of which I intend for Miss Allison, the other for a poor widow I happened to meet with last evening. But you will begin to think I don't pay much attention to that portion of scripture which forbids us, when we do alms, to sound a trumpet before us. The truth is, Lucilla, when I am with you, it always seems as if I was in the presence of a sister, and I feel sure that you will not impute my telling you, to motives of vanity."

"I wish you were my sister," said Lucilla, "and I think you will be one day." This remark brought a crimson glow to the cheeks of Adeline, which did not fade at the appearance of Herbert Lester, who, at that moment, came in view, and approached the door-step where they stood. After greeting Adeline with much politeness, he enquired of his sister for Elvira.

"She has been gone this half hour," she replied.—"Some more convenient opportunity, I will tell you the reason why she did not wait for me."

Though it was a painful duty to disclose to her brother the unfeeling and selfish conduct of Elvira Belmont, it was one which Lucilla felt bound to perform, and, simply stating the facts, she left him to draw his own inferences.

In five or six days Miss Allison's disease had performed its crisis, and her physician pronounced her out of danger. As soon as this was the case, Lucilly, assisted by Adeline, commenced carrying into effect a plan which had been formed for her benefit.—Neat and convenient apartments were taken for her in a more open and airy part of the city, which were comfortably furnished, and several ladies, who considered it not only dishonest but cruel to delay paying the hard earnings of the laborer, of whatever class, when it was in their power to pay, promised to give her their sewing. The better prospect which thus dawned upon her contributed to the restoration of her health, and at the expiration of a few weeks she, with Edwin and Letty, took possession of their new abode. She found not the least difficulty, now that she was promptly paid, to procure a comfortable subsistence for herself and them, without working at unseasonable hours. She even found leisure to devote an evening, now-and-then, to the friends whose exertions had so effectually ameliorated her situation in a manner that suffered her to live independent of charity.

Miss Lester, her brother, and Adeline, had dropped in one pleasant but cold evening, and were enjoying the comfort of a good fire and the pleasures of an interesting conversation, when a quick, smart rap was heard at the door, which Miss Lester remarked had a sound of impatience in it.

"Shall I go to the door, Miss Allison?" said Herbert Lester.

"I am obliged to you," she replied, "but as it is probably some one who has brought me work, I had better go myself."

"Is Miss Allison at home?" they heard a voice enquire.

"My name is Allison," she replied.

"Will you permit me to come in?" said he; "I have some important intelligence to communicate."

She, of course, assented, and the next moment a man, somewhat above the middling height, wrapped in a cloak which was so disposed as to muffle the lower part of his face, while a cap concealed his forehead and eyes, entered the apartment. Having arrived about mid-way, he changed his voice to its natural tone, as he said—

"Emily, do you not know me?"

The name of Edgar Tracy burst from her lips as she sprang towards him, but failing to reach the arms open to receive her, she fell at his feet in a swoon.—Throwing from him his cloak, he knelt down and supported her, while Lucille and Adeline administered the proper remedies; the young stranger, in the meantime, bitterly reproaching himself for his want of consideration. She soon revived, and the remainder of the evening was spent in listening to the perils and escapes of Tracy, who, as may be surmised, was the betrothed lover of Emily Allison, who, she believed, had long since found a grave beneath the waves of the ocean.

He and two others, he informed them, left the wreck in a small boat. Both of his companions perished, but he was at length taken up by a vessel belonging to Europe, bound on a voyage to some of the South Sea islands. Here, in consequence of a long and severe illness, induced probably by the injury his constitution had sustained from hunger and exposure while on the wreck, and in the boat, he was obliged to remain and suffer the vessel to sail without him. He was unable ever to write a letter to his friends, though he gave the captain the address of Mr. Allison, who promised to forward a line the first opportunity after his arrival. As no such letter was ever received, he probably forgot to perform his promise.

As the wrecked vessel, of which Edgar Tracy was the captain and principal owner, was insured, his loss was trifling, and, though he was not rich, he possessed a competency which would enable him to give Emily Allison a comfortable if not a splendid home. He, therefore, urged her to name an early day for their bridal.

"I have reflected much," said she, one day, when he had pressed the subject with more ardour than usual, "as to what course I ought to pursue, and have at length decided, that in justice to you, I ought to remain as I am, for I shall be not only a portionless bride, but these dear children—I cannot leave them, and—"

"Leave them! Could you, for a single moment, imagine that I wished you to leave them?" said he, interrupting her with much vivacity. "I have enough for all. Our home shall be their home, and I doubt not but that they will bring a blessing with them."

Emily wept, but her tears were not those of sorrow, and before they parted it was decided that their marriage should take place in three weeks. Herbert Lester and Adeline Bradford officiated as groomsman and bridesmaid on the happy occasion, and Lucilla, who arranged every thing with the propriety and fine taste peculiarly to herself, had the gratification to perceive that her brother's unfortunate attachment to Elvira Belmont was slowly but surely giving place to an affection for one lovelier, though less brilliant, and who possessed those gentle and truly feminine virtues, which were a source of happiness to herself and to those within the sphere of her influence.

STANZAS
TO THE MEMORY OF BURNS.

WRITTEN FOR, AND INTENDED TO BE SUNG AT, THE LATE FESTIVAL.—BY ELIZA COOK.

Oh! Robin! Robin! child of song,
The nobly poor—the bravely strong,
Warm hearts have met to crown thy lyre,
And mourn the fate that quenched its fire.
Like many another rare and great,
Thou wert not treasured till too late,
Thy "magic mantle's" glowing sheen,
Burst through thy shroud-cloth ere 'twas seen.

Oh! Robin! Robin! bards divine,
Fair wreaths for thee have loved to twine,
But none that deck thy memory stone,
Eclipse the laurels of thine own.
The craven hand would seek to fling
A shadow o'er thy richest string;
But never shall such coward slave,
Shut out one ray from Robin's grave.

Oh! Robin! Robin! princes now,
Will speak of him who "held the plough;"
And many a pilgrim hails the spot
Made sacred by the "ploughman's cot."
The lips that laugh—the hearts that grieve,
Chant forth thy strains from morn till eve;
For Nature ever fondly turns
To hear her own sweet truth from Burns.

Though not beside of hallow'd worth,
Marked Scotia's men and Scotia's earth;
Since Burn's has sung, she needs no more
To spread her fame the wide world o'er.
Oh! Robin! Robin! proudly dear,
Thy spirit still is with us here;
And Glory's halo round thy head,
Shines as we laud the mighty dead.

THE BLIND BRIDE.

The following poem derives its origin (says Hood's Magazine) from a romance of real life, the scene of which is in one of our midland counties. A young lady of great beauty and accomplishments was suddenly deprived, by an inflammation, of the sense of sight. Nevertheless, instead of sinking, under so heavy a dispensation, into listlessness and melancholy, with an admirable spirit she retained her cheerfulness, and continued all her former pursuits, as far as the privation would allow. She continued to play, sing, walk, and even ride on horseback—preserving a bright mind, amidst her darkness, and a happy countenance. Soon afterwards a gentleman returned from abroad, who had been the companion of her childhood—and her lover in his boyhood. Touched by the noble spirit with which she bore her calamity, and still retaining his old attachment to her, he offered his heart and hand for her acceptance—in spite of the urgent counsel of his friends, and even the remonstrances of the lady herself. But he remained firm to his purpose; and the verses were composed, as if addressed by him to his Blind Bride.

Thou seest me not, my own dear bride;
  Yet bright thy smile, my Esperance,
As when we sported side by side,
  Or mingled in our playmates' dance—
Thy step, as then, is light and free,
  Thy stirrup firm and fearless still;
Such power abides in constancy
  Of faith, and hope, and steadfast will.

I loved thee then, my heart's first joy,
  I love thee now, and tenfold more,
Than when the saddened stripling-boy
  Left thee and thine, and England's shore;
One lingering gaze behind I cast;
  Thy young eye watched me from the hill;—
O had I deemed that look thy last!—
  But here thou art, and dearer still.

Thy mind's a kingdom all my own;
  And like the lark, in morning air,
Thy playful voice, whose minstrel tone
  Can charm away my every care.
The peace which pure high thoughts impart,
  The smile, the sounds of jocund earth,
Are thine—and more than all, a heart
  That beats for thee and feels thy worth.

What though alike unmarked by thee,
  The moonbeam and the noontide ray,
'Tis mind, and heart, and converse free,
  Turn gloom to joy, and night to day.
Then cheer thee love; where'er we go,
  My step, my thought, shall wait on thine:
Thy spirit, tried in weal and woe,
  My Esperance, shall strengthen mine.

END OF THE CRUIZE.

BY AN OFFICER OF THE NAVY.

Heigho for the days of my youth, when the word home possessed for me all—nay, more than all the charms which poets ascribe to it. Then my three years of wandering was sure of a happy termination; and in meeting dear friends, I was more than repaid for my long exile.

True it is, that even then, in parting, pain would predominate but that was temporary, and how soon would Hope, pointing over the long time of separation, fix my view on the promised, though still distant, pleasure of a re-union. Then there was in the words "Homeward bound," which sent a thrill through my veins, and produced many, very many fond dreams of future happiness.

Alas! "poor Jack," "a change came over the spirit of thy dreams." Age in its mildest form speedily chills the warm feelings of youth—but you have outlived every tie, to find yourself alone on the verge of dark futurity, when the soul most requires close communion with its fellows, a blighted—disappointed man. The home of your childhood, with all its fond associations, is in the hands of a stranger—the green sod covers father, mother, brothers, and sisters, who once watched to welcome the returned wanderer. And she to whom you pledged your faith, who vowed no chance, no change, could turn from you her earliest love—gone; yes, but not as those I hope to meet in a happier world; but lost—irretrievably lost to me. Tell me not of the fidelity of woman. But why should they? for the young, the gay, the happy, are these delusions. Who care to deceive the gray-headed, blighted misanthrope! for thus they term me. A misanthrope! I, the once open-hearted, confiding Jack Gasket, who knew not what it was to be unhappy until—but no: I will croak no longer—

"But will tell you a tale of my happier days."

"What the deuce can we be waiting for? What can possibly detain us now? Why don't we get under way?" and such like inquiries, were heard from many lips, one fine summer morning, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and—— (no matter what) on the larboard side of the quarter-deck of the U. S. frigate Ranger, which had just finished her three years' service on the east coast of South America, and received orders for home.

Our bills had been paid—our leaves taken of our friends and "Sarpes" in Rio, the Comet and Gun had brought off all boats and officers from the shore, the ship was unmoored: riding cable hove into a short scope: running rigging rove, but still we tarried. "What can the Captain mean by this unnecessary delay?" repeated many an owner of a rueful countenance, as he cast his eyes at the pennant and dog vane, and appeared to feel the loss of each breath of the fanning land breeze as though it were the blood from his arteries.

"We have received our sailing orders, have we not, sir?" inquired one of the youngsters of the third lieutenant, who was standing on the horse-block.

"Oh, yes; the captain told me yesterday that we would sail this morning for New York, if we should have the land breeze—if not, we would beat out in the evening."

"Report says the old gentleman's better-half wears the swabs (epaulettes) on shore, and that he is not anxious to resign his liberty," said one of the reefers, *sotto voce*.

"No, no," said another, "she is Captain General of some two-score Temperance and Anti-Tobacco Societies, down East, and the skipper is in fear and trembling that he may be obliged to forego his glass of wine and cigar after dinner."

"Ah! here he comes—Heaven grant he gets under way at once."

And the group of young gentlemen who had been just criticising their captain's movements, touched their hats respectfully, and fearful of a slight reprimand for standing and talking on duty, began most industriously to walk the quarter-deck. A single glance told our worthy Commander that the time had now arrived, when we must lift our anchor, for in less than two hours the tide would turn and the land breeze give way to a calm, when we should be obliged to tow out with our own boats and those of the squadron, or *beat out* with the wind dead ahead in the afternoon, which, independent of being tedious, is not unattended with danger, owing to the narrowness of the entrance, and to counter *currents*. As he turned to give an order, he caught the anxious eyes of all on deck, fixed on him, and appreciating the anxiety all felt, but determining to mystify us for eagerness which did not comport exactly with his ideas of discipline, he turned again, and pursued his walk on the starboard side of the poop. But he could not long disguise his own anxiety to be moving, under an apathetic manner. He, too, had his friends—his wife—his children; whom he was as anxious to greet as any one; and his fine face beamed with pleasure as he ordered the first lieutenant to "call all hands—up anchor for home."

"Up anchor—up anchor," was passed from man to man, on the gun and berth decks, and before old *Giraldine* gave the first twit, twit, to assemble his mates, every body, fore and aft, was at their respective stations.

"All ready for heaving, sir," was heard from the officer in charge of the forecastle.

"All ready! All ready forward, sir." "All ready for heaving, sir," was heard about the quarter-deck and gang-ways, in the various tones, from the deep, full bass of the oldster going home to his examination, to the shrill treble of the youngster, who had just finished his first cruise.

"Very well, sir," was the first luff's response to the second lieutenant, and lowering his voice so as to reach the discomfited reefers—

"Young gentlemen, you need not be so excessively zealous to-day, in passing orders. I believe I hear quite as well as usual. Man the bars. Heave round."

The fifer called forth his liveliest notes—the men sprang to the bars, which bent under their weight, and in came the cable cheerily. All were employed [illegible] aloft [illegible] the sails [illegible] loosing—the fore men's busy hands pulling on, taking off—piping in the gangways—ever and anon the hoarse order of an officer mingled with the bird-like notes of old Clewline's call, who stood on the bowsprit, watching the cable as it came in at the hawser-hole, and occasionally piping "heave round," which was repeated aft by his mates.

Even the idlers compromised their dignity as cabin, ward-room stewards, cooks, &c., and threw their weight with a will on the slack messenger. None were idle, and all partook of the excitement of the moment.

"Short stay apeak, sir," was heard from the officer of the forecastle. "Pawl the capstan. All hands loose sails. Aloft sail loosers—trice up—lay out, and loose."

"All ready forward, sir."

"Very well."

"All ready with the main."

"Are you ready with the mizen topsail? Confound these *fortye*, (anglice forty thieves, as the mizen topmen are generally called, from their number and supposed propensities,) they are always late," grumbled our worthy first luff, who, be it known, had a few days before, pronounced them the smartest topmen in the squadron, but to-day they could not keep pace with his impatience. Why I know not—but if the fact that he took unto himself a wife about ten days after the ship arrived, can throw any light on the subject, I cheerfully record it.

"All ready, sir."

"Let fall—short home, and hoist away."

Down thundered the heavy folds of canvass, which a minute before were distended to the yard-arms and hoisted to the mast-head.

"Starboard, after and larboard head-braces. Brace up. Man the bars."

And again the heavy tramp of the men timed with the merry notes of "coil away the hawser."

First is heard from the forecastle, "the anchor is a-weigh,"—then "the anchor is up;"—"pawl the capstan;"—"starboard head braces;"—"avast, let her fall off,"—"brace round the head yards." We had now let go our last hold of foreign ground, and as our anchor was catted and fished, our gallant old frigate, who so long had borne us through fair and foul in safety, fell off with her head towards our far-distant home. The courses and top-gallant sails were now set, when, beginning to feel the stiff land breeze, the ship careened under its influence, and speedily drew us near the flag ship, whose decks were crowded with men and officers, watching our progress.

"Where is the Gunner?"

"Mr. Linstock, are you ready for saluting?"

"Take out the logger-heads."

"Starboard, fire!—Port, fire!"

The exhilarating sounds of our parting salute echoed and re-echoed from the mountains which surround this most beautiful of bays. Bang! bang!

"There goes an answer from the Commodore's forty-two pounders."

"Hark! their band."

Yes—*Home, Sweet Home*, mellowed by the distance, fills every heart with rapture.

"Stand by to cheer ship."

And as we passed the line-of-battle ship, the soul-stirring hurrahs of four hundred men enhanced the exciting interest of the scene. In a moment her rigging was crowded, and their hearty response showed how well our parting courtesy was appreciated.

"Another cheer and lay down from aloft."

And the freshening breeze soon carried us out of sight of our old companions, with whom we had passed so many happy hours.

Passing Santa Cruz and Round Island, we met a fresh sea breeze, when bracing round our yards we stretched boldly out into the broad Atlantic, and at sunset the most lofty of the range of mountains which skirt the coast, appeared but specks on the horizon.

The first night *out*, in a homeward bound, is a period of rejoicing. Our anticipations begin to assume a more tangible form;—there is no more to be dreaded from vexatious delays;—the land is now astern, and the next we make will be our own native shores. A few days out on a long passage, the idea becoming more tame from the constant recurrence of our thoughts, loses its first exhilarating influences, and like most anticipated pleasures, clogs before we obtain possession.

The Oriental Prince who was advised by his sages to seek happiness by changing shirts with a happy man, might have recorded a more fortunate search, had his good genius led him into the steerage, or Midshipmen's berth, of the good ship Ranger, the first night out from Rio, for a more jovial, happy set of fellows than its inmates, never collected around a mess table. Supper over, a bowl of punch took its place, when many a cup was pledged to a happy meeting with our friends, as well as to our old companions whom we left behind us. All were present who were not immediately on duty, and harmony and good fellowship appeared to prevail. Songs were sung—guitars used—flutes ferretted out from various recesses, and put into requisition—toasts were pledged again and again, and every thing combined to promise a happy termination to our conviviality.

Of this party one only did not appear to share general joy, but sat moodily apart. A few days before he had been the gayest of the party—no one was happier than he when it became certain we were to return immediately home—and none the preceding Saturday night had pledged more warmly the standing toast of "Sweethearts and Wives." Indeed many of us shrewdly suspected there was some fair one to whom Fred Hastings had pledged his heart and hand, which enhanced in no small degree the promised pleasure of his return. Two days before sailing, a merchant vessel arrived from New York, which I boarded, and upon my return I presented a missive with a blue seal, directed in a neat feminine hand, which I judged would afford him no little pleasure, from his blushes and confusion when I presented it. Away he went below, to find a quiet corner in which to devour its contents, and an hour afterwards I found him walking the quarter-deck, but in an instant I noticed that the radiant, joyous expression of his countenance had changed; his mien was as usual, deliberate, but his contracted brow, and compressed lips, gave evidence of severe mental suffering. I was surprised at the sudden transition, but not wishing to intrude upon his thoughts, turned to leave him, merely remarking,

"No bad news from home, I hope, Hastings."

"No—nothing—very strange—but enough to induce the wish that my return was for the present postponed; but it is too late now to effect an exchange, were my examination out of the question."

His voice was husky, and from that hour his whole demeanor was changed; no longer the life and soul of the mess, he scarce spoke except when addressed, and then his remarks were caustic and bitter, nor did he again express a tittle of his late joyous anticipations.

Moodily he sat, on the night of the day when my simple story commences—listening to, but taking no part in the conversation, and occasionally, as a remark of others evinced their pleasure and happiness, a derisive smile would wreathe his fine features. He was a cynic at twenty—and had already felt all the bitterness of disappointment, and unrequited affection.

We all sympathised with him, for he was a general favourite; his good nature, obliging disposition, and high toned moral character, causing him to be universally esteemed where he was best known.

The man has yet to live, however, who has no enemies; and thus with Hastings, and even in our small community there was one exception to the general rule; one whose course of conduct was diametrically opposite to that of the general favourite, whose calm and determined character he feared to bring himself in collision with. He would fain have been his friend, had he been permitted, but having forced a young man belonging to one of the other vessels, into a duel, which terminated fatally, Hastings informed him that he disapproved his conduct, and that all intercourse between them must cease. He was a reckless, open-hearted, boisterous fellow, as ready to oblige a friend as to quarrel with, and shoot him, at ten paces;—a professed duellist, he sported his hair triggers, boasted of his capabilities at drawing the fire of a novice, and driving any particular button, in company with the ball, into his body. He let no opportunity escape to be a second in an affair of honor, kept himself continually in good practice, and appeared to feel a perfect indifference to danger.

Of all, that night collected around our mess table, no one was gayer than he—none sung a better song, proposed a better toast, or told a better story. But under the veil of mirth and hilarity, I thought I saw occasionally a different expression, as his eye met that of Hastings;—there was a something sinister in the expression, and though I could not understand it, a foreboding of evil crept over me. I noticed that the scene ill comported with the feelings of Hastings, who had ordered his hammock slung, and was now preparing to turn in. As he crossed the steerage, Gainsville, for thus the young man was called to whom I have alluded, rose hastily, and placing himself immediately before him, held out two glasses of the beverage we had been drinking, and offering one, said,—

"Mr. Hastings, we are now in a homeward bound ship, and I would willingly part in friendship with all my shipmates. I hope, therefore, between us the past may be forgotten, and that you will join me in drinking a toast you were not wont to refuse—*Sweethearts and Wives*."

For a moment Hastings paused, as if undecided, but, recovering himself, answered calmly—

"No, sir, even in a homeward-bound ship I cannot take your hand in friendship. I disapproved of your course of conduct, which was my reason for withdrawing my friendship. You have not changed it. We will doubtless soon be separated, but in time may be thrown together again, in which case it is my wish that we continue as hitherto, strangers to each other. As to pledging a toast with you, I will not;—having neither sweetheart nor wife, you will excuse me, if I decline."

"So, sir," said Gainsville, as Hastings, bowing slightly, was about to pass him, "I am to understand that you refuse my proffer of a reconciliation?"

"Yes, sir; you have interpreted my words correctly."

"Then, sir, I pronounce you a revengeful, unfeeling ruffian. For you the word *home* can have no hallowing influence, and the wine I filled to drink to you and your friends, I bestow thus." And he dashed the contents of the glass in his face.

"And thus I resent it," said Hastings, felling him with a single blow to the deck.

He was on his feet in an instant, when the contest would have been renewed, had not the others, who were hitherto silent spectators, interfered to prevent it.

"You shall hear from me," said the discomfited party, vainly endeavoring to repress his rage, "although I suppose you will screen yourself under your pretended moral principles, which prevent your rendering reparation, though they do not your giving an insult."

"No, sir—we may as well understand each other. It will be time enough for your sneers when your challenge has been declined. Send your friend, and I promise you shall have no reason to complain."

So saying, they separated—and each of the party, who had met for conviviality and enjoyment, turned thoughtfully into his hammock, bitterly regretting that the termination of a happy cruise should be marred by such an unfortunate incident.

As day followed day, all mention of the difficulty was studiously avoided. Each pursued his own occupation and amusement, to while away the time which hung heavily on our hands—but our ardor was damped, when we considered that one or perhaps both of our messmates might never realize their anticipations of home and happiness—feeling certain as we did that a duel was inevitable.

Chapter Second.

A pleasant passage of thirty-eight days, and the glad cry of "Land ho!" informed us that our native shores were in sight from our mast-head. "Land ho!" "Land ho!" passed from man to man—from deck to deck—and every face gleamed with pleasure. All were soon on the spar-deck, to catch a glimpse of the long-desired spectacle. Gally cooks, holders, ship's corporals, non-combatants, who for weeks had not seen more daylight than the scanty portion which finds its way down the narrow hatchway, were up and straining their eyes to discover what was not yet visible except from aloft. Even our good-natured, lazy marine officer, who had never before been known to get as high as the sheerpole, actually crept up to the fore-yard, to have a view of the Highlands of Neversink, which now peered above the horizon.

As evening approached, one after another well-known object was recognized;—the fore-and-aft schooner-rig purely American, was hailed as an old acquaintance; and when the pilot came on board in his tiny, sylph-like craft, as many hands were extended to him as if he had been an old and tried friend, and as many questions asked as if he had just returned from the kingdom to come. As he came on board at too late an hour to attempt to enter the harbour that evening, we hauled off the land under an easy sail, tacking every two hours, to enable us to keep our position, and take advantage of the earliest daylight.

I was just turning in, with a mid-watch in perspective, when a boy informed me that Mr. Hastings wished to speak with me on the forecastle. Knowing that it was his watch, and instinctively divining the cause of his message, I threw on my pea-jacket, and followed the boy on deck, where I found Hastings leaning thoughtfully on the Jacob's ladder, with his eyes fixed on the shore, which loomed out darkly on the lee-beam.

"Ah! Gasket—the messenger told me you were turning in; had I known that, I should not have disturbed you. But I supposed you like the rest, too full of joyous anticipations to indulge the night of a land-fall on your own shores, after a three years' absence, in your natural rest. But as you are here now, I may as well tell you at once why I sent for you, and not detain you long from the embraces of your favorite deity. The Ranger's is not the first steerage where our grub has been eaten off the same mahogany. We have always been friends, and I hope I have not been premature in counting on you as my *friend* in this affair with Gainsville?"

"No, certainly not; but I hope there will be but little difficulty in adjusting it amicably. He has challenged you, then?"

"O yes; Brougham brought me a note this afternoon, just after the land was reported, in which he demands satisfaction or an abject apology—such a one as I will never consent to make. So he shall be even gratified in his first request,—and now, that I know I can depend on you, the rest is easily arranged."

"But, Hastings, is there no hopes of adjusting this difficulty without a meeting? Now, at the termination of the cruise, neither ought to be so punctilious. That is the opinion of your shipmates, none of whom would be willing to sacrifice your honor; and they are all as anxious as myself that it should go no further—so allow me to use my influence to bring about so desirable an object."

[illegible] in his manner, when he

answered—

"I have already done all I will do or allow any to do in my name. I told Brougham I would apologize for the blows if he would make the same reparation for throwing the liquor in my face. This he refuses, contending that I gave provocation in refusing to take his hand in friendship. I did not seek a quarrel, but did not wish to be his friend, for he has injured me, deeply injured me; but how or when, it matters little now, though it is still unatoned for. Nor do I, as I told him, approve of his conduct, setting aside all feelings of personal dislike; he is, I believe, without principle—is a professed duellist—and a bully, if you allow me to apply the term to a man who occupies the position of a gentleman. He boasts of his aim, and is happy to have it known that he has shot his man. No, we must fight—so good night, old boy"—(resuming his familiar manner)—"I will not keep you out of your hammock, particularly as I expect a quick relief from you at twelve o'clock."

I shook poor Fred by the hand, and retired to rest with a foreboding of evil I could not suppress. I was confident that something unusual had occurred with Hastings to have changed so much his sentiments in regard to duelling;—time was when he would have made an effort to have avoided a personal rencontre, to which he was morally and religiously opposed.

After my mid-watch, I again turned in, and when I awoke at seven bells, we were standing in through the Narrows, with all larboard studding sails drawing, and at ten in the forenoon we dropped our anchor off the Navy Yard.

To our great joy we found we would not be detained to strip the ship, she being turned over to a new crew and officers, who were waiting for her on board the receiving ship. All was consequently hurry and confusion, each one packing up to get on shore as soon as possible, on leave of absence, having been filled up immediately and sent on board by the Commodore of the station. Having some relatives in the city, I went immediately to see them, only learning in my haste the hotel to which Hastings intended to go, and promising to call upon him as early as possible that evening.

It was near eleven o'clock that night before I could get to his room at the City Hotel, where I found him busily engaged in writing on a table strewn with loose papers, taken from a writing-desk—the old and constant companion in his cruisings. Under a loose pile of letters, and only partially concealed, lay a finely mounted pair of duelling pistols, with a powder flask, bullet box, and other formidable accompaniments, and near them a bundle of Spanish cigars, one of which he lighted as I entered—at the same time recommending them to me.

"I fear, Gasket, that I have interfered with your pleasure, in bringing you thus early from your friends."

I assured him I was perfectly at his service, and sat down in silence to listen to what he might have to communicate.

There is something appalling and repugnant to our nature, thus to sit in calm converse with one who, before the next sunset, will probably be in another state of existence. To listen to his trivial remarks is mockery, and how terrible appears the coolness which enables him to observe all the punctilios and etiquette with which you would so gladly dispense. It was thus with me; I was called to receive, perhaps the last request of an old and tried friend, who, instead of appearing to appreciate his awful situation, was quietly smoking a cigar, and conversing on some unimportant subject. It was mockery, and I could not listen, but interrupted him to converse on the subject which then lay uppermost in my thoughts.

When I referred to the expected meeting, his demeanor underwent an immediate change—the smile was banished from his face, and the half-uttered jest died away on his lips, but still he retained a consummate coolness which baffled me.

"Oh, yes, by the way. I may as well tell you we have arranged it to come off at six in the morning; but before we make any further arrangements, I have a question to ask you: Are you willing that we should meet on terms of *equality*?"

I answered, "Of course: as his friend I would not consent that it should be otherwise. His life, as well as honor, he had entrusted to me, and it should be my care that he should enjoy at least, all the advantages of his antagonist."

"I am glad—truly glad, to hear you say so, Gasket, for I have seen many who, although advocates of the custom of duelling, and who have no objection to see men shot down at ten paces, between the words 'Fire and Three,' would shrink with horror from any arrangement out of the ordinary routine, even were it to ensure that equality for which the judicial trial of combat with arms, was originally instituted, and upon which their kind, disinterested friends dwell so much. To you these remarks do not in the least apply. I know you, as well as myself, regard the institution as most barbarous, and that motives of friendship only, have induced you to consent to see me through this difficulty. But you know, as well as I, how many personal combats might be prevented by the seconds, when it is not done, and how coolly these gentlemen discuss the preparations—measure the ground—snap the pistols, etcetera, instead of attempting to compromise matters."

"What distance do you prefer, then, Hastings?—as the challenged party, you have the choice—the weapons will be pistols, of course. Indeed, I see you are already provided."

"Why, of course! because the custom of this country has prescribed it. Suppose I choose the Rapier, because I am an adept in the use of that weapon, his second would object, because his principal is not—yet I have no right to object to the pistol, even though he is a good shot, while I have scarce fired a pistol a dozen times in my life. No, no: the supreme arbitrary laws of duels, in this country, where the sword is not generally worn, prescribe that we must be killed with pistols, so I even bow to its high and potent mandate, and choose that weapon. As you say, however, I have the choice of distance, so as to obviate the evident inequality which exists between a capital shot and a novice, I to-day informed Brougham, after you left the ship, that I would meet his principal at the distance of two paces—that is," said he, as his eye flashed with an unnatural brightness, and a strange, almost repulsive smile, rested on his features as he watched my countenance, prepared to note its expression; "with the muzzles of the pistols at each other's hearts: this arrangement brings us on a perfect equality."

"You are jesting, surely," said I, trying to force a faint laugh; but his manner gave the lie to my assertion, for although he still smiled at my astonishment, there was in his eye, an expression which proved too plainly what were his intentions. "You would not—you could not be so sanguinary. Such a quarrel as yours surely demands no such fearful method of adjustment. It is murder—cold, deliberate murder—and I will lend myself to no such horrible purposes."

"Then I have mistaken you, Gasket," said he, rising deliberately to ring the bell; "but stop—you shall first hear my reasons—when, if you persist in your refusal to accompany me, late as it is, I must seek another friend." His manner was cold and reserved, almost haughty, as he drew up his fine figure before me, his nostrils dilated, his lips compressed, but his brow still smooth and fair. "You have long known me, and in me found an unflinching opponent of the duello. I have even deprived myself of the society of those I esteem, because they had fought; and at one time, you may remember, I risked my reputation among you, by informing the first lieutenant of a projected duel between two youngsters, whom I in vain endeavoured to reconcile. Until now I have always honorably avoided all necessity for being engaged, either as principal or second. I have ever been heedful not to give offence, and have not been tardy in making ample amends, if in any instance, a word or action of mine had wounded the feelings of any one. This duel, you are well aware, is not of my seeking. I rejected, it is true, his proffered friendship; but how could I consistently do otherwise? My sentiments had been openly expressed, and when he returned to the ship, with the blood of one of my associates on his hands—one whom he had forced to fight him—he being in the wrong throughout—I could do no less than tell him that his hands could never clasp mine in friendship. Yet, in doing this, I was careful not to wound his feelings—but what I told him, I had deliberated upon, and did it coolly and dispassionately.

"At the time, he acknowledged the propriety of my conduct. Why, then, did he attempt to take advantage of a moment of excitement, to bring about a reconciliation he must have known could never be effected, or fix upon me a quarrel he knew I would fain have avoided. He hates me with a bitter, implacable hatred—that of an unsuccessful rival. Did he know, however, the contents of the letter I received before leaving Rio de Janeiro, triumph would have taken its place and this collision have probably been avoided. He has tried many times, by words, not spoken to, but at me, to induce a retort on which to hang a quarrel. He has boasted (this I know) that I should not escape him, and being well aware that I would less regard a quarrel were right clearly on my side, he addressed me the first evening out, as he did, to induce others to believe that he was anxious to become reconciled, and thus throw the stigma of a duel on me. I saw his motive—indeed I have been advised of his intentions, and acted as you have seen, on this knowledge.

"Even then, when he peremptorily demanded an apology, I offered him one in case he made reparation for his first insult. He refused. I now have the consciousness of being in the right, and of having done every thing in my power to prevent a meeting, but without success. Shakspeare says—'Beware of entrance to a quarrel: but, being in, bear it that thy opposer may beware of thee.' Should I meet him at the distance at which duels are usually fought, he would probably kill me, which he wishes doubtless to do.

"Like the wolf, when he once tastes blood, man is never content until he gluts himself—that is, when young; but when nearly the number of years generally allotted to man have passed—when the bright paths of life appear nearly traversed—while for the future appears that dark, indescribable uncertainty from which the boldest shrink with horror, then the conventional opinions of the world availing them no longer, they feel compunction for the *deeds that were done*, and shudder at what in youth they panted for.

"Without he has to-day received letters from one who was once dear to both, he thinks me in his path as a successful rival; and for this reason alone I believe he would fain remove me. On the other hand, should I kill him, which I think improbable, I should be branded as a murderer, pointed at as a homicide, or by the most liberal as a duellist, which I would very little prefer to the harsher appellation—and that, too, by that same arbitrary conventional society who would brand me as a coward did I dare to refuse to fight. I must fly like a felon, (indeed, by the law all engaged are considered felons,) or risk its penalties in the same manner as a common assassin or burglar. How futile will prove all their attempts, by a ten minutes' legislation, to break down an institution that has existed among civilized nations for about twelve centuries, and which, in times past, was established by the ecclesiastical Courts, in order that the Almighty might thus show the right when the weak reason of man cannot grasp it. Let people say what they please—let sermon after sermon be preached—and article after article written, reprobating it—go into the world, even among the more gentle sex, and you will see their lips curl with scorn, should their attention be directed to a man who allowed himself to be insulted without thus washing out the stain. It is true, that this is not a proper test of courage, and that one who declines a challenge, and refuses thus to endanger his life in a duel, may retrieve himself by a gallant action in his *country's defence*, or some other *good* cause. But, in the whole course of his life no such opportunity may offer, when he goes down to his grave with a blot upon his fair fame.

"And what have those who so much reprobate the *crime*, done to prevent it? Nothing—literally nothing. They have, it is true, proscribed it by severe penalties—but we can see no good that has ever resulted from them. In history, we have examples of governments under which duelling was a capital crime; but even that penalty, like our fines and imprisonment, has failed in effecting the desired object. The time will come, doubtless, when this remnant of barbarism will be banished from all civilized communities. But, mark me, it will not be so long as the punishment is indiscriminate, and no distinction made between the right and the wrong.

"Our statute laws are at present in utter disregard to the feelings of those governed by them, who never can be brought to consider a man *condemned*, for a fair, open, personal conflict, as a disgraced felon; laws instituted by men who appeared to take no cognizance of the fact that, to a certain portion of our community, courage is a capital without which a man cannot enjoy life. No, no—don't interrupt me. I am not, as you suppose, changing my opinions to work out my own justification. Here, take another cigar. I know, by long experience, that to be the best mode of insuring you a quiet auditor. Ah, now," said he, smiling, as I resumed my position, "I may continue. When finished, I will willingly hear your views. These have always been my opinions, yet you know I am no duellist. A man enters the Navy or Army, where he requires no other capital than the intellect granted to us all, and physical courage: he is selected from among his countrymen to fight their battles—and, in the former service, to protect their commerce and represent them abroad in peace. By the regulations, the people, through their representatives, have provided for the government of their military institutions, he is required 'to show an example of *courage*,' &c., to those under his command, and let him fail in this, or let his bravery be doubted even, and his influence is permanently lost. He has lost his value—his capital—the only requisite for admission to his country's service. It is true, he may be a brave man notwithstanding, but the generality of those around and below him will doubt it, and common men will hesitate in following an officer, of whose courage there is a question, on a dangerous enterprise, as he may fail them in a crisis. Again, if duelling is excusable in one instance, it must be in all; and who is there among those even most opposed to it, who would not applaud, rather than censure, a representative of the country who risked his own life rather than permit his flag to be insulted by a stranger?

"We are allowed," says a celebrated writer on international law, "to defend our property from the attacks of a robber: and instead of blame, we receive commendation if in such defence the life of the robber should be sacrificed. 'Casuists may say,' he continues, 'that honor is ideal.' Be it so. There is much said which contributes to my honor and happiness, and it is my property, and must be defended in the manner society has prescribed. Should I permit an insult to pass unnoticed, it is tarnished, nay, lost, in the eyes of many with whom I am in daily association, and whose opinions and good-will are of more importance to me than those of all the sage lawgivers, of whom I hear only through their prohibitions. Perhaps much I have said has been irrelevant. Indeed, when I commenced, I had no intention of giving you at such length my views. But now I will return to my own case, general principles apart.

"Mr. Gainsville has long wished me to do violence to my feelings by fighting him, in which case he had little doubt, from his knowledge of his weapon, that the result would be favorable to his wishes; or, in case of my refusing to fight him, to have branded me as a coward among my associates, would have answered his purposes. He shall be disappointed. I feel now, owing to certain circumstances that have lately transpired, that my life is of little value to myself or others. Relations I have none who know or would regret me. So I am willing to make a sacrifice to rid the world of a dangerous man, who might do much injury to society. I do not care to live, and be branded either as a murderer or a coward—neither do I feel willing to allow myself to be sacrificed to answer his base purposes, and leave him behind me to injure others, as his disposition would doubtless prompt him to do. These, then, are my reasons for availing myself of my prerogative and choosing the distance that has startled you. My papers I leave in your care. You can read all when this affair is over; then you will see how little I have to attach me to this world, and be at no loss to account for a calmness which is that of despair.

"All that bound me to life and tended to my happiness, has gone, and now death for me has no terrors, because life possesses no charms. Call it heartlessness, if you like, but my predominate feeling is curiosity. I wish to see if, on to-morrow, he who has always appeared so reckless, so careless and indifferent to danger, will not quail before the certain, *inevitable death* I have prepared for him. Your answer, Gasket? Will you or not act as my friend? If so, we will arrange these papers to follow you—for you are aware that a return to New York would be unsafe."

His sophistries had not convinced; but as he was determined in his course, I could not desert him, so I readily promised, and we set about our sad task.

"These letters," pointing to a large packet, sealed and addressed to me, "you will read, and will find a full explanation of much you don't understand in my conduct for the last few weeks. These are now of no importance, so I will burn them. Here are two miniatures. This," opening one of a beautiful girl of about sixteen, "you will have forwarded as I have directed in this letter. The other, of my mother, you will keep as a memento of my friendship."

Everything was surely arranged and a note addressed to my friends, requesting them to forward the baggage of both to Philadelphia, when the rumbling of the carriages in the street announced the approach of day-light, and warned us of the necessity for starting.

"Here, Gasket, I believe all is arranged; I will leave the key at the bar while you conceal the pistol case under your cloak. Come, come, we must away or we shall be too late for the Hoboken boat."

With a sad foreboding, which his gay demeanor did little to quiet, I accompanied him across to the ferry, after which, an hour's walk brought us to a secluded glen behind the village, where a thick undergrowth would effectually screen the expected tragedy from observation.

Upon our arrival, we found we had anticipated the other party; so Hastings, who was now in a gayer mood even than during the night, commenced striking fire from a spare flint, and sat down, as he said, to quietly enjoy his last cigar, at the same time offering me another, which he took from his case.

"My God, Hastings!" my pent feelings getting vent, "have you no feeling, no compunction for the deed you are about to commit in ——"

"Nay, Jack, don't again quote that old hackneyed expression. 'Cold blood,' which is neither new nor applicable—but, joking apart, and I know, to you, my attempt at hilarity must seem fearfully ill-timed, I feel no compunction—he has willfully forfeited his right to life, and that right I now feel myself in possession of. As to myself, for more than forty days, this scene, which I looked upon as inevitable, has been ever before my eyes, and *death*, when viewed through no false medium, which the attractions of the earth present to most of us, loses its terrors.

I am not now to *die*; the bitterness of death was past when I first determined to meet him, and in this manner. My only wish now is to see that prating bully pale before me, and show him that those who profess to be conscientiously opposed to such conflicts have higher motives than a *fear of death*, and that when the time arrives that they think it necessary to die they can leave the world and brave futurity without a shudder. You all want a warning, Jack, and I hope the sacrifice I am about to make will benefit many. But here *come* my antagonist and his friend; we must up and receive them. You have but to reject all proffers for an adjustment, and you execute my wishes."

I rose to receive Brougham and Gainsville, who now approached; both were deadly pale, and I saw in a glance that the former, as much as myself, dreaded the part we were to play; his principal was calm, but I thought I could trace in the uneasy workings of his countenance a fear of *death*; for a moment his face, as if by an effort, was stern and composed, but *ever and anon* the muscles of his mouth would twitch convulsively and his eye quailed as he met that of Hastings. In the ordinary acceptation of the word he was a brave man, yet he shrunk from the fearful ordeal which had been prepared for him. Hastings, too, noticed it, for a slight and derisive smile played about his mouth when his eye met mine after his searching glance.

I felt the moral lesson the look expressed, and since that day, when I see those who are willing to risk their life so needlessly, I am loath to believe it is because they are prepared to part with it, but they depend on chance or accident to preserve what they unnecessarily hazard.

The usual civilities exchanged, Brougham expressed a wish that the quarrel might yet be adjusted without a meeting, or, at least, that Mr. Hastings would not insist upon the distance, which must inevitably prove fatal to both parties. Upon conferring with my principal, which form I complied with, though knowing how uselessly, he answered me peremptorily, "No, I came here to *fight* since he would have it so, and not at this late hour to talk of a compromise." I gave his answer to Brougham, who said he *thought* Mr. Gainsville might be induced to apologize for his first insult to Mr. Hastings, and accept from him an apology for the blow.

"That, *of course, he will not do*," said H., who had now come within hearing, apparently impatient at the delay; "he refused yesterday before I had chosen this unusual distance; we must not expect him to do it now."

His manner was hurried and somewhat agitated, while his adversary bit his lip until the blood started at the bitter sneer. The pistols were then loaded and presented to the parties, who were placed about three feet apart, so that the muzzle of each held a steady pressure against his opponent's chest under the right arm. Both were cool, but there was nothing in common in their coolness. Hastings took his place briskly, with a smile a casual observer might have mistaken for a happy one, while the movements of his adversary were mechanical, and the workings of his countenance told of the deep anguish within.—His eye once wandered, as if to see if none were there to interrupt them, to my face, and to Brougham's, but seeing nothing upon which to base his hopes, his eye met that of his enemy's with a look of malignant hate. It was the triumph of desperation and pride over fear—the distinction between the coward and the brave man.

Once only did his features relax, as he felt the position of his adversary's pistol, which pointed outwardly—and not in a vital direction; but it was momentary, for I, having won the word, approaching with a cocked pistol in my hand, asked—"Are you ready, gentlemen?" Hastings, passing his pistol directly over and in the direction of the heart, answered "I am," distinctly; while Gainsville's answer was indistinct. He had been playing with his victim—allowing Hope even at that moment to delude him.

Brougham and myself, with *our* pistols cocked, stood on one side, each opposite the other's principal. Again I asked, "Are you ready?" and being answered as before, gave the words—"Fire—one—two—three!"

The discharge was simultaneous with the word "fire," and both fell—Gainsville, after a convulsive bound in the air; while Hastings, turning on his heel, fell heavily on the ground, his clothes burning from the closeness of the explosion, and the heart, which but a moment before beat warmly within his breast, lay bare and shattered.

Many, many years have passed since that fearful morning, but the scene is ever present in my memory—it haunts me in my dreams and waking hours, and never do I remember the mangled forms of those victims to this iniquitous custom, but a shudder steals over me which chills my warmest and most joyous moments. All Hastings' requests were complied with; his papers and letters, which he left me, were much more satisfactory in accounting for his sudden change of opinion and deportment than all his casuistries on the evening preceding the duel.

They are still in my possession, and may perhaps, some future day, be added to the small store of events in the by-gone days of "Jack Gasket."

THE VICTIM OF CONSUMPTION.

BY JAMES LUMBARD.

I saw him in youth, the glad morning of life,
When the heart with a thousand fond raptures is rife;
When the tide of existence rolls smoothly and gay,
Like an unruffled stream on a calm summer's day;
When smiles of pure gladness illumine the face,
Where sorrow has left not a visible trace;
When Hope paints the future in colors as fair,
As the hues of the rainbow "suspended in air."

I saw him again, but a change had been wrought,
In the form but last seen with such happiness fraught;
The hand of disease on its beauty was laid,
And fearful and sad was the ravage it made;
From his cheek had departed the roseate dye,
And gone was the brilliance that shone in his eye;
And the pale, wasted form, and the flickering breath,
Too fearfully told of the messenger, Death!

Again when I saw him, the spirit that shed,
A halo of gladness around us, had fled;
And the form that but now was in life's early bloom,
Was wrapped in the shroud for its rest in the tomb;
The eye-lids were closed like the beautiful flowers
That fold up their leaves in the dewy night hours;
But Death, as he bore the loved spirit away,
Bestowed a sweet smile on the cold coffined clay!

Oh, never again in this perishing world,
Where the flag of disease and decay is unfurled;
Where those who are shrined in the innermost heart,
Are ever the first who are called to depart;
Shall I see the dear friend whose devotion and truth,
Were the light and the joy of my pathway in youth;
For the grave, the cold grave, has closed over the form
Erewhile with existence and joyousness warm.

There's a region above this dark valley of ours,
And death cannot enter its shadowless bowers,
To wither the blossoms that brilliantly bloom,
And load the sweet air of that clime with perfume;
And there, with the angels surrounding the throne,
Are the loved, who from earth and its sorrows have flown;
And there, when life's struggles and trials are o'er,
Shall I see the sweet friend of my youth evermore!

Utica, N.Y.

HACO, THE SEA KING.

IN TWO PARTS.

BY W. H. HERBERT,
AUTHOR OF "THE BROTHERS," "CROMWELL," "RINGWOOD THE ROVER," "[illegible]," ETC.

PART I.

Wild blew the grim north-easter, whirling aloft, over the whole face of the blotted heaven, the dim and misty fog wreaths, lashing below the surface of the vexed Atlantic into a series of howling billows crested with snowy foam, and driving in the whole sweep of the mighty Ocean against the granite ramparts that gird the stern coast of New England. It was as yet but early autumn time, and the primeval forests, which, in the days whereof my tale must speak, grew stately and luxuriant down to the very margin of the deep, had scarcely changed their rich grateful verdure, for the first of those glorious tints which tell of present frost, and coming winter, but the keen-cutting gale, which tossed their agitated limbs creaking and groaning in strange dissonance, was such as would have suited well the dark skies and leafless woods of bleak December. There is, perhaps, no more romantic or more lovely scenery on earth, when viewed under the genial influences of summer weather, than many points that may be found along the iron-bound coasts of what are now the States of Maine and New Hampshire, the bold, stern granite crags, crowned with overhanging umbrage of the pine and cedar—the deep ravines and chasms, through which some mimic torrent comes babbling and foaming down, to lose its petty murmurs in the large diapason of the never-silent sea,—the myriads of wild islands, that stud the azure deeps some large and rich, with grassy lawns and green savannahs, and shadowed by huge timber trees, others bare shrubless blocks of granite, lifting their bald heads high above the fiercest spring tides, and again others mere reefs and seamy ledges, dripping and black forever with the moisture of the waves that momentarily batter their summits—and to make up the picture, the singular and glassy brightness of the translucent sea, so clear that you can mark the smallest pebble at the bottom, in fifteen fathoms water, and the resplendent glory of the far-cloudless ether. But on the other hand nothing perhaps can be imagined more desolate, more gloomy, or more fearful than these same coasts, when seen during the prevalence of a north-easter—the leaden sky above, below the sullen ocean, gloomy and dark as night, save where it bursts in yeasty foam more fearful than the blackness, the wild wind howling and sobbing through the shattered forest, the awful breakers, here leaping up into the air from the concussion of some reef unseen amid their boiling surf; here flashing up, high as the maintop of an admiral, against some towering crag, and showering their bitter spray far landward over the bent tops of the tortured forest. Such a night was it, and such a tempest, hundreds of years before, the world-dreaming Genoese had started from the petty port of Palos, for the discovery of a region, which had been twice before* discovered, and twice before forgotten. Night was approaching rapidly, and with the growing twilight, the storm waxed wilder yet, and the scene more fearful. A few faint sea-fowl, which spite the fury of the tempest, had been unwillingly compelled by hunger to quit their rocky haunts in pursuit of their finny prey, were beating wearily, tack after tack, up wind, with harshly plaintive clamors, to gain some shelfy cliff or isle, that towered above the spray.

One large bald-headed eagle was wheeling far aloft, over a point of granite, that ran out sharply into the foaming surf, feathered with giant pines, so sturdy that they scarce bowed before the gale, clapping his wings and shrieking his fierce rapture at the storm; but not a sign of man, even in his most savage state, was visible along the rock-bound coast of no wave-girt isle; no smoke-wreath winding its way aloft among the multitudinous green boughs, no red fire glancing through the spaces of the mossy bolls, no bark canoe hauled up on the dry shingly beach, no wigwam or skin-tent under some sheltering knoll. Not a tree had been felled by human hands of all the countless millions that overspread that forest-continent, though thousands strewed the earth, prostrated by the viewless hurricane, or sapped by slow decay. Not a barque had been launched from those virgin shores—the very redmen had scarce penetrated yet so far to eastward, though they had long before swept like the flood-tide over the builders of Palenque and Uxmal, over the pilers of the mounds, the tillers of the prairie, the civilized descendants of the old Phenicians. But now, with one huge square-sail, reduced by reefs to the smallest compass, her other canvass furled, and her yards lowered, driving before the gale with terrible velocity, and cleaving the very waves, which she outstripped with a hoarse sound, like scornful laughter, a long black galley came scudding down the storm. Strange was her model, and such as now would be deemed utterly unseaworthy; yet he who had seen her ride the waves with the easy grace of the wild swan, now swooping into the hollow trough, now buoyantly and majestically breasting the huge swell until it melted under her, would scarce have judged her as inferior to the head frigate that now stems the ocean. She was extremely long, and her bows very square—her beam being placed far-forward, and her frame narrowing aft more suddenly than in the boasted craft of modern days—but, in the place of what we should now call the cut-water, she had a sharp projecting beak, plated and edged with solid iron, strong bands of which, wrought into singular devices, fortified all her prow, which, like her stern, was decked some twenty feet aft with a little bulwark, or rail rather, running round it. To this were attached some twenty shields on either side, vast hollow circles of bright steel, though tarnished somewhat by the driving spray, each having blazoned on its surface some rude and terrible device, the earliest insignia of incipient heraldry. Behind this half-deck, if it may be so called, the waist was very low, and completely open for sixty feet or better, with thwarts, stretchers, and thole pins, for a numerous crew of rowers, although the long oars now were all laid in, and only eight or ten hands visible upon the decks as in the waist—the stern, as I have said, was likewise decked, for nearly twice the length of the prow, being much narrower, and was surmounted by a little after-deck under the cover of which the tiller could be worked, while several loop-holes had been perforated in the sides for arrow-shot—above this rose a tall flag-staff of iron, and from it, streaming out toward the bow, floated a broad white ensign with a black raven, the proud emblem of the Danish and Norwegian Sea Kings, as it was the peculiar and chosen bird of their great Odin. The masts were two in number, one rising from the after part of the forward deck, which was completely stripped of all its lumber, only a few strong stays and shrouds appearing—the top-mast had been housed, the yards sent down, and not a stitch of canvass was to be seen; the other, which stood some distance abaft the centre of the waist: about two-thirds of the galley's length from the head, bore the one square-sail under which the barque was scudding: and about this were clustered all the men who were in sight, with the exception of one—a tall and stately figure, who stood upon the extreme verge of the prow, thundering out his directions from time to time to change the vessel's course as his keen eye detected the up flashing breaker, telling of jagged reefs, or the discolored water, betraying the more treacherous sand bank right in the galley's track—and two who stood beneath the after-deck swaying the massive tiller, to which the good ship started, obedient as a charger to the rein. The waist of the rover, like the bow and stern, was garnished with a row of shields, but whereas those on the decks were large enough to cover the whole person from the chin downward to the knees, and were elaborately wrought in steel adorned with carved and gilded bearings, the others were not above half the size, fashioned of hides of the wild bull or mountain elk, many times doubled, and bound together by stout rims and studs of iron. Such was the aspect of the galley and her crew, which on that wild and stormy night careered so fearlessly and fleetly among the barren rocks and forest islands, that gem the lovely bay of Casco.

The vessel, as we have said already, was the perfection of the marine architecture of that remote, rude age; and, when we consider what strange feats were accomplished by those long Norse galleys, propelled by sail and oar, with neither compass nor chronometer, nor aught to guide their sturdy mariners, except the stars by night, and the great sun by day, we cannot but believe that they deserved the high encomiums of the Runic minstrels, who boasted them, in their wild lays, the dragons, or the vultures of the deep, the riders of the waves, the blast defyers!—The men were evidently all of one tough northern stock, not very tall, but wonderfully strong, and built alike for feats of prowess or agility. Not one of them had anything upon his head except his own thick tresses, all of one common hue, though varying through many shades of gold and auburn, from flaxen to bright red; nor did they seem to heed at all the fury of the gale, which tossed their tresses into tangled elf-locks, or the cold sleety rain, that froze as it fell on their close curly beards, and thick moustaches. Their dresses were short frocks, with close cut hose, of elk-skin, coarsely tanned, and were gathered at their waist by broad belts of the same material, with ponderous clasps of iron; their feet and ankles were protected by laced sandals of bull-hide, dressed with the hair outside; and in his girdle each bore a long, broad two-edged knife, with a buck-horn hilt, one of the tines making a rude guard, but no other weapons—although around each mast there was a rack of heavy ashen javelins, about five feet in length, with broad barbed iron heads, of eighteen inches; and under every field was a huge curtal axe, of ten pounds weight or over, its stock all bound with plates and bands of metal. But if their garb was singular, their persons were yet more so; their skin, where it had not been exposed to the sun and storm, was white and delicate as a fair woman's, with all the veins in blue relief distinct upon the snowy surface; their eyes, without an exception, were of the brightest, clearest blue, with a quick, dazzling glance, that resembled more the flash from the orbit of a falcon, than the expression of aught human. Rarely exceeding five feet six, or eight at most, in stature, their shoulders were much broader than would be looked for now in men vastly taller—their chests deep, round and massive—their flanks extremely thin and clean—and all their lower limbs developed to the fullest muscular proportion, gave them an air of lythe and flexible agility, and power almost invincible, more like the sinewy strength of wild beasts, than the might or energy of man. But in addition to all this, their arms were of a length so unusual—the fingers, as the limb hung down naturally by the side, reaching considerably below the knees—that it gave them an air almost unearthly, particularly when combined with the piercing flash of their keen blue eyes.

To the dress of these mariners, there was, however, one exception; the man who stood at the bow, directing the course of the galley, wearing a suit of the armor peculiar to his day and nation. This person, too, was somewhat taller than the rest, not being, perhaps, much short of five feet ten; and, had it not been for the disproportionate breadth of his shoulders, and the length of his arms, he might have been called eminently handsome. His forehead was broad and ample, his nose well cut and rather sharply aquiline, his mouth firm, bold, and perhaps imperious, except when a smile played over it, erasing in a moment all that appeared objectionable in the feature—his long and curled moustache, his close crisp beard, and the fine waving locks, which parted evenly upon the foretop, flowed down on either side his face, were all of a bright sunny amber, that suited well with the rich coloring of his clear complexion, and with the large bright eye, that seemed to pierce the densest mist, and read at a glance the symptoms of the brewing storm. His head, unlike those of his followers or comrades, was covered with a casque or basinet, of highly burnished steel, with a projecting peak shading the eyes, solid cheek pieces, connected by a ring under the chin, and a cervical, or neck-plate, fastened by hinges to the skull-cap, protecting all above the shoulders. This singularly formed head-piece had no avantaille, or visor, for that appendage had not yet been invented; but it was fitted with what was called in later days a nasal, a narrow plate, or rather bar, of tempered steel, carved so as to fit the front of the casque, on which it traversed in a sort of groove, so that it could either be thrust up above the peak, or drawn down and attached by the lower extremity to the cheek-pieces at the chin, protecting the nose, and indeed the whole face, from anything but the direct thrust of a pointed weapon.—This helmet, which was, despite the damp sea air, kept bright and burnished, was overshadowed by a huge pair of gilded vulture's wings, the crest, as it were, of the distinguished wearer; for none but a man of mark would have been suffered to assume so haught a cognizance. The arms and body of this warrior were covered by the peculiar hauberk or shirt of mail worn by the northern heroes, composed of stout steel rings, not linked into each other like the chain armor borne by the Crusaders, but sewed edgewise upon a shirt of elk-skin, reaching to the mid-thigh, and belted at the waist by a broad girdle, covered with plates of steel. In time of action, or immediate peril, the Sea King, for he was no less than one of those wild bean-pirates, had doubtless bore of mail to cover his stout legs; but in the present instance they had been laid aside, as well as the two-handed broad-sword, and the huge war axe, and his strong limbs were covered only by the tough leathern trews, and sandals of bull hide.

Such was the form, and such the garb of him who scanning with a practised eye the mysteries of the darkening deep, piloted that sharp galley, flying as she did, fast as the eagle's wing, before the gray northeaster, through many a tortuous pass, where the huge breaker boiled beneath his lee an instant, and roared the next many a fathom in his wake, as the obedient barque answered her helm with instinctive quickness. The orders, which he thundered forth from time to time, ... were clearly heard above the hissing of the sea, and the howling of the wind, so high and trumpet-like, were his commanding tones, and instantly obeyed by the keen-witted crew, who seemed, as it were, to anticipate his orders. Once or twice it was necessary, in order to get the galley's head round sharply, to thrust out a long oar and pull a stroke or two, and then perhaps to do the same on the other side, to force her about again as rapidly; and though in these manœuvres, the loss of a second's space, a stroke too many, or too few, would have insured the loss of ship and crew, all was done with a deliberate promptness, that could not be surpassed by the best disciplined and ablest mariners that ever rode the surge.

But now the night was blacking more and more, and the storm waxing wilder; and as they drew near to the long point of granite rock which ran out far across their course, due southward, with the dark pine trees all defined clear and distinct against the western sky, whereon a faint and sickly glow of red announced the setting of the sun, and the bald-headed eagle wheeling in air above it, daylight was rapidly deserting them.

"Ho! Alf!" shouted the leader, suddenly, "summon me Snorro Sturleson!"—and at the word, one of the men in the waist sprang aft, and pushing back a sliding pannel in the bulk head of the stern cabin, whence a red glare streamed out into the misty night, uttered a word or two which could not be heard without, so hoarsely came the roar of the mad breakers on the sear, as they dashed furiously against the rocky wall, at less than a mile's distance; but their import was soon rendered plain, as an old man, whose frame unbowed by years or hardships, and sinewy limbs and erect port, belied the tale told by his snow-white beard and hair, stepped forth, and treading on the rocking thwarts as steadily as though his feet were planted on the earth-fast granite, made his way forward to the Sea King. His dress was a shirt or frock, cut like those of the others, but made of a rich bear skin, the black fur outwards, and in his port and bearing, no less than in the deferential air of all who looked upon him, might be discovered the respected sage, no less than the undaunted champion.

"See, Snorro!" cried the Sea King, as the old man stood beside him, "what readest thou there, and there, and there?"—and, as he spake, he pointed to the soaring eagle, to the white breakers, and to the fading sunset.

"A sign!—a harbor!—light!"—answered the sage. "Readest thou not so, fair-haired Haco?"

"I read," the king replied, still gazing out intently on the waters, "and there," pointing to a long line of jagged rocks which ran out with the white surf plashing over them far seaward of the promontory, "there I read peril—and there a channel!" And as he uttered the last words, he flung his left arm wide toward the ocean, where far beyond the reef a wooded island loomed up large against the misty sky. "Between the reef and isle I read a channel."

"I read!" again asserted the old man.

"But, Haco, night comes."

"We must do, therefore, quickly," he replied, interrupting him. Then raising his clear voice to the utmost pitch—"Call all," he shouted. "Call all! Cheerily ho! Call all!" And in an instant, as it were, the waist was crowded with the light haired Norsemen—a hundred mariners, at least, with ten or twelve, whose armor and high bearing denoted their superior rank, were mustered in the mute, attentive expectation. "Oars all! Ready the starboard braces!" Another moment passed, and with two of the champions, a dozen seamen stood on the after deck grasping the ropes by which to turn the squaresail, while the rest seizing the long tough sweeps, and holding them erect, gathered by divisions, each with their proper leader, waiting the word to act.

And here, before proceeding farther, it will be necessary in a few words to point out the position of the vessel and the land, so that the reader may comprehend at once the effect of the manœuvre. The galley darting directly down before the north-eastern gale, was running parallel to the coast, which lay on the right hand, at about a quarter of a mile's distance, and her head was of course pointing south-west, so that the long point which ran out at right angles to the land, was exactly under her bows, and if she held her course any longer, she must necessarily rush headlong on its iron barrier. The skilful mariners who guided her, well knew that beyond the perilous promontory the water must be calm and sheltered, so that it would be easy, that once weathered, to find a secure anchorage. In order to effect this, however, it would be necessary to turn the vessel's head to the south, and to coast along the awful reef toward which wind and sea would drift them constantly side onward. No ship can hold her course across a violent wind without making more or less leeway, and the whole safety of the ship under such circumstances depends on the accurate calculation of the drift as compared with the headway. At present, however, there was no choice.

"Out oars! give way."

The words were hardly spoken before the long blades flashed in the glassy water.

"Haul on the starboard braces—port the helm—hard astern!"

It was done, and like a thing of life the vessel started round and looked for a moment as if she could have made her way across the very track of the wild gale—but heavily the surges dashed her in, and though she fore-reached gallantly, yet the lee drift was fearful.

"Pull on your starboard oars—pull for your lives—pull all!" cried Haco. "Snorro, direct the steersman thou, while I go ply the oars. Ho! Gierlang! Harald! Rafen! spring to the long oar, champions. Hagen the strong-armed, and stout Hedin, ply starboard, ply for life!" and with the words, he leaped into the waist and seized the stroke oar, while the champions whom he had called by name, displaced as many of the weaker mariners, and bent their strong thews to the task with energy that made the strong ash oars spring steel-like as they dashed the foam wreaths from their quick glancing blades. It was a perilous and fearful crisis, and what made all more awful was that the rowers, whose faces were of course directed to the stern, could see nothing except the foam-flakes whirling in their wake, and the tremendous surf dashing across the ragged reef, nearer as it seemed to them, and nearer yet, at every dash of their oars. Snorro alone, who piloted the galley, could mark the way they made, and his experienced eye, although it judged, and judged rightly, that they could weather the extreme point of the reef, perceived that there was yet another, and another danger; the channel was so narrow between the islet and the reef, and they were drifting down so rapidly, that he much apprehended there would scarce be room again to change her course and fill upon the other tack, before the surge would sweep them on the points.

"Larboard oars, easy. Starboard give way, give way! Stand by your sheets and braces," Snorro called, in a voice that no one would have dreamed could issue from so aged lips. The very crisis of their fate was come, as broadside on she swept into the channel, the starboard oar blades grated upon the jagged reef, and the last breaker curled under the clear run of the trim built galley, and lifted it over a shelfy point that might have pierced its planking. The sharp beak was within six feet of the islet beach, but fortunately it was bold and the water deep in shore, for had the prow touched there never so slightly, the heavy current would instantly have swept her in stern foremost, and nothing could have saved her from destruction.

"Let fly your sheets! let fly! starboard the helm! hard starboard! hold water starboard oars! hurra! hurra! pull all!!" And loud and wild amid the storm rang the triumphant burst of the Northmen's cheering, as they swept through the narrow channel, and were a moment after in water nearly smooth, although their sail was still exposed to the full force of the wind. Again her course was altered, and in an instant she was running with her head straight in shore, to leeward of the rocks whose windward edge she had so perilously rounded, into a deep and sheltered bight between another woody islet, and the steep point of granite rock which secured it from the eastern tempest. Five minutes more, and her sail flapped idly in the dead calm as she ran, under the lee of those vast cliffs, into a basin as still and peaceful as a dead mill pond; then came the splash of her heavy anchor, and the rumbling of her cable, and as she lost her way entirely and swung to her moorings, and the square-sail was furled, the last glimpse of the daylight faded, and Snorro Sturleson, pointing aloft to a vast pine tree, which leaned out far from the cliff's brink, over the vessel's mast, whereon the eagle had just alighted, and was even now folding his mighty wings, exclaimed to Haco:

"The night is here! the sign was true! and we have found the harbor!"

"True, Snorro," said the king, "but having found, we must strive hard to keep it. Ho! bring us torches from within! set the hearth out upon the bow with the old iron grating, bring rosin and pine knots and kindle me a beacon, that we may make out something of this cove—for it is as dark as a wolf's mouth already—and for the loss of our small pinnace! we must e'en build a new one."

Within a shorter space than can be fancied, some large plates of sheet iron were spread upon the iron beak, a massive grating raised above them, and a vast pile of dry pine knots and birch barks, with turpentine and rosin, kindled upon the bars, that dealt a column of broad wavering flame ten feet aloft into the murky air, casting a strange and lurid glare over the dark green verdure of the pines, over the dull gray cliffs, over the shadowed water, rendering every thing distinctly visible, though with a wild and unnatural lustre.

"So! we can see things now, and judge what we are doing," exclaimed Haco; "Now, Alf, my bold one, off with thy coat of skin, take an inch rope in thy right hand, swim to the cliff there, pass it round that huge pine trunk which springs out of yon crevice, and bring me back the end as soon as may be; meantime bend on a good hawser to the other end, ye on the prow—and you, Niderader, do you likewise swim to the islet there, and pass a line about the strongest trunk you can find on the shore; moored thus we shall float safely, hap what may!"

No further words were needed; nor would the orders of the fair-haired Haco, the most renowned Sea King of the time, have needed repetition, had they commanded things much harder than a short plunge in a midnight sea. Flattered and pleased, rather than daunted by the mandate, the hardy men flew overboard, and within half an hour the vessel was moored head and stern, between the islet and the crags, in perfect safety, let the wind blow where it listed. Scarce was this done, and ere the crew had yet retired from their quarters, when the door in the forward cabin was pushed backward, and, strange apparition in such a scene and season! a lovely girl stepped forth, to whom all eyes were turned upon the instant, in respectful admiration.

Nearly as tall as any of the men, except the very tallest, she had none of those strange peculiarities which marked the males of her bold race; but on the contrary, her form was exquisitely moulded, slender and delicate, yet full of soft, voluptuous roundness, and her face was beautiful as ever was the face of woman. A vast profusion of soft golden hair flowed down over her neck and shoulders, below her shapely waist, in rich luxuriant tresses; her bright blue eye was formed, as it seemed, alike to beam with radiant mirth, or to melt in the sweetest tenderness; her skin was pure as the virgin snow on the untrodden Alps, before the sun has kissed it, and her lips, no simile but would be faint and feeble, beside their warm carnation! Her dress was singular, yet beautiful. An under robe of spotless linen, fell nearly to her feet, which were covered with small sandals all decked with golden studs, in simple draperies; but over this she wore a tunic or short kirtle of the finest scarlet cloth, with hanging sleeves that left her white arms and her swan-like neck uncovered, all trimmed and bordered with the richest ermine, and above all a mantle of the same costly fur, gathered up to her shoulders by large clasps of virgin gold. As she stepped out into the waist of the galley, the full glare of the beacon fell on her beautiful figure, and bright speaking lineaments, and the sweet smile effaced the stern expression of Haco's mouth as his eye dwelt lovingly upon her glorious charms.

"Is all safe, Haco?" she asked, in a voice tuneful as a silver bell—"Is all safe, Haco, in this wild harbor?"

"Thanks to Niorder!* aye, and, I might well say, thanks to Freya! likewise! for if he saved us from the perils of the deep, she it was who preserved us from the perils of your sire's pursuit."

"And think you that we have escaped it?"

"Past doubt we have, beloved Asgarda. To-morrow, should this wild storm cease, we will select and see whether, in some of yon green islands, we may not find a spot to build a bower that shall efface the fiords and fells of the old Northland from your recollection! Meantime, hie to your cabin, my sweet one, where presently I will rejoin you. And now, my men," he added, as she disappeared, "we have toiled hard and prospered—spread now our choicest stores; broach, Rafen, broach the mightiest ale cask—Sigurd and Ughtred, strike your harps, chant out your blythest lays—for hap what hap tomorrow, blythe will we be to-night: here, on these coasts of Vinland,† a thousand leagues aloof, we still will drink the toast of our great sires.

"Skoal, to the Northland Skoal!"

Loud was the burst of cheering that followed that brief speech, louder the revelry that rang till midnight among the crags and pines of that untrodden solitude, starting the wild birds from their roosts, and the wild beasts from their forest lairs. The storm died quietly away, the stars came out in the clear heavens, but not an eye took note of them—the ale was mighty, and deep were the wooden quaighs from which they drained it, and night was waning into morning before the beacon died away, and the loud Runic strains ceased to alarm the forest echoes, and the sun rose again and scaled the heights of heaven before the sated revellers aroused them from the heavy slumbers which had succeeded to their day of stormy peril, to their night of more stormy glee.

The morning broke as beautifully as ever morning did, in the transcendent atmosphere of an American autumn. From the horizon to the zenith, there was not one speck of cloud,—no, not so big as a man's hand, to tell of the coming tempest; the whole vault of the heavens was as bright and as transparent as if it had been hewn out of a vast block of sapphire; the sun rushed up triumphantly above the many colored tree tops, and filled the universe with light and gladness. The Sea King stood upon the forward deck of his war galley, the first man awake of all that manned her, and gazed abroad over the lovely scene which stretched before him, far as the eye could reach, in gay but placid beauty. The broad expanse of Casco Bay opened before him, studded with its three hundred glittering islets, walled-in by the sublime gray rocks of stern Cape Ann, and overshadowed by the eternal forests which crowned each ocean isle and beaked promontory, with garniture more gorgeous than the pomp of a kingly coronation—for, show the regal purple that can compete with the rich crimson of the maple, the gold that can outvie the hickory and poplar, the velvets that can match the soft pile of the green sward, the plumes that wave so lightly as the rich tassels of the feathery larch; or where are the Lebanon odors, the myrrh and frankincense that stream from golden censers, when judged beside the balmy perfumes that float upon the free breath of boon nature—where the sounds sent forth from stringed instruments, flute, hautboy, horn, or trumpet, that sink not into vilest dissonance, when listened to after that sweetest natural concert, which is compounded of the soft sigh of the western wind, vocal among the pine tops, of the far trill of falling waters, the song of birds, the hum of bees, the very tap of the woodpecker on the hollow trunk, the caw of the inharmonious crow, and the scream of the fierce wild cat, mingling with the more gentle and melodious sounds in a strange harmony, and the deep bass of the mighty ocean booming, in perfect unison with one and all, a grand and giant diapason.

Such was the scene across which, lighted by the slant rays of the sun, now risen, the bold Sea Rover cast his astonished eyes,—and little used, although he was, to yield his soul to soft and soothing influences, little as he in general cared for smooth seas or smiling landscapes, preferring ever the loud voice of the keen northwest, shouting among his cordage to the mild music of the summer wind—delighting in the ear-piercing trumpet, or the dread yell of battle, heard high above the clang of blade and buckler, as the sole minstrelsy fit for heroic ears—still Haco felt that the genial air, the lovely scenery, the absolute tranquility, were for the time delicious; and, for the time, he yielded to them, and he gazed on and filled his soul with beauty, and mused in day-dreams more like the meditations of some love-stricken youth of Italy or Spain, than the high visions, terrible and proud, and gory, that were wont to float through the brain of the fierce Norseman. The spot in which the bark was moored, was in itself as romantic as anything that can be imagined. It was a deep and narrow channel, between a small and wooded islet on the left hand, and the steep craggy promontory which they had, the preceding night, so dangerously doubled, frowning upon the right; before the bows of the vessel, at about forty yards distant, lay the beach, feathered with thickly-growing underwood, all dyed in the splendid tints of autumn. The islet to the left was low, and covered only with stunted oak bushes, and sumacs, with the rich crimson cones and scarlet berries, so that the eye could reach beyond it to the bright bay with its tiny wavelets, all laughing in the merry sunshine, and thousands of gulls and wild fowl on the wing, disporting themselves in the brisk air of the early morning. While he was yet gazing, and debating within himself whether he should retain the berth into which he had, it might be said, accidentally brought his ship on the previous evening, or whether he should move farther, in search of a more secure anchorage, a slight noise from the beach called his attention; and, raising his eyes, he saw a tall and graceful doe, with a fawn about two-thirds grown by her side, which had forced her way through the coppice quite down to the edge of the surf, and stood gazing at the ship with her full liquid eyes fraught with a wild astonishment, that partook, however, in no respect, of fear—not even when Haco stepped down from his elevated post, and having brought a long steel bow and a brace of shafts, advanced to the very beak of the galley, and stood there in full view of the timid creatures. For a short space, while you perhaps could have counted twenty, the warrior stood watching the movements of the beautiful animals, which, so utterly unaccustomed were they to the sight and hostility of man, were browsing on the soft tips of the foliage, as if they were in absolute security; but in a few minutes the ardor and excited eagerness of the hunter came hot upon the spirit of the Norseman, unused to pity even the weak of his own nature; he raised the bow deliberately, having already notched one arrow on the string, and holding the other between the first and middle finger of the bow-hand, he braced the bow with care, so that the string should recoil well clear of his inner forearm, and threw his whole body into the bosom of the weapon, in that most graceful attitude which befits best the noble archer craft; he did not aim along the shaft, not he, but fixed his eye upon the object, and raised the weapon with a steady upward motion, until the feather of the shaft came to the level of his aim, then drew the left hand back till it had reached his ear, and the barbed steel head was resting on the gripe; a quick twang followed, and before the feathered messenger had reached its mark, a second twang succeeded it, (so quickly did the right hand, which had just released the bow-string, grasp the plume of the second shaft, notch it, and having drawn it to its full tension, launch the missile.) The little fawn fell first, and scarcely struggled, so deftly had the arrow been directed to the great artery of the neck, and so exactly did it sever it: the doe received the arrow in her heart, and bounded, as it struck her, some six feet high into the air; and as she fell, although she stood ten yards at least from the ocean's edge, her beautiful head was pillowed on the waters. There was none of that frightful gasping, that fearful animal convulsion, struggling, as it were, to avoid the necessary end, which follows the infliction of a mortal wound by a weak hand or an ill-directed weapon; but, on the contrary, so strong was the hand and so sure the aim of the archer, that all unconscious-pang was spared to the victim, and the steel head had scarcely penetrated, which it did with a speed second to that of light only, to the point for which it was intended, before, with one shivering throb, the life and sensibility of the victim were brought to a close together.

"Alas!" said a soft voice at his elbow, "Alas! for the beautiful doe, and the little fawn! Oh, Haco, why didst thou slay them?"

"Lovely Asgarda," replied the Sea King, turning round to his fair lady-love; "methinks I have seen you slay them too, in old Gardarike's woodlands, and on the snow-clad ridge of Kiolen, which overlooks two seas."

"Aye, Haco," answered the beautiful girl, "you have, I doubt *not*, and will, I trust, again,—but it must be when the fleet beast bounds fairly from the covert, and the clear horn awakens all the lusty echoes, and the hounds rave behind; when keen excitement sends the heart's blood in streams of liquid fire, through every swollen vein and artery, when every nerve leaps life-like to the mighty impulse. But not when they steal forth from their lone coverts to crop their morning meal in quiet—not when they come out, as it were, to welcome us to their wild forest-land—not, Haco, when they trust in us. I know not why it is, but when I came forth from my couch among yon heavy sleepers, and saw the bright and glorious day-god driving his fiery chariot through the azure, my heart was light as thistle-down, and yet more buoyant, and when I climbed up hither to greet my gallant Haco, all nature seemed to promise a life of tranquil pleasure—but when I see those slaughtered victims, slaughtered in their security and confidence, mother and child together—there is a shudder in my very soul, there is a cloud over my eyes—there is a dark dream of a bloody future!"

"Well may you term it a dream, sweet Asgarda. For say what here can harm you—we are beyond the reach of your stern father. Frode, the great, hath not, midst all his thousand gallies, a bark that could ride in safety the billows we have conquered, nor amidst all his pilots, a helmsman that could steer him to this new world of ours. Here, lovely one, here will we found a new empire, and Haco and Asgarda shall be the happy pair whose names shall live for ever, the mighty parents of a fresh dynasty, the planters of the puissant Northmen on the wild woodland shores of Vinland! Look forth, look forth, my love: is not this calm and island-studded bay, fairer to gaze upon than the rough frozen fiords, the sounds and races of our rock-bound Northland? Are not these bright woods gayer than the grim pines, winter-blanched and stag-horned, that crest the wild brows of our uplands? Can you not here be happy?"

"With you, Haco," she replied, turning her full blue eyes upward to meet her lover's gaze, "with you, Haco; with you, anywhere. Oh! yes—it is indeed lovely. But now, my Haco, arouse yon slumbering sluggards, and let them move the good bark from her moorings, and row us through the bay, until we find a sweet spot where to build our bower."

"Be it so, bright Asgarda," answered the chief, and raising to his lips a huge bugle, made from the horn of the vast Northern Urus, bound round about and tipped with polished brass, he blew so loud and clear a reveille, that echo after echo came ringing from the rocky isles and iron headlands, long after the wild crew had started from their sleep, and rushed out with arms hastily caught up, buckling on their battle-brands, and clasping their steel casques in all the fierce tumultuous confusion of an unexpected summons to the fight.

A few words speedily explained the leader's wishes, and in a little while the stout bark was unmoored and skimming cheerily, propelled by the stout oars of a portion of her crew, over the clear blue surface, while the rest were employed busily on the forecastle, in *flaying* and preparing for the table, the victims of their chieftain's archery. Haco, the while, with his fair bride, and four or five other beautiful girls—her waiting maidens in time past, who like their mistress, had decided rather to brave the perils of the stormy sea, and seek the wild shores of the Western World, vague *rumors* of whose existence had already been promulgated among the discoverers of Greenland, where they might dwell unharmed, with the heroes of their choice, than to remain in the palace bowers of their noble fathers—sat on the high-raised stern, with Harald, Hedin, Hagen, and others, of the bravest officers of the Sea Rover.

Many a fairy isle they passed with broad green lawns, and beautiful savannahs, many a lovely reef or round-topped rock, haunts of the seal and sea-gull, but until noon was near at hand, they found no spot that pleased them for a permanent abode, but when the sun was high, they steered upon a larger island than they had yet discovered, and coasting round its eastward and south-eastward side, found no place where they could effect a landing, so steeply did the gray precipices rise from the brink of the waters, while the tall growth of noble trees, oak, hickory, and maple, which rose yet above the rocks, showed that the soil within must needs be very fertile.—They turned the southern cape and it was still the [illegible] a vast wall of gray granite—the western, it was still the same, though something less precipitous—but still the same magnificent coast of timber trees peered over the stern barrier, and four or five bright rivulets of limpid water, came leaping down in mimic cataracts, with a loud sound like joyous laughter.

Determined now to explore the island thoroughly, they coasted round the whole western side, and steered toward its northern coast, now resolute, if possible, to effect a landing. The northern side was still bold and rock-bound, but not near so lofty, and from it they could see the green hill sloping upward, part open lawn, part massive forest, and part low underwood, all overrun with the green tendrils of the wild vine thickly hung, now with the long purple clusters, and now there is an opening in the rocky wall, a narrow opening, not above eighty or a hundred feet in width, with the deep water, so deep as to be perfectly black in its limpid clearness, glancing and rippling against the natural piers on either side. The galley, at one waive of the master hand of Haco, shot through the narrow pass and *floated* instantly in a small land-locked basin, perhaps a quarter of a mile across, sheltered from every wind of Heaven.

"Skoal,* skoal!" one universal shout, arose from every mouth on board the bark. "Skoal! skoal! to our new home and fastness!"

On every side there was a narrow stripe of smooth white sand, framing the dark blue waters like a gold setting to a Venetian mirror, and beyond this a natural lawn of smooth, short green sward, dotted with sumac bushes, and here and there a clump of the red juniper matted with the rich tracery of the abundant vines, with a clear mountain streamlet dancing through the meadows as if it sought to find its way to the vast ocean; and around all the sheltering forest was out-spread, now blazing with every tint and color that can be found on the pallet of that great master painter—Nature.

"Aye!" exclaimed Haco, as the tumultuous cheering of the glad crew subsided—"Aye! here shall be our home; what sayest thou, beautiful Asgarda?—Here shall our gallies lie in safety, and on yonder crag," pointing with the words, to either headland of the harbor—"a tower of stone shall make our port impregnable—on yonder level meadow a bower for our bright ladies—on yonder inland hill a watch-tower. Ashore—ashore—we will ashore forthwith!"

And without much ado, or many words spoken, the daring mariners exchanged the narrow quarters, which had for many a weary day been their sole dwelling place, for the fair woodland scenery which was to be thereafter their home and country. That day was given up to sacrificial rites in honor of the great gods whom they and their forefathers had adored for ages in the rough Northland—Odin and Thor and old Niorder—to revelry and song and feasting. Red gleamed the festive fires on the fresh shores and virgin waters of that fair island, and loudly rang the jocund chorus, and fast circled the great wassail bowl. That night the galley was the resting place. But with the dawn of the next morning the clang of axes and the din of toil had replaced the sound of feasting and mad merriment. The fair-haired Sea King, with all his chosen chiefs, and first in dignity and in the reverence of men old Snorro Starleson, the bard and seer, were busied in surveying their new kingdom, planning the sites for dwellings and vantage grounds for fastnesses against the foe, should a foe track them to their distant harbor. The men meantime were hastening to get out the stores and cargo. A forge was soon erected on the beach, with anvil, store of iron, and an abundance of those implements for which the rugged Norsemen were so famous. Axes were singing merrily on many a giant oak and heaven-kissing cedar, and ere the night fell, the foundations of a long hall, or barrack, had been laid on a little knoll fronting the opening of the harbor at about sixty yards from the margin of the land-locked bay. Day after day the toil continued unremittingly, while mindful of the coming winter the hunters scoured the main, the fishers swept the deep, the fowlers waged continual warfare on the innumerable tribes of the air. Wood was split and piled for winter fuel, and all the work went on merrily. Thus, long before the *first* snows had begun to fall, there were erected on that island shore a dozen low roofed buildings, *framed* rudely, it is true, but sturdily and weather-proof, of the squared trunks of the huge trees that grew in such profusion round them. The hall, a large long building, with a vast table stretching down the midst, and massive settles upon either hand, with a large vault-like fire-place at either end, was first constructed; and when its walls were decked with shirt of mail and shields and helmet, with many a northern battle-axe and many a massive falchion swung from the rafters overhead, it was to their untutored eyes as nearly the perfection of architecture, as could be wrought of wood instead of the massive masonry which formed the dwellings of their fathers. A bower, as it was then termed, or in other words, another building, nearly of the same size for the use of the women, divided into sundry chambers, was raised beside it, with separate dwellings for the chiefs, and a tall block-house or watch-tower, as they called it, which overlooked the settlement and was intended to be its defence in any time of trouble. A huge round boulder of the native granite, which was found on a neighboring hill top, was rolled down from its natural resting place by dint of mighty toil, and placed on the seashore; and, when a rugged basin had been hewn out of its upper surface, and some strange characters graven about it, this was made holy by strange rites, and dignified as a great Rune-stone, or altar for their bloodthirsty deities. Ere long winter came—but there was store of smoked and frozen game prepared beforehand, and many a cask of mighty ale brewed ere they left their European homes for that wild voyage, and fuel was abundant, and little recked those hardy men, and their brave northern frères the rigors of a climate scarce so severely cold as that of the hills and dales, in which they had been born and nurtured, full of rude health and unpampered strength and stubborn hardihood. Few days were there throughout the long and icy winter in which the woods of main and island rang not to the baying of the northern bloodhounds, (for several huge and shaggy trackers of the deer had been the fellow voyagers of the fierce emigrants,) and to the bugle and the shout of fair-haired Haco and his comrades. Few days were there on which the deer, and caribou, and the gigantic moose, mightier even than the elks of their own hills, fell not before their fatal archery—for they were skilled of old to skim the surface of the frozen snow on their long snow-shoes, and skate, fleet as the wind itself, over the glassy lakes. Many a fierce black-pelted bear, many a brindled wolf gave their furs to clothe the skin-clad warriors, while richer and more costly robes were furnished to the dames by the soft ermine, and the lynx and martin. By night the fires blazed high, and the ale *circled* in the mighty horns, while songs of old were shouted out beneath the waning stars, and the fierce chivalry of hardy Europe, with its half brutal crimes, and its half god-like virtues bade fair to be established firmly among the woodlands and the crags of young America. The women plied the distaff, and told each other legends of the mighty dead, and brewed strange medicines from herbs which they brought with them, culled when the moon was full, from their ancestral Norway, and sang, and played on their rude instruments of music, and toyed with their wild lords when they returned weary and mild of mood from the successful chase, and never for a moment rued the lot which led them to exchange the old for the new continent. The clear cold skies of Winter at length became overclouded with the damp mists of spring, the air was alive with the innumerable wild fowl, the waters teemed with fish, the atmosphere grew mild and balmy, the grass shot up all green and fresh from the soil that but yesterday was covered with dank snow, the forests began again to show their verdant garniture, and nothing ever seemed so beautiful on earth to eyes accustomed only to the dark pines of Drontheim or the stunt birches of more northern settlements, than did the woods and waters of Asgardaford, for so, in honor of their chieftain's bride, had the Norsemen named their colony. New buildings were erected, and a few acres cleared for the scant cultivation of those martial rovers—a little barley whence to concoct their loved and potent ale or to knead coarse cakes for their women, for little cared the hardy hunters for food so luxurious and effeminate as bread so long as the broiled meat heaped their boards in abundance, and the ale mantled in their wassail horns—a little flax from which to fill the distaffs, such was the agriculture of the nations, which then teemed in the mighty cradle of north-eastern Europe, before they had as yet swept like a torrent over the southern kingdoms, and given birth to the mightier races, destined in after time to rule the universe.

Days passed away, and weeks were numbered into months, and it was now high midsummer, and as yet not a sign or sound of danger or pursuit had reached the eyes or ears of the expatriated warriors—they prospered—they were happy—and if at times their souls waxed weary of the calm lives and innocent amusements which had succeeded to their turbulent career of piracy and bloodshed—and if at times their spirits grew athirst for the din of battle, the havoc, and the glory, and the rapture of the strife, they were recalled ere long, to the more domestic joys that grew up fast around them. For now the lovely bride Asgarda had become a lovely mother, and a young Haco, whose blue eyes and long fair hair made him the very image of his father, sported upon her knees, and even then early displayed the dauntless spirit of his heroic race, by clapping his young hands, and shouting at the flash of his sire's broad-sword, as he waved it in the sunny air, high over his unshrinking head. And not Asgarda only, but Swanwhite, so named from the dazzling whiteness of her complexion, which outrivalled the purest swansdown, and Hilda, and Oddruna, had made their lords proud fathers. The stern war galley had been long laid up, but many a light pinnace had been constructed, and twenty sail at least hailed from the infant settlement. Thus had time travelled onward, and all their fears—if they can be said to fear, who expect evil without dreading—had long since been forgotten,—when, on a lovely evening in the early autumn, one of their fisher barks, which had been plying far to the eastward, beyond the mouth of the great [illegible], [illegible] every inch of canvass set that she could carry, and instantly gave notice that she had been chased for three whole days by a large vessel, which by her build and trim she knew to be a war-ship from the Northland; and two or three of her elder mariners declared that they knew it for the great galley of the old King Orvarod, the passionate and revengeful father of Asgarda. Fire flashed from the keen eyes of Haco—vain were all prayers. There was no doubt but they might be safe in their hidden fastness until the search were over, and beautiful Asgarda, brave as a maiden, ambitious as a wife, but timid as a mother, stooped to entreat.

"I!—I! Haco—I stoop to hide from a living foe, and that foe my father and a Northman—I who swept the waters of the midland seas, whose raven flag has banished every drop of blood from the swart cheeks of Spanish and Italian warriors! I hide me like a fox in his burrow—for shame! for shame. Asgarda!—wouldst have thine Haco styled Niderling?—Not so—not so! To arms! brave friends—to arms! Up with the raven banner—launch the long galley, my stout champions—stretch to the oar! Ho, thy axe, Hagen! Ho, thy great war-sword, Hialm!"

Fierce joy blazed out from every eye—loud pealed the battle cry.

"To-night," they cried in unison, "to-night will we sup here in triumph, or with Odin in the hall of heroes!"

And to that gallant boast, the women, now aroused to their accustomed recklessness of daring, responded joyously, as they rushed to and fro to seek their husbands' shields, and arm them for the battle; and all the while the babes, instead of whimpering or wailing, as would the puny infants of these degenerate days, laughed loud and crowed, and clapped their hands amid the furious uproar. Anon the hostile galley drew in sight, and Snorro Sturleson pronounced it at the first sight to be the ship of Orvarod—that instant was a vast beacon piled of green wood and juicy branches, to send a great smoke heaven-ward, and high beside it was hoisted the black raven of the Norsemen, in haughty but deliberate defiance. Then gathered to the cliffs the women, bearing their infants in their arms, that they might look upon the high deeds of their sires. Straight toward the island steered Orvarod's stout ship, and then, unseen before, up loomed another and another sail,—and high above their topmasts waved the emblazoned banners of two far-famed heroes, brethren, the sons of Sigurd—the elder a rejected suitor of Asgarda, the other of the bright Swanwhite. Then loud cried Haco:

"I have not seen the great Valkyrior,‡ the choosers of the noble slain—yet, friends and heroes, we go forth to death and glory. To-night we sup in the hall of Odin!"

And with the words, each mighty war-king clasped his blooming bride, for the last time, to his mailed breast,—then rushed to the war-galley. Forth like a thing of life she darted from the sheltering inlet—forth like an eagle from his eyrie, to encounter the disturber of his nest—and, on those towering rocks, women alone were left to look upon the strife, wherein the combatants were husbands—fathers! But not for that was one eye dimmed, or one cheek blanched—but as each war-axe gleamed and fell, their musical and piercing strains rose shrill above the war song of the champions.

Orvarod's ship came sternly on—and sternly Haco's met it. A Runic bard would have called that the feast of swords,§ the revelry of champions, would have invoked the golden-footed fowl‖ to banquet on the carcases of heroes. He would have termed it a *delight* more rapturous than courting lovely-bosomed maidens, a mightier joy than kissing lovely widows! Words are all wanting in our degenerate tongue, to record the strife of men who fought not for spoil, nor revenge, nor glory, nor ambition, but for the very pleasure of the battle—the maddening joy of slaying! In those days, killing noble foes was but dismissing them to a long-wished glory, the being slain but rushing prematurely into eternal bliss.

Fierce was the conflict, terrible the din—shields cleft asunder, bodies dismembered by the axe and falchion, gave awful token of the might which belonged to the men of that old day; and still above the clang of blade and harness, above the shouts and war cries of the living—for they who died, died mute—high pealed the Runic war song. Long was the conflict ere the life blood of Orvarod streamed on the axe of Haco, and the old Viking's bravest cumbered the deck—dead one and all—around him! Then rose the shout of triumph from the black barque of the fair-haired Rover—then was it sent back from the rock ramparts of the ocean isle. But short-lived was the triumph, for the two sons of Sigurd bore down in overwhelming numbers, fearless and fresh, upon the victors; and Haco's galley, pierced by their iron beaks, went down with all her mail-clad crew, shouting their gallant battle anthem, destroyed but not dishonored.

The victors rowed straight for the island, eager to seize the women who had formerly so scorned them. They reached the inlet, entered it, and landed.—Strange was the sight that met them. A high pile of dry fuel, covered with furry robes and all their choicest garments, had been erected close to the banquet hall, and on that pile, upright, and dauntless, and unshrinking, stood the superb Asgarda, with all her lovely comrades. Aloft in her right hand clear gleamed her dead lord's dagger, while on her left arm sat young Haco, looking up into his mother's face, with cool, determined eyes, as if he read her purpose in the stern resolution that sat on the imperial curve of her proud lips. Swanwhite held the torch, and as the conquerors drew near, at one sign from Asgarda, she touched the ready fuel, and the bright flames burst upward all around them, hemming them in with a wall of fire.

"Ho! ye vile sons of Sigurd, see how the wives of heroes follow their husbands on the path of glory!—See how their offspring meet the death-blow! Which of you twain could look thus on the blade that smote ye in the eyes,¶ unshrinkingly?"

And as she spoke, she kissed the little child, and flashed the blade across his eyes, which only gleamed and laughed the brighter, and then—smote him! He shrunk not from the blow—and his dying sob was more like a warrior's battle shout than a cry of anguish. So fell each infant of those glorious fathers, and the red flames roared over them and their undaunted mothers, and not a sob was heard from out the glittering canopy, that covered and consumed their mortal reliques. Wide spread the conflagration, till not a wreck was left or one stone standing on another, to show where once was seen the thriving colony of the first Norsemen.

That night, a mighty tempest swept over that rock-bound coast, and never was the banner of the sons of Sigurd seen more along the shores of Greenland, or in the wild Icelandic bays, as in the storm-lost Orkneys; and, save this single record, all earthly trace was lost of the first settlement that ever met the sun upon the forest shores of young Columbia.

THE FORTUNE HUNTER.

A Story from Real Life.

BY JOSEPH WILLSON.

Part I.

We have been long accustomed to consider the practice of coquetry as being confined altogether to the ladies; so that whenever we hear that designation pronounced, the spectre of some fair, but artful deceiver, of the gentler sex, at once rises up before us. We have looked upon it, as a sin of gender, which, although occasionally producing a monster out of its pale, is universally regarded as befitting only the fairest portion of creation, to whose weakness it more aptly belongs, and, as a weapon of defence, most readily commends itself. But still there are numerous exceptions to be met with, and among the most conspicuous of these, Edward Condon may, with great propriety, be numbered. Added to this, (and which was doubtless the source of his insincerity,) he was one of those young gentlemen who are known to society—though from no acknowledgment on their part—as "fortune hunters;" not a young man impelled by proper motives to secure to himself a wife in the woman of his choice; but one whose decision in that important matter turned mainly upon the presence or absence of lucre.

The free and frequent expression of his opinions among his intimate friends, and particularly to Frank Liston, betrayed Edward to be deeply imbued with sentiments of this most unattractive character. In other respects, if indeed a young man can exhibit exalted traits in other respects, when so much at fault in this, he was generous and liberal to a remarkable degree. But the difference in the meaning of the terms "matrimony" and "*matter-o'-money*," he never could clearly define; but determined at all events that in his choice of a wife, his decision should be guided by the latter. Not a few have wrecked their hopes of happiness on this fatal rock! not a few, after all their scheming and manœuvring to attain this end, have finished their career in disappointment and disgrace.

Liston, the boon companion of Edward, was a young man of very different character. He had the advantage of a few years' experience over his friend, but was naturally more thoughtful and observant of what was passing around him. He understood Edward thoroughly, and never failed to oppose him in his peculiar views on the subject of courtship and marriage, whenever it was introduced; and it being a favorite theme with the latter, it was frequently made the topic of their conversation.

"Liston," exclaimed Edward, on one of these occasions, after hearing his views denounced as usual, "you are terribly severe upon the frailties of poor humanity! Do you mean to assert that there is no admissible instance in which a young man may employ a little deceit in his intercourse with females, without incurring censure?"

"No," returned Liston; "I am not *now* prepared to defend such a sweeping proposition as that question embraces; though I consider it by no means unexceptionable in a strictly moral point of view. This, however, I leave to utilitarians and ultras, and confine myself to that wherein are involved serious consequences; and such is generally the inevitable result of deceit where the heart is concerned."

"Utilitarians and ultras!" laughingly repeated Edward. "Why the man is getting liberal, not to say rational. Believe me, Liston, I have been sometimes disposed to regard you as a utilitarian of the most rigid school; but I am happy to see you are beginning to relax a little."

"Not in the least," he mildly replied; "nor do I now retreat from a single position I have heretofore advanced or maintained."

"Ah! ah! I see," said Edward, still disposed to be satirical; "you have relapsed again into your moody philosophy, and I shall expect a dissertation soon. But to come to the point—the concerns, as you say, of the heart. Now tell me, would you have a young man like myself to rush blind-folded into matrimony, without pausing to weigh consequences and the prospects of happiness ere the Gordian knot is tied—ere it is too late?"

"Not at all—but the very reverse," rejoined Liston. "Yet I do require, that in weighing these consequences he should not proceed so far, or in such a manner, as to jeopardize the happiness of her of whom he desired to be informed. But I must say you have departed from the point directly at issue. A more prudent inquiry in a matter of such importance, is surely very different from a false profession of love, designed to serve some ulterior purpose which doth not appear, but having no view to the happiness of her to whom it is made. And this——"

"Stop, stop, my friend," interrupted Edward; "you insinuate more than is deserved. I never depended upon professions of love——"

"Indeed!" said Liston, as with surprise, before Edward could finish his remark. "Well, that is a confession as bold as it is honest! Nor *do you*, I suppose, *approve* of their being made?"

"No, not, as I was about to say, unless with the most honorable intentions."

"Pray, then, how far do you go? Tell me what sort of *false* professions of attachment those are you contend for, which may be made to a trusting and unsuspecting girl, without the sacrifice of honor on the part of the maker?"

Edward here assumed an air of gravity, as if at a loss how he should meet this unequivocal demand.—He paused for a moment, and then resumed.

"This requirement of yours," said he, "has presented the subject in a much more serious light than I have heretofore viewed it. But let me illustrate a little. We will suppose, for instance, that I am seeking a companion in wedlock——"

"The very thing," interrupted Liston; "now we shall have it."

"And farther, suppose," continued Edward, "that in that delightful search I meet with two young ladies, equally beautiful, agreeable, and alike well-bred. I make up my mind to choose between them; but upon examination I find that one of them has *relative prospects*, which, if realized to their extent, will place her in a condition far superior to the other—while her present advantages in that respect are inferior. Now I require to know if I am deserving of censure for endeavoring to maintain *good terms* with each, in order that when I make a proffer of marriage, I may be able to do so with the certainty of securing the most superior *relative advantages*.—For, Liston, let hungry and penniless moralizers carp as much as they will, wealth and happiness will still continue to be found dwellers together, under the same roof."

"Indeed!" rejoined Liston, "and that too against all the evidence we daily have to the contrary! But this is not all. You say you would keep on what you denominate 'good terms' with both the young ladies. You would not make an open, unequivocal declaration to either; but leave *each* to *infer* from your actions that you contemplated doing so at some future period. Thus you necessarily risk the peace of mind of at least one of the parties; you stand in the way of her making other and perhaps equally or more desirable conquests; and, should misfortune come upon them, I am forced to the conclusion that the sentiments you advocate would lead you to fly from them both! And what, in the course of these proceedings, becomes of Love—the only cement of conjugal felicity? And why is this most wicked delusion employed? For the most execrable of mercenary purposes. Excuse me, but I only characterize it as it deserves."

"There you are!" returned Edward, sprightly; "gone again into extremes. I really cannot agree with you in all respects. I cannot see that, because I choose to make myself agreeable to a lady, that she is justified in concluding therefrom that I intend, by and bye, making to her a declaration of love? If she indulges such anticipations in the absence of any plain and positive intimation, she does so upon her own responsibility, and, of course, must bear the consequences. And I cannot understand wherein I am culpable in this."

"Ah," said Liston, "so you have very adroitly attempted to 'soften down' your former expressions, but you have not amended the matter much. For my part I utterly repudiate all such insincerity and deception. There are but few men who do not readily join in the condemnation of every species of coquetry when practised by the ladies. If then, it is worthy of denunciation in them, how much more so should it be when resorted to by us, who have so little inducement for its assumption? However, I fear we shall never be able to agree on the subject; so I will leave you for the present, with the gentle warning, that you had better take care that you are not caught in your own net by some of your fair acquaintances, before many months roll over your head."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Edward. "Never fear—I'll take good care of that! I have got every thing in perfect train; and will astonish your prosy dullness before I have done! Good day." And with this they separated.

In personal appearance Edward was decidedly a good-looking young man, though there is nothing remarkable in this respect that requires particular description. He was of fine form, tall and well made; good and even features, displaying a manly and intelligent countenance. His affable disposition, and agreeable and winning manners, together with his intelligence and general information, were well calculated to insure him success in his intercourse with the ladies; and, though young, and not in all things discreet, he was not ignorant how to display them to the best advantage. But I will not detain the reader with further description, satisfied that each will paint for him or herself precisely such a being as their fancy may dictate, with but little reference to any particularities the writer may be at the pains to give.

Among the young ladies of his acquaintance, who attracted the particular attention of Edward Condon, was Camilla Inglis. Miss Inglis was, at the period to which we now have reference, just turning her eighteenth year. She was not one of those extraordinary beauties of whom novelists often write, but still she was far from being mere common place.—She was of that class, of which, many such the reader may have seen, who never fail to arrest attention wherever seen; and too often to entrap even the guarded devotee, whose admiration they may have commanded. Nor was she, in form, a Venus de Medicis; and if she had been, it would not be well so to represent her; (for a waist as nature is apt to fashion it, is not generally regarded with admiration at the present day;) but of the true modern school, tall, and though naturally inclined to slenderness, yet made more so by that patent engine of compression (now happily discarded by many,) known to married men as the "lacing apparatus." This being the standard, and presenting these requisites, she was, of course, deemed by all a "handsome figure." Her hair was of a very dark auburn, approaching to black, which hung in graceful curls on either side of a fine, prominent, gently receding forehead; and the latter, we may be permitted to say, in this phrenological age, presented every indication of the natural possession of an enlarged and capable mind. Her eyes were of the color of her hair, dark, sparkling and lustrous; such as poets have oft done homage to in song; whose keen and piercing glance betrayed at once the quick perception and the deep and searching penetration of their fair possessor; qualities she was well known to possess in an eminent degree. Her face was in coincidence with her form; not that she had a *long* face, properly so to speak; but of that oval mould, which, clothed in brunette—the lovely hue of Camilla—will ever be admired. Her countenance, like her nature and disposition, was mild, gentle and winning, and to all appearance, habitually so. She may indeed have occasionally exhibited the substitution of little intellectual tempests for this seeming habitual blandness and sunshine: for the calmest waters will at times be ruffled. But be this as it may, she was possessed of too much self-command often to betray her unevenness of temper, or let it mar her pleasures on any occasion where she might not choose to make it apparent. Her eyes were, therefore, ever beaming with a bright and joyous light, which shone brilliantly through her long dark lashes, imparting, with her endearing smile, ease and gaiety to all around.—If at such moments it could be supposed that this appearance covered a corroding converse within, surely the troubled countenance, the stern forbidding look, the quick, impatient contracting of her dark brows, beautifully arched and full as they were, gave never the slightest indication of its presence. In a word, ever cheerful seemed Camilla Inglis; and though I have not, as before intimated, sought to represent her without fault—a being of perfection—yet she was one whose various attractions rendered her an object of no small regard in the circle in which she moved, and of which she constituted a most prominent member.

The lively, affable, and engaging disposition of Camilla soon gathered about her a numerous train of admirers, among whom, as before said, was Edward Condon. She was at no loss for suitors, and though there were many, perhaps, more worthy than he, yet by some fatality that we cannot divine, it soon became evident that Edward shared largely of her thoughts and partialities. That he, in his vague and uncertain mode of proceeding in such matters, should have succeeded in making this impression, might, considering her acuteness of perception, have created some degree of astonishment, had it not been as well known then as now, that—

> "Love was a flower that grows [illegible]
> Springs by the [illegible]
> For rain; matures by [illegible], [illegible] take not time
> To seem, to leaf, to bud, to bloom. It comes
> A rather [illegible], and leaves a 'spiritual' [illegible]
> You look for it, and see it not, and lo!
> E'en while you look, the peerless flower is up,
> Consummate in the birth!"

It is the spontaneous growth of the human heart, and where it springs up, pauses not to inquire if the object for whom it is conceived is worthy of the rich bestowal. She loved him as she imagined and believed him to be, and not as he really was.

But did Edward love her? There is but little doubt that if this question had been propounded to him, he would himself have been somewhat puzzled to give it an answer either satisfactory to himself, or to those by whom the demand might have been made. Taking in view his various pretensions, it might be safely inferred that he did. He often saw her, often visited her; and in his conversations would frequently make ambiguous references, but effectual for his purpose, to much more than he allowed his tongue to express in so many words. He was, however, undecided in his mind in regard to an alliance with Camilla; and conducted himself in this manner in order that he might not have much difficulty in deserting her, in the event of his finding greater inducements elsewhere. To her birth, education, or station in society, he had not the slightest objection; yet still an impediment existed somewhere, which (assuming that he loved her,) prevented his making an open, candid and honorable avowal.

If the reader is here in the least at a loss to discern the motives that ruled in the bosom of Edward Condon, he may, without any attempt at mystification, at once have all such doubts set at rest. Edward had great faith in his uncertain and undecided advances as being fully adequate to all that he designed. He readily relied upon what he saw and believed to be their success; and concluded within himself that he had already so wrought upon her imagination in this way, that she was his at a word. He regarded her as one whose hand he would have no difficulty in obtaining, whenever it might suit his convenience, or, more truly, his interest, to make the proposal; while at the same time he did not wish so far to commit himself openly, or appear to do so, that it would require any known sacrifice of honour, should he in the end determine to resign her. Thus he settled upon Camilla as a sort of resort, to be availed of as the success or failure of schemes more highly prized might prompt him.

It now became necessary for Edward to sustain this odious deceit in a manner to avoid suspicion; a task which, under the watchful and jealous eye of woman, is of no easy accomplishment. Like most persons zealously wrapped in some favourite pursuit, he in a measure lost sight of the perceptions of those around him, and vainly imagined that the world had lost sight of him. But this latter clause was far from applying to Camilla. Gay, lively and seemingly thoughtless as she was, her mental perceptions were acute. Strange that Edward should have lost sight of this fact! And not less strange that he should have almost entirely forgotten the existence of his friend Frank Liston!

Part II.

The indifference, and cold and guarded demeanor of Edward Condon towards Camilla Inglis, now began greatly to increase; so that although previously suspecting nothing wrong, she now appeared to be effectually aroused by a just appreciation of his many deceitful wiles. She had often heard him represented, by those who knew not with what effect it fell upon her ear, as a character of no very flattering description; and some of her gossipping friends even went so far as to hint that he was "making love" to Louisa Weldon, an acquaintance and friend of Camilla's, who was in a fair way soon to become in possession of a large and most inviting fortune. Whether Miss Weldon would accept of him or not, (for she was not aware of his attentions to Camilla,) they could not with certainty say; but doubted that she would refuse, should he make the offer. Camilla heard all this without any emotion; though not without the consideration which she deemed it merited. Combined with her own knowledge and observation, the truth of it was indeed rendered highly probable, and she daily became the more confirmed in the belief. But she was at no loss as to what course she would pursue for the purpose of fully satisfying herself. She determined that as little was known to her friends of the peculiar attentions of Edward to her, to reveal nothing; nor give, even to Edward himself, the slightest occasion to suppose that she suspected his faithlessness. She had too much pride, too much self-respect to enter into a rivalship with others for the conquest of one whose insincere and deceptive course would, if made apparent, prove to her satisfaction his entire worthlessness; and proudly disdained to manifest even indignation, however she might feel it, lest that might be construed into personal disaffection with his conduct.

Mr. Inglis, the father of Camilla, was a retired merchant. His wealth, though not immense, was altogether adequate to maintain his family in entirely independent circumstances, and to secure to each survivor a handsome competence in the event of a division of the estate by his decease. But that division could take place only on the occurrence of this latter event. Camilla was without any private fortune, or income, aside from this source. She was led to the consideration of this fact; she looked upon her existing state of affairs, and her prospects, as quite satisfactory to herself; but thought they possibly might not be of the character to endear a lover whose affairs of the heart were to depend altogether upon Dame Fortune, instead of being directed by little blind Cupid!

Camilla was resolved to do nothing hastily. She knew that a very little time would speedily unravel all that was now shrouded in mystery, and that too without giving herself much, if any, trouble. Although she had seen much to confirm it herself, yet she was reluctant to believe all that she had heard of Edward. Could it be possible that he had been, the while, but a mere trifler with her affections, vibrating, like the pendulum of a clock, between herself and some other deceived fair girl, seeking final acceptance with the one only when all hopes of superior wealth with the other, were banished from his mind? These were thoughts that irresistibly rushed upon her mind: but she would soon know all; and armed by her pride against all querulousness, she gave them but little entertainment.

It was in this state of uncertainty that Camilla determined, on a fine morning, in making her usual round of visits, that her first call should be upon her friend, Louisa Weldon. From Louisa, she had good reason to believe, she would learn all that was necessary to guide her future conduct towards Edward. She knew that her friend, between whom and herself existed much mutual esteem, would soon satisfy her, and all through the medium of a casual morning's gossip, as to how far she had been the innocent instrument of inviting or facilitating Edward's faithlessness.

Louisa was not aware that Camilla felt any interest in Edward's movements; and she would, therefore, be likely the more readily to communicate concerning him, should he become the subject of conversation, than delicacy might otherwise permit. We leave her then awhile to prepare herself for the visit, and in the interim will give, what the reader no doubt desires, some further knowledge of Louisa Weldon. This, so far as her connection with this relation is concerned, may be done in a few words.

It will be interesting to know here only, that the station in society occupied by Miss Weldon, was in every respect equal with that of Camilla Inglis. Of her personal beauty, however, so much cannot be said, as in this Camilla bore off the palm. Her mind had not been neglected, and her disposition was of the most generous and noble character. She lived—the only daughter of her surviving parent—with her mother, her father having been taken from her when she was but a child. Their present income was small, but fully sufficient for their maintenance, independent of exertion or want. Louisa was not, however, without large and well founded expectations, which, if secured to herself, and a first cousin who was equally interested with her, (an event daily expected,) would place them both in possession of large fortunes. This consummation would, too, no doubt impart to Louisa additional attractions, which few mercenary lovers could well resist. The question of their right of inheritance had long been subject to the "uncertainties of the law;" but they were now dwindled down to the certainty of having their rights wholly sustained, and the results thereof finally and speedily secured to them. It may, therefore, be easily conceived, that, among the designing, Louisa Weldon and her brilliant prospects were never for a moment lost sight of.

Camilla was now ready to pay her intended visit. She had descended to the parlor, and was adjusting her hat before a large pier mirror, when a ring of the door-bell announced that some one awaited admittance. She was about to give the "not-at-home" to the servant, fearing that the visitor, if visitor it was, might prove some one who would be likely to detain her; but, before doing this, her eager eyes were permitted to glance out of the window, through the half-drawn curtains, towards the step, upon which, to her surprise, she beheld standing the form of Edward Condon! She attempted to withdraw herself quickly, in order to avoid his observation, but it was too late. Edward was himself, at the moment, looking towards the window, and caught her glance, which he at once recognised by his smiles. He was, in consequence, much against her secret wishes, admitted.

Camilla received him with an air of rather cool indifference, and very laconically replied to most of the numerous questions and compliments he bestowed. She had not before seen him for two or three days previous; and then he was less attentive to her than she had ever before observed; but it was evident that a change had come "o'er the spirit of his dream;" and that his late increasing indifference was now suddenly supplanted by excessive admiration and glowing rapture. But Camilla was not to be diverted from her previous intentions by this. In truth, she felt more than ever convinced that something was wrong; and she therefore treated him with a dignified reserve, which she might hereafter sustain or retreat, as subsequent revelations might

"You seem prepared for a walk this bright morning; a finer one you could not well have chosen," said Edward, after a pause.

"Yes," replied Camilla. "And pray, to what strange circumstance am I indebted for this unusual visit from Mr. Condon?"

Edward felt the full force of this question, as indeed he had cause to feel. He thought he discovered in it a sarcastic bitterness such as he had never before received, or expected to receive, from Camilla; yet, conscious of his deserts, he feared to say much, but endeavored to pass it over by treating it as a mere jest. He then, in the most obsequious and conciliatory tone, remarked—

"You design to pay visits this morning, I infer?"

"Yes. I have a particular engagement, and hope Mr. Condon will excuse me."

"Of course, dear Miss, of course I must; but may I do myself the honor of becoming your escort?"

"Thank you, Mr. Condon; but I am going to visit a particular friend, and you will excuse me," reiterated Camilla.

Edward seeing the stern and smileless countenance with which this was spoken, did not press his offer. He knew what might be the cause of the cool and formal treatment he had received, but felt assured that Camilla had not been so soon made aware of it, if indeed she ever would be. He therefore thought it best to be careful how he proceeded—to forbear making any direct enquiries—and affect freedom from all suspicion that her conduct was occasioned by his presence. For this reason, he said in a tone of assumed anxiety and tenderness—

"I trust your visit does not involve anything serious, or calculated to make you sad?"

"I cannot say that it does; still we like to go alone sometimes, and particularly when we have good reasons for it, as I have at present."

"Such, I suppose, as I must not know. Well, I will not insist on your making them known to me. But pray, before I leave, tell me, has Liston been here to-day?"

"He has; he stopped a few moments, expecting, as he partly expressed himself, to find you here."

"Yes, true; I did say to him that I would be here to pass a few hours with you; but was detained by the way, which accounts for my not arriving sooner."

With this doubtful interview, Edward Condon, after stating to Camilla that he had something of the greatest interest and importance to communicate to her, and regretting that her engagements deprived him of the opportunity of doing so, as he expected and intended, that morning, he took his leave. He also expressed his intention of calling again soon, at which time he hoped to find her disposed to give a favorable ear to what he had long contemplated, and could now no longer conceal!

From this moment, though he artfully attempted to conceal them, he was encompassed by the very worst of fears. A vision of the fabled creature that perished of starvation in the midst of plenty, whilst choosing of what to partake, rose vividly before him, and warned him to guard against a similar fate.—Expecting that Liston, after parting with Camilla, had gone to visit Louisa Weldon, he started there in pursuit of him without the most distant idea that that was also the point of Camilla's destination!

Camilla, left alone, and on the point of leaving, was again arrested for a few moments by a pull of the bell-handle. She was at the time in the hall, approaching the door, and would not turn back, but opened it herself. It was the carrier, bearing to her a letter. She at once recognized its source—returned into the parlor—where she opened and perused it with evident emotion. With a much lighter heart did she, after this last circumstance transpired, set out upon her visit to Louisa Weldon.

After a pleasant walk, Camilla was with her friend, from whom she learned much more than she anticipated. But she heard it all with great apparent indifference and presence of mind. When Louisa was nearly exhausted with talking and laughter, Camilla remarked upon what she had been saying—

"So, you say the gallant Mr. Condon has been flirting with you, has he? Well, no wonder. One would suppose that the fondness he evinces for the society of the ladies, would long ago have led him to matrimony."

"Flirting!" returned Louisa sprightly, feeling her pride touched; "you mistake me, Camilla; I did not say *flirting*. I do assure you he was quite serious."

"Pardon me," said Camilla, smiling; (having learned by that assurance just what she desired to ascertain with certainty)—"I merely used the word playfully, and designed not to detract aught from the sincerity of your new admirer."

"Oh, no; I am sure you did not," rejoined Louisa; "but you know, or may have heard, that Mr. Condon has the reputation of being a *trifler*; and I only wanted to show you that he can be in earnest sometimes. Neither is he, as you seem to suppose, a very new admirer; for his actions have for a time led me to suppose that he contemplated something of the kind."

"Yes," said Camilla, continuing her friend's strain, "but his great diffidence perhaps prevented him from [illegible] his former [illegible]."

"That," returned Louisa, "together with his having never received from me the least encouragement. This I think should have deterred him at the time. But probably he is a little vain: if so, he found in me a poor flatterer."

"How? Did you reject his suit?"

"Reject it! Why ask me that? Surely, Camilla, you are aware that Mr. Lis——"

Here Louisa suddenly checked herself ere she had completed the sentence, leaving the name she was about to pronounce but half expressed. She seemed fearful of divulging more than was altogether prudent.

"Liston, you would say," said Camilla, smilingly.

"He," said Louisa, waiving her previous remark, "I am sure is no trifler, and neither am I."

"Nor should you be, at least with him; for Mr. Liston is in every way worthy of your confidence and esteem."

"Yes; and Mr. Condon knows that—that—indeed, my dear Camilla, I cannot divine what induced him to make such overtures to me, knowing, as he did, that——"

"I comprehend your meaning," interrupted Camilla, seeing Louisa's hesitation; "but are you sure he was aware of your previous acceptance of another?"

"No doubt of it. Mr. Liston and he are very intimate, and it is very probable that it has been referred to between them."

Louisa spoke as if she conceived the overtures of Edward an insult to her truth and constancy, already plighted to another, and seemed desirous of fastening greater odium upon that young gentleman than he really deserved.

"Oh, well, you should not be too severe upon him," said Camilla; "though it must be confessed that if he was informed of it, as you conceive, it was wrong for him to offer a temptation to your sincerity, and ungenerous to attempt to rival his friend."

"Temptation!—rival him!" echoed Louisa; "no, indeed. And then to think of his inviting me to a pleasant drive, as he said, to Mount Auburn, which I of course *declined*; and then to Monsieur Maroncelli's Concert, which I also declined; then to the Artists' Exhibition; and, perseveringly, I know not where else—until, finally, I had to tell him I was not at liberty to accept of his proffered attentions. I must confess, Camilla, I could not imagine what it was that induced this sudden fit of gallantry."

"And then——"

"After that," resumed Louisa, "he appeared to be greatly surprised—quite shocked—made numerous apologies and a few particular requests (which I compassionately consented not to violate) and then took his leave, evidently no little discomfited."

Camilla Inglis inwardly rejoiced at this result, as communicated to her by her unsuspecting friend; but, true to her previous resolution, she exhibited no indication whatever that her feelings were in the slightest degree enlisted. She had often conversed with Edward respecting the excellent qualities of Louisa Weldon, and had found, to her pain, that he was frequently disposed to speak indifferently, and even slightly of her; in which she had, more than once, felt it her duty to check him. She had not, therefore, the least reason, on her own part, to think that he cherished intentions towards her which would have led him so far as the present developements betrayed. She believed, likewise, that Edward did not act from any momentary impulse; that some extraordinary circumstance, which was not yet within her comprehension, dictated and governed his conduct; and she desired, if possible, before leaving her friend, to discover what it could be. In order to ascertain this, she made a few other unimportant remarks concerning him, but learning nothing which could solve the mystery, (as in truth Louisa did not, herself, as may be seen, have the most distant suspicion that it was prompted by aught else than her own personal charms,) she rose to depart.

"Well, Louisa, my dear, I must now go. I have a very particular letter to write to-day—and to whom, do you guess?"

"Guess?" said Louisa; "let me see—but you have always such a shower of correspondents, that it will be quite difficult for me to determine at one trial—unless it be to my noble, ever-constant, persevering cousin, whose suit you may have at last determined to favor?"

Camilla blushed and smiled, but said nothing.

"Have you heard from him recently? I dare say you have," continued Louisa, eyeing her friend, and already beginning to rejoice in what her heart fondly desired. "I dare say he has written you another of those soul-stirring epistles, such as attachment like his alone can give expression to!"

Camilla still reddened and smiled, and with a beam of satisfaction in her eye, answered that she had received a letter from him that morning.

"Then permit me to plead for him," said Louisa, "that you give him a favorable reply; for I know he devotedly loves you, and will not fail to make you happy. More than this, he is now better prepared to take you to himself, than he was when first he sought your hand;—though I *do not* mention this as an inducement to you to comply with his wishes, as I am sure no secondary consideration could, for a moment, influence my dear Camilla in such a matter."

"How?" eagerly exclaimed Camilla, at once anticipating a double discovery, and for the moment forgetting herself—"what mean you?—pray explain! Lionel vaguely referred to something of the kind in his letter, but he gave no particulars."

"And, perhaps, for the same reasons, I ought now to refrain from telling you. It might be doing great injustice to you both."

"But what," said Camilla, recovering her self-possession, "what if I tell you I have a *right* to know?"

"A *right* to know," repeated Louisa, taking Camilla by the hand; "then you have already determined in his favor, have you? If so, I may explain, without wronging either of you."

"Then set aside all your objections, and tell me," said Camilla; "for I do assure you it will not have the least effect upon my intentions in any respect—neither to expedite, nor retard them. My mind—but enough—tell me."

"I see, then," said Louisa, "that you have not yet heard of our good fortune. Well, know then, my dear, that the long-contested claims of which you may have heard me speak, and in which Lionel and myself were so deeply interested, have at length been finally settled, and altogether in our favor! This is the secret, Camilla, and this is the decision that places my cousin in possession of that wealth which he is ready to lay at your feet—to lavish upon your happiness—and which never can be fully enjoyed by him, unless it is shared by you!"

Camilla sensibly felt the warm enthusiasm of her friend, in endeavoring to impress upon her the suit of her beloved cousin; but another light had unexpectedly burst upon her! She saw in those words what Louisa saw not;—so that, even at that moment, she could not help turning from her and saying, but in a tone which she did not hear—

"Yes, yes!—and this, too, is the secret of Edward Condon's base treachery and falsehood!—this the secret of his new-born, but zealous passion for Louisa Weldon!"

However humiliating to herself, and likewise to Louisa, in this Camilla judged rightly. If to this moment she had entertained any doubt as to the true character and designs of Edward Condon, it was now entirely dissipated and banished from her mind. But she was prepared for the worst. Her well-founded suspicions of his fidelity, had before filled her with indifference, and now demonstration caused her to regard him with perfect abhorrence. All that she now cared for in regard to him, was an opportunity to administer a balm to her wounded pride, by inflicting upon him some marked, signal, yet dignified resentment. This determination, it must be admitted, was in the true spirit of revenge—but it is human nature. Who will cast censure upon it? Who, under like circumstances, would feel, or be disposed to act differently?

Camilla, now fully satisfied of all that she sought through the medium of that day's visit, took leave of her friend, and returned home, to put in immediate execution her design of inditing an answer to the letter which had that morning been placed into her hands.

We left Edward Condon wending his way to the dwelling of Miss Weldon, whither he set out, after parting with Camilla, in search of Frank Liston.—Fortunately for Camilla, whose destination was the same, he failed in reaching the house, in consequence of meeting Liston by the way. It is now necessary for us to retrace our progress a little, in order to explain more particularly the object of his call that morning upon Camilla. The prompt and decisive repulses which he had met with, prior thereto, in his advances to Louisa, (and which have been sufficiently indicated by her own relation,) deeply impressed him; and told plainly that his choice, or, as he vainly imagined, his *option*, no longer lay between the two fair girls whom he had singled out as his alternates, if, indeed, he could, with any rational probability, longer cherish the hope of acceptance with either. He was totally unprepared for such a result, as his vanity never permitted him to dream that he should ever receive such a *refusal* from Louisa. But, in addition to this, and most of all with him to be deplored, not only were all expectations of securing the last named young lady entirely banished from his bosom; but the fortune of which she had become possessed, that darling object of his heart, over whose fate he had so long, but in silence watched, and for which he had so faithfully, and, as he believed, successfully, acted out his own favorite doctrine of "keeping on good terms," was in like manner lost with her!—blasting all the anticipations he had fondly cherished of finally becoming himself its possessor. Should he make another essay? No; she was too prompt, too firm, too decided, to admit of the remotest doubt but that her refusal was sincere, and admitted of no retraction, no re-consideration.—More than this, she had told him that she was not at *liberty* to receive his attentions. Then, thought he, she must be engaged! And to whom? The wily Liston! Was *this* the result his prophetic eye foresaw, when he warned me to beware lest I should be caught by some of the girls in my own net! But," he added, audibly, "Camilla yet remains!"

Such and similar were the musings which harrassed Edward, as he approached the family mansion of Camilla Inglis, after discovering that the cherished cause of his dissimulation with her, was so unexpectedly placed beyond his reach. It was gone, entirely lost to him, and he would delay no longer in endeavoring to secure the hand of her that remained. He therefore determined to improve the first opportunity openly to declare to her his wishes and intentions, lest she, too, might be snatched from his embrace at a moment when he least expected it. To do this was the object of his visit that morning. "It is never too late to *do* good," says the old saw; but daily experience tells us that it is often too late to put in force past resolves upon good performances at some future period.

But to return. Perplexed as he was by doubts and fears, which now began to take firm hold upon him, he hastened from the presence of Camilla, after the cool treatment he received, in pursuit of Liston, thinking that through him he might discover if any thing relative to his own double-dealing had been betrayed to her. He feared not that Louisa would communicate to Liston his overtures to her: he parted with her under a promise to that effect, stating, as was most true! that he had not, till then, the most distant idea of the extent of the confidence that existed between them; and as there was no positive harm done, he knew she would keep it. Alas, for human foresight! Pity that he did not *include* in this prohibition her dear friend, Camilla Inglis! And little did she imagine the discord and mischief she was sowing, when she poured it into Camilla's attentive and listening ears! Edward had proceeded but a short distance, when, as before stated, he met his friend.

"Pray, what's in the wind now?—and why did you fail to meet me this morning?" said Liston, in one breath, observing Edward's agitation, and advancing towards him.

"Cold—and couldn't help it, if I must answer in the form and with the rapidity with which you ask," said Edward, facetiously: for although his feelings were very sensibly affected by his unexpected reverses, yet his nerve and presence of mind had not forsaken him. "I was detained till late," he continued, "and when I reached Miss Inglis', she informed me that you had left."

"Oh, then," returned Liston, "I see you did make the effort to be there in time; so you are excusable. But why that sombre look? Did you turn to making love to Miss Inglis, as a recompense for not finding me?"

"Truly," said Edward, "if I seem dull, you are unusually gay. I should judge, Frank, that you have been making love, and very successful love, too! Eh?"

"I making love! Ha! ha! ha! Did I ever tell you that I contemplated such a thing?"

"Very true," thought Edward, "you never told me that; and therein I have been deceived." But he contented himself with answering—

"No; but you know we are not apt to be forward in entrusting such secrets to others—at least in their incipient stages."

Liston again laughed, as well he might; for he knew that his was advanced to all but maturity. He had long ago seen partly through Edward's designs, and played his part in the chase accordingly. His choice of Miss Weldon was governed by no mercenary motive. He sought to make her his, if possible, in any event; and the fortune that had come into her possession, he viewed only as the means signalizing his success. He knew nothing of the present state of affairs between Edward and Camilla; but being now at ease on his own part, and having heard Edward eulogize her charms and accomplishments, deemed it a fit opportunity to quiz him a little on that subject. He therefore replied to his last remark—

"True; and I expect that is the case with you at present—you have the secret locked in your own bosom. I, however, will confess that I am not a little bewitched by the numerous attractions of a fair acquaintance of yours."

"Indeed," said Edward, affecting surprise and ignorance as to whom his friend had reference, "and what, pray, may be her name?"

"That you must discover hereafter," said Liston; and then added—"But isn't Miss Weldon a charming creature?"

"Ah, I thought so," said Edward, striving to appear indifferent, (for he plainly saw that Liston was not aware of any thing wrong having taken place,) "I could have said as much. I congratulate you, my dear fellow, on your success—as I doubt not that you *have* been successful. I have lately been thinking of making a similar move myself."

"*Lately* been thinking," repeated Liston; "why, dear me, I have been under the impression that such an intention claimed your thoughts long ago! How is it with Miss Inglis?"

"She is well, fair and blooming as ever," said Edward, evading a direct reply.

"Yes, yes, I know it; but I mean how do you succeed?—what progress do you make? Hav'n't you made formal proposals yet?"

"To confess the truth, Frank, I have not."

"Still clinging to your old theory, eh? Take care, my dear boy, that it will not be the means of more than one disappointment to you, ere you abandon it."

"Disappointment!" exclaimed Edward, gazing at his friend as if startled at the mention of the word; but recollecting himself, he suddenly changed his tone, and added—"Ah, Frank, we do not always practice what we preach, whether the doctrine be good or bad."

"Well, that is the most penitential confession I have heard lately," returned Liston. "Surely, some powerful influence must have wrought upon you recently, to produce such a result! So, then, you never intended to follow up your doctrine. Eh?"

"Whatever I may have thought of it once," returned Edward, "I have no disposition to follow its precepts now. The fact is, Liston, I have come to the conclusion to—"

"Do what!" asked Liston, seeing Edward hesitate.

"Seek the earliest opportunity to make known to Camilla, (what she no doubt already strongly suspects,) the—the—"

"Profound and unutterable regard you cherish for her," said Liston, catching up the words and continuing the sentence;—"throw yourself at her feet, and conjure her to pronounce the words which must seal your fate—upon which alone depend your present and future happiness or misery? Is that what you would say?"

"The same in substance," said Edward, pleased that his intentions were anticipated; "but a little different in phraseology. What *do* you think of it?"

"I approve of it highly—the best thing you could do. I have not the least doubt of your success. Do it, Ned, and do it speedily."

"I am under promise to make an early call upon her for that purpose," said Edward, looking enquiringly.

"Then go, by all means," said Liston; "go this evening. I should like you to have all that part of the business fully understood before Louisa's birth-night festival takes place—which will be in a week or two. So, be sure you go—delay not a moment."

"This evening?" said Edward; "I think I shall."

With this they parted—Liston, with a light and merry heart; leaving Edward to ponder his advice, and meditate as to whether or not he should act in accordance with it. He studiously avoided communicating to Liston the indifferent treatment he had already received from Camilla; though it was plain to be seen (which his friend did not fail to perceive) that he entertained serious doubts as to what might be the result of his proposals. He would fain have had Liston believe, from the manner in which he spoke, that his voluntary promise to that young lady, (in regard to which, being at the time herself in a state of uncertainty, she remained strictly non-committal,) to repeat his call at an early moment, was by the desire of her to whom he made it.—And so, indeed, Liston partially took it; which will account, in some measure, for his zealously urging him not to violate it. But we leave Edward a while to his reflections, and turn again to Camilla.

Indignant as she was at the thought of Edward's conduct, which was so fully yet thoughtlessly confirmed by Louisa, her course was at once decided upon, and she made no delay in following the path she had marked out. She immediately, on her return home, answered the letter she had received from a former faithful lover, (before incidentally alluded to,) and for the purpose of completing her triumph over Edward's well-ascertained deceit, worded it in a manner that she doubted not would have the effect of speedily bringing him to her side. It must not be supposed that Camilla decided thus altogether from motives of resentment and revenge. That she at one time preferred Edward to him she was now about to accept, is not denied; but she likewise entertained strong partialities for Lionel Weston, (for such was his name,) but owing, as may be supposed, to the fact that the "course of true love" is wont to pursue such an uneven course, (which, by the way, is a new version of a very old line,) she had heretofore discouraged his advances. This partiality, however, was greatly heightened by the conduct of Edward; and a comparison of the two characters, now brought in strong relief before her, strengthened and confirmed it. The one, under the most painful discouragements, was to his ardent professions, ever faithful, ever true! Although he had been induced to change the place of his abode, in order to fly the presence of one who, to look upon, under the circumstances, but added to his torture—yet he had never refrained, during his absence, from sending to her at suitable periods, one of those silent, soul-breathing messengers, which recounted the moments of his separation, and evinced, in strains of mingled eloquence and adoration, that no distance could darken, no time could efface, the deep and unalterable passion that for her his bosom had conceived! On the other hand, she saw in Edward, one who, by deceit and artifice, had attempted to steal away her heart; and then, so to retain her, in a state of suspense, until his interest might induce him to act for her good or to her evil: one who had sought to reduce her to the low condition of the *slave* of another, between whom the decision depended on objects collateral and altogether mercenary! This was, in truth, as much as she could well endure to think of, without becoming wild and frantic with scorn and hatred. And could she for an instant entertain a doubt as to which of these two was most worthy of her hand?

Another circumstance, trifling though it be, operated to enhance Camilla's regard for *Lionel Weston*. His last communication to her, coming at the moment that it did, afforded her an immediate relief from the shock which her feelings had received; seeming to her as the happy means, timely sent by some ministering angel, to shield her from the assaults of an evil spirit that menaced her!

After Camilla concluded her answer, and sent it upon its destination, she wrote a note to Louisa, to come, without fail, and pass the evening with her.

It was about the hour of twilight, that Edward Condon sat in his room, at home, absorbed apparently in the most profound thought. Suddenly springing from his seat, he poured forth, in a strain of soliloquy which readily betrayed the subject that so thoroughly engrossed his attention.

"I will go," said he, "I will go. Camilla can but reject me. She may have heard more of me than is good for *her* happiness that she should know. Louisa may have—but no; I cannot think it! However, as I said, she can but reject me—*which is not likely to be the case*. Ha! I know these women well. If I find she suspects my sincerity—my constancy—and is disposed to be petulant, I will leave her awhile to her thoughts—to meditate on the consequences of provoking my patience too far!—till I have time to take another course. Ha, ha! indifference!—resentment! By Jove, it's nothing but jealousy, after all!"

Alas! how far a man may become the dupe of his own vain imaginings! And how truly debased in mind is he, the better feelings of whose nature have been blotted out by a base, sordid, avaricious love of money! Especially is this spirit odious in those who, like Edward Condon, are already well-conditioned in that respect; but who, nevertheless, have learned to adore money, not for the comforts it procures, but—because it is money!

The evening came. Louisa had complied with Camilla's note, and was with her at an early hour, discoursing upon the probabilities of the future, and of the fair prospects of their being, in a short time, brought somewhat nearer together by stronger ties than had heretofore existed between them. Edward Condon likewise received his full share of the conversation. Camilla no longer concealed from Louisa the deceptive attentions of Edward to her, both previous and subsequent to the repulse which the latter had given him. Louisa, strongly desirous, as she was, of Camilla's alliance with her cousin, failed not to impress upon her mind the grossness of the character which was capable of such conduct; and added, that she would long ago have exposed him to Liston, but for the pity with which she regarded him.

"I think," said Camilla, "he has grown very conceited of late, and will need some severe lessons to bring him to his proper senses."

"Yes," said Louisa; "and it would appear that he is now in a fair way to get one that will be of much service to him; one that will teach him prudence and circumspection—qualities of which he stands greatly in need."

"But suppose he comes here this evening," said Camilla, "as he promised himself to come soon, to make to me that very important communication of which he spoke—shall I listen to it?"

"Be governed altogether by your own feelings," answered Louisa. "You already suspect what he intends, and will, therefore, be at no loss to give him such answers as he deserves. You need no suggestion from me—be governed entirely by your own feelings. Suppose I leave the room when he comes in, in order to give him a fair opportunity to say what he desires?"

"Oh, no," said Camilla, "that might look like giving him some encouragement—or as if there was some understanding between us. You had better remain; indeed, Lo, I wish you to stay with me all night."

"I should like much to stay," replied Louisa, "but mother will expect me home early, and I must not disappoint her."

"But I will send immediately to inform her, and solicit her permission?"

"Then, of course, I will stay."

Camilla was about to despatch a messenger upon this service, when a ring of the door-bell was heard. "That," said she, "is no doubt Edward's ring."

"Yes," said Louisa, "or else it is Liston, seeking me."

Camilla was right. Edward Condon was announced, and in a few seconds presented himself before them. It would be quite a difficult task to describe his feelings at this moment, as he seated himself a little distance from the table in the centre of

He had thought much of this visit, and the probable result of it; and now to have its object so unexpectedly thwarted, and that, too, by the presence of one who, of all others, he could, at that moment, have at least wished under her own maternal roof, was a shock too sudden and severe even for his nerves to bear with his usual self-possession. He expected surely to find her alone, or he would have staid away; and least of all did he anticipate meeting Louisa Weldon there. He consequently appeared quite bewildered; cast a vacant look around him, and from one division of the parlors to the other, as if to be certain there were no more tormentors present; and was evidently too much disconcerted to know precisely what to say, or how to account for himself.—He cast no very loving glances at Louisa; thought she had a great deal better be at home, or elsewhere, particularly at that moment, as he *knew* Camilla would, just then, be glad to dispense with her company! Finally, despairing of an opportunity to fulfil his intent, he was more than half resolved to make brief his visit; but he concluded to protract it awhile, in the hope that some escort would soon arrive to take Louisa home, and he would then be able to have a private interview. Accordingly, some trifling conversation was introduced, which was kept up chiefly between himself and Louisa, though she, in truth, gave him very little encouragement in that way to stay where he was. Camilla preserved a dignified reserve, (which Edward construed in his favor,) and answered very briefly such remarks as were particularly addressed to herself. Edward vainly believed that Camilla was as anxious for Miss Weldon's absence as he was himself!

The evening hour was fast advancing, and with it Edward's restlessness increased. A little more time allowed, and he would probably have been rude enough, in his growing impatience, to introduce an extemporaneous essay, for the especial benefit of Louisa's ear, on the impropriety of young ladies being from home at improper hours; but he soon received some momentary relief, by another sturdy ring at the door. "Come for her, no doubt," whispered he to himself, at the same time giving a sideway glance and nod at Louisa—"Come for her, no doubt—now *we* shall be relieved."

"Did you call at our house?" asked Louisa, addressing the gentleman that had just entered.

"Yes," answered Liston, (for it was he,) "and have come," he continued, casting a knowing and cheerful look at Edward, "to do myself the honor of escorting you home."

"You surely did not come directly from there," said Camilla, (who, having for a moment been called out of the room, was just returning as he concluded the remark)—"for I have a message from Mrs. Inglis, which assures me if that is what you came for, you will have to go away without her." Camilla smiled, and turning to her friend, added—"She has no objection, Lu."

"Then," said Louisa, "he will indeed have to depart without me. But suppose, Camilla, we send him on an embassy back again, to give information that he has seen us well, contented and happy?"

"Pray what is all this mystery?" said Liston, with mock surprise, and casting another, but doubtful, glance at Edward.

"Does Miss Weldon intend to stay—stay—," muttered Edward, as his last hope of seeing Camilla alone that evening began to fade; but they, intent upon indulging a joke at Liston's expense, and far from seeing into the extent of his (Edward's) agitation, entirely overlooked the question he attempted to ask.

"Yes," said Camilla, sprightly, (directing her attention to Louisa's remark,) "excellent thought!—and as he expected to return there this evening, it will be no disappointment to him."

"Then commission me quickly," said Liston, "and let me know what I am to perform."

"And if he is to come immediately back here, for Miss Weldon," interposed Edward, with emphasis, at the same time rising from his seat and looking towards the hall door, as if ready to move on the instant of ascertaining the negative of his amendment.

"But were you not there when the message came?" asked Louisa, addressing Liston.

"There! Where? At your house? No message came from you while I was there."

"Oh, then," said Camilla, "if he had waited awhile, he would have heard it. As he did not wait, he does not deserve to know."

"Ah, say you so, Camilla? Now if I had waited there longer, I should not have been able to get this out of the evening mail for you," said Liston, handing her a letter.

"A letter! From whom?" asked Edward, with eagerness, advancing towards Camilla.

"That," answered Camilla, "I will the better know when I break the seal—which is not to be at this moment."

"You do, then, suspect its source?" asked Edward.

"Very likely—the hand-writing of the superscription is quite familiar." And so saying, she turned from Edward, without giving him time to add another remark, and approached Louisa, whom Liston, during the slight interval, had engaged to escape at the opposite end of the room.

"I have told him, he was so curious to know," said Louisa, turning to meet Camilla's approach—"and have consented to spare him the journey back again. And now," she added, turning to Edward, "Mr. Condon must know."

"Thank you, thank you," said Edward, affecting much greater ease than he felt; "by all means let me hear!"

"Of course, Ned, if that young lady," said Liston, nodding at Camilla, "has not already whispered it into your ear, I'll tell you myself."

Camilla frowned at Liston and turned away.

"She has not," said Edward.

"Then," said Liston, giving the young gentleman he had striven to serve, the most dubious look of all; "it is, that Miss Weldon is not to go home this evening. She remains here."

"Oh, ah!—y-e-s," said Edward, straining the remark after a deeply drawn breath; "yes—I thought so—suspected as much. Come, Liston, our walk lies partly in the same direction—shall we go?"

Liston, not wishing to detain Edward in a situation where he appeared so ill at ease, complied, and they departed. He enquired of Edward, as they proceeded homeward, if he had succeeded to any extent in declaring his wishes?

"Not a word," said Edward, with feeling—"not a word. Miss *Weldon* was there before me—may have spent the afternoon there for aught I know—and you see we have *left her* there."

Edward could scarcely refrain from embellishing the name of Louisa with some not very pleasing expletives; but the presence of Liston restrained him. As it was, however, he endeavoured to do it as much damage as possible by emphatic pronunciation. After a pause he asked—"But what letter was that you handed to Camilla?"

"Can't say, positively; some friend in the country, I suppose. But, Ned, you seem to doubt Camilla; and I thought I observed—that is—I mean—have you any serious apprehensions as to her regard for you?"

"Very little, very little. She's somewhat timid—retreating—but it's perfectly natural in such cases—where they *expect*—perfectly. Little doubt but I shall succeed after a *fair* proposal. Must be patient—patient."

"True," said Liston, whose rising apprehensions were greatly increased by Edward's rhapsodical speech. "True—patience is a great virtue; but when you see these letters flying about, it is well enough to be on the alert."

This gentle hint was not lost upon Edward.

"I have been thinking," he rejoined, "that I had better write her a few lines myself—put the whole matter on a sheet of paper, solicit an immediate answer—send it to her—won't get the answer immediately, of course,—must take time to reflect, you know, (as they say,) when they have made up their minds months before. This will bring the thing to a point at once; and I shall be at ease till I get the answer. I say *at ease*, Frank, for though I have very little doubt of the result, yet you know we *can't* predict the course of these fickle, flighty creatures, with certainty."

Frank Liston did not altogether approve of the tone or the tenor of what Edward said; but he generously imputed all to the momentary vexation which the disappointment occasioned him, and so let them pass. He acquiesced in his intention to pursue the course he had marked out, wished him success, and they parted.

Edward reached his room in a much more unsettled state of mind than he desired Liston should be aware of. After seating himself and reflecting awhile, he determined that his letter should be written that night, and be sent to Camilla, by a special messenger, in the course of the next morning.

It was about eleven o'clock in the forenoon of the succeeding day, when Edward's letter reached Camilla. Louisa stood in the parlor with her hat on, just prepared to go home, when it came.

"Louisa," said Camilla, opening and holding the gilt-edged sheet before her friend's eyes, "Louisa, look! would you believe it?"

"Edward Condon! I declare! We were right, Camilla, we were right! Yes, yes—it is a love letter! But what does he say? Read it."

"Not I, indeed!" said Camilla. "I don't wish to see what it contains, after reading the first three lines. Stay till I enclose and return it to him."

And with this she handed the ill-fated paper to her friend, and flew to her writing table to prepare an envelope for it.

Louisa did not object to this course. She considered that Edward richly deserved it—particularly as she saw, on reading the effusion, (what still further convinced her of the odiousness of his real character,) that he used much of the same language that he had before repeated to her. He began by lamenting the want of courage and favourable opportunity to make known his wishes before—doubted not that Miss Inglis had long ago inferred from his actions—those sure betrayers—that she was the first wish of his heart—had often called upon her with the intention of declaring his passion, but his fortitude had as often forsaken him—and trusted, therefore, that the mode he had finally adopted, would be received and treated favourably. With this, after stating that his happiness depended entirely upon a successful reply, he very tenderly brought it to a close.

By the time Louisa had finished its perusal, Camilla was ready with the few lines on the sheet in which she was about to enclose it. Taking it from her friend's hand, she gave it another slight glance, enclosed it, and sent it directly to the Post Office.

"Poor fellow," said Louisa, "he will take it very severely, no doubt. Still, your note is very mild."

"He may take it severely," rejoined Camilla, "but it will be because of its justice; because of the consciousness that he richly merits it. Suppose," she continued after a slight pause, "I were to write him all that I know, (which of course would be beneath me to do,) what then?"

"You are certainly in the right, Camilla," said Louisa.

"Yes—and let him infer, as he most assuredly will, that I have had my wakeful moments as well as he!"

Edward concluded to remain at home the remainder of the day, after sending his letter, thinking that Camilla, in her eagerness to secure him, might possibly acknowledge its reception quite as promptly as he could have desired. In that he was not altogether mistaken; but, as the reader knows, from causes widely different from those his deluded imagination conjured up. He was sitting alone in his paternal mansion, in the parlor, his elbow resting upon a centre table, and his head upon his raised hand, lost in a deep reverie, when the reply was handed to him. It was brought to the door by the afternoon delivery of city letters. He eagerly took it from the hand of the servant who brought it in, and desired to be left alone. He pressed the folded paper between his thumb and fingers, and with no little anxiety discovered it to be a doublet! He intensely regarded the direction on the back of it, but could not discern whose writing it was—for although acquainted with Camilla's chirography, she had, in her precipitancy, taken so little pains in its execution, that he could not, with certainty, identify it. But he would remain in suspense no longer. He opened the seal, and, like the opening of Pandora's box, it disclosed nothing but horrors! His own darling epistle, over which he had spent the better half of the preceding night, and upon which he hazarded so much, fell out before his astonished view! At the first impulse he let the whole fall from his hands, grasped his hair, and wildly repeated, "Ruined! ruined! ruined!—She knows it all! She knows it all!" But,

* Hope springs eternal in the human breast.

he faintest breath, even at this moment, came o'er Edward. Catching up the sheet which contained the few lines with which Camilla had accompanied the unceremonious return of his proposal,

"Perhaps," he exclaimed, "there is yet hope!—These lines may contain at least one word to cheer." And then holding up the writing before him, he read as follows:

"Sir—I herewith return your letter of this date, with the assurance that the honour of its reception, after what has taken place, was far from my expectation. It merits no better notice from my hands, and this, I trust, will deter you from its repetition.

"In order that you may know that there is no possibility of my retracing this step, it may not be improper to inform you here, that the heart you seek is already claimed by and conceded to another.

"Camilla."

I will not attempt to describe, but leave the reader to imagine, the utter consternation that overwhelmed Edward Condon, as he threw this note from him.

"*Another!*" he exclaimed, "Another! Heavens! have I been dreaming! I must never see her again!" And, saying this, he tore the note and the letter into a thousand fragments, which he cast into the grate before him. Then hastening to his room, he soon had a few preparations made ready, and leaving directions for the transaction of certain business, and of his immediate destination, he left by the earliest conveyance for a neighbouring city, where he intended to remain till his arrangements and a favourable vessel would permit him to set sail for a destined port in France.

The rest of the story is soon told. The birth-night of Louisa Weldon was also the night on which she was united in the bonds of wedlock to Francis Liston; and, soon thereafter, Camilla Inglis became the happy bride of Lionel Weston, leaving unfortunate Edward Condon to contemplate, in a foreign clime, the dangers of deception, and the folly of fortune-hunting.

A LESSON OF LIFE.

The Teacher to the Listless Student.

BY THOMAS G. SPEAR.

Up and on! nor sit despairing,
O'er the common ills of time;
Life, though dull to thy comparing,
Has a meaning most sublime.

Grope not through the world supinely,
Wasting manhood by the way;

But arise, and act divinely,
Working with the shining day.

Think of those who went before you,
Who have flourish'd and have died,
And let great mens' lives conjure you
Still to struggle and confide.

Be deceived not, nor misguided,
But in youth for age prepare;
And avoid a mind divided—
Indecision breeds despair.

Who is he that shines in story,
And is number'd with the wise,
That has won his way to glory,
But by toil and sacrifice.

Every spark from action beaming,
Makes the path of duty clear;—
Every moment lost in dreaming,
Brings remorse of spirit near.

Live not abject nor beholden,
But among the strivers strive,
Making every moment golden,
Bring its honey to the hive.

Thought and labor are demanded
Of the heritors of earth;—
Think, and keep thy soul expanded,—
Work, and know the joy of worth.

Up, and onward to the battle,
While the heart is young and brave,
Where the drums of duty rattle,
Where the flags of promise waive.

Eyes are round you, looking, waiting,
To record each earnest deed—
Be not then in hope abating,
When to strive is to succeed.

Not a star that shines above you,
But has labour to perform—
Not a flower whose beauties move you,
But inaction would deform.

Up, then, while the day is glowing,
Rested and refresh'd anew;
Till, to dust thy form bestowing,
All is done that man can do.

Written for the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

A PRAYER FOR DEATH.

Oh, Death! thou art an angel bright,
To one by grief opprest;
Thou com'st to him on wings of light,
To give a peaceful rest.

I see no terror in thine eye,
Nor sharpness in thy sting,
And I could lay me down to die,
Without once murmuring.

For of the dreams that once had birth,
In childhood's sunny hours,
Oh! few are left to light the earth,
And hide its thorns with flowers.

And one by one, like Autumn's leaves,
The lov'd and dear ones fall;
And Time, with busy fingers, weaves
O'er all my hopes a pall.

Oh! I have longed to gather wealth,
Have bowed before its shrine,
And offered up my peace and health,
That I might call it mine.

'Twas useless all—in vain I knelt,
My prayers were all unheard,
That sickness of the heart I felt,
That broods o'er hope deferred.

Then what is life to me—when all
That lights its path hath flown;
Its brightest flow'rets fade and fall,
Its laugh but stills a groan.

Welcome the grave! and welcome death!
Ye have no fears for me;
Yours is the couch where slumbereth
The grief-worn, peacefully.

For there no torturing thoughts can come,
No fearful dreams have birth;
And there the wanderer finds the home
Denied to him on earth.

Then welcome be thine icy chain,
To bind this throbbing heart;
And welcome be that still domain
Whose monarch, Death, thou art.

SCIO.

THE QUARREL.

BY MRS. H. MUZZEY,

AUTHOR OF "THE LEGEND OF NEW ENGLAND," "PRIZE TALES," ETC., ETC.

Somewhere about the year 18—, politics ran very high, nearly as high as during the recent Presidential contest. Difference of opinion influenced even the intercourse of private life. Friends became estranged, and in some instances irreconcileable enmity sprung out of the mutual recriminations which not unfrequently distinguished political discussions. A foreigner, who sojourned for a time in our country, was heard to say that "it was strange that in a *free* and *enlightened* nation, a man should look upon another in the light of either a knave or a fool, who happened to differ in opinion from himself."

Mr. Osborne and Mr. Berkley were friends in their boyhood—they were friends when as young men they partook together of the social pleasures and occupations of life. They continued friends when both were established in business. Mr. Berkley officiated as groomsman at Mr. Osborne's wedding, and when, soon after, the former took a partner for life, the latter was the gayest among the guests at the bridal banquet. And they would in all probability have remained friends, if Mr. Osborne, who had been rather slow in forming any political opinions, and for a long time wavering, had not at last taken a decided stand in favor of the opposite party to that which Mr Berkley sustained by his most strenuous efforts. This was a blow which Mr. Berkley did not fully expect; he had hoped to bring his friend over to his opinions, and frankly gave him to understand that their friendship was in a tottering state, if he continued to support the obnoxious party. Mr. Osborne was steadfast in his own opinion.

"Firm as a rock," he said, "nothing could shake him."

The friends met sometimes—but it was only to discuss political affairs, and to endeavor to change each other's views. Both gentlemen were energetic in their language, and warm in debate; so much so, that they sometimes forgot they were *gentlemen*, and distinguished each other by epithets which, to say the least, were by no means complimentary. On one of these occasions both became so much excited that a quarrel ensued; each made use of language which neither could forget or forgive. They parted with a mutual declaration, that henceforth they and their families were to meet only as strangers; and each, in terms not to be mistaken, communicated to his household the resolution he had formed, accompanied by a stern prohibition of future intercourse.

Edward, the only son of Mr. Osborne, a youth in his twenty-third year, heard this mandate with sorrow and mortification. How could he exist when denied the sight of the lovely Frances Berkley? How should he spend those hours of leisure which were now chiefly devoted to her society? How forego those hopes which had "grown with his growth,"—hopes which till now had received the parental sanction—of one day calling her his own? For some hours the feelings of the young man were in a state of the most painful agitation. Unwilling to disobey the commands of a father who had always been to him the kindest of friends, he could not forbear regarding as absurd the quarrel which thus threatened to destroy his brightest prospects. But with the buoyancy of youth his hopes soon rose above his fears. Such a disagreement could not, he began to think, be irreconcileable;—the fathers would retract what they had uttered in the heat of passion;—they would become friends once more, and all these clouds would pass away.

Days, which seemed to him as years, had passed, and Edward had not seen the beloved of his heart, when the young people chanced to meet at the house of a mutual friend. Frances lamented as sincerely as her lover the interdict which had kept them asunder, and although she had known instances of her father's unyielding temper, he had ever been indulgent to her wishes.

"I am his only child," she said, "and, if I do not overrate my influence, his heart will yield to my entreaties and make overtures of reconciliation. This must only be a short-lived animosity, which our united intercessions may soon remove."

But as time wore on, the hopes of Edward began to decline, and new and undefinable fears arose in his mind. His father, generally cheerful and communicative, became each day more gloomy and reserved, and Edward remarked with pain that his eye kindled and his cheek flushed whenever the name of his old friend was mentioned. He had yet to learn that his parent was suffering under the keenest pang that a proud heart is destined to experience—the consciousness of obligation to an enemy;—and that in his last interview with Mr. Berkley, an unequivocal allusion to a circumstance of which Edward was ignorant, had stung him to the quick, and left resentment rankling in his heart, which could not be easily assuaged. Mr. Osborne was not a rich man by inheritance. He had commenced his business-life with little more than a good name to sustain his credit. In all his struggles with the commercial world, and they had been many, that good name had never been forfeited. His integrity had remained unshaken and undoubted. About six months prior to his late disagreement with Mr. Berkley, he had been induced to embark a considerable sum in a speculation which promised brilliant results, but which failed eventually, and ruined thousands. In an evil hour he had borrowed from his friend the sum necessary for this experiment. It was a total loss, and he had not the power of re-paying it. It was while devising means to effect this object, and struggling to conceal the difficulties which pressed upon him from every quarter, and writhing under the anticipations of blasted credit and ruined prospects, that he retorted with unwonted asperity to the cutting sarcasms of his former friend, who so far forgot himself as to upbraid him with "sitting down quietly under an obligation to a man whose opinions he despised, and to whose *forbearance* he owed his only chance of sustaining his sinking credit."

To that vaunted forbearance Mr. Osborne no longer looked. In the pride of his heart he felt that he should prefer ruin for himself—but he dreaded to entail upon his son the consequences of his own acts. His feelings preyed upon his health—his energies forsook him. The same day on which he disclosed to Edward the exact position of his affairs, he was seized with a violent fever, which soon terminated fatally.

Edward's grief for his loss was severe and lasting. He was now alone in the world—his mother had been dead many years. Although unacquainted with mercantile affairs, as his education had been conducted chiefly with the view of his studying the law, his good sense immediately directed him the proper course to pursue. He called together his father's creditors, and paid them to the utmost farthing. Mr. Berkley's debt alone remained uncancelled. Perhaps the young man was desirous of ascertaining what course the father of Frances would pursue towards him. In the meantime, he was taking measures to put in execution a plan which he had formed as soon as the state of his late father's affairs became known to him. Edward possessed a small estate, which had been bequeathed to him by a maiden aunt, the sister of his mother; this little property he determined to dispose of as soon as a purchaser could be found, and with the proceeds to liquidate the debt which had weighed so heavy on the heart of his poor father. He took a journey for the purpose of making the necessary arrangements, and he sighed heavily as with the romantic feelings of a lover, he pictured to himself the quiet home, the sweet and rural retreat which he might there find with the object of his affection—the woodland walks, the blooming garden, the fertile fields, the placid streams and sheltered bowers—would charm the fancy, and delight the taste of his young and artless Frances! But this, his little all, must pass into other hands! And with a saddened heart, but firm, unwavering purpose, he set about taking the steps necessary for the transfer of his little property. A purchaser was soon found, and the sale completed.

After a few weeks' absence, Edward returned home with the sum necessary to discharge all pecuniary obligations to Mr. Berkley. Of that gentleman's present feelings towards himself he knew nothing; he had not seen him since the illness and death of his father. But towards the father of Frances, his feelings were of a mixed nature. Respect for the memory of his parent required him to pursue a different line of conduct from that which his feelings towards her might have prompted. His dying parent had laid no prohibition upon him—had required no sacrifice. He had merely said, with respect to his former friend—"You are free to act as you think best, my son—vindicate, if you can, my integrity to Mr. Berkley. I feel that we were equally to blame; I should have been less irritable if the thought of that unhappy debt had not been rankling in my heart!" In a few months Edward had settled, as well as he was able, his father's affairs; the debt to Mr. Berkley was liquidated through the agency of a man of business: and he found himself, on his twenty-third birth-day, alone in the world, with funds barely sufficient for a few months' support, with no prospect of being able to prosecute the studies which the late events had interrupted, and with scarcely any tie to his native city, except that which bound him to Frances Berkley. They had met twice at houses of their mutual acquaintances, and her artless joy at seeing him, together with the deep sympathy she expressed at his misfortune, had rendered the fair and innocent girl still dearer to his heart.

One day he accidentally met her in a walk. She was alone; and the opportunity being too tempting to be neglected, he moved towards her, and she hastened to meet him.

"Ah!" said Frances, extending her hand, "it is so long since we met!"

Thrown off his guard by this reception, the young man exclaimed—

"If it were in my choice, dearest Frances, we would never be separated again." Then seeing her blushing confusion, he added—"Your father's interdiction, my dear girl, prevents my seeking your society at your own house. I know not if I am not violating his command by thus endeavoring to see you."

"Ah, Edward," returned the young lady, "how unfortunate that disagreement between our fathers! Yet I think mine relents. He appeared much moved by the death of dear Mr. Osborne. It is impossible that he can feel any enmity towards you, to whom he always appeared so much attached."

"That may be, Frances," replied the young man; "but unless he recalls his prohibition, it would not become me to seek an entrance under his roof; and I will not conceal from you that I fear the probability of his retracting is now less than ever."

The inquiring look of Frances seemed to ask an explanation.

"Because," continued her lover, "my circumstances are now such that no prudent father would encourage my attentions to his daughter."

The tone of mingled grief and bitterness with which Edward said this moved the heart of Frances, and she shed tears while she replied—

"My father cannot be so cruel, so unjust. Your misfortunes are not of your own making. Every one acknowledges the uprightness, the nobleness of your character. Can *my father* alone be prejudiced and illiberal? I cannot believe it."

"What I have asserted is nothing new or strange, my sweet girl," he replied. "Poverty is a formidable barrier to happiness—a poor [illegible] to of the prospects. Still," he added, more cheerfully, "I will not repine, neither will I despair. I have no unworthy act of which to accuse myself. I will endeavour to win fortune and favour by industry and perseverance; and if I succeed, my sweet Frances, will you consent to be mine?"

The maiden, with becoming modesty, yet firmly and unhesitatingly pledged her hand to him who had long possessed her heart. The lovers parted, and Edward Osborne felt his heart beat lighter than it had for many months. Frances was above the meanness of disguise, and on her return home she informed her father that she had accidentally met Edward Osborne, and remained with him some time.

"And did you not," returned her father, with unusual asperity, "remember my commands that all intercourse between my family and that of Mr. Osborne should be at an end?"

"I did not forget it, father," replied Frances; "I have never forgotten a command that has always appeared to me—pardon me, dear father—so different from your usual kindness. Has Edward Osborne ever offended you? or is he unworthy the favour you formerly showed him?"

"You are a bold girl," returned Mr. Berkley, "to question the justice of your father's conduct. But there is no need of dissembling. I admit that the young man has never offended me, except in seeking to see you when he knows my commands to the contrary. I regret, since his father is dead, that we ever quarrelled. I have nothing to advance against the son's character—but I repeat my commands, that henceforth you must be as strangers. I could never be happy with him for a son-in-law, and I know it is to that he aspires. Besides," continued Mr. Berkley, "he is nearly a *beggar*: he has no dependence, and knows no profession by which to obtain a livelihood for *himself*. What would he do with a *wife*! Nay, Frances," he added, seeing the distress of his daughter, who was now weeping bitterly, "I do not wish to afflict you, but this silly attachment of *mere children* will soon pass away. I know, better than you *do*, what is for your happiness. Poverty and hardships would ill agree with a girl brought up as tenderly as you have been. You would be miserable, depend upon it—and *I* should be no less so."

"But father, father," interrupted Frances, gaining courage from her parent's relaxed severity, "*you* are not *poor*—you are not without influence. Could you not assist—could you not befriend poor Edward?"

"Frances!" said Mr. Berkley, with a tone and manner which instantly annihilated all the poor girl's reviving hopes, "let us drop this subject forever! You must give up all thoughts of Osborne, or you will forfeit the love I have always felt for you. I will never consent to your marriage with him, even if fortune should smile upon him. Yet I put no force upon you. Each of us you cannot retain: you lose your father or give up your lover. Say no more to me on the subject, but I advise you to make a prudent choice."

So saying, Mr. Berkley left his daughter, whose young heart throbbed almost to bursting with the violence of her grief.

"Oh!" she thought, as she retired to her chamber to hide her tears and quiet the tumult of her thoughts; "if Heaven had spared my poor mother, she would advise me how to act—she would console me under this harshness of my father—she always felt sympathy with the unfortunate—she would not look with scorn upon Edward's altered prospects: and I should despise myself if I loved him less because he has lost his only relative and has been reduced to poverty.—But Edward, dear Edward, *I* will not fail you—*I* will be true to the promise I made you in adversity"—and then the dread of offending and disobeying her father returned with fresh terrors, and the poor girl was overcome with sorrow. But her grief, though sincere, was the grief of *eighteen*, which soon subsides, for Hope always stands beckoning behind the clouds of Adversity, still pointing through the vista of the future to scenes of azure skies and thornless flowers. So the heart of Frances yielded to the cheering influence of Hope, and she returned to her usual avocations calm, if not happy.

Several weeks elapsed and the lovers had not met. In the meantime, Edward received a letter in reply to one he had written to an old friend of his father, who resided in a neighboring city. This gentleman advised the young man to relinquish, for the present, the study of the law, and to turn his attention to mercantile business, in which he might be able to assist him—he offered him a clerkship until something better might be done, and frankly told him that his house might be his home until the dawning of brighter prospects should make such an arrangement unnecessary. Edward had feelings to overcome and objections to conquer, but he did overcome and conquer them sufficiently to accept the friendly offer of a "friend in need." Much did he wish to see Frances previous to his departure, but conjecturing the cause of her discontinuing her visits to the house of the friend where they had formerly met, and hopeless of obtaining an interview, he entrusted to the care of a friend a letter which explained his present prospects and announced his departure. After renewing his avowal of affection, he added—"But I require no sacrifice from you, dearest. I would not selfishly entail upon you privation and poverty—*you are free*; but if I am ever so fortunate as to gain a competence and Frances still thinks of me with kindness, I will return and claim the promise she so generously made me." The letter concluded with these lines:

"I leave thee *free*: though round my heart
A chain is bound, I cannot sever:
And while reluctant I depart,
My heart, my soul, are with thee ever.

Thou can'st not bless me ere I go,
With one kind word, *forever* cherished:
But, loveliest, dearest, thou wilt know,
Ere love had changed, thy lover perished.

Poor Frances shed many a tear over this letter, but Edward had hopes, and she would hope, perhaps her father might in time look more favorably upon the object of her choice. Frances was too young to know that the man who *inflicts* an injury seldom *forgives*. Nor was she aware that from a sense of his own inferiority sprung the true source of her father's animosity towards young Osborne, whose scrupulous integrity in liquidating his father's debt to him by the sale of his own little inheritance, had removed the only real cause of complaint which Mr. Berkley had against him. It would have been more gratifying to his feelings to have been able to complain of injury and to boast of his own forbearance, than to receive his own with usury. He was conscious that by taunting the father with pecuniary obligations of a private nature, he had forfeited all claim to the esteem of the noble-minded son—consequently, he felt relieved by the intelligence that young Osborne had left the city. He hoped that absence would weaken his daughter's attachment for him, and that she might in time be induced to make another choice.—At the same time he was contemplating a second marriage himself. His choice was fixed on a lady a few years older than his daughter. He had known her but a short time, and only as the "stranger belle" of a fashionable place of public resort. Had Mr. Berkley been guided by the prudence and foresight which usually influence persons at his time of life, he might have acted differently, but as he never allowed the opinions of any other person to influence his own, the affair was decided as soon as he could prevail on the fair lady to accept his offer.

Mr. Berkley hoped that the gaieties attendant on the celebration of his marriage, would do much towards diverting the thoughts of his daughter from her absent lover. We cannot say that such a hope proved the old gentleman to possess a very profound knowledge of the female heart—but, in that respect, he was far more wise than many.

The surprise of Miss Berkley may be imagined, when her father disclosed to her his intentions, at the same time apprising her of the period fixed upon for the celebration of the wedding. The mother of Frances died when she was at the age of fourteen, and she retained a vivid recollection of her virtues, and of her devoted love for her only child. Consequently, she was shocked at the thought of her place being filled by another, but her gentleness and the kindness of her heart, determined her to treat with all proper respect, the person whom her father had made choice of. A relative of Mrs. Berkley had presided in the house since the death of that lady, but at the announcement of the marriage, she took her departure, so that Frances was left alone to struggle with her feelings and to receive, as well as she was able, the new mistress of the mansion.

Nature had been bountiful to Frances Berkley. She was endowed not only with a graceful person, and a lovely, intelligent countenance, but with noble sentiments, innate rectitude of principles, joined to a kind and sympathising heart. She had a mind capable of high cultivation, and she had availed herself of the opportunities which her father's wealth had afforded her, of acquiring much useful information, as well as many agreeable accomplishments. Such a heart and mind are always keenly alive to the attraction of noble qualities and high attainment in others. What wonder, then, that Frances cherished the memory of her absent lover, and that amidst her new trials is found her chief consolation? The daughter of the rich Mr. Berkley would, probably, have had many admirers, had nature been less bountiful in her gifts to her, besides those butterflies that flutter in the summer sunshine, and hover round the brilliant circle of prosperity and fashion. Frances had admirers of real worth, whom she rejected, with gentleness, it is true, but with decision and firmness, that left them nothing to hope. They felt that she was above the littleness of coquetry, and that her triumphs afforded her no gratification. Mr. Berkley was greatly incensed at this conduct of his daughter. He wished to engage her in a round of galeties and amusements, and he found in his lady a willing auxiliary. He hoped that Frances would grow weary of "hope deferred," and that her constancy would at length yield to the fascinations with which he surrounded her. Edward Osborne, meanwhile, was becoming accustomed to the duties of his new station. Mr. Hatfield, the gentleman in whose employment he was, treated him with much kindness and consideration. He insisted on young Osborne's making one of his household, which, as he was a widower, consisted only of himself, a senior clerk, and a housekeeper. Of this little household, Edward made the fourth, and added much to its cheerfulness by his frank good humor, and his sprightly conversation. His time was not so fully occupied as to prevent his devoting some hours each day, to the studies and pursuits which best suited him. He confided to Mr. Hatfield every particular of his situation, and his frankness met with its reward in the increased interest and regard which his employer felt for him. Osborne had been rather more than a year in his present home, and the duties of his situation had kept him stationary; these duties had of late been augmented by the absence of Rodman, the senior clerk, who complained of ill health, and requested Edward to supply his place, as he considered change of scene and air absolutely necessary. The latter had been frequently surprised at the readiness with which Rodman had at different times made over to him the performance of those duties which more properly devolved upon himself, particularly as he in general behaved towards him with a reserve bordering upon dislike; but as he wished to acquire a thorough knowledge of his business, and was desirous of conciliating, he never shrunk from the tasks imposed on him.

One day, Mr. Hatfield said to him—

"Osborne, I feel that I am growing old. Mine has been a life of toil. I was not formerly successful in my affairs, but still I persevered, and my business, though not very extensive, has of late been regular and somewhat productive. As soon as I have secured a competence for my old age, I shall relinquish the whole concern to you and Rodman.—He is a distant relative, and the only one I have in the world. You can enter into partnership, and conduct the business together. Then you can bring home your pretty wife, and I shall have the satisfaction of knowing that I have been of some use in the world, by giving two worthy fellows a start in business. You shall be my joint heirs," said the old man, laughing; and he added—"Rodman has been with me longer than you have; yet I feel for you a greater interest even than for him—(he is a worthy fellow, too)—but you are the son of my old *playfellow*. That accounts for it—*that* and your own good qualities, my boy."

Young Osborne thanked his kind friend as well as his grateful emotions would permit, and although he gave a sigh to the career he had been forced to abandon, he yet felt that he had great cause for thankfulness. By pursuing the course marked out for him, he might avoid the miseries of dependence;—and, to a mind like his, *independence* was life's greatest blessing. Often had the sighs of Edward been wafted to his native place, which he longed to revisit, in the hope of seeing the one being so dear to his heart; and he soon after gladly availed himself of an opportunity which offered of attending to a little business for his employer in that city.

"Good bye, my dear fellow," said his kind friend, as he departed; "remember, if you bring your little lady *home*, I will prepare a wedding feast for you."

On this occasion, Edward's good fortune exceeded his most sanguine hopes, for he saw Frances the very next day after his arrival in B——. We will pass over the joy of their meeting. Edward detailed to her his prospects and his hopes, and Frances listened with a beating heart. She had also much to impart; and, after a long interview, each remembered much that yet remained to be said. Their first meeting had been accidental; but now that she had promised to see her lover again before he left the city, Frances felt that she had taken a step which was irrevocable, she had made her choice between *him* and the *father* who had thus willed. "Be it so," she said to herself; "my father is changed towards me—he is changed in all things. I can no longer contribute to his happiness—he looks on me with distrust, while all his confidence is given to the new object of his love."

Frances Berkley did not make these painful reflections without cause; her father was changed in his feelings towards her, for she felt that he had thwarted her wishes, and given lasting pain to her young heart, to gratify a feeling of vindictive pride, rather than acknowledge himself to blame—he had trifled with the happiness of his unoffending child, who had borne, without complaining, his cutting sarcasms, and the petty persecutions of her step-mother.

Edward Osborne saw that Frances was not happy: he had learned since his arrival at B——, some circumstances which determined his conduct; he urged her to unite her fate with his, and it was agreed on at their parting interview, that he should return in a few weeks and claim his bride. Frances was, in the meanwhile, to acquaint her father with her resolution. She hoped that, situated as he now was, he would no longer oppose her following the bent of her own wishes. Nor was she mistaken. Mr. Berkley heard his daughter in disdainful silence; and in answer to her appeal to his parental feelings he told her that, as she had chosen her own course, she could not expect him to interfere with her arrangements. "If Mr. Osborne expected any dowry with his bride," he added, "he must look elsewhere. The wife of

Edward Osborne need never apply to him in any exigence to which her undutiful conduct was certain to reduce her. He would not retard her marriage," he said, "for one instant, by any opposition—for, after what had passed, he could no longer wish her to reside under his roof." In vain Frances entreated that he would look less coldly upon her, or at least do justice to the motives of Edward. He was inexorable. "He would not," he said, "countenance her marriage by his presence, but his house was free to her while she remained in it, and he required that the ceremony should be performed under its roof. She might invite what guests she pleased to be present."

Although the heart of Frances swelled almost to bursting at this treatment from her father, she quelled her grief as well as she was able, and busied herself in making her arrangements, unassisted, save by that prudence and self-respect which formed part of her character. On Edward's return home, Mr. Hatfield congratulated him cordially on his new prospects, and pleased himself by preparing little presents for the expected bride. The arrears of Edward's salary were cheerfully handed over to make the necessary arrangements, and to furnish apartments for the young couple. The old gentleman was not alarmed at the prospect of young people "beginning the world," as he called it, with *little*. He had done so himself, and he looked with proper indifference upon those elegancies and luxuries which may embellish, but which cannot constitute true felicity. He busied himself in assisting Edward in his little preparations, and cheered him by the friendly interest he took in all that concerned him. When all was ready, Edward returned to B——, and found his Frances sad, it was true, but still resolved. The clergyman who was to unite them had been a friend of the late Mrs. Berkley. With his family, who resided a few miles from town, she had engaged to spend a couple of weeks previous to leaving B——. The marriage ceremony took place at the house of Mr. Beckley, although neither himself nor his lady condescended to be present; and this Mr. Berkley called "being consistent!" When the few guests had departed, Frances went to take leave of her father. He received her embrace coldly, and in silence. To her request that he would see Edward, he sternly replied—

"No, Frances, no!—he has insulted me by braving my authority, and inciting you to disobedience. I will *never* see him!"

Frances saw the cloud gathering on her father's brow. She checked the words that had risen to her lips—she knelt one moment at his feet, then rose, embraced him, and departed.

While Edward Osborne and his gentle bride were enjoying the social pleasures that enlivened their visit at the house of the worthy clergyman, a far different scene was enacting at P——. A sick man lay in a darkened chamber; no wife, no child, sat by his bed-side. A female stole about the room with noiseless step. It is true, her face wore a serious expression, but it was not the face of a wife, a child, or a sister. She owed the sick man respect and gratitude, but she was worldly-minded, and she thought more of the benefits she was about to lose, than of the sufferings of him who had bestowed them. The invalid had been ill but three days; yet his disorder had been so violent in its attack, that he was reduced to the last extreme of weakness by his sufferings.—Once, only, within the last few hours, he had essayed to speak. The attendants had tried to distinguish his meaning, but the words "*not come yet*," were all they could catch, and again he relapsed into a death-like stupor. A young man entered the chamber and sat down in an arm-chair beside the bed. It was apparent that he had left the seat only for a few moments. He took a hand of the sick man in one of his own. The female left the room, motioning as she did so, to the young man to remain. He nodded assent, and when she had closed the door, he slid his hand beneath the pillow and grasped a paper. The sick man stirred not—apparently he slept. The young man watched him some moments in almost breathless anxiety, then, trembling as he did so, he drew forth the paper, substituting one similarly folded, which he had taken from his bosom.

"He will never ask for it," he muttered to himself; "if he *should*, I can easily produce it; 'tis but natural that I should take charge of it."

The sick man never awoke. When the physician entered, half an hour afterwards, he felt the pulse of his patient, and said that all was over.

"Of course," said the female, who had entered with the physician, "of course Mr. Rodman will order everything, he being the only relation."

"Did Mr. Hatfield leave a *Will?*" inquired the doctor.

"I do not believe he ever made a will," answered the female; "he charged me to take care of a paper which was under his pillow. I offered to lock it up, but he said he 'would give it into *his own* hand.' I supposed he meant Mr. Rodman's *own hand*, so I did not meddle with it. It must be there still."

"Of course it must," said Mr. Rodman.

The doctor gently lifted the pillow and drew forth a folded paper. Rodman requested him to read it. There were only these words, which were scarcely legible, from the weakness of the hand that wrote them:

"Fearing I may not live to reach home, I here state that I bequeath all my property, of *every* kind, to Charles Rodman, my relative, and—"

"And *clerk*, he would have added, I suppose," remarked the doctor.

"Doubtless," observed Mr. Rodman, putting his handkerchief to his eyes.

"Well," said the physician, "I am glad it is so. You had best lock up this paper, Mr. Rodman; such things should be taken care of, though in this instance, it is true, as there are no other claimants, there is less need; but worthy Mr. Hatfield was thoughtful to the last."

"Dear old gentleman," sobbed the housekeeper, now really affected.

The day appointed for the funeral arrived. The house was filled with friends and acquaintances of the deceased.

"I wonder," said the housekeeper to Rodman, "that Mr. Osborne has not arrived—the poor dear gentleman was so fond of him, and he seemed so fond of Mr. Hatfield. I should have thought he would have tried to be here in time for the funeral—but perhaps he never got the letter you sent him."

"Probably he *never did!*" replied Mr. Rodman, "or else he would have been here, I am sure!"

A carriage drove up to the door. "It is he," exclaimed the housekeeper, as she looked forth.

Mr. Rodman trembled excessively, but he went to meet the new-comer, whose countenance expressed alarm and consternation.

"Oh! Osborne," he faltered, "you have come to a melancholy scene."

Edward could not speak—silently he supported the steps of a young female who hung upon his arm in extreme agitation, and led her to an inner room. The painful truth burst at once upon his mind—that coffin, then, must contain the remains of his kind old friend!

Bewildered and hurt that he had received no intelligence of Mr. Hatfield's illness and death, Edward was scarcely himself. What a scene was this to which he had brought his bride! He looked at poor Frances half sinking with dismay, and made an effort to command his feelings, and to speak a few words of encouragement to the weeping girl. Then consigning her to the care of some females, he joined the funeral train that followed the remains of his kind patron to their last resting place.

As soon as the funeral was over, Edward conducted Frances to the home he had prepared for her, for the society of strangers was too irksome to be borne in the present state of his feelings.

"Oh, my poor Frances!" he said, when they were alone, "what a disappointment for you—what a shock to your feelings, instead of the kind welcome I had taught you to expect."

From Rodman, Edward had learned that a letter had been sent, informing him of Mr. Hatfield's illness, which, however, had terminated so soon that he could not have arrived in time to see him even if he had received it. He also learned that his deceased friend had been taken suddenly ill while on a journey, which he had undertaken for the purpose of transacting some business—that he had insisted on proceeding homewards, notwithstanding his extreme suffering; which so exhausted him, that when he arrived at his own house, he was nearly insensible—and continued in that state, except for a brief interval, until his death. Besides the sorrow which young Osborne felt for the loss of his *friend*—a sorrow which was rendered doubly poignant by the circumstances attending it—he felt that the sudden death of Mr. Hatfield had rendered his situation peculiarly embarrassing. He remembered that Charles Rodman had rather avoided than sought his society during the time they had lived together. Uncertain whether the intentions which Mr. Hatfield had declared to himself had ever been communicated to the former: or if they had, whether they met with his approbation—he knew that if the deceased had made no testamentary disposition of his property, Rodman being his only relative, would naturally succeed to all he possessed. Consequently, his mind was a prey to the most painful suspense.

This uncertainty was not, however, of long duration. In a few days Rodman sought an interview, and after showing him the few lines which Mr. Hatfield had written, in a brief interval of pain, he informed him that it was not his intention to continue the business. "He should," he said, "dispose of the whole concern as speedily as possible—together with the house, and proceed immediately to the South, where it was his intention to settle."

In the course of this conversation, Edward suffered not the remotest hint to escape him, respecting the declaration which Mr. Hatfield had made of his intentions towards himself. He felt convinced that the kind old man had never changed in his views or feelings towards him, and that if time had been allowed him, he would have fulfilled to the utmost of his power, his reiterated promises of befriending and assisting him. But delicacy and pride forbade his alluding to those promises, and his manly, though [illegible] bore a tribute of respect from the worldly-minded Rodman.

"Upon my soul, Osborne," he said, "you bear this better than I could! Thrown out of employment just when you have most need of resources. I am sorry that—the fact is, if I *could* continue the business, for your sake I *would*. But I *cannot*—my mind is made up! I have taken my resolution. I must wind up the concern as soon as possible, and set out for C——. But," he added, after a pause, "if a few hundred dollars would be of any service to you, say so—I will"——

"Say no more, Mr. Rodman," interrupted Osborne; "I am not much used to buffet with the world, it is true—but I have youth and health. I will *borrow* from no man—I will depend on my own exertions, and still hope they may not be wholly unsuccessful."

Thus they parted—Edward to return to the humble home, where a kind welcome radiant with smiles, awaited him; and Rodman to devise plans for his future course. In a much shorter time than is ordinarily required for such matters, the latter had completed the sale of his late employer's property. Although the precision and regularity with which the deceased had always conducted his affairs, made it a comparatively easy task, the speedy transfer of all his effects was not completed without some sacrifice to himself; yet Rodman hastened his arrangements as if some powerful motive impelled him to quit P—— as soon as possible.

In their few and brief interviews, Osborne perceived that Rodman's manner was constrained, and that he appeared ill at ease. In the course of a few months, he left P——; but he did not proceed immediately to the South, as he had declared was his intention. Some affairs, either of business or of pleasure, called him to a neighboring city, where he remained some time.

Meanwhile, Edward Osborne's endeavors to procure a clerkship in some mercantile house had been unsuccessful—his spirits sank at times, when he contemplated the situation to which his Frances might be reduced. And did Frances ever *repine?* did she look back with regret upon the comforts and elegancies of the home she had left? The gay society that frequented her father's house—the few chosen friends with whom she had passed many hours of rational happiness? On the *latter*, it is true, she often dwelt with affectionate remembrance—but Edward supplied to her the place of all she had left. Could she regret the luxury of a home from which *he* was banished—would she repine at having quitted pleasures which he might not partake? No: while Edward sat beside her at their frugal board—while he read to her—while they drew together—and while she saw him call forth all the resources of his cultivated mind and taste, for her alone, how could she repine? Frances had made her own election, and she never repented that she had done so—her only regret was for her father, and the harshness with which he had forced her to forsake him. But *Poverty* will intrude even into the sanctuary which *Love* has hallowed. Blessed indeed is the abode from which her dreaded presence cannot banish the celestial occupant.—Though suffering many privations, as their scanty means grew yet more scanty, *Love* still sat enthroned in the humble home of Edward Osborne, and *Hope* still hovered near him, with her radiant smile. In consequence of his application for employment, Edward had become slightly acquainted with the publisher of a periodical paper, and having formerly written articles merely for his own amusement, some of which had found their way into the public journals, and received a considerable share of commendation, he was emboldened to offer to the publisher just mentioned, some articles, which he had prepared with more than usual care. They were accepted, and being much admired, the productions of his pen soon became in request, and the emolument he received, though not ample, was sufficient to exclude want from their threshold.

In the course of time, Osborne became known to some persons of worth and influence. One of them, a gentleman of the bar, strongly advised him to commence the study of the law, and offered him all the assistance in his power. Edward followed his advice, and without relinquishing the occupation which had long been his only dependence, he devoted much time to the study of the profession he had chosen.

Talent and application received their reward.—Edward was successful, and a few years found him in a situation which promised competence, at least, if not affluence. During these years, Frances had heard but casually of her father. She knew that he had retired from business, but of his domestic affairs she could only surmise. She feared he was not happy, for during her intercourse with her step-mother, her penetration easily discovered that affection for him had not been the motive of her marrying; that her blandishments were feigned, and her exuberant gaiety merely counterfeited. The heart of Frances still yearned towards her parent, and she longed to know if he felt towards herself any portion of that love which had made her childhood happy. The last accounts she had heard was that he had left B——. She did not know that for two years he had been a wanderer from his home—a stranger to domestic enjoyment—the victim of disappointed affection, mortified pride, and impotent wishes for revenge.

A stranger had arrived at B——. He frequented no society, but had been seen to walk alone with Mrs. Berkley. This occasioned no remark, and no one watched her proceedings; when, in the darkness of night, she stole from beneath her husband's roof to meet the stranger, to accompany him to a vessel then ready to sail, and quit for ever the scene of her perfidy and degradation. There was no clue by which to trace the fugitive. She had left no parting word or line, to elucidate the mystery of her flight; but that she went not *alone*, Mr. Berkley felt certain; that she went not in poverty and destitution, he had also reason to know; and when recovered from the illness which was the consequence of the shock he had received, he set out, burning for revenge, in the hope of discovering her retreat, and punishing the accomplice of her flight.

In the summer of 18—, Mr. Osborne went on a journey to one of the southern States. The object of his journey was to comply with the frequent invitations of a gentleman to whom he had rendered essential service in his professional practice. He was accompanied by Frances and two fine children, whose birth had bound yet closer the tie of affection which united their parents. On returning from this excursion, the party determined to stay a few days in the city of B——, and to visit its environs. They lodged at a hotel, and the evening after their arrival, two passengers, a lady and gentleman, who had just landed from a steamboat, proceeded to the same place. They were closely followed by a man wrapped in a large cloak, the collar of which he had drawn up so as to conceal the lower part of his face; his hat being pulled over his eyes, made it impossible to distinguish his features. The stranger lingered till he saw the individuals just mentioned enter an apartment and close the door. He then withdrew to an adjoining room, and without divesting himself of his cloak or hat, he continued to pace the chamber with agitated steps for some time. He then approached the apartment occupied by the new-comers, knocked, and was admitted. The apartment was adjoining the one occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Osborne, who were startled by a loud scream, and the voices of men in violent altercation. The scream was repeated—it was the voice of a female. Edward stood for a moment irresolute, when an exclamation from his companion determined him; he pushed open the door which divided their own apartment from the one adjoining, and entered, making a gesture for Frances to remain where she was. The group, presented to his view, for an instant appalled him. A man stood with a pistol in his hand, evidently deterred from firing by the female throwing herself between him and the object of his vengeance. The pistol was raised, the aim taken. One glance sufficed to assure Osborne that not an instant was to be lost. He caught the pistol from the hand that held it. The cloak fell back;—Osborne beheld an old man, whose gray hairs fell over his disordered face. It was the father of Frances! It *was*, then, *his* voice which had drawn from his beloved that exclamation of terror.

"Take *that*, meddlesome intruder!" exclaimed Mr. Berkley, as he aimed a blow at Osborne, who stepped aside to avoid it.

Just then, Frances rushed into the room, exclaiming, "My father, why is this?"

The old man looked at them by turns, then tottered to a seat. The next instant he looked round for the objects of his wrath. They were no longer present. An opposite door, through which they had passed, was thronged with curious faces. Edward and Frances led the unresisting old man to their own room, and, after a brief interval, he said, in great agitation—

"Frances! Osborne! I little thought to meet you here. Osborne, you have saved me from the crime of bloodshed. I ought to thank you for it—but I cannot! Yet the villain was unable to defend himself—he had no weapon. I *must* thank you, young man. And that poor trembling girl! Frances! changed as I am, I am still your *father*—and thank God! no *homicide*."

To Frances, little explanation of the foregoing scene was necessary. She had recognized her step-mother when her father sank into a seat. She had seen her throw herself upon the bosom of the stranger, and she conjectured part of the truth. Mr. Osborne had not seen the man, as the female had stood before him when he entered, and the sight of Mr. Berkley had rendered him indifferent to all else.

When the father of Frances had become in some degree collected, he felt that some explanation was necessary, and he hastened to acquaint his daughter and son-in-law with the story of his wife's desertion and his subsequent pursuit of her and her companion. He had visited every part of the Union to which he thought it probable they might retreat; he had been deceived by various descriptions into the belief that he had discovered them; from place to place he had pursued strangers, in the hope that at last he had found the objects of his search; but he now believed that never till that night had he been near them; for by some words that fell from his faithless wife, he now thought they had crossed the Atlantic, and were but just returned, when he recognized her on her landing from a steamboat; that never till the moment he beheld them, had he contemplated taking the life of the villain who had destroyed his domestic peace, but enraged beyond endurance at the sight of those who had so cruelly wronged him, in a moment of frenzy, he had provided himself with pistols and followed close upon their footsteps.

Frances shuddered at the thought that the grey head of her father might have gone to the grave stained with the crime of murder—that *her father* might have met the punishment due to the *homicide*; and again and again she blessed the beloved hand that had saved him from such a doom. And while she hung weeping on the neck of the old man, she prayed him to forego the thought of vengeance—to pursue no longer a frail and guilty being, who had chosen her *own* lot, and whose crimes had rendered her unworthy even of his revenge.

"Forget her, my dear father!" she said; "forget her and forgive her!—leave her to the upbraidings of her own heart, and your declining years may be made happy by the dutiful attentions of those who really love you."

And Frances brought her children, and placed them on her father's knees, and bespoke his love for them, and bade them love their *grandfather*.

The simple eloquence of truth prevailed. The heart of the stern old man relented. His obstinate feelings were conquered—he embraced his daughter, and held out the hand of reconciliation to her husband. Edward took the proffered hand, and while a pang of regret for the past shot through his heart, he felt that he, too, ought to *forgive*.

"Osborne," said the old man, "I have wronged you! I wronged you from the first. I treated your father unkindly, and with insult. I knew his generous nature, yet my fiery passion and unyielding obstinacy had dominion over me, and I *would* not relent towards you, who had never injured me. But I have suffered—deeply. I trusted, and was basely betrayed. I gave all my regard to a worthless woman, and lavished my wealth to purchase the love which was never mine. I treated with unkindness the child whom I ought to have cherished. I have spent such days and nights of misery, that those whom I have most wronged might think my punishment sufficient."

"Forget the past, father!" said Frances, "and let us look forward with *hope* to the future."

* * * * *

Years passed away, and Mr. Berkley had descended to a grave bedewed by the tears of his children and his children's children; they had knelt around his bedside and received his parting blessing.

Edward Osborne now ranked among the first in his profession in his native land. Many a poor man blessed him for his disinterested exertions in his favor; and many a one, rich in intellectual endowments and worldly wealth, held out to him the hand of friendship and esteem. He was returning from a tour through the western States, and had stopped for the night at a house of public entertainment in a country village. There were many guests in the house at that time, and Mr. Osborne, as was often his custom, joined them in a social supper, which was scarcely over when the mistress of the house entered, and inquired if there happened to be a lawyer among the gentlemen present.

Mr. Osborne was pointed out to her, and she requested him to walk up stairs, where there was a sick man who had besought her to send for a gentleman of that profession, and "she thought if there happened to be one among the guests, as was often the case, there was no need to send any body several miles, on a cold, dark night, to fetch the one resident among them."

Mr. Osborne followed the landlady up stairs, and on entering the room, beheld a man apparently very ill. The woman informed him that the invalid had been staying there about ten days.

"He was ill," she said, "when he came, but expected to get stronger, so as to proceed on his journey, but he had been growing weaker ever since;" she supposed he wanted some one to write to his friends.

Mr. Osborne approached the sick man, and the woman left them alone.

"I do not wish you," said the stranger, "to draw up a *will*—I have no estates to leave—no heirs—no one to inherit the little I have. But I want to make *restitution*. It must be legally done, sir!—There must be [illegible] witnesses."

The stranger spoke incoherently. There was something in the tones of his voice that struck the listener as being familiar to him. He drew near, and regarded him attentively. Time and sickness had much altered him, but the countenance was one he had before seen. Osborne requested the stranger to proceed in his instructions. He did so, and mentioned the name of *Edward Osborne* as the person to whom restitution was to be made. Osborne laid his hand upon that of the invalid, and pronounced his name—"*Rodman?*"

"Yes," said the other, "Rodman is my name—but who are you?"

"I am *Edward Osborne*, at one time the clerk of Mr. Hatfield."

The sick man groaned and fell back upon his pillow. After a brief interval Rodman resumed:

"It is wonderful that you should be here at this time. But I feel relieved from half my load of misery by seeing you. It was my intention to seek you out and tell you all. I committed a fraud against you—it may be of little consequence to you now—but it is a heavy load on my conscience. Our kind old employer intended all he possessed to be shared equally between us two. He left a written paper to that effect. I knew it—for I supported his feeble frame while he wrote it. I stole it from beneath his pillow in his dying moments, and substituted an unfinished scrawl, which he had begun, when a paroxysm of pain obliged him to desist. I pretended that the first paper was not to be found, and he believed me. It was the one I showed you. Yes! I robbed the dying man—I defeated his last wishes—I wronged you, who had never injured me—you, who was reduced by my villainy to poverty, perhaps to want! I knew it all—I knew it then!—It was avarice, you will say, that prompted the base act. It was not the *first* fraud I had committed, and it seemed a trivial fault, to my distempered imagination—a fault that was pardonable—almost praiseworthy, as it led to the achievement of an object long cherished—long looked forward to—and that object a still greater crime! It was a fiend in the semblance of *love*, that goaded me on to all my crimes! But I must explain. Have patience, if you can, and listen. I am a native of Louisiana; my mother was a relative of Mr. Hatfield. Before I went to live with him, I became acquainted with Margaret L——. Her beauty enchanted my senses. She loved me in return. Necessity compelled me to accept the offer of my mother's relative. I left my native place and repaired to P——; wretched was our parting—I was wretched when separated from her. After many months had elapsed, she took advantage of an opportunity that offered, and [illegible] me. We often met—I supplied her from time to time with money—no matter how obtained. I was never suspected. Circumstances at length made it advisable that we should meet less frequently. I had become alarmed lest my course of life should be discovered. Actuated by pique, or perhaps a wish for a change of scene, Margaret left P——. She went to one of the fashionable places of summer resort,—from thence I heard from her. Stung with jealousy, I would have followed her, but just then you were introduced by my patron into his establishment, and I feared to leave the field open to you. I feared your supplanting me in the old man's favour. I formed the base project of making you subservient to my purposes, and responsible for my deficiencies. You may remember, I left much of the business to you, and in that I had my own views. Well—you are still calm—you still bear with me—hear me to an end. I heard that Margaret was *married*. The information came from herself. She bade me consider that step a proof of her love for me. After a time she summoned me to her presence. I found a pretext for a journey, and saw her. She explained her views to me;—her husband, who was far from young, was wealthy, and doatingly indulgent to her. She would enrich herself for my sake. She had weakened his affection for his only daughter, and rendered her father's house a comfortless and irksome home. She would do still more for my sake. Blinded by my infatuated passion, I applauded what I ought to have censured. We parted, but I often heard from Margaret. Then came your journey to B——, and then I learned that you had wedded the daughter of Margaret's husband. Do not curse me till I have finished! Remember, *our crimes* led to *your* happiness—to *your* advancement! Had Mr. Hatfield's last wishes been attended to, you would not have become what you are now—but I should have had one crime less upon my conscience. I could not continue as joint heir, and parted with you in the business which the old man, in his simple kindness, designed for us. The sale of the whole property would enable me to convey Margaret to a distant land, where she would again be all my own. Temptation was before me!—I risked all, and accomplished my purpose! But a year passed before I could accomplish my design with respect to Margaret. In the mean time, I hovered near her. An opportunity at length occurred. She fled with me. We went to Europe—but our restless spirits prompted us to return. I knew not that Mr. Berkley had pursued us, nor that he sought my life, until your hand wrested the weapon that would else in all probability have terminated my career. You did not recognize me. We fled—since we have wandered from place to place, finding [illegible] in every scene; since, if detected in a spot so far remote, as we thought, from those we had injured, and secure from all fear of recognition, we had been sought and found, where could we hope of safety? Did I find happiness when I had obtained all that my crimes had won? No, no! But of all my [illegible], that [illegible] towards you lay heavy on my heart. But I am punished. Five months since I followed Margaret to the grave—a fever carried her off after a *few days'* illness—a few straggling strangers saw her coffin lowered in the earth. They had never beheld her beauty—they knew not how madly I had loved her—they heeded not the miserable being whose all lay buried there. No tears but mine ever fell upon the sod that covers her. No kindred monument rises beside her lonely resting place. I lay whole days and nights on the damp earth that covers her. A fever was the consequence. I have been wasting ever since. I have but one wish—to make the little amends now in my power, and to follow to the grave the only being I ever loved."

Mr. Osborne had forborne to interrupt the unhappy man while he detailed his crimes and his misery. He saw that Redman's days were numbered, and he strove to afford him all the consolation he was capable of receiving. He remained with him till his death, and saw his remains consigned to the grave.

When he returned to his family, who had been anxiously expecting him, he related the cause of his detention. Frances exclaimed:

"I thank Heaven, dearest *Edward*, that you were at hand to console the last hours of that unhappy man! Surely those who have followed the straight path of integrity and virtue are alone capable of bestowing consolation on the guilty and the penitent."

And looking fondly on her sons, she added:

"Remember, my boys, that integrity and industry are the only safe stepping stones to prosperity and honor."

The Lover and His Dear Beloved.

All that's lovely speaks of thee!
  When the glorious sun appeareth,
'Tis the harbinger to me;
  Only thou he absorbeth.

In the garden where thou go'st,
  There art thou the rose of roses,
First of lilies, fragrant most
  Of the fragrant posies.

When thou movest in the dance,
  All the stars with thee are moving,
And around thee gleam and glance,
  Never tired of loving.

Night!—and would the night were here!
  Yet the moon would lose her duty,
Though her sheen be soft and clear,
  Softer is thy beauty!

Fair and kind, and gentle one!
  Do not moon, and stars, and flowers
Pay that homage to their sun
  That we pay to ours?

Sun of mine, thou art so dear—
  Sun, that art above all sorrow!
Shine, I pray thee, on me here
  Till the eternal morrow.

THE LITTLE GROWN GREAT.

BY MRS. LYDIA JANE PIERSON

In a beautiful seaport town in Connecticut, lived a young mechanic, who was not only honest and industrious, but a man of good education and refined sensibilities. He married in early life a lovely girl, who, though a mechanic's daughter, and brought up to labor with her hands, was no whit behind the governor's child in all that makes the real lady. They commenced housekeeping with high hopes and good prospects, but having met with several losses and disappointments, continued poor, and the embargo in 1808 so affected his business that it was with difficulty he could support his family, consisting, besides himself and wife, of four small children—fine chubby little fellows—the two eldest of whom, of five and seven years old, went to school, and were laureled as the best scholars in their respective classes. The parents were proud of them, of course, and looked forward to a day when they would be great and honored.

Mr. M—— inhabited a small, and somewhat dilapidated house—not being able to pay a high rent—which, however, was kept neat and comfortable within, by the tidy hands of Mrs. M——, who, beside doing all the work for her family, and attending most religiously to her little ones, contrived to earn something by sewing; and thus assist her husband to struggle against adversity, as well as soothe and cheer him beneath his heavy burden. So that although they were sometimes without provisions for the morrow, they spake of hope to each other, made their evening oblation of prayer and praise, for they felt that they had much to be thankful for, and lay down and slept sweetly, trusting that good angels guarded their pillows, and that their Father in Heaven would give them day by day their daily bread.

Mr. M—— had a near neighbor, a Mr. W——, who was counted a rich man. He lived in a large white house, and regarded his less fortunate neighbors with ineffable contempt.

It chanced, one summer day, that Mrs. M—— was prevented from finishing a piece of work, which she had promised the next morning, by the illness of her darling babe; and as her husband went to his shop as soon as it was light, and came to breakfast at eight, she rose early, and sat down to finish her work. As she had only to make coffee for breakfast, she allowed her little ones to sleep till seven, and then, as her fire had gone out over night, sent her eldest boy to Mr. W——'s for a coal. (Loco foco matches were not then in use.)

It chanced that the great man was in his kitchen when the child entered, and asked in his pretty, smiling way for fire.

Mr. W—— regarded him with a scowl, and then asked, in a gruff voice—

"Have you had no fire in your house yet to-day?"

"No, sir," said the boy, shrinking involuntarily.

"Are you not hungry?" asked Mr. W——.

"No, sir," again replied the child; "I have only just got up; but mamma has been up a long time, sewing."

"Sewing!" iterated Mr. W——. "Well, I should think you would starve,—though I suppose you are used to live without eating!"

While the *gentleman* was speaking, his little daughter, a child of seven years, slipped from the room, and as the boy came out, drew her hand, with a cake, from beneath her apron, and holding it out to him, said, with her red lips trembling, and her bright blue eyes full of tears—

"Take it, Willy, and don't be angry now."

"Thank you, Lucy," he said: "but I can't take your cake, oh, no!"—and he hurried away.

The little girl wept bitterly, and he, as soon as he reached home, and had laid his coal on the hearth, crept away beneath a hedge of currants in the garden, and cried till he was quite sick.

Mr. W——, when he thus forgot his manhood, and stopped to taunt a noble boy with the poverty, which, had it even been a fault of his parents, could not have been a reproach to him, had no conception of the cruelty of the action, of the deep envenomed wound which his words had inflicted. Men do not appreciate the sensibility of children. I have often wondered at the inconsiderate manner in which they speak to them, and act toward them, as if they were not only ignorant of the deep and keen sensibilities of childhood, but also of the fact that the children, now regarded and treated like dumb animals, will, in a few years, be men and women, occupying the position from which the present actors in life's drama will have passed away, and bearing on the heart's tablet the indelible impressions of love or fear, esteem or aversion, written there while the heart was tender, and every impression consequently deep and abiding.

Poor Willy felt agonizingly the taunt of Mr. W——, and with it the kindness of little Lucy was chronicled enduringly. Although her offer of the cake at that time was bitter to his insulted pride, and proudly rejected, yet the tenderness of heart that prompted the offer was dear and precious to his wounded spirit.

He could eat no breakfast that morning, but he forbore to wound the feelings of his parents by repeating to them the words of their neighbor, and he resolved to use every endeavor to rise in the world, that he might one day be able to look down upon Mr. W—— from a nobly won eminence.

The wealth in which Mr. W—— prided himself, he had inherited from his father, who, from a blacksmith's apprentice, became, by industry and parsimony, the proprietor of a fine farm. He married late in life, and this one son was his only child. The old man endeavored to educate him well, but he forgot to imbue his childhood with kindness, generosity and truth.

The old man was very proud of the affluence which he had won so painfully, and the deference which people are always ready to pay to the possessor of wealth, however it may have been acquired.

It is by no means wonderful that the son imbibed an exalted opinion of himself, as sole heir to so fine a property: and affected the societies of those whose estates, having been accumulated by grand-fathers or great grand-fathers, were thus one or two grades farther removed from the *working classes*.

Old Mr. W—— had determined that his son should have a genteel education. He was accordingly sent to college, whence he emerged with a superficial knowledge of many things, yet without having mastered one single science; and, being no book-worm, as he said, he soon forgot every thing that the poor, patient professors had been at such pains to write, line upon line, and precept upon precept, upon a mind hard as iron to the pen of instruction, and which, like ice, lost every impression as soon as the sun and wind of the outer world acted upon it. But he had "been to college," and he felt the most bitter contempt for every one who was not "liberally educated"—a contempt which he was at no pains to conceal. He had married the daughter of a merchant of the city, and on the death of his father, was easily persuaded to sell his fine farm, and to come into partnership with his father-in-law. He was now at the height of his glory: and as he sat in his front parlor, and looked exultingly at the gold lettered sign, upon which his name glistened beside that of one of the oldest and richest merchants in the city, he felt that he desired no higher heaven. No marvel that *such* a gentleman should stoop to insult a child.

Well, Mr. M—— grew weary of struggling in the city, and living on the refuse of the markets; so he sold the little he possessed, purchased an old horse and wagon, and with little more than his hopeful family, turned his footsteps westward.

Mrs. M—— wept bitterly, when, from the top of a hill she took the last look of her native place, the last farewell of the scenes of morning life, and felt that those places should know her no more *forever*. But she soon dried her eyes, and turned her face resolutely toward the unexplored region, in which hope whispered she would find a better home.

They travelled wearily onward, and the blind goddess who stands by the way-side, bestowing a guerdon on one of a thousand of the innumerable emigrants who leave home with all its idols, and go forth on a dreary pilgrimage to court her favor, smiled graciously on our travellers, and pointed them to a wealthy place.

Mr. M—— secured a large tract of wild land, on which he erected his cabin, and made rapid improvements. Willy saw, in the dim future, the fulfilment of his one desire, and at the age of ten years, could boast of his expert axemanship, and bring quite a tall beach to the ground.

Our favorites of fortune were blest with continued health. The winters at that time were unusually mild; and every crop and seed which they put into the ground brought forth an hundred fold; and the laying of the Great Western Canal lengthwise through his land so increased its value, that, in a few years, he found himself rich. Willy was then "sent to college," and came home at the age of twenty-four, with a thorough and classical education. He was soon seated amongst the legislators of his State; and such was the confidence reposed in his honor and abilities, by his fellow men, that there was no office so responsible but they were eager to lay its burden on his shoulders.

A few years ago, as he sat with his associates on the seat of judgment, listening to heart-sickening details of sin and misery, amid the poor wretches arraigned for crime against their fellows, were two men charged with burglary and arson. His very soul shrank inward as he recognized in the elder of the two, a man whom he had long forgotten, his father's haughty neighbor, Mr. W——. "This miserable, white-haired felon, clothed with rags, and covered with disgrace," he said to himself, "is the very man against whom I so long have harbored a bitter enmity. Well, I have now my revenge in full—and what is it? A bitter drop. Poor man, I ought never to have envied you." Such were his thoughts as he gazed on the poor man, who was taught in his childhood to "trust in riches," and who, when they forsook him, turned to "wrong and robbery."

It was proven, as the trial progressed, that Mr. W—— and his son-in-law, had many years ago failed in trade, *for* a large amount, and became miserably poor. It seemed that *he* had "*been used to live without eating*," until unable longer to endure, he and his son-in-law—a vain, vicious-tempered fop, who found little difficulty in deceiving both father and daughter, the first, into a belief of his wealth, the other into a firm faith in his worth and pure affection—took to gambling, and other dishonest practices, by which they had obtained a precarious livelihood, until the commission of the crime of which they stood accused.

Toward the close of the trial, a female came into the court-room, muffled in an old camlet cloak, and having her face concealed by an old hood and a thick green veil drawn down over it. She seemed to walk with difficulty, and took a seat just behind the prisoners. There she remained, silent and motionless as a statue, until the jury, having agreed without leaving the box, signified that they had found a verdict. She then clasped her hands with a kind of gasping utterance, and her whole frame shook violently, until, as the word "guilty" fell on her bruised heart, she sunk heavily to the floor. She was carried out, and the just sentence of the law passed upon the two miserable offenders.

"It is well," muttered the old man. "In the penitentiary, I shall at least have food."

That evening, Judge M—— having learned where the poor woman had been conveyed, made her a visit.

As soon as she saw him, she cried wildly—

"Oh! in mercy let me go with them! I have no friend, no home on earth!"

"Compose yourself, madam," he replied, calmly; "something better will, I trust, be done for you.—Pardon me the question, was your husband kind to you?"

"He was, until misfortune urged him to evil courses, which I could not but plead with him against, and then he became irritable, estranged, outrageous. Oh, I have lived miserably with them, but still I had a home, and was under the protection of a husband. But now, I am an outcast! doomed to beggary and insult. I was not taught to labor in my youth; and my accomplishments, though showy, were superficial, and have been all worn away by affliction. I have no way to earn a subsistence, and no one to take me in. Oh, what will become of me!"

"Lucy," said Judge M——, taking her hand, respectively, "I hope you will not retaliate upon me now the pain which I once proudly inflicted upon you. I have never forgotten the morning when you, in your pure and childish charity, proffered little Willy your cake, nor the blush and tear that beautified your sweet little face at my refusal. I will not conceal from you that I hated your father for his cruel words to me that morning, and resolved, one day, to stand above him on the scale of riches and honor. But you may believe me, I am sincerely sorry for his misfortune, and would make any possible sacrifice to take away his guilt, if that could be done. But, Lucy, I cannot save him nor your husband from the penalty of the offended laws. Neither would I, if I could.—They have sinned in the face of the law, and they must abide its vengeance.

"But I have a home, where love, peace, and plenty delight to dwell, and my affectionate Clara finds one of her chief delights in ministering to misfortune.—Come and dwell with us, and we will regard you as a dear sister. I have told Clara the story of little Lucy and her cake, and you shall find, that, although I hurt your gentle heart then, by a refusal, the good deed was not lost nor forgotten, but shall bring you fruit an hundred fold."

Poor Lucy fell sobbing at his feet, but she could not speak her gratitude.

She is still residing in the family of Judge M——, and no inmate of the house considers the amiable and cheerful Aunt Lucy, as she is familiarly called, a burden or a drawback on their interests or their pleasures.

Her father died in the penitentiary, and her husband, as soon as released, took the road to Texas.—But she affirms that she never knew happiness until she found it in the mansion of Judge M——.

This little story is literally true, and its truth is its only recommendation.—[*Ladies' Garland for April.*

THE OLD LADY
AND THE YOUNG LAWYER.

BY ABBOTT LEE.

A solitary light was gleaming in a solitary chamber. Alas! how much sorrow and sadness, and sickness and labour, and toil and trouble, and weeping and wailing, concentrate round the miserable flickerings of the petty tapers which glimmer from the windows of many a closely pent-up chamber, in the avenues of our great metropolis!

But one is enough at a time; so let us look at what it shows us.

It was in one of those close and murky courts which abound in our city, in a house tottering with age, in which the wind sang through the chimneys, with a sort of constant accompaniment of window rattling, that our one and particular midnight taper was burning. It was one of those lonely spots which seem the more solitary from being in the immediate vicinity of some of those vast thoroughfares, through which ebb and flow the daily tides of our mighty population—the mind naturally contrasting the seclusion with the turmoil. Goldsmith and Johnson, however, have lived in such courts, and a great many others both before and after them; and so, too, did our hero.

Well, this hero of ours was sitting by this before-mentioned taper's light. He was sitting there at the time our history commences, and he had been sitting there we could not tell how many hours and days, and weeks and months, and years, without doing a sum in arithmetic; and we should but show a fearful subtraction from the value of the total of life if we were to deduct the time so spent. Without the aid, however, of units, tens, hundreds, and thousands on our paper, we might read in the wasted cheek, the hollow eye, the stooping shoulder, the hectic flush, the emaciated person of the student who inhabited that dreary chamber, and watched the lonely hours of the night by that faintly glimmering light, an aggregate of time that seemed well-nigh to have swallowed up the better part of his existence. Hard study, deep thought, and stern anxiety, had written, legibly enough, in unmistakable lines, upon the page of our hero's countenance, that life with him had not been passed upon a bed of roses.

The chamber in which our hero sat was on the third story. A certain air of old-fashioned dustiness pervaded it, and it was well littered over with literature. The large table which stood before him was covered with parchments, packages, and papers; two or three shelves behind him were crowded with grave, dry, legal-looking volumes; and, truth to tell, we think that he himself looked as much like a human book as eye could look into or upon.

And the binding? But, no—to begin with the title-page. For ourselves, we confess to a predilection for the pale, sallow, scholar-like complexion of the lonely student—and sallow and saffron-like our hero certainly was; but there was intellect on his brow, soul in his eye, expression on his lip, and mind over all. The spirit was dominant over the corporeal part—and what matter, then, if the loose coat in which his wasted limbs were enwrapped looked worn and rusty, and his garments fretted by time! It was but just and fit that the soul should be above the body; and it is more than probable that Oliver Paulett would have been a reckless dresser, had he been rich instead of poor.

So, then, he was poor? Ay, he was poor; witness his meagre chamber, his scant apparel, his incessant and intense industry.

What was he doing? Why, dear reader, he was paving the high roads of literature: he was correcting for the press. He was poring over a sheet of the shabbiest paper in the world, which reeked the while with obscene oil, and was murky with lamp-black, making hieroglyphical signs in the margin, whereby it was to be understood by the initiated, that certain letters were to be transposed, certain points restored, certain interpolations banished, certain nonsense to be transmuted into sense; in fact, he was transfusing a certain amount of orthography, etymology, syntax, and prosody, into certain columns, and pages, and paragraphs, and sheets, and volumes. In short, dear reader, he was modelling the obscure scrawl I am now writing into the easy text you are now reading; and, if breaking stones on the highway be a labour, all that we can say is, that it is mere child's play to that whereby Oliver Paulett won his daily bread.

Poor fellow! how sadly that high brow was getting wrinkled—how dim was growing the tired eye—how jaded the worn spirit! But still he laboured on: midnight left him at his toils, and the half-dozenth hour of the morning found him there again.

But on the night in question Oliver Paulett spent an extra hour with a pen in his hand, writing a letter full of the kindest hypocrisy to his mother; introducing here and there a pun, or a sly touch of satire, and a dash of mirth, redolent of hope and good spirits, charging her to be happy, for his sake, and doing all that he could to make her so, by telling her of his own hopes, his own contentment, his own conviction of ultimate success in life; declining, however, still her often-urged wish, that she might follow him to town, and share his lot; but hoping soon for the day when they might be again united, and trusting and believing that it could not be far distant; charging her, the while, to be careful of her own comfort, and to use the remittance which he sent her cheerily, and not grudgingly.

We suppose that we must not eulogize hypocrisy in any shape, though we could find it in our hearts to do so. The hypocrisy of true affection seems to us as loveable as the hypocrisy of duplicity is hateful.

The clock of St. Bride's told one as the poor student finished his letter, and cast his eye around his lonely chamber.

"Nay, my mother," he soliloquized, "how would thine eye shrink and shudder, couldst thou look upon me at this hour! Nay, be happy in thine ignorance of my real position, and rest in the retirement of thy flowery cottage, whilst I grapple with the world in this gladiatorial strife. I may—I must conquer, and then my home shall be thy home." And, with this one thought uppermost in his mind, the poor student betook him to his pillow.

Industry and perseverance!—what noble things these be! What a brave thing it is to see a man, buoyed up with the spirit of a man, stemming the broad tide of adversity, and the world's disfavour!—And we hold that our hero was a hero, because he was doing this. Under the stern necessity of winning, not only his own daily bread, but that of another, he had determined upon emerging from his present enforced position. To do this, he laboured like a slave; reducing his own simple wants to the very narrowest compass, the scantiest measure of the aliment of life, and spending the remaining hours of his prime in studying for the law. Through the drudgery of present toil, he looked for future independence, perhaps for fame. Already his name was enrolled; and he grudged himself pause, cessation, rest, respite, nay, even food and sleep, until he was called to the bar.

Well, it is odd how many little worlds may be packed up under the same roof, without getting mixed; what a many actors may be performing, without getting jostled; what a many threads of destiny may be weaving, without getting entangled, and what a vast deal of sympathy a slight wooden partition may shut out.

In another apartment of the same dwelling, sheltered by the same roof, and divided from the poor student's domicil but by a few intervening panels, was compacted another little household, within four walls of still closer compression, and looking out upon the back instead of the front, over a perfect forest of chimneys, the clouds from which were generally gathering up into a somewhat dusky veil over the brow of the bright summer sky.

There stood in this dull, monotonous chamber, a large antiquity of an easy chair, covered with faded damask that had once been rich and brilliant, but now looked only like a relic and remembrance of better days. There was something melancholy in its faded grandeur, and a great discrepancy between its high pretensions and the mean deal table, the fragment of shabby carpet, and the couple of comfortless rush-bottomed chairs, which made up the garniture of the apartment; and yet there was a fitness between the seat and its occupant.

There sat, from morning till night, in this right regal chair of state, a stiff, erect, tall, stately, ancient lady, whose pride of mien appeared but to wax the greater in her supreme contempt for all her surrounding poverty. Her light blue eye seemed to glitter its contempt for every thing around her, and her foot to spurn the very footstool on which it rested for support. Her own dress was composed of flowered satin, of a kind that had once been rich, rare, and costly, but which now did but blot a memory of its former glory, it was so faded and fretted, and had so fallen into the sear and yellow leaf. And yet this ancient lady retained the stamp and impress of no ordinary beauty; the oval face still preserved its fine proportions, the fair complexion was not utterly dimmed, the eye retained its light, the lip its pride.

On one of the twain rush-bottomed chairs, opposite this stately dame, sat her contrast and yet her counterpart: a fair young girl, with the same oval face, the same clear blue eye, the same well-cut lip, a complexion with even less of the fresh red rose, but more, far more of the unfaded lily,—but, while thus alike in form, how different was the expression!

This young girl was very busily employed twisting and twirling sundry wire threads, and coloured fragments of gauzes, and we know not what, in various ins and outs between her fingers.

"There, grandmamma, I have finished my task at last!" exclaimed the young girl, poising on her finger a wreath, composed of the most delicate of orange-blossoms, which she had been fabricating out of the above-mentioned shreds and patches.—"I have finished, grandmamma; and I hope the bride who is to wear this will be happy. To-morrow she will be a countess."

"Thou thyself oughtest to be in her place, instead of thus menially weaving her bridal coronal. Oh, that I should live to see the day when a daughter of the House of Robillaire is thus reduced to the labours of the mechanic! Girl, look not so delighted that thy task is done, but rather bewail the degradation of its doing!"

"Dear grandmamma, I finish my labour in the hope of a double blessing. May this bridal coronal bring happiness to its wearer, and peace to us with the day's food which its payment will procure us!"

"And thou hast the blood of Robillaire in thy veins, and yet art content to earn thy daily bread!"

"Is it not better so, than dependence or destitution?"

"And you call not this destitution!" exclaimed the old lady, glancing her proud eye scornfully around. "A beggar's garret for the halls of Robillaire, smoky chimneys for its verdant woods, and red tiles for its broad meadows! Girl, girl, thou lackest the spirit of thy ancestors!"

Joanna hung her head in silence, and a tear fell upon her wreath of orange-blossoms.

"And I—I too, lack the spirit of my sires, else I should not share the bitter morsel! Had not my own soul become adulterated and debased, from its high and legitimate estate, should I not now refuse the contamination of the mechanic's meal, and die, as I have lived—a Robillaire! But the weakness of my heart binds me to thee, when I look upon thee; for thou hast the lineaments of thy race, though without their spirit; and for thy sake——"

"Dear grandmamma," exclaimed Joanna, as starting nimbly from her seat she dashed away her tears, and kissed the old lady's wrinkled brow; "dear grandmamma, now I am happy again!"

And so saying, Joanna Robillaire carefully packed up her bridal wreath of orange-blossoms, and tying on her own simple straw bonnet with a smile, a sigh, and a kiss, tripped out of the room, planning how she might make the price of her labour procure some little luxury for the old lady of Robillaire. And yet Joanna Robillaire had sat up the greater portion of the night weaving this bridal wreath for the brow of another.

The poor student, however, who lived in the next room, had done more; he had been tempted to undertake some literary labour on pecuniary grounds, which required an almost impossible expedition; and he had sat for two days and two nights without moving from his task. Now it happened that just as the poor flower-girl completed her bridal wreath, the poor student finished his literary labour, and simultaneously they left their domiciles to carry home the fruits of their respective exertions. The poor student, however, had done too much violence to nature to escape with impunity; and no sooner had he emerged into the changing atmosphere of the landing-place, than he dropped fainting on the floor. When he revived, it was to find the kindest eyes in the world beaming over him, the gentlest hands bathing his brow, the sweetest voice in the world asking if he were better.

The lady of Robillaire was sitting in her brocaded chair, and her brocaded dress, as stiff, as erect, as stately, as proud, and as high and mighty as ever on one side of the little deal table, doing nothing; and Joanna, on the other, very busily employed with all her implements spread out before her, fabricating buds and blossoms, that were all but nature, and at least second-best, when a gentle knock came to their door, and was followed by the entrance of the poor student himself.

"I hope," said Oliver Paulett, "that the motive of my intrusion will be its apology. Unspoken gratitude seems a heavy burden, and I come to express mine, for the condescending kindness which I have received at your hands."

"Gratitude" and "condescending kindness!" no form of expression could better have propitiated the pride of the old lady of Robillaire; and though the poor student looked towards Joanna, it was the former who replied,

"However fallen we may appear, sir, we belong to a race whose province it has ever been to give rather than receive. Whatever aid, in your illness or necessity, Miss Robillaire had it in her power to bestow, it behooved her to render; and to such, you were very welcome."

"I did nothing—but I hope you are better," hastily, and with a deep blush, said Joanna.

The poor student's clear, scrutinizing eye glanced from one to the other, and he bowed to each.

"You may sit, sir—be pleased to sit," said the old lady of Robillaire, waving her hand, with the style of royalty, towards the shabby rush-bottomed chair. "Though even in our fallen fortunes, we would not hold companionship with plebeians, yet you seem ill, sir, and a Robillaire must ever remember that it is the prerogative of her birthright to succour and protect; therefore be pleased to sit, sir."

Again the poor student's clear eye looked up into the face of the old lady of Robillaire; but without resenting the mode of her proffered courtesy, he accepted it, and took the sole remaining chair of their costly chamber.

"May I be allowed to say, that I rejoice in the accident which has introduced me to your notice," said our hero; "and at the same time I cannot help wondering how an inhabitant of the same dwelling could be so long ignorant of his vicinity to such superior neighbours." And again the poor student bowed to each of the ladies.

"You have breeding, young man—you have breeding; and I should not wonder if you are of gentle birth," said the old lady of Robillaire.

"I am almost ashamed to own how closely the pride of a good descent from an old county family clings to me in all that I do," replied the poor student; "more especially when pride and poverty, in my own case, make such a sorry partnership."

"Ashamed!" exclaimed the old lady of Robillaire. "Ashamed! Be ashamed of thy shame, young man! One drop of the blood of an ancient pedigree must still shine out through all the mists of poverty, manifesting more true nobility than mines of wealth can emulate."

"But still pretensions so ill supported may be better laid aside," said Oliver Paulett.

"There is something degenerate in this age!" said the old lady of Robillaire. "Even the daughter of our house, whom I have nurtured from a child, and to whom the high dignity of her race has been as a daily lesson, I cannot teach at all times to remember that she owes to the princely blood which flows through her veins, a princely honour. Humility is the virtue of plebeians and menials. A grace that in them *is* is a virtue; and yet I cannot cure her of this, in one of her race, debasing quality."

"Dear grandmamma," said Joanna, a tear in her eye and a blush on her cheek, as she went on twisting and twirling her buds and blossoms together; "you know that you were born the lady of Robillaire, and I was born——"

"*A beggar*, wouldst thou say, Joanna? Well, and could we exchange places, thinkest thou that *I* would delve with my fingers for——"

"Dear grandmamma!" hastily deprecated poor Joanna, with a face heated up with blushes.

"Well! well! it need not to have been so, were not might stronger than right, in this world. But it is the law, sir, the law, which ruins men. The world is right in that, at least. It is the law which robs the widow of her portion, the orphan of her birth-right! It is the law, sir!—the law, sir! I detest lawyers!"

"I grieve to hear you say so," replied the poor student, "since it is to the law that I look for a revival of my own fortunes."

"How so, sir?—how so?"

"I am hoping, some of these days, to be called to the bar."

"A base calling it is, sir! A base calling! Had that girl have been pillaged of the revenues of Robillaire by a piece of the law's base trickery! At this moment another sits in my place, and the child of a churl will heir my father's house and lands instead of my own gentle Joanna; and all because of the law, sir!—because of the law, sir!"

"Dear grandmamma," said Joanna, "let not the past embitter the present."

"And for my part, I cannot but regret that any word of mine should have called up associations so painful," said the poor student; "and I will take my leave, once more expressing my gratitude to Miss Robillaire for her kind humanity, and to you, madam, for your condescending reception."

"Young man, young man, I have not met with a single being possessing so much gentlemanly feeling since I left the halls of Robillaire."

"May I then be permitted sometimes to inquire after your health? Sometimes to have the pleasure of a quarter of an hour's conversation?"

"You may come, young man, you may come. A descendant of the house of Robillaire could never play the churl."

From that time forward the poor student availed himself of the ancient lady's permission, and seldom a day passed without the gentle knock at their chamber-door announcing his approach; and this came at last to be as much a matter of habit as it is usually customary for the sun to rise. Day after day, the old lady of Robillaire, sitting in her own august chair of state, inclined her gracious head to the young lawyer, on his entrance; day after day, with the same condescending dignity, she waved him to the same old rush-bottomed chair; day after day Joanna blushed when he came, and sighed when he went; day after day the old lady bewailed her lost estates, and enjoyed the comfort of complaining; and day after day the young one talked less and felt more.

And so the lonely lives of all were comforted. Instead of the dreary blank of unmitigated labour, there came little bright spots of verdure in the desert, nurtured by the sunshine of hope. It is, indeed, wonderful how the aspects of things change, when the light of the heart is turned upon them. Both poor Joanna and the poor student had the same amount of labour, the same toils, the same cares; but how much more cheerily were they now gone through; because each now had an energising influence within; and the glad spirit is all potent, while the jaded one is drooping, sluggish and inert. It is true that Joanna went on weaving flowers, which, being done with peculiar taste and skill, found a constant market; but these flowers now were twice as lovely, since the poor student tapped at her door every morning to present her with some bud or blossom, some cluster, or some spray, which immediately became her study for the day; and being thus associated with a sentiment, not only influenced a fairer copying of Nature's loveliness, but kept the heart of poor Joanna intent upon the donor; and thus her affections became the sweeteners of her labours, like the odours which hung around the blossoms which her fingers mimicked. Neither was the old lady of Robillaire forgotten: the poor student, evening after evening, supplied her with some new book, over which she would pore, during the hours of the day; and at eventide, just the half hour of twilight between the day and the night, she waited quite as naturally, and almost as anxiously for his knock at the door; and whilst he listened to her reproaches of the world for its baseness, and she experienced the soothings of his sympathy, the very world which she was vituperating, almost grew into favour.

And the poor student? He was actually in better health, even though he laboured more to meet his new extravagances in books and flowers; and the secret was this—he was happier.

Well, it happened as usual, that evening came, and, as usual, came the poor student's tap at the door of his neighbour's tenement; but not as usual came the light footstep of Joanna to open it for him, and to welcome him with a sweet smile, and a silvery word, and a glad gesture, all the while utterly unconscious that she was not looking very starched and demure; but instead of this came the harsher voice of the old lady of Robillaire bidding him enter; and when he did so, it was to feel that the dull chamber was as dreary as emptiness could make it—Joanna was absent.

Nevertheless, though feeling mightily blank and disappointed, he made his usual bow, received his usual wave to the rush-bottomed chair, dropped into his usual attitude of listening sympathy, and heard the voice of the old lady of Robillaire despairing, as usual, the loss of her estates, the tyranny of the law, and the villainy of lawyers.

Now, 'tis a well-known fact, that people may live in the vicinity of sledge-hammers until they have forgotten that they are considered rather noisy; and thus Oliver Paulett had heard the old lady of Robillaire talk of her wrongs, from the first moment of their acquaintance, quite as a matter of course; and so long as he could sit and look at Joanna twisting and twirling her pretty fingers, and see a blush mantling her cheek every time her eye met his, he was content to listen, or to seem to listen. In fact, under these circumstances, he had proved himself the best auditor in the world; but now that he saw nothing but Joanna's empty chair, the matter was altogether different. He began to have an idea that he could be bored by Joanna's grandmamma when Joanna was not present, however impossible that might be when she was; and then he fell into a reverie as to how all this was to end; and then he remembered that he was about as poor as Job; and then he supposed it more than possible that he might never, as long as he lived, get a single brief, and then—and then——

"And so you see, Mr. Paulett, our estates were lost to us all through the villainy of that base man, that lawyer!" said the harsh voice of the old lady of Robillaire, in her loudest accents, as though she doubted his hearing.

The poor student started from his reverie: the untuned voice seemed to awaken him from his dream. "And why," said he to himself, "why have I always taken it for granted that this old woman's complainings could be nothing more than maudlin mistake?—Why have I never investigated the matter for *her sake*? Simply, I suppose, because I have been so engrossed with thoughts of her, that I forgot even all that belonged to her."

"My dear madam," said the poor student, drawing his humble rush-bottomed seat nearer to the chair of state, "since you have honoured me so far as frequently to allude to the circumstances which led to the loss of your estates, perhaps you will now favour me with their recapitulation."

"Have I not narrated them a hundred times at least?" retorted the old lady; "if they interested you so little as to be so soon forgotten, why should I trouble you with their revival?"

"It is because they interest me so much, that I presume to beg their recapitulation."

"Be it so, sir," replied the old lady of Robillaire; and thereupon she commenced anew the recital of her wrongs; and this time, and for the first time, the young lawyer listened attentively, bringing to bear upon the case all his legal knowledge, and the full scrutiny of his really searching mind. As the old lady proceeded, the brow of her listener knitted itself into lines of thoughtful attention, and his lips compressed; at the close of this hundred-times-told tale, he put to her a few clear-headed, lawyer-like questions, the replies to which seemed, by the clearing expression of his countenance, to be perfectly satisfactory.

"And these papers, my dear madam; these papers! Are they safe—are they in your own keeping?"

"I have them here in this little box, safe in my own keeping, under lock and key, together with a pedigree of the Robillaires. I could not suffer my Joanna to be deprived of *that*."

"And will you entrust me with them? Suffer me to investigate them? Something must—something ought—something *shall* be done!"

"Willingly, young man. There is the box; there is the key; take them," said the old lady: "when was ever a Robillaire suspicious?"

Without a single word of compliment or comment, without ever waiting Joanna's return, the young lawyer took the box and the key, returned to his own chamber, locked himself in, lit his lamp, and spent the whole of the hours of the ensuing night and day in investigating an assortment of musty, fusty, rusty, dusty, mouldy, faded, stained, yellow and discoloured papers and parchments; all full of the crooked, bewildering, not-meant-to-be-understood hieroglyphics of the law.

Our pale student was paler still when he knocked at the Robillaires' door on the succeeding evening, and poor Joanna was pale enough, too, when she opened it; for neither had he waited for a sight of her on the preceding evening, nor brought her the morning flower which usually sweetened her day; but all minor considerations were forgotten in the enunciation of his legal opinion that Robillaire was not lost for ever! that it needed only honest advice and energetic endeavour to restore to the old lady her lost inheritance.

The old lady of Robillaire clasped her hands together in a passion of emotion. "Penniless, as we are, where are the means to be gained?"

There was silence over the little group, and then the proud old lady bursting into the first tears that Joanna had ever seen her shed, exclaimed in accents of despair, "It is impossible! we must give up Robillaire!"

"Madam," said the young lawyer, his own pale face actually scorched with the burning blood—"you know my position in life—you know to what my endeavours point. I could much have wished that your good cause had been placed in better hands, more able and experienced ones; but if this cannot be compassed, will you place it in mine?"

"Never shall you repent the day that you served and aided a Robillaire!" exclaimed the old lady, as she held out her hand to him for the first time during their acquaintance, and which now the young lawyer had the tact to kiss.

No longer the time passed cheerlessly in that old house,—in that old court—in the old city. A lawsuit was pending; wrinkles were writing themselves very legibly on the brow of the poor student; anxiety sighed out on the lips of Joanna; and the old lady of Robillaire felt that the struggles of hope were more distracting than the quiescence of despair. But under whatever shade of colour the chameleon—time pass, still pass it will, and thus at last the day came that the young lawyer stood with his first brief in his hand, to plead the cause of the fatherless and widow at the bar of his country; and if for a moment diffidence, and the dread of rather injuring than aiding clients for whom his feelings were so deeply interested, somewhat clouded his faculties, yet with the usual operation of great motives on great minds, he speedily rallied, and with the coolest precision and most admirable presence of mind, watched every turn of the proceedings, taking instant advantage of every admission and omission of his antagonists, while in a speech of no common power, replete with legal knowledge, vigorous argument, and energetic eloquence, he at once persuaded and convinced. In truth, never was made a more successful *début* on the bar's arena, than this of our poor student on this memorable occasion. O, the joy of that triumph! it was worth all the sleepless hours he had ever spent poring over his midnight taper. Before he could get out of court, he had sundry briefs thrust upon him; but this was nothing to the ecstasy of telling Joanna that he had saved her inheritance: and yet there was sorrow in that, too, for did not her inheritance divide her from him?

Sooth to say, that was a proud day when the old lady of Rohillaire turned her stately back upon the little, mean, narrow, upstairs room, where they had so long sojourned with its beggarly garniture of triple chairs, and its deal table, and whatever else of garnishing it boasted, heretofore seeming of importance, but now disdainfully left behind. It was a proud day, we say, when the old lady of Rohillaire turned her back upon the poverty-stricken chamber, and rustling in the richest brocades that money could procure, paced down in velvet-slippered disdainfulness the time-worn, discoloured, creaking staircase, hanging on the arm of the young lawyer, whilst Joanna, almost blinded by tears, clung tottering to the other. As for the poor student, he looked paler than ever as he thus marshalled his clients away from the spot that had proved so eventful to the history of his heart, as well as his life. As for the organs of speech, they were all sadly out of tune; the old lady of Rohillaire being the only one of the trio in possession of her voice. As for poor Joanna, we verily believe that she loved the little dusky chamber they were leaving, better than the vaunted halls of Rohillaire, to which they were going: the gloomy court to the fair fields, and open valleys, and—could it be?—poverty and toil near the poor student, better than wealth away from him.

As for the poor student, he only felt that he was losing all that he most cared for upon this earth; and the only alleviation of his feelings was to know, that the happy action which had made him miserable, had been done by himself. Eloquent, however, as he had been in a court of law, he was dumb enough in that court of the city, and it was not till he had carefully bestowed the old lady of Rohillaire, brocade and all, in her travelling carriage, and had gently placed the sorrowful Joanna by her side, that he felt that he must speak whether he would or not.

"Well, Mr. Lawyer," said the old lady of Rohillaire, attempting jocularity almost for the first time in her life, "Well, Mr. Lawyer, your pockets are so crammed and stuffed out with briefs, that you could hardly squeeze yourself within the doors of my carriage; so, for this time, I shall not ask you: but term time will give you liberty in a month, and then you must come down to us at Rohillaire."

"You must excuse me!" hastily and rather [illegible] answered the young lawyer; "I am swallowed up in business. I had better not. No! I must not—I cannot!"

The bright, sharp, clear blue eye of the old lady of Rohillaire glittered over him. "*Must not*, and *cannot*—to a *lady*—to a *Rohillaire*—to *me*—to *your friend*! and 'swallowed up in business!' Why, Sir, I want you upon business, too. I want you to investigate the long arrears of Rohillaire; and I want to pay you for your services."

"Pay me!" passionately exclaimed the young lawyer, while again the offended blood poured into his cheeks—"*Pay me!*"

"Aye, aye, pay you—unless you choose to refuse my price."

"I do refuse it—now and for ever!"

"Well, it shall be as you please—I shall not force it upon you; but at any rate, you must come and see our Rohillaire—and the books. This day month, I shall expect you."

The little, ugly, ungracious monosyllable "no," that disgrace to our language, floated upon the lips the young lawyer; but, just whilst it hesitated upon the threshold, he caught an appealing, almost an entreating glance from Joanna's blue eyes, and the word died ere it was born.

"I shall expect you," said the pertinacious old lady of Rohillaire, "just this day month. As I told you before, I want you to look over the accounts, and I want to *pay you*;" and at these words the carriage whirled off, leaving the young lawyer standing, much hurt, more indignant, but most sorrowing.

The poor lawyer—ah, no! not now the *poor* lawyer, for briefs had lately poured in so fast upon him, that he stood fair to be soon the *rich* lawyer—was true to his appointment. He went to Rohillaire because he could not stay away.

As the post-chaise which carried him wound up the sweep to the entrance, and his eye wandered over the fair domain, the noble terraces, and the fine old mansion of Rohillaire, he said, internally, "Aye, now, adieu to hope! the heiress of Rohillaire is no fit bride for Oliver Paulett, though the poor flower-making girl might have been his cherished wife. I have placed an inseparable barrier between myself and my own happiness, but I cannot wish it otherwise."

So our hero left his chaise, but was grievously put to the blush at seeing the old lady of Rohillaire standing on the very steps of her own mansion, to receive him—a condescension which, it is more than doubtful, she would not have offered to royalty,—with hands extended to welcome him, with Joanna blushing and smiling at her side.

"My dear friend," said the old lady of Rohillaire, "welcome to the home which is of your own restoring: welcome both to home and heart!"

The young lawyer could not speak; but the old lady of Rohillaire, passing her arm through his with the air of an affectionate queen, led him through the double file of domestics, who had been so marshalled to do him honour. The poor lawyer was far more bewildered at this moment, than when he had been addressing judge and jury; and, in fact, he scarcely knew where he was, until he found himself standing at the bay-window of a fine antiquated spacious saloon, full of old furniture and old pictures, and looking out on a noble terrace, which commanded an extensive view of richly-wooded and well-watered country.

"You look on Rohillaire!" said the old lady proudly, as with high-wrought satisfaction she followed his eye around; "can you wonder that in alienation, banishment, bereavement and destitution, my heart still clung to the home of my fathers; for when I married, my husband took *my* name. I took not his—my birthplace, the home of my life, until my sorrows came! You look upon Rohillaire, and now tell me what price can clear me of my vast debt for its restoration!"

"I desire nothing!" said the young lawyer, vainly endeavouring to control his emotion. "I desire nothing but permission to leave you at this moment, and for ever!"

"And we to keep you here from this moment and for ever. Come now, I will offer you my price of payment for the restoration of Rohillaire, though you did refuse it so stoutly by anticipation." And, as she spoke, the old lady of Rohillaire put Joanna's hand in his. "You are well-born, and think you I was blind to your generous affection, whilst it was so purely disinterested, or am I ungrateful for all that you have done, so that I do not now see and feel your honourable scruples? I said that I would *pay* you, and I pay you *thus*. You will take the name of Rohillaire, and henceforth be to me a son in name as well as in affection."

The young lawyer's emotions stifled his utterance.

"Enough! enough!" exclaimed the old lady of Rohillaire. "To be a Rohillaire is to be generous—Said I not that you should never regret serving and aiding a Rohillaire!"

WHERE SHALL MY GRAVE BE!

BY MISS LEE.

Where shall my grave be—where?
  And can one heart be found
That doth a human impress bear,
  And treads this being's narrow bound,
That hath not look'd o'er earth's wide face,
And sought to find its resting place?

There is not *one*, for thought
  Is given unto all;
And man, though with vain passions fraught,
  Can never leash its secret call;
Existence hardly knows its worth,
Before it learns of "earth to earth."

There are some hours in life,
  When the free soul must spurn
Its turmoil and its empty strife,
  And, like the weary captive, yearn
To burst the bar that seems so frail,
And lift the future's inner veil.

No matter where we lie,
  Together or apart,
Whether our friend or foe be nigh,
  Yet it seems pleasant to the heart,
To claim a fellowship of clay,
With those we lov'd in being's day.

The grave can yield no breath
  To make its secrets known,
Yet with the mystery of death,
  There comes a soft, clear under tone,
Low whisp'ring that a presence dwells,
Unknown to us, in those dark cells.

Each living soul, perchance,
  Springing from out its tent,
In glorious intercourse may glance
  Amid the boundless firmament,
Then resting in its fragile mould,
Mingle a knowledge all untold.

Alas! their flitting theme,
  No mortal tongue can tell;
We, earth's poor prisoners, cannot dream
  Of *mind*, when bursting from its shell,
It soars to an immortal sky,
And seeks to find immensity.

Too daring is the thought,
  For being's narrow space,
These needless yearnings must be taught
  Their fruitlessness, till face to face,
We meet upon that stormy shore,
From whence the lost return no more.

Yet may my last abode
  Be where a loving hand
May deck with flowers my burial sod,
  And make the spot a pleasant land
For souls to rest in, when they hold
Communion, as in days of old.

LAURA MAY;

OR, THE EVENING HYMN.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "THE SEMINOLE."

Chapter I.

"Stop, Charles, listen! Did you ever hear such a voice! Pray stop!"

Such was the exclamation of Francis Green to his friend Charles Somers, as he caught his arm, and almost compelled a compliance with his wishes. The air to which they listened was very beautiful, but it was the voice of the unseen songstress that thrilled the hearts of the friends, as she sang an Evening Hymn, set to a fine melody of Mozart: and the solemn words were occasionally heard, blessing God for the mercies of the day. The dwelling before which they paused, was one of the smallest size, in a narrow and obscure street in the upper part of New York, and Charles Somers thought, and said, as he looked on its dingy walls and small windows, that were he compelled to call that tenement *home*, he should think he had but few blessings for which to be thankful.

The hour was twilight, just deepening into night, yet as the friends lingered for the last notes of the hymn, they could see that the curtain which shaded the single front window was of snowy whiteness, and the faint perfume of the modest Mignonette came stealing out upon the night-air from the window-sill, where a little pot was placed. The singer ceased, and the young men passed on; but had they paused a moment longer, and drawn a few steps nearer that open window, they might have heard the low murmuring sound of the Evening Prayer, commending the widow and the fatherless to the orphan's God. Many were the conjectures of the friends, as they walked slowly, respecting the unseen musician.

"How beautiful she must be!" exclaimed the enthusiastic Green. "It was the voice of an angel. Ah, I pity her; condemned to a life of labor, such as must necessarily be the lot of any one living in such a home."

"Do not exhaust all your sympathy on the 'great unknown,'" laughed his merry companion; "perhaps she sung a lullaby to some little soulless-looking morsel of mortality, and you may be dreaming of an angel who only exists in the shape of Mrs. John Smith, some good, honest carter's wife."

A real feeling of pain thrilled the heart of the first speaker, at the careless and idle words of young Somers; for the melody of those sweet tones had touched a chord which had never vibrated before in the bosom of the sensitive and almost visionary student. His friend was half right, however, when he called it a lullaby, for it soothed into calmness the wrung heart of the invalid Mrs. May, who sat supported by pillows, too feeble to join in the song of praise, and almost too weak to place her hand in that of her darling Laura, as she knelt by the side of her mother's arm-chair. But he was wrong in his ironical suggestion of a husband, for the inmates of that apartment were literally alone in the world, with neither husband, father nor brother to protect them.

The room in which they were, was of extremely narrow dimensions, but scrupulously clean; and though an uncurtained bed, which had evidently been occupied during the day, filled nearly one half of it, nothing else showed it to be the chamber of the sick; for Laura thought—as we do—that when the mind is sympathizing with the enfeebled frame of the sufferer, none but pleasant sights or sounds should be allowed to meet the eye or ear. And as no one, surely, can call a whole colony of half-filled, nauseous-looking phials, or a long array of ominous cups and spoons on table or mantel-piece, a pleasant picture, the whole sad paraphernalia of sickness had been carefully removed. A few mementos of former affluence were in the room; the foot of Mrs. May rested on a delicately-wrought ottoman, and near her stood a beautiful work-table, on which lay the large family Bible, from which Laura had read till the twilight obscured the page. It needed not, however, these silent witnesses to tell of better days. One glance at the gentle mother, or graceful daughter, told the tale, in characters not to be mistaken. 'Tis true, poor Laura had lost much of the bright bloom which had once made her rather plain face look almost beautiful—and her hands might have excited the disgust and scorn of those novel-reading young ladies who imagine a *fair* hand the distinctive mark of a *lady*—but she had sacrificed her roses on the altar of filial affection; and the said young ladies (who perhaps wear gloves at night) might have envied her the heartfelt pleasure she enjoyed, while performing the tasks which had defaced her beautifully formed hands, for the sunshine of an approving conscience was ever upon her path.

The history of their reverses is but the rehearsal of an oft-told tale; but there are few who have gone down with such uncomplaining fortitude and calmness, from the summit of prosperity to such a depth of misfortune, as Mrs. May and her daughter Laura. Mr. May had been the only child of wealthy parents, who, dying, bequeathed him a considerable fortune, which, by steady attention to business, had been greatly increased, and his highest earthly gratification had been to surround the dear objects of his affection with all the luxuries of nature and art. He chose his home near a beautiful southern city, and for a few years enjoyed more domestic happiness than usually falls to the lot of any one, till in an evil hour he performed that act for a friend which has ruined so many—he endorsed notes to a large amount. The speculation in which the money thus obtained was invested, promised a large return, and it brought it—but it was only one of trouble and sorrow to all concerned. Mr. May was doomed to fully realize the truth of the remark, that "misfortunes, like stars, are clustered into constellations;" for loss succeeded loss, and last of all, a terrible fire consumed an immense establishment in which he was a silent partner, and many, many thousands of his wealth were swept away, like the smoke in which it ascended, reducing his once princely fortune to a bare competence. It was then Mr. May decided on removing to New York, where he believed a more favorable opportunity offered of engaging in a small business than at the South. His wife was an orphan, alone, like himself; so no domestic tie would be severed when they should leave his adopted home, and it needed but a short time to dispose of the beautiful spot it had been their pride and pleasure to adorn. Laura was at that time just fourteen, a happy, joyous child, and although nature had been niggardly in her gift of beauty, she had bestowed her rarest treasures of mind on the graceful girl. Her voice, too, was pronounced by all to be "magnificent" when she sang, but when she spoke,

"You heard her words like voices that o'er the water's creep,
Or like a serenader's lute that mingles with your sleep."

And this rich gift of nature had been carefully cultivated by the excellent masters employed by the fond father. She was small, and of slight form, which promised, however, to be of perfect symmetry, and her hands were of unrivalled beauty. Mr. May finally removed to New York, and took up his abode in a pleasant street, where for a short time fortune seemed to smile upon his endeavours; but it was very short, and just as he became convinced that he was inextricably involved, he was seized by a fever, which terminated fatally. No doubt his illness was aggravated, if not produced by his mental struggles—but when his affairs were investigated, his debts were all paid, and no stain rested on his memory.

His wife and child were literally left almost penniless, but they were comforted by the thought that no one else suffered through their misfortunes. The pleasant house was given up, the servants dismissed, with the exception of one young Irish girl, and Mrs. May took up her abode in the narrow street, where she still lived.

Poor Laura was grieved at being deprived of her teachers, and sadly she missed her piano and guitar, while often in her dreams she heard the song of her pet birds which she had loved so dearly; but she was careful to conceal such regrets from her mother, and the only luxuries she begged from their former home were a few pots of her favorite flowers, and under her care the geraniums flourished in the little confined yard, as beautifully as in the largest area in the city. The mignonette had been "dear father's favorite," and the little pot was daily carried from the back to the front window, to receive the afternoon as well as the morning sunshine.

And now it was that all the latent energies of her character were developed—for her mother, whose health was ever delicate, sank under the blow of her husband's death, and lay for weeks as helpless as an infant. Laura scarcely left her bedside, and the physician said Mrs. May owed her life to the untiring love and care of her daughter. The doctor's bill had been paid, and their resources had failed, for notwithstanding Laura had proved herself a good economist, many expenses had been unavoidably incurred during that long illness, and when she had paid the last quarter's rent, she had but five dollars remaining, two dollars of which were due the servant. She laid awake nearly all that night, endeavoring to arrange her plans for the future, and felt that hereafter the relative position of parent and child was reversed: that she must be the protector—her mother the object of her tenderest care.

In pursuance of the line of conduct marked out for herself, when she arose in the morning, her first duty was to call the girl to receive her arrears of wages, for she would not employ one whom there was no reasonable hope of being able to pay. Honest Martha at first positively refused to go, when she learned the reason of her dismissal—said she would stay and risk being paid, for she was strongly attached to both Mrs. May and Laura—and at last only consented to leave on condition of being allowed to return when "Miss Laura should get tired of being her own servant," which time Martha prophecied was not far distant. She had been in Mr. May's family from the time of their arrival in New York, and came to them with her warm Irish heart nearly crushed by the cold, unfeeling treatment of her first employers in America—so that while the kindness and forbearance of this amiable family seemed doubly cheering to the poor emigrant, it bound her by strong ties of gratitude to them all.

Mrs. May wept bitter tears when she learned from Laura the exact state of their finances, and knew that the fair daughter whom she loved with all a mother's devoted fondness, must labor for *her* support; but the urgent necessity of forming some definite plan, and the cheerfulness with which Laura spoke of the future, soon calmed the first burst of her grief.

They had formed an acquaintance with an enterprising widow who kept a small store near them, and they determined through her means to dispose of their few remaining trinkets and rich articles of apparel, in order to create a small fund upon which to rely in case of emergency, while they trusted she would be able to procure plain or ornamental needlework for Laura, sufficient to supply their daily wants. In both she was successful;—from the sale of their little effects she brought them fifty dollars, and at the same time a large bundle of work, with the promise of a constant supply. It would doubtless have excited the surprise of some young ladies, had they seen how Laura's fine dark eyes sparkled, as she received the parcel of shirts, over which she must bend many a weary hour ere the task could be completed; but I trust there is not one whose eye will rest on these lines, but would devote her young life to the care of a mother, as joyfully as did this sweet girl, so tenderly reared, so fondly cherished—for "we can have but one mother."

Months went by—a long winter passed away, and with it the little sum so carefully hoarded, for quarter-day came regularly, and fuel was unusually high; while, to complete the trials of that sad year, just at the time of the commencement of our tale, Mrs. May had again required the attendance of a physician. On the morning after the friends had listened to the evening hymn, the work table and ottoman, the last relics of better days, (if we except a small miniature of Mr. May,) were transferred to their friend, the widow, and a sum just barely sufficient to defray the expenses of Mrs. May's illness, received for them. Poor Laura! she had borne up nobly, but her own health was impaired by close attendance in a sick room, and bending over her work so late at night, as she was obliged to do, and now "want, like a strong man armed," stood at the threshold: so she will be forgiven, we are sure, even if we acknowledge that she wept in secret that day, long and bitterly.

Chapter II.

In one of the handsomest dwellings fronting on Washington Square, sat Mrs. Delancy and her daughter Ellen, surrounded by all the comforts and elegancies of a modern drawing room, and attired in fashionable and becoming morning costume, evidently prepared to receive a visitor, but their present conversation was of a purely domestic character. The music teacher employed for the younger Misses Delancy had been taken ill, and the selection of another formed the subject of their discussion.

"But dear mamma, if Clara and Eugenia must be put to the piano again so soon, why not employ Signor Dorami?"

"Simply because I have determined on engaging a female teacher for the present. The girls are so young they will require a teacher for several years, and I feel obliged to retrench a little just now, in the ornamental part of their education, as so large an amount will so soon be expended for another purpose, on another of my daughters."

Ellen turned away her beautiful face to hide the blushes which the allusion of her mother had called to her cheek, for in a few weeks Charles Somers would claim her as his bride; but she replied:

"But where can we find a lady with the requisite voice and skill, who would be willing to come to the house and teach; for surely, mamma, you would not send the children to any one out of it?"

Ellen Delancy was a kind-hearted, amiable girl, and would have sacrificed almost any personal gratification to relieve the wants of a destitute fellow creature, but it had never entered her imagination that it would be quite as great a task for some female,—perhaps in feeble health, whom necessity might compel to teach what had been the accomplishments of other days—to come to her pupils, as it would be for them to go to her, and such rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed little lassies as they were too.

"I acknowledge the difficulty, Ellen; we may not be readily suited, but I shall advertise to-morrow, and"——

"If I might only be so bould, mam," said a happy-looking Irish girl, who was putting some flowers in a vase, and had heard the conversation, "if I might only be so bould as to interrupt you—and I beg pardon for the same—I think I could tell you of one just to your mind."

"Ah, Martha, one of your poor companions, I am afraid, who has picked up a tune or two while she was lady's maid or child's nurse."

Martha—for it was our old friend—reddened with a feeling of mortification, but before she could reply, the ringing of the bell announced Mr. Somers. He was scarcely seated, however, before he was informed of the subject of their late conversation, and his advice asked as to their choice of a teacher.

"If you could find one with a voice such as I heard a few nights since," he said, "you would have no cause to regret the change. It seemed the notes of a seraph, and Green and myself stood entranced till it ceased; it was, too, where we did not expect to hear such melody—in a small, mean house, in M—— street."

Martha arranged her flowers very slowly, and listened attentively.

"Have you enquired who lives there, and if it is a teacher?" asked Mrs. Delancy, adding with a smile; "we must appoint you to ascertain the names of all singing angels, we are at present in such need of one."

Martha could bear no more. The idea that perhaps her ever dear Miss Laura might get the situation, which to her seemed so easy and desirable, quite overcame her humble timidity, and she ventured to say at last:

"Indeed, ma'am, and I'm thinking the gentleman and myself are meaning the same lady—sweet Miss Laura May—and she's an angel, in truth, all but the wings, and it isn't long she'll be wanting the same, if she doesn't find some friends."

"Martha, Martha!" exclaimed Ellen, astonished at her unaccustomed boldness; but perceiving the tears start to her eyes, she hastened to add kindly, "you seem deeply interested, and the lady must be a great favourite. Tell us who she is, if mamma will please permit you, and when and where you have known her. Is she very beautiful?" she added, glancing at her own brilliant face in the splendid mirror which surmounted the pier-table.

"Beautiful, Miss Ellen! if you mean heart beauty, she's great store of that, tho' it's myself cant tell you how much beauty her face has, for when you see her two bright eyes—like stars in Heaven—you forget quite entirely to look for the rest of her face. And as to the voice it was I knew her, it was when I went half heart broke, from that grand Mrs. Morris's, where they think that servants have no more at all of feeling, in soul or body, than a cold stone, and it was then I learned to love her too! She says to me, 'Martha, if you don't know how to do your work, come to mamma or me, and we will show you how,' instead of saying as many would do, 'go live somewhere else till you learn how to work.' And she tried to teach me to sew, when I wasn't busy in the chambers, and every morning I had to bring my needle and low chair into the parlour, while she had the strange foreigner gentleman to show her how to play the piano, and all the time it was myself kept thinking she played and sang the best. All the servants loved her, Miss, but I had most cause, for wasn't I only a poor emigrant?"

"But how does it happen, Martha, that they are living in such a mean street, and are so circumstanced as to need assistance?"

"Oh, Miss Ellen, the dark days came, and God took away the dear father from her, and a good father he was, and a kind husband to Mrs. May—and then they seemed to lose every thing, all at once. I am no scholar, Miss, and don't know how such things are done, but they talked about a great many papers, and one more than all the rest, which was called a 'ferement.' Luck served me when the servants were all sent off—and they moved into what you call a mean street—for they took me with them, and there—if Miss Laura had pleased—I should be this blessed day; but when she hadn't the dollar left to pay me, she wouldn't let me stay, though it's just myself would have felt obliged if she had left me live with her, and work my fingers off for her and her lady mother."

And good Martha's overflowing heart found vent in a flood of tears, which she was obliged to escape to the nursery to conceal.

"Dear mamma, let us go at once and see this young lady, in whose praise Martha is so eloquent," said Ellen, rising; "we may be the means of rescuing a worthy person from distress, and Charles shall show us the way as a compensation for the loss of his morning visit."

Martha's joy knew no bounds as she closed the door behind them, as they left on their pleasant errand. Her vivid imagination would not be controlled, and fancy pictured her darling Miss Laura restored to her former station, surrounded by comforts and admiring friends—forgetting that the world contained hearts colder than her own.

The house was found with some difficulty—for in her eagerness to set out, Ellen had forgotten to ask Martha the number, and Mr. Somers had not taken notice of its situation. Poor Laura! a slight flush of mortified pride tinged her pale cheek for a moment, when, in answer to their knock, she opened the door, and saw the elegantly-dressed strangers, for they were the first of her own rank who had crossed their threshold, since the shadow of poverty had fallen darkly upon it. But even Mrs. Delancy—accustomed as she was to consider herself and daughter as models of ease and elegance—was forced to observe and admire the perfect self-possession and dignity with which she invited them to enter, and enquired their wishes. Never had the petted favorite of fortune found such difficulty making them known, for she judged Laura by her own proud sensitive feelings, and shrank from inflicting the pain she feared might be felt when the object of her visit should be made known. As she looked on the delicate form of the young girl, she felt it to be a hard task to ask her to leave the seclusion of home, and the side of her gentle mother, to subject herself to the wearisome monotony of teaching, even for a few hours each day; but as her glance met the soft yet proud gaze of those beaming eyes, she felt that in no other way could assistance be offered to her or her mother, while at the same time it showed her how much it was needed. It took much less time for all this to pass through the mind of Mrs. Delancy than it has for us to record it; and she replied to the enquiry of Laura by saying, "If I address Miss May, as I suppose I do," (Laura bowed,) "a friend of yours gave me the hope of obtaining your assistance in teaching my little girls music. If she has misinformed me, I beg pardon for having intruded."

The large drops gathered in the eyes of her eager listener, but they certainly were not drops of mortification, or indignation; only the overflowing of a thankful heart. This was a scheme she had never thought of; for she was very young, and who was there in all this great city to whom she could refer; and now to have a certain independence offered to her acceptance, and that, too, at a time when hope had nearly deserted her. Oh! it was more than she could bear—at least with composure. But Laura was not one of those who sob and wring their hands, looking theatrically interesting in their emotion, so she sat quite still, and calmly wiped the sparkling tell-tales from her cheek for a moment, before she was able to answer Mrs. Delancy. She then told her the kind offer would be most thankfully accepted if she was considered competent to impart the instruction. Once she could have undertaken the office without fear of failure; but she was afraid her kind, although unknown friend, (how little she thought she was receiving the reward of forbearance and kindness to a servant,) had over-rated her present powers, as she had been deprived so long of the opportunity of practising, and her employment had not been such for some time past, as to fit her hands for the use of any instrument—and her eye rested for a moment on the taper fingers, which, to tell the truth, looked as if they had held rough companionship of late. Ellen could hardly hear her through before she clasped one of the small hands in her own, and ere Laura could prevent her, had carried it to her lips. The action startled but delighted the poor girl, for it assured her she was understood and sympathized with, and the drops that now gathered in her eye were suffered to flow unchecked. All necessary inquiries were soon made, and preliminaries settled, and it was arranged that the next morning should see Laura May installed in her new office of music-teacher.

During the walk home, Charles Somers begged his companions to grant him one request, as payment for his assistance in the affair which was so happily terminated, and this was, that Francis Green should not be made acquainted with the discovery and arrangement, nor the new teacher mentioned, till he should communicate the intelligence himself.

It needed but few days to convince the kind, warm-hearted, enthusiastic Ellen Delancy, that in Laura she had found one whom it would be an honor, as well as a pleasure, to call *friend*, and she would gladly, if it had been possible, have persuaded her to become an inmate of their house; but it was difficult to prevail on her to remain a moment from her own dear mother's side, even to practice her favorite airs. She still continued laboring with unremitting industry, but her resources enabled her now to procure many little comforts and delicacies for her mother, hitherto beyond her means, and that assistance for herself she so much needed, and to Martha's inexpressible joy, she was informed by Mrs. Delancy, that her services might be transferred to Miss Laura May.

There is a balm for a sad heart, in sympathy and kind words, which no leech's skill can compound, and Mrs. May daily recovered health and spirits, cheered by the frequent visits of her new-found friends. The little pupils of Laura became fondly attached to her, and in her present happiness she almost forgot the dark hours that had rolled by so heavily.

How very beautiful Ellen looked in her bridal dress, on the evening of her marriage—and *almost* beautiful looked our sweet Laura, as—arrayed in a magnificent bride-maid's dress, the gift of Mrs. Delancy—she took her station by her side. A crowd of gay friends were assembled, and even Mrs. May had been prevailed upon to join them. We shall not describe the wedding to you, reader, for weddings and wedding dresses are chiefly interesting to the parties concerned, though to be sure we have sometimes known young ladies to evince a little curiosity about them, and to be *sometimes* a little impatient to see how *they* would look in blonde and white satin. But those who are married, and had bridal dresses just to their minds, must imagine the bride looked just as they did—while those who have yet to say "love, honor, and obey," may [illegible] precisely as they doubtless wish to at some future time—and as we hope they will.

Although Francis Green and Laura were to stand together at the marriage of their mutual friends, they had met for the first time, but a few days before, and then her identity with the sweet, but unknown singer, carefully concealed from him, in compliance with the wish of Mr. Somers. Scarcely a day had been passed in company with his friend, in which young Green did not allude to that evening hymn, and many times he involuntarily passed through the street where he had heard it; but the voice had not met his ear again.

And now the ceremony was over—the congratulations offered, and, in one of the intervals of conversation, music called for. All the young ladies who could play without coaxing, had played, and those who needed it, had been coaxed into playing; and at last, the bridegroom—much to his satisfaction—was permitted to lead Miss May to the piano, placing before her a beautiful song, which he knew to be a great favorite of his friend. Before the symphony was ended, a crowd had gathered round her—so brilliant was the execution, yet so sweet the harmony. Charles cast one glance at Francis Green, as the first verse was concluded, and saw that his secret was a secret no longer: for he stood with finger upraised, as if to command silence, and the drops gathering in his eye, just ready to fall. And well might he stand entranced, as that rich strain floated through the lofty apartments, now sinking to the softest note of an Æolian harp—now swelling to a full organ tone. No one spoke—no one moved till it was ended, and then more than one turned away to hide the tear called forth by that melting voice, as well as by the song. When at length, Mr. Somers sought his friend, he found him engaged in animated conversation with Mrs. May, and passed him, merely saying in a low tone—

"How beautiful she must be—it is the voice of an angel."

* * * * *

Two long years have passed—and Laura sits by a pleasant fireside, and near her—with one foot resting on an ottoman, more delicately wrought than the one we first saw her using—sits Mrs. May, gazing on her dutiful child with a mother's fondest look of love. Laura was so occupied with her employment, which was embroidering a tiny robe, destined as a gift to her playful pet—a little chubby Laura Somers—that she did not hear a quick, soft step behind her, and only raised her head as an arm was passed gently around her waist, and a voice whispered in her ear:

"Come, lay aside your work, dearest, and sing us the Evening Hymn of Mozart."

"Why is that such a favorite of yours, Francis?" she asked, turning to the speaker, who is no other than our acquaintance, Francis Green.

"Listen, then, fair lady, and learn, how once—a long time ago—a poor student walked with a friend through a narrow street, in a great city. It was a calm, beautiful summer eve, and they spoke of the bright stars which were seen by the natural eye, as they peeped forth one by one, into the gathering twilight; and of the brighter Heaven beyond, seen by the eye of faith. Just then they passed an open window, from which—mingling with the odour of sweet, fresh flowers—came forth a strain of melody which the dreaming student felt could be sung but by one voice for him; and he went on his way with visions of angels haunting his sleeping and waking hours, and the burden of their song was a hymn of Mozart. The dreamer found at length, that the unknown object of his wild reveries was a creature of earth—to be loved—to be wooed: and was so blest as to meet a return of affection; and just as the two had concluded to share the ills of life together, and strive, by industry and frugality, to win a portion of this world's goods, an unexpected bequest placed them in a situation which one, at least, was fitted to adorn. Crowds gather round the student's bride and ask for songs, but his favorite is the Evening Hymn. What, tears, dearest! you ask me why this is such a favorite, and when I tell you a tale of wild and romantic affection, in explanation, you pay me with tears. Come, let me kiss them off, and now play that solemn strain, which shall henceforth be sacred to us both, as it has long been to me."

A fine manly voice joined in the hymn of praise, and led the devotions of the little family that night; but while he *audibly* blessed God for all the mercies clustered so thickly around his path, in his heart of hearts a still small voice raised an ascription of thanksgiving for the greatest of all his earthly blessings—the treasure he found when he heard Laura May sing her EVENING HYMN.

J.

The Unfortunate Marriage;

OR, THE

Effects of Selfishness and Extravagance.

On the eve of one of those events in a young lady's life which sometimes influences its future destiny, one of those trifling causes whence great events arise—a ball—two girls were seated at their toilet-tables, employed in the important affairs of self-decoration. Their positions in the dressing-room would have afforded a hasty-judging stranger some clue to their characters. The elder, and perhaps more beautiful of them, Miss Fanny Beaumont, had drawn her table close to the fire, leaving her cousin, Margaret, to dress her hair on the other side of the chamber. But this might have been accidental, as the latter made no complaint, although it was January, and the fire had not been kindled long in the room. Perhaps the business she was engaged in occupied all her thoughts; for, having finished adjusting her hair, she asked her cousin—

"Shall I wear my pink wreath or not?"

"If you ask my opinion," was Fanny's reply, "I say by all means do not wear it; it was most unbecoming to you on Thursday."

"Why, I thought, Fanny, you admired it?"

"So I do. I think the wreath is beautiful; but, somehow or other, it does not suit you."

"I am sorry you think so," said Margaret, in a tone of regret, and still hesitating with the wreath in her hand.

"What is the use of worrying me about it," exclaimed Fanny in a tone of evident pique; "if you are so obstinate, put it on, and make a fright of yourself; it is nothing to me."

But Margaret saw that it was something to her cousin, since it had ruffled her temper; and though she wondered at the importance attached to such a trifle, she yielded, and replaced the flowers in the drawer from which she had taken them. In a few minutes the cloud dispersed, and Fanny was more than usually kind, complimenting her cousin very much on the graceful manner in which she had arranged her hair. By and by, however, she said, as if it were the thought of the moment—

"Margaret, dear, as you have quite determined not to wear your wreath, would you lend it me?"

"Certainly, if you wish it; but I thought you said it was unbecoming!"

"Yes, to brown hair; but not to mine. Pink and black harmonize admirably. I should like it very much, if you would be so kind."

Margaret was young, full of affection for her cousin, and, moreover, had a habit of cheerfully submitting to a certain exacting spirit which occasionally peeped out through the general kindness of Miss Beaumont's manner. It was not the thought of being an orphan, and entirely dependent on Fanny's parents (which was the case), that ever influenced her yielding conduct on such occasions; for I am certain, that if the situation of the cousins had been reversed, the same would have happened. Margaret's was one of those dispositions whose chief pleasures seem to be derived from affording pleasure to others.

The ball passed off as balls generally do. The usual number of quadrilles were *nodded*; there was waltzing for the active, and whist-playing for the passive and those elderly guests who are wont to declare "that their dancing days are over." In short, a cursory observer would have seen nothing in this particular ball to distinguish it from any other ball. To Fanny Beaumont, however, it was an epoch. Mr. Wilton Morris, a young gentleman who possessed a large property in the neighbourhood, paid her attentions so much more marked than any she had received from him at their former meetings in society, that they became the current talk of all the Dowagers present.

In truth, the result of this meeting was pretty decisive, so far as one of the parties were concerned; for the next day, Wilton Morris had scarcely finished breakfast, in company with his mother and sisters, before he ordered his horse.

"Are you going to pay visits, Wilton?" asked his mother.

"Yes, mother; I am going to pay my respects to a lady with whom I had the honour of dancing last night—the most beautiful girl I ever beheld."

"And is beauty her only recommendation?" asked Mrs. Morris.

"Oh, no; I understand she is very accomplished, and I am sure she is amiable."

"I hear from your sister she is Miss Beaumont, the lawyer's daughter," rejoined the mother, "and you cannot be very 'sure' of anything concerning her, for Charlotte tells me you have not seen her half a dozen times."

Wilton coloured, and commenced pulling on his gloves, as if in a hurry to cut the discussion short by a hasty departure; but Mrs. Morris put out her hand to detain him, and the tears were in her eyes as she spoke—

"Wilton, you are your own master, and never did I feel it more sensibly than at this moment."

"My dear mother, I can dispense with fortune in a wife."

"You can; but there are qualities far more essential to happiness, of which, in but *a few evenings'* intercourse, you can know nothing. No man looks for a wife in a ball-room, but in the domestic circle. Besides, I think you might look higher."

"Nonsense, mother; I dare say if I offered, she would refuse me, for I am sure she ought to be a Countess at least."

But as his mother and sister watched his manly figure, as, followed by his groom, he galloped away, and reflected on the broad acres of which he was master, they felt how very small a chance there was of such a catastrophe. Upon his prudence—the prudence of a young man who had not long attained his majority—they all depended for the means of upholding their station in society.

The elder Mr. Morris had died suddenly, about eighteen months before, without having signed his will, although it was actually drawn out and prepared for his signature; consequently the property, consisting of land, descended to his son, to the utter exclusion of the other children. Wilton, however, was always considered a high-principled, right-thinking young man, an opinion which was partially confirmed when he declared his intention of fulfilling to the letter, his late father's intention. By the will—which of course, in point of law, was only waste paper—the sisters were to inherit five thousand pounds each, and Mrs. Morris was to come into uncontrolled possession of twice that sum; for it was evidently his desire to leave his widow and daughters perfectly independent of his son: and it is but justice to say, that up to the evening on which we introduce him to the reader, Wilton's conscientious intentions never wavered; but he had certainly learned to estimate to the full the advantages of his unfettered fortune.

In three months from the evening of the ball, the storm which Mrs. Morris had dreaded burst upon the family. Despite considerations for his kindred, which ought at least to have caused him to follow out the intentions expressed in the memorandum of his father's will, Wilton Morris became the husband of Fanny Beaumont!

It was what the world calls a "great match" for Fanny, though both she and Wilton would have declared it was purely a "love match." Certainly on his part there was a most absorbing passion; and if the lady, in her dreams of the future, mingled thoughts of a fine house, and carriages, and servants, with the image of her lover, it must be remembered that these realities were too closely united to be very easily divided.

About this time, Robert Leeburn, the young clergyman to whom Grace Morris, Wilton's eldest sister, was engaged, obtained a curacy; it was in a distant county, and would have entailed a separation very painful to contemplate, unless Grace had consented at once to share his humble fortunes. When he first asked her to be his, he had confidently hoped that in due time he should be presented to a living of sufficient value to place him in perfectly easy circumstances; but the death of the patron on whom he relied had sadly changed his prospects. It had not, however, changed their devoted and long-tried affections; though perhaps Grace was taught to appreciate more fully the advantage her own promised fortune would be, in addition to a curate's narrow stipend.—In truth, without some such reliance, they could not with common prudence have married. But it was a very inconvenient time for Wilton to pay the legacies he felt himself in honour bound to discharge. When he had talked of not marrying for years to come, he had purposed during that period living considerably within his very handsome income, so as to save money for that honest purpose. His marriage, however, induced so many expenses, that there was little chance of such a proceeding at present. His mother trembled for the future, and more than once did she remonstrate with him on the extravagance into which he was tempted.

"Mother," was his usual reply, "dear Fanny's taste is so exquisite, that I cannot help letting it have full scope; you know the furniture *is* dreadfully old fashioned, and, as she says, these purchases once made, we can then live quietly, and even in a few months make up for the outlay. As for your money, and that of the girls, why, I must allow you fair interest out of my income, until I can scrape together the principal." And so it was arranged.

"I wish it had been cousin Margaret that Wilton had chosen," said Charlotte to her sister one day, after they had been discussing, somewhat confidentially, the merits of their sister-in-law.

"So do I," returned Grace; "though I can hardly tell why it is that we all like her the better of the two."

"I believe it must be because she is so thoughtful of the wishes of others, so unselfish," replied Charlotte; "which, between ourselves, Fanny is *not*."

Charlotte Morris was right; she had gained the key to Fanny Beaumont's character. A discerning writer says, "it is woman's instinct to love, her reward to be loved." Of what is it the reward? Of nothing so much as of that generally considerate and *unselfish* conduct, which we may class among the minor morals of society; for the most trifling faults, strengthening and deepening with advancing years, too often become monstrous in their consequences.—The very young have seldom the power greatly to extend the circle of their influence; they are, as it were, rehearsing their parts against the time, when, on the theatre of the world, they shall be called upon to act as men and women, guiding others by their example, or influencing them by their authority, according to the circumstances in which they may be placed.

Years passed on, working, as they rolled away, a surprising change in the relative position of the once affectionate family of the Morrises. Indeed so great was the change, that, could it have been contemplated at the time Wilton came of age, it would have appeared a wide gulf that never could be passed; yet, like stone upon stone, had many acts of unkindness, gradually increasing in importance, built up the bridge which spanned it. Mrs. Morris, with Charlotte, was living in a small house, on a precarious allowance, doled out to her by her son at most uncertain intervals; while the assistance which Grace, the curate's wife, received from her brother, might more properly be said to consist in occasional trifling donations than any regular stipend. This was a disastrous case; for confidently relying on the two hundred a year, which Wilton had proposed allowing his sister until he should be able to pay the intended legacy, Mr. Leeburn had become involved in debt to the amount of some hundreds. And now three children, as well as a dear wife, looked up to him for support and protection. His creditors were becoming clamorous; and, above all, he dreaded every hour that his situation would be known to his rector, a severe man, who he felt sure would then dismiss him from his curacy. In such circumstances, how little could his mind be fit for the fulfilment of his sacred duties!

Meanwhile the Beaumont family were in circumstances which the world might call similar, but which were brought about by very different causes. They lived near the manor-house, and of course visited there frequently, as was very natural. But insensibly they had fallen into a common but fatal error, which had been fostered by the selfish vanity of their beautiful daughter, always the spoilt child of the family. She had married into a circle somewhat above that in which she previously moved, but an acknowledgment of this truth would have mortified her feelings, however keenly she recognized it in her own heart. Therefore the foolish attempts of her family to cope in style of living and expenditure with the new acquaintances they made, met with decided encouragement from Mrs. Wilton Morris. Mr. Beaumont's only excuse consisted in his ambitious views for his younger children; but when we are tempted to do "evil that good may come of it," surely, though perhaps slowly, it works out a retribution, even though the object we desire be at last attained.

And the "young people" themselves, the "beautiful" and "fortunate" Fanny, and her devoted husband, were they sailing smoothly down the stream of life? It must be confessed, not quite. From commencing his career extravagantly, Wilton also had become involved in debt; and the estate, which he should have held sacred as a resource for his mother and sisters, was mortgaged to supply his own wants. Still, this was a very different sort of poverty from either of the other cases; but his conduct was assuredly the most inexcusable of all. The remorse and dissatisfaction he felt with himself did not improve his own temper; but though his wife was as "beautiful" and "accomplished" as ever, he ceased to feel *sure* that she was "amiable." Only gradually had the truth dawned upon him, and after many trials, he felt convinced that her cheerful co-operation in his proposed plan of retrenchment would never be gained, while it entailed self-sacrifice on her part. And how was this to be avoided? Whether it was a fashionable bonnet, a new conservatory, or a tour on the continent, the lady "could not do without" whatever she had set her mind on obtaining. And long, very long, was it before her once adoring husband learned in any degree to resist a gentle hint, a smiling appeal, or a straight-forward petition, far less the most desperate instrument of her will—a flood of tears. Latterly, however, firm resolutions took possession of his mind; the seeds of much misery had germinated there, and now the wife's power was waning; for the selfish cannot be permanently loved.

On a lovely morning in May, Fanny was in high spirits and good-humour; for it was the day on which the grounds were thrown open for a *fete champetre*, of which she would, of course, be the mistress and the queen. Margaret Beaumont was standing by her cousin's side, when a servant entered the room with a letter, which, though directed to her husband, Mrs. Wilton Morris, after a moment's thought, placed in her own desk.

"Margaret," said the beauty, "don't tell Wilton there is any letter for him. I know the writing; it is from his sister, Mrs. Leeburn; it will only vex him and make him cross, for I can guess pretty well what it is about. I am sure they seem to think he is made of money. I don't believe three months ever go over, without their teasing him about something or another."

"Will he not be displeased at your keeping back the letter?" replied Margaret.

"Oh, I shall give it to him as soon as the *fete* is over; anything is better than putting him out of humour before it begins. Ah, Margaret, you will find out that this sort of management is often necessary when——when you are Lady Tresham."

"And that will be—never. I wish, Fanny, you would cease to jest on that subject."

"Why not? I am sure it will be your own fault if 'never' is. Even Wilton says that he is certain young Tresham is devoted to you."

"It would be affectation in me to deny that I believe he is so. But old Sir Philip is a proud and ambitious man; I know but too well that he would not consent to his son's marriage with portionless me; and I would never be the means, by a clandestine union, of bringing discord and misery into any family."

"Nonsense," returned Fanny; "what need you care? The eldest son must come into the baronetcy and estates, and surely he may choose whom he likes for a wife."

Margaret shook her head with a mournful smile, and pointing to Fanny's only child, who was playing at their feet, she said,

"Shall you reason thus when *he* is a man?"

"Do you remember you are four-and-twenty, and are never likely to have such another offer?" was Fanny's reply.

"Yes. Nor has Mr. Tresham made, what you call, in direct terms, 'an offer.'"

"Your own fault, then, I am sure."

At this moment Mr. Tresham arrived. He was the first guest. That day he proposed to Margaret in due form, and she promised to be his only on the condition that Sir Philip should prove willing to receive her as a daughter. With the impetuosity of an ardent character, young Tresham determined at once to make the petition to his father, and it was arranged that he should see Margaret the following morning, and tell her faithfully the result.

Meanwhile the fete passed gaily off, but as sometimes, towards the close of a brilliant day, we are surprised by a thunder-storm, so was the beautiful hostess unprepared for the scene which opened on her soon after the last of her lingering guests had departed.

"Fanny," said Wilton Morris to his wife, in that unmistakeable tone of decision which indicates a frame of mind as far removed from all ebullition of temper as from the softness of affection which might yield to argument or entreaty; "Fanny," said he, "I have delayed speaking to you until the evening on a very important subject, because I thought you would construe, as unkind, allusions which might unnerve and unfit you for the fatigues of to-day. Though judging by the eagerness with which you arranged this fete in opposition to my wishes, I am not sure that such forbearance was by any means your due. Are you aware of your father's involvements?"

"No—yes—that is—Margaret hinted last week something."

"Are you aware that he has applied to me for assistance?"

"No, indeed, I am not," said Fanny; and this was true.

"At great inconvenience, I may say injustice, to myself," returned Wilton, "I relieved him from his embarrassments; but the retrenchment in our expenditure I have so long urged upon you, has ceased to be a matter of choice—it is now one of necessity. My proposal is to let the manor-house furnished, as it stands, so soon as I can find a tenant. We shall reside, for the next few years, in the south of France. We can do so with every comfort and many luxuries, on the five hundred a year which was settled on you at the time of our marriage. I recollect that you remarked at the time, it would be a resource whatever might happen, and you see your words have proved true. And I should think, Fanny, you must have money by you, notwithstanding the purchase of expensive jewelry which, from time to time, I have observed you wearing. From a feeling of delicacy, I have hitherto refrained from questioning you on the subject; for I fancied—though, it seems, erroneously—that you were in the habit of assisting your family. I confess it seemed to me very natural that you should occasionally make presents to your younger sisters, and your good, kind cousin; but I hear that such has not been the case."

Fanny's cheek flushed, and tears of anger and vexation rose to her eyes as she replied—

"I have not five pounds in the house."

"Indeed!"

"And I am in debt my next quarter," she continued, in a tone of desperation.

"I am sorry for it," returned Wilton; "but your debts shall be paid, so that we start clear; but I shall insist upon rigid economy for the future, which, however, will not be difficult in the style in which I intend living."

They had had many quarrels; but never had Fanny witnessed in her husband the sort of determination he now evinced. It was no time to draw forth the letter she had placed in her desk. She mentally resolved to keep it for "a day or two," till he should be in "better humour;" but absorbed in her own concerns and real troubles, since they pressed immediately on *herself*, the selfish woman forgot all else—poor Grace's letter remained undelivered, unopened!

And in all the new arrangements Wilton Morris was making, the reader will ask, "did not thoughts of his mother and sisters present themselves?" Certainly they did, and he made firmer and more just resolves than he had known for many a day; but the absence of energy and decision—[illegible] himself, to [illegible] by some striking event—was the trait of his character. His was a more passive selfishness than that of his wife. He systematically avoided dwelling on painful subjects; but if they were brought home to him, why, he rid himself of the annoyance if he possibly could. Thus had he relieved Mr. Beaumont's wants, though occasioned by imprudence, because it was distressing to see his wife's family and near neighbours in trouble; and he knew that the threatened exposure, which only his timely assistance could prevent, would have been yet more unpleasant. At the same time, he chose to conclude that, as he had not heard very recently from his sister, Mrs. Leeburn, she could manage for the present without the promised annuity, and he chose equally to misinterpret the brief letters of his mother, who also dwelt at a distance, and the silence of Charlotte.

It is now necessary that we should give some insight into the prospects of Margaret, and the proceedings and views of the Treshams. Sir Philip was a proud, ambitious, and even a prejudiced man; prejudiced very particularly in favour of equal alliances, and rather a despot in his own family.

It must, however, be acknowledged, that he had a strong and comprehensive mind, and his pride was not of a kind which prevented his yielding an opinion, if his reason could be convinced he was in error; and to complete his character, it may be added, that he was strictly just and conscientious, and that beneath a stern manner there was a warm and affectionate heart to the few who were his favorites.—Unfortunately, he had taken a decided dislike to Mrs. Wilton Morris, and knowing nothing of the Beaumonts, beyond having occasionally met them at the manor-house, he established in his own mind that Margaret was a very similar person to her cousin.—However wrong the notion might be, he always considered that Wilton had been entrapped into the marriage, and determined that his son should not make a similar match, without at least plain speaking on his part. Accordingly, he not only forbade young Tresham to think farther of Margaret on pain of his lasting displeasure, but resolved to see Mr. and Mrs. Beaumont himself without loss of time, and to tell them very explicitly his determination, so that there could be no misunderstanding on their part.

It was the day after the fete; another bright and beautiful morning, when nature, in her gala dress, seemed smiling almost in mockery at the little passions which make up the sum of human misery. The house in which the Beaumonts resided was on the outskirts of a country town, and surrounded by rather extensive grounds. It was an old-fashioned pile, which had often been added to and altered; so that at the first glance it was not very easy for a stranger to decide which was the principal entrance;—and the old gentleman, who intended paying rather an early visit, in wandering about the grounds, stumbled, before making the discovery, on a member of the family. This was little Henry Beaumont, the youngest child, a particularly interesting boy of about eight years old. On the present occasion, however, he was reclining in a sort of rustic arbor, shedding a torrent of tears, and apparently plunged in some deeper grief than the average sorrows of childhood.

"Will you tell me, my little fellow," said the stranger, "how I am to obtain admittance here, for I can find neither bell nor portal?" But almost before the child could answer, he perceived the distress he was in, and being naturally fond of children, sat down by his side, and asked what was the matter. In a few minutes there were stronger inducements than mere compassion for him to continue the conversation with his little companion.

"A great boy like you crying in this manner!—Why, be a man. What is the matter?" said the baronet, as, with a sort of gentle force, he drew the child's hand from his face; but loud sobs were for some time the only answer.

"Tell me what it is, my little man," continued Sir Philip; "are you in disgrace with your tutor, or what?"

Harry was probably indignant at such a suspicion, for he sobbed out, "No, no. I am crying because—because cousin Margaret won't go away!"

There is no wonder that the name riveted Sir Philip's attention as he said "Go away? Why do you wish her to go away?"

"No; I don't wish it," rejoined the boy, a little calmed by the evident interest the stranger friend was taking in his sorrow, "and till to-day I always thought that cousin Margaret didn't wish it because when they used to talk about Mr. Tresham, she always told me not to cry, for she never, never would go away. But now she is crying, and I know it is because she won't, though Mr. Tresham asked her so much, oh, so very much, to go away."

There was something in the simple language of the child which opened quite a new view of the case to Sir Philip Tresham. The "cousin Margaret" was evidently so dearly loved (and children seldom love unamiable persons) that her "going away" had been the great dread of his young mind, till his own grief had been overwhelmed by hers. Sir Philip also learned that, instead of entrapping his son, Margaret Beaumont had behaved most nobly.

"And so Mr. Tresham wishes her very much to go away? I know something of the gentleman, and can readily believe it," continued Sir Philip, after a moment's pause. "But how came you to know so much about your cousin's affairs?" he asked.

"I was sitting in the bow-window of the drawing-room, reading Robinson Crusoe; and I suppose the curtain hid me, for I think they would not have talked before me as they did. But I was just reading about Crusoe's man Friday, and I never knew they were in the room, till I heard Margaret sob, and soon after that, somehow, I could not help crying too, and so I slipped out of the open window, on to the lawn, that they should not see me. But, sir, you know Mr. Tresham; do you know that nasty old Sir Philip?"

"Why—yes; I perceive he is no favorite of yours."

"It is all his fault; I can make out *that*. But tell me, sir, if he dies, surely *then* Mr. Tresham can marry my cousin Margaret if he likes; can't he?"

"Indeed he can."

"Then I wish he would die."

"Pray, is that an echo of Mr. Tresham's wish?"

"No, he did not *say* so, but, do you know, that I am almost sure he *thought* it, for Margaret was very angry at something he muttered, and called him wicked, and said it was a dreadful thing to lose a father, and that, if her parents were alive, she would do anything to please them; and then she began to cry again, and he said he only meant that as his father was than seventy, it was not likely he could live many years, and would she promise to marry him whenever he should die. Yet she would not promise; and then he said he would go to Spain" (it was during the heat of the civil war there) "and fight; and, perhaps, when Sir Philip heard of his death, he would regret having been so unkind. Do you think Mr. Tresham will go to Spain and be shot?"

"I cannot tell positively, my boy, but I should rather think so. Do you know I came here this morning to call on your papa; but it occurs to me that the business may be as well transacted with your cousin Margaret. Is Mr. Tresham gone? *do you think she would see me?*"

"Yes, I saw him go away just now."

Sir Philip sent in his card, and was ushered into the drawing-room described by little Harry, which, however, was now empty. Full ten minutes elapsed before Margaret entered the room; but he was not displeased at having that space of time afforded for observation and reflection. By her, poor girl! it had been spent in effacing as much as possible the evidence of her recent tears, and prepared, as he knew she must be, for something very like insult from him, she rose greatly in his estimation as he recognized the proof of a pride so nearly akin to his own. The old baronet was really the more embarrassed of the two, and after two or three common-place remarks, he plunged into the subject most at heart, saying abruptly—

"So, Miss Beaumont, you have refused my son!"

"Refused him, Sir Philip!"

"I understand you have refused to marry him without my consent?"

"Surely his father does not blame me for that decision?" said Margaret.

"Madam," returned Sir Philip, "until this morning I have been deceived in your character; and my own mistake is the best excuse I can find for my disobedient son. You have behaved admirably."

"And so *will* he behave; indeed—indeed he loves his father; give him a little time for his—his disappointment to subside, and he will be all you wish him."

"Not if he falls in Spain."

Margaret quickly imagined that young Tresham had declared his intention, with the hope that Sir Philip's dread of his taking such a step might wring from him a consent to the marriage, and she answered, but in a tearful voice—

"He has promised me to give up that thought."

"And did you really, my dear young lady, (the 'madam' was dropped), win from him a promise that he would not hold out such a threat to his father?"

But Margaret was unable to answer. Unnerved by previous excitement, she could no longer restrain her tears; nor was Sir Philip quite unmoved, as, seating himself on the sofa beside her, he took her hand, exclaiming—

"I am not the hard old man you think me. Your conduct has been that which, had I known the happiness of a daughter's dutiful affection, I should have blessed her for pursuing. Your father"——

Margaret shook her head, and murmured—"I am fatherless."

Not while I live," said Sir Philip, in tremulous tones, now fairly giving way to his emotion.

They sat with their backs to the bow-window already named; but at that moment a shadow darkened the room. They turned instinctively, and beheld Philip Tresham on the lawn, the very statue of astonishment. Considering all things, it was very startling to catch the profiles of Margaret and his father, as they sat hand in hand on the sofa. Of that eventful day we shall only father remark, that it was also an epoch to little Henry, since, without being particularly consulted, he thenceforward considered himself as rather an important person. Neither will our limits permit us to dwell on the happiness of the generous and right-thinking Margaret; we must hasten to a less agreeable task, and narrate an event which followed her marriage.

On that occasion, the young people were presented with the town house of Sir Philip, where, a few weeks afterwards, they took up their abode, and thither a letter was forwarded to Margaret, addressed to her as Miss Beaumont. It was from Charlotte Morris, who, separated from her connexions, had not even heard of the wedding. The contents were harrowing beyond description. In apologizing for thus writing to Margaret, she appealed to the kind feelings which she well remembered she had evinced, and then acknowledged that she feared it was useless to address her brother, since, if to the earnest appeal of her *distressed* sister no answer was vouchsafed, how could she expect notice? She implored Margaret to use her eloquence with Wilton Morris, to induce him to behave at least with justice; acknowledging that were it not for the sake of Grace and her helpless children, neither she nor her mother would stoop to solicit *charity* from her unkind, unnatural brother. It afterwards appeared that the forebodings which Mrs. Leeburn had shadowed forth more strongly than *ever* in the letter detained from Wilton Morris, were fatally realized. Mr. Leeburn had been deprived of his curacy, but stung to the quick by the cruel neglect he had experienced, he forbade his wife to apply to her brother. Yet he was worse than destitute, he was in *debt*, when, with his wife and children, he left the spot endeared to them by so many associations, and started for the metropolis, with the hope of there meeting with employment as a classical tutor. In London they were received at least with affection by Mrs. Morris and Charlotte, who had removed thither since the latter, though with broken health and spirits, determined on making miniature painting, in which she excelled, a profession. She, too, had in happier years formed an attachment as strong as that of her sister; but the object had proved less worthy; he had not stood the test of altered circumstances, and now the energies of her mind were all directed to rescue herself and her beloved mother from dependence on one so unkind as Wilton. But her sister's distress broke down the resolutions which might have stood the trial of her own sufferings; hence the letter to Margaret, who, herself on the spot, answered it by driving to the humble lodging from which it was dated, while young Tresham, who had as feeling a heart as his dear wife, hastened as quickly as four horses could take him, to convey the distressing intelligence to Wilton Morris. In less than twenty-four hours, the son and brother stood among the care-worn group to whose side he had been summoned, less as a benefactor than a *penitent*. Yet, before he arrived, Margaret's purse had removed some of the broad evidences of penury; but in the humble roof which sheltered his near relations, and the mean appointments which surrounded those so long accustomed to the refinements of life, in the tears and scarcely restrained reproaches of his mother, in the attenuated form and early grey hairs of one sister, and in the faded beauty and sad tones of the once merry-hearted Grace, Wilton Morris found sufficient weapons to probe him to the quick. He had still the control of sufficient property at last to be just, but the broken bonds of affection were less easily cemented.

Only recently have Wilton Morris and his wife returned to England; and from being one of the most indulgent of husbands, "the world" says he has changed to the sternest. And they even talk of separation. Certainly, what are mis-called "love matches," do not always turn out as well as people could desire.

Margaret is as happy as she deserves to be. Sir Philip is still living, and it is remarkable that she always calls him "father." He took it into his head to educate Harry Beaumont, with the view of establishing him in a profession, in consideration, as he says, of having "taken away" his cousin Margaret.

THE PAINTER.

BY MRS LIGHTHIPE.

"But ties around this heart were spun,
That would not, could not, be undone."
[Campbell.

In the suburbs of the town of Salerno, there was a small, white-walled cottage, situated on a hill which commanded one of the loveliest prospects in all Italy: warmed by the sun which, in that clime, is said to raise the drooping invalid for whom the blasts of northern shores blow too keenly, and yet cooled by the pure, soft breezes that came upward from the gulf. It was far enough from the town to be hushed from its din and noises, and yet sufficiently near for those who love the haunts of their fellow men better than to commune with themselves. It was built by an Englishman, who had brought his fair young wife, whom he idolized, to these skies as a last resort; and pleased with the amendment which a short month had made in her health, he had determined to make it his residence—but she, like a tender flower, just raised her head to the gentle air, and drooped again and died.—And he, weary of the place, sold it into other hands, and departed for his native land. At the time to which my story relates, it was inhabited by an old Italian and his wife; they liked it for the freshness of its air—and he, day by day, went to his business in Salerno, while she prepared his little comforts with exactness, and went the round of her household duties without variation, from one month's end to another. They had rented one part of it to a young man, for the summer months, who had chosen it for the loveliness of its scenery: it was that part which looked far and wide over valley and hill, and yet whose casements opened to the setting sun, and caught the zephyrs that played lightly in its dying beam, and then slept upon the waters.

It was a quiet, sweet evening in early summer, that he sat looking forth upon the sun as he sank down to his rest: there was more of passion in his lip than was wont—there were wild dreams upon the soul, and a kindling hope, that fevered in his eye, as his spirit drank in the intensity of beauty on which he gazed. Fair, almost to effeminacy, his frame was gracefully but slightly made, with a nose like that the sculptor finds on the classic models of old. A small, finely carved mouth, and eyes of that deep blue which seems like the reflection of heaven. The soft air, as it moved back his locks of dark auburn, showed a forhead white, calm and beautiful. He was a Florentine by birth, and nature had made him a painter, with the glowing and enthusiastic temperament which ever belongs to an artist, and above all, to those of Italy. He had devoted himself to painting from his earliest years—had studied the models which the city of his nativity produces in such abundance, and he had already produced some efforts of his pencil, which gave promise that after years might place *his* among the names he so much longed to reach. There was a nearly finished picture standing backward in the room as the artist had left it after his daily task; it was a child sleeping amid the flowers—and so fresh and softened on the canvass were the painter's tints, that there seemed breathing over the unconscious infant the innocence of heaven. And such, in his studio, was Francisco Salvino.

A slight tap at the door of his room awoke him from his revery, and, as he bade the intruder enter, he turned towards the place. It opened, and a youth stepped upon the threshold: his form, which would have seemed scarcely to have seen fifteen summers, was clad in dark blue velvet, finished at the neck with a white ruff, such as was worn by the higher classes, and, as he lifted a cap of the same rich material from his brow, the dark raven curls which clustered round his head fell from beneath it in rich profusion, contrasting with a skin clear and transparent; his eyes were black and sparkling, and there was an expression of fearlessness and of slight disdain about the small, full lips, as he came forward at the bidding of the painter, and stood before him.

"What wish you from me?" asked Francisco, kindly.

"To serve you, Signor."

"To serve me, boy?—alas! it is but little of servitude I ever need—and the old Signora, who lives in this house, is amply sufficient for all my wants."

"Ah! but there is much that I might do for you that the Signora cannot do," replied the boy: "I might fill your vase with flowers; I could go at your command on a thousand little errands, and I should think a gentleman like you would ever have a page. And then, Signor, is there no lady-love, to whom a swift-footed messenger might better bear a billet than an old Signora?"

"No, saucy one, there is no lady-love," answered the Signor, as he smiled gaily. "But if I were to keep thee, what recompense could I give, except I made thee a painter?"

"Yes," said the boy, catching eagerly at the appearance of acquiescence which the other displayed, "Yes, make me a painter—it is all I will ask in return for the little kindness I may do for thee."

"And where are your parents?" asked the artist, astonished at the boy's evident anxiety to enter his service.

"Ah! they are far, far away," answered the boy, sadly.

"And why do you wish to live with me?" asked the painter.

"Because I love thee," was the quick reply.

"Love me, boy? Have we ever met before?"

"Oh, yes, Signor—in Florence, often—and I thought then how happy I should be to live with you. And now, that I have no friends, I have come to you: and I entreat thee, beloved Signor, send me not forth among strangers."

"Ah, well! poor child, if you wish it, remain in my home, such as it is."

"O, thanks—many thanks"—said the boy; and he sank upon his knee before Salvino, and pressed his hand warmly to his lips.

"And what shall I call you?" the painter asked, as he laid his hand upon the dark curls of the kneeling one beside him.

"Call me Guido," said the boy, "and I will do your bidding."

And the painter looked down into the eyes of the speaker as they were raised to his—but they sank beneath his gaze—and Guido sprang lightly on his feet and turned away.

And so day after day passed, and Guido remained the inmate of Salvino's study—and there were many things he did which none other could do, for where was there another that watched over Francisco with such quickness of affection; he would walk far and early for the sweetest flowers, and arrange them every morning in the vase, as the painter best loved to have them; he culled the choicest fruits to tempt his master's appetite, and the eye of the boy so lightened when he saw him gratified, that Salvino felt happy that he had given a home to one so kind and gentle. And those *eyes*, too, watched intently the painter at his canvass, one hour after another, unnoticed, and followed him with a passionate, almost tearful gaze, as he went forth on his lonely rambles—but the artist was too deeply wrapped in his own thoughts to heed them.

One day, Salvino left his home to visit the patron who had brought him to Salerno. He went to carry a picture on which he had been employed, and he told Guido he should not return till near the set of sun. Long passed the day to Guido—and eagerly he watched the sun as it declined; he gathered the juiciest fruits, and set forth the evening meal for his master's return, and, when he descried him coming, went joyfully forth to meet him. But there was a thoughtfulness upon the Signor's brow that differed from his usual dreaming reveries—a sadness that belonged not there—and though he greeted Guido kindly as he passed into his dwelling, yet the evening meal remained untouched—each delicacy, too, was put aside untasted, and he sat down at his accustomed casement, where he sank again into his dreaming. The sun went down—the sky purpled into twilight—the stars came forth in the firmament—yet there the painter remained—and in the same place Guido watched him until midnight. The next day he was in the same mood, and the boy asked him tenderly of his visit to the Duke—if he had received him as ever? if he liked the effect of the artist's pencil? and he learned that his patron was as kind as in days past; he had received his picture with enthusiasm—had amply recompensed him—and, more than all, had given command for another more valuable. What, then, could be the cloud upon his master's brow? But Francisco grew impatient under the gentle questioning, and Guido desisted. Another day, and yet another passed, and though the painter had commenced at his new picture, still, ever and anon, he ceased his work and mused sadly; but, on the fourth day, his spirits seemed *renovated*—even more than cheerful; he sat down to a fresh piece of canvass, and with his pencil, his whole soul was bent on the lineaments before him, as the colours awoke beneath his touch. Each day he seemed riveted to his work, and Guido beheld at last, in the production which his master retouched with so much care, a lady of such transcendent and majestic beauty, that the boy almost held his breath to gaze. The portrait was placed in the best light from the casement, covered from the dust, and every morning it was the painter's earliest vision; and bitterly Guido saw it was the lady, and not the setting sun, on which Salvino now mused at evening. Sometimes, when the boy gazed on it alone, there was a malignant gleaming from his dark eyes, and a passionate writhing of his lip, that passed away with the sound of his master's step. And then, again, would he half persuade himself that so much loveliness could not exist in a reality—that this was some vivid creation of his master's fancy—and with such a hope he would calm his troubled thoughts.—But a month had not yet gone, when the Duke came in person to inspect his work. As he alighted from his carriage, there was a lady with him; and when, accompanied by his niece, he entered Salvino's study, Guido, with a bursting heart, beheld in the Lady Theresa the original of his master's painting.

The patron commended the growing work—and as the pictures of Francisco passed before them, he had praises for them all—but when he raised the covering from the hidden portrait, the exclamation of delight from them both, suffused the painter's brow with emotion, and as the eyes of the artist met those of the lady, there was a tale of love told and answered. To Guido it was not lost—the blood rushed tumultuously through his veins, and his brain reeled, as he turned and left the place—and when he entered the study again, the visitors had departed.

And now Salvino was often at the ducal palace, the Duke always found employment in his gallery—and the painter was happy. But ever as he returned, at evening, he found the boy in tears. Enquiries only renewed his sobbings, and time increased his dejection—until the Signor, conjecturing that he was lonely and weary of remaining in the same place, proposed for him a visit to the Lady Theresa. The proposal was received joyfully, and Francisco having written a billet to the lady of his love, Guido departed for the palace. When he reached the abode of Lady Theresa, he asked to see her alone, and having gracefully handed the letter, stood awaiting the lady's notice. When she had read its purport, and turned to where the boy stood, he seemed buried in thought.

"Come hither, Guido; I would fain recompense such a messenger."

But the youth heeded not.

"Are you the boy I noted in the Signor's studio?" she said, as she approached kindly to the side of the page.

"No more a boy than yourself, lady," spoke the seeming youth, as she bared the doublet from her neck; "I wear this garb but at my master's will."

"And why should he seek disguise?" asked the Lady Theresa.

"Alas, and he knows best," answered the other, dejectedly.

"Why do you remain with him, poor girl?"

"Because I love him—poor Leonora has no breath, save with the air of him she loves."

"Does he love thee, Leonora?"

"He has ever said so, lady."

"Come here, then, my girl, and tell me your story; perhaps I may find you a shelter and a home better suited to your sex."

"Not that—not that, lady—it is too late," and with seeming reluctance the jealous girl sat down to fabricate a tale of sorrows for her rival's ear. She told not how, forgetting sex and delicacy, she had left her parents in such disguise, and for the love of Salvino had followed him to Salerno. She did not tell that, in ignorance of the *deceit*, Francisco at her earnest entreaty had given her a home—but with a long tissue of falsehood—a narrative of such treachery and wrong, that Lady Theresa's heart burned with indignation that one so vile and worthless should have offered her his love—and when Leonora turned to depart, she bade her wait and bear a letter in return.

"Not by me, for you are angered, lady—and if it make my master wretched, I do not wish to be the means."

When Salvino received the rude dismissal, he immediately sought the palace for an explanation, but the lady refused to see him.

Then when Francisco Salvino returned again to his humble home—the painter's work was ended—he never touched his pencil more—he seemed never to sleep, and he took no nourishment—but his body and his spirit alike pined away, and when at last he lay upon his dying couch, he sent by the Duke a last request to the Lady Theresa, that he might see her once more before he breathed his last. Indignant as she had felt, she could not deny him this—and as she entered the room of the expiring artist, her heart smote her bitterly as she beheld his attenuated frame. Thin and ghastly, his eye seemed to gleam forth with more than earthly brightness—his hair clung to his brow with the cold damps of death, and a feeble smile played around his mouth, as he pressed her hand in welcome.

"Lady," he said, "my heart is broken—without you earth had nothing for which to live—and with your love the star of my destiny is set for ever. But ere I die, this spirit would fain know wherein it has offended."

Theresa told him the story of Leonora—and Francisco denied its verity, and was believed. He sent for the treacherous Guido, and as she stood by his side, she seemed with sorrow and despair scarcely less emaciated than the painter himself. For the peace of her dying master, she told the truth.

It was on the bosom of the wretched lady that Salvino died—his last look was for her, and with his latest breath he poured on her the blessing of a broken heart.

Within a convent the Lady Theresa has taken the veil, and gives her remaining days to heaven—and prays ever for the soul of him she loved.

And ere the snows that followed those summer months had descended upon the Appenines, they found the body of the false-hearted girl upon the grave of the buried artist—they knew not how she died—but they laid her beneath the same sod, and though no stone marks the spot—yet the peasants know well the grave where the broken-hearted Signor sleeps.

Mrs. Carlton's Last Party.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE MARTYR WIFE," &c. &c.

Mrs. Carlton had two faults, love of display, and punctiliousness—opposites that sometimes neutralize each other. She moved among the upper circles, though not with that conscious feeling of equality that seeks no borrowed lights, but shines even in the lustre of its own peculiar good. Mrs. Carlton loved to mingle with those who, in general society, were estimated highest for some intrinsic excellencies of their own, or for the more adventitious merit of possessing great wealth, or on account of their connection with certain families. To these her attentions were of the most perfect kind. When warm in the sunshine of their smiles, she was happiest.

It is hardly to be supposed that Mrs. Carlton could act towards those, no way distinguished in society, with the same attention and urbanity as towards these. She was kind and lady-like to all; but, to the highest, as she esteemed them, rather disposed to be obsequious and deferential.

Mr. Carlton had his weaknesses, also. But penu-

[illegible] was not one of these; nor was he quite so fond of courting and deferring to distinguished people. He loved display, however. And was always desirious of making a good appearance.

The Carltons usually gave a party during the fashionable season, and it was always a splendid affair.—If it was not the most splendid of all, it was no fault of theirs, so far as intention was concerned. But, somehow or other, it generally happened that, after all was over, both the husband and wife felt unhappy for weeks. Something went wrong. Some disappointment or mortification always followed. The real cause of this, however, they could not see. They were not philosophers enough to perceive that their end had been a wrong one—that they had sought honor and praise to themselves, instead of seeking, unselfishly, to entertain others.

Towards the close of a fashionable season, Mrs. Carlton said to her husband—

"It is time, dear, that we were thinking about giving a party."

"Yes. The season is rapidly passing away. Suppose we fix upon Wednesday evening of week after next?"

"That will do. The Eldreths gave a grand affair last week."

"They certainly did. It was, decidedly, the most brilliant party that has yet been given."

"For all that, I didn't enjoy myself half as well as I did at Mr. Wayland's," Mrs. Carlton said, in a thoughtful tone.

"Nor did I. The company were under restraint all the evening. Both Mr. and Mrs. Eldreth seemed trying to do their best, but, somehow or other, they did not seem to possess the tact that is required on such occasions."

"While at Wayland's, no very apparent effort was made to entertain any one, and yet all were full of life and enjoyment. Why this difference?"

"I cannot tell, I am sure. There is no accounting for such things. There is a strange capriciousness about people. Sometimes they will be pleased at a simple flower, and pause to linger over and admire its beauties; at another time the richest boquet will fail to attract a moment's attention. It is the humor. The whole company, I suppose, were in the humor to be pleased at the Waylands—any thing would have pleased them on that evening. They were not in the humor at Eldreths—and nothing could have then pleased."

"Well, I hope they will be in the humor when they come here," Mrs. Carlton said.

"I hope so. But there is no telling," was the husband's reply.

"For all the Eldreths' party was so grand an affair," Mrs. Carlton remarked, after musing for some time, "I think we can eclipse it."

"We can try, at least," was the response of the acquiescing husband.

From that time preparations began to be made for the coming party. Mrs. Carlton, with all her love of display, was, as has been said, penurious in her disposition. She too often spoiled a good thing by mixing with it a little dross that costs trifle less than the pure ingredient. The *expense* of a party would have been to her an insuperable objection, had not a love of show, and the good opinion and admiration of fashionable people counterpoised it. As it had to be given, the same spirit that projected it prompted to the carrying of it out with a lavish hand. But, wherever a sixpence could be saved without the fact appearing, there Mrs. Carlton placed a ready finger.

When it became necessary to prepare notes of invitation, more than a hundred of which had to be sent out, Mrs. Carlton shut herself up in her room with a large card basket upon a table before her, where had been placed a quire of letter paper, and two or three varieties of French note paper. She first selected and arranged the cards into four parcels—each of which bore the names of visitors distinctly classed in her mind. One of these parcels was taken and counted. It contained twenty cards. Twenty sheets of the finest quality, gilt, ornamented, perfumed, French note paper were then selected, and notes of invitation written on these and directed from the cards. Invitations to the next class, indicated by another pile of cards, were written on a less elegant and cheaper kind of note paper, and the next on a quality still inferior. Quarter sheets of letter paper, torn and neatly folded, sufficed for about forty invitations to people of no particular consideration. By this means, Mrs. Carlton saved about a dollar.

This important matter arranged, a servant was despatched with the notes, which were left at the dwellings of the most fashionable people in the city. As ill luck would have it, one of these slipped inside of another; a fine, perfumed affair into a lonely letter paper missive. The plain invitation happened to be for a family named Gleason, who thought pretty highly of themselves—a little higher, perhaps, than other people thought of them; and the more ornamental one was for a family but lately removed to the city, and on close terms of intimacy with the Carltons.—The name of the latter was Egbert.

"Did you ever see the beat of that!" exclaimed Mrs. Gleason, when she fully comprehended the meaning of the two notes of invitation to the same party so dissimilar in their appearance.

"The beat of what?" asked her sister Mildred, a somewhat elderly young lady.

"The beat of this. The Carltons are going to have a party, and here is our invitation. It's a plain, decent enough affair, with the pith of the whole matter contained in Mrs. C.'s elegant scrawl inside. But just look at another invitation to the same party, that has happened to get inside of ours. It is for the Egberts."

"Upon my word!" ejaculated Miss Mildred, who understood the whole thing as quickly as did her sister. "Isn't that a beautiful affair! Gilt edge and perfume for the Egberts; but plain post for us!—They'll miss me from their saloon, that is very certain."

"Really! It goes ahead of any thing I ever heard of," mused aloud Mrs. Gleason. "I wonder who else has been honored with French note paper, and who with Bath post torn neatly into four quarters. Ha! ha! Doesn't it cap *every* thing!"

"You won't go, of course," said Mildred.

"I can't say yes nor nay, yet, sis. But I think I know one who will not be there."

"Who?"

"The delectable Mrs. Egbert and her charming daughter."

"How so?"

"Here lies their invitation."

"Well?"

"I shall not send it to them."

"I wouldn't."

"I don't intend to. Let Mrs. Carlton see to sending out correctly her own notes. I have no business with them."

"It'll make a break between the two families."

"That's none of my business. Let them take care of that themselves. But it ought to make a break between the Carltons and every other genteel family in town. Who ever heard of such an outrage? It makes my very blood boil, as I think of it more and more. I wonder in what these Egberts are better than we are? Really, I should like above all things to know."

"They never were at all to my mind, nor the Carltons either," said Mildred. "But, I suppose they are birds of a feather."

A visitor called in while this exciting subject was under consideration."

"You go to Mrs. Carlton's next week?" Mrs. Gleason said, during the conversation that ensued.

"Oh, yes! It's to be a grand affair, I presume. The Carltons are never behind any one."

"But they're sending out their invitations very strangely."

"How so?"

"They are written on paper to correspond with their notions of each family's standing."

"You must be mistaken," the lady said.

"Not at all," replied Mrs. Gleason. "I have seen two of their notes, our own and that sent to another family. They are as different as fancy French note and plain letter paper can make them."

"Indeed!"

"It is true. On what was yours written?"

"You can see," returned the lady. "I have it here," drawing forth a note of the third class.

"Different from both, as I live! Better than one, and inferior to the other."

"You cannot be in earnest?"

"I never was more so in my life. Look! and see for yourself."

The two notes in the possession of Mrs. Gleason were then shown. The consequence was, that the visitor saw that her family had been considered of less consequence than the Egberts. This incensed her deeply, and she went away resolved in her own mind not to attend the Carltons' party. Like Mrs. Gleason, this lady had a high sense of her own consequence. Of course her pride was touched. Wounded pride is very apt to prompt to retaliation of some sort. It did so in the case of both these ladies. From that time until the evening of the party, they busied themselves in ascertaining as far as possible who had been put upon the distinguished list, and who not; and how all had been arranged in relation to each other. All who could be approached on the subject, prudently, were let into the secret. Some were amused, but more made angry at the outrageous insult, as it was termed.

The evening of the party at length came round.—The preparations had been of the most extensive and costly kind, and the whole arrangements such as to show off the taste and munificence of Mr. and Mrs. Carlton with the best possible effect. Thus far, not a single drawback had made its unwelcome appearance; a thing almost unprecedented in the history of social entertainments, especially where the entertainers are more intent on doing something that shall strike with feelings of admiration, than upon making their guests happy.

Towards nine o'clock, some of the company came dropping in, and scattered themselves thinly around the brilliantly lighted saloon. Among the first of these were the Gleasons. Ten o'clock came, and only one or two carriages had stopped at the door; [illegible] as classed by Mrs. Carlton. In fact, only two or three of the twenty gilt-edged, perfumed, ornamented French billets, had yet appeared, and only a few of the second class. Nearly all who had come, were of the third and fourth classes.

"Your company assembles quite slowly," remarked Mrs. Gleason to Mrs. Carlton, who was, she saw, beginning to feel annoyed at the, to her, unaccountable tardiness of her guests—especially those who were to give character to the entertainment.

"Fashionable people rarely appear very early," was the pointed reply to this.

The remark, made significantly, cut its way into the feelings of Mr. Gleason, notwithstanding her consciousness that she held the vantage ground over her discriminating hostess. Good breeding prevented her letting this be seen, and making an irritating retort.

Half-past ten nearly completed the arrivals. About one half of those invited had come up. Where were the rest? What could have kept them away?

"I don't understand this," whispered Mrs. Carlton to her husband, with a troubled look. "What can be the matter?"

"I am sure I do not know. But there must be something wrong. Those that are here, do not seem to enjoy themselves."

These few words were spoken hurriedly, in a brief pause which the husband and wife made on passing each other near the door of the room that contained their company.

Mr. Carlton entered the saloon. Mrs. Gleason sat near the door, and did not observe him. He overheard her saying to her sister Mildred,

"It serves 'em perfectly right; that's all I can say."

This remark Mr. Carlton felt alluded to them, and to the fact of their evident disappointment in their company. It depressed his feelings at once, because it intimated a cause why a number of persons in high standing had declined coming to his house—a cause of which he was entirely ignorant. From that time he failed in every effort to appear cheerful, and to make his guests feel at home. Such a spirit is always contagious. If we do not forget self, we can never make those we are endeavoring to entertain happy. Self bends all the thoughts inward; and this is perceived in words, tones, expressions of the countenance, and acts. It cannot be concealed. Every one who came near him was chilled rather than warmed.

As for Mrs. Carlton, the absence of Mrs. Egbert and a number of others, whose presence she most valued, annoyed her beyond her power of concealment. There were few in attendance for whom she cared much. Even the external politeness which she assumed towards these, and the words of welcome she uttered, had in them so little of real feeling, that they deceived no one.

At the table, which was set out with great elegance, three or four gay-hearted young men dispelled the icy atmosphere that had thus far enveloped the company. All felt their genial influence—even to the troubled and mortified Mr. and Mrs. Carlton.

After supper a few cotillions were danced, and then the company dispersed, leaving their host and hostess in a state of mortification and chagrin that was almost inconceivable.

"What can be the matter?" Mrs. Carlton said, the pain she felt causing her eyes to fill with tears.

"I do not know. But somebody is wrong. There is some mystery about this business. I heard Mrs. Gleason say—'It served 'em perfectly right,' and I am sure, by her tone of voice, that she was alluding to us."

"But what can it be? We have done nothing."

"What is this! Somebody has dropped a small package," Mr. Carlton said, stooping down and picking up from beside a chair a folded paper.

As he opened it, two notes fell to the floor. Mrs. Carlton picked them up, and found them to be invitations to the party which she had sent out, but from which the names had been obliterated. Upon one of them, which was of elegant French note paper, was written—"Look on this picture!" Upon the other, which was of plain letter paper, were the words—"And then on this!"

"What is all that?" asked Mr. Carlton, taking the condemning witnesses from the hands of his wife, and musing over them for some time before he comprehended their meaning. When he did, he looked her long and fixedly in the face.

"And you made these distinctions?" he said, at last.

"I only tried to save a little in the price of paper."

"Foolish woman!" murmured Mr. Carlton, half audibly. He said no more. It would have availed nothing. It was plainly apparent that a mortal offence had been given to a number of persons, and that a great many others, who had been considered of importance, were little pleased with the preference that had been shown them.

Several other parties came off during the winter. For two of these no invitations were sent to the Carltons. They understood the reason. Since that time they have never attempted to give a party.

THE YOUNG WIDOW.

BY THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

"I am willing to believe that you are wiser than I am, my dear Maria, but are you happier?" said Lady Frances Conway to her friend, Lady Delorraine, a widow of twenty-three. "Handsome, rich, and *douairière*, you possess all that is supposed to bestow happiness, yet you do not possess that blessing."

"You are right, Frances; I am not happy. I have passed the days of early youth in a course of desultory reading, by which I have acquired a knowledge that has only rendered me fastidious, and taken away the taste for a thousand innocent sources of recreation, because they fall short of the standard of intellectual refinement which I had formed in my mind. I have studied metaphysics, until they proved that to be incomprehensible which I had previously only suspected to be so, and all the other sciences have been equally disappointing; in short, the number of ideas I have acquired, without my reasoning powers having attained a proportionate degree of strength, places me in the position of an inexperienced general at the head of a large body of troops, which, as he cannot govern, lead him into continual dangers."

"Then why not abandon your studies, dear Maria, and endeavor to enlarge your sphere of enjoyment?"

"Alas, Frances, I may say of study what Rochefoucault said of the court, 'Elle ne rend pas heureux, mais elle empeche qu'on ne le soit ailleurs.' One of the most scientific men of our day has pronounced that the unripe fruit of the tree of knowledge is always bitter or sour; and scepticism, discontent, and sickness of the mind, are often the results of devouring it. Scepticism, Heaven be thanked, I have been saved from, but discontent has rusted all the powers of my mind. I now feel that knowledge should be acquired gradually, and by laborious study; for the ready-made results of the discoveries, labors, and experience of others, that we acquire, without a previous elementary knowledge, affects the mind, as the bringing a person with weak sight from a dark room into a blaze of light does the eyes—it overpowers and confuses."

"But though the extension of your ideas has not enlarged the sphere of your enjoyments, it may have opened a wider circle for your thoughts."

"I doubt, Frances, if it has done even that. Ideas are but the seeds of thought, and do not produce flowers or fruit unless the soil in which they are sown is fertile. Mine was, perhaps, never rich, but it has been over-cultivated, and this renders its poverty more visible, at least to myself."

"You examine yourself so impartially, Maria, that you might be pronounced a philosopher."

"Would I were! and yet what would that avail me? for philosophy only enables us to support misfortunes, without consoling us for them."

"Why will you not be guided by my advice, and enter more into society? It might amuse you, and you would return to your favorite studies with fresh zest."

"I have given up general society because I found that we must bear with it, or live without it, and the latter has always appeared to me the least difficult."

"Still, Maria, I cannot bear to see you withdraw yourself wholly from it. This abandonment of society induces people to think that you are fastidious, conceited, and unsocial; and I, who know the kindness of your heart, am grieved that you should be misjudged."

"*Mais ma chere*, are you quite sure that I am misjudged, or are you certain that, were I more known the judgement would not be still more severe? I am fastidious, conceited, and unsocial, I confess my errors, *mais, helas!* I have not the power, or, perhaps, the inclination, to correct them. Society ennuies me; its emptiness, frivolity, selfishness, and heartlessness, excite my spleen; and, if I retain any portion of the kindness of heart for which you give me credit, it is owing to the seclusion in which I live, which, by keeping me from contact with the evil qualities I have named, saves me from their contagion."

"But you will one day marry again," said Lady Frances, "and then you will *think* differently, because you will *feel* differently. You cannot fail to have remarked the assiduous attentions of Lord Avondale, which must mean more than the mere gallantry of a man of fashion to a beauty and a *bel esprit*."

"I will leave your *double* compliment unnoticed, my dear Frances," said Lady Maria, "and, as Lord Avondale has never declared any serious intentions to me, I will conclude he has none."

"Time will tell," said Lady Frances; "and I hope, my dear friend, you will not refuse the chance of domestic happiness which such an alliance promises."

"My knowledge of the married state has not, I confess, led me to wish to enter it again."

"I can easily believe it; but recollect that Lord Delorraine, although a very worthy man, was wholly unsuited to you, not only in age, but in every other respect. Lord Avondale, on the contrary, is of a suitable age, is handsome, well informed, sensible, and agreeable."

"I do not deny that he is all that you assert, but do I not give you the best reason in the world for not accepting his hand, should he indeed offer it, when I tell you that I should never have bestowed a second thought on him, or discovered these merits, had you, Frances, not drawn my attention to them?"

"This was precisely my case with Mr. Conway. I never remarked that he was good-looking, lively, clever, and good-natured, until my kind friend, Mrs. Stapleton, pointed out these advantages; and yet there are few happier marriages than mine has been, and no wife has a higher estimation of her husband's good qualities. It is the happiness I enjoy that makes me so anxious to see you, my dear Maria, in possession of a similar one, and not wasting your youth, as at present, in abstruse studies, that feed the imagination, and chill the heart."

A few days after this conversation, Lord Avondale, finding himself *tete-a-tete* with Sir Henry Wilmot, his most intimate friend, consulted him on the subject of marriage.

"And so you advise me to pause ere I make my proposal to Lady Delorraine," said he; "nay, I believe you do more—you advise that I do not propose. What objection can you possibly offer to her? Is she not beautiful, highly educated, and intellectual? Where could I hope to find so many agrémens united in one person?"

"I grant you all this," replied Sir Henry, "and it is precisely because I think her so rich in all the advantages you have named, that I fear she is too charming a woman ever to make a charming wife. This may appear a paradox, but it is nevertheless true, that the most captivating women make the least agreeable wives. Lady Delorraine's beauty must always attract general admiration, and with it the envy that always follows. The object of general admiration and envy often becomes an artificial character, that is to say, her sources of gratification being artificial, the simple and unsophisticated enjoyments of life soon become insipid to a person accustomed to the stimulating and intoxicating draught of flattery; and she who is made an idol abroad sinks into a discontented and languid companion at home."

"There," said Lord Avondale, "my unceasing and increasing admiration would preclude the discontent you anticipate."

"Pardon me," replied Sir Henry, "but how can you be sure that the admiration will be unceasing and increasing? We get accustomed to every thing, and the charms which, first seen, excited the most lively admiration, are, after some time, viewed with only calm complacency. Happy is she who, in ceasing to be the object of extreme admiration, becomes the object of affection, a sentiment much more valuable and durable, but one which, I fear, would not equally satisfy a beauty and a *bel esprit*."

"Have you ever loved," demanded Lord Avondale, "that you dare thus profane, by doubting, the durability of one of Love's attributes—admiration?"

"Yes," replied Sir Henry, "*I have loved*—warmly, truly loved, and the sentiment never arrived at its meridian until the first passionate excitement of admiration had cooled; but, alas! she who had been the idol of my public worship was not content to become the Penates of my hearth, and pined for the incense that had been offered up at her shrine. She was a beauty and a *bel esprit*, so that it is not without *connaissance de cause* that I look upon all such as more fitted to be admired than loved, and more suited to find happiness in public attention than in domestic affection."

"But," said Lord Avondale, "would you then condemn the young, the lovely, and the gifted creatures, so formed to excite love, to pass their lives in the heartless pleasure of gratified vanity, without enjoying the elevated, the heart-engrossing happiness of ensuring that of another?"

"Better it is that they should so pass it," replied Sir Henry, "than that, after having, for a short time, formed the happiness of that other, they should then, as is almost invariably the case, discover that he cannot form theirs. The aching void that a vanity long accustomed to gratification, and then deprived of it, leaves in the breast of one of those spoiled favorites of Nature, unfits them for the calm contentment of domestic life, as most men have found who have made the experiment."

"Lady Delorraine," observed Lord Avondale, "must be already sated with admiration, and her position precludes the possibility of her marrying from any motive than that of a decided preference—a preference that must confer distinction on whomever she honors with her hand. May it not, then, naturally be concluded that such a woman could be happy at home, and that the love of one could console her for the admiration of the many?"

"And on this hypothetical *peut-etre* you are willing," replied Sir Henry, "to risk your future happiness? Nay, be candid; had you not made up your mind, (as people say, when they determine on something in which they least allow reason to influence them) before you consulted me? You look guilty, my dear Avondale; but you are only an additional instance of the truth of the observation, that people never ask for advice until they have determined not to follow it. But supposing that Lady Delorraine should form one of the rare examples of a celebrated beauty, being content to give up general homage for individual affection, or, as was happily said, to turn all her small pieces of money into one solid gold coin, remember that there are other dangers to be dreaded—she is a *Bas Bleu*. And recollect what one of the most acute observers of modern days has asserted on this subject:

> 'But oh! ye lords of ladies intellectual,
> Inform us truly, have they not henpecked you all?'"

"My own taste for literature," replied Avondale, with a grave air, "renders an intellectual wife indispensable to my happiness, while it must save me from the inglorious thraldom you would threaten me with."

"I have only one more observation to make," said Sir Henry, "and that is, may not the very similarity of your pursuits and tastes beget a spirit of emulation little calculated to insure domestic harmony? and may not differences of opinion on literary points

> 'Wake the nerve where (angry thoughts) are hung?'

Fancy a discussion on a passage in Plotinus 'on the Beautiful,' conducted on the part of your wife with that animation which generally characterises the discussion of ladies, making you forget the beautiful before you in the abstract, or a dispute on one of his theories on 'Felicity,' putting yours to flight; while an argument on his 'Descent of the Soul,' makes you wish to believe, with Mahomet, that women had none. The 'Four Dialogues' of Plato may lead to endless ones, until you are content that a dictatorial monologue on the part of Lord Avondale should supply the part of the domestic *causerie* so agreeable in *tete-a-tete* with less highly educated women."

"You refer to the abuse, and not the use, of literature," said Lord Avondale. "A mere superficial knowledge might lead to the evils you menace me with; but Lady Delorraine has 'drunk deep, not tasted the Hyperian spring,' and it has strengthened, not intoxicated, her faculties."

"But have you not observed," asked Sir Henry, "that there are moments in which languor and discontent are visible in her manner? How would you support this reaction—this decided want of the *vis animæ*, that makes to-morrow cheerful as to-day?"

"I flatter myself," said Lord Avondale, "that congeniality of mind, and sympathy of tastes, would fill up 'the void left aching in her breast,'—a void which must be the cause of the inequality of spirits you remark."

"I see you are decided, my dear Avondale, and can only add that, unlike the generality of advisers, when their advice is not followed, I assure you my best wishes for your happiness are yours; and, should my predictions ever be verified, you shall never hear from me that most mortifying of all responses, 'I told you so;' and I truly and sincerely hope your lot may be more fortunate than was mine."

Lord Avondale continued to pay the most marked attention to the fair widow, who, more influenced by the advice of Lady Frances Conway than by her own feelings, received them with a complacency that encouraged him to declare his affection, and to demand her hand. Enamoured as he was, there were moments, however, in which he could not help observing that, even in the midst of one of his most passionate declarations of attachment, the object of them would ask his opinion on the works of some of her favorite authors; and when gently reproached by him for her coldness, she would acknowledge that reason had more charms for her than passion, and that the operations of the brain interested her more than those of the heart. Nevertheless, he did not despair of animating this beautiful statue in time, and pressed his suit so ardently, that at length it was crowned with success, and he led the lovely widow to the hymeneal altar. "The happy couple" (for all newly married ones are, according to newspaper phraseology, pronounced to be so) stepped into their travelling carriage, after a splendid *dejeuner* given to their friends, and were whirled off as fast as four post-horses could convey them to one of the seats of the bridegroom. No sooner had they left the pavement, than Lord Avondale, seizing the hand of his bride, pressed it fondly to his lips, and exclaimed—

"This, my adored Maria, is the happiest moment of my life! Tell me, dearest, that it is not the least happy of yours!"

"There is something very exciting, I admit," replied Lady Avondale, "in being driven thus rapidly along. The quick movement of the carriage has an agreeable influence on the nervous system. You have, of course, studied the nervous system?"

The bridegroom was at that moment sensible of a considerable shock to his, and, as he glanced at the beautiful face of his companion, which was as calm and unmoved as if she had been ten years a wife, instead of being only two hours a bride, he felt that there was something contagious in her coldness.

"I hope the library at Avondale Castle is an extensive one," said the lady, "and that you have got an intelligent librarian."

"Yes, it is a good one; but you must be satisfied with me for a librarian—at least for the present discourse, for I have none."

"I hope we have no neighbors, for I should detest being broken in upon by visitors, as I always devote my mornings to study and writing."

"You will, I trust, suffer me, my dear, to share your seclusion?"

"I fear we should only mutually interrupt each other. I like to pursue my studies quite alone, for the least noise distracts my attention."

Never did bridegroom find himself in a more embarrassing position than Lord Avondale. Passionately in love, he felt that the coldness of his wife imposed the most chilling constraint on him—a constraint that every hour increased, as he discovered that her faculties of thinking had been cultivated and developed at the total expense of those of feeling. Every effort he made to direct her thoughts to their actual position, and to the happiness he anticipated from it, was met by some erudite hypothesis based on the different opinions of ancient writers on the subject of marriage; and he might have fancied himself seated by a pedantic tutor rather than a lovely bride, so foreign was the whole tenor of her conversation from what might be expected under similar circumstances. Never was a honey-moon passed like that of Lord and Lady Avondale. Cold, dispassionate, and absorbed by her studies, the newly-made wife seemed to consider every moment taken from them as a waste of time. The civilities of the neighboring nobility and gentry, nor persuasions of her lord could induce her to tolerate; and he who had hitherto lived on terms of great cordiality with them found himself placed in the most awkward position by the misanthropy of his Countess. Too late did he discover that he was to expect no companionship in his wife. Her mornings were passed in poring over books, and writing marginal notes on them, and the evening found her languid and dispirited from the too close application of the previous hours. In short, Lady Avondale was a book-worm, and, never having possessed a lively imagination or quickness of apprehension, her studies were so disproportioned to the calibre of her intellect, that she became almost as remarkable for her dullness as for her rare beauty. Her temper was placid and even. She never contradicted her lord, but contented herself by adhering so pertinaciously to her own plans and modes of passing her time, that any attempt to change or infringe on them was found to be impossible.

"With a beautiful and even tempered wife, who could suppose that a man's home could be so wholly destitute of all the charm and sunshine which the presence of a woman spreads over it?" thought Lord Avondale, as he sat alone in a morning-room he had appropriated to his own use ever since he had been excluded from the library. "Study has positively become a monomania with Lady Avondale. Every subject to which I endeavor to direct her attention only leads her to fresh researches in the musty tomes, over which she broods for hours. If I solicit her to a walk to my pleasaunce, she becomes impatient to return home, that she may consult Buffon in relation to some peculiarity she noticed in the birds; and if I lead her to the conservatory or gardens, instead of taking pleasure in the rare plants and flowers to be met with there, she thinks only of consulting works on botany and flowers, in order that she may analyze and class the different species and genus of those that attracted her notice. An observation about a horse or a dog is sure to lead to an erudite and dry dissertation, on the qualities of these animals; and in short, I cannot open my lips without drawing on myself a lecture replete with dull scientific information, the utterance of which, with the abstruse terms she uses, takes off all charm from those rosy lips, which I long to hear talk nonsense, in preference to the stale wisdom they pronounce. It was only last night that I unhappily remarked on the brilliancy of the moon, and forthwith I was favored with an epitome of the whole planetary system. Oh, ye gods! even ignorance itself would be preferable to this continual mode of converting life into a seminary, uncheered by the relaxation of play permitted by those institutions. Why, why did I reject the counsel of my friend, and wed a woman who will not deign to bestow happiness on me, and on whom I cannot confer it? It is impossible to disguise from myself that I am but a cipher in the mode of existence my wife has adopted. My library, and not myself, constitutes her happiness. Where is the interchange of thought, the delicious causeries I had anticipated—those charming *tete-a-tete* which with a sensible and intellectual wife form the charm of wedded-life?"

Such were the painful reflections that daily passed in the mind of Lord Avondale, as day succeeding day found his wife pursuing the same course of arduous study followed by similar results—languor and low spirits. His neighbors, offended that their advances towards intimacy had been rejected, treated him with a distant coldness whenever they by chance met, and he lived in a state of positive seclusion. He had now been six months a husband, and Lady Avondale promised soon to make him a father. He hoped that her interesting situation would have produced a change in her conduct, and he repeatedly urged, on [illegible] of her health, the necessity of taking more exercise, and being more in the open air. His pleadings were unsuccessful, for she declared that now, more than ever, was study indispensable for her, in order that she might pursue the various systems laid down by physicians for the management of infants, and the conducting a nursery; and, impressed with the seriousness of this imaginary duty, she devoted more time than ever to reading, and making notes on this subject. The consequences were even more grave than Lord Avondale had anticipated; for her health, injured by her improper mode of life, gave way when her delicate position most required its being strengthened, and she prematurely gave birth to a male infant, who only lived for a few minutes, leaving its mother in a state that for some weeks forbade hope of her recovery. How bitter were the feelings of Lord Avondale during this crisis, and how were they aggravated by the knowledge that to his wife's imprudence and obstinacy might be imputed the disappointment of his hopes and her danger! He, however, watched by her sick couch with an attention and tenderness that never abated during the long and tedious hours that confined her to it. He soothed, he consoled her, and, weakened by so much suffering, she became docile as a child in his hands.

It was now for the first time that Lady Avondale learned to know the value of affection, and, as this knowledge dawned on her mind, a sense of her own unworthiness came with it. How did she reproach herself for the selfish habits of indulgence so recklessly pursued since her marriage, and her utter disregard for the happiness of that dear being, who like a ministering angel, watched day and night by her pillow. Bitterly did her conscience accuse her of having brought on by her own folly the catastrophe she now deplored. A film which had obscured her mental sight seemed to have been removed from her eyes, for now all things appeared to her in their true colors. How blamable, how sinful had been her conduct! When her convalescence allowed her lord husband to converse with her without restraint, how was she astonished and charmed with the versatility and extent of his information, and the unaffected manner in which it was revealed. His knowledge, not like hers, crude or undigested by the voracity with which it had been devoured, gushed forth clear, fresh, and bright, as some limpid fountain refreshing all that it touched; and she found that she derived more advantage from his conversation than from all the hours formerly devoted to ill-regulated and excessive study. And this was the man whose society she had slighted, for the unhealthy pursuit which had hitherto absorbed all her time, and led to such fatal results! Now, indeed, did she appreciate him truly, and while forming a just estimate of his mental powers, learn to know the inferiority of her own.

Lady Avondale left her sick chamber an altered and a better woman. Her husband now directed and shared her studies, which ever after engrossed only a reasonable portion of her hours, leaving her sufficient time for the fulfilment of all her domestic duties, and for the cultivation of those social ones which have rendered her as popular in her neighborhood as she was at the commencement of her sojourn at Avondale Castle disliked. The qualities of her heart, so long allowed to lie dormant, owing to literature having totally absorbed her time, have now been fully developed, and their healthful exercise constitutes the happiness of her husband, and of a beautiful boy, with which it has pleased Heaven to bless them. She has written, but not published, a little book, setting forth the dangers of over-study, which she presents anonymously to any youthful person of her own sex too much addicted to it, and, when reflecting on her past errors, which with a deep humility she often does, she dwells with heartfelt gratitude on the forbearance and tenderness of her husband, which accomplished her correction, and restored her to happiness.

THE TEMPTATION;

OR,

THE EVILS OF IDLENESS.

BY J. T. S. SULLIVAN.

"I will take your son, then, into my employ, but I shall expect him to be industrious, and faithful to his business. Should he prove to be what you have represented him, he shall not regret the arduous duties imposed upon him during his apprenticeship. I have no son; my nephews are provided for; and he may hope to be my successor. But industry, temperance and fidelity are the conditions."

"Thanks—a thousand thanks, my dear Marville!" replied the aged father, with emotion. "You will find Harry capable, and, I am sure, faithful. You have removed a burden of care from this broken heart, and I can only give you the gratitude of a sorrowing parent."

"Don't speak of gratitude, Williamson. If your boy prove what I anticipate, the gratitude will lie on my side. Good morning. My kind regards to Mrs. Williamson, and let me see Henry to-morrow morning at 7 o'clock."

With a cordial shake of the hand, Mr. Marville took his leave. He had scarcely left the humble dwelling of the overjoyed father, before Mrs. Williamson made her appearance, [illegible], yet neatly dressed, in a quiet, close cap, and snow-white muslin frock, bearing a waiter with some lemonade and home-made cake, which she placed upon the table, with an exclamation—

"Has he gone?"

"Yes, my love; but he has left behind him the brightest hopes to cheer our hearts."

Here the old man began to detail to his wife the conversation he had held with Marville, and the two employed themselves in picturing the future prospects of their son and only child. The desire to impart this news to Harry, as he was always called at home, made the parents quite impatient of his return.

"It lacks but an hour of dinner-time," said the mother, "and he will soon be here. Bless me! I forgot the fish. It will be boiled to pieces!"

With this she hurried to the kitchen, leaving the old man to dream of Harry's good fortune.

Henry Williamson, the father, had been a gentleman of large fortune. He had received a liberal education in his youth, and, being an only child, was brought up to no profession, but that of "killing time." Fortunately for himself, his tastes led him to study, and he had made himself something of a reputation among the literary men of Boston, where he resided. Determined to bequeath his fortunes to his son, and deeming an English education the best, to fit his child for the full enjoyment of his wealth, Mr. Williamson had sent Henry to London, where he remained until arrangements were made for his reception at school. He had attained his fourteenth year when he entered upon his studies.

Henry was handsome, amiable, and, by nature, talented, but he showed but little disposition to study. Still his fear of disgrace induced him to apply himself, but only to an extent necessary to keep up with his class. Letters from England gave Mr. Williamson encouragement of his son's progress, and he was looking forward anxiously to the time when he should welcome Harry home, as an educated young man. How uncertain are our hopes of the future!

When Harry had attained his eighteenth year, Mr. Williamson had determined to visit England, for the sole purpose of seeing his son. He was obliged, preparatory to his leaving Boston, to attend more particularly to his estate, in order to feel assured that every thing would go on in its proper course during his absence. It was a novel thing for Mr. Williamson to turn his attention to such matters, and he was necessarily brought in contact with persons of all grades of society. The novelty of his employment was charming to this man of leisure. He began to make improvements here, and investments there, until he found himself involved in speculations. He fell into the hands of some schemers, and in less than eighteen months from the time he took the management of his property into his own hands, he saw himself entangled in such an intricate snarl of embarrassments, that he called in his friends to investigate his affairs. It was too soon discovered that Mr. Williamson was insolvent. The blow was terrible to him! With almost a broken heart he imparted the intelligence to his faithful wife, a woman of superior mind, and remarkable dignity of character.

With female fortitude did Mrs. Williamson listen to this melancholy statement of her husband. Forgetting herself, she bent her whole soul upon investing sources of consolation to the partner of her woes.

"It is sad, my dear Harry, very sad," said the old lady; "but all is not lost. They will leave us something, and our wants are few. Henry is the only source of care. But he can soon find employment here, and, like other young men, less capable, he may raise himself one of these days to influence and distinction."

"True, my love, he may do that. We will hope for the best, and may God grant him strength to bear this reverse of fortune. He must return at once."

The next day a letter was despatched to England, re-calling Henry, setting forth the change in his father's circumstances, and preparing his mind for the altered state of things he had to expect at home.

Soon after the fatal disclosure of Mr. Williamson's affairs, his creditors had a meeting, and resolved to furnish a small house in an unfrequented but respectable part of the city, and allow him, during his own life-time, an annual income of eight hundred dollars; and to his wife, in case she survived him, half that sum during her life. But no provision was made for the son. Most of the family plate was also given him for life, but at his death to revert to the creditors.

This was something: but to a man whose income had never been less than twenty-five thousand per annum, it seemed a mere pittance. The self sacrificing character of Mrs. Williamson, together with her superiority of mind, made this act of the creditors appear in a light of generosity, and inspired her husband with a sense of contentment, which made his situation assume a less desperate character than he had at first considered it.

Mr. Williamson's friends in England had determined that Henry should remain at college until the expiration of that term, when he might retire during the vacation, without giving publicity to his father's misfortunes. This detained Henry several months, and, before he reached home, his parents had become domiciliated in their new abode.

At last, Henry arrived. His father's friends had taken care to supply his wardrobe amply, and when he entered the presence of his parents, a feeling of pride filled both hearts at beholding the manly figure of their son, set forth to the best advantage in his subdued English dress.

It were out of place here to detail the mutual sorrowings and congratulations which took place between the three. Suffice it to say, that in less than one month, through the instrumentality of Mr. Williamson's friends, Henry had been introduced into society, and, though still a boy, had become quite a pet of the gay world. In those days, a young gentleman, educated in Europe, was so rare a thing, that he was doomed to be *lionized* on his return. Such was Henry's fate.

The dangers of society are known comparatively to but few, especially when applied to a young man of Henry's beauty, tact, accomplishments and gay spirits. Courted for his musical powers, no party was given without an invitation being extended to Harry. No supper party among young men was deemed *made up*, unless the convivial powers of Harry Williamson were enlisted to "make it go off well." This led Harry into a whirl of dissipation, each day of which life made him less fit for the dull routine of business. His parents were retired from the world since their change of fortune, and they knew not of the extent of Harry's gaiety. The father believed him looking out for employment, and was totally ignorant of the course his son pursued.—The lynx eye of a mother read deeper. She never closed her eyes at night until Harry's step had been heard upon the stairs, and often would she creep to his bed-side after he had fallen asleep, to satisfy herself he was at home.

Too often these stolen visits were the source of intense anxiety. The deep sleep, the rapid, heavy breathing, and the inflamed eye-lid, told her of something more than innocent gaiety—and she began to dread the consequences of her son's idle life.

The mother's fears were not unfounded. Often did Harry reach his humble home with uncertain step and whirling brain. The freedom from restraint, to which he had not been accustomed while at school in England, led him into excesses of which he had heretofore been entirely ignorant.

There is a strange fascination in vice to the young mind. Its indulgence is regarded as an evidence of manliness, and this false sentiment has been the ruin of many a noble heart. Harry Williamson was associated with all the idle young men about town.—True, they were mostly the sons of gentlemen, but idleness is the sister of vicious habits and extravagance, and seldom is seen apart from the latter. It was the case with Harry. His companions had money, he had none. If he obtained it, it was by incurring a debt to a friend. He wished also to appear their equal, and this involved him again in debt to tailors and hatters, boot-makers and hosiers, all of whom tell hard, and require payment of their dues. To the pay-day, Harry gave but little care. His thoughtless life allowed him no time for such reflections. He played cards too, for his companions did; and he was the more induced to this vice, because he hoped to gain, and thus supply himself with money. But he who gambles to win, unless he have the means to pay his losses, always plays at double disadvantage with those who have. He becomes timid and again desperate by turns, giving his adversary the benefit of this uncertainty—an uncertainty never failing to ruin the money-less gambler. Harry had involved himself in "debts of honor," so called, to a large amount, to pay which he neither had means nor hopes. This brought him gradually into disrepute among his companions, and his credit among the tradesmen was also declining. He would often drink to drown the recollections of his melancholy situation, and the increase of this habit was not lost upon his mother.

She had spoken to him of the necessity of his situation. With tears in her eyes she called upon him to change his course of life. With tears in his eyes did Harry promise, resolved at the moment to reform. But the sight of his companions, an invitation, a proposition for some new amusement, found him too weak to say "no," and away he went into the same channel of dissipation, breaking a mother's heart, and laying the foundation for his own ruin.

Let us now take a glance at a different family.—Lewis Marville was the son of an Englishman who had settled in Boston just before the revolution began its work. He had but small means, and with these, through his industry, he had established a highly respectable name among the merchants. His son Lewis was brought up in the most strict manner, and at his father's death, being the only son, he continued the business. His only sister was married at the age of eighteen and left him, only twenty-four years old, with a good business, to look after himself alone. As his income was sufficient, he determined to marry. He selected a woman suited to him in every aspect, and with her and his unostentatious home, he began life without an idea of any other pleasure, than that of attending to his store, and contributing to the happiness of his partner in life, his Betsey, as he called his wife.

It was not an unusual thing in those days for merchants of extensive business to have their stores and dwellings in the same building. Such was the case with Lewis Marville. And he occupied the same house in which he had been born, and in which his father commenced business before him.

At early dawn Lewis Marville was at his post.—When not occupied with business, he was reading, or applying himself to the education of his only child, a daughter. He had watched over the gradual expansion of her infant mind with rigid care, and endeavored to instil into her heart the firmest principles of virtue and morality. Nor did his efforts prove fruitless. She grew up a fine intelligent woman, not beautiful, yet by no means the reverse. Her associations with the world were such as to keep her profoundly ignorant of the vice of "high life," and she looked upon existence as a quiet Sabbath-day, varied only by the little changes of domestic character, or the anxieties of business.

When Elizabeth Marville had attained her eighteenth year, her mother died. This was an irreparable loss to herself and her father. And the sincerity of that deep-rooted, calm, but resigned grief, depicted upon the countenances of the daughter and husband, as they knelt beside the grave, would have told any one acquainted with the human heart, that many a day would come and go, before the wound of sorrowing grief could be healed.

Soon after this melancholy bereavement, the only clerk which Mr. Marville had ever employed, received an injury of a severe character from a fall, and his physician peremptorily forbade his further attention to business. This accident devolved more than ordinary duties upon Mr. Marville. He could not find a man to replace his old counting-house companion, and his attention was now wholly devoted to his own affairs. His business was extensive, and his fortune sufficient to have enabled him to live on his income. But his whole life had been one of constant employment, and he no more thought of retiring from mercantile life, than he did of giving up his visits to church on Sunday.

In this emergency, his daughter came to his assistance. She began by copying his correspondence, filing away his papers, and at last made herself entirely his clerk. She could have married, and married well, but she would not leave her father. The beautiful Lizzy Marville, the confidential clerk of her father, became a subject of remark. Many a merchant went to Mr. Marville's store to see the clerk, when he would otherwise have written. But the universal esteem in which she was held, made her father proud of his child; and, knowing her as he did, he felt no uneasiness in leaving her in charge of the counting-house when his duties called him to the wharf. Still the business kept his daughter too confined, and he determined to seek an assistant.

It was at this moment that Mrs. Williamson induced her husband to confer with Mr. Marville about receiving Henry into his store, and the result of the interview we have read at the commencement of this story. The next day after that interview was the day on which Henry was to make his appearance at the counting-house of his new employer.

The father and mother waited dinner, but Henry did not come home; so they partook of their frugal repast, conjuring up all kinds of fancies as to the causes of Henry's absence. It was no uncommon thing for Henry to be absent from dinner, but that day it struck the parents as very remarkable—they were so anxious to see him. The evening came, but Henry did not make his appearance. The clock struck ten—eleven—twelve. The old gentleman awoke in his easy chair: it was two hours later than his usual time for retiring.

"Hasn't he come home yet, mother?"

"Not yet," replied Mrs. Williamson—desirous of keeping the lateness of the hour from the father—"but he will be here directly.'

The old gentleman pulled out his watch. "What! my love, it's past twelve o'clock!"

"But, Henry may be at some party, dear—he will not tarry long."

"It is no time of night for decent young men to be out—and I begin to fear Harry's hours are not very suitable to business. It's high time he had employment. Listen! the clock struck one!"

"You had better go to bed, dear. I will sit up for Henry, and tell him about Mr. Marville."

"No, no, wife! I must see him myself. He must be home soon. How can a young man leave his parents thus to watch for him. 'Tis cruel, and were it not the anxiety I feel for his future welfare, I should be disposed to close the doors upon him forever."

"Remember, husband, you were young once.—When young men get together they know not how time flies. Henry is not aware that we are anxiously waiting his return."

"But he cannot be in good company! No young men of respectability are out of their homes at this hour! I am very glad Mr. Marville has kindly promised to take him—else he might go to ruin, if the work has not been already completed."

"Ah!—no, husband! Harry has a good heart. He is easily led astray. Kindness does every thing with him—so when he comes in, speak kindly to him. I am sure it will have more effect than harsh means. Remember, too, husband, that Harry has been idle. His life will now change, and he will become a worthy man."

"I trust he may. But these hours make me dread the trial. Such bad habits are not reformed in a day."

"But if he is occupied he will have no chance to see his old companions, and all may be well yet."

"We will hope for the best, wife. Hark! the door opens!"

And the door did open, and as Harry locked it, he heard voices. He stood still, in breathless suspense. He did not expect to find his parents up. His head was bursting with excitement. His pulse was quick and feverish. He had just left the gaming-table—where he had not only involved himself deeper in debts of honor, but had also had an altercation with a man whom he would have blushed to acknowledge in daylight as a companion. This altercation had given rise to high words; Harry had received "the lie," and in return had felled his antagonist to the floor. In the midst of this excitement he turned towards home. He stood at the door, hesitating whether he should confront his parents or leave the house.

His mother, who had heard the door locked, and was waiting for Harry to ascend the stairs, came with a light to see who it might be. It was too late and Harry was obliged to go up. He met his mother, and followed her into the little parlour, where his father sat in his arm-chair, his gouty leg tied up in flannels, holding his watch. His mother put down the lamp, took her seat, and prepared to fold up her sewing with trembling nervousness, while Harry seated himself in the first vacant chair, and with downcast looks awaited the bursting of the storm he expected would greet him.

A long silence ensued. At last the clock struck two. The silence of night made the heavy vibrations distinctly heard, and they fell like knells upon Harry's heart.

"Harry! Harry!" exclaimed his father, and hid his face in his hands. The old man had not even looked upon his son, and these tones of desponding sorrow came so unexpectedly to the self-reproached boy, so mad, for so he looked upon himself, that his feelings with unexpected revulsion, overwhelmed him. He sprang forward to his father's chair, fell upon his knees, seized his parent's hand, and burst into tears. He could say nothing, for he had nought to say. The old man's emotion subsided, and angry feelings gave way to kindly ones.

"Sit down, Harry, and listen to me."

Harry did as he was bidden. The old man wiped away the tears which had filled his eyes, and giving his wife a look of inquiring anxiety, began:

"Harry, your mother and myself have had but one care in life: your welfare. We have watched over you in infancy, until you grew a promising boy.—While fortune smiled, and means were within our reach, these means were freely given to secure to you the best gift within a parent's power, a liberal education. God saw fit to visit us with reverses;—for ourselves we cared not, for we are old, and fast tottering to eternal rest: but for you, my boy, the blow seemed heavy. We were forced to recall you home from England. You came to us the realization, nay, more, of our fondest hopes. We have passed many hours in consultation as to your future course in life. I am unable to have you study for a profession, and have therefore long since determined to make a merchant of you, if opportunity offered. That opportunity has presented itself. My old and tried friend, Mr. Marville, has agreed to take you into his counting-house, and desires to see you to-morrow morning, at seven o'clock. You will, of course, go to him. He is a punctual man, and I desire you not to forget that he will expect you as the clock strikes."

Here the old gentleman made a pause. He saw that Harry's feelings were touched, for his face was hid in his hands; and he could see by the convulsive throes of his chest, that he was stifling his sobs. He waited a few minutes, and continued—

"I have little to say, Harry, but that little had better be said now. I never before had the slightest suspicion of your bad hours. I dread to learn the use you have made of your time of late. I hope I may never learn. Your looks to-night are haggard, and I fear you have not been where a gentleman would wish to be seen. I do not mean by a gentleman the man who makes the best bow, and wears the most fashionable clothes, for any rascal may do this. The roughest leather takes a polish, if rubbed long enough. But I mean by a gentleman, a man who fears no one, shuns no one, is slave to no one, and who does to others as he would be done by, for the deed's sake, while he is ready to suffer a strict scrutiny into every act of his life. Such a gentleman I would have you be, my son. Wealth cannot give it, nor poverty rob you of it. You are no longer the heir to wealth. Remember this, that he has most friends who needs none. And the only way to secure yourself friends in life, is to place yourself above the necessity of needing them. You will, perhaps, feel it a degradation to enter Mr. Marville's store as an apprentice to your future profession. I hope you will not, but I fear the follies of youth. Pin the Arabian proverb in your hat—'Ask not who my father was, but what I am!'—and keep this before your eyes, with the conviction in your heart, that nothing is demeaning to a man which is honest in itself, and esteemed by persons whose opinions are worth the having. Quit your old associates—they love you not, nor are their habits suitable to a poor young man, who has the responsibility of an honest name resting upon him. Above all, my dear boy, remember your parents. Their only hope rests upon their child, and God grant this hope may be realized. Good-night, my boy. God bless you!"

The old gentleman took his crutch, and with deep emotion evident in his very limbs, he limped, with the assistance of his wife, to his chamber.

Harry would have hurried after him to kiss his hand—to tell him what he felt—how deeply he lamented his past errors; but he was chained to his chair, and his very heart threatened to burst its prison-house. He seized a lamp, rushed to his chamber, threw himself upon his bed, and gave vent to a flood of tears.

Tears, even to a young man, afford not the relief they do to women. Women require tears as a safety-valve to pent-up feelings. Men require excitement to work them off. If tears do come, they leave a man subdued, but not relieved. So it was with Harry Williamson. When he rose from his couch, his brain, his heart, were busy—he was overwhelmed with repentance. He thought, in the absence of all associations, that he could snap the links of his old habits—that he could reform his mode of life in that hour—that, in fact, he was a reformed man. He made resolutions—no one ever made better—and he determined on the morrow to commence a new life a better man.

Just as he was about to extinguish his lamp, he heard a gentle tap at his door. He opened it, and there stood his mother.

"Good-night, my son," she said; "I could not go to bed without a good-night kiss. Now, my dear Harry, go to sleep; get all the rest you can. I will be up at six, and wake you. Good-night."

He kissed his doting mother, and as he closed the door, he stopped, and with his hand pressed to his forehead—"to wrong such a mother! what a wretch I have been!" he exclaimed; and all the hours he had robbed her of sleep—all the anxious moments he had caused her—all the pain he had inflicted upon her, seemed to rush upon him at once. He saw his own worthlessness—the despicable character of his associates, and the misery he had entailed upon himself, and all for what?

"No!" he exclaimed, half audibly, "no! I will show my father and mother how I love them, and that I am still worthy of their care and affection!"

With these reflections, he sought his bed.

The next morning, before seven o'clock, Harry was on his way to Mr. Marville's store, followed by the blessings and prayers of the two only *friends* he had in the world. The clock struck seven as he reached the counting-house. He opened the door.

"Good-morning, sir," said Mr. Marville, laying down his pen, and turning his quiet but amiable countenance towards Harry. "Your business, sir?"

"My name is Henry Williamson, sir," said Harry, taking off his hat, and closing the door.

"You are punctual, sir, and I am glad to see it.—Take a seat, sir. There are the morning papers, Mr. Williamson. Amuse yourself a moment with them, until I have finished this letter."

Harry took his seat, and mechanically took a paper; but reading was out of the question. He held the paper in his hand, but his eyes wandered about to examine the room of which he was soon to become an habitual inmate.

It was a room very simply furnished, but every thing in it bore the mark of age, use, and comfort, and gave a cheerful, quiet, business-like feeling to all who examined it. On one side of an old-fashioned fire-place, stood a tall desk, at which Mr. Marville was writing. He was dressed in a plain suit of black, the same sombre color he had worn since his wife's death; his grey hairs were nicely combed back from his forehead, and were gathered in a cue behind, very neatly tied with black ribbon; his silk stockings fitted tight to a well-formed leg, and his shoes were as bright as blacking and labor could make them. On the other side of the fire-place stood a table-desk, with a chair unoccupied, neatly dusted, and as bright and comfortable as well-kept mahogany of fifty years old always looks. Opposite to the fire-place, stood a large, old-styled paper-case, and on either side hung maps of harbors, signals, flags of different nations, etc. etc. In the centre of the room was a small table, on which the daily papers were thrown, and a chair on each side. The floor was sprinkled with white sand, and although few steps had disturbed it that morning, it had been there long enough to dry.

A glance told Harry that the counting-room was merely a place of business, and furthermore, that all business was done with exactness and promptitude.

Mr. Marville finished his letter, read it over, and rang his bell. In a moment, a young lady, about Harry's age, dressed with all the neatness a Quaker could have desired, and looking as bright and cheerful as the November morning without, entered the room.

"Mr. Williamson, my dear," said Mr. Marville; "and this, sir, is my daughter, Miss Elizabeth."

Henry had risen from his seat. He had heard of Miss Lizzy Marville, "the clerk," as she was called, but he had not expected to find her such a person.

"Mr. Williamson and myself must have some private conversation, Elizabeth—but before you leave us, run your eye over that letter, and tell me what you think of it. This is a fine morning, sir," addressing himself to Henry; "but day sets in now with a nipping air. To you young men it's nothing, but my old limbs begin to feel it."

"It is cold, sir, at dawn," replied Henry, who had never seen the morning dawn for five years, unless when returning home so heated by wine that Kamschatka's cold would have been unheeded.

"But, father," said Miss Lizzy, after reading the letter, "you give him here no discretionary power to act. Suppose the ship be forced to put into another port, or cannot obtain this cargo at Java? I would add a few words, giving him some power in case of emergency."

"That might be well, Lizzy. Please add that, and copy it—I will sign the copy."

"Breakfast will be ready immediately," she replied, as she folded the letter, and placed it upon the table desk, under a weight, before leaving the two to their private conversation.

"Well, Mr. Williamson, your father informs me that you are desirous of becoming a merchant."

"I am, sir, desirous of getting any occupation.—My father is poor, and I must earn my own livelihood."

"Poverty has come upon many other estimable men as well as your father, Mr. Williamson: and will be the lot of many yet to come. This is the natural course of events. But to the point! I know you are entirely unacquainted with business. Your father told me this much, and I hesitated much as to taking you into my counting-house. Yet, industry and perseverance will soon enable you to become a business man, and to repay me for the trouble I may have in bringing you up to be a merchant."

"You will find me willing to work, sir."

"I am glad to hear that. A will to do is one of the essentials in attaining an end. My hours and rules are strict. You must be here daily at six o'clock. You will copy my correspondence, keep account of sales and invoices, and obey such instructions as myself or daughter may give you. You will be kept busy until nightfall, oftentimes later. You must, therefore, resign all thoughts of pleasure, and go to work!"

"I am ready, sir, to begin—and prepared for the trial."

"Have you breakfasted?"

"No, sir!"

"Go home and get your breakfast, and return as soon as you can."

Harry hurried home, and found his mother anxious to know all that had happened. Harry related his conversation with Mr. Marville, and spoke in admiration of Miss Lizzy. He also repeated his determination to break off all connection with his old acquaintances, and to devote himself exclusively to business. He despatched his breakfast hastily; and was off to his new duty.

Never was parent's heart more rejoiced than was Mrs. Williamson's that morning. The realization of her fondest hopes seemed to be at hand. She looked upon her son as rescued from the gulf of vice into which she feared his evil associates had drawn him, and, hurried with youthful steps to her husband's apartment, to impart her joy and assist him at his morning toilette.

Harry had returned sooner than Mr. Marville had anticipated, and he gave him a cheering smile as he entered the door.

"You are prompt, Mr. Williamson, and we will at once put you to your task. Here, sir, is the letter book into which my business correspondence is copied. You will mark the page on the letter answered, if it be an answer, and if not, make this sign, to indicate that it is not. There is also an index, into which you will transcribe the name of the person to whom the letter is written. Now, sir, to begin, please copy this letter. Here are quills, ink, and knife at hand."

Henry went to his work with all the ardour of his sanguine temperament, filled with good resolutions, and believing that he had already vanquished himself.

During his occupation Miss Marville entered the room. With his accustomed politeness, Henry sprang from his seat, and stood respectfully, pen in hand, to wish her the compliments of the morning.

"Don't disturb yourself, Mr. Williamson," said the lady; "you must not mind my coming in or going out, or you will never get on with your labors."

The self-possession, the tranquility and dignity of Miss Marville, somewhat disconcerted Harry. He had not been accustomed to such a demeanor, and he read something, he could not define what, in her countenance, that attracted him irresistably and inspired him with a desire to make her his *confidante*.

He resumed his work, but Miss Lizzy's eyes and manner were constantly before him. He finished his letter, and requested information as to the entries to be made in the index, and the mark on the letter. Miss Lizzy ran her eye over his copy.

"You write an excellent hand, Mr. Williamson, and somewhat different from the writing of our clerks generally."

"I learned it in England, Miss Marville, where I was educated."

"You have been a traveller, then," said the lady.

"Only so far as two voyages across the Atlantic make one such. I went to school in England, but saw little of the country."

"Your writing reminds me of our English correspondents. This copy is excellent. You will make a better clerk than I have been, Mr. Williamson."

"You are very kind to say so, Miss Marville."

"This letter is an answer, as you have probably remarked. Just put in red ink the number of the page on the original, and the number of the letter-book, 4; then write the same numbers under the answer, with the word *answer*; and in the index write simply the name of the person to whom addressed—"Hansen & Co., London." I will show you how these letters are to be filed hereafter. For the present, put them in this pigeon-hole.

"Now, Mr. Williamson, you will have to learn another branch of your duty. In this small book, marked "entering-book," you will keep an account of all goods received—thus: if it be a box, you say "box"—then the contents generally, then the mark of the box; and so with packages, bales, barrels, hogsheads, pipes, and so forth. In this book, marked "sales-book," after a sale has been made, and the bill written out, you will see that the same entries are made thus: Bill to Messrs. A. & B., delivered—date—box, bale, or what it may be; then the mark, and to what porter delivered—and compare it with the bill before sent, to see that everything tallies.—There will arrive soon some goods from one of our ships just in, and you will have an opportunity of practising."

"I am afraid, Miss Marville, you will not find me a very apt scholar."

"All things have a beginning, Mr. Williamson. How long were you in England?"

"About six years. I should have remained longer but my father's misfortunes obliged me to return."

"What have you followed since you came back?"

"I have been seeking employment, but have not succeeded until your father's kindness gave me an opportunity of relieving my anxious parents."

"I doubt not you will prove industrious with such responsibilities on your shoulders. Here are the goods, and here's the book."

Harry went to work—followed closely his instructions, and proved quite an adept at his new occupation. It was a busy day, and Harry got home at night with a sense of fatigue, and a satisfaction at having done his duty, such as he had never before experienced. There is a strange pleasure to be derived from the first labors of our life, when that labor is the stepping stone to our future occupation. It is a pleasure which must be felt to be known. That pleasure was Henry Williamson's that night. He passed the evening quietly at home, and the joy he gave his parents, and the tranquility of the fireside, a novelty to Henry, had a charm which induced him the more to believe that he should never stray again from the path he had marked out for himself.

During the succeeding three months after Harry's enlistment, his fair companion of the counting-room had gained his confidence, and succeeded in getting many details of his former mode of life from his own lips. These confessions were interesting to one who was so little acquainted with the world as Miss Lizzy Marville. Harry had also confessed that he was somewhat in debt; but the full extent of his embarrassments he was ashamed to own, even to himself. Three months elapsed, without much of variety.—Occasionally, Harry indulged in a little gaiety, but succeeded in guarding himself against the temptations of his former habits.

His application to business very soon inspired Mr. Marville with confidence. He gradually assumed greater responsibility. He attended to the collection and payment of moneys, and his rigid exactness gave Mr. Marville every hope that Harry would soon be enabled to relieve him, as well as his daughter, of the arduous duties of the counting house.

During this period, Harry had frequently met in the street with his creditors, who importuned him for money. He made them promises of speedy payments, which only relieved him for a time from their petitions, while they served to encourage hope. At last, these *duns* found their way to his place of business. They would call him from his desk, while Mr. Marville was present, who always scanned the visitor with a keen glance, and enquired their business, believing it might concern him. Very soon these continued calls of persons, evidently so con-secure yourself friends in life, is to place yourself above the necessity of needing them. You will, perhaps, feel it a degradation to enter Mr. Marville's store as an apprentice to your future profession. I hope you will not, but I fear the follies of youth. Pin the Arabian proverb in your hat—'Ask not who my father was, but what I am!'—and keep this before your eyes, with the conviction in your heart, that nothing is demeaning to a man which is honest in itself, and esteemed by persons whose opinions are worth the having. Quit your old associates—they love you not, nor are their habits suitable to a poor young man, who has the responsibility of an honest name resting upon him. Above all, my dear boy, remember your parents. Their only hope rests upon their child, and God grant this hope may be realized. Good-night, my boy. God bless you!"

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"But, father," said Miss Lizzy, after reading the letter, "you give him here no discretionary power to act. Suppose the ship be forced to put into another port, or cannot obtain this cargo at Java? I would add a few words, giving him some power in case of emergency."

"That might be well, Lizzy. Please add that, and copy it—I will sign the copy."

"Breakfast will be ready immediately," she replied, as she folded the letter, and placed it upon the table desk, under a weight, before leaving the two to their private conversation.

"Well, Mr. Williamson, your father informs me that you are desirous of becoming a merchant."

"I am, sir, desirous of getting any occupation.—My father is poor, and I must earn my own livelihood."

"Poverty has come upon many other estimable men as well as your father, Mr. Williamson: and will be the lot of many yet to come. This is the natural course of events. But to the point! I know you are entirely unacquainted with business. Your father told me this much, and I hesitated much as to taking you into my counting-house. Yet, industry and perseverance will soon enable you to become a business man, and to repay me for the trouble I may have in bringing you up to be a merchant."

"You will find me willing to work, sir."

"I am glad to hear that. A will to do is one of the essentials in attaining an end. My hours and rules are strict. You must be here daily at six o'clock. You will copy my correspondence, keep account of sales and invoices, and obey such instructions as myself or daughter may give you. You will be kept busy until nightfall, oftentimes later. You must, therefore, resign all thoughts of pleasure, and go to work!"

"I am ready, sir, to begin—and prepared for the trial."

"Have you breakfasted?"

"No, sir!"

"Go home and get your breakfast, and return as soon as you can."

Harry hurried home, and found his mother anxious to know all that had happened. Harry related his conversation with Mr. Marville, and spoke in admiration of Miss Lizzy. He also repeated his determination to break off all connection with his old acquaintances, and to devote himself exclusively to business. He despatched his breakfast hastily; and was off to his new duty.

Never was parent's heart more rejoiced than was Mrs. Williamson's that morning. The realization of her fondest hopes seemed to be at hand. She looked upon her son as rescued from the gulf of vice into which she feared his evil associates had drawn him, and, hurried with youthful steps to her husband's apartment, to impart her joy and assist him at his morning toilette.

Harry had returned sooner than Mr. Marville had anticipated, and he gave him a cheering smile as he entered the door.

"You are prompt, Mr. Williamson, and we will at once put you to your task. Here, sir, is the letter book into which my business correspondence is copied. You will mark the page on the letter answered, if it be an answer, and if not, make this sign, to indicate that it is not. There is also an index, into which you will transcribe the name of the person to whom the letter is written. Now, sir, to begin, please copy this letter. Here are quills, ink, and knife at hand."

Henry went to his work with all the ardour of his sanguine temperament, filled with good resolutions, and believing that he had already vanquished himself.

During his occupation Miss Marville entered the room. With his accustomed politeness, Henry sprang from his seat, and stood respectfully, pen in hand, to wish her the compliments of the morning.

"Don't disturb yourself, Mr. Williamson," said the lady; "you must not mind my coming in or going out, or you will never get on with your labors."

The self-possession, the tranquility and dignity of Miss Marville, somewhat disconcerted Harry. He had not been accustomed to such a demeanor, and he read something, he could not define what, in her countenance, that attracted him irresistably and inspired him with a desire to make her his *confidante*.

He resumed his work, but Miss Lizzy's eyes and manner were constantly before him. He finished his letter, and requested information as to the entries to be made in the index, and the mark on the letter. Miss Lizzy ran her eye over his copy.

"You write an excellent hand, Mr. Williamson, and somewhat different from the writing of our clerks generally."

"I learned it in England, Miss Marville, where I was educated."

"You have been a traveller, then," said the lady.

"Only so far as two voyages across the Atlantic make one such. I went to school in England, but saw little of the country."

"Your writing reminds me of our English correspondents. This copy is excellent. You will make a better clerk than I have been, Mr. Williamson."

"You are very kind to say so, Miss Marville."

"This letter is an answer, as you have probably remarked. Just put in red ink the number of the page on the original, and the number of the letter-book 4; then write the same numbers under the answer, with the word *answer*; and in the index write simply the name of the person to whom addressed—"Hansen & Co., London." I will show you how these letters are to be filed hereafter. For the present, put them in this pigeon-hole.

"Now, Mr. Williamson, you will have to learn another branch of your duty. In this small book, marked "receiving-book," you will keep an account of all goods received—thus: if it be a box, you say "box"—then the contents generally, then the mark of the box; and so with packages, bales, barrels, hogsheads, pipes, and so forth. In this book, marked "sales-book," after a sale has been made, and the bill written out, you will see that the same entries are made thus: Bill to Messrs. A. & B., delivered—date—box, bale, or what it may be; then the mark, and to what porter delivered—and compare it with the bill before sent, to see that everything tallies.—There will arrive soon some goods from one of our ships just in, and you will have an opportunity of practising."

"I am afraid, Miss Marville, you will not find me a very apt scholar."

"All things have a beginning, Mr. Williamson. How long were you in England?"

"About six years. I should have remained longer, but my father's misfortunes obliged me to return."

"What have you followed since you came back?"

"I have been seeking employment, but have not succeeded until your father's kindness gave me an opportunity of relieving my anxious parents."

"I doubt not you will prove industrious with such responsibilities on your shoulders. Here are the goods, and here's the book."

Harry went to work—followed closely his instructions, and proved quite an adept at his new occupation. It was a busy day, and Harry got home at night with a sense of fatigue, and a satisfaction at having done his duty, such as he had never before experienced. There is a strange pleasure to be derived from the first labors of our life, when that labor is the stepping stone to our future occupation. It is a pleasure which must be felt to be known. That pleasure was Harry Williamson's that night. He passed the evening quietly at home, and the joy he gave his parents, and the tranquility of the fireside, a novelty to Henry, had a charm which induced him the more to believe that he should never stray again from the path he had marked out for himself.

During the succeeding three months after Harry's enlistment, his fair companion of the counting-room had gained his confidence, and succeeded in getting many details of his former mode of life from his own lips. These confessions were interesting to one who was so little acquainted with the world as Miss Lizzy Marville. Harry had also confessed that he was somewhat in debt; but the full extent of his embarrassments he was ashamed to own, even to himself. Three months elapsed, without much of variety.—Occasionally, Harry indulged in a little gaiety, but succeeded in guarding himself against the temptations of his former habits.

His application to business very soon inspired Mr. Marville with confidence. He gradually assumed greater responsibility. He attended to the collection and payment of moneys, and his rigid exactness gave Mr. Marville every hope that Harry would soon be enabled to relieve him, as well as his daughter, of the arduous duties of the counting house.

During this period, Harry had frequently met in the street with his creditors, who importuned him for money. He made them promises of speedy payments, which only relieved him for a time from their petitions, while they served to encourage hope. At last, these *duns* found their way to his place of business. They would call him from his desk, while Mr. Marville was present, who always scanned the visitor with a keen glance, and enquired their business, believing it might concern him. Very soon these continued calls of persons, evidently no com-of Harry, led to some suspicions, and to some enquiries. Harry was forced to confess that he was somewhat in debt, and that he made these people promises."

"Mr. Williamson," said Mr. Marville, "I know not what means you may possess, but from your father's representations, I should imagine they were small."

"I have none, sir," replied Harry.

"Then, sir, you commit a great error in thus holding out promises you cannot fulfil. A man should never promise unless he can perform. You will forgive my intruding these remarks; but my interest for your welfare induces me to take the liberty."

"I am indebted, sir, for your kindness, and will follow your advice."

A few moments after this, Mr. Marville was called from the counting-house, and Harry was left alone with Miss Lizzy. Their conversation turned upon the old gentleman's remarks, and they were so much taken up with their conversation, that Harry did not perceive, through the glass door, the approach of a man, very handsomely attired,—dressed rather more conspicuously than gentlemen generally were. This man was a noted gambler, and held a note of Harry's. As soon as he opened the door, Harry took him aside.

"Mr. Williamson, I have waited long enough for this small amount, and I have come to say, that unless it be paid, I shall expose the matter by requesting Mr. Marville to stop your salary until it is liquidated."

"That would be of no use, and only expose me, for I have no salary."

"You told me, Mr. Williamson, that you were to receive a salary, and on the faith of this I have been silent until now; but I am pressed for money, and must have it."

It was a note for thirty dollars. Harry besought him to give him time, and promised to pay him within a week; but how he was to obtain the money he did not know.

Harry returned to his desk. Miss Lizzy watched the uneasy expression of his countenance, and after a few moments, began by saying:

"I don't like the expression of that man's face; he does not look like a gentleman, nor does he dress like a man of business."

"He is a man of leisure," responded Harry.

"Yes, I should suppose so; but he looks like a very vulgar person."

"I know him very slightly," said Harry, "and regret I ever made his acquaintance."

Here the conversation ended. Harry went on with his work, and Miss Lizzy pretended to busy herself with some loose papers.

That night Harry was unable to sleep;—he knew an exposure by this gambler was sure to ruin him, and he also felt that the fellow would certainly use these means to get his money. What was to be done? He would not borrow the amount—nobody would lend him. His mother, he knew, had it not, and he could not ask Mr. Marville for it. Without solving the question how he was to obtain the thirty dollars, yet feeling they must be had, he fell asleep.

Day succeeded day, until the week was nearly ended. Harry, in a state of intense anxiety, paced his room, turning over every means to get the desired sum. Every suggestion was discarded, as soon as considered, as impracticable. At last, in the intense anxiety of his position, the only means left was to get it clandestinely from Mr. Marville, and to replace it as soon as possible. But how to do this was a difficult matter to settle. To abstract it from sums entrusted to him, was sure to lead to exposure. He could not borrow the sum in Mr. Marville's name, for he did not know that Mr. Marville ever borrowed from any body, and this would lead to suspicion. As fate would have it, in an evil moment, some devil of his brain suggested the scheme of getting a false key to the strong box, which was locked up in a closet. The key to the closet, too, was required, and he took an impression of both in soft wax. This done, he proceeded to a poor locksmith and ordered the keys. They were completed the next morning, and delivered to Harry at calling. He returned to the store.—Miss Lizzy greeted him as usual, and introduced the subject of his creditors.

"There was another strange-looking man here not long since, who wanted to see you, Harry, and I must confess he did not prepossess me with his appearance."

"The same one who called here the other day?" enquired Harry, anxiously.

"No, not the same, but very much such a person as to his exterior. But why are you so fearful of that man? You asked if he had been here, with such anxiety and dread. I shall begin to fear, Harry, you have not told me all you know about him."

"I am not well, Lizzy, and I have become nervous of late. I have no fear of such a contemptible person; his manners are very disagreeable, and I don't like to meet him—particularly to-day, because I cannot control my temper."

"Harry, you were not wont to be in such mood. If any thing has occurred, let me know what it is; I may relieve you. It grieves me to see you thus excited, for I cannot but fear something weighs heavily

A moment more, and Harry had confessed all; but Mr. Marville returned, and the opportunity was lost.

They were now occupied in receiving instructions from Mr. Marville, who desired both to copy certain letters and contracts, or to preface them in such a manner that the work might be commenced on the morrow.

"I shall be absent until nine o'clock, my dear," said Mr. Marville to his daughter, and requested her not to wait for him at supper. Then, turning to Harry, he praised his industry, and begged him to give his undivided attention to the business just entrusted to his hands, as it was matter of great importance. He left the counting-room, and soon Miss Lizzy followed, to attend to some household matters.

Left alone, poor Harry was now more undecided than ever. The kind words of his employer, the interest of his daughter, whose every word and look he now almost unconsciously laid to heart, shook his determination to execute his plans.

"Yet," thought he, "to-morrow that cursed gambler will be here again. I may find some way, when freed from him, to obtain this money. If he comes, he will insist upon the payment, and either have me dragged to jail, or expose me to Marville. No! I'll pay him; and then I can do something to refund what I must thus borrow—and it is but borrowing, for I shall replace it before it can be wanted. No one is here—now's the time!"

He drew his two keys from his pocket. The closet was opened, and Harry entered. He tried the strong box next, but he could not insert the key at first. He was still endeavoring to force it into the lock, but his hand trembled so, and he was in such fear of being discovered, that he could not succeed. Just then he heard some one descending the stairs. He sprung from the closet, but only had time to pass the door to, without locking it, and to gain his desk when Lizzy returned. There was the key, and Harry knew no way of getting it out of the door.—Pretending to be engaged with the papers Mr. Marville had left, he planned a hundred little excuses to get to the closet, but none suggested itself which would not attract attention, and perhaps lead to his ruin. He hoped his fair companion would be called into the house again, but he hoped in vain.

"Harry," said she, after a pause, "these papers must be arranged thoroughly before we can work upon them properly; some are duplicates, and others must be copied in order, or they may not be understood. Let me have the whole of them. You go home now, and I will arrange them during the evening, so that we can begin to-morrow, bright and early."

What was to be done? Harry was obliged to go—but left his handkerchief as an excuse to return. He did return—but the counting-house was empty, the closet locked, the key gone, and no one but the old porter there, who was closing up the store for the night.

"Where is Miss Marville?"

"She thought it cold here, sir, and took her papers up stairs to work in the parlour, sir."

Harry hesitated one moment, and then walked away, undecided what to do, or where to go.

"She has the key!—she must have seen it was a false one!—She must also know that I have used it! Oh! miserable, fatal undertaking! How can I see her again? How can I meet my father and mother;—how hope for Marville's further protection?—Yet I have done nothing! I did not take the money—not even touch a paper in the closet. If I deny the charge—'twere useless! they must, in the end, find out the whole! Something must be done!"

Thus holding converse with himself, poor Harry wandered through the streets till after dark, and having determined to throw himself upon the mercy of Lizzy Marville, turned towards her home.

After she had determined to finish the arrangement of the papers in the parlor, Miss Lizzy looked about the counting room, to see if all things were in safety. Perceiving the key in the closet, without examining it at all, she locked the door, put the key in her pocket, and went up stairs. As she was about seating herself at her lonely meal, she felt the key, and immediately went to the secretary to put it in the drawer, where it was always kept during the night. What was her amazement on opening the drawer, to find the key there. She examined the one in her hand, saw it was new, and, with a chill sensation creeping over her heart, staggered to a chair, and, sinking into it, felt her mind for a moment bend to the conflict of doubts, fears, and suspicions, which she dreaded to contemplate. There she sat, absorbed in thought, still holding the fatal key in her hand, when the door opened and Harry entered. The struggle he had gone through had left his expression haggard, and his eye wild. He stopped to look upon the form of one who now held his fate in her hands. She started, thrust the key into her pocket, gazed wildly at him, as if to read his heart, and seeing him hide his face in his hands,—sunk back almost lifeless in the chair—

"'Tis true then!"

After a long silence, which Harry had not the heart to break, she turned to him with a sad, almost heart-broken tone, and said—

"Oh Harry, what could have tempted you?" she burst into tears.

These tears were too much for the conscience-stricken culprit;—they whispered to him of love, and also that this love was forfeited by him forever. Springing to his feet, he gazed upon that weeping girl, and with a voice, made touching by the deep excitement of his mind, he at last found words—

"Do not condemn me! I am indeed to be blamed—but I have, as yet, done no wrong!"

At these words, she looked into his face, and, taking the key from her pocket, held it up to him.

"Harry! Harry!—is this no wrong?"

"Hear me! hear me!—let me tell you all, and then in your hands, I leave my fate!"

"Speak! tell me all—and relieve my mind of these fearful doubts, these racking suspicions. Oh, prove your innocence, and I will love you still!"

These words, this expression, "love you still," first awakened Harry to a conviction of his own sentiments for Lizzy Marville. He seated himself by her side, took her hand, and began the narrative of his dissipations, and his consequent embarrassments.—To one, educated as had Lizzy Marville been, these tales were horrible, almost incredible. She listened to each word; she heard the story of his troubles, and the persecution of his creditors—and now came the point—

"Thus beset, dreading to be dragged to prison, and fearful of exposure to your father, I knew not what to do. Had you passed the sleepless nights, and been obliged, like a criminal, to shun the public streets, for fear of meeting those bloodhounds who pursued me, you, Lizzy, even you, would have thought of desperate means!"

"But not of crime, Harry!"

"Nor did I!—No! no! not crime! I determined to take means sufficient to rid me of this one, and to replace them before discovered or wanted.—But I did not take a penny!"

"Is that so, Harry?"

"Yes, Lizzy; as I hope for Heaven, I am not guilty! I have never wronged your father of a penny!"

"Thank Heaven it is so! You have taken a weight from my heart—but, Harry, there was a sin in thus intending it. What, had you been unable to replace these moneys, what could have rescued your reputation? Nothing! Let us not think of it! Consider, Harry, what a fearful risk it was to run! What endless misery you had brought upon yourself, not only in this world, but the next!"

"Think how I was beset! how persecuted!"

"Even that were no excuse for such an act. For your sake, I am glad it is no worse! I have seen and watched you often. I believe, Harry, I know you better than you know yourself. The fault you have, is want of that degree of pride, which defies the world, while the conscience is pure. Strive to gain this point;—strive to remember, that contentment of mind is better than anything else the world affords. Do not seem surprised to hear me talk so, for I have learned it from my father. But I will not moralize, Harry. Promise me, as a man, that you will do as I bid you, and I will forget the past—and——"

"Love me still!" added Harry.

She blushed, and Harry felt she had spoken more in an unguarded moment, than she would ever have dared to breathe under other circumstances. He still held her hand—and, seeing her expression gradually sadden, said—

"No answer, Lizzy?"

"Yes, Harry, there is an answer. This hand shall be yours as soon as I am convinced that your heart is pure and upright; that this step was one of thoughtlessness, and not of baseness."

"Do you doubt my heart's integrity?"

"No, Harry! Take not my words so harshly!—I do not doubt you, but my faith in all things has been so deeply shaken here, that I even doubt myself,—I will not, cannot doubt you;—but when you can fearlessly go to my father, and ask his consent, feeling that you have wiped out this blot by subsequent conduct, when you feel this, and get his consent, I am yours!"

"Thanks, Lizzy! thanks! At least I have all at stake now, and if I lose this heaven, I deserve to be lost myself!"

He kissed the open hand he held, and was about to talk of love, when she suddenly checked him.

"Your task is not yet done! To-morrow morning, when I give you the hint, go boldly to my father, tell him the fullest extent of your embarrassments; let him know every thing,—and if he do not help you, I will find other means of relief. No questions—do you promise?"

"I do—although I dread the result!"

"Some one approaches; you must leave me. I will keep this key, until all I own is yours, and then you may lock the secret up, where no mortal will ever hear it, or know of its existence."

Harry left the house. He was now even more excited than before, but how different were his feelings! Shame at his degradation, for having even thought of such a step as he resolved to take, and joy at having, by that step, discovered a treasure unknown to him before, Lizzy Marville's love!

The next morning, at an indication given by Lizzy, Harry boldly ascended to Mr. Marville, and stated his circumstances.

"I have done this," said he, in conclusion, "because I deem it my duty to let you know my situation, that you may excuse, sometimes the visitors who call upon me, and also my apparent abstraction when writing under this persecution. There is also another reason; I am fearful I may be dragged to prison for debt, a disgrace which would fall heavy on my mother and father—and have made these disclosures, hoping you might relieve my embarrassments by advancing sufficient means, which I could repay by services to be rendered after my apprenticeship expires. You have no other security for the performance of such a contract, but my word, which I have lately learned to value more highly."

"I am glad, Henry, that you have spoken thus. I have been much concerned for you. You have the responsibility of your parents' happiness upon you. They rely on you alone for solace and comfort, as they totter to the grave. Your idle years have brought you into trouble, but your industry may save you. I believe your heart to be naturally good, and, therefore, do not despair of your entire reformation. I would see you a man highly esteemed and independent; not so much in wealth, as in that dignity of character which commands respect. You have the basis of such a character—you have the requisite disposition, and however sinful your former life may have been, I am disposed to regard it as the natural result of a want of occupation, and the thoughtlessness of youth. I will speak further with you to-morrow, on this subject. You will prepare me a full and entire list of your debts. I must know all, for you must be entirely free before I can hope to accomplish an entire reformation."

He took his hat and left the room. When he had gone, Harry seized Lizzy's hand, and kissing it, exclaimed:

"You have saved me from perdition!"

A year passed, and Harry, relieved from debt soon after the above interview, had exerted every energy of his mind to win the confidence of Mr. Marville, and the love of Lizzy. One morning he breathed to the latter his attachment to the daughter. The father had seen the affection which had grown up between them, but still desired to consult his daughter's inclinations before he gave his reply. The next day Mr. Marville took him aside, and told him that he could give him no definite answer to his proposition; but not to disappoint him, he had something to bestow, which he would find in the closet. Harry took the key, unlocked the *door*, and there stood Lizzy, smiling, holding the other key in her hand.

"Here, Harry, is my hand and heart," she said, "and here, too, is the key which once opened the door to a happier existence. Let us lock it now, so that you may never retrace your steps, and to secure our happiness, throw away the key, so that none else may open the portal."

Henry and Lizzy were married, and Henry soon succeeded Mr. Marville in his business, which enabled him to soften the sorrows of the declining days of his parents, and secure a glorious and calm sunset to the life of his own Lizzy and himself.

RAISING THE WIND;

OR,

DIDDLING CONSIDERED AS ONE OF THE EXACT SCIENCES.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

> *Hey, diddle diddle,*
> *The cat and the fiddle.*
> *From an Epic by "Flaccus."*

Since the world began there have been two Jeremys. The one wrote a Jeremiad about usury, and was called Jeremy Bentham. He has been much admired by Mr. John Neal, and was a great man in a small way. The other gave name to the most important of the Exact Sciences, and was entitled Jeremy Diddler. He was a great man in a *great* way—I may say, indeed, in the very greatest of ways.

Diddling—or the abstract idea conveyed by the verb to diddle—is sufficiently well understood. Yet the fact, the deed, the thing *diddling*, is somewhat difficult to define. We may get, however, at a tolerably distinct conception of the matter in hand, by defining—not the thing, diddling, in itself—but man, as an animal that diddles. Had Plato but hit upon this, he would have been spared the affront of the picked chicken.

Very pertinently it was demanded of Plato, why a picked chicken, which was clearly "a biped without feathers," was not, according to his own definition, a man? But I am not to be bothered by any similar query. Man is an animal that diddles, and there is *no* animal that diddles *but* man. It will take an entire hen-coop of picked chickens to get over that.

What constitutes the essence, the nare, the principle of diddling is, in fact, peculiar to the class of creatures that wear coats and pantaloons. A crow thieves; a fox cheats; a weasel outwits; a man diddles. To diddle is his destiny. "Man was made to mourn," says the poet. But not so:—he was made to diddle. This is his aim—his object—his *end*—And for this reason when a man's diddled we say that he's "*done*."

Diddling, rightly considered, is a compound, of which the ingredients are minuteness, interest, perseverance, ingenuity, audacity, *nonchalance*, originality, impertinence, and *grin*.

Minuteness:—Your diddler is minute. His operations are upon a small scale. His business is retail, for cash, or approved paper at sight. Should he ever be tempted into magnificent speculation, he then, at once, loses his distinctive features, and becomes what we term "financier." This latter word conveys the diddling idea in every respect except that of magnitude. A diddler may thus be regarded as a banker *in petto*—a "financial operation," as a diddle at Brobdignag. The one is to the other as a Mastodon to a mouse—as a tail of a comet to that of a pig—as Homer to Flaccus—as the "Iliad" to "Sam Patch."

Interest:—Your diddler is guided by self-interest. He scorns to diddle for the mere *sake* of the diddle. He has object in view—his pocket—and yours. He regards always the main chance. He looks to Number One. You are Number Two, and must look to yourself.

Perseverance:—Your diddler perseveres. He is not *readily* discouraged. Should even the banks break, he cares nothing about it. He steadily pursues his end, and

Ut canis a corio nunquam absterrebitur uncto, so he never lets go of his game.

Ingenuity:—Your diddler is ingenious. He has constructiveness large. He understands plot. He invents and circumvents. *Were he not Alexander,* he would be Diogenes. Were he not what he *is,* he would be a maker of patent rat-traps or an angler for trout.

Audacity:—Your diddler is audacious. He is a bold man. He carries the war into Africa. He conquers all by assault. He would not fear the daggers of the Frey Herren. With a little more prudence Dick Turpin would have made a good diddler; with a trifle less blarney, Daniel O'Connell; with a pound or two more brains, Charles the Twelfth.

Nonchalance:—Your diddler is *nonchalant.* He is not at all nervous. He never *had* any nerves. He is never seduced into a flurry. He is never put out—unless put out of doors. He is cool—cool as a cucumber. He is *calm*—"calm as a smile from Lady Bury." He is easy—easy as an old glove, or the damsels of ancient Baiae.

Originality:—Your diddler is original—conscientiously so. His thoughts are his own. He would scorn to employ those of another. A stale trick is his aversion. He would return a purse, I am sure, upon discovering that he had obtained it by an unoriginal diddle.

Impertinence:—Your diddler is impertinent. He swaggers. He sets his arms a-kimbo. He thrusts his hands in his trowsers' pockets. He sneers in your face. He treads on your corns. He eats your dinner, he drinks your wine, he borrows your money, he pulls your nose, he kicks your poodle, and he kisses your wife.

Grin:—Your *true* diddler winds up all with a grin. But this nobody sees but himself. He grins when his daily work is done—when his allotted labors are accomplished—at night—in his own closet, and altogether for his own private entertainment. He goes home. He locks his door. He divests himself of his clothes. He puts out his candle. He gets into bed. He places his head upon the pillow. All this done, and your diddler *grins.* This is no hypothesis. It is a matter of course. I reason *a priori,* and a diddle would be *no* diddle without a grin.

The origin of the diddle is referrible to the infancy of the Human Race. Perhaps the first diddler was Adam. At all events, we can trace the science back to a very remote period of antiquity. The moderns, however, have brought it to a point of perfection never dreamed of by our thick-headed progenitors.—Without pausing to speak of the "old saws," therefore, I shall content myself with a compendious account of some of the more "modern instances."

A very good diddle is this. A housekeeper in want of a sofa, for instance, is seen to go in and out of several cabinet warehouses. At length she arrives at one offering an excellent variety. She is accosted, and invited to enter, by a polite and voluble individual at the door. She finds a sofa well adapted to her views, and, upon inquiring the price, is surprised and delighted to hear a sum named at least twenty per cent. lower than her expectations. She hastens to make the purchase, gets a bill and receipt, leaves her address, with a request that the article be sent home as speedily as possible, and retires amid a profusion of bows from the shop-keeper. The night arrives and no sofa. The next day passes, and still none. A servant is sent to make inquiry about the delay. The whole transaction is denied. No sofa has been sold—no money received—except by the diddler who played shop-keeper for the nonce.

Our cabinet warehouses are left entirely unattended, and thus afford every facility for a trick of this kind. Visiters enter, look at furniture, and depart unheeded and unseen. Should any one wish to purchase, or to inquire the price of an article, a bell is at hand, and this is considered amply sufficient.

Again, quite a respectable diddle is this. A well-dressed individual enters a shop; makes a purchase to the value of a dollar; finds, much to his vexation, that he has left his pocket-book in another coat pocket; and so says to the shop-keeper—

"My dear sir, never mind!—just oblige me, will you, by sending the parcel home? But stay! I really believe that I have nothing less than a five dollar bill, even *there.* However, you can send *four* dollars in change *with* the bundle, you know."

"Very good, sir," replies the shop-keeper, who entertains, at once, a lofty opinion of the high-mindedness of his customer. "I know fellows," he says to himself, "who would just have put the goods under their arm, and walked off, with a promise to call and pay the dollar as they came by in the afternoon."

A boy is sent with the parcel and change. On the route, quite accidentally, he is met by the purchaser, who exclaims:

"Ah! this is my bundle, I see—I thought you had been home with it long ago. Well, go on! My wife, Mrs. Trotter, will give you the five dollars—I left instructions with her to that effect. The change you might as well give to me—I shall want some silver for the Post Office. Very good! One, two,—is this a good quarter?—three, four—quite right! Say to Mrs. Trotter that you met me, and be sure now and *do* not loiter on the way."

The boy doesn't loiter at all—but he is a very long time in getting back from his errand—for no lady of the precise name of Mrs. Trotter is to be *discovered.* He consoles himself, however, that he has not been such a fool as to leave the goods without the money, and, re-entering his shop with a self-satisfied air, feels sensibly hurt and indignant when his master asks him what has become of the change.

A very simple diddle, indeed, is this. The captain of a ship which is about to sail, is presented by an official-looking personage, with an unusually moderate bill of city charges. Glad to get off so easily, and confused by a hundred duties pressing upon him all at once, he discharges the claim forthwith. In about fifteen minutes, another and less reasonable bill is handed him by one who soon makes it evident that the first collector was a diddler, and the original collection a diddle.

And here, too, is a somewhat similar thing. A steamboat is casting loose from the wharf. A traveller, portmanteau in hand, is discovered running towards the wharf at full speed. Suddenly, he makes a dead halt, stoops, and picks up something from the ground in a very agitated manner. It is a pocket-book, and—"Has any gentleman lost a pocket-book?" he cries. No one can say that he has exactly lost a pocket-book; but a great excitement ensues, when the treasure trove is found to be of value. The boat, however, must not be detained.

"Time and tide wait for no man," says the captain.

"For God's sake, stay only a *few* minutes," says the finder of the book—"the true claimant will presently appear."

"Can't wait!" replies the man in authority; "cast off there, d'ye hear?"

"What *am* I to do?" asks the finder, in great tribulation. "I am about to leave the country for some years, and I cannot conscientiously retain this large amount in my possession. I beg your pardon, sir," [here he addresses a gentleman on shore,] "but you have the air of an honest man. *Will* you confer upon me the great favor of taking charge of this pocket-book—I *know* I can trust you—and of advertising it? The note, you see, amounts to a very considerable sum. The owner will, no doubt, insist upon rewarding you for your trouble—"

"*Me!*—no, *you!*—it was you who found the book."

"Well, if you *must* have it so—*I* will take a small reward—just to satisfy your scruples. Let me see—why these notes are all hundreds—bless my soul! a hundred is too much to take—fifty would be quite enough, I am sure—"

"Cast off there!" says the captain.

"But then I have no change for a hundred, and, upon the whole, you had better"—

"Cast off there!" says the captain.

"Never mind!" cries the gentleman on shore, who has been examining his own pocket-book for the last minute, or so—"never mind! *I* can fix it—here is a fifty on the Bank of North America—throw me the book."

And the over-conscientious finder takes the fifty with marked reluctance, and throws the gentleman the book, as desired, while the steamboat fumes and fizzes on her way. In about an half an hour after her departure, the "large amount" is seen to be "a counterfeit presentment," and the whole thing a capital diddle.

A *bold* diddle is this. A camp-meeting, or something similar, is to be held at a certain spot which is accessible only by means of a free bridge. A diddler stations himself upon this bridge, respectfully informs all passers by of the new county law, which establishes a toll of one cent for foot passengers, two for horses and donkeys, and so forth, and so forth—Some grumble but all submit, and the diddler goes home a wealthier man by some fifty or sixty dollars well earned. This taking a fall from a great crowd of people is an excessively troublesome thing.

A neat diddle is this. A friend holds one of the diddler's promises to pay, filled up and signed in due form, upon the ordinary blanks printed in red ink.—The diddler purchases one or two dozen of these blanks, and every day, at dinner, dips one of them in his soup, makes his dog jump for it, and finally gives it to him as a *bonne bouche*. The note arriving at maturity, the diddler, with the diddler's dog, calls upon the friend, and the promise to pay is made the subject of discussion. The friend produces it from his *escritoire*, and is in the act of reaching it to the diddler, when up jumps the diddler's dog and devours it forthwith. The diddler is not only surprised but vexed and incensed at the absurd behavior of his dog, and expresses his entire readiness to cancel the obligation at any moment when the evidence of the obligation shall be forthcoming.

A very minute diddle is this. A lady is insulted in the street by a diddler's accomplice. The diddler himself flies to her assistance, and, giving his friend a comfortable thrashing, insists upon attending the lady to her own door. He bows, with his hand upon his heart, and most respectfully bidding her adieu. She entreats him, as her deliverer, to walk in and be introduced to her big brother and her papa. With a sigh, he declines to do so. "Is there no way, then, sir," she murmurs, "in which I may be permitted to testify my gratitude?"

"Why, yes, madam, there is. Will you be kind enough to lend me a couple of shillings?"

In the first excitement of the moment the lady decides upon fainting outright. Upon second thought, however, she opens her purse-strings and delivers the specie. Now this, I say, is a diddle minute—for one entire moiety of the sum borrowed has to be paid to the gentleman who had the trouble of performing the insult, and who had then to stand still and be thrashed for performing it.

Rather a small, but still a scientific, diddle is this. The diddler approaches the bar of a tavern, and demands a couple of twists of tobacco. These are handed him, when, having slightly examined them, he says:

"I don't much like this tobacco. Here, take it back, and give me a glass of brandy and water in its place."

The brandy and water is furnished and imbibed, and the diddler makes his way to the door. But the voice of the tavern-keeper arrests him.

"I believe, sir, you have forgotten to pay for your brandy and water."

"Pay for my brandy and water!—didn't I give you the tobacco for the brandy and water? What more would you have?"

"But, sir, if you please, I don't remember that you paid for the tobacco."

"What do you mean, by that, you scoundrel?—Didn't I give you back your tobacco? Isn't *that* your tobacco lying *there*? Do you expect me to pay for what I did not take?"

"But, sir," says the publican, now rather at a loss what to say, "but, sir—"

"But me no buts, sir," interrupts the diddler, apparently in very high dudgeon, and slamming the door after him, as he makes his escape.—"But me no buts, sir, and none of your tricks upon travellers."

Here again is a very clever diddle, of which the simplicity is not its least recommendation. A purse, or pocket-book, being really lost, the loser inserts in one of the daily papers of a large city a fully descriptive advertisement. Whereupon our diddler copies the *facts* of this advertisement, with a change of heading, of general phraseology, and *address*. The original, for instance, is long, and verbose, is headed "A Pocket-Book Lost!" and requires the treasure, when found, to be left at No. 1 Dick street. The copy is brief, and being headed with "Lost" only, indicates No. 2 Tom, or No. 3 Harry street, as the locality at which the owner may be seen. Moreover, it is inserted in at least five or six of the papers of the day, while, in point of time, it makes its appearance only a few hours after the original. Should it be read by the loser of the purse, he would hardly suspect it to have any reference to his own misfortune. But, of course, the chances are five or six to one, that the finder will repair to the address given by the diddler, rather than to that pointed out by the rightful proprietor. The former pays the reward, pockets the treasure, and decamps.

Quite an analogous diddle is this. A lady of ton has dropped, somewhere in the street, a diamond ring of very unusual value. For its recovery, she offers some forty or fifty dollars reward—giving, in her advertisement, a very minute description of the gem and of its settings, and declaring that, upon its restoration at No. so and so, in such and such Avenue, the reward will be paid *instanter*, without a single question being asked. During the lady's absence from home, a day or two afterwards, a ring is heard at the door of No. so and so, in such and such Avenue; a servant appears; the lady of the house is asked for and is declared to be out, at which astounding information, the visitor expresses the most poignant regret. His business is of importance, and concerns the lady herself. In fact, he had the good fortune to find her diamond ring. But, perhaps it would be as well that he should call again. "By no means!" says the servant; and "By no means!" says the lady's sister and the lady's sister-in-law, who are summoned forthwith. The ring is clamorously identified, the reward is paid, and the finder very nearly thrust out of doors. The lady returns, and expresses some little dissatisfaction with her sister and sister-in-law, because they happen to have paid forty or fifty dollars for a *fac-simile* of her diamond ring—a *fac-simile* made out of real pinchbeck and paste.

But as there is really no end to diddling, so there would be none to this essay, were I even to hint at half the variations, or inflections, of which this science is susceptible. I must bring this paper, perforce, to a conclusion, and this I cannot do better than by a summary notice of a very decent, but rather elaborate diddle, of which our *own* city was made the theatre, not very long ago, and which was subsequently repeated with success, in other still more verdant localities of the Union. A middle-aged gentleman arrives in town from parts unknown. He is remarkably precise, cautious, staid, and deliberate in his demeanor. His dress is scrupulously neat, but plain, unostentatious. He wears a white cravat, an ample waistcoat, made with an eye to comfort alone; thick-soled cosy-looking shoes, and pantaloons without straps. He has the whole air, in fact, of your well-to-do, sober-sided, exact, and respectable "man of business," *par excellence*—one of the stern and outwardly hard, internally soft, sort of people that we see in the crack high comedies—fellows whose words are so many bonds, and who are noted for giving away guineas, in charity, with the one hand, while, in the way of mere bargain, they exact the uttermost fraction of a farthing with the other.

He makes much ado before he can get suited with a boarding-house. He dislikes children. He has been accustomed to quiet. His habits are methodical—and then he would prefer getting into a private and respectable small family, piously inclined. Terms, however, are no object—only he *must* insist upon settling his bill on the first of *every* month, (it is now the second,) and begs his landlady, when he finally obtains one to his mind, *not*, on any account, to forget his instructions upon this point—but to send in a bill, *and receipt*, *precisely at ten o'clock*, on the *first day of every month*, and under no circumstances to put it off to the second.

These arrangements made, our man of business rents an office in a reputable, rather than in a fashionable quarter of the town. There is nothing he more despises than pretence. "Where there is much show," he says, "there is seldom any thing very solid behind,"—an observation which so profoundly impresses his landlady's fancy, that she makes a pencil memorandum *of* it forthwith, in her great family Bible, on the broad margin of the Proverbs of Solomon.

The next step is to advertise, after some such fashion as this, in the principal business sixpennies of the city. The pennies are eschewed as not "respectable"—and as demanding payment for all advertisements in advance. Our man of business holds it as a point of his faith that work should never be paid for until done.

Wanted.—The advertisers, being about to commence extensive business operations in this city, will require the services of three or four intelligent and competent clerks, to whom a liberal salary will be paid. The very best recommendations, not so much for capacity, as for integrity, will be expected. Indeed, as the duties to be performed involve high responsibilities, and large amounts of money must necessarily pass through the hands of those engaged, it is deemed advisable to demand a deposit of fifty dollars from each clerk employed. No person need apply, therefore, who is not prepared to leave this sum in the possession of the advertisers, and who cannot furnish the most satisfactory testimonials of morality. Young gentlemen piously inclined will be preferred. Application should be made between the hours of 10 and 11 A. M., and 4 and 5 P. M., of Messrs:

BOGGS, HOGGS, LOGS, FROGS & CO.
No. 110 Dog Street.

By the thirty-first day of the month, this advertisement has brought to the office of Messrs. Boggs, Hoggs, Logs, Frogs & Co., some fifteen or twenty young gentlemen piously inclined. But our man of business is in no hurry to conclude a contract with any—no man of business is *ever* precipitate—and it is not until the most rigid catechism in respect to the piety of each young gentleman's inclination, that his services are engaged and his fifty dollars receipted for, *just* by way of proper precaution, on the part of the respectable firm of Boggs, Hoggs, Logs, Frogs and Company. On the morning of the first day of the next month, the landlady does *not* present her bill according to promise—a piece of neglect for which the comfortable head of the house ending in *ogs*, would no doubt have chided her severely, could he have been prevailed upon to remain in town a day or two for that purpose.

As it is, the constables have a sad time of it, running hither and thither, and all they can do is to declare the man of business, most emphatically, a "hen knee high"—by which some persons imagine them to imply that, in fact, he is n, o, t—by which again the very classical phrase *non est inventus*, is supposed to be understood. In the meantime the young gentlemen, one and all, are somewhat less piously inclined than before, while the landlady purchases a shilling's worth of the best Indian rubber, and very carefully obliterates the pencil memorandum that some fool has made in her great family Bible, on the broad margin of the Proverbs of Solomon.

WOMAN DEFENDED.

Messrs. Editors—"Phew!" whistled I, the other day, on reading an article in your columns entitled "The Coquette." I had just eaten my dinner, and felt wonderfully good-natured, when I picked up the paper; but such a dish of sourcrout and vinegar was too much for me. "Surely," thought I, "that author must have a wormwood mind and an iceberg heart. The reality of his picture exists only in his imagination: it cannot be that qualities so odious are to be found concentrated in the breast of any woman. I have felt the holy influence of a gentle mother: true, her voice is now silent, and her eye is closed, and she sleeps silently in her grave—but she guides and blesses me still; her precept and her example are before me, and the remembrance of them is like a guardian angel to me. I know the worth of a wife; and in learning it, I have learned more of the inestimable value of woman. My inmost soul willingly pays a grateful homage to the sex, as I behold its virtues developed in one who is the star of my life. I have felt my selfishness reformed by her disinterestedness, and my coldness and slothfulness of heart removed by her warmth and activity of love. The purity and the sweetness of a sister's love, all my life long have I experienced; and if I was, at any time in my boyhood, *ready* to double my fist in fight, it was when insult or injury was offered or meditated towards her, by urchin big or little. From woman's lips, the kindest and the sweetest sounds have fallen, which it has ever been my lot to hear; from woman's hands, the gentlest treatment has proceeded, which it has been my blessed fortune to receive in this thorny world. She has cheered my desponding heart; she has ministered to my necessities; she has nursed me in my hour of pain, and bathed my burning brow with a tenderness and solicitude that a heart of love alone could inspire. Throughout my life, at home and abroad, my daily experience has been that, next to Christ and grace, woman is God's supremest, choicest boon to man. Who is this, then, that dares paint so hideous a caricature of woman? Who?"

I fell into a musing reverie. Methought I knew the man. Through the dim vista of thirty years I descried his form. From the grave of time he slowly arose before me, even as Samuel's awful apparition broke on the vision of the noble and misguided Warrior-King of Israel. But the spectre which came before my mind possessed neither majesty nor awfulness. He was at that period of life when commonly the boyishness of the boy gives place to the manliness of the man. But he seemed never to have been a boy. There was in him an air of self-assurance and arrogancy which ill became the modesty of early manhood. He seemed to feel that the earth held but *one*—and that he was *that one!* Had he been Schah of Persia, he would have thought himself the ruler of the world. When he spoke, his dictum he thought should settle any question; and if any ventured to dispute his assertion, he pronounced him a fool or a knave.

He esteemed it a condescension to notice a woman. In his arithmetic she was a cypher, valueless unless united with another figure; and he conceived that he was a figure of such immensity of value, that scarcely any being in the female form was worthy of standing beside him. Woman's pride rebelled against such an estimate: she repelled his advances; and he soon found it more difficult to attach and secure one, than it would be to pick up the globules of quicksilver with the naked finger.

Years passed on before my view. My imaginary author wandered hither and thither, but still remained an isolated being. His self-love and vanity were so excessive, that he could coalesce with none. He who would have the love and sympathy of man, must love and sympathize with man. Love is the price of love. It cannot be—and never should be—purchased at a lower rate. He, however, sought to do this; but he failed in his speculation. Notwithstanding, with his years his self-sufficiency increased. Sometimes, it exhibited itself in so ridiculous a manner, that those who were disposed to treat him with silent civility, could restrain their mirth no longer; the flood-gates of fun would open, and the tide would almost overwhelm him. Still, the rock of his pride was unmoved, and he would wonder at what they were laughing.

Time passed on, and lo! the traces of fifty winters lay upon his brow. The strength of his manhood was failing—early old age bestreaked his hair with a grizzly-gray. The weaknesses of age without its benignities were upon him. The supercilious smile, the arrogant [illegible], are now [illegible] upon the countenance. A weary boarding-house life had been his; he had been a ship floating down the river of life solitary and alone. But now a change came over him. A lovely creature—one of this world's sweetest roses—one of this world's gentlest lambs—whose voice was the essence of music—became acquainted with him. The sunlight of her eyes melted the ice of his soul. For a while he put aside his scornful haughtiness. He assumed the dandy. The gray hairs were pomatumed and dressed—the fiery whiskers were trimmed. He laid wait for her. He entered on the campaign of love with the innate conviction that he was an irresistible general—a very Bonaparte of the affections. It required but one shot, thought he, and she's a prize. He discharged his ordnance, but alack-a-day! the ball fell short of his mark. The innocent being marvelled at his intentions and proceedings: he would have answered very well for a father or a grandfather; but a husband!—no, no, that was rather too funny. She had smiled upon him with the common smile of acquaintanceship; but when he unmasked his battery, her defences were set in a moment; and, vanquished and humbled, he retreated to his camp.

This was too much for him. The invincible vanquished!—the would-be conqueror conquered! 'Twas a Waterloo defeat. The mountain of his pride and wrath arose from the deep wherein it had been temporarily submerged. "He set his face like a flint" against the sex. He seized his pen, and determined to annihilate them. He found the task too great. He folded his arms in despair—stretched his worn-out frame upon a rock by the river-side, and straightway became a petrifaction; and those who know the spot, may go there and behold the victim of infatuated pride and self-conceit.

My reverie was broken. I folded up the Saturday Courier, and went to my daily toil. I hope J. R. (query, Johnny Raw?) will take warning by the fate of my imaginary author, and give to the sex the honor due.

JACOB.

LOVE AND AUTHORSHIP.

"Will you remember me, Rosalie?"

"Yes!"

"Will you keep your hand for me for a year?"

"Yes!"

"Will you answer me when I write to you?"

"Yes!"

"One request more—O Rosalie, reflect that my life depends upon your acquiescence—should I succeed, will you marry me in spite of your uncle?"

"Yes!" answered Rosalie. There was no pause—reply followed question, as if it were a dialogue which they had got by heart—and by heart *indeed* they had got it—but I leave you to guess the book they had conned it *from*.

'Twas in a green lane, on a summer's evening, about nine o'clock, when the west, like a gate of gold, had shut upon the retiring sun, that Rosalie and her lover, hand in hand, walked up and down. His arm was the girdle of her waist, hers formed a collar for his neck, which a knight of the garter—ay, the owner of the sword that dubbed him—might well have been proud to wear. Their gait was slow, and face was turned to face; near were their lips while they spoke; and much of what they said never came to the ear, though their souls caught up every word of it.

Rosalie was upwards of five years the junior of her lover. She had known him since she was a little girl in her twelfth year. He was almost eighteen then, and when she thought far more about a doll than a husband, he would set her upon his knee, and call her his little wife. One, two, three years passed on, and still, whenever he came from college, and, as usual, went to pay his first visit to her father's, before he had been five minutes in the parlor, the door was flung open, and in bounded Rosalie, and claimed her accustomed seat. The fact was, till she was fifteen, she was a child of very slow growth, and looked the girl when many a companion of hers of the same age began to appear the woman.

When another vacation, however, came round, and Theodore paid his customary call, and was expecting his little wife, as usual, the door opened slowly, and a tall young lady entered, and, courtesying, colored and walked to a seat next the lady of the house. The visitor stood up and bowed, and sat down again, without knowing it was Rosalie.

"Don't you know Rosalie?" exclaimed her father.

"Rosalie!" replied Theodore, in an accent of surprise; and approached his little wife of old, who rose and half gave him her hand, and, courtesying, colored again; and sat down again without hardly interchanging a word with him. No wonder—she was four inches taller than when he had last seen her; and her bulk had expanded correspondingly, while her features, that half a year before gave one the idea of a sylph that would bound after a butterfly, had now mellowed in their expression into the sentiment, the softness, and the reserve of woman.

Theodore felt absolutely disappointed. Five minutes before, he was all volubility. No sooner was one question answered than he proposed another—and he had so many capital stories for Rosalie, when she came down—and yet, when Rosalie did come down, he sat as though he had not a word to say for himself. In short, everything and everybody seemed to have changed along with its young mistress; he felt no longer at home in it, as he was wont; and in less than a quarter of an hour he made his bow and departed.

Now this was exceedingly strange; for Rosalie, from a pretty little girl, had turned into a lovely young woman. If a heart looked out of her eyes before, a soul looked out of them now; her arm, which formerly the sun had been allowed to salute when he liked, and which used to bear the trace of many a kiss that he had given it, now shone white through a sleeve of muslin, like snow behind a veil of haze; her bosom had enlarged its wavy curve, and leaving her waist little more than the span it was, sat proudly heaving above it; and the rest of her form, which, only six months ago, looked trim and airy in her short and close-fitting frock, now lengthening and throwing out its flowing line, stood stately in the folds of a long and ample drapery. Yet could not all this make up for the want of the little wife that used to come and take her seat upon Theodore's knee.

To be sure, there was another way of accounting for the young man's chagrin. He might have been disappointed that Rosalie, when five feet four, should be a little more reserved than she used to be when she was only five feet [illegible]. Romantic young men, too, are apt to fancy odd things. Theodore was a very romantic young man; and having, perhaps, traced for himself the woman in the child—as one will anticipate, in looking at a peach that is just set, the hue, and form, and flavor of the consummate fruit—he might have set Rosalie down in his mind as his wife in earnest, when he appeared to call her so only in jest.

Such was the case. Theodore never calculated that Rosalie knew nothing about his dreams—that she had no such visions herself; he never anticipated that the frankness of girlhood would vanish, as soon as the diffidence of young womanhood began its blushing reign; the thought never occurred to him that the *day* would come when Rosalie would scruple to sit upon his knee—ay, even though Rosalie should then begin to think upon him, as for many a year before he had thought upon her. He returned from college the fifth time; he found that the woman which he imagined in a year or two she would become, was surpassed by the woman that she already was; he remarked the withdrawal of confidence, the limitation of familiarity—the penalty which he must inevitably pay for her maturing—and he felt repelled and chilled and utterly disheartened by it.

For a whole week he never returned to the house. Three days of a second week elapsed, and still he kept away. He had been invited, however, to a ball which was to be given there the day following; and much as he was inclined to absent himself, being a little more inclined to go, he went.

Full three hours was he in the room without once setting eyes upon Rosalie. He saw her mother and her father, and talked with them; he saw squire this, and doctor that, and attorney such-a-one, and had fifty things to say to each of them; he had eyes and a tongue for everybody, but Rosalie—not a look, or a word, did he exchange with her: yet he was here and there and everywhere! In short, he was all communicativeness and vivacity, so that every one remarked how bright he had become since his last visit to college!

At last, however, his fine spirits all at once seemed to forsake him, and he withdrew to the library, which was lighted up for the occasion as an anteroom, and, taking a volume out of the bookcase, threw himself into a chair and began to turn over the leaves.

"Have you forgotten your little wife?" said a soft voice near him—'twas Rosalie's—"if you have," she added, as he started from his seat, "she has not forgotten you!"

She wore a carnation in her hair—the hue of the flower was not deeper than that of her cheek, as she stood and extended her hands to Theodore, who, the moment he rose, had held forth both of his.

"Rosalie!"

"Theodore!"

He led her to a sofa, which stood in a recess on the opposite side of the room, and for five minutes not another word did they exchange.

At length she gently withdrew her hand from his—she had suffered him to hold it all that time.

"We shall be observed," said she.

"Ah, Rosalie," replied he, "nine months since you sat upon my knee, and they observed us, yet you did not mind it!"

"You know I am a woman now," rejoined Rosalie, hanging her head; "and—and—will you lead off the next dance with me?" cried she, suddenly changing the subject. "There, now; I have asked you!" added she, "which is more than you deserve!"

Of course Theodore was not at all happy to accept the challenge of the metamorphosed Rosalie.

One might suppose that the young lady's heart was interested, and that Theodore was a far happier man than he imagined himself to be. The fact was neither more nor less. Little Rosalie was proud of being called Theodore's wife, because she heard everybody else speak in praise of him. Many a marriageable young lady had she heard declare—not minding to speak before a child—that Theodore was the finest young man in B——; that she hoped Theodore would be at such or such a house where she was going to dine, or spend the evening; nay, that she would like to have a sweetheart like Theodore. Then would Rosalie interpose, and with a saucy toss of the head exclaim, that nobody should have Theodore but Rosalie, for Rosalie was his little wife. 'Twas thus she learned to admire the face and person of Theodore, who more than once paid for her acquired estimation of them: for sometimes, before a whole room full of company she would march up to him, and scanning him from head to foot, with folded arms, at length declare aloud, that he was the handsomest young man in B——. Then Theodore was so kind to her, and thought so much of anything she did, and took such notice of her! Often, at a dance, he would make her his partner for the whole evening; and there was Miss Willoughby, perhaps, or Miss Miller, sitting down; either of whom would have given her eyes to stand up in a reel with Theodore.

But when the summer of her seventeenth year beheld her bursting into womanhood; when her expanding thoughts, from a bounding, fitful, rill-like current, began to run a deep, a broad, and steady stream; when she found that she was almost arrived at the threshold of the world, and reflected that the step which marks a female's first entrance into it is generally taken in the hand of a partner—the thought of who that partner might be recalled Theodore to her mind—and her heart fluttered as she asked herself the question—should she ever be indeed the wife of Theodore?

When, this time, he paid his first visit, Rosalie was as much mortified as he was. Her vexation was increased when she saw that he absented himself: she resolved, if possible, to ascertain the cause, and persuaded her mother to give a ball, and especially invite the young gentleman. He came; she watched him; observed that he neither inquired after her, nor sought for her; and marked the excellent terms that he was upon with twenty people, about whom she knew him to be perfectly indifferent. Women have a perception of the workings of the heart, far more quick and subtle than we have. She was convinced that all his fine spirits were forced—that he was acting a part. She suspected that while he appeared to be occupied with everybody but Rosalie—Rosalie was the only body that was running in his thoughts. She saw him withdraw to the library; she followed him, found him sitting down with a book in his hand, perceived, from his manner of turning over the leaves, that he was intent on anything but reading. She was satisfied that he was thinking of nothing but Rosalie. The thought that Rosalie might one day become indeed his wife, now occurred to her for the thousandth time, and a thousand times stronger than ever; a spirit diffused itself through her heart, which had never been breathed into it before, and filling it with hope and happiness, and unutterable contentment, irresistibly drew it towards him. She approached him, accosted him, and in a moment was seated with him, hand in hand, upon the sofa!

As soon as the dance was done, "Rosalie," said Theodore, "'tis almost as warm in the air as in the room; will you be afraid to take a turn with me in the garden?"

"I shall get my shawl in a minute," said Rosalie, "and meet you there;" and the maiden was there almost as soon as he.

They proceeded, arm-in-arm, to the *farthest* part of the garden; and there they walked up and down without either seeming inclined to speak, as though their hearts could discourse through their hands, which were locked in one another.

"Rosalie!" at last breathed Theodore. "Rosalie!" breathed he a second time, before the expecting girl could summon courage to say,

"Well?"

"I cannot go home to-night," resumed he, "without speaking to you."

Yet Theodore seemed to be in no hurry to speak; for there he stopped, and continued silent so long, that Rosalie began to doubt whether he would open his lips again.

"Had we not better go in?" said Rosalie; "I think I hear them breaking up."

"Not yet," replied Theodore.

"They'll miss us," said Rosalie.

"What of that?" rejoined Theodore.

"Nay," resumed the maid, "we have remained long enough, and at least allow me to go in."

"Stay but another minute, dear Rosalie!" imploringly exclaimed the youth.

"For what?" was the maid's reply.

"Rosalie," without a pause, resumed Theodore, "you used to sit upon my knee, and let me call you wife. Are those times passed forever? Dear Rosalie! will you never let me take you on my knee and call you wife again?"

"When we have done with our girlhood, we have done with our plays," said Rosalie.

"I do not mean to play, dear Rosalie," cried The-adore. "It is not playing at man and wife, to walk, as such, out of church. Will you marry me, Rosalie?"

Rosalie was silent.

"Will you marry me?" repeated he.

Not a word would Rosalie speak.

"Hear me!" cried Theodore. "The first day, Rosalie, I took you upon my knee, and called you my wife, jest as it seemed to be, my heart was never more in earnest. That day I wedded you in my soul; for though you were a child, I saw the future woman in you, rich in the richest attractions of your sex. Nay, do me justice; recall what you yourself have known of me; inquire of others. To whom did I play the suitor from that day? To none but you, although to you I did not seem to play it. Rosalie, was I not always with you? Recollect, now! Did a day pass, when I was at home, without my coming to your father's house? When there were parties there, whom did I sit beside but you? Whom did I stand behind at the piano-forte but you? Nay, for a whole night, whom have I danced with, but you?—Whatever you might have thought then, can you believe now, that it was merely a playful child that could have so engrossed me? No, Rosalie! it was the virtuous, generous, lovely, loving woman, that I saw in the playful child. Rosalie! for five years have I loved you, though I never declared it to you till now. Do you think I am worthy of you? Will you give yourself to me? Will you marry me?—Will you sit upon my knee again and let me call you wife?"

Three or four times Rosalie made an effort to speak, but desisted, as if she knew not what to say, or was unable to say what she wished, Theodore still holding her hand. At last, "Ask my father's consent!" she exclaimed, and tried to get away; but before she could effect it, she was clasped to the bosom of Theodore, nor released till the interchange of the first pledge of love had been forced from her bashful lips! She did not appear, that night, in the drawing-room again.

Theodore's addresses were sanctioned by the parents of Rosalie. The wedding day was fixed—it wanted but a fortnight to it—when a malignant fever made its appearance in the town: Rosalie's parents were the first victims. She was left an orphan at eighteen, and her uncle, by her mother's side, who had been nominated her guardian in a will, made several years, having followed his brother-in-law and sister's remains to the grave, took up his residence at B——.

Rosalie's sole consolation now was such as she received from the society of Theodore; but Theodore soon wanted consolation himself. His father was attacked by the fever and died, leaving his affairs, to the astonishment of every one, in a state of the most extricable embarrassment; for he had been looked upon as one of the wealthiest inhabitants of B——. This was a double blow to Theodore, but he was not aware of the weight of it till, after the interment of his father, he repaired, for the first time, to resume his visits to his Rosalie.

He was stepping up without ceremony to the drawing-room, when the servant begged his pardon for stopping him, telling him at the same time, that he had received instructions from his master to show Theodore into the parlor, when he should call.

"Was Miss Wilford there?"

"No." Theodore was shown into the parlor. Of all savage brutes, the human brute is the most pernicious and revolting, because he unites to the evil properties of the inferior animal the mental faculties of the superior one. And then he is at large. A vicious tempered dog you can muzzle and render innocuous; but there is no preventing the human dog that bites from fleshing his tooth—he is sure to have it in somebody. And then the infliction is so immeasurably more severe!—the quick of the mind is so much more sensitive than that of the body! Besides, the savage that runs on four legs is so inferior in performance to him that walks upon two! 'Tis he that knows how to knaw! I have often thought it a pity and a sin that the man who plays the dog should be protected from dying the death of one. He should hang, and the other go free.

"Well, young gentleman!" was the salutation which Theodore received when he entered the parlor; "pray, what brings you here?"

Theodore was struck dumb; and no wonder.

"Your father, I understand, has died a beggar!—Do you think to marry my niece?"

If Theodore respired with difficulty before, his breath was utterly taken away at this. He was a young man of spirit, but who can keep up his heart when his ship all at once is going down?

The human dog went on—

"Young gentleman, I shall be plain with you, for I am a straight-forward man; young women should mate with their matches—you are no match for my niece; so a good morning to you!"

How more in place to have wished him a good halter! Saying this, the straitforward savage walked out of the room, leaving the door wide open, that Theodore might have room for egress, and steadily walked up stairs.

It was several minutes before he could recover his self-recollection. When he did so he rang the bell.

"Tell your master I wish to speak to him," said Theodore to the servant who answered it. The servant went up stairs after his master, and returned.

"I am sorry, sir," said he, "to be the bearer of such an errand, but my master desires you instantly to quit the house; and has commanded me to tell you that he has given me orders not to admit you again."

"I must see Miss Wilford!" exclaimed Theodore.

"You cannot, sir," respectfully remarked the servant, "for she is locked in her own room; but you can send a message to her," added he, in a whisper, "and I will be the bearer of it. There is not a servant in the house, Mr. Theodore, but is sorry for you to the soul."

This was so much in season, and so evidently spoken from the heart, that Theodore could not help catching the honest fellow by the hand. Here the drawing-room bell was rung violently.

"I must go, sir," said the servant; "what message to my mistress?"

"Tell her to give me a meeting, and to apprise me of the time and place," said Theodore, and the next moment the hall door was shut upon him.

One may easily imagine the state of the young fellow's mind. To be driven with insult and barbarity from the house in which he had been received a thousand times with courtesy and kindness, which he looked upon as his own! Then, what was to be done? Rosalie's uncle, after all, had told him nothing but the truth. His father had died a beggar! Dear as Rosalie was to Theodore, his own pride recoiled at the idea of offering her a hand which was not the master of a shilling! Yet was not Theodore portionless. His education was finished; that term he had completed his collegiate studies. If his father had not left him a fortune, he had provided him with the means of making one himself; at all events, of commanding a competency. He had the credit of being a young man of decided genius too.

"I will not offer Rosalie a beggar's hand!" exclaimed Theodore; "I shall ask her to remain true to me for a year—and I'll go up to London and maintain myself by my pen. It may acquire my fame as well as fortune; and then I may marry Rosalie!"

This was a great deal of work to be done in a year; but if Theodore was not a man of genius, he possessed a mind of that sanguine temperament which is usually an accompaniment of the richer gift. Before the hour of dinner, all his plans were laid, and he was ready to start for London. He waited now for nothing but a message from Rosalie, and as soon as the sweet girl could send it, it came to him. It appointed him to meet her in the green lane after sunset. The sun had scarcely set, when he was there; and there, too, was Rosalie. He found that she was Rosalie still. Fate had stripped him of fortune, but she could not persuade Rosalie to refuse him her hand, or her lip; when, half way down the lane, she heard a light, quick step behind her, and, turning, beheld Theodore.

Theodore's wishes, as I stated before, were granted as soon as communicated; and now, nothing remained but to say good-by—perhaps the hardest thing to two young lovers. Rosalie stood passive in the arms of Theodore as he took the farewell kiss, which appeared as if it would join his lips to hers forever, instead of tearing them away. She heard her name called from a short distance, and in a half-suppressed voice; she started, and turned towards the direction whence the preconcerted warning came; she heard it again; she had stopped till the last moment! She had half withdrawn herself from Theodore's arms; she looked at him; flung her own around him, and burst into tears upon his neck!—In another minute there was nobody in the lane.

London is a glorious place for a man of talent to make his way in—provided he has extraordinary good luck. Nothing but merit can get on there: nothing is sterling that is not of its coinage. Our provincial towns won't believe that gold is gold unless it has been minted in London. There is no trickery there; no treating, no canvassing, no intrigue, no coalition! There, worth has only to show itself if it wishes to be killed with kindness! London tells the truth! You may swear to what it says—whatsoever may be proved to the contrary. The cause—the cause is everything in London! Show but your craft, and straight your brethren come crowding around you, and if they find you worthy, why you shall be brought into notice—even though they should tell a lie for it and damn you. Never trouble yourself about getting on by interest in London! Get on by yourself. Posts are filled there by merit; or if the man suits not the office, why the office is made to adapt itself to the man, and so there is unity after all! What a happy fellow was Theodore to find himself in such a place as London!

He was certainly happy in one thing: the coach in which he came, set him down at a friend's whose circumstances were narrow, but whose heart was large—a curate of the Church of England. Strange that, with all the appurtenances of hospitality at his command, abundance should allow it to be said, that the kindest welcome which adversity usually meets with, is that which it receives from adversity. If Theodore found that the house was a cold one to what he had been accustomed, the warmth of the greeting made up for it. "They breakfasted at nine, dined at four, and, if he could sleep upon the sofa, why, there was a bed for him!" In a day or two he was settled, and at his work.

And upon what did Theodore found his hopes of making a fortune and rising to fame in London?—Upon writing a play. At an early period, he had discovered, as his friends imagined, a talent for dramatic composition: and having rather sedulously cultivated that branch of literature, he thought he would now try his hand in one bold effort, the success of which should determine him as to his future course in life. The play was written, presented, and accepted; the performers were ready in their parts; the evening of representation came on, and Theodore, seated in the pit beside his friend, at last, with a throbbing heart, beheld the curtain rise. The first and second acts went off smoothly and with applause.

Two gentlemen were placed immediately in front of Theodore.

"What do you think of it?" said the one to the other.

"Rather tame," was the reply.

"Will it succeed?"

"Doubtful."

The third act, however, decided the fate of the play; the interest of the audience became so intense, that at one particular stage of the action, numbers in the second and third rows of the side boxes stood up, and the clapping of hands was universal, intermingled with cries of "bravo!" from every part of the theatre. "'Twill do," was now the remark, and Theodore breathed a little more freely than he had done some ten minutes ago. Not to be too tedious, the curtain fell amid shouts of approbation, unmingled with the slightest demonstration of pleasure, and the author had not twenty friends in the house.

If Theodore did not sleep that night, it was not from inquietude of mind—contentment was his repose. His most sanguine hopes had been surpassed; the fiat of a London audience had stamped him a dramatist; the way to fortune was open and clear, and Rosalie would be his.

Next morning, as soon as breakfast was over, Theodore and his friend repaired to the coffee-room. "We must see what the critics say," remarked the latter. Theodore, with prideful confidence—the offspring of fair success, took up the first morning print that came to his hand. *Theatre Royals* met his eye. "Happy is the successful dramatist!" exclaimed Theodore to himself. "At night he is greeted by the applause of admiring thousands, and in the morning they are repeated, and echoed all over the kingdom, through the medium of the press! What will Rosalie say when her eye falls upon this!" And what, indeed, would Rosalie say when she read the utter demolition of her lover's drama, which the critic denounced from beginning to end, without presenting his reader with a single quotation to justify the severity of his strictures.

"'Tis very odd!" said Theodore.

"'Tis very odd indeed!" rejoined his friend, repeating his words. "You told me this play was your own, and here I find that you have copied it from half a dozen others that have been founded upon the same story."

"Where!" inquired Theodore, reaching for the paper.

"There!" said his friend, pointing to the paragraph.

"And is this London!" exclaimed Theodore. "I never read a play, nor the line of a play, upon the same subject. Why does not the writer prove the plagiarism?"

"Because he does not know whether it is or is not a plagiarism," rejoined the other. "He is aware that several other authors have constructed dramas upon the same passage in history; and—to draw the most charitable inference, for you would not suspect him of telling a deliberate lie—he thinks you have seen them, and have availed yourself of them."

"Is it not the next thing to a falsehood," indignantly exclaimed Theodore, "to advance a charge, of the justness of which you have not assured yourself?"

"I know not that," rejoined his friend; "but it certainly indicates a rather superficial reverence for truth, and a disposition to censure, which excludes from all claim to ingenuousness the individual who indulges it."

"And this will go the round of the whole kingdom!"

"Yes."

"Should I not contradict it?"

"No."

"Why?"

"'Tis beneath you; besides, the stamp of malignancy is so strong upon it, that, except to the utterly ignorant, it is harmless; and even these, when they witness your play themselves, at some time or another they will, will remember the libel, to the cost of its author and to your advantage. I see you have been almost as hardly treated by this gentleman," continued he, glancing over the paper which Theodore had taken up when he entered the room. "Are you acquainted with any of the gentlemen of the press?"

"No; and is it not therefore strange that I should have enemies among them?"

"Not at all."

"Why?"

"Because you have succeeded. Look over the rest of the journals," continued his friend; "you may find salve, perhaps, for these scratches."

Theodore did so, and in one or two instances salve, indeed, he found; but upon the whole he was in little danger of being spoiled through the praises of the press. "Why," exclaimed Theodore, "why do not letters enlarge the soul, while they expand the mind? Why do they make men generous and honest? Why is not every literary man an illustration of Juvenal's axiom?"

"Teach a dog what you may," rejoined the friend, "can you alter his nature, so that the brute shall not predominate?"

"No," replied Theodore.

"You are answered," said a friend.

The play had what is called a run, but not a decided one. Night after night it was received with the same enthusiastic applause; but the audience did not increase. It was a victory without the acquisition of spoils or territory. "What can be the meaning of this?" exclaimed Theodore; "we seem to be moving, and yet do not advance an inch!"

"They should paragraph the play as they do a pantomime," remarked his friend. "But then a pantomime is an expensive thing; they will lay out a thousand pounds upon by one, and they must get their money back. The same is the case with their melo-dramas; so, if you want to succeed to the height, as a play-wright, you know what to do."

"What?" inquired Theodore.

"Write melo-dramas and pantomimes!"

Six months had now elapsed, and Theodore's purse, with all his success, was rather lighter than when he first pulled it out in London. However, in a week, two bills which he had taken from his publisher would fall due, and then he would run down to B——, and perhaps obtain an interview with Rosalie. At the expiration of the week his bills were presented, and dishonored! He repaired to his publisher's for an explanation—the house had stopped! Poor Theodore! They were in the Gazette that very day!—Theodore turned into the first coffee-room to look at a paper; there were, indeed, the names of the firm!—"I defy fortune to serve me a scurvier trick!" exclaimed Theodore, the tears half starting into his eyes. He little knew the lady whose ingenuity he was braving.

He looked now at one side of the paper, and now at the other, thinking all the while of nothing but the bills and the bankrupts' list. *Splendid Fete at B——*, met his eye, and soon his thoughts were occupied with nothing but B——; for there he read that the young lord of the manor, having just come of age, had given a ball and supper, the former of which he opened with the lovely and accomplished Miss Rosalie. The grace of the fair couple was expatiated upon; and the editor took occasion to hint, that a pair so formed by nature for each other might probably, before long, take hands in another, a longer, and more momentous dance. What did Theodore think of fortune now?

"O, that it were but a stride to B——!" he exclaimed, as he laid down the paper, and his head dropped nerveless at his side. He left the coffee house, and dreamed his way back to his friend's; gigs, carriages, carts, rolled by him unheeded; the foot-path was crowded, but he saw not a soul in the street. He was in the ball-room at B——, and looking on while the young lord of the manor handed out Rosalie to lead her down the dance, through every figure of which Theodore followed them with his eyes with scrutinizing glance, scanning the countenance of his mistress. Then the set was over, and he saw them walking arm-in-arm up and down the room; and presently they were dancing again; and now the ball was over, and he followed them to the supper room, where he saw the young lord of the manor place Rosalie beside him. Then fancy changed the scene from the supper room to the church, at the altar of which stood Rosalie with his happy rival; and he heard the questions and responses which forge the mystic chain that binds for life; and he saw the ring put on, and heard the blessing which announces that the nuptial sacrament is complete! His hands were clenched; his cheek was in a flame; a wish was rising in his throat: "Good news for you," said some one, clapping him on the back; "a letter from Rosalie lies for you at home. Why are you passing the house?" 'Twas his friend.

"A letter from Rosalie!" exclaimed Theodore.—Quickly he retraced his steps, and there, on his table lay, indeed, the dear missive of his Rosalie.

"Welcome, sweet comforter!" ejaculated Theodore, as he kissed the ciphers which his Rosalie's hand had traced, and the wax which bore the impress of her seal—"welcome, O welcome! You come in time; you bring an ample solace for disappointment, mortification, poverty—whatever my evil destiny can inflict! You have come to assure me that they cannot deprive me of my Rosalie!"

Bright was his eye, and glistening while he spoke; but when he opened the fair folds that conveyed to him the thoughts of his mistress, its radiancy was gone!

"THEODORE,

"I am aware of the utter frustration of your hopes. I am convinced that at the end of a year you will not be a step nearer to fortune than you are now;—why then keep my hand for you? What I say briefly, you will interpret fully. You are now the guardian of my happiness—as such I address you. Thursday—so you consent—will be my wedding day.

"ROSALIE."

Such was the letter, upon the address and seal of which Theodore had imprinted a score of kisses before he opened it. "Fortune is in the mood," said Theodore, with a sigh so deeply drawn, that any one who had heard it, would have imagined he had breathed his spirit out along with it.—"Fortune is in the mood, and let her have her humor out! I shall answer the letter; my reply to her shall convey what she desires—nothing more! she is incapable of entering into my feelings, and unworthy of being made acquainted with them; I shall not condescend even to complain."

"ROSALIE,

"You are free!

"THEODORE."

Such was the answer which Theodore despatched to Rosalie. O the enviable restlessness of the mind upon the first shock of thwarted affection! How it turns every way for the solace which it feels it can nowhere meet with, except in the perfect extinction of consciousness. Find it an anodyne!—you cannot. A drug may close the eye for a time, but the soul will not sleep a wink; it lies broad awake to agony, distinct, palpable, immediate, howsoever memory may be cheated to lose for the present the traces of the cause. Then for the start, the spasm, the groan, which, while the body lies free, attest the presence and activity of the mental rack! Better walk than go to sleep! A heath, without a soul but yourself upon it!—an ink-black sky, pouring down torrents—wind, lightning, thunder, as though the vault above was cracking and departing into fragments!—anything to mount above the pitch of your own solitude, and darkness, and tempest, and overcome them, or attract and divert your contemplation from them, or threaten every moment to put an end to them and you!

Theodore's friend scarcely knew him the next morning. He glanced at him, and took no farther notice. 'Twas the best way; though people there are who imagine that it rests with a man in a fever, at his own option to remain in it, or become convalescent.

Theodore's feelings were more insupportable to him the second day than the first. He went here and there and everywhere; and nowhere could he remain for two minutes at a time at rest. Then he was so abstracted. Crossing a street he was nearly run over by a vehicle and four. This for a moment awakened him. He saw London and B—— upon the pannels of the coach. The box-seat was empty; he asked if it was engaged. "No." He sprung up upon it, and away they drove. "I'll see her once more," exclaimed Theodore; "it can but drive me mad, or break my heart."

Within a mile of B——, a splendid barouch passed them. "Whose is that?" inquired Theodore.

"The young lord of the manor's," answered the driver. "Did you see the lady in it?"

"No."

"I caught a glimpse of her dress," said the driver. "I'll warrant she is a dashing one! The young 'squire, they say, has a capital taste!" Theodore looked after the carriage. There was nothing but the road. The vehicle drove at a rapid pace, and was soon out of sight. Theodore's heart turned sick.

The moment the coach stopped he alighted; and, with a misgiving mind, he stood at the door which had often admitted him to his Rosalie. 'Twas opened by a domestic whom he had never seen before.—"Was Miss Wilford within?" "No." "When would she return?" "Never. She had gone that morning to London to be married!" Theodore made no further inquiries, neither did he offer to go, but stood glaring upon the man more like a spectre than a human being. "Anything more?" said the man, retreating into the house, and gradually closing the door, through which now only a portion of his face could be seen. "Anything more?" Theodore made no reply; in fact, he had lost all consciousness. At last, the shutting of the door, which, half from panic, half from anger, the man pushed violently to, aroused him. "I shall knock at you no more!" said he, and departed, pressing his heart with his hand, and moving his limbs as if he cared not how, or whither they bore him. A gate suddenly stopped his progress; 'twas the entrance to the green lane. He stepped over the stile—he was on the spot where he had parted last from Rosalie—where she had flung her arms about his neck and wept upon it. His heart began to melt, for the first time since he had received her letter: a sense of suffocation came over him, till he felt as if he would choke. The name of Rosalie was on his tongue; twice he attempted to articulate it, but he could not. At last it got vent in a convulsive sob, which was followed by a torrent of tears. He threw himself upon the ground—he wept on—he made no effort to check the flood, but let it flow till forgetfulness stopped it.

He rose with a sensation of intense cold. 'Twas morning! He had slept! Would he had slept on!—He turned from the sun, as it rose without a cloud, upon the wedding morn of Rosalie.—'Twas Thursday. He repassed the stile; and in a few minutes was on his road to London, which he entered about eleven o'clock at night, and straight proceeded to his friend's. They were gone to bed.

"Give me a light," said Theodore, "I'll go to bed."

"Your bed is occupied, sir," replied the servant.

"Is it?" said Theodore. "Well, I can sleep upon the carpet." He turned into a parlor, drew a chair towards the table, upon which the servant had placed a light, and sat down. All was quiet for a time. Presently he heard a foot upon the stair; 'twas his friend's, who was descending, and now entered the parlor.

"I thought you were a-bed," said Theodore.

"So I was," replied his friend, "but hearing your voice in the hall, I rose and came down to you." He drew a chair opposite to Theodore. Both were silent for a time; at length Theodore spoke.

"Rosalie is married," said he.

"I don't believe it."

"She is going to be married to the young lord of the manor."

"I don't believe it."

"She came to town with him yesterday."

"I don't believe it."

Theodore pushed back his chair, and stared at his friend.

"What do you mean?" said Theodore.

"I mean that I entertain some doubts as to the accuracy of your grounds for concluding that Rosalie is inconstant to you."

"Did I not read the proof of it in the public papers?"

"The statement may have been erroneous."

"Did not her own letter assure me of it?"

"You may have misunderstood it."

"I tell you I have been at B——; I have been at her house. I inquired for her, and was told she had gone up to London to be married! O *my friend*," continued he, covering his eyes with his handkerchief, "'tis useless to deceive ourselves. I am a ruined man! You see to what she has reduced me. I shall never be myself again! Myself! I tell you I existed in *her* being more than in my own. She was the soul of all I thought, and felt, and did; the primal, vivifying principle! She has murdered me! I breathe, it is pure, and the blood is in my veins, and circulates; but everything else about me is death—hopes! wishes! interests!—there is no pulse, no respiration there! I should not be sorry were there none anywhere else! Feel my hand," added he, reaching his hand across the table, without removing the handkerchief from his eyes, for the sense of his desolation had utterly unmanned him, and his tears continued to flow. "Feel my hand. Does it not burn? A hearty fever, now, would be a friend," continued he, "and I think I have done my best to merit a call from such a visitor. The whole of the night before last I slept out in the open air. Guess where I made my bed.—In the green lane—the spot where I parted last from Rosalie!"—He felt a tear drop upon the hand which he had extended—the tear was followed by a pressure of the lip. He uncovered his eyes, and turning them in wonderment to look upon his friend—behold Rosalie sitting opposite to him!

For a moment or two he questioned the evidence of his senses—but soon was he convinced that it was indeed reality; for Rosalie quitting her seat, approached him; and breathing his name with an accent that infused ecstacy into his soul, threw herself into his arms, that doatingly opened to receive her.

* * * * *

Looking over her father's papers Rosalie had found a more recent will, in which her union with Theodore had been fully sanctioned, and he himself constituted her guardian until it should take place. She was aware that his success in London had been doubtful; the generous girl determined that he should no longer be subjected to incertitude and disappointment; and she playfully wrote the letter which was the source of such distraction to her lover. From his answer she saw that he had totally misrepresented her; she resolved in person to disabuse him of the error; and by offering to become his wife, at once to give him the most convincing proof of her sincerity and constancy. She arrived in London the very day that Theodore arrived in B——. His friend who had known her from her infancy, received her as his daughter: and he and his wife listened with delight to the unfolding of her plans and intentions, which she freely confided to them. Late they sat up for Theodore that night, and when all hopes of his coming home were abandoned, Rosalie became the occupant of his bed. The next night, in a state of the most distressing anxiety, in consequence of his continued absence, she had just retired to her apartment, when a knock at the street door made her bound from her couch, upon which she had that moment thrown herself, and presently she heard her lover's voice at the foot of the stairs. Scarcely knowing what she did, she attired herself, descended, opened the parlor door unperceived by Theodore, and took the place of their friendly host, who, the moment he saw her, beckoned her, and resigning his chair to her, withdrew.

The next evening a select party were assembled in the curate's little drawing room, and Theodore and Rosalie were there. The lady of the house motioned to approach her, she rose and was crossing Theodore, when he caught her by the hand and drew her upon his knee.

"Theodore!" exclaimed the fair one, coloring.

"My wife!" was his reply, while he imprinted a kiss upon her lips.

They had been married that morning.

TO MY WIFE.

Her love has all the tenderness, the trusting faith, the truth,
Which bound me with their golden ties, through fond and fleeting youth,
And now in manhood's graver years, 'tis her true love supplies
The solace for earth's darker hours, with bright hopes of the skies!

When sad and drear our daily paths, how sweet to us the love
Which tells us through the [illegible] we wander not alone,
That, when no other form is near, that heart is by our side,
To cheer our souls with love's true words, when most by sorrow tried!

So, wandering on these distant shores, my heart looks fondly back,
Through all the clouds upon my path, the sunshine on my track;
And the sweet hopes and memories, the loves of vanished years,
Come whispering their tender tales, and melt my heart to tears.

Fit tribute to her love, such tears! delicious, and yet sad!
They wash away each bitter grief, and leave the bosom glad;
Upspringing from the heart's deep fount, those healing waters flow,
And shed on every lingering thought, the bliss which angels know.

Flow on, sweet tears! I feel my heart, beneath your gentle rain,
Though parched and hardened by the world, grows fresh and green again;
The spring tide of my youth comes back, with all its fruits and flowers,
The thoughts and feelings pure and true, which blessed those sunny hours!

And she, whose love commenced my song, my bright, my morning star,
Who ever seemed to me as pure, as holy angels are—
She comes to see the blessed change, these sacred tears impart,
And bids them flow, with love's sweet tide, to [illegible] her faithful heart.

LUCILLA.

A Thrilling Story of Naples.

BY RICHARD WESTMACOTT, ESQ.

There is a house situated on the ascent of the Mergellina, at the end of the Chiaja, in Naples, which, some years ago, was the scene of one of those lawless, and at the same time romantic dramas, which seem to occur more frequently in Italy than in any other country. They are too often characterized by fearful acts of violence; but they sometimes are accompanied by circumstances that give them an unusual degree of interest, and the tale-collector is almost cheated out of his natural horror of the crime, by the fixed purpose and energy of the actors, and by the picturesque scenery and accompaniments amidst which the events, shocking in themselves, take place. The reader shall judge how far the following little story, which is founded on fact, is one of those to which the above observations apply.

Though the more prominent actors in the scene about to be exhibited were in an inferior walk of life, the incidents which gave their interest to the house in the Magellina, had their origin from a more elevated source. Two nobles, who had considerable possessions in the mountain district on the east of the beautiful territory of Amalfi, had long been at feud; and what, in former times, would have burst into regular acts of violence and petty warfare, was still carried on, in a minor degree, by every kind of enmity and annoyance that could be exercised. The name of one of these parties was Serrani; the other was a branch of the Bolognese house of Cesarotti.

Amongst the most daring and zealous of the adherents of Serrani—for the servants on each side took an active part in the disputes of their respective masters—was a man called Matteo. He was a native of Sicily, where he had a wife, and a son and daughter. He had been obliged to effect his escape thence, owing to the breaking up of a desperate band of smugglers, of which he was one; and he had contrived to recommend himself to Serrani, to whom he was entirely devoted, in gratitude for his protection, often extended to him when his crimes would otherwise have been visited with condign punishment. As may be supposed, he was a reckless and unscrupulous instrument in carrying into effect any plan of annoyance that could injure or irritate his lord's hated neighbour. Opportunities were not wanting on either side, and none were ever lost for the commission of acts of aggression and vexation. On one occasion, however, the Cesarotti party had gained an advantage, by securing Matteo on the spot. He had been caught by the foresters of Cesarotti trespassing at night on his domain, and he was accused, on no doubtful proof, of having instigated some of his fellows, who were discovered in the act of maiming cattle.

Those who know Italy well, and have had opportunity of judging of the condition of the tribunals, know how irregularly and uncertainly the law there is administered, especially when interest can be brought to bear upon the decisions. This is one of the fruitful causes of the great demoralization of the people. There is no confidence in the honesty and purity of the courts, and it cannot, therefore, be a matter of surprise that individuals, feeling how little they can reckon on justice and legal forms, so often take the law into their own hands. In the instance before us, the interest of the parties was pretty nearly equal. Cesarotti considered the matter well, and felt it would be striking an important blow, if he could secure the legal punishment of a servant of Serrani; and as he knew the evidence against Matteo was insurmountable, he expressed his submission to, and his confidence in, the high authority of the law, and carried the case before a court of justice. Serrani's interest was exerted in the usual (that is, the most shameless) manner; but, on this occasion, it was in vain; the facts were glaring—justice triumphed. A conviction was gained, and the sentence was that Matteo should be publicly whipped, and subjected to two years' close imprisonment.

Serrani's hostility to Cesarotti could scarcely be increased, even by this defeat, but Matteo had now a private injury, in addition to his enmity as a servant of the Serrani's, to whet his rancour, and stimulate his hatred against Cesarotti. He swore never to forgive him, nor to rest till he had satisfied his revenge.

Soon after this, and while the convict was fulfilling his term of imprisonment, political disturbances broke out in Italy. Cesarotti was engaged in these; and having taken a part on the popular and unsuccessful side, found himself obliged, on their partial suppression, to fly the country. Considerable exertions were made to arrest him, but they failed; and, as a last resource, a reward was offered for his apprehension, in the event of his making his appearance within the Neapolitan territory.

* * * * * *

At the end of the stated period, Matteo was liberated from prison. He returned to the service of Serrani, burning with revenge against Cesarotti, and determined to let slip no opportunity to make him, and, if possible, those connected with him, pay the full penalty for the pain and indignity he had suffered. The absence of Cesarotti placed him personally out of reach of Matteo's vengeance; but the circumstances under which he was expatriated, suggested a new means of annoyance. Hitherto no steps had been taken by the government to interfere with the property of Cesarotti, and his family still resided on the estate, and managed his affairs. Matteo urged his master to endeavour to have the estate of Cesarotti confiscated, as that of an outlaw and rebel.—Serrani, quite as ready as heretofore to injure his enemy, either directly or indirectly, lent a willing ear to this counsel, and communications were held with the authorities upon the subject. By some means or other, a suspicion of this villainous plot reached the representatives of Cesarotti, and they lost no time in sending a trusty messenger to him, to apprize him of what they apprehended. They implored him, therefore, to take immediate steps, by securing the services of some powerful advocate, to frustrate the intentions of his enemy; especially as endeavours were being made by his own influential friends to obtain a remission of the sentence against himself, so as eventually to allow of his returning to reside on his property. Cesarotti saw how necessary it was to act with decision; but he knew that till he could get the judgment against himself modified or withdrawn, he scarcely could hope to take such steps as should prevent foul play in the matter of confiscation.

During his exile, he had attached to him a servant in whom he placed the greatest confidence, and he resolved to trust this person, though he was very young, with the correspondence that was necessary to effect the great object he had in view. By the care, caution, and assiduity of this youth, whose name was Ignatio, Cesarotti established a communication with some valued friends, and secured the assistance and co-operation of one of the most distinguished advocates in Naples. As there were great difficulties in the way of Cesarotti being freed from the sentence that had been passed against him, the first object at present was to create delays in the process for effecting the seizure of his property.—Ignazio was the medium through which all the correspondence upon these vital matters passed, and some time had now elapsed since it first commenced. The lawyer had established a place of meeting in a retired cottage of a Vignaiuolo, or Vine-dresser, a humble client of his, close to Naples; and it was thither that the parties usually repaired, either to converse or to leave letters, as the case might require. Ignazio was unremitting in his attention to his master's interests, but he also had found attraction for himself in the Vignarolo's dwelling. It was the house already alluded to on the Mergellina. It was a few yards off the path leading up the hill, on a part of which stands the, so-called, *Tomba di Virgilio*; and was approached by a steep paved ascent. A wall, with two or three arched openings, formed a protection on the side of the precipitous hill, and from these a commanding view was afforded of the beautiful bay of Naples. Ignazio, who often had to wait many hours for meetings or answers to letters of which he was the bearer, became acquainted with the pretty daughter of the Vine-dresser, and was not long in creating an interest for himself in the breast of the fair Lucilla. The Vignarolo had lost his wife; and, as he was engaged during the day in his occupation, and old Margarita, who managed his house for him, also had her cares, there was plenty of opportunity for the young people to increase their intimacy, and quietly and deliberately to fall in love with each other. Ignazio was a handsome young fellow, good tempered, and played well upon the guitar, so that his having gained Lucilla's good opinion is not much to be wondered at. There was something attractive, too, in the air of mystery with which he came and went; his desire to remain concealed as much as possible; and in the sort of consideration that was paid him by the Signor Avvocato and others who came to him. He seemed also to be in some sort of danger, and Lucilla felt or fancied that she was, to a degree, trusted, and had his safety in her keeping—a powerful tie, and one that was sure to make a woman's heart soft and sympathising. It must also be added, that in the midst of his many cares, he always seemed to remember Lucilla, and generally contrived to bring her some pretty little present, for which she could not but feel grateful.

Matters had gone on so satisfactorily, as far as concealment of their designs and intercourse went, that, at one of their meetings, it was resolved to have Cesarotti himself into Naples. His place of concealment was on the frontier, at the house of a friend, and there seemed to be every chance of his being able to have a personal conference with his supporters, and get back to his place of refuge before any one could be apprised of his having entered the Neapolitan dominions. Ignatio received his instructions accordingly, and to his ingenuity and courage the enterprise was intrusted.—He took leave of Lucilla and her father, and set out on his journey to join his master.

It is now time to return to Serrani and Matteo.—These worthies had not been idle; but somehow or other all their plans for precipitating the confiscation of Cesarotti's estate had hitherto been baffled, and they could not discover by what means these delays had been effected. At length, by great watchfulness on the part of Matteo, and well-directed bribery, through his agency, of one of the subordinates of the Court in which the process was being conducted, Matteo contrived to discover that there was a powerful interest at work to assist Cesarotti, and to secure not only his estate, but also to gain a commutation of his sentence. He had a new object of interest in tracing out how this was being exercised, and as it was important that he should be on the spot, he easily gained permission of his master to take up his quarters permanently at Naples. Through his purchased friend and informer in the Court, he easily learned who were the leading advocates likely to be consulted upon cases of the kind, and, after long watching, he did, unhappily, discover the communication that took place between one of them and some person or persons in the house on the Mergellina. He now had to ascertain whether this intercourse was connected with the object in which he and his master had so great an interest. He contrived to gain admittance to the house, and made a sort of acquaintance with its inmates. He was too wary to put any leading questions, and trusted to his own acute observation to discover the purpose of the Advocate's visits to the Vignarolo. Nothing, however, occurred to throw light upon what he was so anxious to find out, till the very evening on which it had been determined to invite Cesarotti to hold a personal conference with his advisers. On that evening Matteo was strolling, as if accidentally, towards the Vignarolo's house; and had just reached the corner near the paved ascent, when a young man, muffled up in his cloak, passed him. The sun had just set, and it was too dark to make out anything of the figure of the person. Matteo looked after him—watched him on his way down the hill—and would have followed, had not the light step of the stranger carried him already too far from Matteo for him to overtake him without running, and thus attracting attention. He turned, and proceeded to the house, and knocked gently at the door, which was immediately opened by the smiling Lucilla, who, not seeing at first who it was, and supposing Ignazio had returned, said, in a hurried voice—

"What! something forgotten?"

Matteo let fall his cloak; appeared to take no notice of her observation; apologized for troubling her, but said that being near, he had turned up to their house to ask a "*bicchier' di vino*," for he had been walking all day, and was tired.

"Certainly," said old Margarita, who was present, "certainly,—the *padrone* is gone to bed, but a glass of wine you shall have forthwith, and welcome, and then—*felicissima notte*."

Matteo heard whispering in an adjoining room.

The wine was brought.

"*Eccellente*," said Matteo, taking a draught; "I dare say, you have many a request for a glass of such vintage?"

"Oibò! we are in an out-of-the-way corner,—but few find their way up here."

"But you have visitors sometimes, I suppose,—and the charming Lucilla would attract some, I doubt not?"

"Do not put nonsense into the child's head,—come, 'tis growing late, and had you not strolled up this way, both Lucilla and I had been in bed."

Matteo drained his glass, wished them good night, and left the house.

He had gained a point. There was a mystery; and it was now his business to find out what it was. He could have no doubt, whatever, that persons, who desired not to be known, were concealed in the house. Would they issue forth from their hiding-place? He was determined to wait for a time where he could not be seen, and, if possible, discover who they were, and whither they went. He hummed a tune as he descended the steps of the door, and appeared to be carelessly pursuing his road home.—After turning the corner that led up to the Vignarolo's house, he stopped. He knew that whoever came thence, must pass by that corner; so he threw himself behind some low shrubs that grew there, and remained quiet, watching like the hyena for her prey. After some time, he heard footsteps. Two figures descended the path. Both were unknown to him. As they passed close by him, one of them observed to the other that they had better separate at the bottom of the hill, as, if any one should meet them, their being seen together at that time, and in such a place, might excite suspicion.

"Right!" said the other, "we must meet again on Friday night, when Cesarotti——"

Matteo could hear no more, for the voice was lost in the distance. He crept out from his place of concealment, and gained the *strada* just as the two friends parted. Matteo kept one of them in his eye, and followed him at a careful distance. He succeeded in watching him to the house of the Advocate.—It was indeed Cesarotti's legal adviser.

Matteo took care to inform his employer of all he knew, save his suspicion that Cesarotti himself was to be at the house on the following Friday. The few words spoken in his hearing seemed to convey that intimation, and he resolved, at any rate, to be ready to make a masterly stroke, if it should turn out to be so. The reward offered by government for Cesarotti's apprehension would be his, and he would also be carrying out his own and his master's scheme of vengeance. Still, he would not commit himself beforehand by reporting what, after all, might not be the fact.

There were four days to pass before the Friday night that was so pregnant with events not only affecting Cesarotti and Serrani, but also Matteo. His suspicion, as we have seen, was correct. It had been arranged, that if Cesarotti could disguise himself, and would dare the peril, he was to meet his friends at the Vignarolo's house on Friday night; as his attested signature was essential to some papers which the Advocate meant to use in his client's favor.

Matteo, in the first place, secured the assistance of some trusty fellow-rascals to make Cesarotti his prisoner. He ordered them to be in attendance below, in the *strada*, after night-fall—and to be ready at a notice agreed upon, to seize upon those who should descend from the Vignarolo's house; but on no account to molest any one till they heard his signal. He himself was to be in his former hiding-place, where he could see those who arrived as well as departed.

So far, his plan was excellently well laid.

Friday arrived. Ignazio had stolen into Naples early in the morning, long before Matteo dreamed that anything was passing; and was safely lodged in the Vine-dresser's house. Here he was to remain, ready to receive his master, who would be conducted thither by one of the persons whom Matteo had seen. The Advocate was to meet him at an appointed hour.

Soon after sunset, Matteo, who had long been hanging about the spot, stole to his hiding-place.—His fellows were to be at their posts about two hours later, as he did not mean Cesarotti to be seized till he left the house. He scarcely had waited half an hour, when he heard footsteps approaching. Two figures came close to where he was lying. In one of them he recognized Cesarotti; the other was the companion of the Advocate, whom he had noticed on the former occasion.

"Now," said Cesarotti, "we may speak—where is the house?"

"Close by; we are safe thus far."

"Have you heard anything more of Serrani's agent, who, I strongly suspect, is that villain Matteo?"

"No; but the information you gave has been acted upon, and the police are watching for him—the galleys will settle his business for him, even if he should escape with his life; the murder——"

Matteo could distinguish no more. He had heard enough, however, to convince him that he was in imminent danger, and that Cesarotti had the intention of destroying him. His case was desperate, and a dark thought crossed his mind. "Is it so?" he muttered to himself. He brought his stiletto higher up in his vest, so that he could the more easily grasp its handle.

Cesarotti and his friend had scarcely reached the house before Matteo was aware that some one else approached the ascent. It was the Advocate. He stepped softly, and looked about him cautiously, as he turned out of the path to reach the Vignarolo's door.

After waiting nearly two hours, two figures, enveloped in cloaks, descended from the house. Matteo had his whistle ready, for he was no match for two, but, as they came near him, he perceived they were the Advocate and his friend. This was well, and answered Matteo's purpose. He let them pass. He then crept out of his hiding-place. He put aside his whistle, and played nervously with the hilt of his dagger. Cesarotti had not quitted the house, and Matteo stealthily approached the door.—It had been arranged that the Advocate and the friend of Cesarotti should leave the house first, and when sufficient time had elapsed, that Ignazio and his master should issue forth, gain the pass of Posilippo, at the further end of which there was a carriage in waiting, and that Cesarotti should make his way back to his conductor through the mountain pass. Ignazio was to return, and sleep that night in the Vignarolo's house. After a short time, the door was gently opened by Lucilla, who looked out; Margarita holding a light, to see that the path was clear. She went back to tell Ignazio he might proceed. He was to walk a few paces a-head, to secure his master's passage, and to give notice in case of danger.—Lucilla accompanied her lover to the door. Ignazio turned to wish her good night, and, as old Margarita was present, poor little Lucilla could not refuse him what his eyes so eloquently asked for. That long day, and all its gossipping, had settled their love speculations, and she had consented to be his, as soon as the present momentous business, in which his master required his constant services, should be completed. Ignazio kissed her affectionately, and then, as happy as a prince—happier than most princes—he descended the steps.

Matteo believed there was but one man who had to leave the house that night, and that man had the power to destroy him. He waited till Ignazio reached the pavement—rushed upon him,—and plunged his knife, with too true an aim, into the youth's neck!—he reeled, and fell without a groan.

Lucilla had turned back to conduct Cesarotti, who came to the door as Matteo was endeavoring to extricate himself from the convulsive grasp of the dying man, who had fallen upon his assassin. Cesarotti in a moment rushed upon him, and called loudly for help. The women came forward with a light, and Matteo stared wildly when he found himself in the strong grasp of Cesarotti, and beheld an unknown man lying dead before him.

Lucilla uttered a wild shriek, and hastened to the assistance of Ignazio. She knelt down by his side and turned his face down to see if he still lived. Matteo, who had in vain endeavoured to shake off the firm hold of Cesarotti, saw the countenance of his victim, and suddenly became convulsed with emotion. He gazed with a look of the utmost horror at the form before him, and, as he fell flat to the earth, cried—

"It is—it is—my son!"

It was indeed his son. He had quitted his native place, and seeking employment, had been taken into the service of Cesarotti, who soon distinguished him for his zeal and affection; and, unhappily for the poor youth, had chosen him for the delicate and dangerous service in which we have found him engaged.

The screams of Lucilla brought some persons to the spot. The Vignarolo, who had likewise been alarmed, appeared at the same moment. Matteo was secured, and the lifeless body of Ignazio was carried by his distressed master and the two women into the house. Cesarotti, whispering a few words to the Vignarolo, and, giving him a paper on which he hastily wrote something, directed that the murderer Matteo should be conveyed to the nearest guard-house. He then felt the necessity of looking to his own safety, for many persons had now collected about the house; and, taking advantage of the confusion, he escaped unobserved from the city.

It need only be added, that there being no doubt of Matteo's guilt, he expiated his crime with his life. In his confession, he did not hesitate to disclose in what degree his master was implicated in the affair which led to the unintentional murder of Ignazio; and Serrani was so far compromised by it, that he was glad to escape further notice, and withdrew from all interference in effecting the confiscation of Cesarotti's property. A considerable time elapsed before the representations of that nobleman's friends were listened to by the government; but eventually he received his pardon, and was suffered, on the payment of a heavy fine, to return to his estates.

THE MISER.

An old man dwelt in a lonely room,
  With a cold and selfish soul;
Thro' a broken pane, on his golden gain,
  The light of the morning stole.

His eyes were fixed with a steadfast look
  On a heavy iron chest,
Which he strove to hide by a mean bed-side,
  Where he lay in the night to rest.

Old and worn his looks, in his sunken eye
  Was a volume of misery seen:
That ghastly stare on his treasure there,
  Was his only joy I ween.

And many there came to this old man's door,
  Who pitied his wretched lot;
For they knew not the wealth he'd hid by stealth,
  In that miserable spot.

The pauper hath passed his drear abode,—
  But what for his suppliant tone?
To ask an alms there he did not dare,
  It so resembled his own.

But the old man's days were ended—
  The warning spirit came;
And his eye grew dim as it spoke to him,
  And a terror seized his frame.

"What now to thee is thy treasure?
  Hah, hah!" the spirit saith;
"Thy glitt'ring gain hath not freed thee from pain,
  It shall not screen thee from death."

And ere the even of that bright day,
  When the sun-light saw him rise,
A low sad moan from his chamber lone—
  Death—death had closed his eyes!

Wo!—wo to the soul that worships gold,
  Which only serves for the hour,
And forgets to pay, in its short-lived day,
  Its worship to the Giver.

THE WIDOW
AND HER SON.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

I approached the grave. The coffin was placed on the ground. On it were inscribed the name and age of the deceased. "GEORGE SOMERS, aged 26 years." The poor mother had been assisted to kneel down at the head of it. Her withered hands were clasped, as if in prayer; but I could perceive, by a feeble rocking of the body, and a convulsive motion of the lips, that she was gazing on the last relics of her son with the yearnings of a mother's heart.

Preparations were made to deposit the coffin in the earth. There was that bustling stir, which breaks so harshly on the feelings of grief and affection; directions were given in the cold tones of business; and there was the striking of spades into sand and gravel; which at the grave of those we love, is of all sounds the most withering. The bustle around seemed to waken the mother from a wretched reverie. She raised her glazed eyes, and looked about with a faint wildness.

As the men approached with cords, to lower the coffin into the grave, she wrung her hands, and broke into an agony of grief. The woman who attended her took her by the arm, endeavoured to raise her from the earth, and to whisper something like consolation.

"Nay, now; nay, now—don't take it so sorely to heart."

But the mother could only shake her head, and wring her hands, as one not to be comforted.

As they lowered the body into the earth, the creaking of the cords seemed to agonize her; but when, on some accidental obstruction, there was a jostling of the coffin, all the tenderness of the mother burst forth; as if any harm could come to him, who was far beyond the reach of worldly suffering.

I could see no more—my heart swelled into my throat—my eyes filled with tears—I felt as if I were acting a barbarous part in standing by and gazing idly on this scene of maternal anguish. I wandered to another part of the churchyard, where I remained until the funeral train had dispersed.

It was some time before I left the place. On my way homeward, I met with the woman who had acted as comforter. She was just returning from accompanying the mother to her lonely habitation, and I drew from her some particulars connected with the affecting scene I had witnessed.

The parents of the deceased had resided in the village from childhood. They had inhabited one of the neatest cottages, and by various rural occupations, and the assistance of a small garden, had supported themselves creditably and comfortably, and led a happy and blameless life. They had one son, who had grown up to be the staff and pride of their age.

But, unfortunately, this son was tempted, during a year of scarcity and agricultural hardship, to enter into the service of one of the small craft that plied on a neighboring river. He had not been long in this employ, when he was entrapped by a press-gang, and carried off to sea. His parents received tidings of his seizure, but beyond that they could learn nothing. It was the loss of their main prop. The father, who was already infirm, grew heartless and melancholy, and sank into his grave. The widow, left lonely in her age and feebleness, could no longer support herself, and came upon the parish.

Time passed on, till one day she heard the cottage door, which faced the garden, suddenly open. A stranger came out, and seemed to be looking eagerly and wildly around. He was dressed in seamen's clothes, was emaciated and ghastly pale, and bore the air of one broken by sickness and hardships.—He saw his mother and hastened toward her, but his steps were faint and faltering; he sank on his knees before her, and sobbed like a child. The poor woman gazed upon him with a vacant and wandering eye.

"O, my dear, dear mother! don't you know your son? your poor boy, George?"

It was, indeed, the wreck of her once noble lad; who, shattered by wounds, by sickness, and foreign imprisonment, had at length dragged his wasted limbs homeward, to repose among the scenes of his childhood. The rest of the story is soon told. The young man lingered but a few weeks, when death came to his relief.

The next Sunday after the funeral I have described, I was at the village church; when, to my surprise, I saw the poor woman tottering down the aisle, to her accustomed seat on the steps of the altar.—She had made an effort to put on something like mourning for her son; and nothing could be more touching than this struggle between pious affection and utter poverty; a black riband or so, a faded black handkerchief, and one or two more such humble attempts to express, by outward signs, the grief which passed show.

When I looked round upon the storied monuments, the stately hatchments, the cold marble pomp, with which grandeur mourned magnificently over departed pride, and turned to this poor widow, bowed down by age and sorrow, at the altar of her God, and offering up the prayers and praises of a pious, though a broken heart, I felt that this living monument of real grief was worth them all.

I related her story to some of the wealthy members of the congregation, and they were moved by it. They exerted themselves to render her situation more comfortable, and to lighten her afflictions. It was, however, but smoothing a few steps to the grave. In the course of a Sunday or two after, she was missed from her usual seat at church; and, before I left the neighborhood, I heard, with a feeling of satisfaction, that she had quietly breathed her last, and had gone to rejoin those she loved, in that world where sorrow is never known, and friends are never parted.

JACQUES COCAST,

THE HUNCHBACK PHILOSOPHER.

"Thank God for my hunch!" cried Jacques Cocast, then eleven years old, escaped from the pitying hands of Martin Flean, the miller, who, casting a compassionate glance at Cocast's unseemly load, exclaimed

"Well, the saints have burthened thee enough—go. I wouldn't beat a hunchback."

"Thank God for my hunch!" were the grateful words of the apple-stealing Jacques, and he followed his lighter heeled companions, who, on the first alarm, had scampered safely off from the miller's orchard, leaving their deformed co-mate to the vengeance of the despoiled. The miller, as we have shown, was merciful, and Jacques Cocast, the hunchback, went his way unbruised.

Jacques Cocast grew up the living plaything of the boys of the village. He was their *drudge*, their jest, their scapegoat. His good humor turned bitterness itself to merriment, and at times the tears starting to his eyes, he would laugh them down, and without knowing it, play the practical philosopher.

"Out, ye imp of deformity!" cried Cocast's stepmother, at least once a day; whereupon Jacques, to the increasing ire of his father's wife, would meekly cry,

"Thank God for my hunch!"

Left to himself, now spurned, and now at least endured by his growing companions, Jacques Cocast made a friend of his book, and found the exceeding reward of such friendship. He could read, write and cypher, to the shame of many of his seniors. Jacques Cocast's father took sudden pride in his own misshapen flesh, and Cocast's wife stormed at her stepson with increasing vigor.

The notary wanted a clerk. All eyes were turned upon Jacques as the very lad for the office. The notary himself condescended to canvass the pretensions of Jacques to the dignity. Already Jacques felt himself installed, when a slim, fair-haired, pink-complexioned youth was preferred to Cocast, the notary's wife having pithily informed her obedient husband, that his house should be no dwelling place for a hunchback.

Jacques Cocast sighed as he turned from the notary's door, and his heart beat heavily as he crawled to his paternal home. In two or three days, however, the hunchback smiled and laughed as before, and the clerkship was forgotten in sweet communings with his book.

Some four years passed on—when oh, shame to the notary's wife—shame to the fair-haired youth—the faithless woman fled from the bosom of her husband, taking with her her husband's clerk. Great was the consternation throughout the village—loud and deep the revilings of every honest spouse.—Jacques Cocast joined in no abuse but with a fine charity for the inexperience of youth, with even a tenderness towards the sin of the unfaithful wife, and considering within himself the subtle powers of the tempter, he felt grateful for his escape, and breathed his gratitude in his wonted syllables,

"Thank God for my hunch!"

Jacques Cocast was now a painstaking, philosophic tailor; and from no higher elevation than his shop-board, could look down on many of the vanities of human life. He was now twenty, and increasing years had only served to mellow his rich heart and make him feel a lessening load upon his shoulders.—Jacques would make one at all village holidays, led thereto by his own light-heartedness, and of late, furthermore urged to each festival by the blue eyes of Felicite, the baker's daughter.

Luckless Jacques Cocast! Fly the sweet perdition! You know not the falsehood of those azure lights—the venom of that pouting, pulpy lip. Felicite laughs with a witch's laugh at the love of the hunchback—whilst he, poor innocent—exalted, sublimated by his passion, lives in an atmosphere of balm and sun—vaults like a grasshopper about the earth, and gives his heart and soul to the tyranny that rejoices him. Jacques Cocast knew not vanity. He would clothe himself in the humblest wool, and then think that the best wardrobe which drew to itself the least notice. Now was it otherwise. The eyes of Felicite had smiled upon the tailor, and Jacques Cocast should henceforth be the best and the most critical customer to Jacques Cocast. If Felicite had looked with favor on his body, he would take the hitherto despised article under his future care, and habit it worthy of her who elected it as her own. As for his hump, that was gone, yes, vanished, melted in the sunlight of Felicite's eyes. With these rejoicing thoughts, Jacques Cocast would array himself finely as the finest caterpillar: his vestments now barred, and spotted, and burnished with a hundred hues.—And as he basked in the smiles of Felicite, the baker's wicked daughter would laugh in her hollow heart, and the folks of the village would confidentially clap their fingers to their noses, and wink towards the tailor.

For a month or more was Jacques Cocast the blissful Adam of this fool's paradise. For a full month did he breathe Elysium. At length the eyes of Jacques Cocast were opened and he saw his forlornness. It was the day of a *ducasse*. In the pride of his heart, and in all the glory of his trade, did the hunchback array himself to dance with Felicite, the baker's daughter. She had of late been so loving, so complying, so tender. The next dance may be at their wedding. At all events, how they would dance on the coming holiday. He, the hunchback, buoyed by his own loving heart, would foot it so lightly, that not a blade of grass should bend beneath him—not a dew-drop be scattered by his mercurial toe.

The dancers are assembled. The fiddlers sound. Jacques Cocast, in all the glories of a new suit, burning like a peacock in the conflict of colors, and in the triumph of a gladdened soul, advances to lead out Felicite, the baker's daughter. Already he has his hand upon her hand, when a gigantic thumb and finger, with vicelike power, gripes the nose of Jacques Cocast and whirls him from his partner. A laugh that drowns the fiddles burst upon the merrymakers. Jacques Cocast, with lightning in his eyes, and all the blood in his body rushing to his nose, looks for his assailant.

Hercule Grossetete, a rival of six feet, French measure, with fierce eyes, and parrot nose, glaring and protruding from between raven whiskers, with arms a-kimbo, stands before the tailor. Nevertheless, the soul of Jacques Cocast is mighty, and he is meditating how he may best spring upon the giant, and tear his iron heart from his body, when—oh, ye daughters of Eve! oh, ye rosy wickedness, ye honeyed poisons! Felicite, the baker's daughter, advanced to Hercule, and curtseying, and putting her hand in his—yet warm from the outraged nose of her doting lover, signified that she was ready to dance, that she had looked with eyes of favor on the punishment of the tailor. Then sank the heart of Jacques Cocast. He quitted the scene of his past agony of despair and wandered a very lunatic.

Foolish Jacques Cocast! Who would pity the despair of a hunchback? Who compassionate a love-broken heart, if accompanied by over-laden shoulders? What is a beautiful sentiment with a straight-backed, comely man, is a thing for a jest, an excellent joke with a hunchback. And so, Jacques Cocast, go home. Sleep not in the fields at night. Lie not under the window of the baker's daughter, and waste not away until, as you complain your head has grown too little for your hat—but up, man, and to your comfortable abode. Shave yourself, change your linen, leap upon your shop-board, thread your needle, heat your goose, and defy love. A friendly Genius whispered some such advice to Jacques Cocast, for, ere a month had passed, the tailor had once more taken to his sober attire, was seated smiling at his work, and if a thought of the cruel baker's daughter would sometimes intrude, he would banish the unwelcome guest by the very vehemence of stitching.

Months passed away, and the time of drawing for the conscription arrived. Mothers looked anxious—plighted maidens would frequently sigh and look with tender gaze upon their *future* husband—the young men would laugh, laugh louder than was their wont, to hush the secret care that preyed upon them. But what was the conscription, with the banishment, the *danger*, the wounds and death combined in the word, to Jacques Cocast? He was a hunchback.—His shoulders were exempt by nature from a knapsack. He was not a comely morsel for glory: he was not worthy the powder and shot bestowed upon prettiest men. No, he was secure in his deformity: his heart started not at the muttering of the beaten sheepskin. Hence Jacques Cocast, without one throb, save for the fate of some old acquaintance, might linger about the town hall of the arrondissement, and learn the fortune of his fellow villagers.

The day of drawing came. There was the shriek of triumph as one sprang into his mother's arms, as his sister clung about his neck—as his plighted wife, and saw their wedding day is certain—there were bursts of joy and tears of happiness as the exempt sprang among the crowd: and there were cries of despair, and sobbings as among breaking hearts, as the new conscripts told the fate that tore them from their homes.

"Thank God *for* my hunch!" cried Jacques Cocast, twenty times, as he saw the wretchedness of the conscript soldier.

Among those drawn to wear *future* laurels was Hercule Grossetete. He looked savage as a snubbed ogre: and the baker's beautiful daughter hung on his arm, and was crying her heart out and cooing between her sobs, that for the sake of her dear Hercule, she would try to live and die a maid; and Hercule, with his fancy listening to the whistling bullets, smiled vacantly on the magnanimity of Felicite, and bade Heaven help her in all her trials.

And did the heart of Jacques Cocast rejoice at this? By no means—he felt no triumph at the calamity of Grossetete—no pleasure at the grief of his fair, false baker's daughter: but with a gush of gratitude he exclaimed,

"Thank God for my hunch!"

Hercule Grossetete went to the wars. Fortune who had heaped such obloquy upon the shoulders of Cocast, had fitted Grossetete for the dignity of a grenadier. He quitted the village, left the baker's daughter, and was soon marching, and perhaps, day-dreaming of his pilgrimage and epaulettes. We know not what struggles Felicite endured to keep her pledge to Hercule; they must have been severe and manifold; for it was at least six months after the departure of her grenadier that she wedded the son of the village grocer, the grocer father opportunely dying and leaving his stock and business to his only son. All the world, that is all the village, believed in the conjugal bliss of the grocer and his wife. Pierre Chandelles was so meek, so gentle a soul, any woman must be happy with him.

Again Felicite was always the sweetest-tempered girl; there had been curious tales of her sudden passion, but such tales had been trumped up by the ugliest girls of the village.

Three months had passed since Pierre and Felicite were one: and Jacques Cocast—for, in the magnanimity of his soul, he did not withdraw his custom from Pierre on account of his wife; besides Pierre's was the only shop in the village—modestly tapped a sou on Pierre's *counter*, it being the intention of the tailor to dispense that coin for bees-wax. Suddenly there was a noise within: Jacques recognized the voice of Felicite, albeit he had never heard it at so high a pitch. Another minute and Pierre rushes into the shop, followed by his wife, who, heedless of the wants of a customer, heedless of the cries of her husband, demolished an earthen pipkin, unluckily in her hand, upon her lord and sovereign's head. No sheep ever bled with more meekness than did Pierre Chandelles, the grocer.

"What did you want?" asked Pierre, with still a vigilant eye to business.

"I'll call again when your wounds are dressed," said Jacques Cocast; in the mean time, "thank God for my hunch!"

Years went on, and Jacques Cocast gathered about him the small comforts of the world, and keeping the spirit of his youth, was blithe as a bird.

One autumn evening, wandering a mile or two on the road from the village, and thinking he knew not upon what, Jacques Cocast was suddenly startled in his reflections by a loud voice. "For the love of the saints, if you have it, give me a pinch of snuff."

The prayer proceeded from a poor blind soldier, seated on a tree, felled near the roadside.

"With all my heart," cried Cocast. "Here, empty my box."

"Alas, good sir," said the soldier, "look at me again."

Cocast looked and saw that he had lost both his arms.

"You must, indeed, give me the snuff," said the soldier.

"With all my heart, I say again," cried Cocast, and with the most delicate care he supplied the nostrils of the mutilated veteran. "Good Heaven!" suddenly exclaimed Cocast, "why, you are Hercule Grossetete."

"I am," answered the soldier. "And what have you to say to that?"

"What!" Jacques Cocast looking at the eyeless, armless victim of glory, could only say,

"*Thank God for my hunch!*"

Almost all men have a hunch of some kind. Let them, with Jacques Cocast, thank God for it.

[From Bentley's London Miscellany.]

THE FATAL PICTURE.

BY ABRAHAM ELDER, ESQ.

At the age of twenty-two, Fritz Bartholm returned to his father's house, after having finally completed his education at the university of Heidelberg. During the whole period of his residence there, he had studied with that depth and enthusiasm that appears to be almost peculiar to Germany. The only relaxation he allowed himself from his mathematical and other abstruse labors, was in running over the legendary lore of German superstition, now dipping into an absolete work upon astrology or magic, and then returning to the lighter and more amusing accounts of the "Wild Horseman of the Black Forest," or similar goblin tales. Of the world that surrounded him, he knew nothing, he cared nothing; and, except that he received from it the necessaries of life, he had little connection with more earthly and corporeal matters.

When he did walk out, it was not to enjoy the fresh air and the sunshine, or even for wholesome exercise; but, after he had crammed his head so full of some difficult subject that it would hold no more, he found he could more easily arrange the ideas with which he had filled his brain by walking than by sitting still. When he was seen strolling along the public streets, with his lips moving, but his eyes observing nothing, he seemed like one walking in his sleep. Even though he had arrived at that susceptible age when youth has ripened into manhood, he never knew what love was. But this was not from want of susceptibility. The mind—the mind was gradually consuming the body. From his books, indeed, he had occasionally received some impressions of female beauty, vague, fantastic ideas of angelic princesses, and of fair virgins, in whom the quintessence of every beauty and every virtue was included. These occasionally visited him in his dreams, and even had been known to intrude themselves upon his thoughts during the hours of study; but, strange as it may appear, it never occurred to him to open his eyes, and look around him, and satisfy himself whether female beauty really did exist in this *every-day* world.

Well, Fritz, the student, returned to his father's house. Old Bartholm was a dry, sarcastic, business-like man; but, notwithstanding their total difference of character, their meeting was cordial. The room where they met was the old gentleman's small private room, in which he generally sat when alone.—It contained no books, for Bartholm was no reader; but there were hung up round the walls an old rusty rifle and a game-bag, which he used to carry when he was younger; his meerschaum and tobacco-pouch; and, standing upright upon a table, was the picture of a beautiful young lady, apparently about eighteen years of age. The colors of the painting were so fresh, that it appeared to have been newly painted, or, at any rate, newly varnished. The color of the cheek was redolent of youth and happiness, which, with the modest, downcast eye, appeared to be blushing with the consciousness of her own beauty.

The conversation soon flagged; for, between two such opposite characters, it may be well supposed that there were not many ideas in common.

After a pause, old Bartholm turned to his son and said, "Did you ever see anything more beautiful than that, such a heavenly painting of such a beautiful face?"

Fritz looked at the picture, and, for the first time in his life, he appeared to feel the tender influence of female beauty.

While he was gazing intently at the picture, his father asked him whether he could trace any likeness between the portrait and any of his acquaintance?

Fritz, without being able to take his eye from the canvass, replied in the negative.

"Do you trace any likeness between that lady and old Baron Von Grunfeld? for it is one of his family."

Fritz appeared almost to shrink back at the very idea of the relationship; for the Baron was what might be termed a most grotesque-looking man. The profile of his face might be described as a perpendicular straight, with a large triangular nose projecting from the centre of it. Every part of his features and of his figure was composed of straight lines and sharp angles; in short, his form was as far removed from the lines of beauty as could well be imagined: add to which, his manner was as stiff and formal as his personal appearance.

"Related to the Baron von Grunfeld!" said Fritz, in astonishment.

"Yes, so he says," dryly remarked old Bartholm, taking a pinch of snuff.

Why, I do not know, but taking a pinch of snuff at the end of a sentence, adds considerable to the dryness of a remark; and in the present instance it effectually deterred Fritz from making any further inquiries respecting the beautiful form before him.—Presently old Bartholm quitted the room, and left his son alone to his reflections.

"Old Baron von Grunfeld's daughter! Impossible! He might, however, have been united to a beautiful wife," (for he had been a widower for many years;) "and what woman, with anything short of the virtue of an angel, could have remained constant to such a caricature of a man?" His father's remark, and the dry way in which he uttered it, appeared to favor such a suspicion. He paused, and stood revelling, as it were, in the beauty before him. Such elegance of attitude! —that soft, gently-blushing cheek, that appeared almost to shrink from the caresses of her own auburn tresses, that hung in negligent profusion down her neck—the daughter of Baron von Grunfeld!

"Forbid it, oh ye gods!" he exclaimed, and then walked up and down the room several times in great agitation. "And is it true that such heavenly creatures really do walk the earth, and are not solely the invention of poets and painters? It must be so, it must be so;" thought he, reasoning to himself.—"How can a painter draw what he has never seen? How can a poet describe what he has never felt?"

Thus he continued agitating himself with his distracting thoughts; but *every* moment the beauty of the image before him was impressing itself more deeply and indelibly in his heart. At length the student became so much excited, that he lit his pipe, and sallied forth to try the soothing efforts of tobacco, and the influence of the fresh air. He could not refrain from inquiring for the residence of the Baron, who was only a temporary resident in the neighborhood, but without any settled intention of calling upon him. His excitement was indeed such that he scarcely knew what he was about. Several times he passed the door, without making up his mind whether he should visit him or not. Their acquaintance, indeed, was but slight, and they had not met for many years; still there would have been nothing embarrassing in calling upon the old gentleman, had it not been for the intense agitation occasioned by everything in any way connected with the object of his adoration.

A person hackneyed in the ways of the world, will not, perhaps, be able to appreciate these feelings, nor understand the trifles that will stir up emotions in the mind of a youth so long secluded from the ordinary intercourse of mankind, and whose mind had been for a length of time feeding, as it were, upon his own imaginings. He did not know how, but it was possible that his visit might turn out to be injurious to his hopes. Again, he might meet her there, standing before him in all her bewitching loveliness. This thought, the dearest object of his wishes, was also an object of his dread. There is no intense love without a certain fear and tremor in the presence of the object beloved; and in a mind constituted like Fritz's, all these feelings would be increased a hundred fold.—In the state of agitation he was then in, thought he, he might not be likely to make a favorable impression upon her. He let go the door-bell, that he then actually held in his hand, and took another turn; but the farther he retired from the door, the higher his courage mounted, and the more his desire, to see with his own eyes this angel upon earth, increased. Again, as he approached the door, his courage fell, and he passed it by. Again and again his mind went through the same process, and with the same result. At length, ashamed of his own cowardice, he made a vow that, when next he passed the door, whatever his state of mind might be, he would ring, and ask admittance. He did so; the Baron was at home.—He received Fritz with extreme kindness and civility, such as is often shown by dull, prosy old gentlemen, who begin to find themselves laid upon the shelf as bores, when they are visited by a man many years their junior. Fritz inquired after his health. He ducked, and bowed, and jerked, and returned the compliment in due form. Fritz, then, with a wonderful effort, mustered up courage to hope that his family were quite well.

"All quite well, with many thanks," was the sweeping, and yet unsatisfactory reply.

They talked of the weather, they talked of the crops, they talked of the wars; but nothing was elicited that bore any reference to the object of Fritz's adoration.

"Had he a daughter? was he quite sure of that?" thought Fritz to himself, as he left the house. He made inquiries among the neighbors; for he was too much afraid of the sarcastic humor of his father to inquire of him.

He had a daughter.

About what age?—Eighteen.

Fritz's heart leaped within him, and bumped, and bumped, as if it would have knocked out one or two of his ribs. Little did he sleep that night, and the next day his father found him a very uncongenial companion. Should he call upon the Baron again? It did not appear likely that such a course would advance his hopes. It might do him harm. Besides, the Baron's formal, priggish manner, acted like a wet blanket to his romantic day-dreams.

He passed the day in wandering about, by himself, seldom, however, going out of sight of the Baron's door. Hour after hour passed, and no female foot crossed the threshold, except one middle-aged woman, who had the appearance of being a servant.—As, however, the dusk of evening began to close in, the Baron's door was gently opened, and a slender female form glided forth. There appeared to be a kind of bashful timidity in her manner as she came forth into the street. Her waist was slender, and exquisitely turned, and all her movements were graceful; but her features, alas! alas! the darkest, thickest, closest veil, concealed her countenance. Fritz felt confident that it was the lady of the picture. Who else could it be? so graceful, so elegant, so bashful. An attentive listener might have heard his heart beat at the other side of the street.

Should he venture to address her? Alas! his nerves were in such a state of agitation, that the attempt would have been impossible; besides, how alarmed the timid girl would have been to be thus accosted. She would, doubtless, have shrieked, and rushed back into her father's house for protection. He ground his teeth together in a kind of despair, to think that he should be so near the object of his adoration, and yet make no effort to advance his suit. The lady, however, appeared not to notice her admirer, who was standing under the shadow of a wall; but tripped across the street, and disappeared in a shop. Fritz contrived to be near the door when she came out. The *dark* veil, however, still concealed every feature of her face; but, happily, one ringlet, one long, slender, auburn ringlet, had escaped from its confinement, and waived gracefully its spiral form as she glided by.

Fritz clasped his hands, and squeezed them violently together in the ecstasy of his feelings. The lady soon re-entered her father's door, and Fritz returned unwillingly home, to his sarcastic and matter-of-fact father. The next day Fritz strolled about, as the day before, keeping as much in the neighborhood of the Baron's as he could do without exciting observation. In the dusk of the evening the Baron's door opened, and the same elegant, slender-waisted female emerged into the street. But the same dark, close veil, shrouded every feature of her countenance. She did not cross over to the shop this time, but walked to nearly the end of the street, and then turned down another, as if she was going some distance.

Fritz followed her a little apart, taking care not to attract her attention. What his object was in following her, he could hardly tell, for he felt that he could not muster up courage to address her. What should he say to her? He had never addressed a lady in his life without a formal introduction; and then the lady generally began the conversation. But, then, it was possible that some sort of adventure might arise. She might be attacked by robbers, and he might rush in to her rescue, or some prince in disguise might attempt to seize upon her, and carry her off, with no virtuous intentions.

Fritz's studies in the old German romances told him that such things used to be of frequent occurrence; and Fritz was better acquainted with German romances than with real life. The lady, however, without molestation, passed up two or three streets, and at length knocked at a *door*, which was opened by an elderly female, whom she followed in.

What was to be done now? Should he wait till she came out, and follow her back again, in hopes of some adventure turning up? Although, in the romances that he read, a young lady seldom left the portal of her father's castle by herself without some attack being made upon her, particularly when her own true knight was near enough to her to come to her rescue, still he could not recollect any instance of such things happening in real life. And if such an adventure did not occur, the occasion so opportune for making an acquaintance with his beloved one, might be lost—for ever lost.

At length it struck him that he might accost her, and tell her the risk she ran in exposing herself, thus unprotected to every danger, and assure her that he would be near her in case of danger. He clapped his hands together in delight at the idea. The only difficulty was the mustering up courage sufficient to accost her.

The lady came forth again, to return to her father's dwelling; but Fritz felt his trembling again come over him. He pinched himself to give him courage, a curious expedient! but which appeared, in the present instance, to be successful. He did accost her; he told her that numerous robberies had been committed of late; but that he would continue to be near her to afford her protection in case of need. She started, and seemed frightened at being spoken to by a strange man in that lonely spot; for the streets were beginning to be deserted.

Fritz's courage, it must be confessed, rather to his own surprise, rose with the exigency. He begged her not to be afraid of him; that he was the son of the Count von Bertholm, an old friend of her father's. That, if she wished it, he would follow her upon the other side of the street, and still keep his protecting eye over her. The lady expressed herself highly indebted to him for his kindness in thinking of her, and thanked him fervently for his offer of seeing her safe home.

Fritz continued to walk close by her side; but not a word could he muster to ingratiate himself with his fair one; indeed, so great was his agitation, that his tongue absolutely clave to the roof of his mouth. At length they came to a crossing, which was dirty, and impeded by heaps of rubbish. Fritz offered his arm; it was accepted; but, when they had passed the difficulty, he did not withdraw it.

Presently a drunken man came reeling down one of the side streets; the lady seemed to be frightened, and pressed closer to him for protection. Fritz at that moment felt the thrilling joy of perfect happiness. He squeezed her arm closer to his, to re-assure her. He felt his courage rise within him. He told how he had seen her go into the house, and how he had waited for her, that she might not be obliged to return home unprotected.

She expressed her gratitude by a gentle pressure of the arm, which Fritz gallantly returned with a slight squeeze; and in this manner they returned to the Baron's dwelling. She again thanked him for his attentions, and retired. During the whole of this walk with Fritz, her veil was never, for a single moment, raised, or allowed to fall the least on one side. Not a feature of her countenance had her admirer been allowed to see! "What could be her object," thought Fritz, "in keeping herself always so *closely* veiled?" There was a mystery attending her, that he in vain attempted to dive into. But this very mystery made her tenfold dearer to the romantic German student.

The next evening Fritz contrived to fall in with her during her evening walk. The third evening he was not contented with protecting her home, but he walked out with her also. This continued evening after evening. Sometimes they even walked for a mile or two into the country together. But, notwithstanding all this growing kindness between them, the veil was never for an instant removed.

At length, emboldened by this constant intercourse with his fair one, he ventured an attempt to persuade her to lay aside her veil.

"Why will you," he said, "always keep yourself veiled? you, who are so far more beautiful than the rest of your sex?"

No sooner had he uttered the word "beautiful," than the lady stopped short in her walk, snatched her hand suddenly from his arm, and apparently was going to say something in anger to Fritz. He, however, prevented her by begging a thousand pardons for his conduct, protesting that he had not the slightest intention of giving her the smallest offence. In the midst of his protestations, she extended her hand to him, saying,

"I see you did not intend it; let us forget it."

He took her arm again, and they walked on together. The lady heaved a deep sigh, that seemed to come from the bottom of her heart; and, after walking on for some little time in silence, Fritz heard a half-suppressed sob—another, and another; At length a tear fell upon his hand. They reached her home. She pressed his hand at parting, and retired into the house, without speaking another word.

Fritz returned to his father's house, pondering in his mind the present curious position of affairs. No sooner does he tell his mistress that she is beautiful, than she, the meekest of the meek, draws herself up, as if she had received an insult. But, no sooner does he beg pardon, than she cries all the rest of the way home. Neither his knowledge of the world, nor his reading of romance, taught him to expect such results as these. The mystery that hung over the lady appeared to be deeper than ever.

Little did Fritz sleep that night; but lay awake, thinking of this mysterious love. But, the more he considered the matter, the less could he understand it. The next evening they walked together as usual; but the lady appeared to be very melancholy. Sometimes he thought he heard a suppressed sob. She spoke but little; and their walk was much shorter than usual. When they had returned to her father's door, she pressed his hand as she wished him good-night, and then added, with a deep sigh,

"If we should not meet again on this side of Eternity, think sometimes of the unfortunate daughter of the Baron von Grunfeld!"

Fritz returned home very sorrowful. Long did he lay awake that night; and at length—for the truth must be told—he sobbed himself to sleep. The ominous, foreboding words, and the deep sigh, had sunk deep into his heart. But what could be her meaning? What did her words forebode? he knew no more than the dead. In the morning he went into his father's little room to take one more look at the picture, as of an object that he might never, never see again. The picture was gone. When he met his father, he asked him what had become of it. His father said that it had been packed up to be sent to the Baron's country-house; it had only been left with him to get cleaned and new-varnished.

"And was it really," asked Fritz, "the portrait of his daughter?"

"The portrait of his daughter!" said old Bartholm, diving to the very bottom of his snuff-box, and then heaping up a small pyramid of snuff upon his thumb, he crammed it up his nostrils, and then, sniffing it up with a long-drawn breath, as if he were enjoying it amazingly, he repeated—"The portrait *of his daughter*! it is a picture by Titian, more than two centuries old! a portrait of the Baron's great-great-grandmother; at least, so he says. By the way, did you ever hear the account of his unfortunate daughter?"

Fritz shook his head; his heart was too full to reply.

"Well! his daughter was rather an amiable, agreeable girl; and, considering who was her father, she had rather a pretty figure than otherwise. But her face, unfortunately, was the very image of the Baron's; the same rectangular features, the same carroty hair."

Fritz twisted about uneasily. But old Bartholm, who was looking at the lid of his snuff-box, did not perceive it.

"Well," continued he, "this was not misfortune enough; for, last year, she was attacked by small-pox, which destroyed one eye and scarified her face to a *dreadful* extent; now this, added to an erysipelas, or some eruptive complaint, has made her appearance so horrible that she never appears before strangers, and seldom walks out before dusk, and then closely veiled. But the queerest part of the story is to come. I received a letter from the Baron just now, stating that they left this place at five o'clock this morning, and that his daughter is going to take the veil; and has made him solemnly promise never to tell where the convent is situated, or even the direction in which they are now travelling. Why, she does not really suppose that any one is likely to fall in love, and try to run away with her!"

Here he broke out into a chuckling laugh, and finished with another long-drawn pinch of snuff. Here old Bartholm left the room. Fritz struck his hand against his forehead, staggered, and then fell senseless to the ground.

How dreadful were his sensations when he came to himself! The object of his intense adoration, the only object that he had ever loved, was, as it were, split into two parts. The beautiful features he had almost worshipped, belonged to one who had died more than two centuries ago. The gentle mind and elegant figure of his beloved, were immured in a convent nobody knew where. He could not mourn over the remains of her whom he loved, for there were no remains to mourn over. The very dust of one portion of his beloved must long ago have been resolved into the elements, even if the place of her sepulture was still remembered. The other half, not having died, had left no remains at all. Her, that is, the more recent half of his beloved, he could not even follow, had he so desired; for the place of her retirement was unknown. Nor had he that relief common to all the rest of the afflicted, of telling his grief, without becoming an object of ridicule. He allowed the sense of his unheard-of misfortune to prey inwardly upon his mind.

A fortnight passed—and from the steeple of St. Peter's tolled the knell of death. The miserable student was no more. His mind had destroyed his body.

Let his fate be a warning to all young men, never to fall in love with the beauty of a lady before they have seen her face.

THE BALL;

Or, The Moral Consequences of a Single Passion.

BY PROFESSOR INGRAHAM.

"My dear Mrs. Wendall," cried a very beautiful girl to an equally lovely woman, not more than two-and-twenty years of age, whom she met one morning in Chesnut street, "I am *so* fortunate in meeting you! I was just going to your house. There is to be a magnificent military ball on Thursday of next week, and brother Harry, who is one of the Managers, has given me tickets both for myself and a friend. So I was hastening to you to ask you to go. *Will you go?*" repeated enthusiastically the animated girl, taking her young married friend by both hands.

"You are so kind, Julia," said Mrs. Wendall, surveying the handsomely ornamented ticket which her friend had handed to her. "Did *Harry* desire you to invite me as the other lady which his ticket was to admit?" she asked with a smile, and slightly coloring.

"Yes—no—that is he said when he gave it to me: 'perhaps, Julia, Mrs. Wendall might like to go!' That is all."

"He is very kind, and so are you, my dear; but you know I never have attended balls since I was married."

"And were before marriage the belle of all. What a bore it must be to have such a steady body for a husband as your Edward. I am sure if I have to moralize either parties and balls to matrimony, I prefer remaining single. What do you let him rule you so?"

"He does *not*, Julia—it is my sense of duty that rules me. But I would like to attend this ball," sighed the lady.

"And you shall! It is wrong for Mr. Wendall to keep you from enjoying yourself. I will go and talk with him!"

"No—he will not yield, and might be angry."

"Angry! So you are afraid of him. Oh! Annette, how I *do* pity you. Won't you go then? I know you can persuade your husband, unless he is a bear."

"Don't talk so, Julia! Edward is very kind and is devotedly attached to me. No husband could be more kind and indulgent. But he has decided and immoveable objections to my attending balls. He never attends them himself; and as I can't go without him, it would be the same whether he was willing or not."

"No, it isn't," said Julia, with eagerness. "If he will let you go, Harry will be your escort as well as mine. He can trust you with Harry, whom you have known and loved from a boy, certainly; and then there's me, myself!"

"You yourself, would nicely and gravely patronize me, I dare say," said Mrs. Wendall, blushing; and then smiling at her friend's anxiety to induce her to attend the ball; "but there is no use in urging me, Julia; I cannot go!"

"I will send Henry to urge you! *I* know he has more influence with you than I have," she said, archly.

"Not for the world, Julia! Edward is already—no not exactly jealous; but he don't like to have him call at the house so often with you; and sometimes too alone. He says it is not consistent with propriety for a married woman to entertain a young gentleman in her parlour with the piano, chatting and singing together, when her husband is away at his place of business."

"How ridiculous! What is a poor lone wife to do all day, then?"

"He thinks there are duties enough as a housekeeper and mother, to employ her. Indeed, Edward is peculiar in his notions! I wish he were not quite so particular."

"Horrid!" cried the beauty, holding up both her hands. "But I suppose he is really jealous of Harry—for he is a fine, dashy fellow, and I dare say he knows you and he had desperate flirtations before you were engaged to him. It's jealousy! He is afraid you'll meet him or some of your old beaux at balls, and dance with them!"

"The idea of my dancing with *any* gentleman would shock Edward," said Mrs. Wendall, smiling, and half persuaded that her husband was a petty tyrant."

"Don't he allow waltzing, even?"

"Waltzing, Julia! He would as leave have a man take me in his arms and kiss me as to have me waltz."

"The divine waltz! Oh, who with any taste can think evil of this embodiment of grace? Any body that hates waltzing is a—a—a"—

"Stop, Julia! Edward loves, nay idolizes me, and can't endure the thought of another's sharing for a moment the person that his heart worships."

"What monopolizers these husbands are! I am surprised Mr. Wendall doesn't make you wear goggles lest men should see your sweet eyes, and catch a passing glance, and make doe-skin covers for your lips! Oh, well, I see you will never go to the ball then with his leave. Can't you manage to go without?"

"Without my husband's knowledge?"

"Yes."

"No, never—what put such a wild idea into your head?"

"I am surprised at your submission, Annette. You have been married but two years and a half, and are become a perfect cypher—surrendering your independence to your husband like a slave. I am resolved I never will marry! There is Mary Otis coming out of Fletcher's—I'll invite her in your place. You have no idea how sorry I am. To tell you a secret, I *promised* Harry you *should go*."

"Did your brother then desire you to ask me?" asked the beautiful and strongly tempted Mrs. Wendall, a glow of pleasure lighted up her face while the rose on her cheek deepened its tine; "you did not say so."

"Because he bid me not mention it. Oh, how I do wish you had married Harry instead of that grave lawyer, Edward Wendall. Harry always loved you, Annette, and if you had been married to him, how nice it would have been. I think your Harry's dissipation is owing to his grief at your refusal of him. He had no profession like Wendall, it is true, and was something wild, but you would have soon turned him. Well, good morning, dear; I pity you—and shall think of you at the ball with sorrow."

Thus parted the two ladies in whom boarding-school friendship had been preserved longer than such intimacies are accustomed to survive. Mrs. Wendall had, as has been intimated, formerly been a belle, and the life of gay assemblies. Dancing and waltzing were her passion. She had been much at tended by Harry Wilder, a young man of fashion and of rather dissolute principles—his sister's intimacy with her favoring his attentions. He regarded her with the eyes only of gallantry, while he succeeded in awakening an interest in her heart. She became attached to him, and might have married him. But one day under the influence of wine, he offended her by rudeness, and she forbade him her presence. He subsequently, through Julia's intercession, obtained forgiveness; but in the meanwhile Edward Wendell, a young lawyer of excellent principles, and in fine practice as well as heir to a fortune, became enamored of her, and after due time offered himself—His powers of pleasing were great and the qualities of his heart and mind had recommended him strongly to her admiration, while his attention and love awakened her regard. When he addressed her she accepted him, though she felt she did not love him quite so well as she had done Henry Wilder. Nevertheless she loved him and respected him, and their union was a happy one.

At the period we introduced her to the reader, she had been married two years and a half. Her husband loved her devotedly; and though he did not attend balls nor wish her to go, he left her to her own sense of duty. Every indulgence a young wife could wish was extended to her; all that money could purchase was at her command; public assemblies were alone the forbidden tree of the paradise of domestic happiness in which she and her husband dwelt. The self denial she had to practice on the occasions of large assemblies was trying to her, and many were the hours she sat weeping alone in her chamber for the scenes of gaiety and dissipation from which Edward's wishes excluded her. Julia Wilder had often been her confidante and was ever ready to console her under her privations. Harry, also, when he met her with his sister or at his father's, was not backward in offering her his disinterested sympathies; and then would she look at Wilder and in her heart contrast him with her husband and almost sigh that she had not married him. Poor Annette! When a wife once suffers herself to listen to the sympathies of another gentleman for any domestic restraint as fancied wrong, she that moment gives him command of her weaknesses and puts in jeopardy her happiness for the future! and when a wife makes a confidante (her husband the theme) of any unmarried female friend, she puts indignity upon the husband she has pledged herself to "honor," destroys all that love and confidence which should be his just and honorable due, and brings herself into merited contempt!

The papers were filled with notices of the approaching ball, and of the anticipated splendor of the occasion. Mrs. Wendell sighed as she read them, and really began to dislike her husband, to whom, however, she had yet said nothing about the assembly. He could not fail discovering the change in her, and one day finding her in tears in her room, just after Julia had called upon her, he wished to know the cause. After some hesitation, she told him that she had met Miss Wilder three days before in Chesnut street, who had informed her of a military ball that was to take place the ensuing week, and that she was regretting she could not attend. "See, Edward," she added, "the papers are full of it!"

"You may attend if you wish, Ann," he said, quietly.

"Are you really in earnest?" she asked, with doubtful joy.

"Yes."

"But will you go, too?" she inquired, her voice suddenly falling at an expression of his face.

"I never attend balls you know, dear," he answered, in the same quiet manner.

Mrs. Wendell darted an angry glance at her husband, and covering her face with her hands, burst into a paroxysm of tears of disappointment. He remained patient until she recovered, and then asked her if Miss Wilder were going?

"Yes."

"With whom?"

"Her brother."

"Will you go with them, Ann?" he asked, without lifting his eyes, that she might discover nothing to guide her answer by their expression.

"Oh, yes yes!" she exclaimed, and then she instantly dropped her eyes with embarrassment, as she saw a glow of displeasure on her husband's brow.

"You see, Ann, how your passion for assemblies leads you into indiscretion. You know it would be improper (aside from my peculiar feelings towards Mr. Wilder) for you to go without your husband to so public a place. Neither, if you had loved me, would you have pained me by putting yourself under the protection of one who was your suitor before I knew you. A truly virtuous wife will never carry beyond the altar the memory of a lover!"

"You are jealous, Edward. Henry Wilder is nothing to me," answered Mrs. Wendell, weeping freely, while her back was turned from her husband.

"Be it jealousy, if the feelings I have expressed be considered so," he said, without any warmth.—"But it is time we should be apart for a few hours when accusations begin to be bandied. Good morning, dear Ann. I trust you will be more composed by dinner time."

Thus speaking, Edward Wendell left the room for his office.

"Yes, as Julia says, he is a tyrant—a jealous tyrant! To try me if I would go with her, and then twit me for liking Henry Wilder! This is the way to make me like him! I have a good mind to take him at his word, and go with them! I have not had a ball dress made since I was married! One can never tell whether their beauty is preserved except in full dress." And Mrs. Wendell cast a gratified glance into her mirror, which reflected a face very beautiful, notwithstanding it wore a cloud of ill-humor, and was moist with tears.

About one o'clock, Mr. Wilder was announced, and Mrs. Wendell, with a throbbing heart and flushed cheek, went down to see him, contrary to the warnings of her conscience, and her sense of duty to her husband's feelings. But she wanted to hear about the ball—and this was excuse enough in her petulant mind.

"Ah, my dear Mrs. Wendell," said Henry Wilder, as she entered; and approaching her and taking her hand, with an air of gallantry, he led her to a seat. "How charmingly well you look to-day! You eclipse your maiden loveliness! Ah, me! well, I must bear my lot with becoming stoicism. What a lovely hand!"

"Have done, Henry," said Mrs. Wendell, half in anger, half smiling, as he attempted to lift her jewelled hand to his lips. "Tell me about the military ball."

"It is to be a splendid affair, and highly fashionable. None but the right sort of people will be there. Galaxies of beautiful women will glitter like stars there—but the sun of beauty, alas! will not be in its zenith to dazzle all beholders!"

Mrs. Wendell slightly coloured as she acknowledged the flattering of his lips and eyes.

"What a vexation that you should have to stay away to please Wendell," added Henry, impatiently. "Julia tells me you can't go."

"I should like to attend. Indeed, I have done nothing but think about it ever since I heard of it."

"Why not go? 'Sis says you told her Wendell would give you permission if you chose to ask him, and that you only stay away from a foolish notion of duty. Don't humor husbands so! You wives always spoil them. I don't know a married man but what is so spoiled and petted, that other people can't get along at all with him. You humor Wendell's whims too much."

"He said me this morning I might go—but in such a way that it offended me."

"Then go. He can say nothing. If he is angry, let him alone and he'll get over it. Come, my queen of beauty—say yes! I will be here in the carriage for you with Julia at nine o'clock Thursday evening."

"I haven't time to get ready."

"Plenty. This is only Monday."

"The dress-makers are all engaged."

"Give me permission, and I will find you one that will throw by every thing else for you," said the young gentleman, touching her cheek with his finger-tip. "Do now promise! It will make Julia so happy. As for myself, I—— but you need not be reminded, Annette, how intimately *all* my happiness in this life is interwoven with you."

"This is imprudent, Mr. Wilder," said the beauteous wife slightly withdrawing from him, but looking rather surprised and confused than angry. "Do not address me in such language again, I entreat of you. If Edward——"

"Pshaw! what have I done that is so very wicked! *Is* it sinful to love?"

"Harry, I must leave you."

"Then I am dumb. Will you go to the ball?"

"I dare not."

"You will enjoy yourself so much. It will be all life and novelty to you, it is so long since you attended one."

"Two years and eight months."

"An age! You must have forgotten your waltzing."

"No, I was trying the step when you came."

"You did waltz like a fairy. Have you waltzed since I danced the gallopade with you at the New Year's Assembly in '40?"

"No."

"Then I was your *last partner*," he said, with a tone and look which he meant should call up tender reminiscences. He was successful. She turned away her head, directed her heavy-lidded eyes to a figure of the carpet, and sighed. His face fully expressed the triumph he enjoyed at this slight evidence of remaining regard for him. But Wilder did not know that a woman may sigh over the past, without any feeling with the present.

The remainder of the interview was brief and rather formal, and he took his leave without drawing from her any decided promise to attend the ball under his auspices.

At three o'clock Mr. Wendell came home, and found his wife by no means improved in humor since he left her in the [illegible]. He was [illegible] and annoyed, but said nothing to her that would lead her to suppose he noticed it. Domestic happiness all this time was receiving a severe and lasting injury. During a silent dinner, the subject was not touched upon. He left the table and was about going out with his hat, when Mrs. Wendell abruptly said—

"What makes you so sullen, Mr. Wendell? I am sure *I* have done nothing to offend you."

When a man who has been playing the passive part, suddenly finds himself accused as the active quarreller, he naturally feels surprise, and for the moment knows not what to answer. It was thus with Edward Wendell. His wife's gloom and discontent had for some days thrown a shadow over his spirit, and made him silent and thoughtful. But some wives have a peculiar tact in putting saddles on their husbands' backs, and making the poor men get into them themselves, a feat very difficult to be executed, but which the good dames manage to have performed very frequently, and with wonderful success.

Edward had had experience, and was silent. Mrs. Wendell continued—

"If you don't want me to go to balls, you needn't make my house like a prison, and you looking so like a jailer."

"I have given you permission to go to the ball, Ann; but I cannot go."

"You give me permission because you know I can't go without you. You mock me."

"I made a resolution when I married not only not to attend assemblies myself, but forbid my wife going."

"*Forbid!*" she repeated sneeringly, her beautiful lip curling with Byronic haughtiness; "so you began to contemplate commanding a wife before you had one, sir."

"You are greatly changed, Annette, within a few days," said Edward, feelingly. "This ball has bewitched you."

"Then let me go to it. What use is there in a woman having good looks, if she can never display them?"

"I am a miser in my love, dearest," he said, smiling.

"Yes; and fear to carry me abroad lest you will be robbed. This is your confidence in me. If I thought you would not let me attend parties for fear I should see some gentleman I might like better than you—or lest some fine beau should fall in love with me—fearing to trust me any and every where as a virtuous wife should be trusted, I would"——

"That will do, Ann. You need not proceed any further. Go to this ball if you will; but do not ask me to accompany you."

"This is equivalent to *forbidding* me to go. I wish you to be there too, to watch me and see that I do not the whole time flirt with any one—for if you are not there, you will torment me with jealous surmises and suspicions of it, that will make me miserable enough to counterbalance the pleasures of the ball."

"You are a most provoking creature, Ann," he said sharply.

"And you are most shockingly jealous."

At this moment the street door bell rang, and a note was brought in to Mrs. Wendell. Instantly on seeing the hand-writing, she exclaimed "Julia!" and tore the seal.

Dearest Annette—

I have seen Harry and learned the issue of his visit. If your husband wont go, and you wont go without him, then you must make him go. Where there is a will, there is a way. I have heard of a wife who had a cross lord, who always went into hysterics when he refused her any thing, and so always got it. I communicate the hint.

Yours, truly, JULIA.

P. S. Brother Harry has found out a fashionable dress maker, who fortunately can undertake your ball dress. You *will* yet go I know, so do not despair. Let me hear if you succeed. J.

Mrs. Wendell read this note, and then folding it up, quietly put it into the parlor grate. The husband betrayed no desire to know its contents, and she no wish to communicate them to him.

"So you are resolved not to go with me?"

"Yes."

"Then you are a brute," she said, angrily.

"What, Ann!" he demanded in surprise.

"An unfeeling brute. You are so jealous you dare not trust me out of your sight."

"I gave you permission to go."

"Which was mocking me. I will not live with such a man."

"You act very absurdly, Annette."

"You are a tyrant, and would, if you dared, lock me up and keep me from every eye but yours. I wonder you are not jealous of the baby."

"You are provoking."

"I mean to be. Will you go with me to this ball?"

"No."

Upon which Mrs. Wendell, filled with spite and vexation, burst into an uncontrollable fit of unnatural laughter.

"What means this wild laughter?"

The peals continued, but occasionally interlarded with such ejaculations as—

"Mercy! me!—me!—oh—I shall die! Help, help, help! Oh! you have killed me! oh!"

Thoroughly bewildered, and confounded between anger and alarm, Edward flew to his wife, who seemed going into convulsions. She thrust him away from her, with a gesture of detestation, and shrieked till her voice sunk in her chest, and her whole frame became violently contorted. He rang the bell for assistance, and despatched a servant for a physician. In the meanwhile her symptoms partook of the character of the most alarming hysteria, and when the doctor arrived he found her almost lifeless, supported by her husband on a sofa, and uttering a low moan. The physician pronounced her in a violent fit of hysterics, and immediately commenced a remedial process. It was three hours before she was brought out of the fit, and when she returned to partial consciousness, she found herself in bed, her husband tenderly watching over her, the physician by a table preparing a prescription, and a nurse heating leaves for dressing a blister upon her neck. Poor Mrs. Wendall had over-acted her part. Once giving the rein to her real feelings of anger and disappointment, it was not easy to restrain them, and she became the victim of the deceptive ruse she intended practising upon her husband.

It was three weeks after "the ball," which had done so much mischief, before Mrs. Wendall was able to sit up, and six weeks before she was entirely restored to health. The true secret of her illness Julia Wilder never knew. Her brother was greatly disappointed at this *contre-temps*, for he had laid a plan, if he could have got her to attend the ball, to have sought revenge for the mortification he had always felt for the preference she had given in marrying Wendall. She, however, never knew the snare that was laid for her, until confirmed to her, in a brief note written on his death bed, which Julia placed sealed, ignorant of its contents, in her hands. The lesson she had learned through her punishment, by a real and dangerous illness, was deeply graven in her soul; and the kind attention and unwearying tenderness with which her husband watched over her, filled her with true penitence, and won *her whole heart*. She confessed to him, with tears of grateful affection and shame, her intended deception; and acknowledging the appropriate justice of her punishment, asked to be restored to his confidence and love.

THE FIRST HONOR.

BY MRS. SARAH J. HALE,

ONE OF THE EDITORS OF "THE LADY'S BOOK."

"I was a dull boy," said Judge B——, in answer to some remarks of Mrs. Wentworth, referring to the usual poverty of genius, and hinting at the display which the learned and celebrated Judge must have made in his juvenile studies. "I was a very dull boy. Till I was full ten years old, I dreaded the sight of a book and the name *of* school. It is true that I had made some progress in the first rudiments of English, and had begun the Latin grammar, but this was wholly owing to the constant instruction and personal influence of my mother. It was only in obedience to her that I attended school or opened a book. I would have willingly submitted to a severe whipping every day of my life, if by that means I might have escaped the task of study. I was the *dunce* of the school."

"Impossible! I should exclaim, if any other person had told me this," said Miss Blandford. "It seems impossible that Judge B—— should ever have been averse to study."

"I presume you must have grown very fast," said Mrs. Wentworth. "I have observed that healthy, active, growing boys, are often loath to be confined in school."

"No, madam, I do not think such an excuse would serve me," replied the Judge. "I disliked study, because I could not learn as the other boys could. My intellect was slow. I could not comprehend an idea until I had, as it were, gone round it and surveyed it on every side. And then I had no verbal memory. I can recollect now my feelings, when my school-mates were reciting their lessons with the ease and rapidity with which a wild bird sings his notes. It seemed to me that all which they repeated was in my own mind, but I could not bring it out. I could not find the clue. And then I rubbed my forehead—my invariable practice over my books—till I was the jest of the school. I suppose a phrenologist might have prophesied from that habit that my brain was not wholly inert; but, oh! he could never imagine the sensation when the hot blood first rushed through it, with the throb of hope and ambition!"

The eye of the speaker flashed with triumph, as though some bright memory of the past had come over his mind; and then a shade of sorrow contracted, for a moment, the usual placid expression of his noble brow.

The ladies did not, by word or movement, interrupt his train of thought. They felt he was communing with his own heart, and what a blessing it is to be indulged in our silent meditations at such moments.

In a short time he resumed the conversation, but in a low, subdued tone of voice. "I never think of my childhood without regret that my mother was called to her rest, in heaven, before I had fulfilled, in some degree, those hopes which she, notwithstanding my dulness, persisted in cherishing. She was so happy when I received my first honor!"

The ladies looked at each other; at last Mrs. Wentworth ventured to request that he would give them the history of his first success. "It would be such a favor," she said—and Miss Blandford echoed, "such a favor!" He could not resist the request of the ladies. Few men can resist them when they make their petitions *viva voce*. If the ladies who send petitions to Congress would take this hint, and when they have another grievance to bring before the nation, go themselves to Washington, and fill the halls of the Capitol with their sweet voices—then, if not successful, they should, for the future, assert their dignity in expressive silence. What is the use of wasting good sentences on those who are determined not to give heed?

"I have said I was a dull boy," proceeded Judge B——, "but that does not convey a true idea of my character. It was not so much stupidity, as a sort of stupor, which kept me constantly at the foot of my class. I recollect that I was often reasoning, in my own way, on the various objects of study pursued by the higher classes; and yet I could not learn the given lessons, even in the lowest. And so I was called a complete dunce. Nor would this reproach have moved me in the least, for I had not one kindling of ambition, only I felt that my mother would so rejoice to see me a good scholar; yet the effort to be one was beyond my ability.

"My faithful monitress often set before me examples of great and good men. I recollect she one evening told me of Patrick Henry, the man whose eloquence shook the foundations of British power in the American Colonies, and the fire of whose patriotism lighted the first grand torch on the altar of our national liberty—and, my dear mother added, 'he was an idle, dreaming boy!' And then she bent her face to mine, and I heard her pray that I too might be a worthy son of my redeemed country.

"The earnest, fervent prayers of a good mother, are never lost. If I have been what the world calls a useful man, it is to the instructions and prayers of my mother, that my country is indebted. Would that her life had been spared till this day!"

The voice of the Judge trembled; his firm tones, which had often hushed the tumultuous crowd, had awed the boldest criminal, had swayed the proud minds of his brother legislators, now trembled with the emotions of love and grief that thronged on his memory at the thought of his mother. True it is, that the noblest minds are the most deeply susceptible of the sacred ties of domestic affection. Do you know *a good, great man?* He is a good son—a good husband—a good father. There is little trust to be reposed in the talents, the patriotism, the religion of any man who is cold in his domestic affections, who has no *heart*.

"I am often astonished," resumed the Judge, "when I reflect on the apathy of my own sex with regard to female education. It is the influence of the mother which fashioneth the character of the son. This we know and feel when we are men.—Why, then, you may ask, do we not exert our influence in private life, and our power in legislation, to give to females that opportunity of acquiring the knowledge needful to qualify them for their most important duties, the training of their sons? To woman, God has, in an especial manner, committed the guardianship of the young immortal; his heart is, we may say, almost of her forming, for she first awakens and directs its affections—the soul from her smile receives its first impulse of intelligence. God has endowed her for her task, with moral feelings of the highest and purest order which belong to our nature; but man, to whom she was, physically, made subject, refuses her that participation in mental culture which is required to inform her reason, strengthen her judgment, and thus endow her with that dignity of knowledge which will command respect. Till this is done, we shall in vain look for the moral renovation of society. But I am making my story a lecture."

"And one to which no woman can listen unmoved," said Mrs. Wentworth, as she dried the tears from her bright eyes. "How I wish all our countrymen held your principles!"

"They will in time, if the ladies are but true to themselves," he replied, with quickness. "Allow me to say, Madam, that part of the blame rests on your sex. The proverbial weakness, mental I mean, of females, is made matter of belief with men, not so much from observation, as from the reports of women themselves. You are not true to your own *order*, as Lord Brougham would express it. *Women will betray the weaknesses of women, and this to men.* You do not often find our sex thus unguarded. I have heard ladies, very young ladies, whose hearts should be overflowing with kindness towards their associates, when an absent companion was named, immediately commence some disparaging observations, usually hinting at faults or foibles which a man would never have thought of, or never, from her appearance, have suspected she indulged. Perhaps the individual named is admired for her fine *complexion*; it is cautiously hinted that 'she paints.' If she has a 'beautiful' form, it is 'artificial.' Should she be praised for her taste in dress, 'Ah, she devotes all her time to fashion.' Let her accomplishments be the theme, and some rival will whisper, 'Yes, *she is accomplished*, how I wish she was *amiable!*' But should a man praise the mind and intellectual graces of a woman, then her own sex are armed against her on every side. We hear of her 'oddity,' her 'sluttishness,' 'want of taste,' 'ill-temper,' or bad 'domestic management.' In short, every disagreeable if not evil association, is awakened in our fancy with the name of 'learned lady'—a *bas bleu!* And this has been done, in a great measure, by female agency. Believe me, the ladies will never enjoy, fully, the respect of men, until they claim esteem for the sex as well as the individual. Woman must be true to the interests of women. She must seek to elevate the standard of female education. She must dwell with pride on the genius of those women who have done honor to the sex. She must encourage female talent. She must repel, with dignified severity, the pretensions and sarcasms of those shallow coxcombs,

> 'Who puff of themselves, as they talk with proud air,
> Of *man's* mental superiority over the fair.'

Let woman do this, and good men will uphold her upward and onward course. She will rise. Her superior moral endowments will be more and more appreciated, and the divine precepts of Christianity become better understood. And when, aided by mental culture, her mind shall be directed to its proper sphere, the domestic, social, moral and religious improvement of society, then will her genius be worshipped as among the brightest as well as best gifts to our race."

"Oh! how I wish every woman in our land could hear you," exclaimed Miss Blandford. "They surely would practice what you so eloquently recommend."

"You pay me a great compliment. Such an effect would be a mightier victory than any mere mortal can ever hope to achieve. It requires the agency of Him who brought 'Peace and good-will on earth,' to bind together the hearts of women in the bonds of charity with each other. There is a natural rivalry among you, which reason and even Christian precepts find it hard to overcome. But why should I limit this rivalry to your sex? Neither men nor women have yet learned the first principles of happiness and greatness—that we must seek to make others happy—that we must raise ourselves by elevating our kind. Men pursue their ends by associating more with each other, and hence it is that they succeed in engrossing wealth and knowledge. Let women, therefore, I repeat, be true to their sex, and to the duties of their sex, and they will, eventually, gain that full companionship with man which they were created to hold and enjoy."

"Thank you, sir, most gratefully, for your good opinion of women," said Mrs. Wentworth, earnestly. "You see I am practising on your maxim of sustaining my own order," she paused, and then added in a tone of deep feeling, "We are still more earnest to learn the manner of your early training from thus becoming acquainted with its influence on your mind. Your mother must have been the model from which you have formed your standard of female excellence."

"You are right," he replied, "and from the few incidents I have now to relate you may judge if I have not reason to honor her memory. She began my education very early. I was her only child, and she was a widow, (my father dying before I was born,) therefore you may imagine how devoted she was to me, and how eagerly she sought for my improvement. She tried every means that love and reason could suggest, that faith and patience could perform, to instruct me in my lessons and in my duties. In the latter she was not disappointed. I may say, without boasting, that I was an obedient boy, for I loved my mother so well that it was a pleasure to *do* her bidding. But I could not learn my book; the fountain of knowledge was, to my taste, bitter waters, and all the devices which ingenuity has invented to make learning easy failed in my case. I had to wear the dunce cap at school, and so sluggish was my mind that I did not *care one straw for the disgrace*, till I found it made my mother weep when she heard of it. Indeed, I preferred being at the foot of my class, for then I had no trouble of trying to keep my station. At the opening of the school I always took my place at the foot; it seemed to fall naturally to me, and I was as contented as Diogenes in his tub.

"Thus the time passed till the winter of my tenth birthday. The schoolmaster was preparing for a famous exhibition; as he knew how solicitous my mother was for my improvement, he called on her to ascertain if she thought it possible I could take a part. She did think it possible—what mother would despair of her only child! She undertook to teach me the piece I was to speak. The teacher had selected the pithy little poem, so appropriate for the young tyro, beginning—

> 'You'd scarce expect one of my age
> To speak in public on the stage;
> And if I chance to fall below
> Demosthenes or Cicero,
> Don't view me with a critic's eye,
> But pass my imperfections by.'

"Those six lines were my first lesson, and often has my mother sat down to the task of teaching it: telling me that I must learn to recite those six lines ning that and the following evening. You smile, ladies, but it seemed an Herculean task to me, and it was only my strong affection for my mother that would have induced me to undertake it. The teacher had promised me a silver medal, if I spoke my piece well. I cared nothing for that, however, till my mother drew me to her side, as she put back my hair and wiped my forehead in her loving manner, and said, "Oh, Robert, how happy I shall be when I see you come home with the medal on!" I thought then I would try to obtain it. So I sat cheerfully down to my task.

"I recollect the scene as though it were but yesterday. My mother read the lines to me a number of times over, and then she explained the meaning of the words. She told me of Demosthenes, and the efforts he made to overcome his natural defects. I recollect asking her if I should get some pebbles to hold in my mouth, whether it would do me any good?—and how happy her laugh rang out at what she considered my witticism.

"Then she told me of Cicero, and of the great services he rendered to his country, by his learning and oratory,—thus endeavoring to awaken my mind to an effort of imitation. I liked to listen to stories, and it was in this manner I had been taught the little I knew. I could not comprehend words; I wanted images, and these my mother, by her manner, and the simple comparisons she would draw from familiar things, could often succeed in picturing to my imagination. In books I found nothing but words, and those I could not remember. But I am growing tedious as that evening's lesson was to my mother and myself. For two long hours she patiently taught me. I read over the lines many, many times; I recited them after her, very much in the manner that Nicholas Nickleby taught poor Smike his treadmill lesson. Sometimes I would repeat two or three consecutive words, and then her face would brighten with hope. But, alas, when she took the book for the last recitation, after I had been studying most intently for a number of minutes, I could not repeat a single word.

"I recollect even now my sensations at the time. It seemed to me that I knew all my mother wished me to say, but there was a kind of waving shadow would come between me and my lesson, and make all the words indistinct—and my will had no power to control these fancies.

"When my mother had vainly tried every possible method to make me recollect the two first lines, she was quite overcome. I believe her hope of my intellect was *extinguished*, and that she felt, for the first time, what all who knew me had predicted, that I would prove a dunce. It must be a terrible trial for a sensible mother to feel that her only child is a fool. She burst into a passion of tears, covered her face with her hands, and sunk on her knees beside the sofa where we had been sitting. I started up in amazement at her grief, for I had never seen her thus agitated; she was usually calm as a summer morning. But now her sobs and groans seemed bursting her heart. My knees trembled and a burning heat rushed over my frame. At that moment something seemed to open in my head, and a sunbeam, I can compare it to nothing else, was let into my brain. I saw, or felt, will perhaps be the more proper, every word of the lesson I had been learning, as though it were graven with a pen of fire. I knew that I could repeat my lesson; and many others, that I had vainly tried to learn, were now present to my memory in perfect arrangement. I stood, as it were, in an entrancement of delight, as these new and clear ideas came before me, till my mother arose from her kneeling posture and stretched out her hand to draw me to her. Her face was deadly pale, but perfectly calm. I have it now before me, as it then appeared, mild and beautiful as an angel's. She had given up her hope of my mind, but her love was deeper and tenderer, perhaps that her pride in me had been so utterly humbled. Oh, there is no earthly passion so disinterested as a mother's love! She doubtless thought, from the singular expression of my countenance, that I was frightened, and drawing me to her, she caressed me, and murmured—

"'My son—my dear son!'

"I can say my lesson, mother—I can say my lesson now," I broke out; and immediately repeated the six lines, and then the whole poem, which I had heard her read several times over, but had never read myself. She was astonished; but when I went on to recite poems and hymns which she had vainly tried to teach me for months and years, her joyful exclamations were raised to Heaven in thanks to God, while her tears flowed like rain. I do not think she retired that night at all; for she was kneeling beside my bed when I went to sleep, and when I awoke in the morning, she was bending over me. Probably she feared I might lose my memory, and watched my first wakening to confirm her hopes. She was gratified. I remembered all. I had even tried to learn more clearly that morning than even on the previous evening. My whole being seemed changed. Every object looked brighter—every word sounded with a new meaning."

"Do you believe that any new faculty of mind was communicated to you?" asked Miss Blanchard.

"No—surely not. But my intellect was aroused and enlightened. How this was effected, I do not pretend to say; the phrenologist and the physiologist may conjecture; but it seemed to me, at the time, that something in my head had opened or enlarged.—However that might be, I have never since found any difficulty in my literary pursuits; the exercise of my mind is my most pleasurable employment. I gained the medal with great applause; but my sweetest reward was the praises and kisses of my mother. How happy she was—too happy for this world! I fear these alternations of grief and joy had an injurious effect on her delicate frame. She passed away soon, and left me an orphan indeed. But her memory can never pass from me while my reason remains. To her I am indebted for all my enjoyments of intellect. I have no doubt that had a severe and chilling discipline been pursued with me at home as it was at school, I should have continued a dull and ignorant, or imbecile being all my days. To a good, faithful intelligent mother, what gratitude and respect are due? I shall always advocate the cause of woman."

EVENING PRAYERS IN A PRISON,

AT WETHERSFIELD, CONN.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

All researches into the history of earlier ages, result in giving prominence to prisons, as among the strongest engines of tyranny. Despotic princes found them convenient retreats for the conquered foe—the noble, whose estates they wished to confiscate—or the rival, whose eye was upon their throne. The legends of baronial dungeons, sleep in the darkness of feudal times. In every age, the oppressor hath, at his will, "held the body bound;" and none may compute the number of the souls whose only liberator was death. Though the progress of civilization and refinement mitigated the savage features of these penal institutions, yet it was long ere humanity dreamed of making their discipline salutary. Disregard to the moral health of those who as a gangrene had been divided from society, still prevailed; and promiscuous association rendered the novice in guilt, as hardened as the hoary offender.

For the praise of modern times, and for the mild nature of our own government, has been reserved that benevolence, which, in sequestrating the criminal, keeps before his eyes the bright image of returning virtue, and baptizes his place of punishment with the hope of heaven. If to appease the anger of an offended community, Justice must purge, as it were, with fire, the soul that hath sinned, Mercy forgets not to sit by as a refiner, pronouncing when the dross is fully separated, and in the sacred words of inspiration, "counting the law as a schoolmaster, that bringeth unto Christ." How would Howard have rejoiced had such a prospect dawned upon him, while hazarding his life, to "dive into the depths of dungeons, to plunge amid the infection of hospitals, to survey the mansions of sorrow and pain; to take the gaze of misery, depression and contempt, to remember the forgotten, to attend to the neglected, to visit the forsaken, to compare and collate the distresses of all men in all countries."

The pens of some of our distinguished writers have enforced the feasibility of making prisons adjuncts in the reformation of vice, and in several of our States buildings have been erected on this principle, and theories in some measure reduced to practice.—Among these institutions, that at Wethersfield stands conspicuous in the opinion of foreigners, as well as natives, for the adaptation of its structure, the wisdom of its policy, and the results of its discipline.

It was at the close of a long, cloudless summer's day, when I first attended, with a small party of strangers and friends, its hour of evening prayer.—The richness of the surrounding landscape, the beauty of the prospect from its elevated, mural promenade, the broad, quiet river, the distant, gliding sails, the waving foliage, the hallowed spire, embosomed amid graceful elms—all seemed to soothe the mind into calm delight, rather than prepare it for painful contemplation. But the harsh sound of locks and bolts, convinced us that guilt was near, guilt which defaces both the fair creature, and the immortal soul.

A bell struck, and the convicts came from their respective work-shops, and arranged themselves in lines in the spacious, and strongly enclosed area.—There they underwent a strict examination from the guard, who ascertained that none had secreted about his person, any weapon of destruction and offence.—It was humiliating to see powerful and athletic men, holding out their arms for their search, with the subdued look of a helpless child. Methought salutary lessons might here be gathered for the young and tempted, and they be taught to wage a firmer warfare with Vice, after thus witnessing its degradation and misery.

Then, each prisoner placed his hands upon the shoulders of the one who preceded him, and all marched rapidly, with the lock-step, toward the chapel. There, seated side by side, were seen the man of full strength, the boy of fourteen summers, and him of hoary hairs, who, sentenced for life, surveyed, motionless and passionless, objects to which his dim eye and seared heart had been long inured.—I bent a scrutinizing glance upon the mass of heads and faces in this prison-home, to discover, if possible, some indication of talent, or nobleness; for we know, that the whirlwind of passion hath too often driven into crime, those whom nature and education had fitted for a higher destiny. But there was an absence of those lineaments which reveal the higher developments of intellect, or the promptings of a heavenward soul. Sin had been there with its levelling process, effacing mental elevation and spiritual beauty.

Every brow was raised to the chaplain, as he simplified a portion of that Book, which is a "light to them that sit in darkness," and lifted up his prayer to him who "blotteth out transgression." In that prolonged gaze, was there not some shadow of hope, that "where sin had abounded, grace might much more abound?" How impressive was the supplicating voice of that man of God, standing, as it were, like the prophet, with his censer, "between the living and the dead," that the plague might be stayed.

At the close of the devotional exercises, the prisoners passed out in order, to their several ranges of dormitories, each taking in his hand, at the proper depository, a wooden vessel containing the coarse, but nutritious evening repast. These movements were made with such regularity and celerity, that one moment they might be seen, each standing at the door of his solitary cell: the next, all had vanished, and the spring of more than a hundred locks was their vesper-tone, their sad "good-night."

Among the trains of thought that these scenes excited, was the consciousness, that each of these fallen beings had once a mother, to whom his infancy was inexpressibly dear. When she pressed his velvet lip to her's, or lulled him to rest upon her bosom, surely, her visions of delight had no imagery like this. Yet, could we read the secret soul of the erring tenants of this abode, might we not discover some maternal precept still maintaining a place in their memory, perhaps striving to neutralize the black and bitter elements of evil?

Among the inmates of this institution, is one who has plunged into many varieties of sin, and been a wanderer over the face of the earth. Retribution met him in appalling forms, disgrace and suffering became his portion, but he passed through all with a hardened mind. Nothing, he affirms, in his whole life, has ever made him feel serious, but the last words of his mother. When a boy of twelve years old, he was summoned to her bed, to receive her dying counsel. In feeble, and tender tones, she told him that she was about to leave him, and earnestly enjoined him to seek the Saviour, to take care of his soul, and to meet her in heaven. She continued clasping his hand, until her own was cold in death.—For nearly a half a century afterwards, this miserable being was pressing on through a course of crime too revolting for description. Still he was never able utterly to drive from his mind the admonitions of his mother, nor to think of them, amid his deepest obduracy, without emotion.

Is not this a peculiar point of view from which to contemplate maternal *influence*? The good and the wise take pleasure in expressing their obligations to this hallowed source. Bacon traced back to it, as to a shaded fountain, his intellectual eminence. Washington acknowledged it as the teacher of his self-control, that rudiment of his greatness. Edwards referred the germ of his piety to the prayers of the saintly one who gave him birth. But here is a different suffrage, a voice as from the lower parts of the earth, bearing concurrent testimony. Such a disclosure gains force from its rare occurrence. Virtue and purity are willing to reveal the origin of their principles which have guided them, but it is difficult to extort from wickedness commendation and honor for the precepts which it has violated.

Here is an instance of a man plunging into the vortex of guilt, and laboring to dismiss from his mind every thing just and holy. Still, by his side has walked, to his soul has clung, with his conscience has wrestled, *the voice of a dying mother*. It has prevailed sometimes to soften a heart, which was like a "piece of nether mill-stone." May it not yet prove like the *rod of Moses*, to the flinty rock of Horeb?

Mother! who, with ineffable tenderness, art bending over the babe that Heaven hath [illegible] thee, knowest thou what shall b[illegible] Parents, who gaze [illegible] of the fair boy wh[illegible] what may be hi[illegible] your efforts de[illegible] the [illegible]

THE STOLEN MELON.

PARENTAL REPROOF.

[The following extract is from a beautifully written little prize tale in the Mother's Assistant, entitled "My Early Home," from the pen of H. C. C. Knight, of Plymouth, N. H.]

It was vacation, and Eben and Robert had accompanied our father to the city. During their absence, the boys proposed a pic-nic at Clark's Point, a mile or two up the river. It was given in honor of two old associates, now Collegiate, on a vacation visit home. I was the youngest guest, and therefore proud of my invitation. Much talk was there among the boys, what they should eat and what they should drink, and how the affair should be conducted in the grandest style. My mother baked me a cake, buttered crackers, and cut large slices of ham, for my contribution to the feast. Walking in the garden, I espied Eben's large, round, ripe water-melon. It was earlier ripe than its fellows, for it had been the object of Eben's special care. Again and again had he turned it over to the warm sun, and just before he left he had raised it upon a smooth flat stone, to enjoy every advantage of warmth and air. "O, if I only had that melon," thought I; "none of the boys have got a melon to carry; if I only had it!" This was not wished once, twice, or thrice, but many times, until it grew to my very mind.

"What are you thinking of?" asked Bill Parsons, as I walked silently beside him in the street, an hour after.

"Something," replied I, significantly.

"Tell me, now, I won't tell," said he coaxingly.—After some slight demur, I told him how I desired Eben's melon for the pic-nic.

"Capital!" exclaimed Bill, who was very fond of melons, "let's have it!"

"Why, mother will not let me have it, because it is not her's to give, and Eben has not come home," replied I.

"O, never mind that! You know what the college boys tell us about their sprees. They make nothing of robbing hen-roosts and carrying off whatever they lay their hands on. It's all in a joke, you know.—Now let's have Eben's melon."

Many words passed between us, and at last it did not seem so very bad a joke, for in that aspect could I alone persuade myself to see it. I went home.—That night, or never, must the melon be secured. Evening stole on, and Bill Parsons no longer near to urge his dangerous sophistry, I was the victim of doubts and hesitation. About the garden I hung, and often toward the melon I advanced, and as often tremblingly receded. It grew darker and darker.

Bill says, "it would be so capital! And, after all, it's only a joke!" I rushed forward, and seizing fast hold, snapped it from the stand. The deed done, I hastened to secret the treasure in the barn.

The next morning, I arose at an early hour, for no sound sleep had visited my pillow that night. After breakfast, my mother tied up the eatables she had prepared for me, in a nice white bag, and kissing my cheek, bade me be a good boy. I ran out the front door, and then stole around into the barn. There lay the melon. Hastily did I strive to thrust it into the bag, and loth was it to go, so small the bag, so large the melon. Succeeding at last, I slung the bag upon my shoulder and hastened away. The melon was heavy on my back, but a heavier load was on my heart. Tugging to the place of rendezvous, before half there, in a little cross street, I sat down upon a log, hot and weary.

"I cannot carry this melon," said I, opening the bag and looking in with a remorseful spirit. "I cannot carry this poor melon." Out came the melon; and, tossing it over the fence, I scampered off with all the speed I was master of.

The day passed off wearily enough to me. Bill Parsons called me a coward, when he beheld no melon, and his bitter taunts rankled in my heart all day.

What wonder, what regrets, attended the discovery of the theft!

"That beautiful melon stolen!" exclaimed Eben, refusing to believe it possible.

"That you took such pains with!" said Robert.

"What an ugly thief!"

"I am very sorry, my son," and father looked so regretfully.

"You will have another soon, Eben," said my mother encouragingly.

"But it will not be like that, mother. I did raise it so carefully."

Poor Eben! I cannot describe the misery, the fear, the wretchedness which tore my heart during the days which followed. Where was the happy independence of conscious integrity? I cringed before the affectionate caresses of my brothers. Appetite fled, and my spirits forsook me. When my mother, with anxious look, feared I was sick, I coldly answered, and rudely fled from her inquiries. Every object I beheld seemed to reflect but one dreadful image— [illegible] that I was a thief. I bore it until I could bear it no longer. It was Saturday afternoon, and turning distastefully away from all Saturday afternoon frolics, I sought my father's counting-room.

"Father, are you alone?" I asked, the door being ajar.

"Yes, my son, walk in, I am happy to see you," and he put aside his newspaper.

In I went, and shut the door firmly behind me.—Planting myself courageously before him, while the life-blood seemed oozing from my heart, "Father," I began, "it was I who stole Eben's melon! I stole it in the night."

I shall never forget the grief-expression which came suddenly over my father's face as he looked at me. I fell on my knees before him and hid my face, but I could not cry.

He laid his hand upon my head. "Ralph, did you forget that God beheld you?" The sad earnestness of the inquiry penetrated my inmost soul. With quick and broken utterance, I rehearsed the story of my guilt.

"Father! father, can you forgive me! Shall I ever be happy again? What shall I do?" were the impetuous questionings of my hot and aching heart. He did not speak for a moment, and then his voice quivered. Had he sternly sent me from his presence, had he whipped me, I could have borne anything better than his sad quivering voice. *My father! how I bless thy memory!*

"My son," he at length said, slowly and distinctly, "you have broken a great law of your God. You have betrayed the affection of a brother. You have violated the confidence of your family." I felt as if I wanted to die then. "But, my son, I thank God you have confessed this great sin. It shows you are penitent, and, penitent, you may be forgiven and restored, my child." How did my aching, pent-up feelings then find relief in tears, as bitterly I wept at my father's feet. "Tell mother, tell Eben," I sobbed out, "let them not cast me off—ask them to forgive me."—My father lifted me up and sat me on his knees, great boy that I was, but I dared not look in his face. "Yes, they must know this, Ralph, painful story as it must be." "Now, father," I exclaimed, interrupting him, "tell them all, I have been so afraid to look them even in the face. O, I would hide nothing any longer." There was a long, sad pause. "Will you go and tell mother?" I asked. "Yes, Ralph," he answered sorrowfully. I then went away into a little closet adjoining the counting-room, and sat down upon an old trunk of papers, there, alone and unobserved, to await my father's return from the house. In an hour's time, and it seemed ages, he came back and unfolded to me the result of his sad consultation with my mother, in the requirements of which I humbly and heartily acquiesced. There I remained until supper time, when he took me by the hand and led me home, without speaking, but there was a pitying tenderness in his manner, which went to my very heart. I could not appear at supper, but sought the solitude of my father's chamber. How thankful did I feel, humiliating as was the situation, that the great wall of partition, which guilt had made between me and my family, was at least broken down, and I had no longer to bear in secrecy the dreadful burden.—In an hour's time my father called me to the sitting room. It was the season for evening devotions, and my mother, sister and brothers, were already seated at their accustomed places. Near my father was an empty chair, in which he motioned me to sit. The doors were closed, and the stillness of death pervaded the room. One hasty glance I stole toward my mother's face, and beheld a paleness on her cheek, and a dimness in her eye, which I shall never forget. "I have something to say," began my father, in a low, sad voice, and he related all I had told him, without either blame or extenuation. In striking and forcible language did he represent the danger and guilt of disguising any sin under harmless and innocent names. "Sin is no joke," said he impressively, "and a prophet of God, in stern and strong language, has denounced a woe against them who call evil good, and put light for darkness;"—every eye was fixed upon him—"and now I hope Ralph is penitent; he feels he can never be happy again until he is forgiven. Eben, if you forgive your brother for this great wrong, come and tell him so." That dear brother flew towards me, weeping and broken-hearted as I sat, and, clasping my hand in his, exclaimed, "From my heart I forgive you, Ralph," while the great tears glistened in his eyes. He would have fell on my neck but my father motioned him away.

"Now we must carry this matter before God," said my father, solemnly, and the family knelt in prayer. He placed his hands upon my head as he clearly and distinctly laid open my guilt to the God of Heaven; then humbly did he pray for my forgiveness. How earnestly did he plead for my soul! How he besought that I might be cleansed by the blood of Christ, and dedicate myself to the service of my Heavenly Master! Then how did he plead for us all, that we might so live upon earth as to become a re-united family around the Eternal Throne! That agonizing, earnest prayer, will follow me down to latest life. Did I not then realize, that sin must be no light thing, albeit committed in darkness and alone, which could [illegible] bring such terror and wretchedness to myself, could tear with grief a parent's heart, and which required the blood of Jesus Christ to wash away? I had known the peace of well-doing; had I not reaped the *bitter fruit of wrong-doing*? My father saw this, and said, as we arose, "Let this matter never be alluded to or mentioned henceforth."

Then little Alice came to me, and unpinning the blue kerchief at her side, she lovingly clasped one arm about my neck, for I resumed my seat, and with the other tenderly wiped my face. "Dear Ralphy, I love you dearly, and Fanny does too; she says she loves you better than she loves George, if he is her brother." Precious little comforter! How dear was your tender and child-like sympathy, in that hour of humiliation and repentance!

Often, in later years, have I envied the blessed gift of a sister. Ministering spirits sweet sisters are, in the household band, hovering with their quiet and glad affection round the pathway of their brothers, strengthening their better principles, and drawing them into the hallowed paths of domestic enjoyments.

Sacrifice of Marcus Curtius.

A Legend of the Early Days of Rome.

BY H. W. HERBERT,

AUTHOR OF "THE BROTHERS," "CROMWELL," ETC. ETC.

Rome was still young, and though increasing rapidly in name and power, could scarcely yet be spoken of as great or glorious. The Kings had, near a century before, been banished from the city; and the wars had not long been ended, by which the exiled race of the Tarquinii, leagued with the ancient Latins, had shaken the foundations of the State, and ofttimes threatened its annihilation.

The straw-built cottages of Romulus had long since disappeared from the streets of the Palatine; the Cœlian mount had been included in the fortified *pomœrium*, with Oppius and Cispius, the twin summits of the Esquiline, and the low regions circumjacent to the Palatine, Cermalus, Velia and Fagutal, had already been built thickly. The Capitoline and the Quirinal hills had been comprised the last within the limits of the city proper; and in the open space between the two, was situate the far-famed Roman Forum, a vast oblong area, surrounded with shops, porticoes, and spacious halls of justice, or *basilicæ*, as they were termed, and containing the golden mile-stone, from whence, in after days, all distances were calculated, and all roads measured, beyond the Rhine and Danube, and even to the *frozen ridges* of the Swedish Thyle-mark, *ultima Thule* of the Romans, and the umbrageous wilds of the great Caledonian forest. Here likewise flourished yet the celebrated *ficus ruminalis*, the sacred fig-tree, whose time-honored branches had overshadowed the slight ark which bore the mighty sons of Mars and Ilia, safe o'er the waters of the refluent Tiber. Here stood the brazen statue of the wolf, suckling those rescued twins, made holier by the lightning which had, in the opinion of the superstitious ancients, set it apart by fiery baptism, as consecrate to the most mighty gods. Hence rose the hundred steps which led to the great Capitol, temple alike of Jupiter omnipotent, and citidel of the young brave republic, one day to be the mistress of the world. It must not be, however, fancied for a moment, that at the time of which I write, the great and gorgeous monuments, whose wonderful remains exist to the astonishment of modern ages, had been erected in the growing city, devastated as it had been so recently by the overwhelming force of the Gauls under their leader Brennus, and afterward rebuilt so hastily that the very direction of the principal streets had been altered, and the lines of the great sewers and water-courses covered by masses of irregularly built and mean houses.

The architecture, except here and there, in some temple erected for the worship of a more popular god, in some commemorative arch of triumph, or votive column, was of the commonest and most rustic order. A few small Tuscan colonnades, a few mean fountains, scattered here and there, with rude, and for the most part, indelicate sculptures, were at that time the only ornaments of Rome, uncivilized as yet, or as the later Romans would have it, unpolished by the soft arts and intellectual polish of the Greeks. The men of Rome were still the tillers of the ground, hardy, and rude and sunburned; with uncombed locks and stalwart limbs; staunch hunters of the boar in the deep Pontine marshes—of the gaunt wolf in the dark dingles of the Appenines; indomitable warriors in the field, as many a deadly fight had proved already to vigorous Latin and fierce Samnite—to the Etruscan, skilled in augury and mystic lore—to Marsian infantry, the steadiest and best on Italian soil; but ignorant of letters, careless of art, contemners of all elegance and polish, as things unworthy of stout man. Nor were Rome's women far more feminine than their robust and warlike lords. They only knew, indeed, to spin and to be chaste. The singing of harsh ballads in celebration of great deeds of old—the exploits of the antique Patrician heroes—their sole accomplishment, their only solace; the care of their households, the education of their hardy boys, their chiefest care and proudest boast. Not for them was it to pore languidly over the luxurious, enervating strains of enamored poets—to move their delicate limbs in the voluptuous measures of the Ionic dance—to strike the tinkling strings of the soft Lydian lute, to light lascivious tunes! Not yet were these things other than an abomination and a loathing to the unsullied maidens, the proud matrons of undegenerate Rome! The lessons that they taught their sons, inculcated forever the one Roman virtue, worth all the rest beside, and without which all the rest were nothing—valor! Valor to do, and fortitude to suffer! No tears had they for the dead son, or sire, or spouse, or lover, who died with his wounds before him, his face heavenward, his feet towards the foe! No pity had they—no! nor mercy, for the weak heart that faltered—the coward feet that fled!—Proud mothers and stern nurses, meet to bear conquerors, to train up heroes! Rome's very virgins sighed not for fair form, or comely face, or honeyed accents; they listed not the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely; they were won not by gentle words, but by stout deeds and patriot daring! And happier the maid in her own, in Rome's estimation, who scattered flowers upon the corpse of the cold lover bedecked with mural or with civic crown, and followed by the Consuls and the Senate to his proud grave, publicly buried, since he had died for the public—than she who clasped the living form of the youngest, noblest, richest bridegroom, distinguished by no exploits, ambitious of no honors!—Such were the men, the matrons and the maids of the Republic. Paternal, poor, brave, patriotic, was Rome's aristocracy; frugal and just and wise, careless of profits, but insatiate of glory, were her magistrates; pious, industrious and loyal, frank to their equals, haughty to their foes, humble, and yet affectionate withal to their superiors, martial and honest, and contented, was her people.

For gold had not yet invaded the Republic, nor the lust of it pierced and polluted the hearts of her citizens. Commerce had not yet introduced her effeminate luxuries, her low and grasping cares, her sordid and dishonest means, her foul and avaricious ends, into the bold and patriotic agricultural commonwealth. Glory, not gold, was their ambition.—Freedom, not gain, their idol. Wealth was not then all power—nor to be rich, come how they might the riches! the only road to distinction—the only title to respect or honor! These things were, afterward, even in Rome—but were not then; else would this legend never have been handed down to this far generation;—and when they were, Rome had begun to fall. Nor shall that nation ever rise, ever be morally and truly great, in which avarice shall stand for ambition, and gold for glory!

But now there was dismay in Rome, voiceless and cheerless consternation. Such terror was not in the streets when Porsena won the Janiculum, and would have carried the Sublician bridge, and so possessed the city, but for the resolute determination of Cocles and his bold companions;—such terror was not in the streets when the ferocious Gauls poured in, with their bare limbs and many-colored plaids, huge claymores glittering in the pure Italian sunshine, when all the people fled and left the streets deserted, save the stern senators who sate upon their chairs, each with his toga folded decently round him, each with his ivory sceptre in his hand, to await the death which he would not avoid by the disgrace of flying from a foe, and that foe a barbarian. Such terror was not in the streets when Brennus flung his broadsword into the balanced scale, and cried væ victis! For now the terror was not of any human foe, nor to be combated by any mortal weapon. The Gods, the Gods had spoken in their wrath! the solid earth had shuddered, had yawned ominous of Rome's sudden desolation. Right in the centre of the Forum, between the spot where now stands the sublime arch of Severus and the old fig-tree, there had appeared during the night a vast gaping chasm, accompanied by sounds as of subterraneous thunder, by vivid flashes of volcanic lightning, and by a strange convulsive motion, the earth rocking like the billows of an angry sea, and the most massive buildings tottering to their bases. Three days had passed, and still that black unfathomable gulf yawned horribly, with a thin sulphureous vapor seething up like the steam of some vast caldron during the day from the gloom of its invisible abysses, and a strange lurid light flickering over it in the darkness of the night, sufficing only to render its vast depth discernible without revealing anything of its contents or suffering the eye to reach its bottom.—Thousands of yards of the strongest rope with heavy weights attached had been run out in the vain attempt to reach the bottom, but had in every case given way from the strain of their own weight without reaching anything palpable. Vast stones had been hurled down that men might judge from the sound of the profundity, and of the nature of the chasm—they had been heard to bound and thunder down the rocky side, plunging from crag to crag, and dragging down with them fresh masses, till the whole gulf was filled with the dull echoing roar, that outvied the strongest thunder, and the din gradually passed away, and a dead silence again reigned in those awful caverns.

For three whole days the altars had smoked every where throughout the city and the suburbs; the air was laden with the perfume of Sabæan gums, myrrh, larch, and frankincense. Hecatombs had been offered to the celestial, and holocausts of coal-black lambs to the infernal deities. Processions had marched to and fro, from shrine to temple, wearying the ears of the mighty Gods with supplications hitherto impotent and fruitless. On this, the third day, had been holden a sacred and most solemn convocation of all the colleges of priests and augurs, to seek out if so might be the meaning of this dreadful prodigy.—Fasting before the dawn of day, had they all come together in the grand temple of Olympian *Jove*, upon the Capitol. There sat the greatest pontiff in his grand robes, presiding over his venerable brethren, the noblest, wisest, and most virtuous of Rome's nobility—there were the Salian priests of Mars, with their strange mitred helms and flower-inwoven tunics, the brazen plates and shields of purest gold, among which was the fateful orb of the divine ancile—there were the Gallic flamens of old Cybele, with robes of purple, and Berecynthian drums, and brazen cymbals—there were the Potitii and Pinarii of Hercules—the vestal virgins, pure, passionless and spotless as their white robes and sacred fire—then the Ambarvalia brothers—then the Etruscan augurs, wisest of men in the occult and awful sciences, first learned by the Chaldean Magi far up on the cloud piercing top of Baal's towering temple, and thence transmitted through the dread sages of the Egyptian labyrinth, who watched the transits of the planets from the deep passages of Cheops' and Cephrenes' pyramids, to their descendants, the Tyrrhene Pelasgi of Etruscia—there were the wise Haruspices, and last, not least, the Quindecemviri, elected guardians of those three Sibylline volumes, where might be read by the initiated the fates of Rome henceforth and for ever—preserved in a stone chest, deep in the central vault below Jove's statue in the Capitol.

Many a mystic rite had been performed, many an awful invocation had been uttered, but so far all had failed—spells more puissant far than those by which Iamblichus evoked the phantasies of Eros and Anteros at Gadara, had been resorted to in vain. Dread charms and periapts with which Medea had unsphered the moon in Colchis, and drawn compelled responses from the unwilling Hecate, had called up no dread form from the abyss of Hades, had wrung no answer from the intelligences of the viewless world. But one course was now left, the consultation of those solemn volumes. Fasting, and vigil through the livelong night, purificatory sprinklings of water from boughs of the green bay trees prepared the quindecemvirs for the dread undertaking, and as the fourth day dawned, they wound in slow procession through the dim vaulted aisles, and down the central staircases, hewn in the living rock, five hundred toilsome steps, lighted by one dim torch to the Sibylline vault. Some entered there, but they, high priest and pontifex, augur and soothsayer, flamen of Mars and Vestal, paused mute, and pale, and shivering with the horror of their awe-stricken expectation, without the iron door of that mysterious cell. Long did they pause, and weary did they wax with watching, before the fifteen guardians of the volumes, staggered forth, pale, and haggard, and exhausted, with bristling hair and glaring eyes, and lips ashy and quivering with dread—then smitten, all at once, with a wild frenzy, they hurried up the stairs, trembling and stumbling in the dark, while ever from that secret vault came deep and solemn voices, greater than human, uttering unknown sounds in mysterious cadences, and loud, heart-rending sighs, and shouts of horrid laughter! Such terrors must be brooked by those who would read things beyond the ken of wisest mortals, who would peruse the book of doom and pierce the secrets of eternity. Ere long they stood in the Forum before the assembled people to speak the destinies of Rome. The loud, clear voice of the great pontifex proclaimed the truth to the quaking and awe-stricken multitude.

"Until that chasm shall close, there shall be war famine, and pestilence, and woe, and ruin!—blood in the streets, blood at the hospitable board, blood on the sacred hearths! Dishonor and defeat to Roman arms, captivity and servitude to Roman citizens! The Gods, deserting their time-honored thrones, until the Forum shall be a pasture for the wild beasts of the forest—the Capitol a desolation!"

And wild and frantical arose the cry of the despairing populace, the groans of strong and bearded men, blent with the shrill wail of women, and the weak, shivering cries of infancy. And then loudly the question was proposed—

"How shall it close—what must we do to avert this ruin?"

"This also," answered the priest, "this also the great Gods have deigned to tell; not willing that Rome utterly should perish, but after suffering awhile and making due atonement, rise still and wax more glorious. Ye shall cast into the abyss whatever is most precious, whatever is most valuable to the State—and instantly, that done, shall the gulf close for ever!"

"What!" exclaimed all at once; "what shall it be—what shall we do? What is most precious?"

"That have they not revealed," replied the priest. "It is for ye to solve the mystery, devoting that ye deem most precious, until the closing of the chasm shall prove them satisfied!"

No more was spoken, but with a simultaneous shout, the mighty crowd dispersed each rushing to his home in wild excitement. Then was a wondrous sight to be seen: every man, every woman, nay, every child, hurrying from the doors of every dwelling, palace or hut alike, bearing the costliest and most valuable articles that they possessed—the very articles, perhaps, to gain which they had passed years of toil and self-denial; to win which they had shed the blood of others, yea! shed their own upon the battle-field; to keep which, under ordinary circumstances, they would have risked everything but life; but which, as it would have seemed to any casual observer, now smitten with wild frenzy, they were bent on destroying. Misers brought forth their hoarded gold, their gems more dear to them than life itself. Trophies and arms and standards, were hurled into that inexorable gulf. Widows devoted to its remorseless jaws, the precious tokens of their early love, the very inurned ashes of their dead husbands—maidens gave up their spousal pledges; childhood laid down its toys. The scholar might be seen bringing forth from his lone sanctum the priceless rolls of parchment, by which he had hoped to gain immortality—the minstrel's lyre and hard won wreath of bays—the artist's pencil, and the tablets covered with sketches, rude indeed, and inartificial, but still the best of the age and nation—the sculptor's chisel and half-finished statue of God or God-like hero, fell side by side, into that gloomy gulf, which yet closed not, nor shewed a sign of closing over the vast piles of wealth, which were plunged into it—altars smoked round it, on all sides, and virgins sang the deprecatory strains that were wont in other days to turn aside the wrath of the great subterranean Deities—but all was fruitless! Hours passed away and with their flight the hopes of all waxed fainter, and their hearts sadder and more desolate. Now a vast herd of snow-white oxen, the choicest from the rich pastures of Clitumnus, came bellowing and jostling up the sacred way, from the field of Mars—the offering of some wealthier patrician, driven up for that fatal purpose, from his near Sabine farm—five hundred snow-white steers, without stain or blemish, with gilded horns, and flowering garlands round their necks, and fluttering fillets streaming from their curled brows. Loud were the acclamations of the multitude, as with hopes now somewhat restored, they looked upon that splendid piece of devout munificence.

It might well be, they thought, that since Rome was at that time a State purely agricultural, this might be the most precious thing! the thing most valuable to the State! the thing that should close the gulf, and appease the powers of Hades. High surged the volumed dust from beneath the hoofs of the affrighted brutes, as goaded almost to madness by the sharp lances of the mounted herdsmen, they came thundering along, with blood-shot fiery eyes, and tongues lolling out, snorting and bellowing between fear and fury. Dogs bayed, and women shrieked, and men clamored. Now, at accelerated speed they reached the brink of the abyss—the front rank raised a fearful roar of terror, and recoiled for a second's space on the headlong verge—but the pressure from behind overpowered their resistance: they were crushed down in masses, and plunged headlong!—Words cannot paint the din, the hubbub, and the hellish tumult. For as the herd grew thinner that every individual beast could note its destined end, now that none were left in the rear to urge them, their struggles to escape their doom became fiercer and frantical—they charged the crowd with hoof and horn, and broke once and again through it—but still each time they were foiled and turned, and brought up again at the pike's point, and goaded into the abyss, or slaughtered on the verge with sacrificial axe, and consecrated, and then cast downward.

The roar at length subsided—of those five hundred magnificent and stately creatures, so full of life and power, and vigorous motion, nothing remained to be seen but pools of gore, and slime and offal, with here a shattered horn and there a tuft of snow-white hair from the manes of the noble steers—while frustrate in their hopes, disconsolate and growing fast into despair, the people gathered round the brink, and gazed with blank visages and quaking limbs, into the shapeless gloom that veiled with its impenetrable curtains the bottom of the fateful pit. Still it yawned wide and vast; that insatiate maw, which had devoured already so much of Rome's dearest wealth; and still seethed up the thin blue sulphureous smoke, as if to call for fresh victims. Devices of all kinds were proposed and tried—the last sacrifice had given a new impetus to the ideas of the populace—they thought that perchance the right plan had indeed been adopted, but that the sacrifice had been made by a hand too niggard to appease the dread anger of the fiend enemies of Rome. Fresh herds were driven in from the neighboring pastures—steers and cows and heifers, and unbroke, neighing steeds, from the wide plains that skirt the Pontine Marshes, prancing in all their blythe and glorious majesty—and flocks of sheep, and goats, and swine—thousands and thousands of heads—till it was but too evident that, although every beast that cropped the pastures of broad Italy from Umbria to the mouth of the Tiber, from the far Julian Alps, named from Æneas' son to southerly Tarentum, were plunged down that black precipice, it would avail Rome nothing!

Night fell, thick and tempestuous, and swart as Hades. But the despairing multitude returned not homeward, but sat voiceless except to wail and moan, and motionless except to wring the hands and tear the hair, throughout the livelong hours of darkness in the streets, in the forum, on the steps of the temples; yea, on the brink of the abyss, in very desperation of expectancy. It seemed to them that this was not all—that the doom of Rome was indeed sealed—that greater woes were yet to come—more full and certain ruin! Some fancied that they heard strange voices, deeper and more majestical than human lamenting, in the inmost places of the shrines and temples; and sounds as of vast viewless multitudes going tumultuously forth from the gates of the holiest groves, from the most solemn altars. And then would a great convulsion shake the crowd, even as a spasm shakes the body of a strong man, and a wild cry would go up to the darkened heavens!

"Let us die now! let us die all! the guardian gods have gone from their chosen places! the gods have deserted Rome!"

It was a night indeed of terror and despair! No lamps were lighted in the streets, or in the houses; no boards were spread for the gay evening meal; no fires were kindled on the hearths! Yet in one house—one house alone in all that wide and wretched city—a taper was seen burning in the porter's chamber by the gate, and in the atrium a cheerful party was collected about a clear wood fire that blazed merrily in a low brazier, surrounded by brightly polished images of the house-gods, wrought in the old Etruscan model. A small round table stood near the *impluvium*, or shallow tank, which in all Roman houses occupied the centre of the hall, or principal apartment, indeed the only apartment in which the family at that early day were wont to dwell. On this were placed two or three lamps of bronze, with several burners, a flask or two of wine, with many drinking cups of silver, a platter full of grapes, and a tray covered with cakes and other light refreshments. And round it sat *four* persons—one a tall, stately matron, with superb features of the old Roman mould, a figure which had not yet lost all its youthful graces, and hair as white as snow, braided above her splendid brow. The second was a young man of about twenty-five years, dressed in the full patrician habit, well-formed, and powerful, and tall, with an eye clear and piercing as an eagle's, and an expression of undaunted bravery and determined resolution, imprinted legibly on the thin lips, and in the outlines of his strong square cut jaws. The other two were girls of some seventeen or eighteen years, both of uncommon beauty, one with dark hair, and the black flashing eyes of her country, the other with long curled auburn tresses, and those soft liquid eyes of azure, which are so rare and so much admired in Italy. Every one of these three persons were engaged in some occupation, differing, it is true, slightly, each one from that of the other, but all having, it would seem, connexion with some common object. There were, moreover, at the farther end of the hall, several slaves, likewise occupied in the usual manner, although with coarser implements, and about materials of a heavier nature. Thus the young man himself was burnishing a brazen casque, richly engraved with sculptured gryphons on the crest, and attaching a quantity of horse hair, dyed with the richest crimson, to the extended wings. The matron was engaged in the shaping of a *sagum*, or fine cassock, commonly worn above the armour, of crimson cloth, while one of the sisters was winding the studs and frogs which were to ornament it, with bright golden threads. The other was weaving a triumphal chaplet of bays, intermixed with myrtle. The slaves were busy with the *phaleræ*, or horse trappings of a battle charger, binding the frontlet of the bridle with gay scarlet fillets, fringing the housings with gold tassels, and making, as it would seem, equipments for some great military festival.

The younger of the girls would, it is true, at times wipe away a tear, and choke down a rising sob, as she looked on her brother; but the expression of the other was that of an enraptured martyr, confident of heaven after brief suffering, calm and serenely fearless, while on the proud face of the mother there sat fixed permanently a gloomy radiance, full of ecstatic triumph, and pride more than gratified. The son, on the other hand, worked on at his light and pleasant task, with something more of thought than usual, something perhaps of solemnity, and of something not wholly different from awe, mixed with the set determination of his bold, speaking features.—Their converse was on ordinary matters, connected with the work in which they were engaged, the colors of the brightly-tinctured wool, the shape of the golden ornaments; but it was cheerful, and at times even gay; and it was evident that the mother required a mighty effort to keep down the outward demonstration of her proud pleasure.

Those were strange times indeed! When mothers could equip their sons, not merely for the chances of the field, the casting of the die for death or glory, but of the certainty of an appalling and uncertain doom—equip and send them forth with laughter on their lips and tears of gladness in their eyes—to perish awfully and serve their country.

That was the house of Marcus Curtius—that was the last night that thenceforth on earth for ever, he should sit in that old familiar hall, and hold pleasant converse with the dear home-friends—that was the last night that the mother should look on her first-born—the sisters clasp their brother. Yet they talked cheerfully, and even jested, and supped with no allusion to what must befal to-morrow, except one brief hint by the mother, at the eternal glory which should encircle the old Curtius house through endless ages. And then, when their labours were concluded, they arose and embraced each other tenderly, but without tears or lamentations, and parted for the night, and slept and dreamed of fame, of patriotism, of eternal honour.

Curtius had heard the words of the high priest, and pondered them in silence, and found their enigmatic sense, but he spoke word to none, lest any one should rob him of *his* honor. Homeward he turned, and councilled with his mother—ever best councillor in time of trouble!—and she felt sure that he was right in his conjecture, even as she knew that he was firm and noble in his gallant purpose; and she dissuaded him not. No! not she!—true Roman mother!—but blessed him, and commanded him, "Increase* more in thy virtue! and win everlasting glory! and live in song with Brutus, and the Horatian brothers, Clelia, and Scævola, and Cocles, the great immortal heroes of the old Roman time, eternal and undying!" And then she called her fair girls and her slaves about her, to make the noble victim most noble preparation to die nobly.

The morning came, and the assembled myriads still shook and groaned in the streets and the senate place, around the gulf which they had now ceased to hope ever to see closed. The very priests despaired, and some half doubted their oracular gods, and some believed, but all trembled.

Suddenly rose on the dead silence—for now despair had frozen up the tears of all and stilled their lamentation—the blast of a clear clarion. All eyes turned suddenly, and there in a brazen casque, shadowed with crimson plumes, and brazen corslet glancing like gold to the new-risen sun, and crimson overcoat, and most gorgeous trappings, on a superb white battle charger, sat a proud warrior. Had there been two, the people had cried out a portent, and deemed that the twin brethren, Castor and Pollux, had once more ridden down from their Olympian holds, to save their favored city. He spoke!—and all knew Marcus Curtius!—

"Ye conscript fathers," he exclaimed, "and ye great consuls, and thou, Roman people, why dread ye, and despair?—and ye wise priests, why doubt ye? What thing can be more valuable to a State, than valiant men and generous steeds—than noble arms, and hearts and hands to wield them? Lo! I am here mounted, and armed, and fearless! Sing, priests and vestals, sing! Loud let the skies resound the Io shout, the high, triumphant Pæan! Shout, Roman people! Rome shall be safe and glorious! For I—I, Marcus Curtius, devote myself to her weal and glory—devote myself to the vengeance of the gods—Heavenly, and Terrestrial, and Infernal! Temples, and towers, and town—altars and hearths of Rome—tombs of our great forefathers, statues of our old gods—farewell, and grow ye great, and wax ye more and more and forever! So shall your son die not in vain, but live indeed forever!"

And with the words he touched his proud horse with the spur, and slacked the bridle rein. The people cleared broad the way before him, shouting in admiration and anticipated triumph, while loud the averruncal Hymn of priests and vestals went up to the clear, cloudless skies—while erect in his seat, his high face bright with ecstatic inspiration, waving his battle sword on high, Curtius charged the gulf, as he had charged a band of Samnite spearmen. The horse—the noble horse—partook of his dauntless spirit, and needed neither rein nor spur to urge him. The people cried out that fire streamed from his nostrils as he thundered on his fatal path, and a strange glory from his eyes. Fire did flash from the pavement under his armed hoofs, as with unblenching eye he galloped to the verge and took the plunge unhesitatingly.

One moment they were seen glancing down the abyss—the next the viewless gloom embraced them!

A broad flash of electric flame glared from the cloudless skies, and momentarily filled the whole heaven with dazzling lustre.

A long, loud roll of thunder charged simultaneously on the right hand—the Fate was fulfilled! The Expiation finished!

With a slow, oscillating movement, the earth shook for a moment, and ere the burst of acclamation which hailed the omen had sunk into silence, the gulf was closed, and no trace of it remained, save a small pool of deep, clear water, which bore still its name—the Lake of Curtius—when the bold victim's wish was complete, and his loved city was indeed Queen of the Universe! Nor while her citizens were men, did they forget that Curtius died that they too might be Romans!

THE WILDREDGES;

Or, The Two Pictures of Life.

BY EZRA HOLDEN

"No, Henry, you are altogether wrong."

"How so, Elizabeth?"

"Because you are too extensively in business to hesitate now."

"But I sometimes fear the consequences."

"That is a foolish fear. How do others manage? Don't they make one debt with which to pay another? You must do the same."

"Would you advise me, then, to buy the block of stores which Mr. Whitwell seems so anxious to sell?"

"Certainly—he asks but little cash down, and it will keep up your credit."

"That, thank fortune, has never been doubted; but these heavy operations oppress me. I was far more happy in the little store in Congress street, and even when I worked at my honest trade—"

"Yes, you are forever harping about your mechanic trade. I hate it, Harry. I don't see the necessity, when people have risen in the world, to be eternally talking about their origin."

"Perhaps it may check us, wife, from going too fast in our new career."

"There is far more fear of its serving to keep us down in the world. You know Julia is to be brought out at our great party on Wednesday evening, and the Whitneys, Parleys, and Gardiners, would not be at the jam if they knew her father started life in a sooty and filthy machine shop."

"But, Elizabeth, it was an honorable business and gave me a start in the world."

"What if it did? You're a merchant and capitalist now, and should deport yourself accordingly."

"Well, well, it is of no use to discuss this point with you. Besides, the hour has nearly arrived when I was to meet Mr. Whitwell, and say yes or no about the block of buildings."

"Say yes, husband—for it was only last week that Whitman Johnson made his great purchase in Bowdoin Place; and I am sure, at the party of the Shaws, every body was saying how rich he is becoming."

"But Whitman has been a bold operator and a most fortunate one also."

"Yet he started life when you did, Harry, and has done all by courage in great speculations."

"And I shall not deny that I have entered into many heavy operations in real estate, from the daring example he has set."

"That was right, Harry. Were I a man, I would not let my old school-fellows run away from me in the race of fortune, if adventure and *courage* would prevent it."

Harry Wildredge was an enterprising young man. Commencing life with nothing but his own hands, he had, after a few years of very successful business, married Elizabeth Woodbridge, the daughter of one who had been a wealthy merchant ere reverses somewhat changed his business condition. To live in a style corresponding with the expectancy of the family into which he had been received as a son-in-law, required him to set up a very expensive establishment; and the new associates he formed, with the dazzling whirlpool of society into which he was thrown, soon caused him to lose sight of the prudential habits of trade, which had, by dint of devotion to business, placed him, at the period of his marriage, in the possession of a fortune which was regarded as most ample. Legitimate trade was now abandoned for what was regarded as a shorter road to an enormous fortune.

His young wife, ambitious to eclipse others, was ever his counsellor to push forward in the career of rapid fortune-making; and when he went to the counting-house to meet Mr. Whitwell, for the purpose of giving an answer in regard to the block of buildings, his mind was not a little swayed by what she had that morning urged.

"Yes," said he to himself, "what she says is all true. I must not hesitate now. My career must be onward. I must keep pace with the bold adventures of my friends. A few more great operations and fortune may so smile upon me that I shall be able to retire altogether from active pursuits. I will purchase the block of buildings in Summer Place, and any others which may offer under such favorable auspices."

The purchase was accordingly made; and it appeared as if this were a new starting point in the adventurous career of Henry Wildredge. There was evidently a powerful impulse at work in his mind. He never looked back again. The heaviest operators were eclipsed; and for years he was regarded as one of the greatest as well as one of the boldest adventurers who appeared on 'change.

Elizabeth Wildredge was in her glory. The greatest splendor prevailed both at her town and country house, and when she appeared upon the fashionable drive in her magnificent carriage, it cannot be denied that she was not unfrequently the envy of those who had to content themselves with a less costly turn out. As a devotee of fashion, none were more ardent than Mrs. Wildredge; and, as a consequence, she could find but little time to devote to the guidance of Julia's mind. Indeed, her daughter had been completely turned over to the care of others, and she was educated only as one who would become the heiress of an immense estate, and have about her, all her life-time, others to attend to her most trifling wants.

Her father, completely lost in the extent, bewilderment and distractions of an enormous business, had neither time nor thoughts to bestow in the counsel or guidance even of his only daughter; and thus, at a period when, above all others, she most needed parental sympathy, watchfulness, and control, the expectant heiress was literally left to her own will. She was surrounded constantly with a train of suitors, from among the gay, unoccupied and thoughtless gallants of society, and among all, a young nobleman from abroad, Count Delande, was most frequently her attendant whenever she appeared in the public promenades.

It was the custom of Mrs. Wildredge, every Summer, to commence the fashionable season at the watering places, by spending a few weeks at the White Sulphur, in Virginia, and then to proceed, as the warmer season advanced, to the thronged resorts of the North. But as several families of their acquaintance were, in two weeks, to proceed to Niagara, Julia, who was always permitted to do as she pleased, expressed a desire not to accompany her mother to the White Sulphur, but went with the friends of the family directly to the Falls. It was six weeks before Mrs. Wildredge reached Niagara, and then she met the surprising intelligence that Julia was not there. Count Delande had arrived the week previously, and the last that had been seen of either, they went out in the family carriage to ride. A letter was despatched to Mr. Wildredge, who made immediate preparations to go in pursuit of the runaways, but the evening before he was ready to start, he received another letter, couched in the usual terms of pretended repentance, asking forgiveness for the elopement, and a parent's pardon that Julia had become "the Countess Delande."

This mortifying event at once put an end to Mrs Wildredge's season at the watering-places.

On the evening of her return home, she was seated in the parlor with her husband. It was evident enough that he was deeply affected by the elopement of Julia. There was, too, a shade of momentary depression on the countenance of Mrs. Wildredge, but, rallying herself, she endeavored to rally her husband also.

"We must write at once to have them return home. If the Count has run through with his whole fortune, we are told he is of good family, and we must provide them an establishment suitable to the rank his extraction will give him in society."

"Well, Elizabeth, there *does* not now appear any other course to pursue; but, to me, this is the most painful occurrence of my life."

The runaways were accordingly written for. They returned at once; and, so soon as convenient, proper steps were taken to settle them in a costly and elegantly furnished house in Beekman Square. Agreeably to the wishes of the mother, there was nothing neglected to set them out in magnificence, splendor, and show, and they started life with nothing to do but to participate in all the luxuries which wealth could purchase, and indulge in whatsoever their caprice might dictate.

With such a start, the Count felt he had nothing to care for but to go forward in a career of extravagant leisure, and this was so perfectly in coincidence with his taste and disposition, the future soon showed that he was not to be eclipsed in brilliancy of expenditure, even by the most extravagant of the city.

For several years, Mr. Wildredge continued to extend his business. He had become largely concerned in manufactures, and was also extensively engaged in commerce. Indeed, there were few vast adventures even at the adventurous period in which he was operating, wherein he did not have an interest. It appears to be a law of hazard that the more great risks are taken the more anxious and willing to strike boldly and widely becomes the hazardous adventurer. From dealing in thousands, men come to deal in hundreds of thousands, and millions, with as little consideration as they at first made contracts for a few hundred. It was truly so with Mr. Wildredge. Urged on, as we have constantly seen he was, by the great ambition of his wife, the condition of the business in which he was now so unboundedly involved did not allow him to look back or stand still in his adventurous and exciting career.

A few years previous to the period of which we are speaking, Whitney Farnsworth, an intimate acquaintance, departed this life, appointing Mr. Wildredge the executor of his last will and testament. He left a large estate, bequeathed to his estimable widow and two children: a little girl and boy.

The property, with the exception of what was necessary to the support of the widow and her children, remained in the care of Mr. Wildredge. It was the wish of Mrs. Farnsworth that it should do so, and, at each annual exhibit, he had shown a very prosperous advance, which increased the already unlimited confidence she had in his management of the estate. Such was the relation which Mr. Wildredge bore to the family of his deceased friend, when Mrs. Farnsworth was taken suddenly and seriously ill. It was but a few weeks from the commencement of her indisposition, when her physician gave up all hopes of her recovery. She accordingly made every preparation for so solemn an event, and, confirming the selection of her departed husband, she solicited Mr. Wildredge to become the guardian of her dear children. He accepted the sacred trust, and, in a few days afterward, standing at the death-bed of the devoted mother, as he raised little Mary and Edward in his arms to receive the last kiss of affection from her trembling lips, he gave her the most solemn promise that he would be as a father unto them. She raised her eyes to heaven, and, with a smile of angelic delight, said, with her last breath, "Then I die in peace."

Acting on his own devoted feelings, at the time of their mother's decease, it would have been the wish of his heart if he could have received the orphan children to the bosom of his own family. But he had his fears that his wife was so engrossed in the fashionable world, such an arrangement would be wholly repugnant to her wishes; and this he found was the case, when, a few evenings afterward, he suggested it to her. The only alternative now left, was to place them under the care of the nearest relative, Mrs. Susannah Sprague, a young widowed cousin of their deceased mother, and whose circumstances were such that the receipt of a salary for devoting herself to the orphan children, would not be unacceptable.

This arrangement was accordingly made, and, for two years after the death of widow Farnsworth, both the devoted guardian and the kind-hearted widow, under whose immediate care they were placed, seemed only to rival each other in kindness and attention to the orphan children.

It was the first week in August, during the third year after the decease of Mrs. Farnsworth, that Mr. Wildredge was sitting in the back parlor of their country house, which overlooked the beautiful parterre, from which there seemed a rivalry among the fruits and flowers of almost every clime, to delight the senses of every recipient. But they seemed to have no charms for the master of that delightful mansion. It was obvious that some painful event was weighing heavily upon him. Mrs. Wildredge, who had just returned in her carriage from the country house of the Kitterages, even entered unperceived. She could not fail to observe the altered appearance of her husband, and, with the utmost gayety of her feelings, she remarked,

"Well, by your looks, husband, one would fear you were utterly ruined."

"I fear that my looks are but the index of the fatal truth I must tell you. Draw your chair nearer, Elizabeth—*Delande is a forger!* I have this day been compelled to draw upon the funds of the orphan children, and pay sixty-eight thousand dollars of their money to save Julia from disgrace by the world's knowing that her husband is a forger and a gambler!"

"Gracious heavens, you astound me!"

"But how shall I tell you all? During the last year and a half, I have been compelled to pay such vast sums for the extravagance of Delande, that, coupled with the great losses I have experienced in business, it will be impossible for me longer to meet my payments. I have passed a year of the most unparalleled misery. But I can endure it no longer. I must make immediate provision to repay the money of the orphan children, and then failure is inevitable."

It would be useless to attempt to picture the emotions with which both husband and wife passed that night.

In the morning, Mr. Wildredge drove to the city at the usual business hour, bent upon one all-absorbing determination to provide means to replace the trust funds of the orphans, ere the final wreck of his fortunes should place it beyond his power to do so. But it seemed as if the fates were against him. Delande had taken a packet which sailed that morning for France. And it had been discovered on 'Change that forgeries, to the amount of forty or fifty thousand dollars more, had been perpetrated by him. As is ever the case in such an emergency, rumor had been busy with her thousand tongues. It was immediately known that Mr. Wildredge had drawn upon the trust funds of the orphans to pay former forgeries. Many of the enormous sums he had previously paid for Delande's defalcations were circulated about with all the exaggeration and coloring such an excited curiosity is ever sure to produce. To add to the agony of his misfortunes, Mr. Wildredge had large sums to pay that day, to meet bills; but, with the tide of exaggerated rumor which was rushing through the city, it was utterly impossible for him to do so; and he was compelled to submit to the dishonor of his paper, without being able to make any previous provision for the replacement of the funds belonging to the orphan children.

It was now at a period of commercial depression, and too soon was it ascertained that the failure brought utter ruin to the fortunes of the Wildredges. It was a sad fall. Who can paint the touching reverse of such a picture? It seemed as if their former high standing, and the troops of world-admirers who had attended their glittering career, were the most ardent of the causes now that pointed out the shortest route to escape the fallen family, in their utter ruin and desolation.

It has been truly said that woman has more fortitude than man, under the most trying emergencies. Not much over a year elapsed, after the failure, when this truth began its illustration in the wife of the ruined merchant. We have seen Elizabeth Wildredge as the gay, thoughtless, fashion-seeking and ambitious member of the world of show, glitter and mistaken rivalry. But how changed now! At first, the unexpected failure of her husband struck her with consternation. But soon she began to be aroused. She looked back upon the past. Oh, what a history was it for her! Upon its every page she saw the bitter rebukings of her own career, and the true woman was inspired. She saw that there was nothing left to them now. False friends had all flown away. Her husband was dispirited. In his career of prudential business, she had ever urged him to push forward, to rival the most dazzling adventurers, and now she felt certain she had been deeply to blame. Her father, who had been, of late years, overburthened with an expensive and extravagant family, brought up to do nothing, was now wholly unable to assist to recover her fallen fortunes.

For the first time in her life, she saw the world as it really was. It had been a most bitter experience to come to it, but she felt convicted they had been entirely upon a wrong route. From that hour, she was a resolved woman—stimulated with the true pride of making all the amends for her great fault, which any womanly effort would in an honorable way permit her to achieve.

A half year more had passed away. Mr. Wildredge was now offered a situation as book-keeper in the mercantile house of Mr. Gray. He was glad to accept it; the salary was not large, to be sure, but it was most acceptable in the present condition of the fallen family.

They had taken a neat little cottage in the suburbs of the city, for the purpose of squaring their expenditures to their scanty income. Mr. Wildredge was more cheerful, now that he had regular employment. He began to feel, too, the happy change that had come over the wife of his bosom. Besides, Julia was with them, and had been ever since the sad developments in regard to her worthless husband. She had been a deep sufferer from the disgrace, mortification and awful change which had followed the profligate and wicked career of Delande. But her mother was now a real mother to her. By her example of resignation, affection and devotion, Julia gradually became a changed being. With a good heart naturally—a pernicious and false system of education—the neglect of parental counsel in early life, and an almost total abandonment to her own wishes and will, had permitted Julia to grow up a thoughtless, untrained and unreflecting aspirant, in the false and delirious ways of the most artificial society even of the great metropolis itself. She had never been, in former days, the companion or confidante of her own mother. But that mother had seen the great error she had committed, and, yielding to no persuasion but that of the most fixed determination to repair, if possible, the deficiency of the past, she clung to her only daughter, with that warmth of zeal and purity of devotion which the true mother is alone capable of displaying. They were inseparable friends and companions now, and both had come to know that there is an inexhaustible mine of unalloyed happiness springing from the true relations of the mother and her daughter, and which unfolds its richest jewels only where there is an unceasing correspondence to develope the productive and priceless treasures of reciprocal affections.

It was now most obviously the single purpose of the mother not only to implant correct views of life in the mind of Julia, but, what was best of all, to carry out those principles into practical life, by her own example.

The labors of Mr. Wildredge were, likewise, most cheerfully yielded to, but, with his small salary, it was soon seen that they had no prospect of bettering their pecuniary situation. One evening, about a year after he had taken his situation as the book-keeper of Mr. Gray, they were sitting in the parlor of the sweet little cottage, which had now become the abode of real happiness. The conversation turned upon the excessive application which the observant and affectionate wife declared was too severe for her husband to perform.

"Now, Harry," she quickly added, "I hope you will not oppose us; for Julia and her mother have, for some time, been forming a plan to see what they can do toward earning their own pin-money."

"And what, pray, do you propose to do more than you now so faithfully accomplish?"

"Why, husband, we are going to set up a school, and we have already the daughters of six of our friends engaged to commence with."

"That you would find far more confining than is my situation as book keeper, and I——"

"No, no, father, you cannot vote against us *now*, it is altogether too late for that. We are to be inaugurated next Monday, to begin our seminary in due form, and shall expect you to make the opening address on the occasion. You must make a virtue of necessity, therefore, and cast your vote in the affirmative."

The school was accordingly opened. Small as it was in the beginning, its successful progress soon proved what the determination of a persevering wife and her devoted daughter can accomplish. Their hearts were in it—and that is always the way to victory in any thing.

After the close of the first year, "Rose Hill School" progressed rapidly to fame. The acquaintances of the Wildredges, seeing the consecrated energy of Julia and her mother, were proud to aid forward their worthy and useful exertions. They appeared to join their daughters to the seminary as a privilege to themselves; and not six months of the second year passed away before Mrs. Wildredge was delighted that the number of her pupils required her to rent an adjacent and much more spacious dwelling, to accommodate the school. From that time forward, it went gradually upward with wide-spread success, usefulness and fame, until it was but comparatively a few years more, when, in point of profit and respectability, there were few young ladies' seminaries in the country that would at all compare with it; and that was a proud moment for the active mother and her daughter.

It is a source of true happiness to win success in any worthy enterprise in which we feel that our talents are usefully and advantageously employed. If this truth was ever fully developed in any two individuals, their friends felt it was most triumphant in the felicity which reigned at "Rose Hill Cottage."—By the gains of the successful seminary, they had this year purchased the abode in which they first commenced trying their womanly energies—and, by a judicious expenditure in architectural ornaments and taste, it was justly regarded now as one of the sweetest cottages which the delightful suburbs of the city afforded. The grounds were delightfully laid out and ornamented; and if there was not so much richness, splendor and show as were to be seen at the magnificent country residence in which they resided in former days, there was incomparably more happiness! They had true and devoted friends now—those who loved, cherished and admired. There was no false show or artificial pride; but there were reality, simplicity, honest hearts and smiling faces. Few, indeed, are the fathers and husbands who are not made most happy by the proper devotion of their wives and daughters; and, as for Harry Wildredge, he was the happiest man living.

"We have taken two new children to-day, husband," remarked Mrs. Wildredge, as they were sitting under the balcony, one delightful summer's eve, inhaling the sweet perfume given out by the clustering honey suckles that had entwined themselves around and above.

"Come, father," added Julia, "can you guess who they are—when I tell you that in our young ladies' seminary, by especial privilege of the school, one of our new scholars is a boy—and we are determined to keep him permanently, too!"

"I think I shall not be able to conjecture, in that dilemma, my daughter, and so I will wait till your school assembles in the morning to ascertain."

"No, husband," said Mrs. Wildredge, as she came forward, leading in either hand a sweet little girl and boy; "I think your curiosity must not be so long postponed, and so may I introduce the orphan children of your deceased friend, as our future pupils!"

"God bless you, my wife and daughter!" exclaimed Mr. Wildredge, as a tear of gratitude stole down his happy face. "In this, you have indeed filled up my cup of human felicity."

"Yes, my husband, with God's blessing, if devotion can do it, will we endeavor to educate aright the widow's children—we will be a father and mother to them. From the first hour we commenced our school, we had the determination to receive them into it, the moment they should be old enough to come. That period has arrived—and it is, indeed, one of the happiest moments of my life."

Years rolled away, and most faithfully did they fulfil the pledge of that night.

The seminary continued to progress most prosperously, until it had again become indispensable to extend the dimension of its edifices, and multiply the number of assistant teachers, in almost every department.

To the fortunes of Mr. Wildredge there had come, likewise, an unexpected flood of success. Mr. Gray had for many years been pursuing commercial operations with unprecedented advantage. His business had greatly widened this year upon his hands, and, loving Mr. Wildredge as he would a brother, he proposed to receive him as a partner in his concern, giving him a third of the profits of the entire business.

We have not named before that Mr. Gray was a bachelor, but it is far more gratifying to write it now, especially as we have a right to suppose the reader has become not a little interested in the fortunes of the devoted Julia. Almost from the time they removed to the neat little villa at "Rose Hill," Mr. Gray was a constant and intimate visiter there. The maker of his own fortunes, by prudence, straightforwardness and commercial integrity, he had, from the outset, taken a deep interest in beholding the delightful revolution which had come over the family of his early associate. But none had conjectured—not even the ancient maidens of their acquaintance—that his purpose was to propose for Julia; and in this, acting like the prudent merchant that he had ever shown himself, he kept his own secret of intended negotiation, until the proper moment arrived. Then he first asked the consent of his partner in business—the next day, that of the principal of "Rose Hill Seminary," and last, "though not least," the same evening, that of her confidential adviser and associate. Julia said, "I have no objections, Mr. G., to the matrimonial copartnership, provided my dear parents, this time, approve the choice;" and to this the straight-forward merchant was prepared promptly to reply: "Then we may as well seal the contract at as early a day as will suit your convenience, for I first obtained the approval of your father and mother."

The following morning, the whole family assembled to consult upon so important a change as the removal from office of the vice-presidentess of "Rose Hill School."

"I have only one objection, Mr. Gray, to the proposed change," said Mrs. Wildredge, "and that is, I hardly know how I am to submit to a separation of my children, for to me the departed widow's children are the same as my own. To them I owe a debt which I feel I never can repay, but, with such means as Providence has blessed me with, I shall, through my whole life time, do all in my power to make amends."

"Oh, my dear mother, I cannot find words to tell you, but this pestering old bachelor has anticipated us all. Would you believe it, last evening he insisted upon it—as a codicil to our marriage settlement, I suppose—that I was to become the mother of the orphan children, and they shall live with us as our children."

"That can never be, my dearest Julia, unless you take your mother with them—for, in my natural life, I shall never be separated from the orphan children."

"Nor shall you, my mother," quickly retorted Mr. Gray, "because I am never going to be separated from you. We are to live together. So be kind enough to make arrangements, as quickly as may be, to surrender your authority as presidentess of 'Rose Hill Seminary,' for you are henceforth to live with us, and act as the presidentess only of our household."

Never was there a family more united than the one which grew out of this propitious marriage.—In ten years from the wedding-day, Mr. Wildredge had deposited with Mr. Gray the funds of the orphan, which he had expended in an hour of wild speculation and commercial embarrassment; and that night, as he gathered the whole family around him, in the sweet cottage of "Rose Hill," which had never been deserted, he kneeled before the altar of his God in devout thankfulness, feeling and acknowledging that this was indeed the happiest moment of his earthly existence.

A WHISPER TO THE GIRLS.

On a certain occasion, in France, the oldest of two sisters was promised, by her father, to a gentleman, possessed of a large estate. The day was appointed for the gentleman to make his visit, he not having, as yet, seen either of them, and the ladies were informed of his coming, that they might be prepared to receive him. The affianced bride, who was the handsomest of the two, being desirous to show her elegant shape and slender waist to the best advantage, clothed herself in a dress, which sat very tight and close upon her, without any lining or facing of fur, though it was in winter, and exceedingly cold. The consequence was, that she appeared pale and miserable, like one perishing with the severity of the weather; while her sister, who, regardless of her shape, had attired herself, rationally, with thick garments, lined with fur, looking warm and healthy, and ruddy as a rose. The gentleman was fascinated by her who had the most health, the most prudence; and, having obtained the father's consent to the change, left the mortified sister to shiver in single blessedness.

THE COQUETTE.

The coquette expresses herself by caresses and bold freedom. She is determined to charm, cost what it will; and, passing over the line of beauty, defying the good and appropriate, she passes into the world of the senses, and, employing only empty enchantments, she loses successively her power, her charm, the respect of true men, and her own peace of mind: and beauty's holy heaven closes its doors against her.

An elevated desire to please may pass into coquetry; but we do not see every where in life that the white may become gray, and the gray continually darker, until the color of innocence is quite obscured by the black? Yet is the white there, and may lie next the black in stainless purity, just as truth may beam brightly by the side of the darkness of falsehood.—There is an innocent and lovely desire of pleasing; would that every woman possessed it, and would despise its caricature!—[Miss Bremer.

THE RIVALS.

BY B. HINCHMAN.

Several years have elapsed since the marriage of Adelia B——. She was then beautiful. She has still traces of her former beauty; yet time, or care, or both combined, have marked some furrows on her brow, and a close observer may notice that her dark eye beams with a fitful expression of anxiety: betokening a mind not quite at ease. I have said that she was beautiful; I would attempt to describe her; but I am certain I shall not be able to convey to the mind of my reader an adequate idea of that bright picture which even now, after the lapse of years, presents itself to my imagination, as vivid and glowing as though it were but yesterday that I gazed on the original. She was of middle size; her form was faultless; but it was not the elegance of her figure that fixed the attention of the beholder, it was the gracefulness of her movements—the life, the animation, the speaking beauty of her countenance. But why should I endeavor to delineate in my prosaic manner that which has been better depicted by a son of song, (who himself at that time among her suitors,) thus writes to a friend:—

Such is Adelia—young and fair:
  With eyes of jet, and teeth of pearl;
With ruby lips and raven hair,
  That needs no art to make it curl.
Her cheek the roseate hue of health;
  Her neck of finest Grecian mould:
Her mind an intellectual wealth,
  More precious far than India's gold.
Her heart affection's crystal fountain,
  From which love's streams pellucid flow,
As rills which gushing from the mountain,
  Refresh the verdant plains below.
Her manners cordial, frank, and free,
  Not formal or in look or word;
Her voice of warbling melody,
  Like tones of some Æolean chord.
Unpractised in the ways of guile,
  A stranger to coquettish art:
Unused to wear that worldling smile,
  Which speaks of hollowness of heart.
Her ev'ry look the mirror where
  Her soul is pictured in her face,
As if her soul that face so fair,
  Had chosen for its dwelling place.

Still Adelia was not *perfect*—(alas! that perfection should be denied mortality!)—yet her imperfections were attributable to an erroneous education. Her father was a wealthy merchant, and had early impressed upon the mind of his child the great value of riches; and as she grew near the age of womanhood, had frequently spoken of wealth as an indispensable accompaniment of any who would gain the hand of his daughter. Can it be wondered that impressions thus early made should be lasting? That maxims, falling from the lips of a beloved father, should be received without doubting, and treasured up in the memory as rules of action for future years?

Amongst the number of Adelia's suitors—for beauty and wealth will always find admirers—were two who will claim somewhat more than a passing notice at our hands. Alfred T—— was the son of respectable, though not affluent parents. They moved in the "middle walks of life." He was, at the time of which we are speaking, twenty-two years of age, and engaged in the study of law. He was a young man of an interesting appearance, though not to say decidedly handsome. He was a little above the average height; his lofty brow, slightly marked by the lines of thought, was partly concealed by a profusion of chesnut hair that hung in careless curls, which if they did not betoken absolute neglect, gave but little evidence of that care and arrangement which never fail to mark the fashionable dandy. His large hazel eye, full of expression, was at times eloquent, with meaning, when (as was occasionally the case,) forgetting for the moment his native diffidence, he would for a brief period hold his listeners entranced, as discoursing on some interesting theme he almost unconsciously exerted those conversational powers with which he was so highly gifted, and which (now that having been admitted to the bar, he has become the eloquent advocate of the rights of man,) have so materially assisted him in gaining that dignified position he at present occupies. His complexion was rather pale, the result of close confinement and intense study. Alfred was not of that number who are calculated to attract the admiration of strangers; to have appreciated the better qualities of his heart you must have been well acquainted with him. There was much in his character to admire. Adelia thought so, and without venturing to ask herself the reason, felt an increasing interest in his com pany: when he was present time winged his flight with more than usual rapidity. In the happiness of the present, she hardly thought of the future, and when she did, 'twas but to depict it in the rainbow coloring of hope. But the hour was to come when she was more fully to realize her situation.

The rival of Alfred was Edgar G——, a young man of high parentage and wealthy connexions. He himself was known to be heir expectant to a large estate. He was tall and well-proportioned, and by many considered handsome, yet his eye wanted that expression of intellectual brightness which formed so marked a feature in the countenance of the young lawyer. His dress was of the most costly materials; a gold guard-chain was carelessly suspended from his neck, which, together with a diamond breast-pin and gold finger-rings, appeared to indicate that to their possessor such toys were objects of easy attainment. His manners were free, indeed overmuch so, for they seemed devoid of that delicate respect towards strangers which always characterizes true breeding.—Though not to say entirely dissipated, Edgar yet frequently attended the theatre, and spent a considerable portion of his time at balls and parties, and thither Adelia sometimes attended him. His visits to her parents' house—where he was always received with marked attention by the old gentleman—became more and more frequent. Alfred also called more often than formerly, and by Adelia, at least, was always made welcome. Her father—being as I have before intimated, a very *prudent* man—judged it expedient to enquire into Alfred's pecuniary circumstances, and upon due enquiry, found—oh! horrible—that he was poor;—true, he had a profession at which many have enriched themselves, but then he might not succeed—and the startling fact was undeniable, that he had but a small amount of ready cash. He of course imparted this information to his daughter, and hinted to her the necessity of discouraging Alfred's attentions. Educated as she had been, she agreed with her father as to the propriety of his suggestions. She had never before thought of Alfred's pecuniary prospects, and now that she heard he was poor, her respect for her father's wishes, and her own ideas of the absolute necessity of wealth, determined her to treat Alfred with a degree of coldness to which, to do her justice, her heart was a stranger.

The next time they met, the change in her manners was immediately noticed by him. She marked the enquiring glance of his eye—the compression of his lips—the more than usual paleness of his countenance. The evening passed heavily away, and long ere his accustomed hour, Alfred, taking up his hat, and wishing her good night, retired to his home. Adelia went to her chamber, where the conflicting emotions of her bosom found vent in a flood of tears. Reader, would'st thou analyze these tears? They were tears of love—of disappointment—of pride, and of filial duty. Why did she weep? The affections of her heart had gone forth to one who she felt was worthy of her love; the dark clouds of disappointment had overshadowed the bright future; pride forbade that she should marry the heir of poverty, and filial duty enjoined her to seek, or rather to accept, the hand of wealth. This was her first deep sorrow, and, inexperienced in the affairs of the heart, she perhaps imagined that time would soon obliterate from the tablet of memory the thoughts of the past. Vain imagining! the blighting of our fondest hopes—the rude tearing away of our heart's tendrils from the loved object around which they have been clinging—is not so easily to be forgotten. When in life's dreary pilgrimage we meet with a congenial spirit—one calculated not only to secure our friendship, but to win our love—should stern necessity, should relentless destiny, separate that loved one from our embrace, think you that the empty void is soon filled? that the impression then made is quickly effaced? No—no. We are not thus constituted.—We may mingle in the scenes of gayety by which we are surrounded;—we may turn us to drink at the fountain of what the world calls pleasure—but the past we cannot, we would not forget!

> "Time but the impression stronger makes,
> As streams their channels deeper wear."

I had almost forgotten to mention, that the morning after the visit of Alfred, to which I have alluded, Adelia received a note from him requesting an explanation, which, by her father's advice, she did not answer. He never called again. Edgar continued his attentions, and, encouraged by her parents, soon led the fair Adelia to the bridal altar. The wedding was magnificent. I need not dwell on the various items—the jewelled coronet of the bride, or the costliness of her apparel; in which, notwithstanding she looked beautiful, she would have looked full as much so clad in more simple attire, for loveliness and beauty need not the adornments of art to attract our admiration or to win our love.

A few weeks after their marriage, which interval was spent in receiving and returning visits, (fashionably styled bridal calls,) they removed to the country. Edgar became more and more dissipated, until at length, entirely neglecting his business, his creditors divided his estate among them, leaving him what Alfred was—a poor man. From the affluence of her father, Adelia has never been suffered to feel the keen blasts of poverty, having always had every pecuniary want supplied. Still, she is far from happy, and if I read aright the page of her history, it is not the loss of wealth that preys upon her mind—there is a more sufficient reason why the rose has left her cheek, and care ruffled the placid beauty of her brow.

But where is Alfred—the heir of poverty—he who was deemed unworthy of her hand? Having been admitted to practice at the bar, he rapidly outstripped many more showy competitors, and he is now Judge of one of our circuit courts, with every prospect of further advancement. He is respected for his legal attainments, honored for his stern impartiality, and beloved for the urbanity of his manners, and the exercise of those benevolent feelings which, having characterized him in his early days, seem to grow with his growth and strengthen with his strength. He is, gentle reader, still a bachelor.

SHE HAD THAT CHARMING LAUGH.

She had that charming laugh which like a song,
The song of a spring bird, wakes suddenly
When we least look for it. It lingered long
Upon the ear, one of the sweet things we
Treasure unconsciously. As steals along
A stream in sunshine, stole its melody,
As musical as it was light and wild,
The buoyant spirit of some fairy child;
Yet mingled with soft sighs, that might express
The depth and truth of earnest tenderness.

The Mysterious Strangers.

BY CAROLINE ORNE.

"What a tempestuous evening it is," said Mr. Vernon to his wife, as he took the tongs and stirred the coals into a brighter glow.

"Tempestuous enough," she replied; and, as if to give emphasis to what they said, a violent gust of wind drove the sleet and rain against the windows, and passed with a shrill, hollow moan, through the leafless branches of half a dozen old chestnut trees that grew near the house.

Soon afterwards, the rattling of wheels was heard. The noise abruptly ceased, and it was evident that some vehicle had stopped near the door.

"I am sure," said Mrs. Vernon, "I didn't think of our having company such a stormy night as this."

The next minute, several smart, quick raps, with a whip-handle, were heard against the outer door. Mr. Vernon hastened to open it, and beheld a man in a thick, dun-colored great coat, buttoned up to his chin, and an oil-cloth hat, from which the water was running in streams.

"Can you give shelter to two ladies for the night?" said he.

"We cannot refuse," said Mr. Vernon, "on such a night as this."

"Certainly not," said Mrs. Vernon, who now approached the door.

As the man left the door-way, a weather-beaten coach, such as is usually kept for hire at livery stables, to which was attached a pair of horses, too tired to resent the buffetings of the storm, was revealed to view. In a few minutes, the two ladies were in the parlor, and Mrs. Vernon assisted them to divest themselves of their bonnets and large plaid shawls, which they wore over their travelling dresses.

"I guess you couldn't accommodate me and my horses," said the driver, addressing Mr. Vernon, who still remained at the door, in the true Yankee phraseology.

"We not only can, but I think we must," replied Mr. Vernon, "as there is no tavern within six miles of here."

During the time consumed in putting the coach and horses under shelter, Mrs. Vernon had opportunity to observe her stranger guests. One of them, a middle-aged lady, was well though plainly dressed, and there was something in her demeanor, that showed that no incident of a trivial nature could shake her fortitude, or rob her of her self-possession. Her features presented a firm and somewhat bold outline, and her rather sallow complexion was relieved by a pair of black eyes, singularly brilliant.

Her companion must have been twenty or more, for her figure, of rare symmetry and loveliness, was fully developed. Her features, though they bore a perceptible resemblance to the other lady's, were perfectly beautiful, from the large, dark eyes, to the finely-curved lips, which were the reddest and the freshest that ever parted to reveal teeth like orient pearls. Her hair, of a rich shining black, too redundant to be kept in order by the small gold comb intended to restrain it, on removing her bonnet, streamed in many a long and flowing curl far down her shoulders. Yet, though young and beautiful, and though she had evidently been nurtured in the lap of luxury, it was plain to perceive that she was oppressed by some deep and harrowing sorrow.

All that the driver of the coach knew of them, which tended to excite, rather than gratify curiosity, he communicated to Mr. Vernon, before they returned from the stable. He said that they had, the day previous, arrived at the city where he resided, in the steamboat, and had hired him to convey them to some retired country town.

When the ladies had partaken of the refreshment that had been prepared for them, the eldest, after first holding a short consultation with her companion, remarked, that it had been their intention to pursue their journey for, at least, one day more, but that, as strict seclusion was their only object, they thought it might possibly be attained in the town where they then were, as likely as in any they should be able to find.

"We should like," she added, "if you will consent, after hearing our conditions, to remain in this house, provided you can accommodate us with a decent apartment, where we can at all times remain, if it be our choice. We shall be compelled to claim the privilege of not only concealing our *former* place of residence, but our names, and unless it can be understood by the inhabitants that we are friends of yours, come to spend a few months with you, it will be unsafe for us, at any time, to leave the house. I am aware that startling inferences must naturally be drawn from such a statement. You will probably think that one, or both of us, have been guilty of some crime. It will, perhaps, be too much for us to expect that you will give full credit to my assertion, when I tell you that we are perfectly innocent. Circumstances of the most unfortunate and painful nature, have made it necessary to adopt the course we have."

Seeing that both Mr. and Mrs. Vernon hesitated to reply, the younger lady, with eyes streaming with tears, implored them to suffer them to remain.

"We can assure you of one thing," said the elder lady; "we have the means of compensating you most liberally for all your expense and trouble."

"It was not on account of the compensation I hesitated to answer," said Mr. Vernon; "but because I could think of no method by which our house could be made the safe asylum you deem necessary."

"You know," said his wife, "that we have for some time been expecting Mrs. Allen and her daughter to make us a visit, and that this very morning we received a line from them to let us know that something had occurred which would prevent them from coming. I have been thinking that, if you have no objection, we will do our best to accommodate these ladies, and as there must be some name to designate them by, we will, with their concurrence, call them Mrs. and Miss Allen, which will prevent the neighbors from either expressing or entertaining any impertinent curiosity."

It was finally settled, greatly to the relief of the strangers, particularly the younger, that the plan proposed by Mrs. Vernon should be carried into effect.

The stormy night was succeeded by one of the brightest of March mornings, and the robin and bluebird were abroad in the balmy air. The driver of the coach was astir at early dawn, in order to see to his horses; and, having done justice to a good and substantial breakfast, was on the road a little after sunrise. By the time the two strangers had risen, a neat and convenient apartment, on the second floor, comfortably furnished and rendered cheerful by the bright sunshine and a good fire, was ready for their reception.

Time passed on, but nothing transpired to clear away the cloud of mystery which hung over them. The elder lady at all times maintained the same composure and equability of manner that had at first characterized her; while the younger, still melancholy and unhappy, was at times afflicted with such extreme nervous agitation, that her health was seriously injured. There were intervals, however, when the buoyant spirits of youth would rise above the secret cause of misery which seemed crushing her to the earth, and then her voice might often be heard, clear and melodious as the song of the birds that revelled amid the old chestnuts, now in full foliage. As no one seemed to suspect that they were not really Mrs. Allen and her daughter, all passed on quietly enough, except that Mrs. Vernon was occasionally tormented by the close and prying questions of an inveterate gossip, who had received the appropriate cognomen of "Pudding-stick," being always ready to stir up the little community whenever it seemed likely to settle down into a state of too much apathy and repose.

Though three months had elapsed since their arrival, they expressed no intention of departing. As the only son of their host and hostess had now completed the study of the law in the office of an eminent barrister in a distant city, he was daily expected home. Mr. and Mrs. Vernon had hoped that their boarders would find themselves in a situation to change their residence previous to his arrival, as they dreaded to have him exposed to the influence of a person possessing such fascinating beauty and manners as the younger, who, they could not help fearing, if she had not actually been guilty of crime, had widely deviated from the path of moral rectitude.—At length, Mrs. Vernon took courage to hint to them, that as their son was expected home, it would be difficult to accommodate them longer, as he would need the apartments now occupied by them. The bare suggestion, however, threw the young lady into a state of such agitation, that Mrs. Vernon at once withdrew her objections to their remaining, and said she would do her best to prepare some other apartment for their son. The next point to be settled was one between Mr. and Mrs. Vernon. They were at a loss to determine whether it would be best to let him entertain the impression that prevailed in the neighborhood, relative to the ladies, or to inform him of all they themselves knew. They decided in favor of the latter course, as the doubts which it would involve as respected her character, might act as a check upon the dangerous effect to be apprehended from the superior attractions which distinguished the younger.

It was about the middle of *June*, near the close of a day of uncommon loveliness, that Lionel Vernon drove up to the door in a private chaise, as no public vehicle came nearer than the inn, which was six miles distant. There were few young men who possessed a handsomer face or a form of greater elegance, and his parents welcomed him with as much pride as joy. The younger lady, who beheld him when he arrived from her window, determined within herself to remain in the seclusion of her own chamber while he continued at home, as she had sufficient discernment to be aware, that it would be the course most agreeable to his parents. As soon as the affairs which related to their son, personally, had been satisfactorily discussed, they adverted to the mysterious strangers; their parental fears unintentionally prompting them to dwell pretty strongly upon the probability that guilt of some nature had urged them to the measures they had adopted, in the hope that they should be enabled to escape detection. They made allusion to the younger lady's extreme beauty, and as it is rather natural to associate a repulsive exterior with a character so deeply stained as from the incidents detailed, he concluded hers must be; while the pleasure of finding himself at home, after a long absence, was still fresh, he felt little or no curiosity to see her.—But when the gloss and novelty of a country life began to wear off, he began to feel a keen desire to behold one who, as he had found on several occasions when he passed her chamber-door, could sing finely and was a most admirable reader. His curiosity increased the more from there being no prospect of its being gratified. At last, his patience became entirely exhausted, and he asked his mother if the strangers never attended church.

"They have formerly," she replied, "when the weather would permit."

"And what has induced them to discontinue going?"

Mrs. Vernon hesitated to answer.

"I suspect I know," he resumed. "It is because they think they shall see me. It is not impossible but that they formerly resided in the same city where I studied my profession, and they may be afraid that I shall recognize them. I cannot think of their being kept such close prisoners on my account, as their health must necessarily suffer, and I shall certainly take measures to leave home much sooner than I intended, unless they can be induced to occasionally take exercise in the open air." It is due to him to mention that the benevolent sentiments, which he expressed, were not assumed, but were really mingled with his intense curiosity though unaided by this stimulus, it might not have occurred to him, how much they were undoubtedly suffering from want of air and exercise.

Mrs. Vernon, who was loth to lose the company of her son sooner than she had, at first, anticipated, promised to go to them immediately, and advised them to walk out that very evening.

"I think we shall not reject your advice," said the elder stranger, "for I find by my young friend's pale looks, that her health begins already to suffer."

"She does look pale," said Mrs. Vernon, "and I wonder I have not minded it before. Come, ladies, put on your bonnets, and we will all three walk out together."

They assented: the younger lady first doubling her thick green veil, which she carefully drew over her face. Lionel Vernon *happened* to be sitting at an open window as they passed, but, owing to the veil, was, of course, unable to obtain a sight of her features. He could see, however, that her form was one of the finest he had ever beheld. There was, moreover, a stray curl which, in her haste, had escaped being put up under her bonnet, so very beautiful, that he would certainly, as a fresh breath of air waved it towards him, have clipped it off without the least remorse, had he possessed an invisible pair of scissors.

From this time the two ladies walked out daily, generally in the fields, and Mrs. Vernon being ready to join them. Lionel, who had intended at some time to meet them by mere accident, was foiled in his intentions. They likewise attended church, but the younger lady's thick veil, which was never drawn aside, screened her features so thoroughly that Lionel could scarcely have told whether she was black or white.

One day, while taking their usual walk, Mrs. Vernon, in attempting to reach some berries that grew on the opposite side of a walk, threw off a large rock, which fell on her foot and injured it so severely, she found that it would be impossible for her to reach home without assistance. Her two companions attempted to aid her, but they soon found, as much of the way was rough and broken, that their strength was altogether unequal to the task they had undertaken. The younger female, therefore, hastened to the house to procure the assistance of Mr. Vernon, whom, when they had commenced their walk, she had noticed was in the garden. He had left the garden, and, entering the house, thinking she might find him there, she beheld not him she sought, but Lionel. In her agitation and hurry, she had thrown back her veil, and exercise and excitement had imparted to her features a glow and radiance that rendered her beauty almost dazzling. Lionel threw down the book he held in his hand, and, hardly knowing what he did, sprang forward to meet her. She informed him of what had happened, and requested his assistance. Fortunately, they encountered Mr. Vernon on their way, and were thus enabled to accomplish their object without difficulty.

In Mrs. Vernon's present helpless situation, there were many little things which the ladies would do to promote her comfort, which frequently drew them from the seclusion of their apartment. They did every thing, too, with such a peculiar grace, and so much cordiality, particularly the younger one, that an observer might have imagined they were receiving rather than conferring benefits. By this new turn affairs had taken, they and Lionel were often thrown together, and he soon found that the younger was rapidly gaining a power over his mind and affections altogether irresistible. A close observer might have inferred, by some almost imperceptible indications, that she did not regard him with indifference, but she evidently exerted herself to the utmost to keep a strong and constant guard over all her actions while in his presence. She so sedulously avoided him, unless some other person was present, that it was impossible for him not to be aware of it, and he soon found that it must be either by chance or stratagem, if he obtained an interview with her. Fortune, at last, favored him with the opportunity he desired. Imagining him to be absent, for he had mentioned in the morning that he should be obliged to leave home on business, she ventured to walk out alone, her companion not being disposed to accompany her. Lionel, who had gone no further than his own chamber, saw her, as with hasty steps she bent her course towards a shady and secluded spot, as entirely shut out from the observation of any person in or near the house, as if it had been in the heart of a wilderness. He doubted the delicacy or the generosity of intruding himself into her presence, but the thought that the opportunity, which he had so long and so ardently coveted, might not again occur, overruled his scruples, and he determined to follow her. When he arrived at the spot she had sought, he beheld her seated on the gnarled roots of an old oak, with her face buried in her hands, and in an attitude of deep and overwhelming sorrow. Exceedingly disconcerted, he was going to withdraw, but she had heard his approach, and looked up. In a moment she was on her feet, and attempted to rush by him, for he stood at the only place of egress from the sheltered retreat. Gently, but firmly, he opposed her purpose.

"'Daughter of Nuath,'" said he, quoting the words of Ossian, and assuming a playfulness which he by no means felt—"'Daughter of Nuath, why dost thou fly from Gaul? Do my eyes send forth the flame of death? Or darkens hatred in my soul? Thou art to me the beam of the east, rising in a land unknown. But thou coverest thy face with sadness, daughter of high Dunlathmon!'"

"Suffer me to go," said she—"I cannot, must not remain."

"First listen to me only two minutes," he replied, "and you shall be obeyed—for I have neither the fortitude nor patience to longer endure the suspense which has tortured me for a week past."

Having thus broken through the cold reserve which till now had marked his demeanor towards her, in words of impassioned eloquence, he declared his love and begged a return.

"I would have willingly spared both of us the pain of this," said she, "for a barrier, strong as death, must ever separate us."

"Not so," he replied, "for my love is stronger than death. Only tell me what this barrier is, and I am certain that I can cause it to yield."

"You would undertake an impossibility," she replied; "and now, I implore you by all you hold dear, not to force me to listen longer to what it is a crime for me to hear."

"Are you not generous enough then to explain this mystery before we part? Must I still longer be tortured with suspense?"

"Spare me now," said she: "to-morrow, I will tell you all."

"Where shall we meet?"

"At the large rose-bush, where I gather your mother's favorite roses. I shall be there early in the morning. Leave me now. I must have a few minutes to compose my spirits, before I appear in the presence of others."

They met at the appointed place, but just as she was going to commence her promised explanation, she suddenly threw up her arms with a convulsive motion, and with unutterable agony depicted in her countenance, exclaimed—"I am lost!"

Lionel perceived her eyes were rivetted upon some object with a look of the greatest terror, and looking round, he beheld a man in the gravel walk, coming towards them. He was of low stature, and as he drew nearer, he could see that his complexion was swarthy, his features coarse and repulsive, and that his small, restless eyes seemed almost to emit sparks of fire from beneath their coarse, shaggy eye-brows. While the predominating expression of his countenance was a low cunning, there was a boldness and audacity in his manners, evidently assumed for the occasion.

"Well, madam," said he, "so I have found you at last, and shall take the liberty of escorting you home."

As he spoke, he made an effort to loosen the hold with which she clung to Lionel's arm with almost preternatural strength. Lionel, as he very unceremoniously pushed him aside, enquired by what right he presumed to control the lady then under his protection.

"By the rights of a husband," he replied.

"Is it possible?" said Lionel, appealing to the beautiful girl at his side, ready to sink to the earth with excessive agitation.

"It is too true," she replied. "Leave me to my fate—I must obey his commands."

"What say you to that, most gallant sir?" said the man, with a malicious laugh.

"That unfair means must have been resorted to, or she never would have accepted a person like you for a husband."

"I dare say she has been fabricating some plausible story, by which she hoped to deceive you."

"She has told me nothing," replied Lionel; "yet I am none the less certain of the truth of what I have said, and until you can prove to the contrary, she does not leave this place."

"That is more easily said than done," said the man: "for, though you are disposed to dispute my authority, you may find it less easy to defy that of a civil magistrate, who is near at hand, ready to obey my summons."

"Suffer me to go, Mr. Vernon, I beg," said she in a voice scarcely audible. "By detaining me you only add to my distress."

"I will never yield you to his custody," he replied, "till I am compelled to."

The man commenced an angry remonstrance, which was broken short by the appearance of the elder lady, who now entered upon the scene. Her habitual composure had, for once, forsaken her, but though she trembled with agitation, there was a look of determination in her countenance, which partook of an air of defiance, as she turned her black, piercing eyes upon the person whose presence had occasioned her young friend such distress and terror.

"Good morning, Mrs. Dormer," said he, addressing her. "As I thought that you and your neice had ruralized a pretty reasonable length of time, I have come for the purpose of escorting you home."

"I regret exceedingly, Mr. Norcross," she replied, "that you should have given yourself so much unnecessary trouble, as I have not the most distant idea of accepting you as an escort for myself—neither shall I permit my niece."

"Quite cool, upon my honor," replied Norcross, "but as I am of the humble opinion that the authority of a husband supersedes even that of an aunt, I shall compel my wife to go—you may do as you please."

"Miscreant!" said she, "Agnes Dormer is not your wife."

"She does not pretend to deny it herself," he replied.

"Because she has not yet been undeceived. I have just received a letter from a certain Mr. Whiffleton, who seems to have been favored with a liberal share of your confidence, which unfolds the whole of your base and iniquitous plot."

"And which is of equal value to a clean piece of paper," replied Norcross; "for he has long since, by perjury, fully and distinctly proved against him, been disqualified from taking his oath, which will, of course, prevent the letter he has favored you with, from having any weight in a court of justice."

"But what say you to a note bearing the signature of Abel Norcross, which he on a certain occasion wrote to this same Mr. Whiffleton?"

"No such note can be produced, for no such one is in existence."

"It is true," replied Mrs. Dormer, "that you commanded him to destroy it, and that he seemingly complied, but it was another letter, adroitly exchanged for the one in question, which he threw behind the grate. He was too cunning to destroy that. He imagined that, at some future time, it might prove the means of putting money in his purse, and the result shows that his imagination was far from being a vain one."

Mr. Vernon, whose curiosity had been excited by seeing Norcross in the garden, now joined the group.

"I at length, have the happiness," said Mrs. Dormer, addressing him, "to inform you that the two strangers, you and Mrs. Vernon have so long and kindly entertained, asking no questions, have no longer anything to conceal. I have this morning obtained possession of facts which have laid bare one of the most villainous transactions ever undertaken by a being wearing the form of humanity. The man you see before you, by some means, obtained the unlimited confidence of the late Mr. Dormer, who was my brother, and the father of Agnes, so that in prospect of his decease, he appointed him his daughter's guardian, as well as his son's, who was two years older. Shortly afterwards, Norcross lost his wife, when, after a great deal of opposition on his part, Agnes came to reside with me. One morning she received a message from him, requesting that she would come to his house without delay, as he was unable, on account of indisposition, to leave home, and had something of great importance to communicate to her. She obeyed with reluctance, as he had of late persecuted her with the most importunate solicitations to marry him.

"'Have you heard what befel me last night?' said he, the moment she entered the room where he was, 'as I was passing through the piece of woods that lies between here and H——?'

"'I have not,' she replied.

"'That is strange. I expected it was all over the city by this time,' said he. 'I was waylaid by a couple of villians, who robbed me of all the money I had about me, and intended to murder me; but after a desperate struggle, during which I received a pistol shot through my hand, I made my escape.'

"As he spoke, he removed a bandage, and exhibited to her a small perforation in the fleshy part of his hand.

"'One of the villains,' said he, resuming his account, 'I knew.'

"'Knew!' repeated Agnes.

"'Yes, and you know him, too.'

"'Who can it possibly be?' she enquired.

"'His name is Philip Dormer.'

"'O no,' said Agnes, turning pale, 'it could not have been my brother.'

"'It was your brother,' he replied; 'his voice is as familiar to me as my own. Besides, as there was a bright moon, I obtained a distinct view of his features.'

"'What will be the penalty of such a crime?' said Agnes, gasping for breath.

"'Death!'

"He paused a moment to observe the agony depicted in her countenance, and then added, 'but as the name of the culprit is as yet a secret between ourselves, I can, and will save him on one condition.'

"Agnes implored him to name it.

"'It is what I have often already solicited. Marry me, and your brother is safe.'

"'Must his life be purchased at so dreadful a price?' said she. 'Will not my property—the whole of it—answer instead?'

"'Compliance with the condition I have named, is the only thing that will save him. I place his life in your hands. Marry me, and, as I have already said, he is safe—refuse, and before the expiration of another hour, I will deliver him up to justice.'

"'Say no more,' she said, 'his life must be saved.'

"The moment the words had escaped her lips, he entered an adjoining apartment, and gave directions to some person in a low voice.

"'A clergyman,' said he, when he re-entered the room, 'will be here in a few moments to perform the ceremony.'

"Agnes uttered not a single word, but in a state of mind more painful than if death itself had been before her, awaited the fulfilment of her doom. In the course of fifteen minutes, the clergyman arrived. The housekeeper was called in as a witness, and the ceremony was commenced. As he was pronouncing the concluding words, I entered the apartment. Alarmed at her protracted absence, I went in pursuit of her. Confounded at the scene passing before me, for a few minutes I had no power to utter a word. The clergyman avoided my eye, and appeared to be in a great hurry to depart. When he took leave, Norcross accompanied him to the outer door, where they stopped for some conversation. In the mean time, Agnes in a hurried manner informed me of all that had taken place. I knew at once that the story implicating her brother was a base fabrication, devised by Norcross to entrap her into marrying him; for in less than half an hour after he had left me, letters were brought from him, one for me, the other for her, by which I found that nearly a week previous he had embarked for Europe in company with a gentleman of his acquaintance. The moment she found how basely she had been deceived, she determined on effecting her escape. 'We will at least make the attempt,' said I—and begging her to be calm, I opened a door that led to the back part of the house. I told her to follow me. We passed rapidly through several apartments, without encountering a single person, and soon found ourselves in the open air. I conducted her to the house of a friend, then proceeded immediately home, and, as I had anticipated, found Norcross already there. He sternly questioned me as to the place I had secreted her, and finally had recourse to threats. He found, however, that I was not easily to be intimidated. I made an effort to persuade her to remain where she was, but I soon found that the constant apprehension she suffered lest Norcross should discover her, was seriously affecting her health, which caused us to adopt the plan of seeking some distant and retired place in the country, where we hoped to elude his search. I thought at the time I so providentially entered upon the scene, that the countenance of the person who performed the marriage ceremony was familiar to me, but it was impossible for me to remember when or where I had seen him. It was not till I had arrived here, and felt somewhat more at ease, that I so far collected my thoughts, as to feel sure that it was either a person of infamous character, whose name was Whiffleton, or some one who closely resembled him. I immediately addressed a letter to Whiffleton, under cover of one to my lawyer, in which I boldly accused him of performing a mock ceremony of marriage between Norcross and my niece. An answer from him, addressed, according to my instructions, to Mrs. Allen, was soon received, in which he plead guilty to my accusations, and offered, for a certain sum, which he named, to send me the letter of Norcross which I have already alluded to. He at the same time intimated that if I chose to withhold the bribe, he should destroy the letter. I of course did not hesitate to comply with his requisition, but his character on the score of veracity being such that I could place little confidence in him, I forbore to mention a word of what was going on to Agnes, lest it should prove that for the sake of extorting money he had been misleading me. By the letter of Norcross, in which the whole plan is minutely detailed, it seemed that he was afraid to engage a real clergyman to perform the ceremony, lest the distress of Agnes, and the undisguised abhorrence with which she regarded him, should lead to enquiries that would frustrate the whole iniquitous scheme."

The foregoing narrative, though rather long, had proved highly interesting and satisfactory to her auditors, with the exception of Norcross, who, at a moment when he imagined himself unobserved, left the garden, with quite a crest-fallen air. It was not until fairly out of their hearing, that he ventured to pour forth a few deep imprecations upon the whole human family, and upon maiden aunts in particular.

The little party, that had all this time been gathered round the great rose-bush, as if it were a thing of human feelings and sympathies, now proposed to return to the house, that Mrs. Vernon might no longer remain in ignorance of what had made them all so happy.

If space only permitted, it would be a great pleasure to describe the rich and becoming bridal dress which Mrs. Dormer soon afterwards ordered for Agnes, as well as the excellent pies and puddings, which in retired country places, no less than the loaf of plum-cake, are considered requisite for the wedding feast. It is certain, however, that all present were satisfied with their entertainment, and unanimously agreed that Lionel and Agnes were by far the handsomest couple that ever came to the honor of being married by their minister, though he had been their pastor more than five and twenty years. All, too, were in raptures with their neat cottage, which happened to be for sale at precisely the right time. It was, likewise, situated precisely in the right spot, as Mrs. Vernon could, at any time, by only going to the window, see it gleaming through the trees and shrubbery by which it was surrounded. This was a great comfort to her when the weather was stormy and unpleasant, or when she was too busy at home to take her sewing or knitting, and run in for a few minutes to chat with Mrs. Dormer and her daughter-in-law. And on long winter evenings, though ever so cold and tempestuous, Mr. and Mrs. Vernon could see a light beaming from the cottage, and the thought that it cheered the fireside of a son and daughter they loved, made their own seem more pleasant. All this might have been considered trifling by some, but nothing is trifling that feeds and cherishes those affections which might otherwise be wasted in earnest but vain yearnings, and still vainer regrets.

SWEET POEMS.

[From Godey's Lady's Book for February.]

THE EVENING SKIES.

BY MRS. AMELIA B. WELBY.

Soft skies! amid your halls to-night
  How brightly beams each starry sphere!
Beneath your softly mellowed light
  The loveliest scenes grow lovelier!
How high, how great, the glorious Power,
  That bade these silvery dew-drops fall;
That touched with bloom the folded flower,
  And bent the blue sky over all!

I love to glide in these still hours
  With [illegible]
When angels and stars, and waves, and flowers,
  May give me their sweet company!
When far below the waves outspread
  Glide softly on with liquid hue,
When winds are low—and skies o'erhead
  Are beaming beautifully blue.

Oh, what a heavenly hour is this!
  The green earth seems an Eden-home,—
And yet I pine, amid my bliss,
  For purer bliss yet to come!
How can my spirit gaze aloft
  Upon your deep delicious blue,
And float to those far realms so oft,
  And never sigh to flutter through!

And yet this spot, so still, so lone,
  Seems formed to suit my mournful mood—
The far blue heavens seem all my own,
  And all this lovely solitude!
A voice seems whispering on the hill
  Soft as my own—and on the sea
A living spirit seems to thrill
  And throb with mine deliciously!

Yet, though my thoughts from care seem freed,
  And a soft joy pervades my breast,
That makes me almost feel indeed
  That hearts on earth are sometimes blest!
There is a spell in these hushed skies—
  A something felt in this lone spot,
That makes my very soul arise
  With longings for—it knows not what!

Beneath such skies I sometimes doubt
  My heart can e'er have dreamed of sin—
The world seems all so calm without,
  And all my thoughts so pure within!
Such dreams play o'er my folded lid!
  Such heavenly visions greet my view!
I almost seem to glide amid
  The angel-bands, an angel too!

LIZZY.

A THRILLING STORY.

BY L. MARIA CHILD.

[The following story is founded upon facts which occurred during the latter part of the eighteenth century. The leading incidents are still in the memory of many of the inhabitants of Chester county, Pennsylvania].

Elizabeth Wilson was of humble, though respectable parentage. From infancy she was remarked for beauty, and a delicate nervous organization. Her brother William, two years older, was likewise a handsome child, with a more sturdy and vigorous frame. He had a gentle, loving heart, which expended its affections most lavishly on his mother and little sister. In their early years Lizzy was his constant shadow. If he went to the barn to hunt eggs, the little one was seen to run prattling along with him, hand in hand. If he pelted walnuts from the tree, she was sure to be there with her little basket, to pick them up. They sat on the same blue bench to eat their bread and milk; and with the first jack-knife he ever owned, the affectionate boy carved on it the letters W. and E., for William and Elizabeth. The sister lavishly returned his love. If a pie was baked for her, she would never break it till Willie came to share; and she would never go to sleep unless her arms were about his neck.

Their mother, a woman of tender heart and yielding temper, took great delight in her handsome children. Often, when she went out to gather chips or brush, she stopped to look in upon them, as they sat on the blue bench, feeding each other from their little porringers of bread and milk. The cross-lights from a side-window threw on them a reflection of lilac bushes, so that they seemed seated in a flowering grove. It was the only picture the poor woman had; but none of the old masters could have equalled its beauty.

The earliest and strongest development of Lizzy's character was love. She was always caressing her kitten, or twining her arms about Willie's neck, or leaning on her mother's lap, begging for a kiss. A dozen times a day she would look earnestly into her mother's eyes, and inquire, most beseechingly, "*Dost* you love your little Lizzy?" And if the fond answer did not come as promptly as usual, her beautiful eyes, always plaintive in their expression, would begin to swim with tears. This "strong necessity of loving," which so pervades the nature of woman, the fair child inherited from her gentle mother; and from her, too, inherited a deficiency of firmness, of which such natures have double need. To be every thing, and do every thing, for those she loved, was the paramount law of her existence.

Such a being was of course born for sorrow. Even in infancy, the discerning eye might already see its prophetic shadow resting on her expressive countenance. The first great affliction of her life was the death of her mother, when she was ten years old.—Her delicate nerves were shattered by the blow, and were never after fully restored to health. The dead body of her beloved mother, with large coins on the eye-lids, was so awfully impressed on her imagination, that the image followed her every where, even into her dreams. As she slept, tears often dropped from her tremulous eye-lashes, and night-mare visions made her start and scream. There was no gentle voice near to soothe her perturbed spirit; none to throw an angel's shining robe over the hideous spectre that lay so cold and stiff in the halls of memory

Her father fed and clothed his children, and caused them to be taught to read and write. It did not occur to him that anything more was included in parental duty. Of clothing for the mind, or food for the heart, he knew nothing; for his own had never been clothed and fed. He came home weary from daily toil, ate his supper, dozed in his chair awhile, and then sent the children to bed. A few times, after the death of his wife, he kissed his daughter; but she never ventured to look into *his* eyes and ask—"*Does* you love your little Lizzy?" Willie was her only consolation; and all he could do was to weep passionately with her, at everything which reminded them of their mother.

Nature, as usual, reflected back the image of the soul that gazed upon her. To Lizzy's excited mind, everything appeared mysterious and awful, and all sounds seemed to wail and sigh. The rustling of the trees in the evening wind went through her, like the voice of a spirit, and when the nights were bright, she would hide her head in her brother's bosom and whisper—

"Willie, dear, I wish the moon would not keep looking at me. She seems to say something to me; and it makes me afraid."

All susceptible souls have felt thus, particularly when under the influence of grief:

"The snow of deepest silence
  O'er everything doth fall,
So beautiful and quiet,
  And yet so like a pall—
As if all life were ended,
  And rest were come to all."

Such a state of feeling, long indulged, could not be otherwise than injurious to a bodily frame originally delicate. The sensitive child soon became subject to fits, the severity of which at times threatened her life. On coming out of these spasms, with piteous tones, and bewildered looks, she would ask—"Where is my mother?"

At the end of a year an important change came over the lonely household. A strong, active step-mother was introduced. Her loud voice and energetic tread, so different from her own quiet and timid mother's, frightened poor Lizzy. Her heart more than ever turned back upon itself, and listened to the echoes of its own yearnings. Willie, being old enough to work on the farm, was now absent most of the day; and the fair girl, so richly endowed by nature with all deep feelings and beautiful capacities, so lavish of her affections, so accustomed to free outpourings of love, became reserved, and apparently cold and stupid. When the step-mother gave birth to an infant, the fountains of feeling were again unsealed. It was her delight to watch the babe, and minister to its wants. But this development of the affections was likewise destined to be nipped in the bud. The step-mother, though by no means hard-hearted, was economical and worldly-wise. She deemed it most profitable to employ a healthy, stout niece of her own, somewhat older than Elizabeth, and to have her step-daughter bound out in some family where she could do light labor. It was also determined that William should go to service; and his place of destination was fifty miles from that of his sister.

The news of this arrangement was very bitter to the children. Both answered their father, very meekly, that they were willing to go, but their voices were deep, sad, and almost inaudible. Without saying another word, the boy put on his hat, and the girl her sun-bonnet, and taking each other by the hand, they went forth, and roamed silently to their mother's grave. There they stood for a long time, still, still—and their tears dropped fast on the green sod. At last Elizabeth sobbed out—

"Oh, if dear mother was alive, Willie, we should not have to go away from home."

But Willie could only answer by a fresh outburst of grief. A little clump of wild flowers nodded over the edge of the mound. The affectionate boy cut two of them, and said—

"Let us keep these, Lizzy, to remember mother by."

The flowers were carefully pressed between the leaves of Lizzy's Testament, and when the sorrowful day of parting came, one was nicely folded in a paper for Willie.

"Now, dear sis, give me that nice little curl," said he, putting his finger on a soft, golden-brown ringlet that nestled close to her ear, and lay caressingly on her downy cheek. She glanced in the fragment of a glass that served them for a mirror, and with eyes brimful of tears, she answered—

"Oh! Willie, I cannot give you *that*. Don't you remember how dear mother used to wet my head all over with cold water, to make my hair curl? She used to laugh when I shook my head, and made the curls go all over my forehead; and she would kiss that little curl in particular. She said it was such a darling little curl."

Thus childishly did the innocent ones speak together. The brother twisted the favorite curl round his finger, and kissed it too; and a bright tear fell on it, and glittered in the sunshine.

William left home a *few* days earlier than his sister, and bitterly did the lonely one sob herself to sleep that night. She shuddered in the dark, and when the moon looked in at the window, its glance seemed more mournful than ever. The next morning, she fell from the breakfast table in a fit more severe than usual. But as she soon recovered, and as these spasms now occurred only at distant intervals, her step-mother thought she had better be in readiness to depart at the appointed time.

The wagon was brought to the door, and the father said to her—

"Lizzy, put on your bonnet, and bring your bundle. It is time to go."

Oh, how the poor child lingered in her little bed-room, where she and Willie slept in their infant days, and where the mother used to hear them say their prayers, and kiss them both, as they lay folded in each other's arms. To the strong step-mother she easily said good bye; but she paused long over the cradle of the babe, and kissed each of his little fingers, and fondly turned a little wave of sunny hair on his pure white forehead. Her heart swelled, and she had to swallow hard to keep down the sobs; for it was *her* cradle, and she was thinking how her mother used to sing her to sleep. Her father spoke to her in a tone of unusual tenderness, as if he too remembered her infancy, and the gentle one who used to rock her in that cradle.

"Come, Lizzy," said he, "it is time to go. You shall come back and see the baby before long."

With blinded eyes she stumbled into the wagon, and turned and looked back as long as she could see the old elm-tree by her bed-room window, where all the summers of her young life she had watched the swallows come and go.

It is a dreary fate for a loving and sensitive child to be bound out at service among strangers, even if they are kind-hearted. The good woman of the house received Lucy in a very friendly manner, and told her to make herself at home. But the word only sent a mournful echo through her heart. For a few days she went about in a state of abstraction that seemed like absolute stupidity. Her step-mother had prepared them for this, by telling them there was something strange about Lizzy, and that many people thought her fits had affected her mind. Being of coarser and stronger natures, they could none of them imagine that the slow stagnation of the heart might easily dim the light of intellect in a creature so keenly susceptible. But, by degrees, the duties required of her roused her faculties into greater activity; and when night came, she was fortunately too weary to lie awake and weep. Sometimes she dreamed of Willie, and her dreams of him were always bright and pleasant; but her mother sometimes fondled her with looks of love, and sometimes came as the pale, cold spectre. Thus the months passed slowly away. Her father came to see her at distant intervals, and once in a great while a letter came from Willie, in a large, stiff hand. Unaccustomed to writing, he could not through that medium tell much that was passing through his heart. That he wanted badly to see his sister, and often kissed the flower they plucked from the dear mother's grave, was the substance of all his epistles.

In the mean time, Lizzy was passing into womanhood. Childhood and youth kissed each other, with new and glowing beauty. Her delicate cheeks mantled with a richer color, and her deep blue eyes, shaded with long fringes of the darkest brown, looked out upon life with a more earnest and expressive longing. Plain and scanty garments could not conceal the graceful outline of her flexile figure, and her motions were like those of some pretty timid animal, that has always stepped to sylvan sounds. She was not aware of her uncommon loveliness, though she found it pleasant to look in the glass, and had sometimes heard strangers say to each other, "See that pretty girl!"

There were no young men in the immediate neighborhood, and she had not been invited to any of the rustic dances or quilting frolics. One bashful lad in the vicinity always contrived to drive his cows past the house where she lived, and eagerly kept watch for a glimpse of her, as she went to the barn with her milking pails. But, if she happened to pass near enough to nod and smile, his cheeks grew red, and his voice forsook him; and she could not know or guess that he would lie awake long that night, and dream of her smile, and resolve that some day or other he would have courage to tell her how handsome she was, and how the sight of her made his heart throb. She did not yet know that she could love anybody better than she had loved Willie. She had seen her darling brother but twice, during their three years of separation; but his image was ever fresh and bright in her memory. When he came to see her, she felt completely happy. While he gazed on her with delighted eyes, her affectionate nature was satisfied with love; for it had not yet been revealed to her in the melting glance of passion. Yet the insidious and unquiet power already began to foreshadow itself in vague restlessness and romantic musings. For she was at an age,

"To feel a want, yet scarce know what it is,
  To seek one nature that is always new,
Whose glance is warmer than another's kiss;
Such longing instinct fills the mighty scope
Of the young heart with one mysterious hope."

At last, an important event occurred in Lizzy's monotonous existence. A young girl in the village was to be married, and she was invited to the quilting party. It was the first invitation of the kind she had ever received, and of course it occupied her thoughts day and night. Could she have foreseen how this simple occurrence would affect her whole future destiny, she would have pondered over it still more deeply. The bridegroom brought a friend with him to the party, a handsome, dark-eyed young man, clerk of a store in a neighboring town. Aware of his personal attractions, he dressed himself with peculiar care. Elizabeth had never seen anything so elegant; and the moment his eye glanced upon her, he decided that he had never seen anything half so beautiful. He devoted himself to her in a manner sufficiently marked to excite envy; and some of the rich farmers' daughters made critical remarks about her dress, which they concluded was possibly genteel for a girl that lived out at service. However, Lizzy was queen of the evening, by virtue of nature's own impress of royalty. When the quilt was finished, romping games were introduced, according to the fashion of the times; and the young men took care that the forfeits paid by the pretty girls should generally involve kissing some of their own number. Among the forfeits required of the dark-eyed stranger, he was ordered to beg on his knees for the identical little curl that Willie had asked of his sister.— In the midst of her mirthfulness, this brought a shadow over her countenance, and she could not answer playfully. However, this emotion passed away with the moment, and she became the gayest of the gay. Never before had she been half so handsome, for never before had she been half so happy. The joyful consciousness of pleasing everybody, and the attractive young stranger in particular, made her eyes sparkle, and her whole countenance absolutely radiant with beauty. When the party were about to separate, the young man was very assiduous about placing her shawl, and begged permission to accompany her home. But little was said during this walk; yet enough to afford entrance into both hearts for that insidious and unquiet passion which tangles the web of human life more than all the other sentiments and instincts of our mysterious being. At parting, he took her hand, to say good night, but he continued to hold it, and leaning against the gate, they both stood, for a few moments, gazing at the clear silvery orb of night. Ah, how different the moon seemed to Lizzy *now!* Earth's spectral robe had changed to a veil of glory. Her bonnet had fallen back, and the evening breeze played gently with her ringlets. In soft, insinuating tones, the young man said—

"Will you not give me that little curl I asked for?"

She blushed deeply, and answered, in her childlike way—"I cannot give you that, because my mother used to kiss it so often."

"No wonder she kissed it," he replied; "it looks so roguish lying there on the pretty cheek."

And before she was aware of it, he had kissed it too. Trembling and confused, she turned to open the gate, but he held it fast until she had promised that the next time he came she would give him one of her curls.

Poor Lizzy went to bed that night with an intoxicated heart. When she twisted her hair at the glass, next morning, she smiled and blushed, as she twined the favorite ringlet more carefully than ever. She was so childishly happy with her pretty little curl! The next Sunday evening, as she sat at the window, she heard the sound of a flute. *He* had promised to bring his flute; and he had not forgotten her. She listened—it came nearer and nearer through the wood. Her heart beat audibly, for it was indeed the handsome, dark-eyed stranger.

All summer long, he came every Sunday afternoon; and with him came moonlight walks, and flute-warblings, and tender whisperings, and glances, such as steal away a woman's heart. This was the fairy-land of her young life. She had somebody now into whose eyes she could gaze, with all the deep tenderness of her soul, and ask—"*Do* you love your own Lizzy?"

The young man did love, but not as she loved him; for her's was a richer nature, and gave more than he could return. He accompanied her to her father's, and they were generally understood to be betrothed. He had not seen brother William, but he was told a thousand affectionate anecdotes of his kind, good heart. When they returned from the visit to the homestead, they brought with them the little blue bench marked W. B. Lizzy was proud of her genteel lover; and the only drop which it now seemed possible to add to her cup of happiness was to introduce him to William. But her brother was far off; and when the autumn came, her betrothed announced the necessity of going to a distant city, to establish himself in business. It was a bitter, bitter parting to both. The warmest letters were but a cold substitute for those happy hours of mutual confidence, and after awhile, his letters became more brief and cool. The fact was, the young man was too vain to feel deeply; and among his new acquaintance in the city was a young, good-looking widow, with a small in-time, who early evinced a preference for him. To be obviously, and at the same time modestly preferred, by a woman of any agreeable qualities, is what few men, even of the strongest character, can withstand. It is the knowledge of this fact, and experience with regard to the most delicate and acceptable modes of expressing preference, which, as Samuel Weller expresses it, makes "a widow equal to twenty-five other women." Lizzy's lover was not a strong character, and he was vain and selfish. It is no wonder, therefore, that his letters to the pretty girl, who lived out at service, should become more cool and infrequent. She was very slow to believe it thus; and when, at last, news reached her that he was positively engaged to be married to another, she refused to listen to it. But he came not to vindicate himself, and he ceased to answer her letters. The poor deluded girl awoke to a full consciousness of her misery, and suffered such intensity of misery as only keenly sensitive natures can suffer. William had promised to come and see her the latter part of the winter, and her heart had been filled with pleasant and triumphant anticipations of introducing to him her handsome lover. But now the pride of her heart was humbled, and its joy turned into mourning. She was cast off, forsaken; and, alas, that was not the worst. As she sobbed on the neck of her faithful brother, she felt, for the first time, that there was something she could not tell him. The keenest of her wretched feelings she dared not avow. He pitied and consoled her, as well as he could; but to her, it seemed as if there was no consolation but in death. Most earnestly did he wish that he had a home to shelter her, where he could fold her round with the soft wings of brotherly love. But they were both poor, and poverty fetters the impulses of the heart. And, so they must part again, he guessing but half of her great sorrow. If the farewell was sad to him, what must it have been to her, who now felt so utterly alone in the wide world! Her health sank under the conflict, and the fits returned upon her with increased violence. In her state of gloomy abstraction and indifference, she hardly noticed the significant glances and busy whispers of neighbors and acquaintance. With her, the agony of death was past. The world seemed to her too spectral for her to dread its censure. At last she gave birth to a dead infant, and for a long time her own life trembled in the balance. She recovered, in a state of confirmed melancholy, and with occasional indications of impaired intellect.

> "A shadow seemed to rise
> From out her thoughts, and turn to dreariness
> All blissful hopes and sunny memories."

She was no longer invited to visit with the young people of the neighborhood; and the envy excited by her uncommon beauty showed itself in triumph over her blighted reputation. Her father thought it a duty to reprove her for sin, and her stepmother said some cutting words about the disgrace her conduct had brought upon the family. But no kind Christian heart reminded her that weakness is not always crime, or strengthened her with the assurance that one false step in life might be retrieved. Thus was the lily broken in its budding beauty, and its delicate petals blighted by harsh winds.

Poor Lizzy felt this depressing atmosphere of neglect and scorn; but fortunately with less keenness than she would have done, before her brain was stultified and heart congealed by shame and sorrow. She no longer showed much feeling about anything, except the little blue bench marked W. and E. Every moment that she could steal from household labors, she would retire to her little room, and, seated on this bench, would read over William's letters, and those other letters which had crushed her loving heart.—She would not allow any person to remove the bench from her bedside, or to place a foot upon it. To such inanimate objects does the poor human heart cling in its desolation.

Years passed away monotonously with Elizabeth; years of loneliness and labor. Some young men, attracted by her beauty, and emboldened by knowledge of her weakness, approached her with a familiarity which they intended for flattery. But their profligacy was too thinly disguised to be dangerous to a nature like hers. She turned coldly from them all, with feelings of disgust and weariness.

When she was about twenty-three years old she went to Philadelphia, to do household work for a family that wished to hire her. Important events followed this change, but a veil of obscurity rests over the causes that produced them. After some months residence in the city, her health failed more and more, and she returned to the country. She was still competent to discharge the lighter duties of household labor, but she seemed to perform them all mechanically, and with a dull stupor. After a time it became obvious that she would again be a mother. When questioned, her answers were incoherent and contradictory. At last she gave birth to twins. She wept when she saw them; but they seemed to have no power to withdraw her mind from its disconsolate wanderings. When they were a few months old she expressed a wish to return to Philadelphia; and a lad belonging to the family where she had remained during her illness, agreed to convey her part of the way in a wagon. When they came into the public road she told him she could walk the rest of the way, and begged him to return. He left her seated on a rock, near a thick grove, nursing her babes. She was calm and gentle, but sad and abstracted as usual.—That was in the morning. Where or how she spent the day was never known. Towards night she arrived in Philadelphia, at the house where she had formerly lived. She seemed very haggard and miserable; what few words she said were abrupt and unmeaning; and her attitudes and motions had the sluggish apathy of an insane person.

The next day there was a rumor afloat that two strangled infants had been found in a grove on the road from Chester. Of course, this circumstance soon became connected with her name. When she was arrested, she gave herself up with the same gloomy indifference that marked all her actions. She denied having committed the murder; but when asked who she supposed had done it, she sometimes shuddered and said nothing, sometimes said she did not know, and sometimes answered that the children were still living. When conveyed to prison she asked for pen and ink, and in a short letter, *rudely* penned, she begged William to come to her, and to bring from her bed-room the little blue bench they used to sit upon in the happy days of childhood. He came at once, and long did the affectionate couple stand locked in each other's arms, sobbing, without the power to speak. It was not until the second interview that her brother could summon courage to ask whether she really committed the crime of which she was accused.

"Oh no, William," she replied, "you could not suppose I did."

"You must, indeed, have been dreadfully changed, dear Lizzy," said he; "for you used to have a heart that could not hurt a kitten."

"I am dreadfully changed," she answered, "but I never wanted to harm anything."

He took her hand, played sadly with the emaciated fingers, and, after a strong effort to control his emotions, he said, in a subdued voice—

"Lizzy, dear, can you tell me who did do it?"

She stared at him with a wild, intense gaze that made him shudder. Then, looking fearfully towards the door, she said, in a strange, muffled whisper—

"Did what?"

Poor William bowed his head over the hand that he held in his own, and wept like a child.

During various successive interviews, he could obtain no satisfactory answer to the important question. Sometimes she merely gazed at him with a vacant, listless expression; sometimes she faintly answered that she did not know; and sometimes she believed the babes were still alive. She gradually became more quiet and rational under her brother's soothing influence; and one day, when he had repeatedly assured her that she could safely trust her secrets to his faithful heart, she said, with a suppressed whisper, as if she feared the sound of her own voice—

"*He* did it."

"Who is he?" asked the brother, gently.

"The father," she replied.

"Did you know he meant to do it?"

"No. He told me he would meet me and give me some money. But when I asked him for something to support the children, he was angry, and choked them. I was frightened, and felt faint. I don't know what I did. I woke up and found myself on the ground alone, and the babies lying among the bushes."

"What is his name, and where does he live?" inquired the brother. She gave him a wild look of distress, and said—

"Oh, don't ask me! I ought not to have done so. I am a poor sinner—a poor sinner. But everybody deserted me: the world was very cold; I had nobody to love; and he was *very* kind to me."

"But tell me his name," urged the brother. She burst into a strange mad laugh, picked nervously at the handkerchief she held in her hand, and repeated, idiotically, "Name? name? I guess the babies are alive now. I don't know—I don't know; but I guess they are."

To the lawyer she would say nothing except to deny that she committed the murder. All their exertions could wring from her nothing more distinct than the story she had briefly told her brother. During her trial, the expression of her countenance was stupid and vacant. At times she would drum on the railing before her, and stare round on the crowd with a bewildered look, as if unconscious where she was. The deranged state of her mind was strongly urged by her lawyer, but his opponent replied that all this might be assumed. To the story she had told in prison, it was answered that her not telling of the murder at the time, made her an accomplice. After the usual display of legal ingenuity on both sides, the jury brought her in guilty of murder, and the poor forlorn creature was sentenced to be hung at Chester.

The wretched brother was so stunned by the blow that at first he could not collect his thoughts. But it soon occurred to him that the terrible doom might still be arrested, if the case could be brought suitably before the governor. A petition was accordingly drawn up, setting forth the alienation of mind to which she had been subjected, in consequence of fits, and the extreme doubtfulness whether she committed the murder. Her youth, her beauty, the severe sorrows of her life, and the obviously impaired state of her reason, touched many hearts, and the petition was rapidly signed. When William went to her cell to bid her adieu, he tried to cheer her with the hope of pardon. She listened with listless apathy. But when he pressed her hand and with a mournful smile said, "Good bye, dear Lizzy, I shall come back soon, and I hope with good news," she pointed tearfully to the little blue bench and said, "Let what will happen, Willie, take care of that for my sake." He answered with a choked voice; and as he turned away, the tears flowed fast down his manly cheeks. She listened to the echoes of his steps, and when she could hear them no longer, she threw herself on the floor, laid her head on the little blue bench, kissed the letters carved upon it, and sobbed as she had not sobbed since she was first deserted by her false lover. When the jailer went to carry her supper he found her asleep thus. Rich masses of her glossy brown hair fell over her pale, but still lovely face, on which rested a serene smile, as if she were happy in her dreams. He stood and gazed upon her, and his hard hand brushed away a tear. Some motion that he made disturbed her slumber. She opened her eyes from which there beamed for a moment a rational and happy expression, as she said: "I was out in the woods, behind the house, holding my little apron to catch the nuts that Willie threw down. Mother smiled at me from a blue place between two clouds, and said, 'Come to me, my child.'"

The next day a clergyman came to see her. He spoke of the penalty for sin, and the duty of being resigned to the demands of justice. She heard his words as a mother hears street sounds when she is watching a dying babe. They conveyed to her no import. When asked if she repented of her sins, she she said she had been a weak, erring creature, and she hoped that she was penitent, but that she never committed the murder.

"Are you resigned to die if a pardon should not be obtained?" he asked.

"Oh yes," she replied, "I want to die."

He prayed with her in the spirit of real human love, and this soothed her heart. She spoke seldom, after her brother's departure, and often she did not appear to hear when she was spoken to. She sat on the little blue bench, gazing vacantly on the floor, like one already out of the body.

In those days there was a briefer interval between sentence and execution than at present. The fatal day and hour soon arrived, and still no tidings from the governor. Men came to lead her to the gallows. She seemed to understand what they said to her, and turned meekly to obey their orders. But she stopped suddenly, gazed on the little blue bench, and said, in a gasping tone, "Has William come?" When they told her no, a shudder seemed to go over her, and her pale face became still paler. A piece of looking-glass hung on the wall in front of her, and as she raised her head, she saw the little curl that had received her mother's caresses, and the first kiss of love. With a look of the most intense agony, she gave a loud groan and burying her face in her hands, fell forward on the shoulder of the sheriff.

* * * * * *

Poor William had worked with the desperate energy of despair, and the governor, after brief delay, granted a pardon. But in those days the facilities for travelling were few, and it happened that the country was inundated by heavy rains, which everywhere impeded his progress. He stopped neither for food nor rest, but every where the floods and broken roads hindered his progress. When he came to Darby Creek, which was usually fordable, it was swollen too high to be crossed, and it was some time before a boat could be obtained. In agony of mind he pressed onward, till his horse fell dead under him.—Half frantic, he begged for another at any price: mounted, and rode furiously. From the top of a hill he saw a crowd assembled round the place of execution. He waived his handkerchief, he shouted, he screamed. But in the excitement of the moment he was not heard or noticed. All eyes were fastened on the gallows; and soon the awful object came within his own vision. Father of mercies! There are women's garments floating in the air. There is a struggle, a quivering—and all is still.

With a shriek that pierced the ears of the multitude, the desperate rider plunged forward; his horse fell under him, and shouting "A pardon! A pardon!" he rolled senseless on the ground. He came too late. The unhappy Elizabeth was *dead*. She had gone to

> "Him who made the heart,
> And who alone decidedly can try it
> Then at the balance let's be mute—
> We never can adjust it.
> What's *done* we partly may compute,
> But know not what's *resisted*."

Pale as a ghost, with hair suddenly whitened by excess of anguish, the wretched brother bent over the corpse of that beautiful sister whom he had loved so well. They spoke to him of resignation to God's will. He answered not; for it was not clear to h that the cruelty of man is the will of God. Reverently and tenderly he cut from that fair brow, the favorite little curl, twined about with so many sacred memories, and once a source of girlish, innocent joy to the yearning heart that slept so calmly now. He took the little bench from its cold corner in the prison, and gathering together his small personal property, he retired to a lonely cave in Dauphin county. He shunned all intercourse with his fellow men, and when spoken to, answered briefly and solemnly. There he died, a few years ago, at an advanced age. He is well remembered in the region round about, as WILLIAM THE HERMIT.

THE SELECT PARTY.

BY "A LADY OF MARYLAND."

"Mary," said Susan Maxwell to her cousin, "do you not mean to call on the strange lady at Mrs. Campbell's, and invite her to your party?"

"Indeed I do not! I intend that my party shall be very select, and of course I don't mean to ask every body."

"I suppose not," said Susan, "but you ought surely to pay some attention to a stranger, and to one whose appearance and manners evince that she is a perfect lady."

"Really, you can see further into a mill-stone than any one else, Susan! pray, how did you discover that Miss Brandon is a perfect lady? Have you been to see her?"

"No, but I met her at poor old Mrs. Wood's cottage, and the kindness of her manner to the old woman, and the perfect ease and self-possession with which she met my embarrassed efforts to commence a conversation convinced me at once of the goodness of her heart and of her familiarity with refined society."

"Well, I have no doubt that you are an excellent judge, but as I happen to know something about the family of this lady, I believe I shall adhere to my own determination, and not invite her to a party which I intend shall be particularly select."

"Why, what do you know about Miss Brandon's family, Mary?" said her brother, who had been a silent but not inattentive listener to the conversation of the cousins.

"Why, George Benson told me that he had good reason to believe that her father was a mechanic, and that he knew she had a brother who at one time was a school-master."

"George Benson is a fool; and really, Mary, though I do not wish to speak harshly, I must say that your conversation does not do much credit to your understanding. I have the pleasure of Miss Brandon's acquaintance, and I assure you that if I could flatter myself that you would ever resemble her, I should be more proud than I have yet had reason to be of my sister."

Mary Spencer curled her pretty lip and tossed her head in disdain as her brother ceased to speak, but she did not reply, and to change the conversation, Susan enquired of Henry when Mr. Wilmot was expected in the village.

"It is probable that he will be here this afternoon."

"Oh! I am so glad," said Mary, forgetting her anger. "He will be here in time for my party."

"But, Mary," interrupted her brother, "how do you know that Wilmot is sufficiently genteel to make one of a party which is to be so very select?"

"Pshaw! Henry, have done with your nonsense—you know as well as I do, that he is one of the most distinguished men in the State, and that his society is courted by all the first families."

"Well, I expect he will arrive in the stage this afternoon, and if he is not otherwise engaged, I will bring him here to pass the evening, and you can then judge of his pretensions to be ranked among the elite."

Mary Spencer was the belle and the beauty of the village in which she resided. Her mother being a widow in easy circumstances, and having but two children, had adopted the orphan niece of her deceased husband, who was nearly of the same age as her own daughter. Pleasing, though not beautiful in her person, and of a disposition to shun rather than court observation, Susan Maxwell was completely eclipsed by her brilliant cousin. The natural diffidence of her character being increased by her dependant situation, it required more than ordinary penetration to discover the refined and cultivated mind, the fervid, affectionate nature which were concealed by her unobtrusive and somewhat cold manner.

Westville is a beautiful little village, and its inhabitants are respectable, and for the most part wealthy. It contains, besides, a mineral spring, which, though not celebrated enough to render the village a place of fashionable resort, is sufficiently so to attract those who are willing to escape the dust and heat of the city, without the eclat of a visit to the springs.

No visitor, however, had ever yet appeared of so much importance as the one who was now expected. Charles Wilmot, though still a young man, had distinguished himself in the counsels of the nation, and won a name and reputation among the great men of the day, which rendered him an important personage in a far more extended circle than that of Westville. No wonder, then, that the little village was in a flutter of expectation, when it was announced in the newspaper "that the Hon. C. Wilmot having declined a public dinner tendered him by the inhabitants of ———, would arrive in a few days at Westville, where he would remain for some weeks for the benefit of his health." The excitement caused by this paragraph was partaken of by the family of Mrs. Spencer, all the members of which, though for different reasons, were anxious to see the distinguished stranger. Henry, who had known Mr. Wilmot the preceding winter at Washington, was anxious to renew an acquaintance from which he had derived both pleasure and instruction. Mary wished for an opportunity of trying the power of charms, which she believed required only an opportunity of display to prove irresistable. Her motto was—

"Let me be seen, could I that wish obtain
All other wishes my own power would gain."

Mrs. Spencer was desirous of seeing the man of whom she had heard so much, and Susan Maxwell, who had been an attentive reader of the debates in Congress, was gratified at the prospect of becoming acquainted with a distinguished orator and statesman. Mr. Wilmot was therefore received with great cordiality by Mrs. Spencer's family, with whom he spent the first evening of his sojourn at Westville.—He was a fine-looking man, about thirty-five years of age, with brilliant eyes, splendid teeth, and a countenance expressive at once of fine feelings and of the highest order of intellect. His manners, too, were so polished, so refined, so full of graceful deference to the opinions of those with whom he conversed, that, added to his rare colloquial powers, they could not fail to make a favorable impression. Henry was in raptures: Mrs. Spencer was much pleased. Even Mary, in contemplating the attractions of her visitor, forgot to calculate the effect of her own; while Susan hardly dared trust herself to speak of one who, only of all his sex she had ever seen, realized all her conceptions of the dignity of human nature. Wilmot remained all the evening at Mrs. Spencer's, and his opinions of the family may be gathered from the following letter, which, on his return to his lodgings, he addressed to his friend, Col. Liston.

My Dear Liston—

I cannot sleep, and there is no one here with whom I can converse so freely as with you. Therefore I have concluded to "bestow my tediousness" upon you. Oh, Liston, I verily believe I have met my fate in the shape of an angel! You know I have always ridiculed the idea of love at first sight, but who can control their destiny? I have this evening seen a creature so surpassingly lovely that if her mind correspond with her person, and if she will look with an eye of favor upon your friend, he will forswear ambition and devote his whole future life to love and happiness. But I will endeavor to give you a methodical account of my introduction to the beautiful being who has well nigh bewitched me. You remember Henry Spencer, the clever youth who visited Washington last winter, and with whom we were both so much pleased? Well, he lives here, and he met me immediately on my arrival, and invited me to pass the evening with his mother and sister. He pressed the invitation so earnestly, that I could not decline it, and though somewhat fatigued, after spending an hour with dear Julia, I repaired to Mrs. Spencer's, more indeed with a view to gratify Henry than with any expectation of pleasure to myself. I had not, however, been in the house ten minutes before my fatigue was forgotten, and I remembered only that I was in the society of the most beautiful creature I have ever seen. Mary Spencer cannot be more than seventeen, for she has all the brilliant bloom of extreme youth, yet there is in her deportment all the dignity which belongs to more mature years. But I cannot describe her. Some day, perhaps, you may see her, and you will then own that if your friend has lost his reason, he has, at least, a fair excuse for his folly. Mrs. Spencer, the mother of Mary, is a fine, respectable looking old lady, and there is a pretty looking girl, a relation of the family I presume, whose dark gray eye, and pale high forehead, give promise of intellect; but her manners are reserved, and I did not make much progress in her acquaintance. Julia's health is much improved. She does not know Mrs. or Miss Spencer, but has met with Miss Maxwell the gray-eyed maiden I have spoken of, and is quite pleased with her, a circumstance which prepossesses me in her favour. You know my confidence in the judgment of my sister, and how much I am disposed to love all to whom she is attached. I have written you a long letter, but I cannot conclude without telling you that Miss Spencer is to give a party in a few days, and that your sober, sedate friend, who eschews the follies and vanities of fashionable life, is as impatient for this village fete as a youth of eighteen. Write soon, and direct to Westville. I shall be here for some weeks.

Yours, &c., C. WILMOT.

"May I ask who is the fair lady with whom you were riding, this morning, Mr. Wilmot?" said Mary Spencer, as that gentleman entered Mrs. Spencer's parlour.

"It was my sister," he replied; "her health is delicate, and she is ordered by her physicians to ride every day."

"Indeed, I was not aware that your sister accompanied you. Why did you not inform us that she was in the village, and allow us the pleasure of making her acquaintance?"

"Julia has been here for several weeks; but her feeble health confines her much to the house, which is the reason, probably, that you have never met."

"I regret very much that I was not aware of her being in town; but I hope now to have an opportunity of repairing my involuntary negligence. I seldom visit strangers unless I know who they are, for there is a risk, in this place, of making very improper acquaintances. I am sure, Mr. Wilmot," she added, "you approve of young ladies being very particular in their associations?"

"Certainly, Miss, but I did not suppose that any but respectable persons would attempt to enter into society at Westville."

"Oh, they are respectable in a certain sense, but what I mean is, that they are not the first people."

"The first people! I do not understand the meaning you affix to that expression."

"I will then give you an account of a very narrow escape I made from forming an extremely improper acquaintance, and you will then understand what I mean by the first people. Among the visitors here this summer is a Miss Brandon, who, I am told, is extremely pretty and genteel in her appearance—Susan here was quite charmed with her, and I was on the very point of calling on her, when fortunately I learned that her father was a mechanic, and that she had a brother who had kept a country school. Of course, I declined to visit her, for mechanics have certainly no business in good society; and as to school-masters, if there is any thing upon earth for which I have a perfect contempt, it is a country pedagogue."

Mary had been so occupied with her subject that she did not perceive the look with which Wilmot regarded her, until, as she ceased to speak, he advanced to the sofa on which she sat, and bowing profoundly, said—

"If such are your sentiments, Miss Spencer, I owe you an apology for having intruded myself upon your acquaintance. Miss Brandon is my half-sister, and both her father and mine were mechanics!—Moreover, I am the identical country school-master of whom you have heard. I have the honour to wish you a good morning." And, again bowing to all the ladies, Mr. Wilmot quitted the apartment, leaving his hearers almost petrified with amazement and consternation.

A few days after, Wilmot again wrote to Colonel Liston.

My dear Liston—

Mortified self-love is a sovereign panacea for a wounded heart. Miss Spencer has completely dissolved the enchantment which her beauty had created, simply by expressing her opinion that the daughters of mechanics are not entitled to mix in good society, and by her unqualified contempt for country school-masters. You know it is not many years since I quitted the profession of teaching. To do the lady justice, she did not mean to mortify or offend me by expressing her sentiments. She did not know to whom she was speaking; nor was she aware, from the difference in the names, that Julia was my sister. About an hour after I had left Mrs. Spencer's house, where the conversation I have alluded to occurred, Henry came to me greatly distressed by what had taken place, and full of apologies for what he called his sister's folly. A little reflection convinced me how idle it would be to take offence at the silly expressions of a young lady, so I complied with Henry's request to spend the evening at his mother's, and even induced Julia to accept Miss Spencer's invitation to her party, which took place last night. And now, you will say, having recovered from my brief love fit, I will be in no danger from a second attack of the same malady. You are mistaken. The spell which mere beauty had cast around me being broken, I am at leisure to be attracted by the more powerful charms of a cultivated intellect, and a noble and generous heart. To be serious, I think I have found in Susan Maxwell a being formed to constitute the happiness of my future life, if I can succeed in gaining her affections. She and Julia have become exceedingly attached to each other, and I am encouraged by the latter not to despair. I shall remain here till Autumn, when I hope to bring my wooing to a happy conclusion, and to have the felicity of introducing you to Mrs. Wilmot.

Yours, truly, C. WILMOT.

The summer months glided rapidly and pleasantly away at Westville, and early in autumn the village newspaper announced the marriage of the Hon. C. Wilmot, and Susan, only daughter of the late James Maxwell, Esq.

The moral of our story he that runs may read. Mary Spencer realized, when too late, the correctness of Pope's conclusion—

> "Worth makes the man—the want of it the fellow—
> The rest is all but leather or prunella."

MIRZA.

BY JAMES W. BUNTING.

In the delightful region of Arabia Felix, that country so dear to the imagination of youth, the birth-place of genii and romance, resided the shepherd Mirza. He was born on the side of a mountain, which is seen to rise abruptly from the ocean, and whose rocky base often resounds to the waves, as they break in idle fury at its foot. Here, occupied in the care of his flocks, that were often seen by the mariner skipping with airy levity from rock to rock, Mirza tasted all those solid enjoyments which health and nature ever bestow. He drank the water as it rolled in crystaline purity from the hill side; his food was gathered by his own hand from its parent tree. Content was the companion of his daily rambles, and health watched every night over his slumbers.

Happy would it have been for Mirza had he been permitted to enjoy the pleasures of his lot. But one of those malignant genii, who are always on the watch to thwart the happiness of the followers of the Prophet, and look with envious eyes on those enjoyments they are for ever debarred from tasting, infused into his mind a feeling of disgust, which, gaining strength from indulgence, at length poisoned every moment of his life. Mirza was taught to believe that the life he led, in comparison with that of those who lived at a distance, in the cities, was desolate and forlorn, and precluded from those ravishing delights which constitute the true charm of existence. This thought, cherished for a time, at length generated a repining spirit; every hour increased his discontent; and now his only pleasure consisted in indulging his imagination in sketching exaggerated and fantastic pictures of every untried mode of life, and of every enjoyment that was out of his reach.

One evening he sat on a jutting rock, that projected far into the sea, indulging in those dear but fatal reveries, and listening to the dashing of the waves, which, returning at regular intervals, increased his abstraction, and threw over his soul an exquisite feeling of musing melancholy. Here, while wrapt in visionary pleasures, his eye was suddenly arrested by the appearance of a little island, that seemed just risen from the depths of the ocean, with all the freshness and bloom of youth. It appeared like a new Eden, floating upon the waves. Orange, citron, and all the spicy growth of the East, flourished luxuriantly on its borders, that gracefully sloped down to the level of the sea; and as the breeze passed, lingering over the flowery meads and vocal groves, it gathered a thousand odors, and wafted the melody of a thousand birds. Mirza gazed on this scene, over which the last rays of the sun threw a glorious lustre, with a pleasure that thrilled to his heart. He stretched forth his trembling hands to grasp the distant blessing, and exclaimed, with youthful enthusiasm:

"Happy, thrice happy, O, fair island! must be the shepherds that sport in thy green fields, and rest in thy spicy groves. The toil of ascending the rugged precipice, of pursuing their flocks over flinty rocks, and through briary dells, is unknown to them; for their path is over genial plains, enamelled with flowers, while mine—"

As he said this, Mirza turned towards the rude and barren hills of his nativity, and contemplated them with increasing disgust.

He remained with his eyes rivetted towards the happy island, until it vanished in the mists of evening; and, when he could no longer discern a vestige of its existence, he returned, disconsolate and miserable, to the simple home of his parents.

Every day Mirza came and placed himself on the spot whence he had first caught a view of the little island, and there indulged his glowing fancy in a thousand dangerous and delusive reveries. As he contemplated its beautifully-fringed borders, his horror of his native home, and his disgust for the sober enjoyments of real life, increased every hour, and every night he returned with his flocks diminished.

One morning, as he sat on the accustomed spot, musing, as usual, on the possibility of passing over to this delightful region, a little painted boat, gaily and fantastically decorated with flowers, floated towards him, and bounded ashore just at his foot. It was guided by a female of exquisite beauty. Her figure was so light and etherial, that she seemed self-balanced in the air. Her face was marked with an expression so singularly, yet so beautifully wild, and there was such an inexpressible grace in every motion, that the heart of the delighted and amazed youth was ravished with transports. In tones sweeter than echo, and more seducing than the voice of whispered love, she addressed him:

"Mirza, I have seen and sympathised in thy regrets, and am come to relieve them. Follow me, and exchange this dull and dreary abode for one where nature and man are dressed in smiles of immortal beauty. All that thy imagination has painted of happiness shall be mine, and all that experience has shown thee of misery shall be excluded."

Saying this, she extended her hand, and clasped that of the eager Mirza. At that touch, a thrill of trembling transport darted through his frame, and struck at his heart. The sensation was like that of the youthful genius, when touched by the finger of Fancy; he feels the inspiration of the divinity, and pours forth a torrent of glowing thoughts, that secure him immortality.

The little painted boat carried the young adventurer and his guide with inconceivable swiftness, and in a few minutes they approached the island. The nearer they came, the more transcendent appeared its beauties, and when they arrived at the fringed border, a troop of nymphs, clothed in all the splendors of the rainbow, advanced to welcome Mirza, and chant the glories of their queen. They sang the praises of fancy, and the happiness of those who live under her enchanting reign.

"Here, in this chosen retreat, the pale form of Misery never disturbs the blissful dreams of the happy subjects of the empire of Imagination. Here, free from the inexorable tyranny of dull reality, they sport in flowery regions of ever-blooming beauty, while round their brows float airy forms of love and rapture. Here the sad soul, sated with sensual joys, or pressed down with a load of worldly cares, will find a refuge, where suffering is divested of its pangs, and joy comes to the soul unalloyed with those attendants which, in the real world, turn it into all the bitterness of sorrow. Hither, O, mortal! turn thy erring and doubtful steps, for here only wilt thou find that heaven which is fabled in the skies!"

Mirza listened to this delusive rhapsody with breathless impatience, and, falling at the feet of his conductress, thanked her for having at length brought him to a spot that realized all his anticipations.

Conducted by his charming guide, he wandered about through all the mazes of visionary enchantment, and his senses became bewildered in a tumult of delight. It seemed as if Nature had selected this little region from the whole world, to display the charms, the wonders, and the powers of her creative hand. The grass was greener and more luxuriant than was ever beheld before, and softer than Persian silk. Groves of myrtle, orange, and citron, whose branches intertwined in social harmony, foliaged the landscape, and the birds that sang in these delightful shades were birds of Paradise, whose plumage and whose song are the delight of the immortals. Beautiful transparent streams meandered, in graceful curves, among the meadows, and with their low murmuring lulled the heart of Mirza, which was tumultuous with admiration, into a feeling of languid felicity, more luxurious than all his former sensations. The air too possessed a seductive power: whose balmy influence disposed the mind to reverie, and, while it relaxed the body to a state of delicious lassitude, quickened the imagination into the most glowing conceptions. At length, having exhausted himself in wandering and admiring, Mirza laid himself down at the foot of a spreading tree, beside a little stream, and fell asleep.

When he awoke, he for the first time since his abode in the happy island, felt a sensation of hunger; for, though the imagination sometimes conquers our reason, it cannot overcome the wants of our nature. The visionary, who wastes his time in the idle indulgence of abstraction, and permits his fancy to transport him whither she pleases, will soon be brought to the sense of suffering reality by some of those inevitable wants which are the common lot of humanity. Seeing the oranges waiving luxuriantly above his head, Mirza stretched out his arm, and essayed to pluck one from its branch; but it eluded his grasp.—He tried another, and a third: but still as his hand approached, they vanished from his view. In wonder and disappointment, he contemplated the delusion, and, faint with hunger, laid himself down, to slake his thirst in the stream that murmured at his feet. As he approached his lips towards it, the water retired, and though its murmurs still continued, the bottom became dry. A dire and horrible apprehension that his senses had been deluded, now rushed over his mind, and the prospect of starving in the lap of seeming plenty, struck a cold damp upon his heart. In hopeless distraction he wandered through vocal groves and verdant vallies, in search of something to alleviate his wants; but, wherever he came, the fruits eluded his grasp, and the waters receded from his lips.

At length, faint, weary, and exhausted, he arrived at the spot where he first landed, and sinking down upon the ground, waited in gloomy and hopeless resignation the consummation of his fate. As his last hour approached, raising himself with a desperate effort, he beheld afar off the smoke of his native cottage curling above the blue hills, and presenting an image of peaceful tranquility. The thought of his youthful home, now forever forsaken—of his aged parents, now forever abandoned—of their tenderness in his boyhood, and their sorrow for his loss, came over his soul, and darkened it with gloomy horror.

The wretched being who is suffering the penalty of his imprudence or his crimes, seldom places it to the charge of his own weakness or wickedness, but rails against the disastrous chance that allured, or the vile tempter that persuaded him to err. So Mirza cursed the airy and deceitful being that had seduced him to destruction, and in the bitterness of unjust crimination, impiously dared to arraign the holy Prophet himself.

In the midst of his complaints, the figure that guided the little boat again appeared. She was still gay and beautiful, but to the eyes of Mirza, she seemed a deformed and malignant being.

"Mirza," said she, "I, who listened to the complaints of thy erring and querulous spirit, when enjoying on yonder mountain as high a state of happiness as is consistent with the nature of thy frail being; have heard the wailings of thy misery, and the reproaches of thy despair. Blame not, O wretched mortal! the decrees of the Most High, for thy own discontented spirit was thy ruin—nor load me with reproach, for thou voluntarily deliveredst thyself into my power. Hadst thou not murmured at thy situation, and slighted thy comforts, because thou thoughtest those of others greater, my spells would have had no power, and my influence could not have harmed thee. Know, Mirza, that there is no other happiness in this world than a *contented mind*, and no misery but a *repining and discontented spirit*."

So saying, she disappeared from his view; and when in the evening the last rays of the setting sun vanished from the hills of his youth, the spirit and the body of Mirza parted *forever*.

WOMAN'S CHARITY.

That was a beautiful idea of the wife of an Irish schoolmaster, who, whilst poor himself, had given gratuitous instruction to poor scholars, but when increased in worldly goods, began to think that he could not afford to give his services for nothing:

"Oh, James, don't say the like o' that," said the gentle-hearted woman—"don't—a poor scholar never came into the house that I didn't feel *as if he brought fresh air from Heaven with him*—I never miss the bit I give them—my heart warms to the soft, homely sound of their bare feet on the floor and the door almost opens of itself to let them in."

HOW TO RUIN A SON.

Let him have his own way—allow him free use of money—suffer him to do what he pleases, and rove where he pleases, especially on the Sabbath day—give him free access to all sorts of companions—call him to no account for his evenings, or for his conduct generally—furnish him with no stated employment. Pursue any one of these ways, and you will experience a most marvellous deliverance if you do not have to mourn over a debased and ruined child.

THE GRATEFUL HUNCHBACK.

[FROM THE FRENCH.]

There once lived in a small town in France, a little, old hunchback, who, in his youth had, by some accident, lost both his legs, his name was Caro. Caro was not rich; at least he would not acknowledge that he had anything more than his mule, a pack saddle, and a pair of crutches.

To gain a livelihood he made himself useful in the village. He took letters to the post-office—brushed dusty clothes—polished boots and shoes; indeed, he did every thing to gain an honest living. He would sometimes get six cents—sometimes more—sometimes less—at other times he would receive an old hat or coat, some bread or some meat—in a word, he always received something for his trouble. Caro was so good—so attentive—so honest—every body loved Caro. In the morning early (for Caro never was lazy) he would go out to seek for something to do. In good weather he would take his crutches and walk—or rather crawl on his knees—but when the weather was bad he would ride on his mule—and in this way offer his little services. In the evening he returned to his hut to talk with Colas.

Colas was a young gardener, honest, laborious, and kind, who gave a corner of his cabin to poor old Caro. Caro loved Colas as a father loves a child; and when Caro was sick, Colas was his nurse and physician. Colas made his soup—Colas made his bed—Colas took care of the mule. In all the good things that Colas enjoyed, Caro shared.

Every day, at noon precisely, Caro repaired to the house of the rector of the parish. This good man was a worthy parson who, in former days, had received some important favors from the hunchback, and in gratitude, he had ordered his servant to give him, regularly, his dinner at this hour.

The name of the servant was Rosette, she was an amiable, pretty and sensible young girl. Colas loved the pretty Rosette, and Rosette loved the good Colas. But they were both very poor—too poor they thought to be married, and both hoped and looked for better times.

The situation of the poor hunchback interested the tender-hearted Rosette. As soon as she heard the sound of his crutches at the door she would exclaim, "It is Caro,"—she would then assist him to descend from his mule—give him a chair near to the fire—inquire about his health—and, indeed, she did all the

the poor, decrepit little hunchback to make him happy. Caro loved the good, the kind Rosette with all his heart. It is so natural to love those who try to make us comfortable and happy.

And when the hunchback had eaten his soup, Rosette always found some nice delicacy. "Father Caro, put these nuts in your pocket;—father Caro, eat this apple;—father Caro, take this glass of wine."—Every day the same kindness was shown, and every day old Caro would say:—"God will reward you, my beautiful Rosette," and thus he would depart muttering blessings on the good girl.

One day Rosette's friend did not come. The hour had passed; no one knocked.

"Alas!" she exclaimed, something has happened to Caro. He never would forget his good dinner. He must be sick. Can he be ——?" She dared not finish the sentence—the thought would break her her heart. Suddenly some one knocked at the door. "Ah, it is not Caro,—that is not the knock of Caro's crutch!"

With a heart full of grief she opened the door. It was Colas. Colas, his eyes filled with tears, had come to tell the good rector that Caro was no more! An attack of apoplexy had suffocated him during the night. Tender Rosette, and honest Colas, simple and pure souls, mingled their tears over the cold remains of poor Caro.

In the pockets of the poor Caro was found a paper containing his last will. This is what was written.

"I leave to Rosette my pack-saddle: and I leave to Colas my crutches, on condition only that he marries Rosette. As for my poor mule, that has served me so faithfully, I leave to the good rector, that it may be taken care of during its old age."

Every body regretted old Caro: but Rosette and Colas, his two best friends, were for a long time inconsolable.

But, in time, sorrow for the Hunchback gave place to funny sayings about his strange bequest.—The peasants of the village found great pleasure in teasing Colas and Rosette.

"It is to beat thy wife," one would say to Colas, "that Caro left you his crutches."

"No doubt," another would reply, "it was for this purpose that the old man left the pack-saddle to Rosette, as every body knows it is the symbol of patience."

Every one had his little jest, and the poor young people hardly knew what to say. However, in respect to the memory of their old friend, they kept sacred the modest heritage.

One day, a long time after the death of Caro, Colas was sitting at the door of his hut, when he saw a large hog in his garden, destroying all his nice vegetables. He went into his chamber to get a stick, but in his haste he picked up one of the crutches of the old hunchback, with which he did beat the animal so hard upon the back, that it broke into fifty pieces. What was his surprise, on seeing strewed all about him many pieces of gold! Honest Colas could not believe his eyes—but he felt the different coins, and turned them over and over again, until he could doubt no longer. He then got the other crutch—and wondered that he had never before remarked how heavy it was. and when he had broken it, he found it too filled with gold pieces. Colas was overjoyed—he danced under his humble roof—he wept—he laughed—he blessed the memory of his benefactor. A thousand agreeable ideas crossed his imagination; he thought of what the paper said about his marriage with Rosette; he counted again his treasure, and then, swiftly as he could, he ran to the house of the rector.

"Here, Rosette!" cried he, as soon as he perceived her, "come, behold our good fortune!"

Rosette opened her large black eyes as she listened to the happy Colas. "Oh," she exclaimed, "and where is my pack-saddle? They came together."

The ugly thing was decaying in a corner of the stable. But they found it. They opened it—and it was stuffed with pieces of gold!

Colas and Rosette were married. They bought a pretty little farm, and lived comfortably and happily for a great many years. And to the end of their lives, cherished with gratitude the memory of the affectionate Caro, who, by his wise economy, acquired enough to reward, after his death, those who were his disinterested and honest friends during his life.

THE BROKEN PITCHER.

FROM HEINRICH ZSCHOKKE.

I.—MARIETTE.

True, La Napoule is only a very small place on the gulf of Cannes: yet is it well-known throughout the whole of Provence. It lies in the shade of tall ever-green palms and dark orange trees. This, indeed, if it were all true, had never given it its celebrity. But they say here grow the finest grapes, the sweetest roses, and the loveliest girls. I know not, yet gladly believe it. What a pity La Napoule is so little, and cannot by possibility produce enough fine grapes, sweet roses, and lovely girls, to spare some of them for us.

If all the girls of La Napoule have been beauties ever since its foundation, without doubt little Mariette must have been a wonder of all wonders, because even their chroniclers speak of her. True she was called little Mariette, yet she was no smaller than a child of perhaps seventeen years usually is, whose forehead reaches exactly to the lips of a grown up man.

The chroniclers of La Napoule had good reasons to mention Mariette. Had I been the chronicler I would have done the same. For Mariette, who had been residing with her mother, Manon, at Avignon, when she again returned to her birth-place, almost turned it inside out: not exactly the houses, but the people and their heads; nor yet in truth the heads of all the people, but particularly of those whose head and heart are always in danger in the neighborhood of two beautiful soul-speaking eyes; a matter by no means to be joked about.

Perhaps Mother Manon had better have remained in Avignon. But she had received a small inheritance in La Napoule; a little property with some vineyards on it, and a comfortable house which lay in the shadow of a rock, among olive trees and African Acacias. No poor widow was Mother Manon, and in her own opinion, as rich and happy as were she the Countess of Provence.

So much the worse for the good La Napoulese.—They had not dreamed of any mischief brewing, and had never read in Homer, how a pretty woman had roused all Greece and Asia Minor to arms and war.

II.—HOW MISFORTUNE CAME.

Hardly had Mariette been a fortnight in the cottage among the olive trees and Acacias, before it was well known to every young La Napoulese; and they knew, moreover, that all Provence could not shew forth a lovelier girl than dwelt in that same cottage.

Whenever she went through the village, graceful and beautiful as an angel, in rustling frock and pale green boddice, orange flowers on her bosom, and roses and ribbons waiving from her pretty straw hat, the old men became eloquent, while the young ones were struck dumb with admiration. Every where, right and left, windows and doors might be seen to open, and a kind "Good morning," or "Good evening, Mariette," would greet the lovely stranger.

If she went to church, all hearts (that is the young men's) were turned from holy things. Their eyes looked not longer upon the Cross, and their fingers wandered idly among the pearls of their rosaries.—It was indeed a great scandal to all pious souls.

Without doubt the young girls of La Napoule were very piously disposed at that time, for they were the most offended. And they were hardly to blame; for since Mariette's arrival, more than one admirer had become cool—more than one worshipper severed from the object of his devotion. Every where there was scolding and reproaching; weeping and heart-burning. There was no more talk of weddings, but of separations. Pledges of love, rings and trinkets, were returned. The parents took part in the quarrel of their children. Bickerings and contentions ran high in every house. It was lamentable indeed.

"Mariette is guilty of all," said the good pious young girls. The mothers said the same; then the fathers; and finally all were agreed, even the young men.

But Mariette, protected by simplicity and innocence, as the bursting rose bud by the dark green petal which surrounds it, had not the slightest idea of the universal misery, and continued friendly with all. By such conduct, first of all the young men were moved. "Why," said they, "why grieve the harmless pretty child? She has done no harm." The fathers said the same; then the mothers; and, finally, all were agreed, even the pious young girls. For whoever spoke with Mariette could not choose but love her; so that before six months were passed every one had again spoken to her; all were her friends. But she dreamed not that she was now so beloved; neither had she before dreamed that she was so hated. What thinks the lowly violet how valued she is?

So every one tried to make amends for the injustice Mariette had received. Sympathy was added to the tenderness of affection. Mariette found herself every where more kindly greeted; more kindly smiled upon; more kindly invited to the amusements and dances of the neighborhood.

III.—WICKED COLIN.

But all men do not overflow with sweet sympathy. Some have hearts as "dry as summer's dust." This springs, without doubt, from the natural wickedness of man since the fall, or perhaps because something went wrong at the baptizing of the wicked one.

A remarkable example of such hard-heartedness was shown in young Colin, the richest farmer and land-holder in La Napoule, whose flourishing vineyards, and groves of olives, citrons and oranges, it would take you a full day to look at. What better evidence of the natural wickedness of his disposition can we give, than the fact that he was now almost twenty-seven years old, without having even asked the question, whereto a maiden was created?

And yet every body (more particularly the females of a certain age, in which they are merciful in the forgiveness of sins,) held Colin to be the best young fellow under the sun. His fine figure, his natural frank manner, his beaming countenance, had the good fortune to please those who, in case of need, would doubtless have given him absolution for *one* of the sins that cry out to heaven. But there is no confidence to be placed in the opinions of such judges.

While old and young in La Napoule had become reconciled and friendly with the innocent Mariette, Colin alone showed no mercy to the dear child. If the conversation turned on Mariette, he became as dumb as a fish. If he met her in the street, he cast piercing glances on her, while his face turned red and white with anger.

So if the young people of the village met at the old castle ruins, on the sea shore, for frolicsome games or country dances, or to raise the alternating song, Colin was sure to be there. But, as soon as Mariette arrived, the spiteful Colin became quiet, and all the gold in the world could not have induced him to sing again. And what a shame it was for one with such a charming voice, and such inexhaustible talent!

All the girls liked Colin, and he was kind to them all. He had, as we have said, a roguish countenance, which the pretty creatures feared and admired; and when he smiled, he was beautiful to look upon. But, naturally enough, the often injured Mariette hardly took any notice of him; and in this she was quite right. Whether he smiled or not, was a matter quite indifferent to her. She cared not to hear them speak of his roguish countenance; and herein, too, she was quite right. When all gathered round him to listen to his stories, of which he knew so many, she teased her neighbors, threw cherry-stones now at Peter, now at Paul, laughed, chatted, did any thing, in fact, but listen to Colin. Then the proud young gentleman would rise in disgust, break off his tale, and retire, melancholy, from the crowd.

Revenge is sweet. The triumph of the beautiful daughter of Mistress Manon was then complete. But, after all, Mariette was a very good child, and her heart quite too weak. Did he become quiet, she was filled with sorrow; was he melancholy, she became sad; did he depart, she remained not long after him; and when she was alone, at home, she weeped as bitter tears of sorrow as Magdalen, and yet had not sinned half so much.

IV.—THE PITCHER.

Father Jerome, the priest of La Napoule, an old man of seventy, had all the virtues of a saint, and only this single failing, that by reason of his great age, he was exceedingly hard of hearing. With so much the more edification, on that account, did he preach to the ears of the children of his baptism and confession, and they all heard him gladly. True, he discoursed only on two traits, as though his whole religion lay therein; either "Children, love one another," or "Children, the ways of Heaven are wonderful." Yet, in these discourses, there breathed so much of faith, love and hope, that one might well be contented with them. The children obediently loved one another, and lived in hope of the Providences of Heaven. Only Colin, with the flinty heart, obeyed not. Even when he seemed kindly, doubtless he had the worst intentions.

The Napoulese are very fond of visiting the neighboring town of *Vence*, at the time of the annual fair. There is always much gaiety there, and if there is not much money to buy them with, there are always plenty of pretty things to be bought. So lovely Mariette and Mother Manon determined to go to the fair. When they arrived, Colin was there too. He bought all sorts of delicacies and trifles for his maiden friends; but for Mariette nothing. And yet, he was ever at her heels. But he spoke not to *her*, nor she to him. It was plainly to be seen he was brooding some mischief.

"Oh, Mariette!" said Mother Manon, as she stopped before one of the stalls. "Oh, Mariette, see this beautiful pitcher!—a queen might not be ashamed to touch it with her lips. See, the edges are of bright gold, and the garden flowers bloom not more prettily than these, which are, after all, only painted. 'Tis Paradise, too. Only see how smiling the apples hang upon the tree. One almost longs to eat them. And Adam cannot resist his beautiful Eve as she offers him one to taste. And see, too, how affectionately the lamb gambols round the old lion, and how the snow-white dove, with the golden-green neck, seems ready to bill and coo with the hawk there."

Mariette could not satisfy her delighted curiosity. "Had I only such a pitcher, mother!" she said. "It is much too beautiful to drink out of, but I would put my flowers in it, and gaze continually into its Paradise. Here we are at the fair of Vence, yet as I look, it almost seems as though we really were in Paradise."

So spoke Mariette, and called upon her female friends to join in her admiration. Soon these last were joined by their male friends, and presently half the inhabitants of La Napoule had clustered round the beautiful pitcher. And as they gazed on the exquisite transparent porcelain, the golden handle and edges, and its rich painting, in fear and trembling they asked the price of the merchant. "A hundred livres, at the very lowest!" he answered. Their countenances fell, and they departed. After they had gone, Colin crept silently to the merchant's stall, threw a hundred livres upon his table, had the pitcher packed in a box filled with cotton, and carried it away. Not a soul knew his wicked purposes.

It was already dark, when, as he was about to enter La Napoule on his way home, he met old Jacques, the Judge's servant, returning from the fields.—Jacques was an excellent old fellow, but hopelessly stupid.

"I will give you a treat, Jacques," said Colin, "if you take this box and leave it at Mistress Manon's. And if any one should ask you whence it comes from, say a stranger gave it to you. But mention my name on no account, else I will never forgive you."

Jacques promised, took his treat-money and the box, and started straighway towards the cottage that lay among the olive trees and African Acacias.

V.—THE CARRIER.

Before he reached his destination, his master, Judge Hautmartin, met him in the way, and asked him what he was carrying under his arm?

"A box for Mistress Manon. But, sir, I cannot say from whom."

"Why not?"

"Because Master Colin will never forgive me."

"Is is very proper you should be silent then. But it is already late. I shall go in the morning early to Mistress Manon's and will take the box with me; of course saying nothing about its coming from Colin. You will be spared a walk, and I will be gratified."

Jacques gave the box to his master, whom he was accustomed always to obey without contradiction.—The Judge carried it to his chamber and scrutinized it with intense curiosity. On the top was delicately written with red chalk "To the lovely and beloved Mariette." Judge Hautmartin knew well, however, that this was only a ruse on Colin's part, and that some spiteful trick was at the bottom of it. He opened the box, therefore, very carefully to see whether some rat or mouse did not lay concealed within it. But as his eyes fell upon the very same beautiful pitcher which he had himself seen at Vence, his very heart beat with fright. For Judge Hautmartin was just as experienced a man in his judgment of the right as of the wrong, and knew well that the heart of man is evil from his youth up. He perceived immediately that Colin meant to bring some misfortune upon Marriette by means of the pitcher; perhaps to say it was the gift of some favored lover from the city, and thus alienate all of Mariette's friends. Judge Hautmartin concluded, therefore, to frustrate so wicked a design, and to proclaim himself the giver of the present. Besides, he was in love with Mariette, and much would he have rejoiced had Mariette been better inclined to fellow, as far as he was concerned, Father Jerome's instruction "Little children, love one another." True, the Judge was a little child of fifty years, and Mariette was of opinion that the text had no application to him. But, on the other hand, Mother Manon discovered that he was a very sensible little child, rich and respected in all La Napoule, from one end of the village to the other. So that when the Judge spoke of marriage and Mariette ran away frightened, Mother Manon sat quite calm in the presence of the very respectable gentleman. He had a very good body of his own; and though Colin was the handsomest man in the village, yet there were two points in which the Judge excelled him—length of years and length of nose. Yes, his nose, which always preceded him like a satellite, to herald his approach, was a very small among human noses.

Accompanied by this satellite, his good intentions, and the pitcher, the Judge went, on the following morning, to the cottage that lay among the olive trees and Acacias.

"Nothing is too expensive for the beautiful Mariette," said he. "You admired, when at Vence yesterday, this pitcher. Allow me to lay it, with my heart, at your feet."

At the sight of the pitcher, Mariette and Manon were delighted and astonished. Manon's eyes sparkled with joy. But in a moment, Mariette, turning to the Judge, said "I can neither accept your heart nor your pitcher."

Mother Manon became angry, and cried out—"But I accept both heart and pitcher. Oh, you foolish girl! how long will you despise your good fortune. What are you waiting for? Are you expecting the Count of Provence to make you his bride, that you thus reject the Judge of La Napoule? But I know better what is for your good. Judge Hautmartin, I reckon myself proud to accept you as my son-in-law."

Whereupon Mariette left the room weeping bitterly, and hated the beautiful pitcher from the bottom of her heart. But the Judge stroked his long nose and spoke the words of wisdom thus:

"Mother Manon, hurry nothing. The little dove will be better contended when it knows me better. I am not impetuous. I understand woman's heart, and before three months have passed, I shall steal into Mariette's."

"Your nose is quite too large for that," said Mariette to herself, as she stood listening outside of the door. In fact, three months did pass away, and Judge Hautmartin had not accomplished a step towards his success with Mariette.

VI.—FLOWERS.

For fourteen days long nothing was talked about in La Napoule but the pitcher. All agreed that the wedding with the Judge was a settled matter. And when Mariette solemnly declared she would rather give her body to the bottom of the sea than to the Judge, her companions only teased her the more, saying "Ah! how happy will you rest under the shadow of his nose!" This was the first trouble.

Then, cruel Mother Manon compelled Mariette to carry the pitcher every morning to the spring by the rock and fill it with fresh flowers; thereby hoping to reconcile Mariette to the pitcher and its giver. But she only hated gift and giver the more, and her duty at the spring was but a punishment. This was the second trouble.

Then, as she went to the spring, she found twice every week in the rock near by, the loveliest flowers, beautifully arranged for the adornment of the pitcher, accompanied with a slip of paper, whereon was written "Dear Mariette." Enchanters and fairies are no longer in the world; consequently the flowers and the soft message could be left by some other than Judge Hautmartin. So Mariette, though she kept the flowers for their beauty, would tear the paper into a thousand pieces and throw them upon the spot where the flowers were laid. But Judge Hautmartin could never be made angry, for his love was as incomparable in its kind as his nose. Trouble the third.

After a while, however, she discovered from the Judge's conversation, that he was not in reality the giver of the flowers. Who then could he be? Mariette was astounded at the discovery, and from that time forward received, with more pleasure, her present from the unknown stranger. Mariette had, what girls rarely have, much curiosity; so she made enquiries among her companions of the village, but none knew the mysterious giver of the flowers. She listened and watched early and late; but nothing could she hear or see. And regularly twice a week in the morning the flowers lay upon the rock, and regularly did she read with a sigh, from the paper which enveloped them, "Dear Mariette." Such a circumstance might well excite the curiosity of the most indifferent, but unsatisfied curiosity brings at last burning pain. Trouble the fourth.

VII.—MISCHIEF AFTER MISCHIEF.

On Sunday, Father Jerome once again preached a sermon on the text, "The providences of Heaven are wonderful;" and little Mariette thought to herself, "Perhaps, then, in the course of its providences, I shall discover the invisible giver of my flowers. Father Jerome is never wrong."

Very early one warm summer's morning, Mariette awaked from her slumber. Being unable to sleep again, she sprung from her bed at the first streak of dawn, and having dressed herself, ran down to the spring to bathe her face in its clear, cool waters. When this task was finished, she took a fancy into her head to walk upon the sea shore; but as she turned into the path behind the rock, which led to the sea, she saw under the young tender palms a graceful young man lying in sweet slumber, and near him a nosegay of the loveliest flowers. A slip of paper enveloped it, on which was written the oft-repeated sigh, "Dear Mariette."

"Dear Mariette" stood trembling with fright. She started to return homeward; but she took only a few steps, and then turned round again to gaze upon the sleeper. She had not been able to see his face. Now or never was the opportunity to solve a mystery. She crept gently back into the palms. But he appeared to move. She ran again towards the cottage. After all, the fancied motion was only the imagination of Mariette's fears. She returned again towards the palms. Perhaps his sleep was only a pretence. Again she ran homewards. But who would fly away for a perhaps merely? She returned boldly to the palms.

In this fluctuation between timidity and curiosity, in this hurrying to and fro between the cottage and the palm bushes, gradually Mariette approached nearer to the sleeper, and meanwhile curiosity began to triumph over timidity.

"What have I to do with him? My path leads me by where he is now lying, and I shall go on whether he sleeps or wakes."

So thought Manon's daughter—she resolved boldly to advance, but remained standing. She must have a peep at the flower-giver's face. Meantime, the unknown slept as though he had not rested soundly for four weeks. And who was it? Who could it be but the arch-villain Colin?

So he it was, whose irreconcilable enmity had brought the good girl into such trouble by means of the pitcher; had caused the disgusting affair with Judge Hautmartin; had teased her with secret gifts of flowers to excite her curiosity. And why? Because he hated Mariette. His conduct towards the poor child, in every society, was unpardonable. To all the other girls of La Napoule, he was more friendly and agreeable than to Mariette. Could it be believed, that he had never asked her to dance, and yet she danced more beautifully than any of her companions.

And there he lay, caught, betrayed. A spirit of revenge was aroused in Mariette's breast. What disgrace should she put upon him? She took the nosegay, and having unloosed the flowers, scattered them over the sleeper. But the paper on which the ejaculation "Dear Mariette" was written, she thrust into her bosom; intending to preserve this proof of his handwriting for future contingencies. Cunning Mariette! She now prepared to depart; but her revenge was not yet gratified. She could not leave the spot without repaying his wickedness. She tore the violet coloured ribbon from her bonnet, and having as gently as possible fastened one end to the sleeper's arm, tied the other in three hard knots to a palm tree near by. Wicked Mariette! How would he be astonished when he awaked; how would he be tortured with curiosity to know who played such a trick upon him! He could never guess. So much the better. It served him right.

After all, Mariette seemed quite too merciful.—When she had finished her work, she seemed to repent of it. Her bosom heaved with agitation. I believe even a few tears found their way into her eyes, as she gazed in feverish compassion upon the malefactor. Slowly, frequently turning round to gaze back into the palms, she left the spot and returned home.

VIII.—THE BONNET RIBBON.

On the very same day, Colin practised fresh rascality. He would publicly disgrace Mariette. Ah! she had never reflected that her violet colored ribbon was known in all La Napoule. But Colin knew it only too well! He tied it proudly to his hat, and wore it before all the world, as though it were the pledge of success. And the world of La Napoule said, "He got it from Mariette;" and all the girls cried angrily, "rascal;" and all the lovers of Mariette cried "rascal."

"How is this, Mother Manon?" said Judge Hautmartin, and he screeched so loud, that the echo reverberated throughout every chamber of his nose; "do you allow this! my bride give her bonnet-ribbon a present to the young farmer Colin? It is quite time our wedding were over. When that happens I shall have a right to speak in the matter."

"You're right enough," replied Mother Manon; "if matters have come to this pass, the wedding must not be postponed. When that is over, all is over."

"But Mother Manon, your daughter still refuses me her consent."

"Only do you get ready for the wedding."

"But she will not even look at me, and if I ever attempt to place myself near her, the wild creature immediately flees away."

"Judge, do you only get ready for the wedding."

"But if Mariette resists!"

"We will over-reach her. We will go to Father Jerome, and early on Monday morning, the wedding shall take place in private. We can easily arrange the matter with the priest; for I am the mother, and you are the first officer of justice in La Napoule, and she must obey. Yet Mariette need know nothing about it. Early on Monday morning, I shall send her to Father Jerome's on pretence of a message.—The priest will address her upon the duty of obedience. A half hour afterwards we two will arrive. Then, directly to the altar. And if Mariette cries "no," what matters? The old man cannot hear a word. But say you nothing of this to a soul."

The matter was arranged. Mariette dreamed not of the good fortune which was in store for her. She thought only of Colin's wickedness which had made her the conversation of the whole village. How did she repent of her folly in thus exposing herself to ridicule; and yet, in her heart she forgave the rascal his guilt. Mariette was entirely too good. She said to her mother and to all her companions, "Colin has found my ribbon, I never gave it to him. And now he will use it to injure me. You all know that he has always taken every opportunity to show his dislike of me."

Ah! the poor child! she knew not what new mischief the wicked man was planning in his heart.

IX.—THE BROKEN PITCHER.

Early next day, Mariette went to the spring with the pitcher. Yet no flowers lay upon the rock. Perhaps it was too early, for the sun had scarcely risen above the sea.

She heard steps, and Colin with the flowers in his hand, stood before her. Mariette's face was red as blood. Colin stammered, "Good morning, Mariette!" But the greeting came not truly from his heart; he could scarcely bring it to pass his lips.

"Why do you wear my ribbon so openly, Colin?" said Mariette, as she set the pitcher upon the rock. "I never gave it to you."

"You never gave it to me, dear Mariette!" said he, and he grew pale with suppressed rage.

Mariette repented of her deceit, and casting down her eyes, said, after a pause, "Well! I did give it to you; but you should not wear it for a show. Give it back to me."

Slowly he unfastened it. His anger was so great that he was unable to stifle his sighs and tears.

"Dear Mariette," said he, gently, "give me the ribbon."

"No," she answered.

His secret rage now became desperate. Now he sighed and looked heavenward; now gazed sadly on Mariette, who stood quiet and innocent by the spring, her eyes downcast to the earth.

He wound the violet-colored ribbon round the flowers. "Take all together," said he; and threw them so mischievously towards the beautiful pitcher, that it was upset, and broken to pieces. Having thus satisfied his malice, he ran away.

Mother Manon, meanwhile, had been listening from the window of the cottage, and had heard and seen all. But as she saw the fate of the pitcher, her sight and hearing deserted her. She could hardly even speak for anger. And to crown all, as she pushed open the window-shutter, to scream after the rascal, she tore it from its rotten hinges, and it fell with a great crash to the ground.

Such a complication of misfortunes had quite upset the brain of any other woman; but Mother Manon soon collected herself. "How lucky that I was a witness to the act," said she. "He shall answer for this before the Judge; and weigh out his solid gold, to pay for my pitcher and window-shutter. It will be a pretty present for Mariette on her wedding day." When, however, Mariette picked up the pieces of the ruined pitcher—and Manon saw Paradise destroyed, good Adam without a head, and Eve with nothing remaining but her legs—the snake triumphing uninjured—the lion, too, unhurt, but the lamb abridged to its tail, as though all the rest had been swallowed by the lion—as she saw all this, Mother Manon broke out in howling invectives against Colin, as a very child of the evil one.

X.—THE JUDGMENT.

With the pitcher in one hand, and Mariette in the other, Mother Manon proceeded, about the ninth hour, to the place where Judge Hautmartin was accustomed to sit in judgment. She set forth her complaint at the top of her voice, showing as evidences the broken pitcher and the lost Paradise. Mariette wept bitterly.

As the Judge saw the pitcher broken and Mariette all in tears, his just rage against Colin was excited to such a degree, that his nose turned as violet as Mariette's noted ribbon; and he commanded his constable to bring the delinquent before him immediately.

Colin came, bearing himself very sadly. Mother Manon repeated her complaint, with great eloquence, before Judge, Constables, and Clerks. But Colin heard nothing. He stepped to the side of Mariette, and whispered in her ear—

"Forgive me, dear Mariette, as I forgive you.—Your pitcher, only, have I broken, and that by accident; but you—you have broken my heart."

"What means that whispering there," cried his judicial highness, Hautmartin. "Listen to the complaint which is made against you, and defend yourself."

"I have no defence to make," said Colin. "I broke the pitcher, but unwillingly."

"I believe he speaks the truth," said Mariette, sobbing. "I am as much to blame as he, for I had offended him and made him angry, and without due care he threw me the ribbon and flowers. He is not responsible for it."

"Tut!" cried Mother Manon, "will the girl become his advocate? Decide, Judge. He has broken the pitcher—that he does not deny, and I, through his fault, the window-shutter—will he, can he deny that?"

"As you make no defence, Master Colin," said the Judge, "I order you to pay three hundred livres for the pitcher, *for that is its value*; and for the——"

"No!" said Colin, "it is not worth so much—for I myself bought it for Mariette, at the fair at Vence, for a hundred livres."

"You bought it, you shameless impudent!" shrieked the Judge, his whole face becoming like Mariette's bonnet ribbon. He neither could nor would say more, for he feared to create any further discussion of the matter.

But his reproach had excited Colin's anger, and he continued:

"I sent the pitcher to Mariette on the evening of the fair, by the hands of your own servant. There stands Jacques at the door. Let him be my witness. Jacques, say: did I not give you the box to take to Mother Manon's?"

The Judge attempted to avert the blow, but the simple Jacques said—

"Recollect, Judge, you yourself took the box away from me, and carried what was in it to Mother Manon's. There it lies now among the papers in the century."

Of course, simple Jacques was speedily ejected from the room by the constables; and the judge signified to Colin that he might depart and wait till he was called for again.

"Very well, Mr. Judge," observed Colin; "but this shall be the last exercise of your authority in La Napoule. I know full well that you would have ingratiated yourself into Mistress Manon's and Mariette's favor by this disgraceful use of my property. If you want me again you will do well to ride over to Grasse, and you will find me at the Lord Lieutenant's." So saying, he departed.

Judge Hautmartin's perplexity and confusion almost turned his brain. Mistress Manon shook her head. The whole affair looked dark and suspicious.

"Who will now pay for the broken pitcher?" she asked.

"As for me," said Mariette, her face suffused in blushes, and her eyes beaming with delight, "I am already *repaid*."

XI.—WONDERFUL PROVIDENCES.

The same day Colin went to the Lord Lieutenant's at Grasse, returning to La Napoule early next morning. Judge Hautmartin, meanwhile, smiled maliciously, and quieted all Mother Manon's fears by swearing that he would agree to cut off his nose if Colin did not pay up the three hundred livres.

Mistress Manon spoke to Father Jerome about the wedding; and gave him particular instructions to impress upon Mariette's mind the necessity of obedience to the will of her mother. The good old gentleman, although he heard not the half of what was screamed in his ear, promised faithfully to do so.

When the Monday morning came, Mother Manon said to her daughter, "Dress yourself prettily, Mariette, and take this wreath of myrtles to Father Jerome; he wants it for a bride."

Mariette arrayed herself in her Sunday's best, took the wreath without suspicion, and wended her way towards the priest's.

On the way, she was met by Colin, who greeted her kindly and modestly—and when he heard whither she was carrying the wreath, intimated that he was going the same way, as he had to pay Father Jerome his church tithes. As they went along together, he gently seized her hand, whereupon both trembled as though they meditated some monstrous crime against each other.

"Have you forgiven me!" whispered Colin, sorrowfully. "Ah! Mariette, what have I done that you should treat me so cruelly?"

She could reply nothing but, "Be not distressed, Colin—you shall have the ribbon again, and I shall keep your pitcher. Did you really give it to me?"

"Ah, Mariette! can you doubt it? Every thing that I have would I gladly give you. Will you not, in *future*, treat me kindly, as others do?"

She answered not. Only as they entered the priest's house, and looking up she saw his beautiful eyes in tears, she whispered to him, "Dear Colin;" whereupon dear Colin stooped and kissed her hand. Here the door of an apartment opened, and the priest, dressed in his robes, stood before them. The young people, as if seized with dizziness, clung affectionately to each other; but I know not whether it was the effect of the kissing, or arose from awe in the presence of the venerable father.

Mariette handed him the myrtle wreath. He placed it upon her head, and commencing with the text, "Little children do you love one another!" impressed upon her in the most eloquent and touching manner the necessity of loving Colin. For the old man, through his hardness of hearing, had not heard the bridegroom's name, or else Mother Manon had forgotten to mention it.

Mariette's heart gave way under the eloquence of the old man, and weeping and sobbing, she cried, "Ah! I have long loved him but he hates me."

"*I* hate you, Mariette!" said Colin. "Since you came to La Napoule, I have loved you alone. Oh, Mariette! how could I hope that you loved me, when all La Napoule was at your feet!"

"Why did you avoid me, Colin, and prefer all my companions?"

"Oh, Mariette! whenever I saw you I was overcome with fear and trembling, sorrow and love. I had not the courage to approach you when you were near, and yet when you were absent I was still more unhappy."

While this conversation was going on, the old man supposed they were quarreling; so joining their hands together, he said again, "Little children, love ye one another!"

Here Mariette sank on Colin's breast, while Colin threw his arms around her, and their countenances beamed with joy. They forgot the priest, the whole world. Colin pressed his lips on Mariette's. Distracted in mind, they unconsciously followed Father Jerome into the church.

"Mariette!" sighed he.

"Colin!" sighed she.

There were several worshippers in the church—They witnessed with astonishment the marriage of Colin and Mariette. Many ran out even before the ceremony was concluded to spread the news in La Napoule.

When all was over, Father Jerome, rejoicing that he had so well succeeded in his persuasions, led the bride and bridegroom into his house.

END OF THIS REMARKABLE HISTORY.

Manon came running in out of breath. She had long waited at home for the appearance of the bridegroom, but he had not arrived. Out of patience, she had at last gone to Judge Hautmartin's. Here terrible news was in store for her. The Lord Lieutenant had arrived on a commission of inquiry into the conduct of the Judge, who had been arrested and thrown into prison.

"That rascally Colin is surely at the bottom of this," she thought; and ran hastily to the priest's house to explain the cause of the postponement of the wedding. The priest stepped forward proudly to meet her, with the bride and bridegroom at his side.

But when the true state of the case dawned upon Mother Manon, she was deprived of mind and tongue. But Colin's mind and tongue seemed all the more powerful. He spoke eloquently of his love, of the broken pitcher, of Judge Hautmartin's treachery, the reasons of his having been brought to justice, and finally asked Mother Manon's blessing.

Father Jerome, when after a considerable time he was made to understand the nature of the case, folded his hands together piously, and consoled himself by repeating, with uplifted eyes, "The Providences of Heaven are wonderful." Colin and Mariette kissed his hands; and Mother Manon, out of sheer respect for the Providences of Heaven, gave the young pair her blessing—remarking at the same time, that she hardly knew whether she was standing on her head or her heels.

"And am I really a wife?" asked Mariette; "and really Colin's wife?"

Mother Manon nodded her head, and Mariette, leaning on Colin's arm, departed for his dwelling.

"See here, Mariette," said Colin, as they passed through the garden; "see the flowers which I cultivated so carefully for your pitcher."

Colin, who had not dreamed of so happy an ending to his unhappy love, invited all the neighborhood to a great feast at his house. It lasted two days. Who could describe Colin's joy and the splendor of the entertainment? Even Mother Manon rejoiced in her son-in-law, as she now first became fully aware of his wealth, and particularly as Judge Hautmartin, in company with his nose, lay imprisoned in Grasse.

To this day, the BROKEN PITCHER remains in the family, and is respected as a sacred relic.

THE BENEVOLENT RUSTIC.*

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

I have no stain upon my mind—
Upon my name no ban—
I am the happiest of my kind,
A calm contented man.

I envy not the rich and great,
But pity much the poor;
And never penury doth wait
Unheeded at my door.

Mean my repasts, but very sweet,
Enjoy'd with grateful zest;
While, O! my bed is a retreat
Which sleep would *choose* for rest.

The soaring lark springs not more blithe
To hail Apollo's rays,
Than I, with limb and sinew lithe,
Arise, for work and praise.

To labor on till set of sun,
Unwearied even then;
Yes, when my daily task is done,
I can aid weaker men.

What more could gold bestow on me?—
Or empty-sounding names!
Temptation to iniquity,
And thousand blushing shames!

I've not a want—I've even more
Than asks necessity,
And often from my garner'd store
A prodigal can be.

When the pale widow only looks
The need she cannot speak,
While tears, like gushing water-brooks,
Course down her hollow cheek;

Or, when the grief-snubb'd orphan-boy,
In sobbing anguish'd tone,
(At that sweet winsome age when joy
Should thrill his heart alone,)

Tells how his mother and himself
Nor food nor firing have,
I load the pretty wond'ring elf
With more than he doth crave.

If thou would'st know a bliss indeed,
Oh! mark the glad surprise
(When Charity assists its need)
Illumine Famine's eyes!

Though thus I give her handsel free
To all within my ken,
I ever feel most signally
I am blest among men.

My little garden-plot ne'er fails,
My corn-swath still is doubled,
And, then, my body never ails,
My soul is never troubled.

It is but LENDING to the Lord
What to the poor is GIVEN;
On earth what Pity can afford
Bears INTEREST in heaven!

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* Literally the language of an old cottager to me, when wondering at his contentment.

THE PAINTER'S WIFE;

OR,

LEGAL REVELATIONS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STORIES OF WATERLOO."

To man, woman is ever an object of deep interest, and circumstances enhance it. The noontide of brilliant beauty arrests the fancy—but its sunset, when clouded by sickness as by sorrow, touches the best feelings of nature, and strikes directly to the heart. I have ridden unmoved across a battle-field—death had been busy there—"the horse and his rider had fallen"—and heaps of human carrion, utterly denuded by the wretches who hang upon the footsteps of an army, exposed to nightly dews and ardent suns, had become offensive equally to sight and smell.—The green tint which announces putrescency, the swollen proportions of forms, three days before admirable for their symmetry—the tainted air—the bestial vultures, gorged but dissatisfied, and flagging lazily away, but only far enough to let the column pass—the ribald jests of ruffian soldiers—and of that foulest thing—savage woman—at these, all combined, the lip curled in disgust, but they evoked no softer sympathies.

* * * Years passed, and with an invalid relation I visited an English watering-place. There were others there in search of health; and one, from the hour when I saw her, excited a peculiar interest.

Harriette Beresford was not yet nineteen. The flower was faded—but in health how beautiful it must have been! I loved her—not with the love man gives the living, but—the dead.

"The autumn leaf will wither on her grave," said the doctor, in answer to my hurried inquiry, as he left the chamber of his patient, and hastened from an examination which confirmed his worst fears, and told him that hope was over.

"And yet she looked so much better last evening. The rose coloured her pale cheek, and—"

"Hectic, sir," was the reply. "Mere gilding on the sepulchre. A consumption—and one more deadly and more rapid I have never witnessed during a long practice of thirty years. One brief month, and—"

He did not finish the sentence—there was no occasion—I understood the rest too well.

Harriette that day did not join the dinner party—but when I retired to the drawing-room I found her on the sofa, and her mother seated beside her with her daughter's hand embraced in her's.

"Captain, does not Harriette look so much better?" and the smile of hope accompanied the question.

She was indeed perfectly beautiful; the eye was singularly brilliant, and the cheek tinted with the very flush of loveliness. I sat down beside her, and took her hand in mine. In man's attentions to a woman, there can be little mystery, and her mother read mine correctly—deep, anxious, ardent sympathy—without one particle of earthly love. Harriette turned her soft and sparkling eye on mine.

"Captain," she said, "I will repay your delicious grapes and your sweet bouquet. You shall be my first partner at my first ball; and in a month, I will claim the promise of your arm, and walk with you daily on the heath."

A shudder crept over me. I recollected the doctor's prognostic in the morning. A month!—her partner would be the worm. She would cross the heath, not on my arm, but in a coffin. I became agitated, and fortunately the roll of a carriage gave an excuse for rising abruptly from the sofa.

"Oh! some fresh arrival." I sprang up and hurried to the window. It was a hearse with white plumes, and a dozen idle scoundrels seated on the top, smoking cigars, and driving at a long trot home, after what they call, in undertakers' slang, "performing a funeral." In one short month that carriage bore the sweet and patient sufferer "to that bourne from which no traveller returns."

* * * * *

"But, my dear captain, what has all this to do with the sub-sheriff and the pretty girl?"

Gentle reader! be patient—or if you will harry other people's cattle, I will stop short in my narrative, and leave you miserable for life.

"Well, astore!" said Mr. Egan, "whether is myself or the captain here, the gentleman you seem to have some business with?"

"You—you," was the hurried reply.

"And what do you want with me?"

"To save me from despair," she replied, clasping her hands together in an agony of distress. "Yonder horrid men are waiting to arrest my poor, brokenhearted husband. Oh! as you hope for mercy hereafter, save Henry from a gaol!"

"The request is easy made," returned Shawn Cruchadore; "but it's rather a hard job to keep some gentlemen out of one."

The entreaty of the girl caused me to look round at the persons she had alluded to. One was a man far advanced in years, who had the appearance of a hedge schoolmaster, or priest's clerk. The expression of his face was sly and quiet, submissive and passionless—indicating a disposition that neither praise nor abuse could rouse. He wore a dingy black coat, and a brownish wig, which was so dried and frizzy, that if constructed of human hair, which seemed doubtful, it must have passed the winter in a baker's oven.—He had the stump of a pen stuck behind his ear, and a hat above it, that looked as if it had been erstwhile the property of a quaker. His companion was a young man—and look, air, and manner bespoke him a thorough-bred blackguard.

"Who are these fellows?" I enquired.

"Two gentlemen, at present on my establishment," returned Mr. Egan.

"The old one looks a cunning knave—the young one a superlative scoundrel."

"'Pon my conscience! you have hit their characters to a T. Ned's beautiful at the book. He's the best hand at an alibi in Connaught; he'll swear that the night before he was in company with a man who, at the same time, were snug and warm in Jamaica."

"The younger gentleman—is he equally accomplished?"

"Quite a different line of business his. He's no use at *the primer*, for nobody would believe him upon oath. But then he has other good qualities which make him invaluable. He'll serve a writ when another dare not venture within musket-shot of the premises. It was Patsey that brought mad Burke to the hammer. Not a writ could be served, good nor bad; they were all desperadoes at Kinnalagh—the master never stirred an inch without a brace of pistols, nor the men without a pitch-fork in their fists; and the only choice a bailiff had, was between an ounce of lead and six inches of cold iron. Well, what did Patsey do? *Pretends he was going across the* mountain to buy Connemara stockings, and asked liberty to step in and take a coal for his pipe out of the kitchen fire."

"'Ye have no paper about ye?' says one fellow, suspiciously, coming up with his pitch-fork in his hand, and followed by another scoundrel with a flail.

"'Arrah! the deuce a scrap,' says he 'only this wee bit to light the *dhu dudeen* with.'

"So he takes the copy of the writ out of his pocket, and lights the tobacco with it. Well, after he drew the pipe awhile, not to show that he was in any hurry, up he gets, puts on his hat fair and easy, bade—'God bless all there, barrin the cat,' and left the house unsuspected. In a month or two, down comes the execution—and you may guess Mr. Burke's astonishment, when, one morning, with twenty police and half-a-score of drivers, I cleared out cloot and horn, not leaving behind as much as would supply milk for the tea-pot."

"What a scoundrel—a deliberate perjurer!"

"Not at all," said Mr. Egan. "Didn't he leave the writ in the house, or the ashes of it—and that's all as one."

"I'm afraid I can't agree to your theory of serving writs. I suppose the scoundrels are well rewarded for their infamous executions?"

"At times they do get a trifle to encourage them—but it's a slavish life—one day half murdered by the women, and the next whole murdered by the men. Dragged through a bog-hole here—flung out of a window there—besides tossing in a blanket, and eating the original—"

"Stop, for Heaven's sake! Eating the original—what's that?"

"And you don't know the difference between an original and the copy?" and he crossed himself piously. "Och! murder! how your education has been neglected," ejaculated *Shawn Cruchadore*—"or Ca, sa, from a Fi, fa."

"As much as I know which is the most fashionable hotel in Timbuctoo."

"You're not too old to learn," said the sub-sheriff.

"I fear I am."

"Not if you take the short process that I'll recommend you."

"I am all attention," I replied.

"Have you a book? as the turf people call it."

"No."

"Make one immediately."

I shook my head.

"Do you?" and Mr. Egan described, by a movement of his wrist and elbow, the shaking of a dice-box.

"I never tumble the ivory by any chance," was the reply.

"They'll give you instructions in any club-house—and, if you wish to hurry matters, set up shop, and take an opera girl for your housekeeper. In a couple of years, I'll engage under any penalty you name that you shall understand the difference between a 'green one' and a 'knowing one' as well as if you had served five years to an attorney."

"But have you no qualms of conscience, Mr. Egan? That old sinner is hurrying to the grave, and the young scoundrel preparing for the gallows."

"Troth, I agree with you in opinion, that if Patsey hasn't the best of luck he's likely to spoil a market."

"Spoil a market!" I exclaimed; "what do you mean?"

"Why, in the good old times, when a man was to be hanged, the judge always fixed a market day for the execution. If the people had anything to buy or sell they could do it, and have a little pleasure into the bargain—it was a mixture of business and innocent amusement. I have strapped up eleven men at one assizes, and never reckoned the hanging money then under a hundred a year."

"That branch of your business is not so lucrative at present," I remarked.

"Pish!" said the sub-sheriff, contemptuously, "it's not worth a ten pound note. A burglary and two murders in a twelvemonth! Arrah! my dear captain, what's that to pay rent and taxes with?"

"But could you not carry on business without the assistance of these brace of scoundrels?" I inquired.

"Impossible," returned Shawn Cruchadore. "We are liable now and then to make a bit of a mistake—a wrong caption or an illegal distraint,—grip one Jack Blake instead of another, or drive *Shemus More* instead of *Shemus Beg**—and nothing gets us out of trouble like a smart affidavit."

"And that is done by the old villain in the wig," I said, inquiringly.

"And in that very wig lies Ned's respectability."

"To estimate the value of one by the other, I should hold both very cheap," I observed.

"Indeed," said Shawn Cruchadore, "I admit the wig is not constructed upon mechanical principles, and, like an ill-fitted saddle, it's always shifting forward. I'll recommend Ned to put a crupper to it, as an improvement."

"You admit, however, that the old gentleman is pretty certain of a warm corner, you know where—and that the younger scoundrel will be hanged?"

"I think not," returned Mr. Egan. "Patsey Lynch has an antipathy to the rope, and he'll hardly venture on anything beyond fourteen years' transportation. Indeed, only his friend in the wig there swore as pretty an *alibi* for him last assizes as ever was heard in court, Patsey would be able now to tell you how sea air agreed with his constitution. It would be a pity, too. He's an industrious devil in his way, and sooner than be idle he would transport his own brother for half a crown."

"Good Heavens!" muttered a feeble voice, "and is my unfortunate husband in the power of such a wretch?"

While Shawn Cruchadore has been detailing the respective merits of his aide-de-camp, I had been examining with attention the countenance and figure of the poor supplicant beside us, and both were so favorable, that before I knew aught of her story or her sorrows, my feelings were warmly engaged. She was young—probably two-and-twenty—and pale and faded as her features were, you still might trace beauty in their ruin. No color was in the lip—no brightness in the eye—but the mouth small and pretty, and the eyes soft and expressive. The attenuated outline of her person still showed enough to prove that once it had been of excellent proportions—and she had a profusion of that classic hair, whose hue "in olden time" was termed by poets "paly gold." To give to her distress additional interest, there were matronly appearances incident to married life, which, to use Scott's words, announced that "she now required from man a double care."

As Mr. Egan descanted on the merits of his staff, the color faded from her cheeks, and convulsive twitchings agitated her pallid face, until startled by the broken observation, Mr. Egan turned around, and exclaimed, "*Mona-mindiaoul!* captain, the poor girl's fainting!"

Fainting she was. She reeled a step forward and would have fallen, had I not sprung forward and caught her in my arms. A public house was immediately beside us, and there we conveyed her, half carried and half supported. In the little parlour we placed her on a settle; water and wine were administered, and in a few minutes she had perfectly recovered. During this short scene, I was struck with the warm solicitude that Mr. Egan exhibited, and I began to suspect he was one of those personages—and they are not rare in society—who affect indifference to the sufferings of others which in reality they do not feel, and, under an assumed insensibility to human sorrow, conceal from public view a heart teeming with benevolence.

I was not wrong in my suspicions, and a more extended knowledge of Shawn Cruchadore proved,—as they say in Ireland, that "his heart was in the right place."

While I was still offering the invalid my assistance as she recovered, Mr. Egan had stepped out. He returned presently with a paper in his hand, and turning to me he observed—

"It's only a decree for five pounds. Don't be uneasy," he continued, addressing the poor stranger. "Let your husband keep out of my way, and I'll never send to look for him—and tiggum thu?*—the sooner he's out of my bailiwick the better."

"Alas!" said the poor girl, comprehending Mr. Egan's intimation that it would be necessary to quit the county, "we have not the means to travel—Henry set out early this morning to finish a miniature for a lady in the neighbourhood. He will get a guinea for it, and—" she sighed heavily, "we postponed breakfast till he came back. I heard by accident that he would be arrested, and—"

"Oh, d—n arrests!" exclaimed the sub-sheriff, jumping up. "Poor soul! fasting at one o'clock!" and in English and Irish he called hastily for breakfast.

Tea was speedily brought in, and I suggested that we should leave the stranger to herself, and take a turn or two in the public walk. Mr. Egan assented—rose—went to the window—fumbled with some papers he took from his pocket—took out what by a side look I saw was a bank note—crossed to the table, threw an under glance towards me to see that he was not observed, and then, as if he were slipping a billet-doux to a ward of Chancery, he threw the crumpled note across the table, and hurried away like a man who had abstracted one of the silver spoons.

In a quarter of an hour we returned. The assurance that her husband was safe from arrest, and a comfortable breakfast, had in a great degree restored the poor unknown; and, with great modesty, but in the language of a gentlewoman, she returned thanks for our attention—and a hint from Mr. Egan, whose curiosity had been powerfully excited, produced the following disclosure. It was occasionally discursive, or interrupted with bursts of agony, as the happiness of the past was placed in painful contrast with the misery of the present. The narrative ran thus:

"I am the only child of a baronet. The family ancient, the estates small. My father had an only brother; he had made a fortune in the Indies, and, strange coincidence, he too had an only son. From infancy our parents had betrothed us, and from our earliest years, we were informed that we were destined for each other. I have no remembrance of my mother; she died soon after my birth, and I was brought up in total seclusion, for my father is a man of gloomy and retiring habits. My education was strictly private, and at eighteen I had never been seven miles from Lewisham Abbey. My cousin, and intended husband, was plain and very delicate, and younger than myself by a year. An intimacy between us was encouraged; but I sincerely believe that our feelings towards each other were reciprocated, and that each was thoroughly indifferent to the other.

"With the exception of the clergyman's family, my uncle, and my destined husband, the abbey received no visitors. The advances of the neighbouring gentry were politely repelled. I mixed not in society—knew nothing of the world—and at eighteen years of age, had never slept beneath a roof except that under which I had been born.

"Circumstances, prospectively connected with my cousin starting for the county, changed suddenly my course of life. A few of the neighbouring families were invited to our house, and were visited by us in return. With much reluctance my father yielded to the solicitations of a lady resident within a few miles, and permitted me, under her *surveillance*, to attend the county ball.

"That was the fatal epoch of my life in poverty and suffering—and yet, were the deed to be done again, my heart tells me I would do it.

"It was an ordinary county ball, but to me it seemed the most brilliant fete imaginable. The gentry for miles around had collected: and as the town was the head-quarters of a cavalry regiment, their officers and band were present. One—a young lieutenant—was particularly attentive to me. He danced with me, sat beside me at supper, conducted me to the carriage, and, in a word, made a first impression on a heart, that hitherto had never seen nor fancied the object it might love.

"He strove to gain an introduction to my father, but that was peremptorily refused; and from my cousin's report—who had witnessed the attentions of the young dragoon—my father again retired into seclusion, and barred his doors against the world anew.

"One morning I was called down to his study unexpectedly, and there found him engaged in a conversation with a stranger.

"'My dear Caroline,' said my father, 'this young man is an artist, and he has persuaded me to have a likeness taken; I shall also have a miniature of you. He says he can execute both in a few sittings—and he shall commence with you.'

"I bowed an assent to my father, and for the first time turned my eyes to the window where the artist was standing. He turned his face suddenly—and, heavens! in the painter I recognised my admirer at the county ball—the young dragoon!

"I felt the blood rush to my very brow—my limbs trembled—and my agitation could not have escaped my father's observation, had not a servant at the moment called him from the apartment.

"The door had scarcely closed until my lover was kneeling at my feet, with my hand clasped in his, imploring pardon for the deceit he had practised—and his excuse was hopeless love. His natural taste for painting was fine, and it had been cultivated. He had brought with him all that was necessary to support the imposture—my father had no suspicions—and the artist remained in the house. I, ignorant as an infant of the world, listened, loved, and consented to a fugitive marriage; and on the fifth night we eloped, reached the Scottish border, and were married at the bridge of Coldstream.

"A few short weeks of happiness were followed by three long years of misery. Henry had only obtained leave between returns, when he madly eloped, violated military rules, and with difficulty was permitted to sell his commission. His guardian had robbed him—and the £1000 his commission had produced, was all on which we could place dependence. I wrote to my father—the letter was returned with an unbroken seal. Again, and again, I appealed to him for pardon. Through the clergyman, at last my letters reached him, but he was obdurate—every thing, clothes, trinkets, even my childhood's toys, were transmitted to me—and that with a minute precision which seemed to bespeak an anxiety that no *souvenir* should be left behind to remind him of his unfortunate daughter, and to recall to memory that hapless being whom he had once loved so well, and had now torn from his heart."

She paused, and wept bitterly. I had not listened unmoved, and Mr. Egan's glistening eye showed, that his boasted insensibility was not proof against the softening influence of woman's tears.

"Arrah! bad luck attend him, the cold Turk!" ejaculated Shawn Cruchadore—"couldn't he make allowance for poor creatures that had neither sense nor discretion. Troth, the same lad, tho' he is your father, will get an air of the fire in a warmer corner than ever his own kitchen had."

The painter's wife continued—

"Henry indulged in no expensive pleasures or pursuits, but he was careless in the management of his limited resources, and I knew no more the use of money than a child. Gradually, our small dependence dwindled away—at last, not a shilling remained undrawn at the banker's. My husband kept the sad secret to himself, and by disposing, one after another, of every saleable article, the means of support were, for a time, obtained. The birth of a child added to our expenses—the abject poverty to which we were reduced could be concealed no longer—every trinket in my possession disappeared—my baby died—I was driven to despair, and my poor husband's state of mind was bordering upon madness. In this state of utter destitution, it occurred to us that our talents might be turned to advantage. In drawing, Henry excelled—and I am really a good musician. Without friends or introduction, I could obtain no pupils; and all that he could earn, merely prevented us from perishing from starvation."

The door flew open suddenly, and a young man rushed into the apartment, and caught the pale girl in his arms. There was no difficulty in recognising the portrait-painter in the wan and melancholy stranger. Want and sorrow marked his despairing countenance, and the threadbare remains of what had been once a fashionable costume, evidenced the poverty of the wearer.

"Are you better, dear, dear Caroline—cheer up—see—I have brought you *two pounds*. They were hardly earned. I did not tell you, love, but I had many a weary mile to walk—and a heavy heart makes a long road, they say."

"Poor Henry!" she said, patting his pale cheek, "I am now quite well, thanks to these kind strangers."

For the first time the painter looked round, and when his eye fell on the portly proportions of Shawn Cruchadore, the hectic flush died on his cheek, and he muttered,

"Ruined!—ruined! It is the sheriff!"

"Arrah! *avourneenee!* the devil a harm the said sheriff will do you," returned Mr. Egan, drily.

"No, no, Henry—so far from injury he forced—"

And she exhibited the one pound note which Shawn Cruchadore, as he supposed, had conveyed to her so cunningly.

"Good God!" exclaimed the painter. "I am grateful to you, sir. Alas! I never thought at one time, that the only daughter of Sir Philip Lewisham—"

"The daughter of who?" demanded Mr. Egan, hurriedly.

The painter repeated the name.

"*Mona sindiaoul!* Isn't this quare?" continued the sheriff. "This morning I found a *Times* newspaper in the post-office—devil's luck to the lad that sent it to me! I opened it, and what do you think I saw? There was a long paragraph about a fellow who was badly hanged—and to call my attention to it particularly, there was a pen and ink sketch of myself drawn on the margin, with a writ in one hand and a halter in the other. Musha! bad luck to him that drew it, every day he sees a paving-stone, and every day he doesn't! Do you know Frederick Lewisham?"

"My cousin!" replied the painter's wife. "What of him?"

"He's dead, that's all," replied Mr. Egan.

"Dead! Impossible!"

"They have taken the liberty of burying him at all events," continued the sheriff. "At the end of the halter the scoundrel has stuck into my fist, you'll see the account of the way he broke his neck."

With a trembling hand the painter took the paper.

"You'll see it with my flattering portrait," observed Mr. Egan, "at the bottom of the other page."

The painter's eyes remained fixed, however, as if under the power of fascination, on an advertisement which topped the newspaper.

"I can not—dare not—credit the evidence even of my own senses. Pray, sir, read that notice," he said, with evident agitation.

I obeyed the wish expressed.

"If this should meet the eye of C. M. S., or that of the gentleman to whom she was married at Coldstream, on Tuesday, the 27th of October, 184–, they are earnestly requested to write to the father of the lady, and are hereby assured that the past is forgiven and forgotten.

"Any draft on Messrs. Mosley, Dixon & Wright, Furnival's Inn, London, will be duly honored."

A second time the wanderers were locked in each other's arms.

"Henry," murmured the pale girl, as she sobbed convulsively on the bosom of her husband, "the love which stood the stern test of poverty and sorrow, as our's has done, will now render unhoped prosperity doubly sweet. Come, love! we will re-occupy our humble lodging for a few days longer."

"Arrah! the devil a foot you'll put in the same, but to remove your traps—and I suppose it won't require a horse and cart to carry off your goods and chattels," said Mr. Egan.

"What, sir—am I, then, to consider myself a prisoner?" inquired the painter.

"Why that depends upon yourself," returned Shawn Cruchadore; "you have two choices—my house or the county goal."

"Let me understand you, sir."

"I'll try and do so," replied Mr. Egan. "That sketch I got by post this morning is not a flattering one, and I have taken a sort of fancy to have my countenance transferred decently to canvass. I would rather be painted plain, with neither rope nor writ in the picture; but if I must have something in my fist, let it be something gentlemanly and christian-like—I'll not object to a tumbler of punch or a pack of cards—but for the love of God! leave out both hemp and parchment."

* * * * * *

Two months passed, and I read in the Gazette that Henry Arthur Staunton, formerly of the —th light dragoons, had obtained the royal assent, "to assume the name and bear the arms of Lewisham."

Another moon waned—and the Times announced the safe accouchment of "the lady of H. A. Lewisham, of Lewisham Abbey, of a son and heir."

THE RECLAIMED WIFE.

BY J. AUSTIN SPERRY.

Marianna Worthington had long reigned the belle of her circle. From the moment she had quitted her boarding-school, an accomplished and beautiful girl of seventeen, she had been besieged by admirers and suitors without number. Yet at twenty-three she had made no choice. Time had only unfolded in her new beauties of person, and new graces of mind; and at twenty-three, with all the ripe charms of womanhood, her admirers were not diminished. Do you ask why she so long remained callous to their prayers? Perhaps the answer can be best gathered from her own reflections, as she reclined upon a rich lounge, in her pleasant boudoir, one warm afternoon in the spring of 1830. She was habited in a single loose robe of white, and her position of careless ease developed, to good advantage, the outline of a most exquisitely moulded form, and displayed a finely turned foot and ankle, which, with the little satin slipper, seemed barely escaped from the folds of the robe. The dress, for comfort, was loosed about the shoulders, and sufficiently open to leave bare the whole of the graceful neck. Her features, even in the calm repose of thought were beautiful; they were regular and even as the chiseled marble; but when the "fringed curtains of the eye" were raised, and the dark orbs poured forth their radiance, lighting up the face with animation and intelligence, they were more than beautiful—they were almost divine. But in dwelling upon her beauty, we are forgetting the reflections we are to disclose.

"Why is it," she mentally exclaimed, dropping listlessly at her side the book upon which she had been vainly endeavoring to fix her mind—"why is it that I, who for years have been followed, and flattered, and courted, by the handsome, the talented, and the wealthy, not only of this, my native place, but I verily believe of almost all the States in the Union, have never loved. They say I am proud—that is not so; for I am sure I have given them all a fair chance; my heart has been a fair mark, and if it has been so far untouched, if all their efforts have failed to make an impression upon it—it is not because I would not, but I *cannot* love. I say I am not proud, because, although I have dismissed their suits, I have treated none haughtily or with scorn. And yet, after all, pride may have something to do with it. Their flattery and their homage has spoiled me, and caused me to look down upon them—whereas if they had approached me differently—approached me with a little more confidence in themselves—a little manifestation of consciousness of their own equality, perhaps even superiority—I might have learned to have looked up to, to have admired: yes, loved some one of them. Well, mother and father, think it is h time I were well married, and to say the tru have not much inclination myself, to a life of celibacy—it will be so lonely, when one grows old and wrinkled, and has no admirers, to be amused with; besides, I may be standing in the way of my dear younger sisters. Dear! dear!—I think I *could* love, if I could find a proper lover. I've plenty of wooers—will nobody win me?" And she rose, laughing at her own silly thoughts—proceeded to her toilet, and commenced a variety of little arrangements; a detail of which would not perhaps be interesting. She was going to an evening *fete*.

The next morning, about ten o'clock, or a little after, the fair Marianna, attired in a plain but costly riding-habit, sat in her drawing-room, waiting for the servant to announce that her horse was ready, for her morning ride. She was seated pensively by a polished table, one arm resting upon it, and her eyes cast down, while one fair hand absently twirled the handle of her riding-whip among the elastic curls which dropped down from beneath the velvet cap. We will again expose her thoughts.

"Well, am I in love at last? Really, I am half inclined to think I am—my heart palpitated when his clear, cold eye rested upon me, and I'm afraid that for once in my life my face glowed with a guilty blush. Guilty of love?—no, no; I despise him! It is only that my vanity is wounded by his indifference, that my thoughts thus dwell upon him. Not a compliment, nor a languishing glance, nor a tender word!—and then how leisurely he sauntered for his hat when I was ready to leave! It is plain he considered it no very extraordinary honor to be permitted to escort *Miss Worthington* to her home. And have I been fool enough to fall in love with a man who manifests no disposition to fall in love with me?—fie! where is my pride?" At this moment, the clatter of a horse's feet in the street, attracted her attention, and looking up, she beheld the very person, to whom her soliloquy had reference, riding past the window. He paused at the door. "Ah! then, I have made an impression," she exclaimed; "yet, no—how vain I am! After waiting upon me home, and knowing that I was unwell, how could he, in common courtesy, do less than call this morning to inquire of my health? Well, I shall soon know what material his heart is made of."

"Mr. Sydnor!" said a servant, putting his head into the room. She nodded assent, the door was thrown open, and a man, of twenty-eight or thirty, with a high, thoughtful brow, and a mien in which easy dignity was blended with that confidence which denotes both physical and mental energy, entering, made his obeisance in a manner at once graceful and free from embarrassment. She rose to receive him, and returned his salutation with her sweetest smile.

"You are for a ride?" said the gentleman.

"I did intend to gallop a little way into the country," she replied; "but it is now rather late, I fear."

"Do not let my presence detain you."

"No, no—the sun is already too high for comfort."

"But the forest roads are shady."

"My brother, too," continued the lady, "is an unwilling escort—I will forego it."

"I shall be happy to relieve him of the duty," said the gentleman. "Your cheek is pale—indeed, you have need of the morning air. Pray, allow me"—

She could not refuse his offered hand, and leading her forth, he assisted her into her saddle. The atmosphere of the city was soon exchanged for the pure, fresh breath of the woody country.

Mr. Sydnor was reputed wealthy. His profession was the Law, and though young, there were few names more distinguished at the Bar of his country. His inclination had but recently led him to settle in ——, the native city of our heroine, and the capitol of one of the Western States, which, for reasons of our own, shall not be specified.

One month after the morning ride above referred to, our heroine was spending an evening with a select company at a friend's. Mr. Sydnor was present.—His attentions to the ladies were general, and one could scarce have detected in his manner a preference for any particular one: but during the evening, a single sentence which escaped him revealed a secret to all who heard it. Several of the ladies had been singing, and when it became Miss Worthington's turn, he approached her and said—

"*Marianna*, will you favor us with that pretty love-song of yours?"

Of all her admirers, none had ever before presumed to address her by a more familiar title than that of "Miss Worthington." Significant glances were exchanged among the company, and it was soon whispered that the haughty beauty was "engaged." So, in truth, she was. In less than a year, she became *Mrs. Sydnor*.

The first year succeeding her marriage we shall pass over in silence. At the end of that period we shall introduce the reader into an apartment of Mr. Sydnor's dwelling. It was about ten at night, and the young wife was sitting at her workstand. A piece of embroidery, at which she had been amusing herself, was cast carelessly aside, and with a gloomy and troubled brow she was glancing over the morning's Gazette. She was unhappy. She had married the only man she had ever admired—not that she had truly loved him, though she had endeavored to persuade herself she did—but because she thought she *ought* to marry; and she had met with none who promised to be more "endurable" as a husband, than Richard Sydnor, Esq. He was eminent as a lawyer, eminent as a politician, eminently wealthy—how could she have made a better choice? She was ambitious—and here was a proper husband for her;—who knew what post of honor in his country he might fill? and who would be more respected than the great statesman's lady? These visions which she had indulged before marriage, seemed destined after it to be woefully disappointed. Her husband, though possessed of a truly great mind, in her estimation, lacked energy—lacked ambition. She ceased to admire—then what was left to bind her to him? Alas! nothing. She had never known *real* love—that sacred feeling of the human heart—undefinable, inexplicable—but once known, deathless.

The paper she was reading contained the proceedings of a political convention held the previous day, for the purpose of nominating a candidate for the Gubernatorial chair of the State. Mr. Sydnor had received the unanimous vote of the meeting, and in a short but eloquent speech, had respectfully declined the nomination. Marianna's eye flashed with indignation.

"It cannot be that he does not covet the honor," thought she; "but the contest is expected to be an arduous one, and his timid spirit shrinks from the encounter. Oh, how I have been *deceived* in him!"

At this moment her husband entered. He did not observe her angry looks, but laying some Bank bills upon the table before her, said—

"Marianna, I shall be out of town to-morrow. Here are one hundred dollars, fifty of which I wish you to give to the trustees of the poor, who will call in the morning. If you go out during the day, I wish you to leave the other fifty at Mr. Bradshaw's, for the Mechanics' Library Association. And, stay—I promised to give something toward erecting the new Academy. If the commissioners call, set down a hundred dollars to my name. I will pay it when I return."

"Some men," said the wife, and her beautiful lip curled with an expression of bitter sarcasm, "acquire popularity by the use of their intellects—others are contented to *buy* it."

The husband's countenance plainly exhibited the pain her words occasioned, as he replied—

"You wrong my motives, my dear; I do not desire popularity; I am only trying to *do* what little good in the world my means enable me to do."

"Very plausible," she returned; "I wonder your philanthropy did not induce you to accept the nomination yesterday, as in case of your election you would have had an opportunity of carrying out those political measures which you hold to be so essential to the *good of your country*."

"Marianna, it is your silly pride which prompts you to speak in this strain;" replied he, regarding her with a look of mingled sorrow and reproach.

"Your are insulting!" exclaimed the wife, and with a step of offended dignity she hastily left the room.

It would be difficult to say whether Sydnor was most pained or astonished at this demonstration of her temper. Scarcely knowing how to act, and not caring to exasperate her farther, he did not follow her, but taking off his coat, threw himself upon a sofa, where he passed a night of sleepless and feverish solicitude. This was the first angry scene which had occurred between them; it proved but the precursor of others, and more lamentable ones. In a few months more they separated, and Marianna returned to her father's house. To Sydnor, the separation was distressing enough, for notwithstanding all her faults, he loved her. Yet he saw her affections were not his, and he thought it better they should part than live in discord. So beautiful as she was, with all the advantages of an excellent education, and a well-cultivated mind, he could not believe her entirely devoid of those gentler feelings of the heart which render the sex worthy of the love and honor which men accord them.

"She does possess those better feelings," thought he, "but they are swallowed up in her girlish pride. If that were once cured, she would then become what my fancy believed her; divested of her vanity, she is not, cannot be the heartless being she seems. It must be left to time—I will hope for the best."

We will not dwell upon the rumors and suspicions which the separation gave rise to among the scandal-loving of the little capital, or upon the misery and unhappiness of which those rumors were the source to the deserted husband. He met them all, however, with an undisturbed front; his life went on in its wonted course, and he went about his daily pursuits with his usual composure. Whatever his sorrows, he hugged them close in his own breast, or only indulged them in solitude. In the society of his friends, he never countenanced or permitted any allusion to the subject. Marianna was equally prudent in keeping counsel, so that, notwithstanding all the speculations of very worthy people, the cause of the separation, and whether he or she was in fault, remained a profound secret.

Although Mrs. Sydnor retired to her father's house, she did not altogether withdraw from the world. She occasionally graced her former circles, and the consequence was that her old admirers again crowded around her. Some of them, indeed, saw in her present position a peculiar attraction, which rendered them doubly zealous to court her society; but self-respect taught her prudence, and she held them all at a respectful distance. Among her own sex, she renewed the closest intimacy with many of her old companions, married and unmarried, and her drawing-room soon became their favorite resort, to which, of the other sex, very few indeed found access, and those of the most unexceptionable reputation. Yet, among that few, there was one who was destined to prove a dangerous foe to her peace.

In Raymond Devoe, were united a brilliant, if not a deep mind, and personal attractions of no common order; he possessed an almost intuitive faculty of reading human character, and combined consummate hypocrisy with a versatility of talent and fluency of speech, which enabled him to adapt himself to any and every society he might fall into. At the time of Marianna's separation from her husband, he was, or feigned to be, paying serious attentions to one of her younger sisters, and was thus thrown much into her company. To whatever degree his feelings might have inclined toward the younger sister, they soon became converted into a new channel, and the young wife became the object of a passion as violent as it was reprehensible. He had discernment enough to foresee that his game would be a desperate one, but he resolved to try the hazard, and accordingly premeditated a course in which all the refinement of subtility he was master of was brought to bear. He discreetly discarded the ordinary love-tactics—sighs, tender glances, impassioned tones, and graceful compliments—and approached her with that most delicate of all species of flattery which can be addressed to a sensible woman—an affectation of profound and distant respect—practising in her presence a reserve which she could not fail to construe into *tacit* admiration. If she broached a favorite topic, he knew, too, just when to grow eloquent, that it might seem he was warmed by her words, unconscious to himself, into enthusiasm, yet never betraying a thought or sentiment which a Penelope herself could have taken exception to. By this course, he effectually prevented any suspicions in her mind, and soon gained her confidence. In short, he acquired, in a brief time, a power over her mind, which was not less than his anticipations, and of which he was not slow to take advantage, by insidiously introducing into their conversations the subject of *platonic affection*. In the hands of a skilful libertine, there is no more dangerous weapon than this same doctrine of platonic love. Once infused into a woman's breast, it becomes an impenetrable screen which hides from her inward eye the workings of her own heart, and behind it the embryo passion quickly grows to hideous maturity.

Raymond Devoe discoursed winningly of platonic love—Marianna listened and smiled. He became bolder, and declared that he entertained such an affection for her. She frowned—but he knew that she was inly pleased. Very calmly and dispassionately, to enforce precept by example, still maintaining his distant respectfulness, he dwelt upon the purity, the innocence, and the unselfishness of the feeling. Her imagination caught inspiration from his words. She did not promise to reciprocate it—neither did she forbid him to cherish it. He now felt that his triumph was already half complete, and already he was happy in the anticipation of the success that would soon crown his perseverance.

A few weeks elapsed, and Raymond's machinations were progressing gradually to the desired consummation. So confident had he become that his victim was in his power, that he only waited for a favorable opportunity to disclose his unholy passion, when, unfortunately for his design, Marianna's inclination led her to spend some days with a relative in the country.

About ten miles distant from the city, near the banks of the beautiful little river ——, stood the old-fashioned residence of Mrs. Sydnor's relative.—The country around it was uneven and picturesque, with alternate contrasts of forest and arable land. From the rear of the house a handsome garden extended some hundred yards to the river, and here, upon the high bank, was erected a pleasant little arbour, from whence, the opposite country, for miles up and down the stream, afforded a delightful prospect. In this arbour, toward the decline of a clear day in September, Marianna was seated alone. She had repaired thither, not so much to enjoy the scenery, as to indulge some melancholy reflections that had for a few days past occupied her mind, and the nature of which we must explain. The relative, whose guest she was, was a childless uncle, who, when she was quite young, had taken a fancy to her, and prevailed upon her parents to allow him partially to rear and educate her. Thus her early years had been divided between her paternal roof and her uncle's, and her attachment to the latter was little less than to the former. The old man dearly loved her. Upon one of his late visits to the city, he had heard some scandalous whispers of her intimacy with Devoe, and upon the occasion of her present sojourn with him, he had thought it his duty to inform her of them, and admonish her of the consequences of her indiscretion. His counsels had set her to thinking. To whatever extent her vanity might have been gratified by Devoe's admiration, she was as yet innocent of harboring a thought that could sully her virtue, and her first knowledge that she was an object of such suspicions, was harrowing enough. Her eyes became opened to her real position, and she began to see her error. When we can bring ourselves to acknowledge one error, there is hope for us. One error will convince us of another, until at length we begin to "see ourselves as others see us." Having once become conscious that her conduct had been wrong since her separation from her husband, and that her vanity had been the source of it, Marianna could not conceal from herself the truth that she had also been wrong in the dissensions which had led to that separation, and that all her subsequent errors had sprung from the same thoughtless source. The limits of our story will not allow us to pursue all the workings of her mind in its salutary change; but it will not be difficult for the reader to conceive how remorse followed conviction, and with it came a yearning of the heart toward the husband she had injured and deserted. This was the state of her feelings as she sat gazing out from the little arbour we have mentioned.

Upon the opposite side of the river stood a splendid new edifice, the grounds adjoining which were laid out in a style of modern elegance. This was the country seat of the newly-elected Governor of the State. He was a member of the same party with Sydnor, and it was said that only by the influence of the latter had he been enabled to carry the election. From the Governor's house along the gravelled coach road which led to the turnpike bridge, some distance down to the river, Marianna beheld three figures leisurely moving. A spy-glass lay upon a table near her, and applying it to her eye, by its aid she recognised in turn, the Governor himself, her own husband, and a graceful female, whom she presumed to be the Governor's wife. The two former were engaged in [illegible] conversation, the subject of which did not se[illegible] to be of much interest to the lady, for she pre[illegible]y quickened her pace, and proceeded a little way before them. At the distance of about a quarter of a mile from the house, the road approached to within a stone's throw of a cliff which overhung the river. Intersecting this cliff, at right angles to the water, was a long narrow ravine or chasm, over which the road was extended by a wooden bridge. The lady pursued her way over the bridge, but Sydnor and the Governor were so intent upon the theme they were debating, that they had diverged from the road, apparently unconsciously to themselves, and were nearing the angle of the cliff. When they discovered their mistake, they turned toward the bridge. As if startled by something, they both suddenly wheeled again, and the Governor threw up his arms with an extravagant gesture. Sydnor started to the verge of the chasm, with a desperate leap barely cleared it, and rushed onward. Marianna, in excitement at the scene, had risen to her feet, and following him with her eyes, soon perceived the cause of alarm. The Governor's wife, upon the other side of the ravine, had approached the verge of the cliff, and probably to obtain a better view of some distant point, had laid hold of one of the branches of an old tree, which grew vertically from the steep bank, and leaning over too far, lost her balance; the bough, yielding with her weight, had swung outward, and she was thus suspended by her hands, above the water, with her feet upon the edge of the cliff, but without sufficient strength to regain her former position. Reaching the spot, and seeing at a glance she could not be recovered to the top of the cliff, Sydnor threw himself over, seizing the bough with one hand, and with the other arm securing the lady. The weight of both upon the pliant branch, at once bore it down, letting them drop gently upon a narrow ledge near the water. Here his foothold was not too secure, but the gallant rescuer managed to sustain himself and the lady, by inserting the fingers of one hand into a crevice in the bank. Marianna could not restrain a cry of admiration at her husband's intrepidity, nor could she suppress a pang of momentary jealousy, as she beheld him standing thus with one arm around the slight form of the lady, while she, with hers thrown around his neck, clung in terror to his breast. Some persons in a fishing boat at a little distance, who had witnessed the scene, now hastened to their relief, and a few minutes afterward, the lady being restored to the arms of the half-frantic Governor, the party were re[illegible]cing their steps back to his mansion.

When Marianna retired to her couch that night, it was with feelings towards her husband far different from any she had ever before entertained. Her mind irresistibly dwelt upon his noble conduct that evening, and she could not help drawing a comparison between it and the behaviour of the timid Governor. Her mind was now disposed to do him justice, and reverted with painful self-condemnation to his many acts of disinterested benevolence, for which she had wrongly charged him with selfish motives—with a desire to *buy* popularity. She remembered, too, all his kindness and affection to her, and his patience in bearing with her uncalled-for rebukes, until forbearance was no longer a virtue. Bitterly she repented the step she had taken, and she now felt that she loved Sydnor as she had never before loved. Her heart was softened, and she wept. She would have given worlds to have been restored to him at that moment, to have heard his voice speaking kindly to her, and to have returned his affectionate caresses, as she had once. But her pride was not yet conquered. When she became calmer, her haughty spirit revolted at the thought of returning humbled to ask his forgiveness. Perhaps, too, he no longer regarded her with the same affection, and would receive her coldly. No—she would not now return—he should never have an opportunity to retaliate, and repulse her. The trouble she had brought upon herself, she would bear in silence, and none should ever know of her penitence, to taunt her with it. Thus ever, when our better genius is building up some little of good in our hearts, does the arch demon, Pride, steal in to mar the fair fabric.

Two days after the incident above stated, the Governor was expected during the afternoon to visit Worthington-place on some matter of business with Marianna's uncle. Knowing her husband to be the Governor's guest, our heroine resolved to avoid meeting the latter, for she was fearful the subject of her separation might be alluded to by him; and this, in her present state of mind, she could not hear without an agitation she cared not to betray. After having dined, therefore, taking her bonnet, and not neglecting to provide herself with a favorite poet, she issued forth to spend a few hours "under the shadow of melancholy boughs." A short walk across the fields brought her to a strip of wood, which, from the absence of undergrowth, its fresh green carpet of short grass, the grateful shade the spreading oaks afforded, and the solemn music of the deep murmuring breeze, that rustled through the leafy canopy, was a delightful and inspiring retreat. She had not rambled far into this wood, when a slight sound behind her, as of the snapping of a dry twig beneath the weight of a footstep, startled her, and turning, she beheld a man approaching her, whose face, above all others, was certainly, at that moment, not one she could have desired to see. It was Raymond Devoe. However loth she might have been to meet him then and there, he was so close she could not, without a breach of civility, have avoided him. Extending her hand in some confusion, as he gained her side, she exclaimed—

"Mr. Devoe, really! You come very unexpectedly!"

"Not unwelcome, let me hope," he replied, pressing her hand to his lips with a warmth and fervor so far exceeding his usual *platonic* demeanor, that she became alarmed, and withdrew it hastily.

"May I ask," said she, with an effort to recover her composure, "to what accident this meeting is attributable."

"O, not an accident," said Devoe, taking her hand again. "I knew this was your favorite ramble, and I have watched for you."

"Watched for me!" ejaculated Marianna, in a tone of unfeigned astonishment.

"Even so, dear Marianna," he returned, his eye brightening with the vehemence of passion. "And hear what I can no longer conceal. Though it were death to utter it, I can no longer control my heart. I knew not, till your absence convinced me—till your soft, bright glance no longer met mine, and the magic tones of your sweet voice no longer fell upon my ear, O, I knew not till then the spell that had grown upon my soul. Existence, when your presence—"

"This is madness, Devoe—you have abused the confidence I reposed in you."

But Devoe, little dreaming of the change that had taken place in her mind, seemed to think that the moment had come when the mask of prudence was no longer necessary. Knowing that women often, "in modesty, say *no* to that which they would have the profferer construe to *ay*," and acting upon the strength of the adage that "faint heart never won fair lady," he forcibly retained the hand she was struggling to release from his amorous clasp, and drawing closer to her side, continued—

"Marianna, I love, I adore you!"

"Release me, you are a villain!" cried she. "Release me, or I will call for help! Leave me! or I will make those hear me, who will chastise your insolence."

The energy with which she spoke was not to be mistaken, and the discomfited lover, stepping back a pace, regarded her with a look which betrayed that he was as much surprised and mortified at the reception of his visit, as she had been by his avowal. At this moment, Devoe beheld a man's face peering at him from behind a neighboring tree. A suspicion that he was supplanted by a more recent admirer flashed upon his mind, and bowing low, with a smile of scornful sarcasm, he said tauntingly—

"Pardon me, madam; if I had known your favors were already enjoyed by another, I should have spared you this intrusion." With these words, turning upon his heel, he soon disappeared among the trees.

Marianna, with her feelings wrought up to a painful state of excitement; her brow burning with distress and shame, from the consciousness that her own unguarded conduct had brought this insult upon her; and more than ever deprecating the first false step which led her from that home she should have rendered happy; tremblingly retraced her steps towards the house. The Governor—for it was his face Devoe had beheld—hastened after her. Hearing his step, and fancying it to be Devoe, again following her, she accelerated her pace, and flew as fast as her trembling limbs would bear her, across the fields to the house. Entering the room where the family were seated, she sank exhausted and agitated upon a chair. To the anxious inquiries of her aunt, she only faltered—"O, my poor husband, why did I ever leave him!" Despairing to learn from her, until she became calmer, the source of her agitation, and as she appeared to be ill, she was taken to her chamber and placed in bed. The Governor entered immediately after, who informed them of the scene he had just witnessed. Ere he took his leave, Marianna was suffering with a high fever, which the over excitement of that hour, together with other causes, had brought on. Through the long night that succeeded, her fever did not abate, and she passed the hours in a state of wakeful restlessness that bordered upon delirium. Towards morning she fell into a fitful slumber, broken by startling dreams, among which, not the least unhappy, were those of returning to her husband and being cast away from him with words of anger. Now she pillowed her head upon his bosom, and his kindly tones fell upon her ear, as of old—anon, he spurned her from his arms; his brow grew dark, as she had never seen it before; he glared upon her with haggard looks, and accused her of having destroyed his peace, and rendered his home a torment. At length these troubled visions ceased, and for some hours she lay in a sound, unbroken sleep. When she awoke her fever had somewhat subsided, and her calmness was, in a measure, restored. The curtains of her bed were close drawn; but she soon became conscious, from the whispering of low voices, that there were persons in the room. She listened, and heard one voice say, "She sleeps." "Then," said another, "I may look upon her without disturbing her." *His voice!*—she recognized it, even in that half-suppressed whisper. Then a soft step approached the bed. She closed her eyes—she dared not meet his gaze. She felt a thrill, she knew not whether it was of pleasure or pain, hope or fear—perhaps it was a mixture of them all—as her ear caught the rustling of the parting curtains; the mantling blood burned upon her brow, for she knew that he was bending over her. His warm breath reached her face—it came closer, and closer—his lips softly touched hers, and a tear fell upon her cheek. He loved her still, as ever! O, the wild emotions that gushed in her bosom that moment! It cost her a trying struggle to maintain her feigned slumber—to suppress the joy with which her heart seemed bursting. She could have thrown her arms about his neck, and confessed her deep penitence and her new-born love; but very ecstasy made her timid. She heard again the rustling of the curtains as they closed, and then his receding footstep. She could bear it no longer; she stretched forth her feeble hand, parted the drapery, and exclaimed—

"Richard, return!—forgive me!—I am changed!"

In an instant he was again at her side—in another she was clasped in his arms. She could only weep upon his breast. No medicine like joy to the sick in mind and body—no physician like rewarded love! In less than a week, Marianna was restored to health and hope; and her noble husband, fonder and kinder than ever, led her back to his forsaken home, as happy and as beautiful as a new made bride.

WORSTED WORK.

BY MRS. ABDY

Oh! talk not of it lightly in a tone of scornful mirth,
It brings to me glad visions of the calm and quiet hearth,
Of seasons of retirement from the world's obtrusive eyes,
Of freedom from absorbing toil, of dear domestic ties.

When I view the tasteful ottoman, or richly fancied screen,
I ever picture to my mind a sweet and social scene—
A group of sisters, young and fair, rejoicing to unite
In bringing every blooming flower, and vivid fruit to light.

Perchance in time they separate, the world's false joys to share,
And half forget their father's house, and all the dear ones there;
Then, on a brief and passing stay, how tenderly their gaze
Shall rest upon the common work of girlhood's sunny days!

Perchance dissensions have prevailed; cold envy may have cast
A bleak and withering blight upon the pure and peaceful past;
Then may not these mute witnesses each thoughtful love and dream,
Bearing a record in each leaf, a lesson in each stem?

May they not think in sadness, on the swiftly fleeting hour,
When, like Hermia and her gentle friend, each busied on one flower,
They warbled some familiar air, and plied their skilful art,
Owning a happy union of voice, and hand, and heart!

Perchance some fragile girl who shared that cheerful task of love,
Hath left her cherished home on earth, and gone to rest above;
Then how her fond surviving friends shall gaze in pensive thought
On every graceful tendril that her fairy fingers wrought!

How shall they scan the chaplets that she tastefully planned,
To trace the individual buds that grew beneath her hand;
Feeling in subdued grief, that she who once those flowers arranged,
Is taken from a world of change where "all that's bright must fade?"

The needle may in vain pursue its wasted moments past;
Alas! the highly gifted mind is most in need of rest:
Exhausted, faint, and over-wrought, the thoughts may passive lie,
While actively the fingers their ingenious duty ply.

There is language in the blossoms of the meadows and the bowers,
To me the Berlin canvass has its own sweet speech of flowers;
Its gay and glowing garlands have a moral in their bloom,
They tell of household quiet, of the tranquil joys of home.

MANAGEMENT;

OR, THE OLD BACHELOR.

BY CAMILLA TOULMIN.

"When the cat's away,
The mice will play."—Old Proverb.

Mr. Marmaduke Mountjoy was a single gentleman of a "certain age," not a certain age in the figurative and common acceptation of the term, which is the most uncertain of all, but literally and truly fifty-two years and three months old, by the parish register, as every body in the parish knew—for thus it fell out. Thirty years before we introduce him to the reader, he had, in a moment of unsuspecting confidence, mentioned the year in which he was born, fixing—branding it on the memory of a gossip who was present, by observing it was the year of some remarkable event, either the flying visit of a great comet, or the fleeting glory of a great victory—I am sure I forget which: but whatever it was it proved a landmark from which to measure; or "data," I believe, is the favorite word with practical people, who deal only with facts. Fifty-two, and single! though rich enough to lavish every luxury on a beloved object: and more—far more than this—generous, kind, affectionate, endowed with every quality that forms that noblest work of God—"an honest man." To be sure he was a little bit crotchetty and eccentric, but

"E'en his failings lean'd to virtue's side."

At thirty years of age he had adopted an infant nephew, as a sort of compensation for the injury he had inflicted on him, by happening to be his father's elder brother, and heir to the family estate. And having loved in his youth "wisely and well," but wept over the early grave of the true mate his heart had found, he had resolved never to profane her memory by making a second choice; and we see how well his resolution had been kept.

But Mr. Marmaduke Mountjoy was not an unhappy man; for however crushing at the time such a misfortune, as that of his youth, it is one which leaves no sting behind. The discontented old maid and querulous bachelor repining at their lot, be sure are those who have never been—perhaps have never deserved to be—truly loved. But the memory of a destiny fulfilled can satisfy the aching void in the heart, and if fate does not accord a second reality of happiness, will be the next best charm to keep the intellect unrusted by the breath of vague longings and disappointed affections. Years passed swiftly with our hero, who was a little bit of a poet, and a great deal of a philanthropist. His greatest weakness was to believe himself very learned as a botanist and entomologist; and I am afraid he had the vanity, in his own heart, to add two or three other *ists* to the list of his acquirements. Only a week since he had read the advertisement of an intended sale in London of a private collection of curiosities, and Mr. Marmaduke Mountjoy immediately determined on visiting the metropolis, with the hope of enriching one particular shelf in his cabinet of butterflies. He proposed remaining a week in London, as he wished to spend one day with an old friend, and—to visit the museums. Leaving strict injunctions with Frederic Mountjoy and the old housekeeper, to be quiet and orderly in his absence, and to take care that the servants did not run riot, he departed by railway for town, encumbered only with a small carpet-bag; for, as he justly observed, his old friend would excuse his travelling costume, and he should not even offer an apology for thus presenting himself to the *hortus siccus* and impaled insects he should also visit.

Arrived in London, he was disappointed at hearing his friend was on the Continent, and that one of the most interesting collections was closed. Still he might have killed time by visiting each of the others twice or thrice, and so have passed away the week; for Mr. Mountjoy had usually a great objection to depart from any intention he had once expressed; but his anxiety to spread out his newly-acquired treasure on the one beloved shelf, overruled his objection; and really a little surprised at his own want of faith, he found himself once more behind the hissing, groaning, mighty engine, two days before he had intended to return. On, on sped the train, "like a thing of life," indeed, but "life" indued with a mighty spirit-power whose essence shall bless and regenerate. Daily is the benignant power of steam becoming more and more felt and appreciated; the humanising effect of rapid communication and frequent intercourse of man with man, becoming more recognized and understood. Who shall foresee the end? The man of Science, whose steady gaze already looks so far into the future triumphs of mind over matter; or the Poet-philosopher, who hath greater faith and wider pinions, and who, leaving to minds more fit to grasp the details to prepare the material way, cheers them in their course with the bright revealings of that promised land his eye is permitted to view?

On, on sped the train through hill and through dale;—now beside the pleasant meadow, and now raised aloft, it dashes past a manufacturing district, peeping in upon the busy artisan in his high and narrow dwelling. It was a balmy August evening when Marmaduke Mountjoy alighted at the station, and being but a mile and a half from his home, he left his carpet-bag to be sent for next morning, and set off to walk across the fields. Scarcely, however, had he proceeded a hundred yards, when he encountered two ladies, intimate friends, and what, in the country, are called neighbours. These were Miss Campbell, a spinster lady of an uncertain age, and her adopted child and relative, Helen Campbell, a beautiful girl of about eighteen. Miss Campbell was as well preserved and interesting a "specimen" of an old maid as Marmaduke Mountjoy was of an old bachelor. She, too, had loved in early life; but then she was portionless, and her cousin Hector, to whom she was betrothed, parted with her, to join his regiment in a foreign land, with vows of constancy it is true; but—in one little year he wedded another. Soon after this event, the wronged and forsaken Helen (Hector's daughter had been named after his forsaken love—such are the inconsistencies of man's nature) inherited an independence of a few hundreds a year, and then, when her early lover sank beneath the burning skies of India, and his volatile widow married again, Helen offered to educate and provide for *his* child; an offer which the slenderly-dowered lady most gladly accepted, observing to her intimate friends, that it was a much more natural thing for Miss Campbell to do than to pet spaniels and canaries. The young lady's heart, however, (for she was young then) was sufficiently capacious for all these purposes, as the tenants of the cottage *ornee* in which she resided fully testified. Mr. Mountjoy had also a *penchant* for pets, as in some degree almost all kind-hearted people have; and here was another bond of union between the bachelor and spinster. In fact, they were the best friends in the world, and living, as they both did, far away from the busy idleness of gaiety, they had time enough, and sympathies to spare, for entering with interest into the engrossing pursuits of each other, whatever, for the time being, these might be.

"Oh! my dear friends," exclaimed Mr. Mountjoy, shaking the ladies cordially by the hand, "I have such a treasure to show you; to be sure, I *did* not mean to introduce the precious dears till they were neatly arranged on the shelf, which I think you, Miss Campbell, first called *nonpareil*. But I am afraid, with the case in my pocket, I can never be your escort for ten minutes without drawing it forth."

"I propose," said the lady, "that you return home with us to tea, instead of going direct to the Lodge, where I dare say they do not expect you, and then we can examine the butterflies at leisure."

"There are some beetles, also," interposed Mr. Mountjoy.

"Do come," said the voice of Helen, the younger, "they would blow about in the open air. Besides, I have quite learned 'Auld Robin Gray' while you have been in London, and I want to sing it to you."

With such a double inducement, there is no wonder he acceded; and, perhaps in the whole county, there was not that evening a happier man than Mr. Marmaduke Mountjoy. Happiness and real enjoyment are such quiet things, that we—ungrateful mortals that we are, and ever more prone to hope for the future, or grieve for the past, than enjoy the present—are too apt to let them pass unchronicled, till, like the bird with the brilliant plumage, we see their radiance when flying from our grasp. Nevertheless, there was a something made up of hospitality, sympathy, and—shall we say it?—yes, *affection*—that like an atmosphere pervaded the spinster's establishment, which always went home to the heart of Mr. Mountjoy; evincing its presence by raising his spirits, brightening his intellect, and elevating his feelings. As he entered the gate, the dogs bounded forward to meet them, greeting their mistresses and the visitor by turns, with the peculiar and most eloquent bark, or cry of joy; as they neared the house, a feathered favourite, confined only by a long chain, cried "pretty Polly," and stooped her head till it touched her perch, as she sought attention and caresses from the party; and, as he entered the hall, with what a silent welcome, and sweet smile, did the neat "parlour-maid" take his stick and hat, and usher in Mr. Marmaduke Mountjoy. The hissing urn, too, and sociable tea-table, which two at least of our truest poets have deigned to honour in their verse; then the "treasure" displayed, with all the interest his fair hostess evinced in his entomological pursuits, an interest which he returned in kind, by *judiciously* admiring Miss Campbell's old china, a love of which was that lady's reigning "vanity." Indeed, I think it was on that memorable evening, that he promised to add to her store, by presenting her with a certain antique dish, which usually rested on the cabinet of curiosities, regretting there was a slight flaw, but I believe the fair collector thought it rather more valuable on that account.

Then came the old ballads, rich in their intrinsic merits—perhaps richer still in their associations to two of the party; and in such singing Helen was not ashamed to excel; as, from some unacknowledged reason, it would appear almost all youthful amateurs are, seeing that they so seldom accomplish the feat, and usually express some contempt for those who do. The supper-tray—almost, if not quite, as sociable as the tea equipage—broke in upon the music; and then Helen, who had accompanied some friends to the theatre at R—— the previous evening, begged to retire to rest, as she was quite fatigued with such unusual dissipation. The bachelor and spinster grew even more than commonly confidential: somehow or other, the young people became the subject of their conversation; and, while Mr. Mountjoy marvelled at the docility of the youthful Helen, and was fain to ask some hints which might be useful in the management of Frederic, he candidly confessed the boy (he was six-and-twenty) was really at times beyond his control. Now filling the house with noisy sporting companions; then, perhaps, the next month, Shakspeare mad, flying about the country, more like a courier than anything else, to follow some provincial theatrical star. Thus emboldened, Miss Campbell confided a secret: she "feared dear Helen would be very angry with her for mentioning it, but she felt it was only the act of a friend to do so—would he promise to pardon his nephew this time?"

"Dear Madam!" exclaimed Mr. Mountjoy, "what is it he has done? Pray, pray let me know the worst. Nothing, I hope, to tarnish our name—imprudence, extravagance, I can forgive anything but dishonour."

"Nothing very dreadful," returned Miss Campbell, "only—that is—Helen is almost sure that *he* acted one of the principal characters at R—— last night, under an assumed name, *of course*."

"Good gracious! Miss Campbell, my nephew an actor!—without my knowledge—or even a suspicion of such a thing! I do not deserve this from him."

And, perhaps, if Frederic Mountjoy had beheld the pale and agonized expression of his uncle's countenance at that moment, and the tremor which shook his frame, he would have run over in his mind the long catalogue of kindnesses for which he was indebted, and would have exclaimed with true penitence, "He *does not deserve* that I should have attacked one of his prejudices, and wounded him by deception."

But Frederic was not there to soothe with promises of obedience for the future, or expressions of regret for the past; so Miss Campbell used all her eloquence to make Mr. Mountjoy view the affair as a youthful error, a repetition of which would surely be prevented by a firm, but affectionate remonstrance with the offender. The result of all this was to raise Miss Campbell, if possible, yet higher in the old bachelor's estimation, although he had long regarded her as a miracle of good sense, and female excellence. Strange it is, that with all his admiration of the lady, never till that night had the thought flashed across his mind, that it might not have proved an unwise thing, a dozen years before, to have consulted Miss Campbell more intimately on the "management" of his nephew; for with that simplicity which, as regarded worldly matters, was the idiosyncrasy of his mind, he did not perceive the different sort of "management" a high spirited young man—restless from mere want of legitimate occupation—required, from one of that gentle sex, whom the discreet, we must hope, always find most manageable!

In such conversation, however, time passed swiftly away, and it was nearly midnight when the friends separated. Being a very dark night, Mr. Mountjoy was provided with a lantern, by the aid of which he could more easily find his way down the short lane, and across the one field by which the cottage was separated from his residence. The outer gate of the Lodge yielded to the latch-key its master always carried; and this put it into his mind to try a similar experiment on a certain side-door, which would lead him near his own private apartments. As this also offered neither bolt nor bar to impede his entrance, his first thought was that his nephew and the servants were still up, but the total silence which prevailed induced him, after a few moments, to judge the contrary; a hasty murmur at their carelessness escaped him, but his good nature prevented his rousing the establishment; so, making all fast himself, he hastened to his chamber.

Mr. Mountjoy was soon asleep, for though annoyed at the account he had heard of his nephew, he was thoroughly fatigued, and the mind succumbed to the tired body. Whether he dreamed of Frederic in Hamlet's "inky cloak," the Victoria butterfly, Miss Campbell's pattern *potager*, or the surprise his own appearance would occasion the next morning, his biographical memoirs declare not; but they positively affirm that he was startled from a deep slumber, just at day-break, by a combination of sounds to which he was quite unaccustomed. His first idea was—probably the remnant of a dream weaving itself with his first-waking thought—that all the articles of glass in the house, startled from their sobriety, had assembled to dance Highland reels in the chamber beneath him—that room made sacred by the presence of The Cabinet! His next belief was that The Cabinet itself, with open doors, had embraced the round table, and was whirling with it in the giddy waltz, the embroidered table-cover sweeping round, after the fashion of a lady's robe, to the utter discomfiture of their brittle companions! Then he fancied there was a loud accompaniment of human voices (the orchestra for the dancers); and by the time he was thoroughly convinced of this fact, our Old Bachelor was wide awake! If the party were thieves, they were such merry ones, that he was sure they would not molest him; but he did not think they were thieves, neither did Puck and Tray, who—faithful creatures! —had found out their master's return, and planted themselves at his door; and to their opinion he gave due weight. Following, therefore, his canine pioneers, who seemed to assure him, by their manner, that he had nothing to fear, and would certainly have the best of the joke, whatever it might be, he descended the stairs and found himself at the door of his sanctum. It was not even fastened, for Puck thrust it open, and so little did the four-footed intruders disturb the revellers, that Mr. Mountjoy had time, before making his presence known, to look upon the merry scene.

The truth was, that Frederic Mountjoy had taken the opportunity of his uncle's absence to convert so large a portion of the house into a private theatre, that really there was no other room than the sanctum left for the necessary refreshment of himself and a select few, after the audience had departed. Had Mr. Mountjoy gone around to the principal entrance, he might, probably, have been allowed the gratification of witnessing some of his nephew's histrionic exertions; for it afterwards appeared that he must have entered the house during the last scene but one, in which a great deal of mystery and apprehension were expressed by very eloquent dumb show, which, of course, riveted the attention of the audience; and, most probably, the master of the mansion was fast asleep when, at the fall of the curtain, "thunders of applause" proclaimed the success of the young actor. The select few who met, with "champagne and a chicken at last," consisted of the manager of the theatre of B———, who had lent several of his properties for the occasion; his daughter, and the star of the company; they having, with Frederic, sustained the principal characters. We rather think, from pure love of the art, they were rehearsing a favorite scene at the moment they were so unceremoniously broken in upon by Mr. Marmaduke Mountjoy.

With the consternation or lecture which followed we have nothing to do; we shall but observe that the event gave birth to a desperate resolution in the mind of the Old Bachelor, towards the realization of which his first step was a visit to Miss Campbell before mid-day. He found her giving the last touches to a miniature, which Helen had been copying, of *her* father, whom *she* could not remember. But Miss Campbell pronounced the likeness of the lover of her youth excellent, and unclasping the bracelet from which it had been taken, compared the original with Helen's performance, and appealed to Mr. Mountjoy for his opinion. This little accident, and thoughts of the handsome, youthful soldier that was thus presented to his view, might have shaken many a one from his intention, but not so Mr. Marmaduke Mountjoy, who came that morning to offer his hand to the spinster! He was fully aware she had only a half a heart to give him—what then?—it was his own case precisely; and, as he afterwards told her—while looking over some of her china pets—their broken hearts had matched capitally, and he trusted the rivets which bound them together would last for the term of their lives. Miss Campbell asked three days before making her decision—and yet she had not been so very much surprised at the offer; at the end of which time it was arranged that the marriage should take place in the course of the winter.

Weeks passed away, and startled—steadied as Frederic had been by his uncle's decision, there had, perhaps, never been a moment of his life in which he had more thoroughly appreciated the high and excellent qualities by which his guardian and benefactor was ennobled. He could no longer smile at his marvellous simplicity of character; nay, he even began to entertain for it a sort of respect which he had never felt before. At a glance, he saw what opportunities of ministering to his uncle's happiness he had lost; in fact, it seemed that the rough shock which the first rumor of the projected marriage had been to him, had shaken off the foibles of his character. It was in such a mood as this that he sought an interview with Mr. Mountjoy, and bravely acknowledging the time he had lost in youthful follies, expressed his desire to study for the bar, owning candidly that his mind must be employed, and that if he did not provide worthy occupation for it, he should certainly get into mischief again, or folly at best. Our Old Bachelor who had lately become wonderfully keen-sighted, immediately acceded, though he had his own opinion about the probability of Frederic ever becoming a fagging student. According, it was arranged that he should go up to London to commence his studies, with the stipulation that he should return home in January, to report progress, and be present at the wedding.

It was a clear frosty morning, when the earth's winter aspect was spread, and the leafless branches were garlanded with snow-wreaths. But the sun shone cheerfully, and the bells rung merrily, as the bridal party left the old church of B———. It was a gala-day in the neighborhood, and among the poor there was loud talk of huge oxen, and gigantic spits, and Brobdignag plum-puddings, such as the youthful part of the community had never before witnessed. And many were the grateful beings—grateful for more solid services than one good meal—who lined the avenue, as Mr. and Mrs. Marmaduke Mountjoy departed on their wedding excursion. Frederic was to remain at the Lodge during their absence, as he had brought some headache-giving-looking law books from London, to study in this chosen retirement, preparatory to his formally entering himself as a student for the bar. Helen still lingered at the cottage, which was advertised to let, under the protection of an intimate friend, a widow lady, who had come to pass the time with her. We may just observe that Helen also professed to be very busy, as she had undertaken to pack the real china for removal with her own fair fingers, and had arrangements to make before her cousin's return home, far too numerous to particularize.

We cannot tell how it was that such very busy people found time for anything besides their several occupations. Perhaps, however, on Helen's part, packing china—and selecting books instead of reading them, proved but dull work, and she required the relaxation of a little agreeable society in the evening; while we know Frederic could not be studying law all day. However this might be, he soon formed the habit of dropping in at the cottage, sometimes of a morning, sometimes of an evening; and though at first the dogs barked, and the parrot screamed on his arrival, long before he had heard half Helen Campbell's songs, old and new, they had become quite used to him. Thus emboldened, he occasionally offered himself as an escort to the ladies in their walks and rides; so that, before three weeks had elapsed, it would have seemed wonderful not to meet at least once in the day, and, in truth, now that they were relations, as Frederic said they were, the greater part of their time was spent together.

But want of space warns us to avoid detail. We shall only hint that Frederic Mountjoy discovered that the law was not his vocation, and that to have applied himself to it with any reasonable hopes of becoming Lord Chancellor, he should have done so at least ten years earlier. Upon second thoughts, too, he began to think he should find occupation for his mind, even in the country, without studying Blackstone, or murdering Macbeth; more especially after a certain event had taken place, of which his uncle must approve, as it would be but following that uncle's good example. Helen loved Shakspeare as much as himself; so at least they could read together, if they did not act. She proved an amateur composer, for she arranged some words he had written (to her) after a winter morning's walk:—she was a painter too, as we have heard,—so was he; for though in the likeness he painted of her, her bright eyes certainly did not look *exactly* the same way, a child might have known for whom it was intended; and though the complexion was rather cadaverous, the arm-chair in which she sat was wonderfully like. After all the *dilettanti* have many resources against *ennui*.

It was a bright May morning, when the church-bells of B——— again rang merrily; but now the young flowers, swayed by a gentle breeze, shook their delicate bells in unison, as they sent forth their odorous greeting to the youthful pair. May! bright May!—the type of their years, with the summer of life before them. As the cavalcade passed The Cottage, it might have been observed that the place was full of work people, who even on that day could not rest, so much had they to prepare in the next few weeks—for that was to be the residence of Frederic and his wife.

Only one word more—and it is whispered as a secret. They do say that the young people quite manage "dear uncle and aunt."

THE LOST ONE.

Calm thy deep grief, my gentle love,
Nor waste thy bloom in fruitless tears.
Our darling babe, our meek-eyed dove,
Hath gone in his first spotless years.

While we are toiling here below,
No care disturbs his peaceful breast.
Life's various ills he'll never know,
Nor be again by pain distressed.

Methinks our lovely boy I see,
The brightest in that cherub band,
Whose hymns of holy harmony
Ring sweet in heaven's eternal land.

And we, when life's swift sands have passed,
May meet our darling on that shore,
Where find the weary, rest at last,
Where pain and death can come no more.

JANE A. ROSS

THE FIRST WRONG STEP,

OR,

THE YOUNG MOCKING BIRD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE FORTUNE TELLER."

"Large streams from little fountains flow."

"Dick."

"Sir!"

"I want a young mocking bird. Do you think you could get me one?"

"I d'no, sir."

"Don't you think you could try?"

"I d'no sir. P'r'aps I might."

"Well, see if you can't. I'll give you half a dollar for one."

"Will you! Then I'll try."

And off Dick started for the woods, without stopping for any further words on the subject.

The two individuals introduced are a good-natured farmer in easy circumstances, and a bright boy, the son of a poor woman in the neighborhood.

As Dick Lawson was hurrying away for the woods, his mind all intent upon finding a nest of young mocking birds, and despoiling it, he met a juvenile companion, named Henry Jones.

"Come, Harry!" he said, in an animated voice, "I want you to go with me."

"Where are you going?" asked the friend.

"I'm going to look for a mocking bird's nest."

"What for?"

"To get a young one. Mr. Acres said he would give me half a dollar for a young mocking bird."

"He did?"

"Yes, he did so!" was the animated reply.

"But don't he know that it's wrong to rob birds' nests?"

"If it had been wrong, Harry, Mr. Acres wouldn't have asked me to have got him a bird. He knows what is right and wrong, as well as any body about here."

"And so does Mr. Milman, our Sunday School teacher; and he says that it is wicked to rob birds' nests. You know he has told us that a good many times."

"But Mr. Acres knows what is right as well as Mr. Milman, and if it had been wrong, he'd never have asked me to get him a bird, I know. And then, you know, he says he'll give me half a dollar for a single bird."

"I wouldn't touch a bird's nest for ten dollars," rejoined Henry Jones, warmly.

"I would then," replied Dick, from whose mind the promised reward had, for the time, completely dispelled every tender impression received both from his mother, who had been very careful of her child, and his teacher at the Sunday School. "But come," he added, "you'll go with me, any how."

"No, not if you are going to rob a bird's nest," firmly responded Henry. "It is wicked to do so."

"Wicked! I don't see any thing so very wicked about it. Mr. Acres is a good man, so every body says, and I know he wouldn't tell me to do a wicked thing."

"I'm sure it is wicked," persevered Henry Jones, "for isn't it taking the poor little birds from their mother? Don't you think it would be wicked for some great giant to come and carry your little sister away off where you could never find her, and shut her up in a cage, and keep her there all her life?"

"No, but birds are'nt little children. It's a very different thing. But you needn't talk, Harry; for it's no use. If you'll go along, you shall have half of the money I get for the bird,—if not, why I'll go myself and keep the whole of it."

"I wouldn't go with you for a hundred dollars," said Harry, half-indignantly, turning away.

"Then I'll go myself," was Dick Lawson's sneering reply, as he sprung forward and hurried off to the woods.

He did not, however, feel very easy in mind, although he attempted first to whistle gaily, and then to sing. The remonstrance of Henry Jones had its effect in calling back previous better feelings, induced upon him by the precepts of a pious mother, and the instructions of a judicious Sabbath School teacher. To oppose these, however, was the direct sanction of Mr. Acres, towards whom he had always been taught to look with respect, and the stimulating hope of a liberal reward. These were powerful incentives,—but they could not hush the inward voice of disapprobation, that seemed to speak in a louder and sterner tone with every advancing step. Still, this voice, strong and appealing as it was, could not make him pause or hesitate. Onward he pursued his way, and soon entered the woods and old fields he had fixed in his mind as the scene of his operations.

An hour's diligent search terminated with the discovery of a nest, in which were two young ones, with the mother bird feeding them. This sight touched Dick for a moment, but the strong desire instantly awakened to possess the prize for which he had been seeking, caused him to drive off the old bird, who commenced fluttering about the spot, uttering cries and showing signs of deep distress

These, although he could not help feeling them, had not the effect to cause him to desist. In a few moments he had one of the birds safely in his possession, with which he bounded off in great delight.

"Well, Dick, have you got me my bird?" said Mr. Acres, as Dick came puffing and blowing into his presence.

"Yes, indeed!" returned Dick, with a broad smile of pleasure, presenting the bird he had abstracted from its warm, soft nest.

"You are a fine smart boy, Dick, and will make a man one of these days!" said Mr. Acres, patting Dick on the head, encouragingly. Then taking the bird, he toyed with it for a while, fondly—fed it, and finally placed it in a cage. The promised half dollar, which was promptly paid to the lad, made him feel rich. As he was about leaving the house of Mr. Acres, the latter called to him:

"Look here, Dick, my fine fellow, don't you want a dog? Here's Rover, the very chap for you."

"May I have Rover?" eagerly asked Dick, his eyes glistening with delight.

"Yes. I've more dogs now than I want."

"He fights like the mischief!" ejaculated Dick, surveying the dog proudly. As he did so, the animal, seeing himself particularly noticed, walked up to Dick, and rubbed himself against the lad familiarly.

"He'll whip any dog in the neighborhood," Mr. Acres said.

"And you'll give him to me."

"O yes. I've got too many dogs now."

"Here, Rover! Here, Rover! Here! Here! Here!" cried Dick in an animated tone, starting off. The dog followed quickly, and in a few moments both were out of sight.

"A smart chap that!" Mr. Acres remarked to himself, as Dick bounded off. "He'll make something before he dies, I'll guarantee."

The possession of the dog and half dollar, especially the latter, was strongly objected to by Dick's mother.

"How could you, my son, think of robbing a poor bird of her little young ones?" she said seriously and reprovingly.

"But, mother, Mr. Acres wanted me to get him a bird, and of course I could not say 'no.' What would he have thought of me?"

"You never should do wrong for any one."

"But if it had been so very wrong, Mr. Acres never would have asked me to have done it, I know," urged Dick.

Mrs. Lawson would have made her son take back the money he had received, if almost any other one in the village but Mr. Acres had been concerned.—But he was well off, and influential; and, moreover, she rented from him, and was behindhand with her rent, which he never took the trouble to ask for. The dog, too, would have been sent back, if any one but Mr. Acres had given it to her son. As it was, she had to content herself with merely reprimanding Dick for robbing the bird's nest, and enjoining on him not to be guilty of so cruel an act again for any one.

About three days after this event, Dick, accompanied by Rover—now his inseparable companion—met his young friend, Henry Jones, who had with him his father's large house-dog, Bose.

"Whose dog is that?" asked Henry.

"He's mine," replied Dick.

"Yours?"

"Be sure he is."

"Why that is Mr. Acres' Rover."

"Not now he isn't. Mr. Acres gave him to me."

"What did he give him to you for?"

"For getting him a young mocking bird."

"I thought he promised you half-a-dollar?"

"So he did; and, what is more, gave it to me, and Rover into the bargain."

"Well, I wouldn't have robbed a bird's nest for a dozen Rovers," Henry Jones said, warmly.

"Wouldn't you, indeed!" returned Dick, with a sneer.

"No, I would not. It's wicked."

"O, you're very pious! But Rover can whip your Bose, any how."

"No he can't, though," replied Henry, quickly, who could not bear to hear his father's faithful and favorite old dog's courage called in question.

"Yes, but he can, ten times a day. There, Rover! There—*sik*—*sik*—*at 'im*!" At the same time pushing Rover against Bose.

Both dogs growled low, and showed their teeth, but that was all.

"Rover's afraid to touch him!" Henry said, a good deal excited.

"No he isn't, though!" returned Dick, his face glowing with interest; and lifting up the fore foot of Rover, he threw him full against old Bose, who received the onset with a deep growl, and a strong impression of his teeth on Rover.

This brought on the battle. Bose was nine or ten years old, and somewhat worn down by age and hard service, while Rover had numbered but two years, and was full of fire and vigor. Still the victory was not soon decided. During the fight, each of the boys entered into the spirit of the contest almost as much [illegible] dogs. First one would interfere to secure for his favorite the victory, and then the other, until, at last, Dick struck Henry; and then they went at it likewise, and fought nearly as long, and certainly with as much desire to injure each other as did the dogs themselves. The result was, that both Henry and Bose had to yield, and then the parties separated, indulging against each other bitter and angry feelings. But with Dick, there was an emotion of cruel delight at having triumphed over his friend. As he was crossing a field, on his way home, he met Mr. Acres.

"Why, what's the matter with you and Rover?" the farmer asked.

"Rover's had a fight," replied Dick.

"Ah! Who with?"

"Mr. Jones' Bose."

"Well, which whipped?"

"Rover of course," replied Dick, with a smile of triumph; "and I can make him whip anything."

"You're a keen chap, Dick," Mr. Acres said, patting the boy on the head, "and are going to make a man one of these days, I see plain enough. So Rover whipt. I knew there was prime stuff in him."

"There isn't another such a fellow in these 'ere parts," was Dick's proud answer.

"But you look a little the worse for wear, as well as Rover. Have you been fighting, too?"

Dick held down his head for a moment, and then looking up into Mr. Acres' face, said,

"Yes, sir," in rather a sheepish way.

"Ah! Well, who have you been fighting with?"

"With Harry Jones. He didn't want to give Rover fair play, and once, when he had Bose down, he kicked him."

"And then you kicked him for kicking your dog?"

"Yes, sir."

"That was right. Never permit a friend to be imposed upon. And after that you had a regular fight?"

"Yes, sir."

"Which whipped?"

"I gave him a bloody nose; and shouldn't wonder if he had a black eye into the bargain. And, what is more, made him cry 'enough.'"

"That was right. Never fight but in a good cause, and then be sure to whip your man."

"It'll take a smarter boy than Harry Jones to whip me," Dick said proudly.

"And you think Rover can whip any thing about here?"

"Yes, indeed. And I'm going to make him do it, too."

"You'd better not try him against Markland's old Nero."

"He'll whip him in ten minutes."

"I'm not so sure of that. Nero is a great deal bigger and stronger."

"I don't care if he is. I'm learning Rover a trick that'll make him whip a dog twice his size."

"What is that?"

Dick called Rover, and the dog came up to him wagging his tail.

"Give us your paw," said the boy in a tone of authority.

The dog instantly lifted one of his fore feet, which Dick took in his hand, and began to squeeze gently at first, and then, by degrees, harder and harder, ejaculating all the while, in a quick, distinct tone—"Leg him! leg him! leg him!" until the dog, from first indicating signs of pain, began to whine, and then to yell out as if in agony. At this, Dick dropped the foot, and looked up into the farmer's face.

"Well, Dick, what does all that mean?" asked Mr. Acres.

"I'm learning him to catch hold of the foot," replied the boy.

"The mischief you are!"

"Yes, sir. And when he's fairly up to it, he can whip any dog, if he's as big as an elephant."

"But can you learn him?"

"I made him catch Jones' Bose by the foot this morning, and it would have done your heart good to have heard him yell. If he isn't lame for a month, then I don't know anything about it."

"There's no fear of you, I see," was Mr. Acres' encouraging reply to this, again patting Dick on the head.

In about two weeks from that time it was pretty well known through the neighborhood that Dick Lawson had given out that he could make his Rover whip Markland's Nero, a noble animal that had never been matched by any dog around. Markland's son, Bob, felt his pride in his dog touched at this, and challenged Dick to a battle. The time was set, and the place, a neighboring old field, chosen. Old and young seemed to take an interest in the matter, and when the time arrived, and Dick appeared on the ground with his dog, there were assembled, men and boys, at least one hundred persons, and among the rest, Mr. Acres, who began to feel somewhat drawn towards his protege, Dick.

The two dogs were brought forward, by the two lads, whose parents knew nothing of the affair, and by pushing them against, and throwing them upon each other, irritated and angered until they finally went to work in real earnest, greatly to the delight of the lookers-on. Rover fought bravely, but he was evidently no match for his larger and stronger antagonist, who tore him savagely, while he seemed unable to penetrate Nero's thick, yielding skin. The shouts that arose from the group around were all in favor of Nero, who was a general favorite—as he was one of those large, peaceable, benevolent fellows, belieing his name, whom all like, while there was something of the churl and savage about Rover, that caused him to have but few friends.

The contest had waged about ten minutes, fiercely, and Rover was evidently getting "worsted," when Dick, who had been constantly encouraging his dog, stooped close to his ear, and spoke something in a low, quick, energetic tone.

Instantly Rover crouched down, and, darting forward, seized the fore-paw of Nero in his mouth, and commenced gnawing it eagerly. The noble animal, thus unexpectedly and basely assailed, found the pain to which he was suddenly subjected, so great as to take away all power of resistance. But he would not utter a cry, but sat down and permitted the other dog to gnaw away at his tender foot, without a single sign of suffering. As the cry of pain, the dog's "enough," was to terminate the battle, the fine fellow was permitted thus to suffer for several minutes, before the bystanders came forward and pulled Dick Lawson's dog off. Nero would have died before a sound could have been extorted from him.

As Nero had not cried enough, Bob Markland contended, afterwards, that his dog had not been whipped, to settle which difference of opinion he and Dick had several hard battles, in which the latter, like his dog, always came off victor. The upshot of all these contests was, the expulsion of Dick from the Sabbath school, into which he carried the bickerings engendered through the week. Another reason for his expulsion was the frequency with which he played truant, and at his having, in several instances, enticed other boys away from the school for the same purpose.

Except Mr. Acres, nearly every man, woman, and child, in the neighborhood sincerely disliked, and some actually hated Dick Lawson, for there was hardly a family some member of which had not been annoyed by him in one form or another. But Mr. Acres liked the spirit of the lad, as well as his thorough independence in regard to the opinions of others.

This man, who had first thrown temptation into the lad's way, and encouraged him to persevere in conduct which nearly all condemned, was not a wilfully bad man. By most people he was called a good-hearted, benevolent person. The truth was, he was not a wise man. When young, he had indulged in such amusements as catching young birds, fighting dogs and cocks, and attending horse races, and all the exciting scenes to which he could get access. But none of these things corrupted him so far as to make him a bad man in the community. As he grew up, he gradually laid aside his boyish follies; saved up his money; bought himself a small farm, and, in time, became quite a substantial man, so far as worldly goods were concerned.

Contrasted with himself were several lads whose parents had been exceedingly strict with them; who had, as they grew up and shook off the trammels of childhood and youth, run into wild extravagances of conduct, and some into wicked and vicious habits, from which they were never reclaimed. Contrasting his own case with theirs, his short-sighted conclusion was that boys ought to be allowed as much freedom as possible, and this was why he encouraged Dick, who was an exceedingly bright lad, in the course he had been so willing to pursue. He knew nothing at all of the different hereditary tendencies to evil that exist in the mind. His observation had never led him to see how two persons, raised in precisely the same manner, would turn out very differently—the one proving a good and the other a bad citizen. His knowledge of human nature, therefore, never for a moment caused him to suspect, that in encouraging a feeling of cruelty in Dick Lawson, he might be only putting blood upon the tongue of a young lion. That there might be in his mind, hereditary tendencies to evil, that encouragement to rob a bird's nest, or to set two dogs to fighting, by one occupying his position and influence, might cause to become so active as to ultimately make him a curse to society.

And such, in a year or two, Dick seemed becoming. He had, in that time, although but fourteen years of age, got almost beyond his mother's control. His dog and himself were the terror of nearly all the dogs and boys in the neighborhood, for both were surly, quarrelsome, and tyrannical. Even Mr. Acres had found it necessary to forbid him to appear on his premises. Rover having temporarily lamed, time after time, every one of his dogs, and Dick having twice beaten two of his black boys, farm hands, because of some slight offence. To be revenged on him for this, he robbed a fine apricot tree of all its fruit, both green and ripe, on the very night before Mr. Acres had promised to send a basket full, the first produced in the neighborhood that spring, to a friend who was very much esteemed by him.

Though he strongly suspected Dick, yet he had no proof of the fact, and so made no attempt to have him punished.

Shortly after, the boy was apprenticed to a Tanner and Currier, a severe man, chosen as his master, in the hope that his rigid discipline might do something towards reclaiming him. As the Tanner had as many dogs as he wanted, he objected to the reception into his yard of Dick's ill-natured cur. But Dick told his mother that, unless Rover were allowed to go with him, he would not go to the trade selected for him. He was resolute in this, and at last Mrs. Lawson persuaded Mr. Skivers, the Tanner, to take him, dog and all.

In his new place, he did not get along, except for a very short time without trouble. At the end of the third month, for neglect of work, bad language, and insolence, but particularly for cruelties practised upon a dog that had got the mastery over Rover, Mr. Skivers gave him a most tremendous beating. Dick resisted, and fought with might and main, but he was but a boy, and in the hands of a strong and determined man. For a time this cowed Dick, but in the same ratio that his courage fell when he thought of resisting his master single-handed, rose his bitter hate against him. Skivers was a man, who, if he had reason to dislike any one about him, could not let his ill feelings remain quiescent. He must be doing something all the while to let the victim of his displeasure feel that he was no favorite. Towards Dick, he therefore maintained a most offensive demeanor, and was constantly saying or doing something to chafe the boy's feelings. This was borne as patiently as possible, for he did not again wish to enter into a conflict in which he must inevitably come out second best. Skivers was not long in perceiving that the way to punish Dick the most severely was to abuse his dog; and he therefore commenced a systematic process of worrying Rover. This Dick could illy bear. Every time his master would drive Rover from the yard, or throw sticks or stones at him, the boy would make a new and more bitter vow of retaliation in some form.

One day, Rover and a large dog belonging to Skivers, got into a fight about something. Dick's interest in his dog brought him at once to the scene of action. His master, seeing this, ordered him in a harsh, angry tone, to clear out and mind his own business. As he did so, he took up a large club, and commenced beating Rover in a most cruel manner. Dick could not stand this. His blood was up to fever heat in an instant. Seizing a long, heavy pole, used for turning and adjusting hides in the vats, he sprang towards Skivers, and giving the pole a rapid sweep, brought it with tremendous force against his head, knocking him into a vat half full of a strong infusion of astringent bark, to the bottom of which he instantly sunk.

So incensed did the lad feel, that he made not the slightest attempt to extricate his master from a situation in which death must have inevitably ensued in a few minutes, but walked away to another part of the yard. Two or three journeymen, however, who witnessed the whole affair, were on the spot in a moment, and fished out the body of Skivers. He was completely insensible, and the blood flowed freely from a large wound on his head. A physician was immediately called, who bled him profusely. This brought him back to consciousness. In a day or two he was out again, and apparently as well as ever. In the meantime, both Dick and his inseparable companion, Rover, had disappeared, and gone no one knew whither. No effort was made to discover the place to which the boy had fled, as every one was too much rejoiced that he had left the village, to care about getting him back. About twelve months after, his mother died; her gray hairs brought down to the grave in sorrow. Year after year then passed away, and the memory of the lad was gradually effaced from the minds of all, or retained only among the dim recollections of the past.

Mr. Acres, who had first placed temptations in the way of Dick Lawson, continued to prosper in all external things, and to hold his position of influence and respectability in the neighborhood. He, perhaps, more than others, thought about the lad in whom he had once felt a good deal of pride and interest, as exhibiting a fair promise for the future. But he never felt exactly easy in mind when he did think of him. Something whispered to him that, perhaps, he had been to blame in encouraging his wild habits. But, then, how could he have dreamed, he would argue, that the boy had so strong a tendency to evil in him as the result had proved. He had once been just as fond as Dick had shown himself to be, for birds'-nesting, dog-fighting, &c.; but then, as soon as he had sown a few wild oats, he sobered down into a steady and thrifty farmer, of regular habits. And he of course expected to see Dick Lawson do the same.

"And who knows but he has?" he would sometimes say, in an effort at self-consolation.

It was some five or six years from the time that Dick left the village, that Mr. Acres was awakened one night from sleep by a dream that some one had opened the door of the chamber where he slept. So distinct was the impression on his mind that some one had entered, that he lay perfectly still, with his eyes peering into the darkness around, in order to detect the presence of any one, should the impression on his mind really be true. He had lain thus, with every sense acutely active, for only a moment or two, when a sound, as of a stealthy footstep, came distinctly upon his ear, and at the same moment a dark body seemed to move before his eyes, as if crossing the room towards that part of it where stood a large secretary, in which was usually contained considerable sums of money.

Mr. Acres was a brave man, but thus suddenly awakened from sleep to find himself placed in such an emergency, made him tremble. He continued to lie very still, straining his eyes upon the dark moving object intently, until the figure of a man became perfectly distinct. The robber, for such the intruder evidently was, had now reached the secretary, where he stood for a few moments, quietly endeavoring to open it. Finding it locked, he moved off, and passed around the room, feeling every chair and table that came in his way. This Mr. Acres could now distinctly perceive, as his eyes had become used to the feeble light reflected from the starry sky without.—At last his hands came in contact with a chair upon which the farmer had laid his clothes on disrobing himself for bed. These seemed to be the objects of his search, for he paused with a quick, eager movement, and commenced searching the ample pockets of a large waistcoat. The slight jingle of the farmer's bunch of keys, soon explained the movement. Before the robber had fairly gotten back to the secretary, Mr. Acre's courage had returned, and with it no small share of indignation. He rose up silently, but, unfortunately, as his foot touched the floor, it came in contact with a chair, which was thrown over with a loud noise. Before he could reach a large cane, for which he was making, a heavy blow from the robber laid him senseless.

When again conscious, Mr. Acres found himself still in total darkness. On attempting to move, there was an instant almost intolerable pain in his head, as if from a violent blow. On lifting his hand and placing it upon the spot where the pain seemed most severe, it came in contact with a cold, slimy mass of what he at once knew to be blood. His first effort to rise was accompanied by a feeling of faintness, that caused him to stretch himself again upon the floor, where he lay for some time endeavoring to collect his scattered senses. After he had fully comprehended the meaning of his alarming situation, he made another and more successful effort to arise. Sitting up in the middle of the room, and straining his eyes into the darkness, he began to see more and more distinctly each moment. He was soon satisfied that he was alone. It did not take long after this to arouse the whole house. An examination resulted in determining the fact that his secretary had been robbed of five hundred dollars in gold.

By daylight, the whole neighborhood was aroused, and some twenty or thirty men were in hot pursuit of the robber, who was arrested about twenty miles away from the village, and brought back. The money taken from the secretary of Mr. Acres, was found upon his person, and fully identified. The man proved to be quite young, seeming to have passed but recently beyond the limit of maturity. But, even young as he was, there was a look of cruel and hardened villainy about him, and an expression of settled defiance of all consequences. He gave his name as Frederick Hildich. A brief examination resulted in his commitment to await the result of a trial for burglary at the next court.

The day of trial at length came. The action of the court was brief, as no *defence* was set up, and the proof of the crime clear and to the point. During the progress of the trial, the prisoner seemed to take little interest in what was going on around him, but sat in the bar, with his head down, seemingly lost in deep abstraction of mind. At the conclusion of the proceedings, when the court asked what he had to say why the sentence of the law should not be pronounced upon him, the prisoner slowly arose to his feet, lifted his head, and glanced calmly around for a few moments, until his eyes rested upon Mr. Acres, whom he regarded for a few moments with a fixed, penetrating and meaning look. Then turning to the Bench, he said, in a firm, distinct voice:—

"YOUR HONOR—Although I have nothing to urge against the execution of the laws by which I am condemned, I would yet crave the privilege of making a few remarks, which may, perhaps, be useful. The principal witness against me is Mr. Acres,—and upon his testimony mainly, so far as positive proof goes, I am convicted of a crime, the commission of which I have no particular reason for wishing to deny. But, if I have wronged him, how far more deeply has he wronged me. If I have robbed him of a few paltry dollars, he has robbed me of that which he can never restore, either here or hereafter. In a word, your Honor, I stand up here in the presence of this Court, and the people of this town, and charge upon that man (pointing to Acres) the cause of my present condition. My real name is Richard Lawson!"

As he said this, the prisoner's voice failed him, and he paused for a few moments overcome with emotion. A universal exclamation of surprise passed through the Court room, and there was scarcely an individual present, who did not wonder why he had not discovered this fact for himself long before. For, sure enough, it was Dick Lawson, and no one else, that stood there humbled under the iron hand of the law. As for Mr. Acres, he became instantly pale and agitated—and when the prisoner again looked up and fixed his eyes upon him, his own fell to the floor, as if he were conscience stricken.

"To that man," resumed the individual at the bar, pointing steadily towards the farmer, "as I have just said, am I indebted for my ruin. A wild, but innocent boy, he first seduced me into conscious wrong, by tempting me with money to rob a bird's nest.—The young mocking bird was procured for him, but at the expense of a violated conscience; for a voice within me spoke loudly against the act of cruelty, about to be practised upon the mother bird and her young. But I stifled that inward monitor, and stilled the voice that urged me to depart not from the path of innocence. I saw that the act was a cruel one, and felt that it was a cruel one—but to be asked to do even a wrong act by a man to whom I looked up as I then did to Mr. Acres, was to rob the wrong act of more than half of its apparent evil—and so I performed the cruel deed, small as it was, deliberately. From the moment I took the young bird in my hand, all my scruples were gone, and after that it was one of my greatest pleasures to rob birds' nests, and to kill the older birds with stones. My dog Rover, who is no doubt as well remembered as myself, was given me by Mr. Acres, and I was, moreover, encouraged by that individual to make Rover fight, and to fight myself whenever it came in the way. Had he discouraged this in me, had he told me that fighting was wrong, his precept for good would have been as powerful as his precept for evil. He was kind to me, and had gained my entire confidence, and could have made almost anything of me. My cruel, tyrannizing temper, thus encouraged, grew rapidly, until at last I took no delight in any good. Finally expelled from the Sabbath school, and persecuted for my ill-behaviour and annoyance of almost every one, I became reckless, and finally left this neighborhood. Five or six years of evil brought me at last into a strait. I could not gain even a common livelihood. I must starve or steal. In this state I thought of my corruptor—of the man who had been the cause of my wretchedness, and I resolved that he should, at least, pay some small penalty for what he had done. In a word, I resolved to rob him—and did so. And now I stand here to await the sentence of the law for that crime."

The prisoner then suffered his head to fall upon his bosom, and sunk slowly into the seat from which he had arisen. A profound and oppressive silence reigned through the Court room, broken at last by the Judge, who said—

"Richard Lawson, *alias* Frederick Hildich, stand up, and receive the sentence of the law."

The prisoner arose, and looked the Judge steadily in the face, while a sentence of imprisonment in the Penitentiary for three years was pronounced upon him, in a voice of assumed sternness.

When the unfortunate man was removed by an officer the crowd slowly withdrew, conversing in low subdued voices, and Mr. Acres turned his step homeward, the unhappiest man of all who had stood that day in the presence of offended justice.

And here we must leave the parties most concerned in the events of our brief story. Richard Lawson to fill up the term of his imprisonment in the Penitentiary; and Mr. Acres to muse, in painful abstraction of mind, over the ruin his thoughtlessness had wrought—the ruin of an immortal mind—the corruption of a fellow creature, born to become an angel of heaven, but changed by his agency into a fit subject for the abodes of evil spirits.

SPIRIT OF THE NIGHT WIND.

BY LIEUT. G. W. PATTEN, U. S. A.

A sound went forth through the midnight sky,
Like the voice of a whisperer sinking by;
Anon through the forest it rose and fell,
Like the distant chime of a convent bell.
And who art thou of varied tone,
Floating around us with murmurs lone;
That cometh unseen, by the stars' dim light,
Startling the ear 'mid the hush of night?

Like the voice of a spirit that wrestles in prayer,
A tone replied on the viewless air—
"And who art thou?"—I'm a prince of power,
The fitful lord of the midnight hour.
The wary watcher knows my breath,
Lifting the veil from the brow of death,
He knows as I show him the pale, pale sight,
The voice of the lonely wind of night.

Though much be mine, I never may tell
Where I sit by day in my secret cell;
'Mid clouds above—on the tranquil lea,
Or in caves beneath—by the sounding sea.
But I leave my home when the day grows dim,
Commencing at eve my mystic hymn;
And I wander the earth around, around,
Breathing abroad its thrilling sound.

I have heard the infant's plaintive wail,
Where the mother sat by the taper pale;
With unwearied love to her patient breast,
Pressing the charge that had broke her rest;
I have seen the tear unconscious glow,
As she sealed with a kiss its brow of snow,
And have come, as she watched its wakeful eyes,
And fill'd her breast with my own low sighs.

I have plumed my wing where the calm moon shone,
On brows which told of a battle done:
And I've lifted the banner which all day long
Was borne aloft by the day-breeze strong;
I have raised it again from the blood-stained ground;
But where were the hearts that had beam'd it round?
I have tossed it once more to its native sky.—
But where were the hands that had borne it high?

"And who art thou?"—I'm a prince of power,
The fitful lord of the midnight hour!
I people the woods with mysterious things,
Sweeping their harps of thousand strings,
'Till the red deer looks from his covert lone,
Startled with sounds that are all my own;
And the blood-hound bays with a smothered cry,
Dreaming again that the chase goes by.

I pass o'er ocean on wings of night,
Sprinkling my path with stars of light,*
Changing the cheek from red to pale,
As I burst asunder the bellowing sail;
Ye may trace my track on the murky main,
By the eyes that watch for land in vain,
By the hands outstretched where the black cloud lies,
And the voices that plead for morning's skies.

Yet I'm oft where pleasure avoids the day,
Passing with mirth on her rosy way;
O'er fair young brows my pinions glance,
Quick'ning the step of the festive dance;
And when the drooping eye-lids fall,
And the lights grow dim in the sounding hall,
I come to the maiden's couch of rest,
To whisper the name that she loves the best.

But bid me not tarry till rise of sun,
Ere morn shall break must my course be run;
I have yet to portion out hopes and fears,
From my mighty burden of smiles and tears;
There are thrilling hearts that must know me well,
Ere I return to my mystic cell:
The winds of day may be kings of power,
But *I* am the Lord of the midnight hour.

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* Every person who has been on the Ocean, is familiar with the luminous appearance of the Waves when turned by the wind at night.

THE TWO FATHERS.

A TRUE STORY.

BY J. T. S. SULLIVAN.

Many years ago, there arrived on our shores a Mr. L****, an English gentleman, who had invested some amount of money in this country, which, owing to heavy losses in England, he now regarded as his only means of support. He brought with him his wife and daughter Emily, an only child, just then on the verge of womanhood. Her education had been carefully bestowed, more so than that of most young ladies. She possessed, too, genuine feminine beauty to a high degree. Her figure was slight, but well developed for her age; her dark brown hair fell in natural ringlets over her snow-white neck; in her deep hazle eye one could read the mild disposition which had endeared her to all those who knew her, while its depth of thought and of feeling gave an enhanced charm to the expression of her exquisitely chisselled features.

Strangers in this land, they had neither home nor friends. Although to part from his loved ones was a severe trial to the father and husband, yet he deemed it cruel to subject his wife and child to the hardships of a life in the West, where he was forced to seek for the result of his investments. He determined, therefore, during his absence, to leave them in New York, in which city he procured for them comfortable lodgings in one of the most respectable boarding-houses. During the summer months Mr. L**** was absent on his tour, endeavouring to rescue something from the wreck of his fortune. In winter he passed his days with his family, to whom he looked alone for comfort and solace. Four years had thus flown by, and Emily had reached to womanhood.—The bright promise of beauty which her childhood extended, had been fulfilled. To see her was to admire; to know was to love this charming creature.

At the boarding-house where they had been residing since their arrival, they met with a young gentleman of pleasing manners, who was employed by sundry wealthy merchants in the city as a supercargo in the Chinese trade. He was intelligent, good-looking, and prepossessing in his manners. He fell in love with Emily. Every opportunity was afforded while on shore, to enjoy the society of this lovely being. His efforts had proved successful. And after his last voyage, which had been unusually fortunate, he determined to relinquish his sea life, and take up his permanent abode on *terra firma*. It was after this determination had been taken, that young George W****** declared his passion to Emily. Her parents were undecided, whether this gentleman would, in all respects, be able to secure their child's happiness. On learning, however, how deeply interested were Emily's feelings, they hesitated no more, but gave their consent, and George saw himself accepted as the acknowledged lover of the beautiful Miss L****. Many were the congratulations bestowed upon him, and many an aspirant to the fair Emily's hand envied George in his success. The time was fixed for the wedding, and at the altar of the Church the two were joined in that bond, which death alone should sever. A small house was rented, and the happy pair soon took possession of their new domicile.

During the summer the mother became the guest of her daughter; in winter the father again occupied apartments with his wife in the house they had lived in since their first arrival. During the second summer a letter was received, informing Mrs. L**** that her husband lay dangerously ill in one of the Western villages. No sooner had she learned the sad intelligence, than she resolved to hasten to his side, to comfort him and to nurse him. George was unable to accompany her, so that the dutiful wife, unwilling to await the finding of an escort, started off alone on her perilous journey. Buoyed up by hopes, she hurried on as fast as the uncertain communication of places in those days would permit, and finally reached the village of Kaskaskia in time to receive the last instructions and blessings of the devoted partner of her life. With a broken heart she followed the corpse to the grave. The tedious journey, the fatigue, the long suspense, and the fatal termination of her husband's illness, had so completely worn upon the constitution and mind of the widowed mother, that she was overtaken by a fever, which threatened to place her speedily by the side of one, whose death had left the future without promise, and the present dreary and lone. Aided by the skill of physicians, she slowly recovered. With the advice of her friends, she remained in the West long enough to settle her husband's affairs, from which she succeeded in realizing near ten thousand dollars. This sum she had sent to New York, and then turned her own steps towards that city, which now contained the only object she loved on earth, her child.

The jaunt, the fever, and the anxiety of her long absence, had in a great measure undermined her constitution, at no time robust. Such had been the ravages made by disease, care and sorrow, that Emily burst into tears on beholding her dear mother again. Four years had passed since the union of her daughter with George W******. These years had beheld a happy and contented home. The mother had resided with her son-in-law since her husband's death, but had never recovered from the shock she then received. It was now evident that she was rapidly failing in strength and health. Yet, although the event had been long anticipated, her death was a sudden blow to Emily. She felt herself alone in the world, and wept long and bitterly over the irreparable loss. But time with its healing influence soothed her grief, and softened the sting of affliction. The little girl, now three years of age, that had blessed their union, had become the idol of her parents,—and promised to rival her mother in charms and beauty. The fifth year broke upon their tranquil course of life. Emily presented her husband another daughter. She perceived, however, that there was no apparent evidence of corresponding joy on the part of George at this accession to their family. A weight seemed to hang over him. He lost the joyous expression of countenance he had worn, and seemed much depressed in spirits. One morning when the infant had attained her fifth week, George approached the bedside of his wife, and disclosed his intention of once again resuming his former life, giving as a reason for this unexpected determination, the serious losses he had then lately met with, to repair which he had already agreed to make a voyage.

Ever ready to sacrifice her own feelings for the welfare of those in whom she felt the deepest interest, she at once bowed to the necessity of this step. Urging her husband to explain the cause of these losses, she received very unsatisfactory answers.—Believing the subject a painful one, she made no further enquiries, but gave all necessary orders for the preparation of his voyage.

The morning came, and amid the tears and prayers of his doting wife, George W****** tore himself from the home, where, to all appearances, he had passed and enjoyed years of tranquil happiness.—Emily drove down in a carriage to the wharf, and with her eldest daughter, now four years old, she watched through her tears the lessening sail, which bore away the object of her affection and love. Never more did she behold him!

A few days after this farewell, a gentleman of the Bar, highly esteemed and respected both in his private and professional character, called to inform her of the means provided for her support. This statement, he said, was made in compliance with her husband's request.

"Owing to sundry severe losses in business, Madam, Mr. W****** has been obliged to sell his property, for the purpose of raising money, all of which he has invested in this voyage. The property which your father left is at interest in the Life Insurance Company, and yields six hundred dollars a-year. The furniture is yours, and the rent of your house has been paid two years in advance, so that this income of six hundred dollars will be all you will have to cover your expenses; and I sincerely hope you may find it sufficient."

Poor Emily was grieved to hear of these losses, but the fact of the rent having been paid two years in advance startled her, and she was now struggling against the fears this singular provision awakened.—She enquired of the counsellor the object of such foresight, but he seemed as ignorant as herself.

"He told me he would return in ten months, or a year at most—and to provide two years ahead!"

"Perhaps, Madam, he has done this to protect you against the possibility of want, should his voyage prove unsuccessful."

"True! very true! That must have been his object. George was ever thoughtful of the future!"

With these reflections to console her solitude, the counsellor took his leave. She felt, however, that there was something mysterious in the sudden resolve to resume sea-life, and his arrangement for her support, yet, unwilling to dwell on such a painful contemplation, she believed these fears to arise from her weak condition, and lulled herself to rest with the memories of the past.

Daily did she examine the papers for some mention of the "Mary Elizabeth," the name of the ship in which her husband had sailed. For several months she looked in vain, but, after the fifth had passed, she read a notice that the "Mary Elizabeth" had put into some port in distress, having been dismasted in one of the raging tempests of the China Seas; but the note—"all well on board"—quieted all her fears. Ten months elapsed, and no news arrived from her husband. A year passed, still no communication, no letter, not even a message arrived; nor could she even hear of any one who had seen him. This length of time naturally created intense anxiety as to his fate. Sweet sleep deserted her couch, and one absorbing thought, one sole subject, occupied her mind. At length it was reported that the "Mary Elizabeth" was "below." Almost insane with suspense, she waited on the wharf for the news-boat to arrive. It touched the landing stairs, the mate was pointed out to Emily, who rushed upon the astonished sailor, and, with an eager eye, enquired—

"Where is Mr. W******?"

"I don't know, Madam! We left him at Batavia, and since that time we ain't heard of him!"

Sinking under the weight of disappointment, she tottered back to the carriage which had brought her to the wharf, and there gave vent to her anguish in tears. This last blow had been too much for her.—During the last three months she had been supported by the belief, that the captain of the ship would bring her certain information of her George. This support now failed her, and she knew not on what to hang a hope. She was confined to her room for several days, nor did she regain the former elasticity of spirit, which had once been her most attractive charm.

But the poor mother's sorrows did not end here. The bank, or company, in which all her fortune had been invested, suddenly became insolvent. It was a terrible blow! The news was broken to her in the gentlest manner, but she had no sooner become fully aware of the extent of her misery, than she seized her two daughters in her arms, and, with sobs and tears, as she bent her head over them, exclaimed—

"Oh, God! have mercy on my innocent babes, for I am weak and friendless!"

It was some time before she realized the extent of misery which now stared her in the face. It was true, the rent of the house had been paid two years in advance, and there was nearly twelve months before the lease expired. But how live in the meanwhile? She determined to sell the lease, and dispose of such furniture as she did not need, to raise a fund; then to take one room, and while the means thus obtained would supply all necessaries for herself and children, she could find employment for her needle, to which she could alone look for a livelihood.

As soon as she had found a suitable apartment, she carried her plan into execution. The bitterness of this change was softened by the hope, aye, more, the firm belief that George would soon return to dispell her doubts, and restore her home. She regarded her lonely apartment as a temporary place of abode, and contented herself with the self-satisfaction of having done her duty, rather than to claim assistance from those who might refuse her their aid.

She sought for the counsellor who had visited her after her husband's departure, and imparted to him all that had been done. He approved of her course, and promised to procure employment for her, if it should be in his power. Touched by the sad beauty of the now altered Emily, and by the wonderful change her grief had made, he deeply sympathised with her sufferings, and took the most sincere interest in her welfare. No immediate necessity pressed upon her. The means realized from the sale of the lease and of her furniture, were ample to keep want from her door, at least for months ahead. Still she was aware that these means were very limited, and would soon be exhausted, especially as she possessed no further property from which to derive support.

Months passed away and no intelligence of her husband came! Not even a letter, that insufficient, yet welcome substitute, arrived to cheer her solitude.—

Months had lengthened into years, yet no tidings from the absent one; and after hoping against hope, the unhappy wife was compelled to believe that he had found a grave in the capacious bosom of the remorseless ocean. Long did she cling to the expectation, that he would in some way relieve her agonized mind; yet when day after day, month after month, and year after year rolled by, she could not solve the question of his absence, or his silence, in any other way, than by the belief that he was no longer among the living.

Her sorrow was deep and heartfelt, but in addition to these afflictions, poverty had laid its hand upon her, and the widow was forced by her needle towards a maintenance for herself and little ones. Ten long, desolate, hopeless years did she labour, early and late, for the miserable pittance which is ever grudgingly bestowed upon an humble seamstress. Nor had she a single bright spot in the future, not the gleam of a prospect, to allay the increasing anxiety for her children, when she should be gathered to those who had left her happy and contented.

By some accident, she was seen by a merchant, visiting the house of one of the ladies for whom she worked. Struck by her gentleness of manner, her dignity, and her extreme beauty, now much faded, he was led to inquire into her character. All he could learn but served to increase the interest his first interview had awakened. He sought means to become acquainted, and this acquaintance progressed from sympathy to friendship, from friendship to love. He finally offered his hand, and was accepted. This second marriage metamorphosed the home of the widow to a paradise. She was at once surrounded by every comfort, every luxury, but, above all, her dear children were now provided for, and their education attended to. The husband proved also a good and affectionate father to her children. They soon learned to love him, and every day beheld them more happy and contented, and he saw, too, the mother's heart relieved from that burden of care and anxiety, which had threatened to undermine her health, and bring her to an early grave.

Fifteen years passed away; the daughters were married, and furnished by their step-father with every comfort requisite in their new vocation of housekeepers. But a few months elapsed after their quitting his roof, when the mother was taken ill and died.—The unhappy and desolate husband immediately took up his abode with the youngest daughter, who was rejoiced to offer a home to the widowed benefactor of her youth.

After an absence of thirty years, during which no tidings had been received, no intelligence of him brought to the knowledge of his family, the *first* husband appeared as suddenly as he had departed.

There were strange rumors afloat of slave trading, piracy, smuggling and the like, but they were mere gossip, idle whispers of conjecture rather than of truth. Whatever the motive that could have induced him to pursue such a course of conduct towards a lovely and affectionate wife, and his pretty, helpless children, must be imagined. He maintained on these points the most obstinate silence. Be they pardonable or not, true it was, that on his return he manifested the deepest interest in their concerns.

When informed of his wife's second marriage, he raved like a madman; he swore vengeance against the man who had dared to estrange her love from him. He had revisited the city as a very wealthy man. He devised means for his revenge, but they were all futile. At last, he chanced to meet with one of those reptiles of the law, who may be found working about the halls of justice every where, and who are willing for money to lend themselves to any thing; he made friends with this artful attorney, as ignorant as he was hungry for fees, who advised him to bring suit against the second husband, promising him the recovery of very heavy damages. The absurdity of instituting such a suit was at once seen by every professional man; to prosecute a claim for a wife, whom death had already released from all earthly laws and their jurisdiction, never could have been thought of by any one at all versed in his vocation.

To avoid publicity, which was desired, not only by the defendant in this singular suit, but also by the two daughters of their deceased mother, it was finally agreed that the case should be left to Referees, whose award should be conclusive, and without appeal.

It was a bright and beautiful afternoon in Spring, when the five Referees assembled; the sunlight streamed brightly through the dusty windows of the room where they met, and fell upon the long grey locks and broad forehead of the defendant; while the harsh, weather-beaten features of the plaintiff were thrown into still bolder relief, by the same beam which softened the placid countenance of his adversary.

Counsel of high character had now been employed on both sides. The plaintiff's case was presented with the most eloquent appeal, and the hearts of the Referees, had they been ignorant of the matter, might have melted at the touching description of the return of the desolate husband, and the agony with which he now beheld his household gods removed to consecrate the hearth of the stranger; his childrens' affections estranged by the man who had induced the wife of the afflicted husband to turn from her vows to him, and forget even the memory of her obligations, voluntarily assumed at the holy altar.

On the other side, appeared as counsel for the defendant, a gentleman long known, and still remembered for his eloquence and intellect. From him a corresponding strain was expected. Contrary, however, to all the anticipations of those present, he made no attempt to confute his opponent's oratory. He slowly, and with dignity, opened the statute book, pointed his finger to the page containing the enactment applicable to the case, and desired the Referees to peruse it, while he retired to produce his principal witness.

Scarcely had the time been allowed necessary to run over the passage referred to, when the counsel returned with a tall and elegant female form leaning on his arm. She was simply attired, with a lace veil completely concealing her countenance. After a few moments' pause, and a little encouragement from her step-father's friend and lawyer, she advanced to the table, and then gracefully raising her veil, disclosed a face of proud and surpassing beauty. She was the image of her mother, the youngest daughter of the deserted Emily, and bore her mother's name. A murmur of admiration burst from the lips of all present.

With a cold, quiet tone, the counsel turned to the plaintiff:

"Do you know this lady?"

"I do."

"Will you swear to that?"

"I will. To the best of my knowledge and belief, she is my daughter."

"Could you swear to her identity?"

"I could."

"What is her age?"

"She was thirty years of age on the 20th day of last April."

"When did you last see her?"

"At her own house, about a fortnight since."

"When did you last see her previous to that meeting?"

The plaintiff hesitated—a long pause ensued—the question was repeated—and at last was heard the unwilling reply:

"On the 15th day of June, 17—."

"When she was but five weeks old," added the counsel, rising and turning to the Referees.

"This lady, gentlemen, I have brought here as an *important* witness, and such, I doubt not, she will prove. What the father has here confessed, she will establish, should his confessions, made thus informally, be objected to. The plaintiff's counsel, learned and ingenious, has pleaded ably in behalf of his client; he has glowingly depicted the sorrows of the bereaved husband, whom God in his mercy has saved from a watery grave, through years of danger and of peril, to seek his home again, and find it desolate and desecrated. But who will undertake the task to paint, even in faint hues, the picture of his lonely wife bending over her daily toil, devoting her best years, her health, her beauty, to the drudgery of sordid poverty, to the earning of a pitiful reward for her labours, which should keep her children from starvation; supported only by the hope of her loved husband's return! Who will paint the slow progress of heart-sickening—the wasting anguish of hope deferred—and the agony which at last came upon her, which he could have averted by a line, or word, sent by some friend or foe, which extinguished that last hope, and compelled her indeed to believe herself a widow? Who shall depict, with even the outline of resemblance, all those overwhelming causes of sorrow, without arousing in your hearts the deepest sympathy for the deserted wife and mother, and the most sincere scorn for the despicable wretch who could thus trample on the heart of that devoted one, whom he had sworn to love and cherish, and who now ventures to appear here before you, without even the show of that shame which becomes our nature, and to seek redress from laws, which were not framed to reach so extreme a case of pitiful debasement. But let me not be carried away by feeling—here stands a witness, with the frank, fearless brow of true-hearted woman—let us hear from her lips which of these two men has been to her a father."

Turning to the lady with a tone, whose sweetness was in wonderful contrast with the scornful accent, and withering eloquence that had just characterized his words, he besought her to relate briefly the recollections of her early life. A slight flush colored her cheek, as she turned her beautiful face to the referees and replied:

"My earliest recollections are of a small, ill-furnished apartment, which my sister and myself shared with our deceased mother. She carried out every Saturday evening the work which she had accomplished during the week, and brought back employment for the following one. Saving those wearisome visits to her employers, and her regular attendance at church, she never left the house. She often spoke of my father, and of his return, but at last she made no mention of his name, although I saw she used to weep more frequently than before. I imagined then her tears were shed for our poverty, for it sometimes happened that our meals consisted of a crust of dry bread. She was accustomed to sew by the light of chips, which she had kindled to warm her famishing children, because she could not purchase a candle without depriving us of our scanty morning repast. Such was her condition, when she contracted her second marriage, and the change was like a sudden entrance into Paradise. We found a home and a father——"

"Would you excite my own child against me?" cried the plaintiff, as he impatiently waved his hand to her to be silent.

The eyes of the witness flashed fire at these words, and she exclaimed vehemently:

"You are not my father! The law may proclaim you such, but my heart, my tongue disclaim you.—What? you my father, who basely deserted my mother, leaving your wife to toil in beggary, and her children to pine under the stings of starvation? Never! never! Here is my father," pointing to the defendant, whose wrinkled cheek was flushed with anxiety as to the termination of this scene, and with pride at his Emily's indignation. "Here is my father, who watched over my infancy, shielded and protected me; guarding my mind as well as my outward comforts, and who softened the sorrows of that devoted being, whose heart you trampled upon, and whose invaluable and priceless love you knew not how to appreciate. This father claims my affections, and I give them to him. You, who have led a life of selfish, lawless freedom, from all social ties, go seek among the companions of your decrepitude for comfort, nor dare insult the ashes of my injured mother, by claiming the duties of kindred from her deserted children!"

She drew her veil hastily around her, and supported by her step-father left the room.

"Gentlemen," said the counsel, "I have no more to say. The words of the Law are in the book before you; and in your hearts, as in my own, are the truths upon which the case rests, breathed by the pure lips of woman. You will decide according to justice, based upon the requisitions of nature."

It is hardly necessary to add, that the decision was in favor of the defendant, and that the plaintiff went away, followed by the contempt and scorn of every witness to this touching scene.

"OH! FATHER, LET ME IN."

BY MRS. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ.

The dark clouds gathered in the sky,
Loud rose the thunder's din,
When, hark! a sweet imploring cry,
"Oh! father, let me in!"

And still, as louder swelled the gale,
And heavy fell the rain,
That soft, lonely, and plaintive wail,
Thrilled to the heart again.

I knew that sweet, imploring tone.
Fair child! I saw thee stray,
When bright the morning sunbeams shone,
On the green slope to play:

And there amid the light and dew,
'Mid fragrance, song and mirth,
A living sunbeam, on ye flew,
Young gladdener of the earth!

Ye recked not of a father's care,
Nor of thy sheltering home;
This world seemed made so green and fair,
For thy young feet to roam.

But now, in danger's hour, the world
Shows but one place of rest.
Poor dove! thy fluttering wings are furl'd,
Within thine own dear nest.

So, children of a larger growth,
When pleasure's pulse beats high,
We spring with bounding footsteps forth,
'Neath hope's cerulean sky.

But, when the clouds of darkness low'r,
When life's sad woes begin—
We cry at heavenly mercy's door,
"Oh! Father, let me in!"

Written for the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

THE OCEAN BURIAL.

BY F. BUCKINGHAM GRAHAM.

Here let the lovely rest in peace,
Beneath the ocean's whitened surge,
And here may wandering zephyrs breathe,
At eventide, a solemn dirge.
In sorrow have we placed her head,
Where ne'er will mourner's tears be shed,
But where, around her marble brow,
The sea-weeds cluster even now.

Sleep on! No willow o'er thee bends,
Nor birds a mournful requiem sing,
But summer breezes floating by,
Will here the flowrets' largess bring.
And may that radiant evening star,
Which glimmers in the heavens afar,
Each twilight gild the mountain wave,
That bow'rs above thy ocean grave.

Alone we leave thee, gentle one,
In the Atlantic o'er to rest,
And with the tidings of thy fate
We hasten t'wards the distant west.
Farewell!—farewell!—where'er we roam,
O'er prairie lea or ocean foam,
We'll think of thee at morn and even,
As of an angel now, in heaven.

THE MECHANIC.

BY CAROLINE ORNE.

"You cannot think how surprised I was," said Emeline Brandon, addressing Mary Fields, "to see you walking with Sydney Ashton, the other day."

"Why?" enquired Mary.

"I shouldn't think a girl who, like you, moves in the first circles, would ask."

"Now, seriously, Emeline: I should like to hear your objections to Sydney Ashton. Is he not a young man of unblemished morals?"

"I cannot say that I ever heard anything to the contrary."

"And he has, I believe, a good education."

"He never went to college."

"No—but I heard a person say who has had good opportunity to know, and who is a good judge, that by diligence and perseverance, he has acquired a much better knowledge of most branches than many who have been."

"Well, what good does it do him, as long as he keeps plodding away at his trade? We may know that he is naturally of a grovelling spirit, or he would try to get a situation in a counting-room, or even a store, rather than make bureaus and tables."

"There are so many eager for situations of that kind, that he might find it difficult to find one, where he to make the attempt. Besides, I am not sure if he could, that he would be situated so much to his mind, as he is at present, for he can now do a good day's work, and have an hour or two for reading or any other intellectual pursuit that he chooses."

"An intellectual mechanic! What an anomoly!"

"By no means. I could, besides Franklin, name a longer list than you would have patience to listen to."

"Well, I don't care—I think it is condescending quite too far for the daughter of one of our wealthiest citizens to be so sociable with a mechanic."

"And I," said Mary, smiling, "think it is condescending quite too far for Emeline Brandon, the heiress, to be so sociable with Frank Blandley."

"Now, Mary, I know you are in jest, for is he not the richest, the handsomest, and the most fashionable young man in the place?"

"Not the handsomest, Emeline. The most partial observer would admit that Sydney Ashton is not only handsomer, but has a far more intellectual countenance. Blandley's personal appearance, however, is not only good, but rather prepossessing."

"When the handsome, intellectual mechanic is not by to eclipse him," said Emeline.

"I had no reference to his looks," said Mary, "when I told you that I thought you condescended too far in being sociable with him. His idle and expensive habits are what I object to."

"I am sure that a gentleman with an income like his, cannot be blamed for gratifying his tastes."

"If he has a taste for idleness and dissipation, he should be blamed."

"I suppose you think it would be commendable for him to learn a trade of Mr. Sydney Ashton?"

"O, no, I do not. A young man left with so large a property as Frank Blandley, has no need of having recourse to manual labor. There are many elegant pursuits open to a gentleman of his standing from which he might derive much enjoyment, and there are likewise many duties which he might perform, that would be a comfort to himself and a benefit to others."

"It is not to be expected that a gentleman of twenty-five, possessing a princely fortune, should set up for a moralist, or a philanthropist. Money supplies the place of all things, and those who, like Frank Blandley, have it in abundance, and can, whenever they please, bestow it where it is needed, may, I think, without incurring reproach, leave the performance of laborious duties to others. I don't expect to be so fortunate as to be his choice, should he think of selecting a wife, but I am willing to confess that if I should be, I should consider myself the most enviable girl in the place."

"There is, much to my regret, I confess, little doubt but that you will be his choice, should he think of marrying, for he has, of late, been very attentive to you."

"If I should be," said Emeline, "I think you had better reserve your regret for yourself, as there will be little need of your bestowing it on me."

"Is what I hear true, Blandley?" said Edwin Barrett. "Have you really any serious thoughts of matrimony?"

"Yes, I have thought of it, and they are serious ones too, I should think, for I have not yet made up my mind whether to choose between it and a pistol."

"For shame, Blandley, to speak thus when such a handsome girl as Emeline Brandon is ready to accept you."

"Now, Barrett, you don't think me such a milksop as to be taken with a pair of bright eyes and ruby lips. If merely a wife was my object, Emeline Brandon is the last person I should choose. Money is what I want—money is what I must have, a commodity of which the woman I love is destitute."

"May I ask her name?"

"I imagined that you were well enough acquainted with me to know that such a woman as Helen Faulkner could not cross my path and leave me with a heart!"

"She was, in good sooth, a bright and glorious creature, with a face full of intelligence and feeling—a woman not only to be loved, but to be adored.—Are you really in such want of money as to be obliged to marry for it? I thought you were in receipt of four or five thousand a year?"

"Not one hundred."

"Why, what has become of that fine block of buildings, that used to rent for four thousand dollars a year?"

"All gone—marched off at the rattling of the dice box."

"Blandley, I was not aware that you were a gambler."

"It was not my intention to be one, but you know that I have neither taste nor talent for business, nor for any of the fine arts. Now there must be something to amuse and excite, if one would not sink into a mental lethargy."

"Better do that, than seek the excitement of the gaming table."

"I am of your mind. All I wish now is to win back what I have lost."

"It is a dangerous experiment, and, as a friend, I warn you not to try it."

"I must, at any rate, have twenty thousand dollars, or my honor is compromised. Emeline Brandon, as I have understood from good authority, has twenty-five thousand in ready cash, besides a farm in the country valued at three or four thousand. The safer way will be to marry her, pay my debts of honor, and go and live on the farm. Don't you think that when people see the once dashing Frank Blandley, that kept his span of greys and his five hundred dollar saddle-horse, digging in a potato field, they will hold up their hands and exclaim—'O! what a fall was there!'"

"It might possibly be a nine day's wonder. But, seriously, Frank: if your affairs are as desperate as you say, the course you suggest would be the most prudent you can take, though with respect to Miss Brandon, not the most generous one."

"Barrett," said Blandley, suddenly changing his playful manner, "you will not think of frustrating my plan, now I have given you my confidence, by advising Miss Brandon of my situation."

"I shall not, and for the very good reason, that I know either warning or advice would be utterly thrown away upon her, or even stimulate her to accept you the sooner. I am enough acquainted with her disposition to know that she has great confidence in her own knowledge of character, and of yours she has so high an opinion, it would be impossible to make her believe anything to your disadvantage.—Were it otherwise, I will give you my word, that before twenty-four hours had passed, I would warn her against marrying a gambler."

They now parted, and as Blandley knew that Barrett would not break his word, he felt no apprehension with regard to the secret he had disclosed in an unguarded moment. But he had a rival in one he did not suspect—one who had seen him at the hazard table, and knew the amount of his losses. His name was Ward, and had been a resident of the city scarcely a year, yet he had several times met with Emeline Brandon at parties, where his reputed wealth, handsome person, and showy manners had gained him ready admission. Having recently sustained some heavy losses at the gaming-table, he began to think Miss Brandon's twenty-five thousand dollars worth looking after.

About a week subsequent to the conversation between Blandley and Barrett, there was to be a splendid ball, to which they, Emeline, Brandon and Ward, were invited. Ward, who feared to trust to his personal advantages alone, against such a rival as Blandley, sent her an anonymous note, in which he gave an exaggerated account of Blandley's recent dereliction from the path of moral rectitude, and referred her to Barrett, for the truth of his communication, having, in the character of an eves-dropper, ascertained that he possessed all the necessary information.

Emeline immediately called on Mary, showed her the note, and asked her what she thought.

"I should not wonder if it were true," replied Mary, "for I have little confidence in the strength of Blandley's moral principles, and should advise you, by all means, to apply to Mr. Barrett, who may be able either to confirm or contradict the assertions of the anonymous writer."

"Who do you suppose the person can be who wrote it?" said Emeline. "I half suspect it is Sydney Ashton, for no *gentleman* would meddle with what does not concern him."

"It is not Sydney Ashton's hand-writing," said Mary.

"That is nothing. It is very easy for a person to write in a feigned hand."

"I think he would have mentioned it to me, if he had reason to suspect that Blandley frequented the gaming-table," said Mary.

"I am not of your mind. The underhand method of warning me by an anonymous note, would, I imagine, be exactly suited to the exalted views of one, who is all the time plodding with a chisel or plane in his hand. On second thoughts, I think it would be ungenerous even to suspect a gentleman like Blandley, because some base-minded person, from interested motives, no doubt, wishes to degrade him in my opinion."

"Then you will not mention the subject to Barrett?" said Mary, without making any allusion to the ungenerous remarks relative to Ashton.

"No, I certainly shall not. Should I show myself to be so suspicious of Blandley, I should not blame him if he should never speak to me again."

On the evening of the ball, Ward was by Emeline's side, before Blandley, supposing himself secure in her preference, and acting upon the policy of not showing himself too eager in his attentions, thought of honoring her with his notice. She was a vain girl, and when she found the fashionable and elegant, and, as he affected to be, the exclusive Ward, bending on her his dark lustrous eyes, as if she were the only object present he deemed worthy of his regard, and when she heard the soft insinuating tones of his voice, which thrilled on her ear as if they had a softer meaning than the time and place permitted him to express in words, she almost forgot the equally handsome and fascinating Blandley and his splendid equipage, with which he almost daily dashed through the streets.—Blandley was thoroughly aroused from his apathy. The twenty-five thousand dollars and the farm were at hazard, and he determined, if possible, to secure them that evening. As soon, therefore, as etiquette demanded that those who had joined the dance, should exchange partners, he was at Emeline's side. At the conclusion of the dance, he imperceptibly drew her aside from the gay throng. Fear of failure, as he observed her eyes wandering in the direction where Ward sat conversing with a distinguished belle, gave him eloquence, and he plead his cause so well and so earnestly, that when she again joined the company, it was as his affianced bride. When Ward renewed his homage, and Barrett directed Blandley's attention towards them, he smiled and said, "I have nothing to fear from him."

The pressing need in which Blandley stood for money, would not permit the marriage to be delayed, and it was with some difficulty that Emeline induced him to defer it long enough for her to have a dress prepared, which she deemed of suitable elegance for the occasion. Twenty thousand dollars was freely surrendered to her husband, who assured her that he would invest it in certain stock which he named, which would yield twice the income heretofore realized. The remaining five thousand, reluctantly on his part, was reserved for the purchase of furniture.

Emeline had little depth of feeling, or of that true tenderness which causes the heart to yearn for something more than cold politeness. It had been her ambition to form a brilliant marriage, to be placed at the head of a splendid establishment, and during the few first months of her wedded life, that ambition appeared to be realized. No house was furnished with so much elegance and taste as Mrs. Blandley's. The floors were covered with the most beautiful Brussels, and the windows were draped with curtains of the heaviest and richest satin, some worked in flowers of the natural colors, others with gold and silver tissue. Vases, statues, pictures, and whatever money could command, were displayed in profusion. All this was by the direction, and under the express superintendance of Emeline; Blandley having given her his promise, when she objected to their hurried marriage on the ground that she wished to purchase her furniture previous to its taking place, that he would leave all to her own judgment and taste.

Mrs. Blandley soon came to be the star of fashion, and nothing could equal the elegance and brilliancy of her parties, fetes, and soirees. To these Mary Fields was always invited, but Sydney Ashton could not, of course, be admitted into company so select and exclusive. In the mean time, Blandley's infatuation for play had returned upon him stronger than ever. Separate from the need of winning, he felt the want of excitement, a kind of morbid craving which the company he met with at home did not supply. He had paid his debts of honor, and again stood on fair ground. "It is a long lane," said he to himself, "that has no turn, and fortune must take a turn in my favour." Under a feigned pretext, he succeeded in obtaining possession of his wife's title deed to her farm, and on the evening of the same day he was again at the hazard table. Fortune did take a turn, and to his surprise, he returned home a thousand dollars richer than when he left. This he had been allowed to do, that he might not take alarm and retreat before all his available property, which was thought much greater than it was, could be secured. While affairs were in this train, Mrs. Blandley, who was out shopping, happened to meet Mary Fields in the street.

"I am glad that I have met you, Mary," said she, "otherwise I should have been under the necessity of calling on you, and really I am so pressed for time on account of the preparations necessary for to-morrow evening, that it would have been extremely inconvenient. I wished to see you—and I know that you will excuse me for being sincere and open with you—to tell you that I cannot invite you to our soiree to-morrow evening, unless you will promise to drop all intercourse with Sydney Ashton. Blandley says my inviting you, while you encourage the attentions of such a person, has already been the subject of conversation among his fashionable acquaintance, and he says, too, that it is a shame for a girl like you to throw yourself away on a mechanic. He moreover hinted that the elegant and fashionable Ward would not hesitate to offer himself to you, only he cannot think of putting himself so much on an equality with a mechanic, as to become his rival."

"I should have declined accepting an invitation to your soiree," said Mary, "had I received one; for as I last evening engaged to marry Sydney Ashton, I shall for the future associate only with those who will not scorn to admit him into their society."

"Is it possible, Mary, that you have made a promise which you cannot in honor retract?"

"By no means. Sydney Ashton is too generous to bind me by a promise, should the case to be sanctioned by inclination. I think, however, that I shall have no cause to change my mind. A barrier, therefore, which you will not wish to pass, is placed between us for the present; but, as all earthly things bear the stamp of mutability, should the time ever come when sorrow or misfortune should make it desirable for you to renew our acquaintance, I trust that you will find me more ready to obey the dictates of duty and humanity, than those of resentment and pride."

"It is hardly probable," replied Mrs. Blandley, "that I shall ever wish a renewal on such grounds; but should you ever come to a proper sense of what is due to yourself, I can assure you, nothing would afford me more pleasure."

The same day that this conversation took place between Mrs. Blandley and Mary, a gentleman, who called at Sydney Ashton's shop to purchase some furniture, remarked that he had once been a cabinet maker, and that his first step towards amassing the large property then in his possession, was the purchase of a small share in a vessel. He then enquired if he had never felt any inclination to try his success in a similar way? Ashton replied, that he had never thought upon the subject.

"The shipping business," said the gentleman, "is at present uncommonly prosperous, especially the East India trade; and if you have a thousand or two dollars to invest in the way I mentioned, I think there is little doubt but that you may double your money."

The reasons he gave for what he said, were so clear and satisfactory, that Ashton was induced to follow his advice, and purchased a share in a vessel soon to sail for the East Indies, for which he gave the earnings of the five years since the expiration of his apprenticeship. The result more than realized the merchant's predictions, which encouraged him to turn his attention to commerce. The India trade continued to be more and more prosperous, and by prudence, perseverance and enterprise, he had, at the end of five years, accumulated a handsome fortune. Mary Fields had, at that time, been four years his wife, and was mistress of one of the most tasteful and elegant, if not one of the most costly mansions in the city, which was frequented by many of the most deserving and intelligent of the community.

From the day that Mary met Mrs. Blandley in the street, she had never exchanged with her a single word. She had seen her, several times, within the first year afterwards, pass in her elegant carriage, and had a few times met her on the side-walk, but nothing more than a cold and distant bow was exchanged between them. Once or twice, during the same year, she had seen Blandley, whose dress was as fashionable and dashing as ever, though his haggard, care-worn countenance bespoke irregular habits and a mind ill at ease. Subsequently, she lost sight of them, and her husband, who, at her request, made enquiry concerning them, was informed that they had left the city. One evening, in the depth of winter, as Mr. and Mrs. Ashton sat before a bright fire, surrounded by those comforts and luxuries commanded by wealth, a note was put into the hand of the latter, which, on examining the signature, she found to be from Emeline Blandley. It appeared to have been written by a weak and tremulous hand, and ran thus:

"Do you remember the last words you ever said to me? They sunk deep into my heart, though, when I returned home, I made them the subject of mirth to my husband. In less than a year from that time, I found that he was a professed gambler, and that we were reduced to beggary. I did not spare my reproaches, though they procured me the most brutal treatment. We left the city privately, for one where we were not known, and Blandley, without either the energy or will to seek employment, again found his way to the gaming-table. To the vice of gambling, he soon added that of intemperance. Frequently he remained from home all night—sometimes several days and nights in succession. At length, a week passed and he did not return. A laborer who took pity on me, made enquiry respecting him, and ascertained that he had sailed for New Orleans. I had an infant three months old, which gave me energy, and prevented me from sinking into a state of apathy. By unremitting exertion, I succeeded in obtaining a subsistence, till my health began to fail. My last efforts were directed towards accumulating a sum sufficient to convey me back again to my native city. I was very ill when I arrived at the stage-tavern. The ensuing morning I was in a high fever, and perfectly unconscious of my situation. When reason returned, I found that myself and child had been conveyed to the alms-house, it being but too obvious, by our mean appearance, that I was destitute of the means by which to remunerate those who might take the charge of us.—No one that has seen me, suspects me to be the once gay and wealthy Emeline Brandon. Though my fever has left me, I feel that my days on earth are few, and have not, therefore, addressed you in my own behalf, but for the sake of my little girl, who, I cannot bear to think, unless you take compassion on her, must be an inmate of the alms-house when I am gone. She is a beautiful child, though nurtured in the lap of poverty, and, unlike her parents, of a sweet and gentle disposition. Will you, Mary, take her to your home, even though you make her as one of your hired servants? Say but yes, and willingly, most willingly, will I exchange my couch of suffering for the lonely and silent rest of the grave! If you think me worthy of notice, enquire for Mrs. Mussel, the name Blandley assumed four years ago, when he left this place."

"It is only seven o'clock," said Mrs. Ashton to her husband, after he had finished reading the letter which she had handed him, after perusing it herself—"and as it is a still, bright evening, what is there to hinder us from calling on her immediately?"

"I think it will be better than to defer it till morning," replied Mr. Ashton, "as she must necessarily feel a good deal of anxiety as to the manner her communication is received. The sleighing is admirable, and it will be a fine drive."

"But have you already come to a conclusion what to do?"

"We cannot refuse her request," he said.

"I am glad you think so," she replied. "I shall be ready to go in five minutes."

The alms-house was only a mile distant, and the sleigh moved rapidly over the smooth, well-beaten path, which glittered in the bright moonlight as if it had been strewn with gems. Mr. Ashton remained in the parlor, while his wife was conducted to the apartment of the invalid. She was sitting up in bed, supported by pillows. The hand trembled which Mrs. Ashton held out to her, and she pronounced her name with an unsteady voice. A bright, hectic glow rushed over Emeline's features, and, for a moment, brought back some traces of her former beauty. It faded, and Mrs. Ashton could not recognize, in her pallid and sunken features, any thing to remind her of the haughty woman who, five years previous, had declined her acquaintance because she had engaged to marry a mechanic. By her side, was a little girl four years old, wrapt in rosy slumber. Her lips, fresh and bright as an unplucked cherry, were slightly parted, and a few of the soft curls that clustered in golden profusion over her innocent head, had strayed so far as to half cover the dimpled elbow of the small, plump arm, lying on the coarse but clean sheet folded over the coverlet.

"It is for her I implore your charity," said the mother, laying her thin hand on the head of her sleeping child, "for you see how plainly it is written upon these faded features that *I* shall not need it."

"But may we not hope that time may restore your health?" said Mrs. Ashton.

"Consumption works with a sure hand," she replied; "and to me, there is comfort in the thought, for I shall be cared for by Him in whom I have a firm and unwavering trust. Only tell me that when my voice is hushed and can speak no more in behalf of my sweet Agnes, there will be a voice in your bosom that will plead for her instead!"

"I will be a mother to her then," replied Mrs. Ashton.

"You have said enough. That promise includes every thing, and I feel assured that it will be faithfully fulfilled."

Mr. and Mrs. Ashton called again the ensuing day, and offered her an asylum in their own home, but she declined.

"I am comfortable here," she said, "and it would make unnecessary trouble. An occasional call from you, and the presence of my child, is all I desire during the short time I have to live."

Mrs. Ashton thought she might live many months, and even get better. She, herself, judged more correctly. Just four weeks from the day Mrs. Ashton first visited her, she was conveyed to her last resting place, and the little Agnes, too young to realize her loss, was playing in the nursery with the two children of her benefactors, who, as may be inferred from the correct tone of their moral sentiments, never failed in faithfully discharging their trust.

THE CODE OF HONOR.

Two young men, one with a black leather cap on his head, and military buttons on his coat, sat in close conversation about six months ago, in the bar-room of the ——— hotel. The subject that occupied their attention seemed to be an exciting one, at least to him of the military buttons and black cap, for he emphasized strongly, knit his brows awfully, and at last went so far as to swear a terrible oath.

"Don't permit yourself to get excited, Tom," interposed the friend. "It won't help the matter at all."

"But I've got no patience."

"Then it's time you had some," coolly returned the friend. "If you intend pushing your way into the good graces of my lady Mary Clinton, you must do something more than fume and swear about the little matter of rivalry that has sprung up."

"Yes; but to think of a poor milk sop of an author—author!—pah! scribbler!—to think, I say, of a spiritless creature like Blake thrusting himself in between me and such a girl as Mary Clinton; and worse, gaining her notice, is too bad! He has sonneteered her eyebrows, no doubt—flattered her in verse, until she doesn't know who or where she is—and in this way become a formidable rival. But I won't bear it. I'll—I'll—"

"What will you do?"

"Do? Humme! I'll—I'll wing him! That's what I'll do. I'll challenge the puppy, and shoot him!"

And the young Lieutenant, for such he was, flourished his right arm *of a doelle*, and looked pistol balls and death.

"But he won't fight, Tom."

"Won't he?" And the Lieutenant's face brightened. "Then I'll post him for a coward! That'll finish him. All women hate cowards. I'll post him—yes, and cowskin him into the bargain, if necessary."

"Posting will do," half sarcastically replied the friend. "But on what pretence will you challenge him?"

"I'll make one. I'll insult him the first time I meet him, and then, if he says any thing, challenge and shoot him."

"That would be quite gentlemanly—quite according to the code of honor," returned the friend quietly.

The young military gentleman we have introduced was named Redmond. The reader has already penetrated his character. In person he was quite good-looking, though not the Adonis he deemed himself. He had fallen deeply in love with the "acres of charms" possessed by a certain Miss Mary Clinton, and was making rapid inroads upon her heart—at least he thought so—when a young man, well known in the literary circles, made his appearance, and was received with a degree of favor that confounded the officer, who had already begun to think himself sure of his prize. Blake had a much readier tongue, and a good deal more in his head, than the other, and could, therefore, in the matter of mind at least, appear to much better advantage than his rival. He had also written and published one or two popular books. This gave him a standing as an author.—Take him all in all, he was a rival to be feared, and Redmond was not long in making the discovery. What was to be done? A military man must not be beaten off by a mere civilian. The rival must be gotten off in some way. The professional means was, as has been seen, thought of first. Blake must be challenged and killed off, and then the course would be clear.

A few days after this brave and honorable determination the officer met the author in a public place, and purposely jostled him rudely. Blake said nothing, thinking it possible that it might have been only an accident. But he remained near Redmond, to give him a chance to repeat the insult, if such had been his intention. It was not long before the author was again jostled in a still ruder manner than before, at the same time that some offensive word was muttered by the officer. This was in the presence of a number of persons, who could not help hearing, seeing, and understanding all. Satisfied that an insult was intended, Blake looked him in the face for a moment, and then asked, loud enough to be heard all around—

"Did you jostle me intentionally?"

"I did!" was the angry retort.

"*Gentlemen* never do such things."

As Blake said this, with marked emphasis, he looked steadily in the officer's face.

"You'll hear from me, sir."

And as the officer said this, menacingly, he turned and walked away with quite a military air.

"There's trouble for you now, Blake. He'll challenge you!" said two or three friends who instantly gathered round him.

"Do you think so?"

"Certainly. He's an officer. Fighting's his trade."

"Well, let him."

"What'll you do?"

"Accept his challenge, of course."

"And fight him?"

"Certainly."

"He'll shoot you."

"I'm not afraid."

Blake returned with a friend to his lodgings, where he found a billet already from Redmond, who was all eagerness to "wing" his rival.

On the next morning, two friends of the belligerents were closeted for the purpose of arranging the preliminaries of the fight.

"The weapons?" asked the friend of the military man. "Your principal, by the laws of honor, has the choice; as, also, the right to name time, place, etc."

"Yes, I understand. All that is settled."

"He will fight, then?"

"Fight? O, certainly. Blake's no coward."

"Well, then, name the weapons."

"A pair of good goose quills."

"Sir!" in profound astonishment.

"The weapons are to be a pair of good Russia quills, opaque, manufactured into pens of approved quality. The place of meeting, the ——— Gazette; the time, to-morrow morning, bright and early."

"Do you mean to insult me?" This was said with sternness.

"By no means."

"You cannot be serious!"

"Never was more so in my life. By the code of honor, the challenged party has the right to choose weapons, place of meeting, and time. Is not that so?"

"Certainly."

"Very well. Your principal has challenged mine. All these rights are of course his; and he is justified in choosing those weapons with which he is most familiar. The weapon he can use best is the pen, and he chooses that. If Lieutenant Redmond had been the challenged party, he would, of course, have named pistols, with which he is familiar, and Mr. Blake would have been called a coward, a poltroon, or something as bad, if, after sending a challenge, he had objected to the weapons. Will your principal find himself in any different position if he declines this meeting upon like grounds? I think not. Pens are as good as pistols, at any time, and will do as good execution."

"Fighting with pens! Preposterous!"

"Not quite as preposterous as you might think.—Mr. Blake has more than insinuated that Redmond's no gentleman. For this he is challenged to a single combat that is to prove him to be either a gentleman or not one. Surely the most sensible weapon with which to do this is the pen. Pistols won't demonstrate this matter. Only the pen can do it. So the pen is chosen. In the ——— Gazette of to-morrow morning my friend stands ready to prove your friend to be no gentleman. Let him stand on the defensive, and prove that he is a gentleman, and that a gentleman has the right to insult publicly and without provocation whomsoever he pleases. Depend upon it, you will find this quite as serious an affair as if pistols were used."

"I did not come here, sir, to be trifled with."

"No trifling in the matter at all. I am in sober earnest. Pens are the weapons. The ——— Gazette the battle-ground. Time early as you please tomorrow morning. Are you prepared for the meeting?"

"No."

"Do you understand the consequences?"

"What consequences?"

"Your principal will be posted as a coward before night."

"Are you mad?"

"No. Cool and in earnest. We fully understand what we are about."

The officer's second was non-plussed. He did not know what to say or think. He was unprepared for such a position of affairs.

"I'll see you in the course of an hour," he at length said, rising.

"Very well. You will find me here."

"Is all settled?" asked the valiant Lieutenant, as his second came into his room at the hotel, where he was pacing the floor.

"Settled? No! Nor likely to be! I objected to the weapons, and, indeed, the whole proposed arrangement."

"Objected to the weapons! And pray what did he name? A blunderbuss?"

"No, nor a duck gun with trumpet muzzle. But an infernal *pen*!"

"A what!"

"Why, curse the fellow, a pen! You are to use pens—the place of meeting, the ——— Gazette—time, to-morrow morning. He is to prove that you are no gentleman, and you are to prove that you are one, and that a gentleman is at all times privileged to insult whomsoever he pleases without provocation."

"He's a cowardly fool!"

"If the terms are not accepted, he threatens to post you for a coward before night."

"What!"

"You must accept or be posted. Think of that!"

The precise terms in which the principal swore, and the manner in which he fumed for the next five minutes, need not be told. He was called back to more sober feelings by the question—

"Do you accept the terms of the meeting?"

"No—of course not. The fellow's a fool."

"Then you consent to be posted. How will that sound?"

"I'll cut off the rascal's ears if he dare do such a thing."

"That won't secure Mary Clinton, the cause of this contest."

"Curse it, no!"

"With pens for weapons, he'll 'wing' you a little too quick."

"No doubt. But the public won't bear him out in such an outrage—such a violation of all the rules of honor."

"By the code of honor, the challenged party has the right to choose weapons, etc."

"I know."

"And you are afraid to meet the man you have challenged upon the terms he proposes. That is all plain and simple enough. The world will understand it all."

"But what's to be done?"

"You must fight, apologize, or be posted. There is no alternative. To be posted won't do. The laugh would be too strongly against you."

"It will be as bad, or even worse, to fight as he proposes."

"True. What then?"

"It must be made up somehow or other."

"So I think. Will you write an apology?"

"I don't know. That's too humiliating."

"It's the least of three evils."

So at last thought the valiant Lieutenant Redmond. When the seconds again met, it was to arrange a settlement of the difference. This could only be done by a very humbly written apology, which was made. On the next day the young officer left the city, a little wiser than when he came.—Blake and his second said but little of the matter. A few choice friends were let into the secret, which afforded many a hearty laugh. Among these friends was Mary Clinton, who not long after gave her hand and heart to the redoubtable author.

As for the Lieutenant, he swears that he would as lief come in contact with a Paixhan gun as an author with his "infernal pen." He understands pistols, small swords, rifles, and even cannons, but he can't stand up when "pen work" is the order of the day. The odds would be too much against him.

THE

MODERN OTHELLO.

A TALE FOUNDED ON FACTS.

Towards the close of the year 1826, a large house in the Calle San Geronimo, in Madrid, which, for a considerable time, had remained uninhabited, suddenly became the scene of much bustle and preparation. Doors, shutters, and jalousies, were thrown open, creaking upon their hinges, which had grown rusty from want of use, and a host of painters and decorators were seen busily at work, cleansing the apartments, and fitting them up in the most sumptuous and expensive manner. The walls of the rooms were soon covered with splendid mirrors and admirably-painted frescoes; superb chandeliers hung glittering from the ceiling; and furniture, made of the richest silks and most costly foreign woods, filled the suites of rooms. In the inner court, or *patio*, the broken and moss-covered flags were replaced by a mosaic pavement of the rarest materials and most ingenious device; the broken pipes and dilapidated stonework of the dried up fountain were removed, and in their place a dolphin, exquisitely carved out of the purest white marble, spouted a gush of sparkling water into the sun-beams. Some boxes of earth, the plants in which had perished or run wild from neglect, disappeared, and rows of huge porcelain jars, containing citron and orange trees, camelias with their wax-like flowers, and exotics of the greatest fragrance and beauty, were ranged in the galleries and around the court.

The cobwebbed and bat-haunted mansion which, under the spell of that great magician, gold, was thus so rapidly transformed into a palace of almost oriental magnificence, had been the property of a nobleman who had made himself conspicuous in the political struggles of 1821 and 1822, and who found himself compelled to fly the country when Ferdinand, by the aid of French bayonets, was restored to absolute power. Before reaching the frontier, however, he fell into the hands of some royalist guerillas and was shot without form of trial. His property was confiscated to the use of the crown, his estate and the furniture of his house at Madrid sold, but for the house itself no purchaser had been found, and for more than three years it remained shut up and neglected. It seemed as if the unhappy fate of its last owner had deterred every body from occupying a mansion which for size and outward appearance was one of the best in Madrid, and the neighbors had become so accustomed to its deserted and gloomy aspect, that they almost began to think that it had acquired a sort of prescriptive right to remain uninhabited, and were proportionably surprised at the preparations now making for the reception of some new proprietor. It soon became known that an Andalusian gentleman, of ancient descent and immense wealth, had purchased the house, and that he intended inhabiting it as soon as it was ready to receive himself and his young and beautiful wife.

Don Mariano Flores was the owner of one of the finest estates in Andalusia, which had been in his family nearly from the day that the Moors were finally driven out of the richest province in the peninsula. Following the example of his ancestors, he was leading the peaceful and happy life of a Spanish country gentleman, when the invasion of Spain by Napoleon's generals rendered person and property insecure. Don Mariano was then about thirty-five years of age, and still unmarried, and feeling no disposition to take a part in the struggle which was commencing, he embarked for the Havannah, where he had some extensive plantations, intending to remain there until things should again become settled in Spain.—He remained, however, much longer, busied with the superintendence and improvement of his property; and it was only about eighteen months before the period of this narrative that he landed at Cadiz, after an absence of fifteen years from his native county. During a stay which he made in the last named city, he became acquainted with a widow lady of good family but limited means, who was residing there with her son and daughter. The amiable qualities and agreeable conversation of Dona Olivia Guevara had at first induced Flores to cultivate her acquaintance, but before he had paid many visits to her house, it became evident that the point of attraction was changed, and that her beautiful daughter was the magnet which drew him each day to the Casa Guevara.

Dona Lucia was indeed a most enchanting creature, the very perfection of Spanish beauty, but with a share of good sense and accomplishments far larger than is usually found in her countrywomen. She was at this time in her twentieth year, possessing a regular, beautiful and expressive countenance, a figure that was the perfection of grace and symmetry, and feet and hands remarkable even in Andalusia, where that class of beauty abounds. The care and instructions that had been lavished on her by her mother had borne good fruit; she was well informed, played admirably on the guitar and piano, painted as few amateurs paint, sang like a nightingale, and danced like a sylph. In short she was the toast of Cadiz, and her admirers were innumerable, but her want of fortune deterred some, while others, who had offered themselves, had been met by a courteous but firm rejection. Her mother, whose health was bad, and who had little to depend on beside her pension as widow of a general officer, was desirous of seeing her daughter married, and frequently expostulated with her on her rejection of suitors apparently unexceptionable. When Flores began to pay her marked attention, Dona Olivia strongly urged her to give a favorable answer to the proposals which he was evidently desirous of making. Lucia's heart was entirely free, and she liked the agreeable conversation and gentlemanly manners of her new suitor. This, added to her strong wish to please her mother, to whom she was devotedly attached, and to an equally strong desire to promote the interests of her twin brother Enrique, which might be greatly advanced by an alliance with a wealthy and influential man, induced her to accept the proposals which Don Mariano at last found courage to make. He had for a long time been deterred from offering himself, by a doubt, whether happiness could result from a union between a girl at nineteen and a man nearly thirty-five years her senior, and it was at some sacrifice of reason to passion, that he finally decided upon asking Lucia to become his wife. He had too little vanity, and had seen too much of the world to be blind to the possibility of a husband being accepted for his riches' sake, who, in all other respects, might have been deemed undesirable. The frankness of Lucia's character, however, offered a strong guarantee against this risk, and Flores had every reason to be gratified with the manner in which she accepted him, and with her subsequent deportment. Without affecting feelings which she did not really experience, she allowed him to see that she appreciated his many excellent qualities, and entertained towards him a strong feeling of friendship, which it was by no means impossible might ripen into a warmer sentiment.

On his part, Don Mariano lost no opportunity of proving his affection for his affianced bride. He had heard both her and her mother express anxiety on the subject of young Guevara, who had recently left the university of Salamanca, without, as it appeared, having attained much proficiency in the studies which he had been sent thither to pursue. The young man entertained an invincible repugnance to all professions except that of arms. Commissions in the army were, at that time, given entirely by favor, usually to relatives and a few influential grandees, and the senora Guevara, in spite of her strong claims as an officer's widow, saw little probability of procuring one for her son. Without apprising any of the family of his intention, Flores wrote to a friend at Madrid directing him to use all his interest and spare no expense to obtain the desired commission for his future brother-in-law. A fortnight later he surprised and delighted the Guevara family by placing before them a copy of the Gazette, in which was Enrique Guevara's appointment to one of the best cavalry regiments in the Spanish service.

Shortly after this incident, Lucia became the wife of Don Mariano. But few weeks had elapsed after their marriage, when a defect became apparent in the character of the latter, which neither Lucia nor her mother had previously suspected. This defect was one which, however prominent in the Spanish character a century or two ago, when duennas and daggers, midnight serenades and grated windows were the order of the day, has of late years been considerably modified. Jealousy, most causeless and absurd, was the demon which now crossed the path, and threatened to mar the happiness of the newly-married couple. Don Mariano's fears and doubts as to the possibility of his being loved by a young and beautiful woman, had been at first dissipated or forgotten in the joy of finding himself the husband of Lucia. They now, however, revived with redoubled force. He could not persuade himself that Lucia loved him, or did more than tolerate him as a friend and benefactor; and on his part, he could not make up his mind to accept friendship where he had hoped for love. In vain did his wife, when she discovered the cause of his uneasiness and frequent depression, do all in her power to dissipate the cloud which she saw forming over their happiness. His extreme susceptibility rendered the task an impossible one. The feeling of unfounded, and at first objectless jealousy, increased rather than abated, and to add to Lucia's sorrow, soon became too apparent to be concealed from the most casual observer. Don Mariano felt that he was wrong to entertain such a feeling, but still was totally unable to vanquish it. He was too generous-minded a man to resort to the usual expedients of jealous husbands, and far from attempting to seclude his wife in any degree, he on the contrary encouraged her to go into society, and to accept the numerous invitations to balls and entertainments which were poured upon them by their friends and acquaintances at Cadiz. Yet the time spent at those entertainments were to him so many hours of torture. Amidst the gay cavaliers who thronged around his wife, eager to lead her to the dance, profuse of compliments and lavish of attentions, there was always one or other to whom he fancied she listened with a marked and pleased attention. The slightest smile extorted from her by some compliment or overstrained gallantry, was by his jealous interpretation converted into a symptom of preference, and the extreme degree of reserve and propriety maintained by his wife was insufficient to dispel the phantoms created by his diseased imagination.

Lucia's mother and brother had naturally been amongst the first to observe this unfortunate failing in the character of Don Mariano. The former had even expostulated with him on the subject, setting forth in strong but not exaggerated colors her daughter's propriety of conduct, firm principles, and, above all, her strong attachment to himself. Flores listened patiently, promised to be more reasonable,—and remained as suspicious and unhappy as before. Enrique Guevara could not, of course, presume to reason with his brother-in-law, but the hair-brained and mischief-loving youth did not scruple to banter his sister pretty freely on the subject of Don Mariano's jealousy. A period was at last put to his ill-timed pleasantries by his departure to join his regiment, which was quartered in the province of Valencia.

About a year after her marriage, Lucia surprised her husband by expressing a wish that they should leave Cadiz and take up their residence in the capital. The reason she assigned for this request was the not unnatural one of a desire to partake of the gaieties of Madrid, but her real motive was of a far different nature. She thought it would conduce to Don Mariano's happiness if they left a city where she was in the daily habit of meeting young men who had known her from childhood, and with whom she was on terms of sister-like intimacy which she could not break off without appearing grossly capricious, and doing violence to their feelings and her own. Yet the familiar terms on which she unavoidably was with these persons seemed frequently to pain and annoy Flores; and she thought that in a place where she had as yet no acquaintances, she should be able to avoid all such intimacies. Don Mariano did not penetrate her intention, but eager to gratify her smallest wishes, he immediately sent instructions to Madrid for the purchase and fitting up of a suitable mansion.

It was early in the year 1827 that Flores and his wife arrived in the capital, and took possession of their splendid house in the Calle San Geronimo. Don Mariano had many friends and connections at Madrid, and moreover the fame of the Beauty of Cadiz, *la Bella Gaditana*, as she was called, had preceded her thither, so that within a week after their arrival they had received the visits of a large proportion of the best society in Madrid. It was the gay season of the year; the carnival was about to commence, and balls, operas, *tertulias*, and amusements of every kind were the order of the day. Lucia found herself unavoidably drawn into the vortex of dissipation, from which she would willingly have kept aloof had not Flores pressed her to accept the invitations of all kinds which they received, and which she had, therefore, no pretext for declining. Her whole thoughts, bent on eradicating the feeling of jealous uneasiness which had taken possession of her husband, she did all in her power to avoid attracting notice, but in vain. Even in the brilliant circles of the capital, her beauty drew universal attention, and she had soon the mortification to find that she could not enter a ball-room without being besieged by a host of admiring cavaliers, petitioning for her hand in the dance, and paying her an exaggerated homage sufficient to turn the head of any woman less free from vanity than Doña Lucia. At the same time her object in leaving Cadiz was for the moment attained. Flores seemed at first to look on with indifference while the swarm of glittering admirers fluttered round his wife. It was only when some of them became almost daily visitors at his house, rode beside Lucia's carriage in the Prado, met her at every ball, and were to be found, in short, wherever she went, showing a punctuality and acquaintance with her movements so great that it almost seemed the result of a system of secret police, that Don Mariano's brow again began to darken, and his face to resume its anxious, suspicious expression. This could not escape the affectionate observation of Lucia, and she implored her husband to let her live secluded and quiet, since the gay and bustling life they were then leading was evidently disagreeable to him. Don Mariano denied that it was so, asked her if she wished to make him pass for one of those jealous old husbands who are afraid to allow their young wives to be seen; and refused compliance with her request in a half jesting, half-serious tone, which deterred Lucia from insisting any farther.

It was towards the close of the carnival, and the Madrilenos seemed determined to make the most of the few days that remained before the arrival of Lent with its fasts and privations. Amongst other *fêtes* and entertainments that were upon the *tapis*, a masked ball, to be given by the Marquis of Torrejon, on the Sunday before Lent, was perhaps the most prominent, and excited the most eager anticipation on the part of the persons invited. The spacious suites of rooms of the marquis's palace afforded admirable facilities for magnificent entertainments of this description, and it was expected that upwards of a thousand persons would be present on the occasion. Don Mariano Flores and his wife were of course among the invited. An elegant Moorish costume had been ordered for Lucia, who had wished Flores also to assume a disguise, but he had declined doing so, and was to accompany her in plain clothes.

When the evening of the ball arrived, however, Lucia felt unwell, and expressed a wish to remain at home, as the headache of which she complained could not fail to be aggravated by the heat and noise of crowded rooms. Her husband proposed remaining with her, but she urged him strongly to go, saying that it would look like an intentional slight to the marquis, who was a new acquaintance, if both were to stay away. At last Flores reluctantly departed, with the intention of merely showing himself at the ball, and immediately returning home.

The rooms of the Torrejon palace were already thronged with masks when Don Mariano entered them. The usual collection of knights and shepherdesses, flower-girls and harlequins, Turks and troubadours, gipsies, contrabandistas, majos and manolas were there, but besides these there were also many less common-place characters, costumed with elaborate fidelity to the fashions of the times in which the originals had lived, and admirably supported by those who had assumed them. The rooms were draped and tapestried for the occasion, and illuminated by thousands of waxlights; and the whole scene was so gay and brilliant that Don Mariano, who had gone thither as a matter of form, and without expecting amusement, was surprised to find himself taking an interest in the pageant, and listening with a smile to the pleasantries and repartees bandied about amongst the maskers.

After a few turns round the rooms, Flores was standing watching a party of masks dressed as Arragonese peasants, who were executing one of their national dances in a strikingly graceful and characteristic manner, when he felt himself touched slightly upon the shoulder. On looking round, he saw standing behind him a figure attired in a black silk mask and domino, the hood of the latter thrown over its head, so as to obviate any possibility of recognizing the wearer.

"*Buenas noches, Otello*," said the mask, in a feigned tone. "Where have you left your pretty wife?"

The freedom of this question, and the impertinent insinuation conveyed in the *sobriquet* applied to himself, were anything but agreeable to Flores, who, as has already been seen, was of a morbidly susceptible disposition, and at all times ready to exaggerate and misconstrue the slightest word spoken of Donna Lucia. His first impulse was to turn his back upon the unceremonious interrogator and leave the room, but calling to mind the license of the season, he checked himself, and answered the question by another.

"Have you not wit enough to find the ladies you seek without inquiring of a third person?" he replied.

"Perhaps," said the mask, nodding confidently, "perhaps yes, and perhaps no, Marianito. Or it may be that I could tell even better than yourself, where and how occupied *la Bella Gaditana* now is. What if I had seen her since you have?"

"That were scarce possible," replied Flores, hastily; "for it is little more than an hour since I left her, and then she was indisposed and about to retire to rest."

"Oh, most incautious of all Othellos!" exclaimed the domino, in a tone of grave banter; "most negligent of dragoons, revealing the exact position of the treasure you are set to guard; watching over it when no danger is near, absent when the knight is at hand who has sworn to tear it from thy clutches. *Vaya*, Marianito; thou art but a blind buzzard after all. A *marido*, a husband, in the full force of the term."

"And you are a sorry jester, Senor Domino," retorted Flores, nettled in spite of himself at the solemn impertinence of the mask. "Carry your buffoonery where it may be more relished."

"Gently, gently, worthy senor Flores," replied the mask; "remember a certain proverb, *chi va piano, va sano*. Why should you be angry with me because I am one of your best friends, and disposed to throw a light upon your domestic history, of which I am grieved to find you are lamentably unconscious."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Flores, impatiently.

"Pshaw! if you will, but what if I were to prove to you that within a few minutes after you left your fair lady about to retire to rest, a cavalier, young, and not altogether ill-looking, was admitted to her presence. That he was allowed to kiss—her hand, you think perhaps—not so—her lips. Nay, that she returned his embrace with the utmost ardour and affection, that"——

"Liar and slanderer!" exclaimed the enraged Flores, suddenly starting out of the state of stupefaction into which the bold assertions of the mask had at first plunged him. "Liar! you shall eat your words or prove them."

And he clutched at the domino with one hand, while with the other he attempted to tear off his mask.

"Gently, good Mariano," said the domino, springing back. "I have more to tell, but not till you can hear it more coolly." And gliding behind a group of persons standing near them, he was the next instant lost in the crowd of masks.

Although Flores felt the absurdity of attaching any importance to the random pleasantries of a carnival ball, he was not the less annoyed and angry at what had just passed. He hurried from one room to another in hopes of finding the black domino, with the full intention of making him unmask and calling him to account for his insolence. Black dominos he found by dozens, but not the one he sought. Some were taller, others shorter, and one or two whom he accosted, fully believing he had found the object of his pursuit, burst into a fit of laughter at the angry apostrophe he addressed to them, and replied in a tone or accent which at once convinced him of his mistake. Sensible that his search must be in vain, and was only serving to render him ridiculous, he was about to leave the ball, when at the moment that he found himself in a particularly crowded part of the rooms, something was slipped into his half-closed hand, without his being able to see the person who had given it. It was a twisted paper, which as soon as he could extricate himself from the throng, he opened and read. It contained the following words, written in pencil:—

"What you have heard is true, but more remains to tell. Would you know all, place yourself at midnight beside the fourth pillar of the great orchestra."

Flores at first felt inclined to disregard this mysterious epistle. His naturally generous disposition made him unwilling to attach importance to anonymous accusations, or attacks that could only be made behind the incognito of a mask. At the same time, the words of the black domino had not been without their effect upon his jealous mind. Without confessing to himself, that he was in the slightest degree swayed by any suspicion of his wife, he finally resolved to go to the place of rendezvous, with the sole intention, as he persuaded himself, of unmasking and punishing the insolent slanderer of Dona Lucia. It wanted but a quarter of an hour to midnight, and making his way slowly through the crowd, he reached the great orchestra, one of three which were that night filled with musicians. The other two orchestras were temporary erections, but this one was in a saloon in which the Marquis of Torrejon gave frequent concerts, and it was permanent. It was raised about five feet above the floor, supported by pillars, and surrounded by a gilt balustrade. The entrance to it was from the corridor without.

Midnight struck; five, ten minutes, a quarter of an hour elapsed, and no one accosted Don Mariano, who remained leaning against the pillar, chafing inwardly, and furious with himself for having kept the appointment, and thereby, doubtless, rendered himself a laughing stock to one or many of the masks around him, who had probably been informed of the hoax, and were even then enjoying his vexation. The dancing had been interrupted by the performance of some jugglers and fantoccini which was going on in the adjoining apartment, and the orchestra below which

Flores was standing was unoccupied, the musicians having gone out to take some refreshment. Suddenly, and at the moment that Don Mariano was about to leave his post, he heard a rustling above his head, and looking up, saw the black domino leaning over the balustrade of the orchestra.

"You are punctual, Othello," said the mask, in the same cool, sarcastic tone that had before annoyed Flores.

"Punctual," replied Flores, "not because I attach any importance to what you have told or may tell me, but because such insolence exceeds the license even of a carnival night. If you are a *Caballero*, as I may presume from finding you here, you will immediately unmask, or at least tell me your name and appoint a time to-morrow to give me satisfaction for the insult you have offered me."

"Neither the one nor the other," was the answer. "We must part without your knowing me otherwise than as the black domino. But I promised you a little information concerning the conduct of *la Bella Gaditana*, and I will keep my word. Do you know this ring, Mariano?" continued the mask, holding out an emerald ring which Flores immediately recognized as belonging to his wife.

"Villain! where got you that?" exclaimed Flores, turning deadly pale, all his jealous suspicions reviving with tenfold violence.

The mask gave a low, sarcastic laugh.

"From *her*, Mariano."

Without uttering another word, Flores thrust his hand through the balustrades, and endeavored to seize his tormentor, who, by his position in the orchestra, had his feet about on a level with Don Mariano's head. The domino stepped back, eluding his grasp with ease.

"One more attempt of that kind and I leave you," said the mask.

Flores saw, in fact, that to escape him, the unknown had only to pass through an open door leading from the orchestra to the corridor without. The sight of his wife's ring had roused his jealousy to the highest pitch, and obliterated all the good resolutions he had made to disregard anonymous accusations. He now thought only of the best means of inducing his informant to tell all he knew. The latter did not leave him long in a state of suspense.

"*Bien*, Mariano," said he, as he saw Flores step a pace or two back from the orchestra, as if to intimate his intention of abstaining from further violence.—"Remain quiet, and I will tell you all. The Lothario who causes you so much uneasiness is young, and good-looking, and agreeable. He entered your house five minutes after you left it. Enquire of your servants; they will confirm what I tell you."

"But the ring," exclaimed the unfortunate Flores, his lips white with suppressed fury, his hands clenched till the nails dug into the palms. "How came you by that ring?"

"I took it from the finger on which you have more than once seen it. *Cuidado! senor*," continued the mask, as Flores made an impetuous movement towards his tormentor. "No nearer, or I am gone.—What do you suppose could be my motive for telling you all this, had I not some pet vengeance of my own to accomplish? What if I had been once preferred, but were now capriciously thrown aside to make way for a favored rival?"

"Proofs! What proofs have you!" gasped Flores, in a voice so hollow and unnatural that the mask seemed to start slightly and hesitate before he replied.

"You would have proofs—what think you of this ring, drawn from her finger?"

"You may have stolen it," replied Flores, in the same hoarse and hollow tone as before.

"Do you recognize this hair?" said the mask, drawing a small gold locket from under his disguise, and holding it out to Don Mariano. "Nay, touch it not. You can look at it in my hands."

"'Tis her's! 'tis her's!" muttered Flores; "I could tell it amongst a thousand, that rich and silky black. But no, no, there may be other hair like her's.—'Tis no proof—no more than the ring. She may have lost it; or it is stolen—or—"

And the unhappy man trembled and stammered in the agony of his jealousy, striving to persuade himself of the insufficiency of the testimony which to him appeared only too ample and conclusive.

"You are hard to convince, Mariano," said the domino; "but I have yet other evidence, at least as far as I myself am concerned. Hark! a word in your ear."

Flores stepped close up to the orchestra, and the unknown, kneeling down, brought his masked visage within a few inches of Don Mariano's ear, and spoke a few words in a low, hissing whisper. What these words were was never known but to him who spoke and him who heard them. What seeming proof or voucher of his wife's guilt, the black domino, like another Iago, conveyed to Flores in that whisper, none can tell. Its purport can only be conjectured from the effect it produced upon the unhappy hearer, who started back as though a knife had been driven into him, and uttered a cry so wild and shrill that it was heard through the whole suite of apartments.—Then, with a shriek like that of a tiger, he caught hold of the top of the balustrade, which was nearly eight feet from the ground, and in an instant swung himself into the orchestra. The domino, as soon as he had said the words which wrought so fearful an effect on Don Mariano, had darted through the small door leading into the corridor, and shut and bolted it behind him. The fastening, however, was too frail to withstand the violence with which Flores hurled himself against it, and in an instant he stood in the passage without. But the domino had disappeared, nor did his pursuer take much trouble to seek him. The direction of Don Mariano's fury seemed suddenly to change, and a new and more worthy object of revenge to occur to him. Rushing along the corridors and galleries, he sprang down the stairs, burst through the group of startled and staring domestics collected in the hall, and darted out of the palace.—Forgetting his carriage, which was waiting for him, he flew through the streets, bareheaded and panting, relaxing nothing of his desperate speed till he reached his house in the Calle San Geronimo. The porter, who hurried to answer his furious summons, stood aghast on beholding his master rush past him, hatless, his ball dress splashed and soiled by the mud of the streets, his features pale as death and distorted by the violent conflict that was raging within him. Before he had crossed the hall, he hurried back, and, grasping the man by the collar—

"Has any one been here to-night?" he demanded.

"Yes—No—Senor," stammered the terrified domestic.

"Scoundrel!" vociferated Don Mariano, shaking the man violently. "Have you been taught your lesson? Answer me, who has been here?"

"An officer," replied the servant, half choked by his master's violence.

Without staying to hear more, Don Mariano darted up the marble staircase, along the carpeted gallery, and through a suite of rooms that led to his wife's apartments. He paused but for an instant in a chamber, on the wall of which a number of weapons of various descriptions were fantastically arranged in the manner of a trophy. From amongst jewel-hilted scimetars, Toledo swords, and richly inlaid pistols, Don Mariano snatched a dagger of the well-tempered steel of Albacete, a short, keen, double-edged blade, that flashed as he drew it from its sheath. The next instant he entered his wife's apartment.

Behind the half-drawn curtains of dark crimson velvet that surrounded her couch, Dona Lucia lay sleeping, her beautiful head supported by one of her exquisitely formed arms, her abundant black tresses, which had escaped from the silken kerchief that bound them, streaming over the snow white pillow. The mellow light of a painted lamp suspended from the ceiling fell upon her delicately chiselled features, placid and calm in sleep as those of an infant. It seemed impossible to gaze on that face and entertain a doubt of its owner's spotless purity. But Don Mariano gave himself no time for such reflections.—With a face like marble, and teeth fiercely clenched, the deadly weapon with which he had armed himself clutched firmly in his right hand, he stepped into the alcove in which Lucia was sleeping, and drew the curtain partially behind him. There was a moment's dead silence; then a stifled cry and a deep drawn sob, and Flores re-appeared, the furies of jealousy, revenge, and—already—remorse, written upon his face. There was a stain of blood on his right hand, and flecks of the same sanguine hue on his distorted, ashy-pale countenance. At that instant hasty steps were heard in the adjoining apartment, the door of the room was thrown violently open, and the black domino stood before him.

"Where is Lucia?" exclaimed the mask, in a hurried and anxious voice.

Instead of replying, Flores sprang upon the new comer with a shout, or rather shriek, that resembled no earthly sound. But before he reached him, the mysterious domino tore off his mask, and with a moan of agony and despair, Don Mariano fell senseless to the ground. The features revealed were those of Lucia's brother.

But a short explanatory epilogue is necessary to this sad tragedy. Scarcely had Flores left his house to go to the ball at the Marquis of Torrejon's, when Enrique Guevara arrived, having obtained a leave of absence, of which he profited, to visit Madrid. No sooner did he hear that his brother-in-law was gone alone to a masquerade, than it occurred to him to follow him thither and torment him on the subject of his jealousy. Of the latter part of his project he said nothing to his sister, who, on his expressing a wish to go to the ball, gave him a card with the Marquis's crest and initials on it, which was to have served for her own admission. Enrique had combined his mischievous plan in a moment, and seeing several of his sister's rings lying on the table, he took one of them, which he thought would be useful to assist in mystifying Flores. The locket containing Lucia's hair was a childish token of affection that he had had several years in his possession, and was in the habit of wearing suspended round his neck.

Scarcely, however, had he played off the joke that was to produce such fatal results, when he became alarmed at what he had done, remembering the wild look and violent agitation with which Flores had received what he considered the proofs of his wife's faithlessness. Don Mariano's strange demeanor and the disordered state in which he had left the ball, had attracted attention, and were the theme of many conjectures. Terrified for the consequence of his folly, Enrique Guevara jumped into a carriage and drove rapidly to the Calle San Geronimo, but, with all the haste he made, he was too late to prevent the sad catastrophe, of which his habitual indulgence in practical jokes was the immediate cause.

As recently as the year 1830, a small country house within a few miles of Madrid, was inhabited by three persons, a lunatic and his two attendants. The former might frequently be seen, during the more tranquil periods of his malady, walking feebly up and down the gardens belonging to the house, accompanied by his keepers. Those of the inhabitants of Madrid, who occasionally took their afternoon's ride or drive in that direction, gazed at him with compassion and curiosity, and the stranger who, perchance, enquired his name, was informed that it was Don Mariano Flores, surnamed the Modern Othello.

THE PARTED.

BY SUSAN WILSON.

PART I.

Sir Hubert.—Grant Heaven the fair one prove but half as true!
Percy.—O, she is truth itself!
Sir Hubert.—She may be chang'd.
Spite of her tears, her fainting, and alarms,
I know the sex, know them as nature made 'em;
Not such as lovers wish, and poet's feign.
[*H. More's "Percy."*

There's many a tale of man's inconstancy,
And woman's changeless love, her fearless trust,
And never wavering devotedness:
Both have been seen, and are, and will be,—so
Have been and are, and will be the reverse.
'Tis not that Nature forms the heart of man,
Different from that of woman, but for him
There's more temptation to forgetfulness,
In the world's busy scenes; yet even there,
Through all temptation, through all trials, he
Has oft proved constant, and has sometimes found
His heart's wealth pour'd upon a hollow shrine.
I have been thinking of a tale I heard.
If 'twas all told I know not; it would seem
There was slight cause to separate two hearts,—
But to my tale,—I tell it as I heard:

Her native home was 'neath a sky
Serenely clear,—her native bowers
With the world's loveliest might vie,
So fragrant and so bright their flowers:
And there she pass'd her childhood,—there
She found a mystic charm, which threw
Even around that home so fair,
A richer, a more glowing hue;
'Twas Love.—but turn we from the view,
To where, with unimpassion'd brow,
Repressing every earthly feeling,
Are cloister'd nuns devoutly kneeling.
With them is "*Sister Agnes*" now;
Calm and unmoved, as though she ne'er
Had known a home more bright and dear.

Wealth, rank, and royal *blood*, and power,
Her haughty father boasted,—she
Dream'd not, in girlhood's careless hour,
How they would shape her destiny.
Ere from her bright and thornless path,
One flower or sunbeam had departed,
Eugene St. Clairville cross'd her way,—
Young, highly gifted, noble hearted.
They loved, and she had given her hand,
But for her father's harsh command.
He coldly said, she was too young
To wed,—and while their hearts were wrung
With hopeless anguish, they were parted.

The father, to a cloister's gloom
Consign'd his child,—a living tomb!
And, (e'en within a convent's gate,
May wealth and power like his prevail,)
When but a brief noviciate
Was past, they placed the sable veil
Upon her young and beauteous brow,
A sad, a never-changing token,
Of the irrevocable vow,
Too oft in bitter anguish spoken.
But still her father fear'd 'twould prove
Too powerless to conquer love;
He fear'd rebellious feelings, where
She breath'd St. Clairville's native air,
And soon his jealous, heartless care,
Found in our "Western World" a dome,
He deem'd would be a safer home,
And placed his helpless victim there.

She was a victim,—yet no trace
Of grief appear'd upon her face,
Not e'en "sweet music," which she taught
(Her daily task,) to those around her;
Seem'd to awake one painful thought,
By memory of past scenes to wound her.
Beloved in that secluded home,
She never breath'd a wish to roam;
It seem'd that happiness was found,
Within her convent's narrow bound.

PART II.

How Love, though unto earth so prone,
Delights to take Religion's wing,
When time or grief hath stain'd his own.—[T. Moo

Where was Eugene St. Clairville?—years
Had pass'd, since from his dream of love
He waked, the bitter agony
Of hopes forever crush'd, to prove.
Had that past by? Had he gone forth,
At Pleasure's or Ambition's call,
Or sought for Fame, or found at last,

Had he forgotten heartlessly,
Or sunk in sorrow hopelessly?

He was o'erwhelm'd,—and, for his loss
Feeling nought earthly could atone;
He humbly knelt before the cross,
And sought for aid from heaven alone.
Turn'd from a world, in which, to him
The brightest beams of joy were dim,
Since the once cloudless, hope-fraught ray
Of mutual love had pass'd away.
The balm his stricken spirit found
He sought to pour on those around,
Became a Priest, and earnestly
Labor'd the unerring soul to win
To paths of penitence and hope,
From the bewildering maze of sin.

Yet there were seasons when he felt
Too strongly, memory's torturing power,
When feelings he had fancied hush'd,
Were waked by moonbeam, stream or flower;
To rise above their with'ring sway,
Awhile he strove, with vain endeavor,
(In the familiar scenes that lay
Around his path,) then turn'd away,
And left his native land for ever.
The land where he believ'd that she
Whom still he loved so hopelessly,
Remain'd,—for of her destiny
He knew not, but he felt 'twas vain
To dream of meeting her again.

With his adopted home, a balm
It might appear, was found,—for calm,
And sometimes even cold he seem'd,
As though his spirit ne'er had dream'd
Of aught unsanction'd by his vow;
Of the heart's warmer, wilder feeling,
There was no sign,—on lip or brow
No change, a hidden grief revealing.

But yet his bosom's calm was like
An ice-bound stream,—e'en in the glow
Of the bright sun, as motionless,
And marble-like it seems, as though
Its waters ne'er again would flow:
But when the swelling flood below
Is loosed, with devastating force,
It rushes madly on its course,
Bursts banks which bound its waves before,
And scatters ruin on the shore.

At length a neighboring convent's hall
For the first time he enter'd, (led
To visit it at duty's call,)
When, like a vision from the dead,
But e'en more beautiful than when
Within her native bowers,—again
His loved and lost one stood before him!
Oh, who can tell the hopes and fears,
The visions of departed years,
That one brief moment's spell threw o'er him!
That moment's feeling none may tell,
For senseless at her feet he fell,
As pallid and as motionless,
As though his sorrows all were o'er,—
As though, his cup of suff'ring full,
His wounded heart would throb no more.

Yet did he live—he breath'd again,
But life to him had nought to give;
That shock had pierced his tortured brain,
And made it misery to live.
The holy calm, that had of late
Encompass'd him, was swept away,—
His heart and spirit desolate,
He was a maniac from that day.

And she!—her calmness was unbroken,
She spake no word, and gave no token,
The memory of past days revealing,
Or aught of deeply painful feeling;
But turn'd her to her tasks again,
Perform'd her duties day by day,
Even as though the memory
Of that sad scene had pass'd away.
There yet—far loveliest in the band
Of the meek sisterhood,—is she,
And there, beneath a mild command,
Her days are pass'd unmurmuringly.

Such was the story,—and 'tis *one of truth*,
Told by a witness of the closing scenes,
One knowing, loving "*Sister Agnes*" well,—
Such was the mournful story that I heard.

THE VILLAGE FUNERAL.

MRS. L. F. MORGAN,

FORMERLY "LUCY SEYMOUR."

Behold, he taketh away—who can hinder him? Who will say unto him what doest thou?

The solemn and impressive utterance of these words of the sorrowful prophet of Idumea, attracted the attention of a lady who had stopped at a tavern in a village of New England, to her hostess. The speaker stood near a window of the apartment, into which she had but recently ushered the traveller, gazing intently on a lengthening throng, whose slow and measured pace told that they were bearing another tenant to the house appointed for all living. She was evidently so absorbed by the feelings the spectacle awakened, as to be wholly unconscious of the stranger's presence until the movement of the latter to the window, consequent on her remark, recalled her recollection. As if to excuse her forgetfulness, she observed—

"Many a heart is made sad, Madam, by the scene that you now behold."

The stranger, an elderly woman of benevolent countenance, inquired the name of the deceased.

"Mrs. Rainsworth, the benefactress of our town," replied the hostess. "Not soon, indeed, shall we look upon her like again. If we had been called upon to choose a victim for death to wreak his malice on, I am sure she is the last of our whole population we should have named. She cannot be spared, indeed she cannot," continued she, with emphasis. "But God knows best."

Further questions from the traveller elicited from the hostess the following particulars of the *deceased*, related with so much simplicity and genuine feeling, that Mrs. Harper, who had a heart attuned to sympathy with every grade of human suffering, was deeply interested by the recital.

Mrs. Rainsworth had been a resident of —— about fifteen years, during which time she had devoted herself to the education of her two children, Edward and Lucy, and to the amelioration of the condition of the afflicted around her. Nothing was known of her history previous to her removal to the village. She never alluded to it herself, and there was always a reserve about her manner that checked the inquiries of the inquisitive. But curiosity itself soon lost its disposition to discover more than she chose to reveal, in admiration of her virtues; and penury and grief learned to associate her name with all that is lovely and loveable in human character.—That she was possessed of an ample fortune, was rather inferred from her habitual liberality, than known to be the fact. She never said to the suppliant for relief, "depart, be thou warmed and filled;" but generously provided what was needed out of her own stores. Nor did the frequent deceptions practised upon her benevolence, or the ingratitude subsequent on many of her charities, arrest the stream of her benevolence, which seemed incapable of check or exhaustion. But perhaps the most remarkable feature in her character, contrasted as it was with her profuse munificence to others, was her niggardliness towards herself. Her dress was of the simplest and cheapest materials, and her house small, and as plainly furnished as was compatible with the comfort of her children. Their gratification as well as happiness she indeed consulted and promoted to the extent of her ability, always careful, however, that the indulgence of the present should not militate against their future welfare. They were both educated under her own eye at home; and both gave promise of no ordinary attainment and usefulness.—The talents of her son, especially, were considered brilliant, and his enthusiastic attachment to his mother gave her an influence almost unlimited over a temper naturally haughty and impetuous, and called into exercise a thousand amiable qualities. His character was as highly esteemed as his intellect by all who knew him. He had studied law and passed an honorable examination but a few months previous to the mournful occurrences which introduced Mrs. Harper to his sad history.

Having given this slight sketch to the reader, we will now permit the landlady to continue it in her own words.

"But, ah, madam, I have only told you what is pleasant. The worst part of the story is to come yet. A young man came to our village about a fortnight ago. Many have cause to rue that event! He and Edward Rainsworth had a quarrel at a public dinner at my house. It was a political celebration, but there was no drinking. There are a great many reports about the cause of the dispute, but nothing is known with certainty. However, it terminated in a duel, and Edward was mortally wounded. He survived five days, and the very hour he was buried his mother died. If sorrow can break one's heart, I am sure her's was broken."

As Mrs. Brown concluded her narrative, the procession reached the tavern on its road to the village cemetery. Perceiving the sympathy of her auditor, she remarked—

"Perhaps you will attend the funeral, madam. The stage will not go for two hours or more."

Mrs. Harper replied affirmatively, and in a few minutes took the arm of the landlady, and mingled with the crowd.

Those who have joined merely as spectators in a funeral procession, cannot have failed to notice the indifference and even apathy manifested by the majority of the train not immediately connected with the deceased. The voice may indeed be more subdued, and the tread less hurried than usual; but if a few words meet the listener's ear, they will not unfrequently be found to tell of the failure of the crops, the unfavorableness of the weather, the stagnation of business, or some subject equally irrelevant to the solemn occasion which has congregated the assembly: and the inquiring eye might wander from face to face, vainly endeavoring to trace some consciousness of the incontrovertible fact: *I*, too, am mortal, and must, ere long, lie as low as that quiet sleeper. An unconquerable repugnance to the contemplation of their latter end seems to characterize mankind in general, and but a small number of those whom feeling or custom summons to perform the last sad obsequies for a departed neighbor, regard the warning token as a harbinger of their own dissolution. Nor are the sympathies of the crowd who gather around a new made grave, much excited for the decease of the individual who but lately moved in life and health among them. Small, indeed, is the number whose exit from terrestrial existence is universally deplored, even in one neighborhood; and a passing sigh, a brief sentence of commiseration for their relatives, or a transient expression of regret for the *home* hearts made desolate, is the usual tribute offered on the newly tenanted tomb, the costliest expenditure which can be spared from the store of sensibility. Although we would not adopt the selfish sentiment of Rochefoucault, and assert that there is always something not wholly disagreeable to us in the misfortunes of our best friends, we are forced by observation to acknowledge that the sympathies of most bosoms revolve in a very narrow sphere; and, if we may be allowed to judge from appearances, curiosity is often the chief attendant at a funeral.

The one, however, in which our traveller had been accidentally called to participate, was calculated, from the mournful and novel circumstances connected with it, to awaken some degree of sorrow in the most inconsiderate mind; and I have not unfrequently suspected that there are few persons more unfeeling than the habitually inconsiderate. Almost every face indicated interest in the scene, and Mrs. Harper felt an increasing concern for the melancholy death of one who evidently held a sway so unusual over general sympathy. Several sentences met her ear, as she proceeded to the grave-yard, expressive of regret and commiseration, but the following observations particularly attracted her attention. They were interchanged between a tall, gaunt woman, with large grey eyes and high cheek bones, and a short, black-eyed female, with a sharp nose, and slightly pock-marked face.

"Lucy will be very rich, now, I suppose," said the former; "but there is nobody here to take care of her money. She will be fleeced, as sure as my name's Kitty Wright. She has as little thought about the value of wealth, except to give away, that any person can impose on her."

"Yes, it is useless for her to have such a fortune," replied her companion, "for she would be just as well contented without it. If you and I had a little of it, she would not miss it, and it would help us mightily with our large families. Things are very unequally distributed in this world."

"I doubt if either of you would be willing to exchange lots with poor Lucy, with all her money," said Mrs. Brown, in a half-reproving tone. Then turning to Mrs. Harper, she added in a tone loud enough to be heard by the last speaker, "our Minister, Mr. Berkley, always said Mrs. Rainsworth was the best expounder of the commandment, 'Thou shalt not covet,' that he ever saw. Indeed, ma'am, possessed as she appeared to be, of means enough to purchase every luxury, she always seemed watching against buying any article that might lead her neighbors to envy her. She often talked to us about the sin of covetousness, and had a very persuasive way of reconciling every one of us to our condition. She knew the poor were more prone to break the tenth commandment than any others. I hope I shall never forget her many lessons on this subject."

"I do not think any of us will, for they were often repeated," said the woman Mrs. Brown had reproved—"She meant them for our good, no doubt, but I used to think she must suppose we envied her wealth a great deal more than we did, when she took so much trouble to reconcile us to poverty."

"I never thought her an object of envy," remarked Mrs. Wright, "for she had not a happy look.—Poor thing! she loved her children very much, and never was in her senses entirely after Edward's wound was pronounced mortal. I reckon she feared she had made an idol of him. Awhile before she died, she looked up sadly at me and said, 'Retribution—retribution—it has come at last.'"

As Mrs. Wright concluded this remark, the procession entered the grave-yard. The removal of the coffin from the hearse to place it in its last receptacle, and the alighting of those who had proceeded in carriages or on horseback, caused some little delay. When the bereaved and desolate orphan of the deceased was assisted from a carriage by some of her mother's friends, there was a general stir in the assembly, as if all were excited by a common impulse. She was evidently weeping bitterly, though struggling to control the expression of her deep grief and her tottering steps towards the melancholy repository of her young heart's most cherished hopes, told that her fragile form could but illy sustain its weight of woe. As she caught a last view of the coffin in its descent into the sepulchre, she uttered a wild and piercing cry, and starting from the arm that supported her, sank senseless on the new-made grave of her murdered brother.

Mrs. Harper, our compassionate traveller, had rushed forward involuntarily, and was kneeling beside the object of her commiseration, ere she remembered there were other persons present who had more right to administer aid.

"Take her hence—take her quickly, while she is insensible," she cried to the sympathising but perplexed friends of the unhappy girl.

The request was immediately obeyed, and many an anxious tearful eye, watched the carriage which bore Lucy Rainsworth from the mother's open tomb. The clergyman, a middle aged man, of prepossessing appearance, paused until the carriage disappeared in an angle of the road, and then, as he repeated the mournful and solemn service which announces the return of "Ashes to ashes—dust to dust," his voice was agitated, and his hands trembled with emotion. As the sexton's spade was lifted to complete the mournful work of interment, the Minister respectfully requested a brief delay, and wiping the perspiration from his forehead, thus addressed his attentive audience:

"As the afflicted orphan of our deceased sister is not now present to be pained by a protracted ceremony, I unwilling to dismiss you, my friends, without an effort to improve the mournful occasion which has called us together! Abstract truth may be admitted by the judgment and understanding, but it is only when sensibly exemplified or strikingly exhibited before our view, that it lays hold on the feelings, and convictions of the majority of mankind. We believe in the existence of goodness, and admire it as a principle, but it is only when developed in action, and illustrated by example, that we become familiar with its nature, and learn to love and practise it. Hence it becomes the duty of every expounder of the Gospel, to take advantage of every opportunity to direct the eye of his congregation to the visible representation of the virtues he inculcates, and entreat them to 'go and do likewise.' There is a beautiful harmony in the Christian religion, and each of its votaries should seek to interweave the whole of its precepts into his life, and let no part of his conduct be faulty or defective. Yet from the diversities of natural dispositions certain differences of action will arise, and one person will be seen to present a much more striking and specific embodiment of particular virtues, than another.—That person then should be held up as a beacon light to those of his neighborhood, that they may learn to tread in his footsteps. Such a one is now before us, about to be shrouded from mortal vision forever! Oh! let her memory remain with us to teach and to bless! Methinks I read in your earnest attention the enquiry, in what particular quality did Mrs. Rainsworth excel? Was she not a Christian in every respect? Did she not delight in the sanctuary of the Lord? Where was the Sabbath more hallowed than beneath her roof? Who could accuse her of a want of charity? Dwelt not the law of kindness on her lips? and Was not her hand ever open to supply the claims of the needy? Yes, our deceased sister was all you would describe her. But, although it was her 'greatest excellency that she possessed, no known fault, it was not her fault to possess no excellency.'* Perhaps, she felt that the term of existence is too short to bring before the observer's eye all the graces of the Christian religion, and therefore determined to exhibit one, fully, brightly, to those around her. She seemed to have selected for the motto of her life, the tenth commandment; and both by precept and practice, did she exemplify it. Her history during the fifteen years of her residence among us, has been an embodiment of that prohibition. Not only did she endeavour to banish the insidious leaven of covetousness from the dwellings of the poor, and skilfully follow it through its various windings of repining, envy, and discontent, but to the rich she said by her daily conduct, 'throw no stumbling block in the way of your less favored neighbors, nor by the indulgence of personal vanity and ostentation, lead them to covet your possessions.' She was rigidly economical and self-denying in her own expenditure, not from natural taste, but from the fear of tempting others to envy. 'I must lead none into temptation,' was her rule—and faithfully she adhered to it. But she is gone! The Saviour whom she loved and trusted, has taken her to her home in Heaven. Let us, my friends, imitate her virtues, and lay up treasures in the Eternal World. She has left her example as a legacy to our little community. Let her not have lived in vain!"

The Minister ceased speaking. After a moment's pause, he motioned to the sexton to proceed with his work, and in a brief interval, another hillock rose in that populous grave-yard, as a memorial of the rapacity of death.

The crowd dispersed, and as one by one those who witnessed that burial, bowed beneath the same dark sceptre, or removed to some distant home, the turf under which Mrs. Rainsworth slept might have become undistinguished from the common mass, but for the following circumstances, which made that quiet resting place, through many succeeding years, a spot of interest and attraction to the curious traveller who stopped awhile in ——, to learn the legends of its locality.

The young man who had shot Edward Rainsworth, and been committed to prison immediately after the duel, made his escape before the day of his trial arrived. There were various rumors in circulation relative to the manner by which he thus evaded the law, but the gaoler, the only person who could give any particular account of the affair, was always remarkable for surliness, and in this instance would not gratify public curiosity, by any detail of the means by which his prisoner managed to elude his well-known vigilance. A few months after the occurrence, two beautiful monuments were erected over the graves of Mrs. Rainsworth and her son, and the sculptor acknowledged that the work was directed, and the expenses defrayed, by the duellist himself. As, however, he never afterwards was recognized in the village, the curiosity which his singular conduct and unknown history excited, gradually subsided, except when the subject was accidentally reverted to.

Lucy Rainsworth was ill for some days after the interment of her mother, and Mrs. Harper's sympathy was so much excited in her behalf, that she deferred her departure from the village, visited and nursed the orphan during her sickness, and so won upon her regard, that Lucy begged to accompany her to her home in Louisville, a request which was cordially granted.

The executor of Mrs. Rainsworth's will was a gentleman of New York, who had visited her twice during her residence in ——, and was the only person, as reported by the Post Master, with whom she held any correspondence. Mr. Berkley, the Minister, wrote to him immediately, on the opening of the will, but when he arrived, his ward and Mrs. Harper were gone. A letter from each to him, left with Mr. Berkley, seemed, however, to satisfy him. He sold the property of Mrs. Rainsworth, in ——, ere he quitted there, and took the proceeds of the sale with him.

Years swept by, ere any intelligence of Lucy Rainsworth reached the scene of her happy youth—but many were the speculations relative to her fate, and not a few deemed her departure with Mrs. Harper singular.

Those who are desirous of following the fortunes of the young orphan, may learn more of her history in a subsequent number of the Courier, under the title of "The Growth of Covetousness."

THE

MOTHER'S LEGACY:

OR,

The Growth of Covetousness.

BY MRS. L. F. MORGAN.

[FORMS SECOND PART OF THE STORY ENTITLED "THE VILLAGE FUNERAL."*]

"Beware of covetousness: for a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth."—[The Bible.

Our story commences at the moment when Lucy Rainsworth was left alone in her own desolate home, after her return from the funeral of her mother. One by one her sympathising friends had departed in compliance with her earnest solicitations, imagining she at length reposed under the influence of a strong narcotic, and an elderly woman, her nurse in infancy, was strictly enjoined to watch her during the night. But Lucy was not even temporarily oblivious to the grief that preyed upon her spirit. For the first time, in her brief term of existence, she had practised deception, in order to obtain sooner the solitude she sought, and contrived to avoid the anodyne prepared for her, while, at the same time, she affected to have yielded to its soporific effects. When the street door closed on her last kind guest, she rose from her couch and dismissing the attendant for a few moments, on some trifling pretext, cautiously entered the adjoining chamber from which the corpse of her beloved parent had been so recently removed. Kneeling by the bed on which she had been wont to rest beside her, she supplicated strength and direction for the task before her. Many tears, from the fountain of an aching heart, fell on her clasped hands, and the sorrows of a long life seemed crowded into the short interval. But those tears and that earnest prayer brought relief, and she rose with a lightened and more resigned spirit. An unperformed duty was yet resting upon her conscience, and though in the confusion of her intense anguish, its character was but indistinctly comprehended, her intention to fulfil it had never wavered, and she now felt better prepared for its accomplishment.

"I must now collect my thoughts," she said, slowly and reflectively, as if seeking to recall some memory that bewildered while it nerved her: "my beloved mother's parting injunction was this: 'Save your brother's enemy. Save him at every hazard, Lucy. Save him, if you desire my soul to have peace in eternity. Regard neither prudence, form, nor the world's opinion on the subject. Save him as you hope for my blessing on your future hours. Save him, and convey to him this sealed paper. You will then be almost penniless, my daughter, but trust to God, and pursue the course your own heart will dictate, when you read my history. It is in my cabinet. Now swear to me, Lucy, *swear*.' And then she blest me as I knelt and swore. To-night, then, must he be liberated—to-morrow he will be tried."

Lucy pressed her feverish brow more closely, and stood for some minutes in an attitude of concentrated and anxious thought. Presently her eyes brightened even in their settled mournfulness, and her lips compressed, as if her decision was made. She hastily unlocked a small cabinet in the apartment, took hence a sealed package and some other papers, also a purse. Another moment she knelt in prayer, then hurried to the chamber where her attendant had left her. The woman returned almost simultaneously. A few low and earnest words were interchanged between them. There was doubt, surprise, and hesitation in the countenance of the attendant—resolve and enquiry in that of Lucy. The latter prevailed at last in the request she was urging, and while she hastily adjusted her attire, the nurse again disappeared. When she returned, she brought with her a pair of high heeled boots, and a man's cloak and hat.—With a trembling hand she assisted her young mistress to put them on over her own dress, and so arranged the collar and hat as effectually to conceal her features. A shawl and bonnet were then procured for herself, and with noiseless steps they descended the stair-case together and stealthily opening the street door, glanced anxiously around them. Lucy lingered on the threshold until she saw her companion reach the stable, and presently bring out the horse of her deceased brother accoutred for a journey. She then joined her, and they took the road to the town prison.

* * * * * *

In a gloomy cell, but dimly lighted by a solitary lamp, stood a young man who had apparently numbered about twenty-three years. His countenance, at the moment that we present him to the reader, was a tablet of conflicting emotions of a most painful character, and deep sighs and broken exclamations of complaint alternately burst from his lips.—Well might a feeling of misery and hopelessness rest upon his heart! The ensuing morning he was to be tried for what seemed to the friends of Edward Rainsworth, and they comprised nearly all the citizens of the town, his deliberate murder, and being an entire stranger in their community, without influence or money, he had no reason to suppose that a single individual would "for charity's sweet sake" interpose in his behalf, and attempt to rescue him from the fate which appeared inevitable. Suddenly a noise, unusual at that quiet hour, arrested his attention, and he hastily turned towards the door of the prison—it was unbarred, and the jailer announced "a young man who proffered himself as the prisoner's counsel."

"Admit him," was the reply, while an expression half hopeful, half suspicious passed over the features of the speaker. The stranger entered and the keeper closed the door upon him. There was a momentary silence which was first broken by the duellist, who observed, as he placed for his visitor the only chair the room contained—

"I should, perhaps, thank you for this courtesy, sir, the first tendered me since I have had the honor to be *patronized* by your civil authorities. But I apprehend you will find my case worse than you imagine. Poverty and friendlessness can have little chance for justice, opposed to wealth and power."

The mingled irony and bitterness of his tone and words, fell harshly and coldly on the ear of his companion, and increased an embarrassment which was already excessive. Rejecting with a slight but decisive gesture the offered seat, the youth replied in a low, earnest tone—

"Nevertheless, I come to save you." At the same instant the hat and mantle enveloping that fragile form were hastily thrown off, a profusion of clustering ringlets escaped from the comb that had confined them, and fell over the neck and shoulders of the speaker, and a young girl whose extreme paleness contrasted strikingly with the mourning dress she wore, stood before the astonished prisoner. Her dark eyes, kindled with high resolve, were yet expressive of deep grief, and her whole countenance evinced strong excitement tempered by a stern determination to be calm. As the young man's glance met hers, he shuddered, for he almost fancied the ghost of Rainsworth had come to mock his misery. "I come to save you," she repeated, with a long drawn breath, "but no time must be lost. Disguise yourself in this cloak and hat, and accompany the jailer hence, stooping as much as possible to avoid betraying the difference of height. He will not address you and you need not speak to him. Just beyond the court of the prison, a horse, spirited and strong, awaits you. Before sunrise you may be far away. Take this," she added, putting a sealed paper with a well-filled purse into his hand, "it will give you important information. Why delay?" added she, more hurriedly, although she had spoken with rapidity throughout, for the young man stood immoveable, with his earnest gaze fixed upon her face.

As she thus impatiently questioned him, he passed his hand across his brow as if to clear his sight and intellect together, and as his bewildered faculties awoke to the comprehension of her meaning, he said, resolutely—

"I will not leave you here in this horrid place, I cannot. If you can depart in safety, go, and leave me to my fate. Why should you encounter peril to save one—an unknown stranger?"

"I have a motive sufficient to render greater peril powerless to deter me," she replied, with emphasis; "you may frustrate my purpose, but by doing so you will only add to the sorrows of an already burthened heart. I promised one to save you whose approbation has hitherto been the light of my existence. Can you still hesitate?" continued she, and her appealing glances grew wilder from anxiety.

"Who are you?" exclaimed the prisoner, impetuously, "who thus compassionate a wretched stranger, and have evinced such intrepidity to save him?—Will you not tell me, that I may worship you as a far off 'bright particular star' in the gloomy destiny which gathers around me?"

"The knowledge you desired could awaken no pleasurable emotion," she said, hurriedly, proffering the mantle again; "attribute your deliverance to God, and oh! by a life of penitence seek to expiate, as far as mortal can, the fearful past. The jailor comes," she added, seeing him about to speak, "waste not the fleeting moments in idle questions."

The prisoner still lingered.

"Tell me at least," he said, with emotion, "if you are not the spirit of the murdered Rainsworth in an angelic form?"

That name thus uttered brought a deep flush to her pale face, but it 'faded as it came,' and though the hand which offered his disguise trembled, it was still extended.

"You will be too late. The jailor comes," she cried, vehemently. "For his sake whom you have just named, then, if not your own nor mine, consent to save yourself." The wild energy of her tone and manner commanded obedience. The hat and cloak were thrown on according to her desire, and as the outer door grated on its hinges, the young girl had concealed her form in the prisoner's great coat and the shadow of the apartments, while he passed out to meet the keeper. The latter did not enter, but merely glancing at the recumbent figure which tenanted the cell, accompanied his companion to the street door.

Their retiring steps had long died away in the last faint response of echo, ere Lucy Rainsworth could admit the hope that the prisoner was indeed free, and her duty fulfilled. She then knelt in grateful acknowledgment of success, and prayer for future protection. For the enemy of her brother too she prayed that contrition for his crime might be awakened in his bosom, and the coming years of his existence be unstained by guilt. True, his hand had thrown a dark eclipse over the sunshine of her destiny, and rifled her home of all its treasures, leaving her a lonely and orphaned pilgrim to pursue the race of life. But she tried to forgive him, and soon found peace for her own bosom by the effort. She had no apprehensions of discovery for herself, if she could avoid detection until the morning. The duellist would then be beyond the reach of danger, and it was for him only Lucy feared. She knew the jailor well. Often had she entered those gloomy walls before, accompanying her mother on embassies of mercy. She was convinced when he was satisfied that his confession could avail nothing to bring back the prisoner, he could easily be persuaded to conceal his knowledge of her interference in his escape. Placing the lamp in a convenient position beside her, she drew a manuscript from her bosom, and thoughtfully examined it ere she unsealed it. It was directed by her mother, and addressed thus: "My daughter after my death." Lucy pressed to her lips the dear memorial, and with her cheek resting on her hand, and her arm supported by the chair which contained the lamp, perused the following history:—

"Although this narrative is not designed to meet the eyes of my daughter until the hand which writes and the heart that dictates it are alike cold and insensible, I blush at its exposure and shrink from the task I have enjoined myself. The bare suggestion, that the child who has ever regarded me with love and reverence shall have cause to reprobate her mother, is so exquisitely painful that I revolt at its realization even as a tenant of the dreamless tomb, and almost determined to lay aside my pen. But imperative duty comes to my assistance and nerves me for the painful effort. A knowledge of my faults may confirm the influence of my precepts, and save my daughter from her mother's sins and consequent misery. And let the affectionate heart of my Lucy be comforted by the assurance that I am even now not what I once was, but by the grace of God in peace and hope look forward without fear to the hour of death; and when she will be reading these pages I expect to have entered my eternal rest and to be rejoicing before the throne.

"When you were not more than six years of age, you innocently touched a chord in my bosom connected with the source of all my sorrows, and I then resolved during its acute vibrations that I would one day pen this history for you. You asked me the meaning of the word heiress. Some indiscreet persons had told you that if your little brother died you would be an heiress. He was at that time an exceedingly delicate child, and in the simplicity of your artless affection you imagined it signified a terrible deprivation. From that hour have I sought with unwearying care to form your character free from covetousness, and root from your breast that bane to virtuous actions—selfishness. I have taught you to value earthly possessions only as a means of enabling you to benefit others, and to consider wealth as a talent for whose improvement you must render a strict account. That you may estimate the worth of such instruction more justly, and render suitable acknowledgements to Heaven for shielding your early years from the debasing influence of worldliness, I must inform you that the moral culture of my childhood was particularly defective,—yet I would not wantonly breathe a reproachful word against the guardians of my morning hours, or attempt to extenuate my own culpability. My natural disposition was aspiring, and the love of distinction was a prominent trait of my character;—therefore, subjected to the most judicious discipline, I doubt not I should still have exhibited symptoms of the malady, which, without such discipline, pervaded my being, and shed a blight over my future prospects. Possessing talents rather above mediocrity and a promise of uncommon beauty, indiscreet associates too soon made me sensible of my advantages, and I appreciated them far beyond their real worth. I frequently heard my abilities descanted on by my friends, and lamentations expressed that pecuniary difficulties deprived me of the means of mental improvement to which my native powers entitled me. I was mentioned in connection with others who with inferior intellects were favored with the opportunities from which I was debarred, and thus I learned both to arraign the justice of Providence and to envy the gifts of the more fortunate.

"Taught to reflect on the position which I might occupy in society, if wealth and its consequent concomitants were added to the bestowments of nature on my person and mind, I was constantly imagining myself in the situation to which I aspired, and revolving in my brain the possibility of attaining it. Nor was I long in discovering that such a possibility existed, though vague indeed and shadowy would seem the prospect of its realization. I had but one maternal uncle, a widower, with an only child, the beautiful, accomplished, but most hapless, Augusta Derrington. My uncle was very fond of me, and often took me to his house to amuse him with my sprightliness and gayety, while his daughter was at boarding school. He was reputed to be very rich, and the costliness and elegance of his domestic arrangements rendered his residence particularly attractive to my disposition, and I always returned home from those occasional visits more discontented with my lot, and restlessly desirous of fortune. A report reached us, when I was about ten years of age, that my cousin was attacked with severe illness, and the physicians had little hope of her recovery. The idea which had rather floated through my mind than found a lodgment there, took then a more tangible form, for I overheard the whisper, 'If she dies, Ellen will unquestionably be adopted by her uncle.' My cousin was restored to health, but I delighted from that period to dwell on the events which might have transpired had my uncle been left childless.—Whenever I heard Augusta's name, it excited a long reverie on the contingencies of her death, and I never afterwards visited Derrington Hall, without coveting the situation of its youthful mistress. When Augusta attained her eighteenth year, her father celebrated her birth-day by a handsome party. I was only twelve years of age, but was present, and several girls as young as myself were invited for my entertainment, for my uncle loved to see us happy. His dwelling was situated on the western banks of the Chesapeake, in Maryland. The beach was of easy access, and pleasure boats, prepared for the occasion, were moored beneath its spreading trees. The day was devoted to enjoyment. Now, after the vicissitudes of years, I can recall the figure of my lovely cousin as she moved amid that light-hearted circle; the fairest, and yet the humblest there. Her dress was rich and beautiful, of a pale blue color, suiting well the delicacy of her pure complexion, and the hue of her soft expressive eyes. She wore no ornaments but a necklace of her mother's hair, from which was suspended a handsome watch, the gift of her father on that morning. Modest and unobtrusive, yet graceful and dignified, she pleased without any effort to attract attention, and was chiefly solicitous that her companions should be interested. Her countenance was indicative of sweetness, gentleness and unclouded happiness, for at that period she knew no sorrow, and a more guileless being never walked the earth. I envied her as much for her freedom from evil passions as her wordly advantages, for I felt their poisoning influence upon my own enjoyment, and admired the virtues I yet made no attempt to obtain. It was almost impossible not to love Augusta, and I *did* love her as much as I could consistently with my eager yearning after her possessions. Yet, let me be just enough to myself to declare that I had no consciousness of desiring the death of my cousin. I should have started with horror had the idea been suggested. I was an habitual dreamer, but not of bright, and high, and beautiful things. My visions were of sordid wealth, and its vain and paltry distinctions. I wished to be a leader of fashion—a reigning belle—a wit who was caressed and flattered, even while feared—I craved distinction—I loved display. The magnificent delighted me—but for the pure, and holy, and good, I had but little taste. Yet I was not insensible of the selfishness of my feelings—I was not naturally cruel—I would not intentionally have trampled on a worm in my progress towards the summit I sought—still less would I have admitted the most indistinct suspicion of injury to my cousin. Let no human being presume to say in the career of guilt, 'thus far will I go but no farther.' Every step renders the succeeding one more easy—yes, almost impels us forward.

"As my cousin's education was now considered as completed, and her constitution was rather delicate, my uncle thought travelling might prove beneficial to her, and took her to visit the principal of our cities, and the different watering places of most note. They were absent nearly two years, and in my obscure home I heard much of the charms of my young relative, and the conquests she had made. These reports increased my envy of her, and my dissatisfaction with my own condition. Immediately after their return to Derrington Hall, I was invited thither. Rumor informed us that among the suitors of Augusta, an Englishman had been most favored by herself, but that he was disagreeable to her father. The most trifling circumstance connected with one so admired and courted as Augusta Derrington, was interesting to the gay circle in which she moved, and busy tongues, and curious ears were active in the circulation of a story of blighted love, parental authority, and a rejected but still hopeful suitor. At the time the fashionable world were canvassing the family secrets of Derrington Hall, I went thither on a visit. My cousin received me with her usually affectionate kindness, and exerted herself to make my time pass pleasantly. She was even more lovely than when I had last seen her, and adulations had failed to impart either affectation or conceit to her manner. But I had not been long in her society, before I felt that she was changed. She was evidently less happy than formerly; the sweet tranquillity of her girlhood had been ruffled, and thoughtfulness and abstraction frequently brought their shadows to her brows. She would often start suddenly from an unconscious reverie, during which I had marked the half checked sigh and moistened eye, and commence a conversation with me on some subject connected with myself. I sometimes rallied her on these fits of musing, and told her what the world said. She listened in silence; but, though she neither acknowledged, denied or evaded the report, I was disposed to attach some credence to it. One evening we were walking on the shore, when I alluded to the celebration of her birth-day.

"'Yes,' she said, in reply to my remark, 'I was very happy then.'

"'And are you not happy now?' I asked.

"'I ought to be, certainly,' she returned.

"'Ought to be!' I repeated; 'none can command their happiness. It is a feeling, not a duty.'

"'You are right,' she said, emphatically; 'but what taught you that truth, Ellen?'

"'Experience,' I replied. 'Situated as I am, I learn many such. But you, I should think, would necessarily be happy, cousin.'

"At this instant we heard approaching footsteps, and we both turned to observe the intruder. A gentleman eagerly advanced and addressed Augusta. He hurriedly apologized for his appearance, and attributed it to accident; but, as the place was retired, and on my uncle's grounds, I was sure the meeting had been sought by him. Augusta seemed much agitated, and would have returned home immediately, but he earnestly entreated her to remain, and allow him a few minutes' conversation. She named him to me as 'Mr. Montresor,' as soon as she had recovered from the discomposure his unexpected presence produced, and he asked me if I did not think she might comply with his request. I smiled, and glanced at Augusta ere I replied. As she looked irresolute, I said—

"'You promised to take me to the old beach-tree this evening. It is quite early yet.'

"Mr. Montresor insisted we should extend our ramble thither, and my cousin reluctantly consented. He of course accompanied us. He spoke frequently to Augusta in a low tone, and as I knew his words were not designed for my ears, I avoided hearing them, and amused myself with throwing pebbles occasionally into the waters, as we slowly walked along the shore, and watching the circles they made. They were both too much engrossed to notice my employment, except by waiting for me as I thus delayed their progress. The few sentences of which I was an unwilling hearer, were sufficient to inform one as quick to comprehend as myself, that Mr. Derrington's disapprobation was the only obstacle to their mutual happiness. When we reached the beach-tree, I managed to occupy myself deciphering the names upon its bark, and my two companions appeared to forget my presence in the interest of their discourse. Mr. Montresor had at first spoken low; but gradually, in the earnestness and energy of his tones, his voice became more distinct, and I learnt that he was endeavoring to persuade my cousin to elope with him, declaring his confidence in her father's readiness to forgive her, when once the irrevocable step was taken. Augusta firmly opposed him, but she was weeping bitterly, and I felt that he had said much which I had not heard to call forth her tenderness. After many expostulations and entreaties, he changed his manner, and accused her of coldness and insensibility, evidenced by her willingness to submit to the whims of a prejudiced father, and sacrifice his happiness to a mistaken sense of filial duty. She glanced reproachfully at his flushed and excited countenance, and said gravely—

"'Ellen, shall we return home?'

"'Yes,' I replied, carelessly, 'but I must come back here to-morrow, and cut my name on this tree. I forgot to bring my pen-knife.'

"Montresor eagerly exclaimed—'Then you will walk again to-morrow?'

"My cousin shook her head, but I replied entreatingly—

"'Yes, dear cousin, you promised to take me to see the cave. I have never been there, you know.'

"As we proceeded homewards, Mr. Montresor accompanied us. He offered his arm to Augusta, but she declined it. He became silent and gloomy. As we approached the house, my cousin stopt, and inquired if he intended to go home with us. He started at the sound of her voice, and replied—

"'Not if disagreeable to you. But may I not see you to-morrow?'

"'Why should you desire it?' she said, sadly and earnestly; 'it can avail us nothing.'

"He answered by protestations of attachment, and passionate appeals to her sensibility. He seemed to be entirely unconscious of or indifferent to my presence. He alternately reproached and entreated her, and finally she consented to walk on the shore with me the ensuing evening. As soon as he had left us, however, the indiscretion of her compliance seemed to strike her mind with new force, and she imploringly exclaimed—

"'Oh, Ellen, call him back, and tell him I cannot, I ought not to see him.'

"'And wherefore?' I asked. 'I can perceive no particular sin in rambling on the shore.'

"'Disobedience to my father makes the sin, Ellen. He does not approve of Mr. Montresor's addresses. He has forbidden me to receive them, and commanded me to tell him his visits must be discontinued.—He will never consent to our union, never. He is as inflexible and firm as man can be.'

"'What is his objection, cousin?' I inquired.

"'He thinks Mr. Montresor is deficient in stability; but his chief objection is, I am sure, to his country. My father hates the English—he always said I should never marry any but an American; but an Englishman is the most detestable to him of all foreigners.'

"'That last is a most frivolous objection,' I said; 'a mere prejudice, without reasonable foundation. But does Mr. Montresor evince instability?' I inquired.

"'I never discovered that he did,' said Augusta, hesitatingly. 'He has been very constant in his devotion to me for the last twelve months.'

"I was half inclined to dispute the strength of her argument as a proof of general decision of character, for it seemed even to my young and unpractised mind, that other motives than love might influence his perseverance. But I pitied Augusta too sincerely to attempt to shake her faith in her lover, though I had secret suspicions of his disinterestedness. I thought his protestations too vehement to be strictly genuine. He appeared rather to watch their effect on her than to feel them himself. Perhaps I wronged him. Most truly do I hope he proved all her heart desired. But the doubt I entertained should have incited me to a more cordial and generous endeavor to promote my cousin's happiness in the events which followed.

"The next evening, I accompanied Augusta to the shore. Mr. Montresor joined us on the way, and I left them to uninterrupted conversation while I explored the cave and its environs. The interview, however, only increased the uneasiness of my poor cousin. She afterwards informed me that he passionately urged an elopement, and I perceived that his arguments had at last half convinced her of the injustice of her father's objections, if they had failed to shake her resolve to abide by them. Montresor tried to engage me as his advocate. My cousin wept all that night, and the struggle between her love and her sense of duty strongly excited my sympathy. I even offered to plead her cause with my uncle, but she refused to permit my interference, assuring me it would only aggravate him.

"'He will never consent,' she said, with bitter tears. 'He told me, in the most solemn manner, I should not marry Mr. Montresor; that if I did, he would disinherit me forever. I never knew my father to break his word. He is inflexibility personified. I see nothing but misery before me.'

"I sought to comfort her, and hinted that the future might reconcile her to her father's decision by introducing her to a more admired suitor.

"'No, Ellen,' she replied, with earnestness, 'my hopes of happiness as a wife, terminate with the dissolution of my engagement with Mr. Montresor. I shall marry no other.'

"Mr. Montresor wrote to her a few days after our walk to the cave, and sent the letter by a special messenger when my uncle was absent.

"'I cannot permit a clandestine correspondence,' she said; 'I must tell him so, but know not how to communicate my resolve. My father would never forgive my writing.'

"I proposed a stroll on the shore, convinced that he would meet us there. After some hesitation she agreed. Montresor came. He was more importunate than before. He seemed, indeed, very unhappy. I now espoused his cause, for I thought Augusta's peace forever gone, if she continued firm. I tried to persuade myself that I was deeply interested for her welfare, and acting from the purest motives. But I had begun to calculate the probable advantage of their union to my own prospects, and mingled with my solicitude for them many a dream of self-aggrandizement. Mr. Montresor professed to be wholly regardless of fortune. The approbation of my uncle was all he desired—his wealth was a mere bauble. Augusta was equally thoughtless on that subject.—Indeed, the idea of the splendid possessions to which she was heiress, never seemed to have a place in her imagination. Her father's affection and consent was all she thought of. The idea of succeeding to immunities so little valued by them, so earnestly coveted by me, dazzled my fancy, and obscured the kindlier feelings of my nature. I became the medium of intercourse between Augusta and her lover, and met him constantly on the shore to give and receive messages. I was cautious in expressing my opinion, and rather appeared to yield to my desire to promote their happiness, than to advise or commend their course. My ostensible sentiments were, however, made sufficiently apparent to my cousin. She respected my judgment, having imbibed the general notion of my relatives, that my mind was a superior one, and thinking, in her situation, I would act as I hinted, was influenced to a similar conduct. To be brief, her objections were at last surmounted by Montresor, and they eloped. I accompanied her to the road-side, where he waited with a coach and four, with a widow lady, at whose house they had first met. My cousin embraced me with many tears, and was assisted by her lover to the carriage. It drove away, and I never saw Augusta again! I hastened back to the house and shut myself up in the library. When the servant entered to inform me that dinner was ready, I affected to be busily occupied with a book. I had arranged with Augusta and Montresor the course I was to pursue. They were to write to my uncle immediately after the marriage ceremony was performed, and in the interim I was merely to say that Augusta had gone to ride with Mrs. Lewis. This account satisfied my uncle, and after dinner he questioned me about the volume I had been perusing, and asked me to read to him. I obeyed, and the evening passed away. He expressed some uneasiness, when the day terminated without bringing his daughter, and despatched a servant to learn the reason of her continued absence. The message received in reply was, that Miss Derrington had accompanied Mrs. Lewis to a neighboring town, and would not return until a late hour to the house of the latter; therefore, would remain with her during the night. My uncle seemed disappointed, but not alarmed. The ensuing morning, I contrived to amuse him until the arrival of the promised letter. When he received it I was with him, and observed his color change as he glanced at the superscription. While perusing it, his hand trembled violently, and his countenance varied in its expression. But one feeling was ascendant: however affection might have pleaded for his only child, its voice was stifled by the stern resolve of outraged authority. He turned to me with a cold, angry glance, as he concluded the fatal epistle, and said—

"'You are leagued against me also!'

"He examined my face steadily for a moment, and walked to a window, against which he leant, and covered his eyes with his hand. I had been unable to conceal my embarrassment while subjected to his searching gaze. I now approached him and touched his arm. He started, and as I caught a fugitive view of his features, I saw tears in his eyes. I would have spoken, but he commanded my silence, and abruptly left me. I purposed saying something in extenuation of Augusta's conduct, but was intimidated by his displeasure, and the opportunity passed by. He remained alone during the afternoon, and ate nothing. The following morning he sent for a lawyer, and they were together for several hours. I quickly divined that they were writing my uncle's will. Two of the neighbors came in the evening by his request, and witnessed it. They staid until after tea, and my uncle came to the table with them. All traces of emotion had vanished from his countenance, but a settled gloom was there. He addressed me as usual, having, as I afterwards learnt, pardoned my share in the elopement of Augusta, in consequence of my youth and inexperience.

"A few days subsequent to the first letter of my cousin another arrived, but my uncle returned it unopened, and himself directed the envelope. At that time he ordered every article removed from the hall which had belonged to Augusta. Her wardrobe was sent to her, and I managed to add a few books and valuables which I knew she prized. But her bureau, piano, harp, &c., were sold, and he strictly and peremptorily forbade the mention of her name in his presence. The first transgressor was to be punished with banishment from his house. Augusta's chamber was refurnished for my use, and I was publicly and formally declared his adopted child and the future proprietress of his wealth. I was immediately placed at a fashionable boarding-school, where the teachers were commanded to instruct me in whatever was deemed essential to a first-rate education. I entered with eagerness upon my studies and devoted not only the whole day, but many hours of the night to the acquisition of the knowledge I so coveted. Yet as I aimed at shining and dazzling rather than pleasing and benefiting others, I sought accomplishments more than solid information, and was especially attentive to music and the modern languages. I received two letters from Augusta during my continuance at school, entreating me to intercede with her father in her behalf. To the first I did not reply, but to the second I returned a few cold lines, expressive of wishes for her happiness, and regret that I could not comply with her request. I told her my uncle had forbidden me to mention her to him on pain of his displeasure, and I owed him too much to forfeit his regard. Again she wrote, begging me to ask him to forgive her—she wished no pecuniary aid—she needed none—she sought no portion of his fortune hereafter—she did not even supplicate to see him—she only pleaded for his pardon and his love. I answered, and promised to comply with her request, as far as possible; but I had no real intention of sacrificing my own interests. I remained at school four years, and then went to reside at Derrington Hall with my uncle. I had now attained the zenith of my wishes. I was an acknowledged heiress, the centre of a circle of admiring friends, either true or pretended, beautiful, accomplished, witty, and reputed amiable. Flattered and caressed, I talked, laughed, sang, and danced, apparently the gayest amidst those gay crowds who fluttered round me. My word and taste gave law to fashion, my disapprobation made the most costly costume unpopular. My uncle appeared gratified at the homage I obtained, and liberally defrayed all my expenses. He treated me with constant tenderness, and towards him, at least, I conducted myself with the propriety of a dutiful child. And well might I seek to make his lonely life pleasant and cheerful, well might I occasionally sacrifice my own desires to promote his, and forego the admiration of a brilliant company to spend an evening quietly with him! Had I not usurped the place of his only daughter, the sole relic of the wife of his early years? Had I not risen as a cloud between his heart and her's, and shut her forever from the shrine of his affections? It was even so, and slight indeed was the compensation my utmost efforts for his comfort could render. But alas! these feelings did not actuate me. I feared to lose my advantages,—to be hurled from my high position, for I knew I held it by a frail tenure. The man who could cast away his only child for one offence could not be supposed to look with greater lenity upon his niece. Self-interest, not gratitude, taught me the art of pleasing—impelled me to humor all his prejudices, and obey his commands. Yet amidst the splendor that surrounded me, I was not happy. Added to the apprehensions of forfeiting my uncle's favor was the condemning whisper of conscience that I was unjust and ungenerous. Frequently have I wished in the solitude of my own chamber that my cousin had died in her infancy, or at the period when she was deemed so ill by her physicians. There was another thought that occasionally intruded itself with power to excite anxiety. It might be my fate to love as hopelessly as my cousin had done, and then could I yield as readily as she had yielded the worldly advantages I enjoyed? I considered myself capable of true and deep affection, but I even at that period doubted my ability to relinquish them, to share a lowlier lot with any human being. Sad indeed is the reflection that the heart may become so unnatural by ambition, so hardened by selfish vanity, that the passion for distinction may absorb all its pure and natural emotions. There was a time in the history of your mother (alas! my daughter, that I should be compelled to record such a fact,) when she could sympathize with a feeling which prompted Napoleon to divorce the devoted Josephine and seek an alliance with royalty. Oh, how carefully should covetousness in all its Protean forms be weeded and rooted from the heart of woman! Whatever we unlawfully desire becomes a lure to guilt. There is a lust of power, of admiration, of display, as well as a lust of wealth. Eve coveted knowledge, which would appear to be the least culpable of all ambitious cravings—yet behold the consequences of her unhallowed aspirings. Every leaf of the annals of mankind is stamped with the direful record. But the fancy which sometimes haunted me was not realized. Perhaps it might have been better had the trial come upon me. Yet even while I trace that surmise, my reason acknowledges its falsity. Had I loved against the approbation of my uncle, and been forced to choose between penury or even modest competence with the object of my regard, and the wealth to which I was heiress, I believe the latter would have claimed my preference, so wedded was I to the distinctions it brought. The effect of such grovelling sentiments would probably have been destructive to all after virtues, and I might have descended to an unwept grave, the selfish, cold and impenitent being my youthful days beheld me. My God had merciful designs respecting me. He knew my weakness, and did not try me then. He waited the hour when the test even in its revealings of corruption and helplessness would prove salutary. Had the prophet Nathan been sent to David during the mastery of passion, his words might have been unheeded, or if heeded, the royal transgressor might have attributed their influence to his own moral strength. But the message came when the storm had subsided—the still small voice was felt to be distinct—apart from himself, and the awakened sinner bowed in humble, contrite submission to the chastisement of his acknowledged guilt. Oh! even in the moment when the light of truth flashes upon the conscience, and we mourn over the retrospect of the past, we should bless God that the illuminating energy came at a period when the soul was not barred against its reception, and the gross darkness of depravity was not impervious to its beams. There are such hours in man's history. Satan hath a fearful power, but he is not omnipotent, and those who are seeking to exert a moral influence, should diligently watch the moment when temptation is weakened, and evil least triumphant, to insinuate counsel, and warning, and reproof, and attack the strong holds of wickedness. God's spirit will be there to aid, to encourage, and give victory. The Christian teacher knows that there are intervals when he is peculiarly incited to and assisted in this work. When the promised intercession seems to draw more solemnly and intimately near, and give unction and efficacy to his efforts. I doubt not the unwonted fervor he feels is an intimation from the spirit, and that the emissaries of evil have relaxed their vigilance, and incursions upon their dark dominions may be successfully made. The parent may profit by the consideration of this truth in the education of his children. I have realized its force with mine. I have observed the waywardness and indisposition for instruction that you and your brother have occasionally evinced, and been discouraged in my office of preceptress. Again I have seen you eager and inquiring, quick to understand, sympathetic and impressible. Experience has taught me to seize the propitious moment. Would that your mother had been thus watched and taught in her early years! She might not then have been the heartless girl I have presented her to your view, at the period to which I have brought my story. Yet none breathed a word against either the qualities of my mind or heart, and when about a year subsequent to my leaving school, I met Lieutenant Rainsworth for the first time: the admiration my appearance excited in his bosom gathered strength from the reports he heard of my character. I was introduced to him at a ball. He not only attracted my fancy by his brilliancy and wit, but the feeling which mingled even with his lighter sallies touched and interested me. I perceived the impression I had made was favorable, and sought to confirm it. He visited me, and was presented to my uncle. I watched the manifestations of his opinion—it was agreeable to my wishes. With what blended emotions of happiness, sadness and regret, do I look back upon the days and weeks that followed! Rainsworth was chivalrous and romantic even to excess. I would sometimes playfully combat his sentiments of love, friendship and self-devotion, and appeal to experience to convict him of his illusions. He always maintained that I looked at life in its artificial, not its natural aspect, and with the enthusiasm and originality that characterized all his words and actions, would paint a picture of domestic bliss, so bright and beautiful, that, worldly as I was, I wished it real.—I do not recollect that I purposely deceived him. I rather think that the desire to please rendered me more natural and amiable than I had hitherto been—perhaps, association with him had for the time thrown over me a superficial lustre which concealed from his penetration the true character of my heart. Rainsworth, however, was deceived. Yes, mortifying as the consciousness must be to one who so loved him, I am compelled to own that I should never have been his choice, had he seen me as I was. His imagination gifted me with attributes I did not possess, and he dreamed of a paradise on earth. How bitter was his awaking!

"After a suitable time spent in courtship, we were married, and the goal of my ambition was attained. I will not waste your time, or dazzle your fancy with a detail of the magnificent preparations for my wedding. My very soul sickens when I remember that such frivolous and unsubstantial circumstances should have had power to excite such deep interest in my breast, at the most momentous era of my existence. But so it was. I personally superintended every arrangement, and nothing transpired to mar the taste, elegance and splendor of the scene. Yet, I recollect feeling slightly disappointed at my husband's unconcern relative to adjustments so important in my estimation. He would smile, indeed, at the beauty and tastefulness displayed, and glance admiringly at my bridal adornments, when I was attired for the parties given in compliment to my marriage, but there was an indifference and absence of interest in his manner. On one occasion, he marked my change of countenance when he had answered carelessly, though not impolitely, to an appeal to his judgment on some such trivial subject. He instantly altered his tone. His fine eyes lit up with an expression of anxiety, for every mutation of feeling lent its glow to his eloquent countenance, and he assured me that whatever I wore pleased him; that he considered my taste perfect, 'only a little too ornate, perhaps,' he added, smiling. 'You know I like simplicity. But your views are perfectly consistent with the magnificence that has always surrounded you. I do not blame you. I only wish my dearest Ellen to understand that I love her for her priceless self alone, independent of the glittering appendages which attract the homage of the vulgar only.'

"I felt my cheeks flush. I fancied he began to divine my thoughts more clearly, and thus reproved me for my fondness for display. But I was wrong. Rainsworth was wearied with the adulation which he saw paid to wealth and rank by those around me, but he regarded me as one 'among, but not of them.'—He thought me a petted child of fortune, endowed with intellectual and moral powers of the highest order, which I was wasting on objects that rather amused than interested me, with my fancy dazzled, but my heart unaffected by the flattery lavished on me, and the lustre of prosperity. He longed to snatch me from such a poisonous influence, and win me to a nobler destiny. He knew not that the pleasure costly dress and equipage imparted, was not the mere effect of habit and association, but had its source in deep-seated vanity, and systematic selfishness. He knew not, that instead of being nurtured from my cradle in the lap of luxury, my childhood had been haunted by images of coveted splendor, and embittered by cravings for unattained distinction—that my present affluence was built on the ruined fortunes of one who had awakened the gnawings of envy in my earliest years—and the gay and frivolous life I was leading, was the prompting of natural desire. Rainsworth had been religiously educated, and his principles and tastes were attuned to the true and good. But he was not an experimental Christian. He had not learned to pity the frailties himself had never felt. Lofty and elevated in his sentiments, he had no sympathy with the littleness of meaner minds, and unread in the corruption of the human heart, scorned without commiserating the guilty. During the many conversations we had held together before marriage, the name of my cousin had never escaped my lips. In the early period of our acquaintance, I was too much engrossed by other thoughts, to reflect upon the expediency of mentioning her; and after our engagement, I instinctively shrank from the communication. Sometimes, indeed, the truthfulness and integrity of my lover's character, startled me into the belief, that he might hereafter deem me reprehensible in not informing him of her existence, and our relative position, and the facts would tremble on my tongue. But some indefinite apprehension always prevented their utterance; and after I became his wife, that apprehension assumed a more palpable and determined character. I was well assured that the world and the world's law would not consider me culpable. I had been adopted voluntarily by my uncle, while yet a child. He had suspended his future protection on my obedience to his orders, and an attempt to reinstate Augusta in his favor would have been a direct infringement of them, and brought banishment to myself without benefiting her. I was conscious how much might be pleaded in justification of my silence, yet was there something terrible to my imagination in the idea of my husband's becoming accidentally aware of Augusta's history. To my uncle's inflexibility of temper, and resoluteness of purpose, he added a magnanimity of sentiment and abhorrence of duplicity, which made me tremble at the thought of his detecting in his wife any action partaking of dissimulation. Often have I started at the sound of his footstep, in the imagination that it was quicker than usual, and that he came to reproach me;—often have I feared to raise my eyes to his, lest I should meet an angry frown. The most remote reference to any topic that could introduce Augusta in general conversation, has sent the blood to my heart with a more rapid pulsation, and produced an agitation of feeling I could scarcely suppress. Yet, by some strange good fortune, several years went by without the discovery I so dreaded. My husband, at the solicitation of my uncle, left the army immediately after our marriage, and resided wholly at the Hall. He had evinced considerable reluctance to resign his profession, but my uncle manifested such unwillingness to part with me, and really respected and loved Mr. Rainsworth so much, that he finally yielded. He studied law, however, and was appointed to the State legislature two years after our union. I accompanied him to the seat of government, as also did my uncle. I managed to gratify my fondness for display, at the same time that I continued to retain the good opinion of my husband. He attributed the [illegible] excitement and dissipation in which we lived, to our position in society, and comforted himself with the anticipation of more quiet happiness when we returned to Derrington Hall. Yet I sometimes think that he had begun to awake to the illusion he indulged relative to my partiality to the vanities of the world before the third year of my marriage, for he often looked grave and sorrowful as his eyes followed me through some brilliant but heartless circle. He spent much time in the nursery with our little boy, and delighted to watch the development of his perceptions. Alas! that so brief a time was allotted for that pleasant task!

"My dear uncle died very suddenly when my son was about three years of age. I cannot bear to dwell on that awful event. The idea of his being called so abruptly, it may be, so unprepared, to the bar of God, harrows up my feelings, and has for many years been a burthen to my spirit. I grieved sincerely at the mournful bereavement, and oh! how I shuddered at the contemplation of the revelation *the opening of the will* would make! It came at last, that fearful moment, never to be blotted from the tablet of memory!

"My husband entered my chamber a few days after the funeral. He told me tenderly it was deemed necessary to read my uncle's will, and inquired if I wished to be present. I consented, for I dreaded to permit its perusal out of my sight. It was the identical instrument that had been written the memorable day that acquainted him with his daughter's elopement. He had often talked of writing another after my marriage, but my husband was too careless of wealth, too high-minded, to urge him to the performance of his purpose, and I never dared to allude to the subject. Thus it had been delayed. The present will left me sole heiress to his whole estate, with the exception of a few legacies. It was so framed, that the person whom I married could expend no part without my permission. His daughter was named only to be renounced and disinherited—My husband slightly started when that paragraph met his ear, and glanced hurriedly at me. I was confused and alarmed, but measurably prepared for the explanation, so long had it been anticipated. Indeed, I rather wished it over. As he observed my countenance, he colored excessively, but made no remark. He walked across the room in silence, until the lawyer, who had written and perused the will, departed. Rainsworth then drew a chair beside me, and taking my trembling hand in his, fixed his eyes upon me.

"'Ellen, my love,' he said, 'why have I never before heard that Mr. Derrington had a daughter? Did you know her?'

"'Yes,' I replied, answering his last question first, 'I knew her when I was quite a child. She was several years older than myself.' I tried to speak steadily and without discomposure.

"'How long have you known yourself the heiress of his wealth? This will seems to have been written while his daughter still lived,' said my husband.

"A sense of relief came to my heart. I imagined that Rainsworth had been informed of Augusta's death, but the next moment I was sensible of my illusion, and conscious that he merely inferred her decease as a positive certainty, from the circumstances just unfolded.

"'I have known the fact a long time,' I said; 'my uncle was very stern and cold at the period he adopted me. He strictly prohibited the mention of his daughter before him. I never dared disobey him.'

"'But to me, Ellen—why did you not mention her to me?'

"'Oh! it was useless. My uncle might have been displeased.'

"There was a pause.

"'Has your cousin left any children?' he inquired. 'How long has she been dead?'"

"'I really cannot tell, for I do not know. We held no intercourse after I left school. Previous to that, I wrote to her, but have received no communication for many years.'

"'She probably deemed you unjust, ungenerous my dear Ellen. The afflicted are prone to suspicion. I suppose you wrote frequently, but in the relative situations you occupied it was difficult for her to feel your interest for her was genuine. I would that I had earlier known of her existence. I could have aided you in the discovery of her retreat, so as to have benefitted her children, if she had left any. When did you learn her death, Ellen?'

"I was silent a few moments, and then remarked: 'I never heard positively that she was dead—I only inferred it from her long silence. She always seemed fond of me.'

"'Oh! that you had acquainted me before with these particulars! For five years have I been quietly enjoying the possessions of another. But, thank God, it is not yet too late to make restitution. I shall immediately advertise the death of your respected uncle, and make every effort in my power to discover his rightful heirs. None shall ever have further cause to say the son of Edward Rainsworth was enriched by dishonesty and injustice.'

"The energy and vehemence with which my husband uttered these words surprised me that he would carry out his purpose to its utmost limit. My son, my idolized son, reduced to obscure and ignoble poverty, and myself degraded from the pinnacle on which I had so long proudly stood, constituted a picture I was not disposed to contemplate. All the vanity, egotism, and ambition of my nature, claimed ascendancy. The test was now applied, and my husband might well revolt at the blackness which gathered over the imagined gold, at the hideousness of the character he had deemed so fair! I resented the imputation of dishonesty and injustice, as attached to our continued possession of the inheritance my uncle had bequeathed me. I combatted Mr. Rainsworth's intention of resigning it to others. I asserted my legal right to it, and finally declared that I did not recognize the interference of any person to deprive me of it, and was determined to maintain the power to which Mr. Derrington's will entitled me. I said I had no idea of beggaring my child and myself from a merely romantic notion of generosity, at which the wiser portion of the world would smile. I felt that the moment for decision had arrived, and I spoke calmly and resolutely. The changes in my husband's countenance told the varying and overpowering emotions that were at work in his bosom, crushing out light, hope, and happiness forever, and tearing away every fragment of the bright but shadowy illusion which faith and love had woven. As I paused, he attempted to speak, but his voice faltered. His child met his eyes at the moment, and alarmed by their expression, sprung towards him exclaiming—'Dear papa, what ails you?'

"Mr. Rainsworth raised him in his arms and clasped him to his breast.

"'Ellen,' he then said, in a mild, but deep tone, 'do you value most my love or your own wealth?'

"'I prefer riches to poverty,' I replied, 'and shall evince that I do.'

"He gazed into my face long and fixedly. Oh, what a world of disappointment, sadness, hopelessness, and gloom was pictured in the eyes which had never looked on mine before but in tenderness!

"'You do not speak as you feel—you only mock me,' he half inquired, half asserted.

"'I speak as I feel and think: why should you doubt me?'

"'Why should I doubt you!' he cried, passionately. 'Do you ask me why I cling to the last frail remnant of vanished happiness? Do you ask me why I hesitated to tear away and throw *from me* the beautiful image I have enshrined in my heart of hearts? Do you ask me why I shrink back from an admission that would make me loath—detest you, and blot out forever from my mind the last *flickering* spark of faith in human virtue? No, Ellen, you do but jest. I cannot think you sincere.'

"Had I wished to retract, I felt it was now too late. I believe I was infatuated, but I thought the very violence and impetuosity of my husband's feelings would work their cure. I imagined when the tumult subsided, he would himself perceive that he had colored extravagantly, and the consciousness of exaggeration would incline him in a calmer moment to admit the probability of his own injustice to his wife. I therefore maintained my consistency.

"'Then, Ellen,' he said, in a resolute but low tone, 'there is no alternative. I cannot countenance dishonor. We must part.'

"My very soul grew sick within me as these words met my ear, but urged on by a selfish and imperious temper, I coldly replied—'Be it so.' That brief sentence sealed my *doom*. The chain of affection which had been drawn to its utmost capacity of extension, snapped asunder, and its broken fragments rebounded in upon my heart. There they have corroded through the lapse of dreary years, and will continue to corrode, until that sore and bleeding heart shall have its throbbings quieted by death. But weep not, my daughter, over this mournful recital. While you read it, the sod is resting on a tranquil and unaching bosom, and the spirit of your mother is beside the fount of life. 'Earth hath no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.'

"I cannot dwell upon the scene which followed the brief words I have recorded above. It is enough to know my husband left me—left his child—left the hall—the neighborhood—the country,—nor have I ever been able in all my untiring, anxious, earnest efforts to ascertain his fate. Yet I cannot believe he destroyed himself. His principles and his feelings alike forbid such a suspicion. I rather suppose he fled the haunts of civilization, and in some far off solitude sought a refuge from future disappointment.

"A lingering and alarming illness succeeded his departure, and my life for a few weeks hung on a slender thread. The fever left me in a state of extreme nervous debility, during which I saw no company, and was reported to be insane. In that interval my daughter entered upon existence. No father welcomed the new candidate for immortality, and smiled upon her infant loveliness. Your mother's tears, through many a lonely night, as you slept upon her bosom, attested her sympathy for a loss you could not feel. As my health returned, my heart hardened, and I indulged emotions of anger and bitterness toward my husband, for his desertion. The world had no conception of the cause, and I was careful that the mystery should not be penetrated. I persuaded myself that justice as well as law approved my conduct, and tried to regard my husband's views as chimerical and absurd. But my efforts to be contented were vain. I mingled in society with a calm brow, but a perturbed and weary spirit. I was still courted by the world for my grace, wit, and wealth, but its adulation had lost its power, its gay scenes their charm. In a word, I was wretched. The distinctions I had won, palled upon my taste. I still valued riches, but rather from habit than desire. The rose-tints of life had faded. I turned coldly from its once coveted delights. The past was fraught with bitterness—the present was insipid—the future void of hope. If my husband should return, I felt we could no longer be happy. The spell was broken. He saw me as I was, and saw only to detest or pity. Either feeling I could not brook. If he forgave, he could not forget. The romance of love would be gone—and then, I had no wish to submit to his ideas of justice. I was as stubborn in my resolve to retain my uncle's wealth as when I first received it. Time sped on. Restlessness seeks relief in change. I sold Derrington Hall, and removed to New Hampshire. It was my husband's native State, and that knowledge drew me to it. His only surviving relative was an aged aunt. She was a Christian in deed and in truth. I know not how nor why, but I learned to love her. She had herself passed through deep afflictions, and was well read in the history of the human heart. I wondered at her quick understanding of mine, but was content that she should read it; and soon she so won upon my confidence, that its most secret windings were unfolded to her scrutiny. She neither started nor repulsed me, but taught me to examine it myself, and I *did* examine, until I shuddered at the sight, and detested the being I had so worshipped—self. But the more I loathed, the more she loved me, and gently, and judiciously, and sweetly did she instruct and guide me to the fountain which alone could wash away the foul pollution I so hated. And He who opened that fountain for the moral cleansing of a degenerate world, received me. His spirit and His grace have remodelled and transformed his rebellious creature, and made me what I am, still faulty in deed, and weak, but ransomed from the power of the evil passion which held such fatal sway over my early life. My kind and generous preceptress has long since passed to her eternal reward, but ere she departed, she witnessed the execution of a legal instrument, reinstating Augusta Montressor and her heirs in the possession of their alienated patrimony, whenever they shall come to claim it. My most persevering inquiries hitherto, however, have failed to win any information of my poor cousin, except the bare report that she accompanied her husband to England, about the time that she must have received my last letter. After the death of my friend, I removed to ———, and here have I since resided. My beloved instructress bequeathed me at her death the sum of ten thousand dollars. With part of this money I purchased the house in which I now reside, and by economy and resolution have managed to preserve the property of my uncle entire, since I first felt that I was not justly entitled to it. Since my residence in this place, I have also allowed the interest to accumulate, which, with the previous principal, is secured to my cousin and her descendants, should they ever appear to claim it. In the mean time, I hold it in trust. The lawyer who wrote my uncle's will, is still my solicitor and friend, although he disagrees with me relative to the claims of Augusta, and thinks my children may hereafter dispute my right to set their's aside. But of this I entertained no apprehension. Early education has, I hope, instilled their father's noble sentiments too firmly in their breasts to allow mere legal pretensions to influence them. And now, my daughter, my history is unfolded to you. Soften its details to your brother, and do not let him, with his father's stern and unbending rectitude, forget to exercise mercy in his judgment of his penitent, though erring mother."

The manuscript terminated here, but there was below a mournful sequel, almost illegibly traced, dated the fatal day of the duel between Derrington Rainsworth and the prisoner Lucy had released. With absorbing interest our heroine perused it. It ran thus:

"The cup of gall my lips so long have quaffed, has received the 'drop too much.' The bitter potion is exhausted, and the poison works. I feel that I should die, yet I bow in humble submission to the just chastisement of a righteous God, acknowledging that my own hand mingled the draught—my own transgressions wrought out the punishment. Listen, my daughter, and let your mother's fate be a heeded warning, through your future life. Your brother has fallen by the hand of Augusta Montressor's son. His middle name of Derrington, added to my reputation of affluence, induced the supposition of young Montressor, that we were the persons with whom he has no doubt been taught to link the idea of fraud, meanness and injustice. On being introduced to my son, he contemptuously refused to acknowledge him as worthy of his acquaintance. An explanation was demanded, and given with such insinuations against his unhappy mother, that your brother struck the speaker. The duel followed. From my beloved son, the innocent victim of his miserable mother's sins, have I learned these facts. Truly is the Scripture verified, 'the wicked is snared in the work of his own hands.'"

The story was concluded, and Lucy Rainsworth buried her face in her handkerchief, and wept long and passionately. No marvel that the jailer found her in the morning in a high state of delirium. With the aid of Lucy's attendant, who was early at the prison door, he conveyed her home unsuspected. The report of her illness was soon circulated, and after her recovery she gladly quitted the scenes of her sorrows with the lady whom we introduced to the reader at "The Village Funeral." If his patience is not exhausted by the sad details of "The Mother's Legacy," we hope he will pursue the fortunes of the more innocent daughter, which will be given in a subsequent paper, under the title of the "Black Cloud."

RICH ANNUALS.

[From "The Gift" (Carey & Hart) for 1845.]

A GLEAM OF SUNSHINE.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

This is the place. Stand still, my steed,
Let me review the scene,
And summon from the shadowy past
The forms that once have been.

The past and present re-unite,
Beneath Time's flowing tide,
Like footprints hidden by a brook,
But seen on either side.

Here runs the highway to the town,
There the green lane descends,
Through which I walked to church with thee,
Oh! gentlest of my friends!

The shadow of the linden trees,
Lay moving on the grass;
Between them and the moving boughs,
A shadow, thou didst pass.

Thy dress was like the lilies,
And thy heart as pure as they;
One of God's holy angels
Did walk with me that day.

I saw the branches of the trees
Bend down thy touch to meet,
The clover blossoms in the grass
Rise up to kiss thy feet.

"Sleep, sleep to-day, tormenting cares,
Of earth and folly born!"
Solemnly sang the village choir
On that sweet Sabbath morn.

Through the closed blinds, the golden sun
Poured in a dusty beam,
Like the celestial ladder
Of the ancient patriarch's dream.

And ever and anon, the wind
Sweet scented with the hay,
Turned o'er the hymn-book's fluttering leaves,
That on the window lay.

Long was the good man's sermon,
But it seemed not so to me,
For he spake of Ruth, the beautiful,
And still I thought of thee.

Long was the prayer he uttered,
But it seemed not so to me,
For in my heart I prayed with him,
But still I thought of thee.

But now, alas, the place seems changed;
Thou art no longer here,
Part of the sunshine of the scene
With thee did disappear.

Though thoughts, deep-rooted in my heart,
Like pine trees dark and high,
Subdue the light of noon, and breathe
A low and ceaseless sigh;

This memory brightens o'er the past,
As when the sun, concealed
Behind some cloud that near us hangs,
Shines on a distant field.

[From "The Child's Delight" (D. S. Appleton) for 1845.]

THE MOTHER'S PET.

How happily the little child
Enjoys the summer air;
How cheerily, with accents mild,
She greets her cousin fair!

How sweet to see the mother fair
Bend o'er that cherub form,
And mingle, with a parent's care,
Words of affection warm!

Right merrily the little ones
Will sport this sunny morn;
But mother's eye, where Clara runs,
Still anxiously is borne.

Should Clara fall, mother will fly,
To raise her from the floor,
When Clara cries, mother's dark eye
Beams with delight no more.

So, o'er my path through this vain world,
May guardian hosts keep ward;
And, when life's fleeting flag is furled,
My flight to Heaven guard.

MY WASHERWOMAN.

[FROM THE ELWOOD PAPERS.

Nancy, my old colored washerwoman, whom I had paid regularly every week for her day's work at the washing tub, during the past six years, presented herself at the door of my room one day last week, as has always been her custom, to notify me that her part of the contract had been filled, and that it was now time for me to fulfil my portion of it. It so happened that, for the first time, I had not the accustomed half dollar ready for her. I had three or four silver dollars in change, but I only owed her half a dollar, and so could not make it out.

"I haven't a single half dollar in change, Nancy," I said, looking up into the old woman's face. "But no matter, it will do as well next Monday, when you come again."

For a moment Nancy hesitated, and I could see that she was disappointed. Then she turned and walked slowly away, without saying a word. I did not like this. Punctually, for six years, had I paid her at the close of every washing day, and now, it happening that I could not make the change, she was not pleased. Thus I thought, and permitted such thoughts to linger in my mind, until I grew quite angry in my feelings towards old Nancy. I called her greedy—and permitted myself to imagine that she was afraid I would not pay her. The more I thought about it, the more my mind became disturbed, and the more unkind things did I permit myself to harbor against her.

In the evening, when my husband came in, he noticed, in a moment, that my mind was not in a placid state.

"Has any thing happened to disturb you, Mary?" he asked, in his usually kind way.

"Yes, there has," I returned, in a petulant tone, "and I feel vexed, in spite of myself."

"Pray, what has occurred, Mary, thus to disturb your usually quiet mind?"

"Oh, nothing to trouble you," I replied, seeing that my husband looked uneasy. "I am a little foolish, no doubt; but, then, I can't help it. I happened not to have half a dollar in change, to-day, when Nancy finished her washing. It is the first time it has happened for six years—and so I told her that I would hand it to her on next Monday, when she came. But the old thing" (I never called her that before) "hesitated, and didn't seem willing to go without her money. It vexed me downright—just as if I would cheat her out of it!"

I must confess, that when I came to relate the matter to my husband, I felt a little ashamed about it. It sounded rather foolish even to my ears.

"Did you get the half dollar for her?" he asked, as soon as I had closed my brief relation.

"No, I did not. I wasn't going to humor her in that way."

"I'm afraid my good wife is in the wrong this time," my husband said, with his usual honest frankness. "Nancy had earned her money, and was entitled to it."

"I know that well enough," I returned. "But, then, the mere trifle of half a dollar was not a matter of so much consequence as to make her afraid to let it lie in my hands for one week. She never had to wait an hour in her life, before, for what I owed her."

"Why should you think it involved a doubt of your honesty, Mary?" responded my husband. "Can you not imagine some other reason?"

"What other reason could there be?" I asked.

"Want of the money, was, no doubt, the true reason. A washerwoman earns so little, that she can never have much ahead at any time. A half dollar a day, for three or four days in the week, does not make up a very large income, and will rarely permit the person who earns it to lay by much. No doubt, poor old Nancy is at this moment suffering privation of some kind, in consequence of not having received her hard day's earnings."

"O no, husband, I have no idea of that," I replied, in a changed tone. "Nancy lives very comfortably, I believe. She doesn't want for any thing."

"Do not be so certain of that. Her wants may be small, but her means of support are small likewise. Depend upon it, her exhibition of disappointment to-day, arose from a deeper source than a mere desire to get her money that she might possess it, and lay it by."

I did not reply to this, because it set me to thinking—and my thoughts troubled me. While I permitted myself to be displeased with Nancy, I could indulge in an accusing spirit against her: but now, a feeling of kindness had been awakened by my husband's remarks, and this gained strength every moment, until my heart was pained at the thought that the poor creature might actually be suffering because I had neglected to have the small pittance she had earned by a hard day's labor, ready for her when her work was done.

"I am sorry I did not give her a dollar, and thus pay her in advance for next week, instead of making her wait a week for what she had earned," I said, half aloud.

"That would have been better, Mary," my husband replied. "But it is not too late, yet, to repair your error. Do you know where she lives?"

"The cook does, I believe."

"Then call her up, and send her with the half dollar to Nancy."

"I will, after tea," I answered.

"O no. Send her before tea. Let us wait. Perhaps the poor old creature has a use for that single half dollar, of which we dream not."

The cook was called up, but she said that Nancy lived in Lombard street, near Fifth, which was a long distance from our house.

"Never mind," said my husband; "I will walk down that way after tea."

"O no. I wouldn't do that," I said.

"I would rather," was his quiet, firm reply.—Whenever he spoke in the peculiar tone in which he uttered his last remark, I never objected further; and so I remained silent.

After tea, he put on his hat and walked out. He did not return for an hour. When he came in he looked serious.

"Did you find her, dear?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied.

"And did she really stand in need of the money?"

"Listen, and you shall learn," he replied. "You remember old Nancy had a daughter who was married a few years ago. Well, I found that the old woman lived in a room up stairs in Lombard street, and that this daughter was with her, quite sick. Her husband had treated her badly, and had gone off to New Orleans, some weeks ago. When I entered old Nancy's poorly furnished room, she arose quickly to her feet, and looked very much surprised to see me.

"'Mrs. Elwood,' I said to her, in as kind a voice as I could assume, 'is sorry that she hadn't the change to give you to-day for your washing. She has thought, since you went away, that perhaps you might want it, and as I thought so too, I have stepped in to give it to you.'

"The poor old creature seemed touched at this.—Her voice choked as she attempted to utter her thanks, and then she held down her head, and seemed a good deal moved.

"'Is this your daughter?' I asked, wishing to relieve her from the embarrassment she seemed to feel.

"She said that it was. That she had been sick for some weeks. That her husband had gone off and left her, and all the burden of her care and support in sickness had fallen upon her. I continued to question her, and got her free and artless answers, until I learned that since Saturday they had had but little food, and that she had not been able to buy the medicine ordered by the doctor for her daughter.

"'Mrs. Elwood has always paid me as soon as my washing is done,' she went on, 'and so I told Jane that she must bear every thing as well as she could, until I came home this evening, when I would get her some medicine, and cook something nice for her to eat. I worked harder than usual, thinking all the time of my poor sick child. At last I finished, and went up, as I always do, to get my money. But Mrs. Elwood hadn't any change! I can't tell you how bad I felt as I went home. I hated to come into my room and see Jane. When I did get home, my poor child looked at me with a look that made my heart ache. She had waited, I could see, patiently all day, alone in her sick bed, and now her wants were to be satisfied. But I had to disappoint her. She tried not to show how bad she felt when I told her that Mrs. Elwood had not paid me, but the tears ran down her face.'

"I could hear no more. 'Here is your money, Nancy, and as much more into the bargain to make up for your disappointment,' I said, handing her a dollar. I would have given her more, had I yielded to my feelings. But I knew that sum would meet all their immediate wants. I then broke away from the grateful creature, as well as I could, assuring her that while her daughter lay sick she should have three quarters a day for washing at our house—the pay never to fail."

The narrative of my husband rebuked and humbled me. I both saw and felt that I had acted wrong in not thinking beforehand, and providing the change for my washerwoman—and still more wrongly in suffering my mind to blame her for appearing to feel disappointed, when she had so much cause to be really distressed at not receiving her hard-earned wages.

"I will be more considerate in future," I said to my husband, after I had sat silent for some time, drying my eyes as I spoke.

"I am sure you will, Mary," he replied. "Of the poor people who work for us, we never can be too thoughtful. It is but little that they can earn at best, and that little should always be promptly paid; for it is never earned before it is needed."

MARY ELWOOD.

LOVE STRONG IN DEATH.

BY EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

The brother of two sisters
  Drew painfully his breath;
A strange fear had come o'er him,
  For love was strong in death.
The fire of fatal fever
  Burn'd darkly on his cheek;
And often to his mother
  He spoke, or tried to speak.

He said—"The quiet moonlight,
  Beneath the shadow'd hill,
Seem'd dreaming of good angels,
  While all the woods were still;
I felt as if from slumber
  I never could awake—
Oh! mother, give me something
  To cherish for your sake!

A cold, dead weight is on me,
  A heavy weight like lead,
My hands and feet seem sinking,
  Quite through my little bed;
I am so tired, so weary—
  With weariness I ache;
Oh! mother, give me something
  To cherish for your sake!

Some little token give me,
  Which I may kiss in sleep,
To make me feel I'm near you,
  And bless you though I weep.
My sisters say I'm better—
  But, then, their heads they shake;
Oh! mother, give me something
  To cherish for your sake!

Why can't I see the poplars?
  Why can't I see the hill,
Where dreaming of good angels
  The moon-beams lay so still?
Why can't I see you, mother?
  I surely am awake;
Oh! haste to give me something
  To cherish for your sake!"

The little bosom heaves not;
  The fire had left its cheek;
The fine chord—is it broken?
  The strong chord—*could* it break?
Ah, yes! the loving spirit
  Hath winged its flight away;
A mother and two sisters
  Look down on lifeless clay.

The Pretty Haymaker;

Or, Charlie White's Second Love.

Here too dwells simple truth; plain innocence;
Unsullied beauty; sound unbroken youth,
Patient of labour, with a little pleas'd;
Health ever blooming; unambitious toil;
Calm contemplation, and poetic ease.
[Thomson's Seasons.

Charlie White was a prince among men. A *chef d'oeuvre* of nature—who, doubtlessly, intended him to heir some magnificent and titled estate in merrie England, but, in a fit of vexation, (perchance that the old Earl, his "in-esse" father, obstinately refused to shuffle off his mortal coil to make way for the new comer,) dropped him in our homespun republic, y'cleped alas! for romance, Charles White. The wee Charlie, by virtue of good nursing, paregoric, and sunshine, soon changed to a sturdy urchin, who stumped about all unwilling of the honors he so narrowly escaped.

As there is nothing worth recording during the minority of our hero—unless indeed we may mention his taking three rather sudden and involuntary cold baths in the cistern during as many successive years—also a singular and brilliant experiment in Pyrotechnics, in memory of which he bore ever after sundry warning cicatrices; yet as these are nothing more than accidents, to which flesh, and particularly children's flesh, is heir, we will pass lightly over them, and the succeeding years to his twenty-sixth birthday. At this time he was as the girls say "such a love of a man," his eyes so "deeply, darkly blue"—his brow so broad and white, and the bright locks turned above it so *precisely* the right shade of brown. His finely cut, though somewhat haughtily curved lips, disclosed the handsomest teeth in the world, his whiskers were faultless, and his "six feet and upward" the envy of half the beaux. On his inner man we will not enlarge, merely premising that he was called a "pretty good fellow," also that he had a most intense and aristocratic horror of all plebeian employment. How far the fact of his possessing at the same time a sufficient quantum of the "filthy lucre," and a pair of very white hands, (which "en verite" it would have been a thousand pities to have spoiled)—how far, we say, the fact of these possessions might have gone in confirming his intuitive repugnance to "man's curse" we know not, but certain it is he slid along through the world right easily. It was passing strange, and so said all the pretty girls of our hero's acquaintance, that his twenty-sixth birthday found him still hugging his single blessedness. There were, however, whispers that Cupid had, in times of yore, sadly wounded his heart, through the violet eyes of a merry damsel, who, after leading him a pretty dance through all the perils of love, in lieu of finally surrendering at discretion and falling quietly into his wake to follow on cozily over life's sea—suddenly shot off with flying colors, under another pilot, leaving him to rig his shattered bark, and sink or swim, as best he might.

Since that perilous day, Charlie had gone on brush ing hearts with the utmost industry, gaining in process of time quite a reputation as lady-killer, without being once unpleasantly reminded that he possessed some fragments of a heart. The girls, who at first had spread their silken nets most assiduously, and in consideration of the value of the prize thrown rather more honey than usual into their smiles, now saw with dismay all their "loves labor lost," and after numerous repulses raised the siege "en masse," and stacking their arms unanimously, declared the fortress impregnable.

Our hero, in the mean time, little recking the result of this "conseil de guerre," quietly wended his way to foreign parts, still engaged in treasonable practices against the fairer half of creation. But his cup was nearly filled—the hour of retribution was at hand.

Receiving one day an invitation to a "petit diner," he found himself at the conclusion of his toilette rather late, and determined to shorten the distance by a cross route to the house of his friend.

Sallying forth, therefore, he bounded over a low fence with an energy that somewhat discomposed the nice adjustment of his hyacinthine locks, and, with half-uttered maledictions on the heat of the day and his own tardiness, proceeded with hasty steps over a meadow, richly dotted with mounds of freshly mown hay. Diverging a little from his path, he entered a grove to obtain a momentary shelter from the sun.—Crushing beneath his feet a dewy cluster of the richly matted wood-lily and pressing aside the fragrant foliage, he wound his way along till gaining a more open spot, with the next step he half stumbled over.

"Ye powers, a woman, and moreover fast asleep" —as he half uttered. And a more fitting nook could not have been selected for a noontide siesta, closely sheltered as it was, save an opening on the shady side, where the breezes crept in to die sighing away 'mid the odorous foliage. A dry and mossy bank supplied a fitting couch, and there reclined the sleeper who had so nearly destroyed our hero's equilibrium. Her slight though rounded figure was clad in a dress of some coarse, dark material, certainly not the last Paris mode, and from beneath the scanty and somewhat brief skirt peeped forth a foot and ankle of the most perfect symmetry, but alas! for the elegant Charlie, guiltless alike of shoe and stocking. One little hand had sunk by her side with the soft, pink palm upturned and the taper and relaxed fingers grasping a tiny harebell. Its fellow was hid amid the mass of curls half crushed beneath her face. On the other side of the finely turned head the silky clusters were flung boldly back from the broad, smooth brow, and swept out over the green moss, crushing down a cluster of wild daisies, whose tiny blossoms peeped out here and there, amid the raven shadows trembling in the breeze, that wafted their soft perfumes over the still face of the sleeper. It might have been that a sweet thought was stirring at her heart, for just now the hue of her cheek grew bright as the pink of an ocean shell, and her rose-bud lips half parted with the smile that swept like a sunbeam over her face.

But we have left our hero standing with mouth and eyes equally extended, wondering very much if such flowers were indigenous to all the groves in that region of country—wondering what the creature was thinking of, precisely at that moment; and wondering (the villain) if it would be possible to snatch a kiss from those sweetest of lips, and escape with impunity. I know not how long he might have wondered, had not a saucy Zephyr lifted his hat at this moment, and "sans ceremonie," bore it away.

Making a step forward to recover it, he tripped against a projecting root and came in no very gentle manner on his knees beside the sleeper. The shock was effectual; the jetty lashes that had rested so lightly on either cheek were lifted suddenly. With a cry of alarm the girl sprung up, but as her feet pressed the cool grass, she turned to see the eyes of the stranger fixed upon them, and sinking again to the ground she concealed them under her, while a pink flush stole over her face, and her eyes filled with tears of vexation.

Our friend all this while was fully engaged in framing and uttering a thousand apologies, to all of which she listened in half-pouting silence, till her eyes glanced from his vexed face to a large dark stain on either knee, acquired by their ungentle salutations of Mother Earth. Forgetting all else, she burst into a peal of merry laughter, waking the echoes with notes so silvery that her pleading companion at last caught the infection, and joined her right heartily. Half an hour afterward the two sat side by side in the little nook, apparently the best friends in the world. He was made to understand that she had come out to make hay in her father's field, and that she had selected their shady retreat for a 'salle a manger,' wherein to partake of her simple refreshments; and he in his turn explained his intrusion, and accepted with right good will a part of her dinner in place of that he had lost through her means. We will not relate how he praised the cream pie of her own making, or how they drank spring water from the same tin cup, or any of the other interesting minutiæ of their tete-a-tete.—Suffice it to say, from this time our friend Charlie eschewed most religiously all dinner parties, and other merry-makings, and was seized with quite a mania for rural researches.

* * * * *

It was on a July afternoon, a full fortnight from the event just recorded, that Charlie and the country girl sat once more side by side in the little grove.—The merry girl was twining a garland, and laughing as gaily as ever, but the fiery eyes of her companion had a troubled light, and his voice an earnest tone, that betokened change.

"Come, let us go—my garland is finished—and see, the sun is sinking;" and, rising, the girl scattered with a sudden toss the dewy flowers, that half filled her apron, all over the head of her silent companion; then lifting her bonnet from the ground, she stepped out into the golden light; and, with a mocking courtesy, turned to go.

"Come back, Hetty—stay one moment—I have something to say;" and as she seated herself again half impatiently beside him, he relapsed again into silence.

"Well, speak if you have any thing to say. I must hasten home, for I expect Henry."

"And who is Henry? But no matter!—I will speak. Many years ago, Hetty, I loved a fair young girl—loved her deeply, devotedly. I wooed and won her. A few short days, and she would have become my own; but, ere they passed away, she left me for another. At that time I vowed I would never love again. I thought I never could. I thought that the bright hopes so utterly crushed could never wake again. But you have undeceived me, Hetty; and now can you return my love? for I do love you, Hetty—better, far better——"

"Hark! hark! did you not hear that!" And the girl tossed back the dark hair from her brow, and bent eagerly forward.

"Hetty! Hetty"—and again her name echoed through the grove at the loudest pitch of a manly voice—"Hetty, where are you!" And the next instant a young man burst into the circle with his fine face all in a glow, and his arms eagerly extended—With a half scream, Hetty threw herself on his bosom, covering him with kisses, and sobbing as if her heart would break from very joy.

"And who is this!" said our discomfited hero, whose anger, on account of the interruption, was in no wise lessened by the conduct of his inamorata.

"This—why don't you know—this is Henry!"

"And who, in the name of King Solomon, is Henry?" And Charlie waxed more wroth as he detected something like a smile on the face of the young man.

"Why, Henry is—he is—why, didn't you know it?"—and the little coquette crimsoned down to her very shoulders—"Is it possible you never heard it?—Henry—is my husband!" J. M. S. W.

The Child's Way to Heaven.

"Oh! I am weary of earth," said the child,
As it gazed with tearful eye
On the snow-white dove that it held in its hand,
"For whatever I love will die."

So the child came out of its little bower,
It came and looked abroad;
And it said, "I am going this very hour—
I am going to heaven and God."

There was shining light where the sun had set,
And red and purple too;
And it seemed as if earth and heaven met
All around the distant blue.

And the child looked out on the far, far west,
And it saw a golden door,
Where the evening sun had gone to its rest
But a little while before.

There was one bright streak on the cloud's dark face,
As if it had been riven;
Said the child, "I will go to that very place,
For it must be the gate of heaven."

So away it went to follow the sun,
But the heavens would not stay,
For always the faster it tried to run
They seemed to go farther away.

Then the evening shades fell heavily,
With night-dews cold and damp,
And each little star on the dark blue sky
Lit up its silvery lamp.

A light wind wafted the fleecy clouds,
And it seemed to the child that they
Were hurrying on to the west, while the stars
Were going the other way.

And the child called out when it saw them stray,
By the evening breezes driven,
"Little stars, you are wandering out of the way,
That is not the way to Heaven."

Then on it went through the rough waste lands
Where the tangled briars meet,
Till the prickles scratched its dimpled hands,
And wounded its little feet.

It could not see before it well,
And its limbs grew stiff and cold,
And at last it cried, for it could not tell
Its way on the open wold.

So the child knelt down on the damp green sod,
While it said its evening prayer,
And it fell asleep as it thought of God,
Who was listening to it there.

A long, long sleep—for they found it there,
When the sun went down next day;
And it looked like an angel, pale and fair,
But its cheek was cold as clay.

The sunbeams glanced on the drops of dew,
That lay on its ringlets bright,
Sparkling in every brilliant hue,
Like a coronet of light. E. B.

HUSBANDS AND WIVES—A SONG

BY BULWER.

Ah, let us love while yet we may;
Our summer is decaying—
And wo to hearts which in their gray
December, go a-Maying.

Ah, let us love, while of the fire
Time hath not yet bereft us;
With years our warmer thoughts expire
Till only ice is left us!

We'll fly the bleak world's bitter air—
A brighter home shall win us;
And if our hearts grow weary there,
We'll find a world within us.

They preach that passion fades each hour,
That naught will pall the pleasure:
My love, if love's so frail a flower,
O, haste to live its treasure!

Wait not the hour, when all the mind
Shall to the crowd be given;
For links which to the million bind,
Shall from the one be riven.

But let us love while yet we may,
Our summer is decaying;
And wo to hearts which in their gray
December, go a-Maying.

MARRYING AN HEIRESS.

BY J. B. FOSTER.

"Good morning, Henry," said Richard Brown, as he entered the office of the former; "you are just the man I wanted to see."

"Well, sir, what is your business—anything in my line?"

"No, no; put up your old musty law books, I want none of them now."

"Well, then, what is your business?"

"Why, you see—but by the way, you will keep secret what I disclose?"

"Of course—if you wish it."

"Well, I do wish it—for the present, at least, and I will confide in you, for I need a little of your assistance."

"Well, go on; and let us hear your story," said Henry, impatiently.

Richard (or, as he was generally called, Dick,) then hemmed two or three times, and commenced with—

"You have seen Clara Harvey?"

"Yes: but why do you ask that question?"

"Because it's of her I have to speak."

"Why, what have you to do with her?" asked Henry, quickly.

"What have I to do with her? considerable you will find; but are you interested in any way concerning her?"

"No, no," said Henry, "go on with your story."

"Well, you see I have been for some time paying her particular attention, and now I have come to you to gain your assistance."

"Well, how do you get along with her?" asked Henry, while he restrained his feelings, which prompted him to kick Dick out of his office. He, however, was determined to hear what he had to say about Clara, without interrupting him. He therefore calmly listened to Dick's answer to his question.

"Why," said Dick, "I get along with her much better than I shall with her father, I fear."

"Why—don't the old man like you?"

"Bless your soul, no; not in the least."

"What is the reason?"

"Oh! I can't tell—I have never seen him: that is, to have any acquaintance; and Clara says he calls me a dandy, and a fop, and all those hard names. But I don't care for that."

"Why, if you have never seen Mr. Harvey, how did you become acquainted with Clara? You said you were paying your address to her."

"So I am—but no thanks to the old man."

"Well, how did you first form an acquaintance with her—that's the question."

"That is what I am about to tell you. You see, when I first came here to teach this school, I heard considerable about Mr. Harvey and his beautiful daughter. Well, you see I thought that, if possible, I would gain her affections; and she being an only daughter, and the old man rich, I surmised that if I could succeed with her, it would make me a good home, and at some future day, I shall stand a fair chance of coming in for a good portion of the old man's property. But how to get an introduction was the next question. However, I"——

"But," interrupted Henry, "why not get some of the neighbors to introduce you?"

"Oh! I had rather not—and they were pretty shy about introducing a stranger. So you see I had to depend upon myself. But, as good luck would have it, one evening as I was passing by her father's house, I chanced to meet her. I of course bowed very politely, and she returned the compliment. I says—"I presume I have the honor of addressing Miss Harvey?" To this she nodded assent; and we were soon engaged in conversation."

"Well, what kind of a girl is she—pretty?"

"Why, Henry, I can't say that she is as pretty as I had expected to find her. But you known these country girls look rather coarse at first sight. But if I can make my plans work, the old man's money will make up for any little deficiency that may appear in personal beauty, you know."

"Yes, I suppose so; but go on and tell me what your plans are, as regards Clara."

"Well, I found that the old man and his wife were away from home. So I passed a very agreeable evening with Clara. The next evening I was there, and for two or three succeeding ones; until the old folks came home. Then, you see, we had to meet in private?"

"Why meet privately?" asked Henry.

"Because Clara said that her father would not allow her to keep company with any one, and much less with me. So we have met privately since that time, and my plans are fast progressing."

"But," said Henry, "what benefit is it going to be to you to marry her, if her father is opposed? You will only have a wife to support beside yourself, and will not be bettering your condition."

"Oh! there's no danger but what the old man will come round right when we are married."

"Don't be too sure of that, Dick—you had better look before you leap."

"Pooh! I am not afraid of that. He may be angry at first, but he will soon get over it—when he finds out there is no help for him."

"Well, you know best. But when are you to be married? You say your plans are now nearly consummated."

"Yes, they are. She has already consented to an elopement, and as soon as I can make the necessary arrangements, we shall be off."

"Where will you go?"

"To New York, I think, at first. And there we will have the ceremony performed, and then I shall write a dutiful letter to the old man, telling him of the course we have taken, and asking for his forgiveness."

"But what if he will not grant it?"

"Oh! there's no danger. As I said before, he may be angry for a short time—but if he is, I shall visit around among my friends until he gets over his pet and invites us home."

"Well, Dick, I must say you have your plans well laid. But what is it you want with me?"

"Why I want you to assist us in getting off—you know there's a hundred things to be attended to at such a time. And I thought that I could depend upon you for assistance."

"Well, I'll render you all the aid I can," said Henry. And they then separated—Dick to attend to his school, and Henry took his way direct to the residence of Mr. Harvey.

Dick, or Richard Brown, was a young man of prepossessing appearance; being (what is generally termed) well built, of a clear complexion, and having a profusion of light auburn hair, which fell in ringlets over a forehead of ivory smoothness. He was also a person of good education—having gone through with a collegiate course of studies. But this was all that could possibly be said in his favor; for he was unprincipled in the extreme. His father had left him a comfortable fortune at his decease, which Dick thought was sufficient for any mode of living he should think fit to adopt. He associated with companions as unprincipled as himself, and in a few years his property was squandered, and he forced to take up the occupation of school teaching to gain a subsistence for himself.

He had, a short time before our tale commences, been employed to teach the school in the village where Mr. Harvey resided. And (as I have said,) being unprincipled, and void of all feelings of manhood, he had formed the plan of seducing from home, and eloping with Clara Harvey.

He had contracted a slight acquaintance with Henry Stanton, who resided in the village, and believing that he could easily be prevailed on to assist him in his plans for self-aggrandisement, he had, as the reader has already seen, applied to him for aid in his undertaking.

But he was mistaken in his opinion of Henry, for he was a young man of sterling qualities, and, what was of far more importance, he was the accepted lover of Clara Harvey. *Judge* then of his surprise when Dick detailed to him his views in regard to the very woman to whom he was paying his addresses, and whom he intended to make his wife. He could not believe that Clara would have any thing to do or say with such a fellow as Dick Brown. But there was something in the story which he could not comprehend. Therefore he had immediately, upon the departure of Dick, gone to see Clara, and learn from her, if possible, the truth of his story respecting her.

When he entered the house he was met by Clara, who was as beautiful even as report had stated, with a smile of welcome. As soon as he was seated, he

"Well, Clara, I have just heard that you are about to be married."

"To be married! Why, Henry, I am surprised. To whom did you hear?"

"To our Schoolmaster."

"What! To Richard Brown?"

"Yes."

"Who informed you?"

"Dick himself."

"Why, Henry, what does it mean? Do tell me all about it, for I am anxious to hear."

"I will," said Henry, "tell you all that I know concerning it."

He then related to her his conversation with Dick. Clara listened with no less surprise than Henry had done while conversing with Dick; and after he had finished, she said:

"What can that fellow mean by this story?"

"I know not," answered Henry, "and hoped that you would be able to throw some light upon the subject."

"Well, do not look so serious. You cannot think that I have really consented to elope with him, for I have never spoken with him, and in fact know him but by repute."

"No, Clara, I do not think any such thing; but what has caused Dick to tell me such a tale?"

"I am sure I cannot say; perhaps," said she, blushing, "he has heard of your visits here, and wished to learn something of your intentions, or make you uneasy, or"——

"No, no, Clara; that could have not been his intention, for he appeared to be in earnest in what he said."

"Well, I know not. Oh, yes! I guess I know now," she exclaimed; "how he is deceived!"

"How? Tell me how you think it is."

"Well, he said that father was gone from home when he first met me?"

"Yes he did."

"Well, I recollect the time. We had all gone to the city on a visit, and our servant girl, Betty, was left at home. She is a very good looking girl, and I have of late noticed that she was making alterations in her dresses, and buying new ones. He must have mistaken her for me; and she, seeing his mistake, has kept him in ignorance of her real name and situation. This must be the way that he is deceived, and he will marry, instead of me, our Betty."

"That must be how it is situated," exclaimed Henry; "and as I promised him, I will render all the assistance I can to help him in consummating his scheme."

"Oh, no, Henry, do not let him marry her."

"Yes I shall—for she is good enough for the unprincipled scoundrel."

"But how will he feel when he discovers his error?"

"I care not. All that he cares about her or you, is the money which he expected to get by the marriage. And it will be serving him just right; therefore, Clara, say nothing about the circumstance to any one, and I will, when he is ready, assist him, if he calls upon me."

"Well, Henry, do as you think best; but I feel as if it was going too far, thus to trifle with his feelings."

"His feelings? Clara, he has none; and besides, it will be a measure of his own planning, and no one to blame but himself."

"Well, as I said before, do as you think best; for I cannot have much sympathy for him, after this display of his egotism."

Thus they came to the conclusion to leave him in his error, and let him pursue his own plans to their final consummation, without any of their aid or assistance.

Time flew rapidly away for a few weeks, and Dick was one morning missing, and with him Mr. Harvey's servant girl, Betty. They went immediately to the city of New York, where the marriage ceremony was performed, and then Dick thought his happiness was almost complete, for it only remained to write to Mr. Harvey and receive his pardon, which he doubted not would be readily granted. His wife tried, with all the persuasiveness she was master of, to induce him not to write to her reputed father, but without avail. For he believed that she was only fearful of her father's anger, and of this he thought there was little or no danger. He therefore wrote and despatched the following letter to Mr. Harvey:

New York, Sept. 18, 18—.

Respected Father:

Well knowing that you must be anxious for the welfare of your daughter, I have taken the liberty of addressing these few lines to you, informing you of her marriage with myself. And although the ceremony was performed in a private manner, without your knowledge or consent, still we fondly hope that you will overlook this one rash act, and extend to us your full pardon for the course we have taken. I feel it a duty to my lovely wife to state, that she cannot consistently be censured for the course she has taken, for it was through my earnest persuasion she was prevailed upon to leave her parents and home, and trust herself to my care and protection. Therefore, dear sir, if you must censure any one, let it be me, for I alone am to blame. But I cannot believe that you will forever disown an only daughter for marrying the man she loves. True you may say your consent was not obtained, or even asked for. But, sir, we knew it would not only be useless, but that it would perhaps blast our fondest hopes—for Clara repeatedly informed me of your aversion to my character and appearance. And, sir, I *fondly*, *ardently* love your beauteous daughter, and I believe she is as ardently attached to me. Under these considerations, and knowing that your consent to our union would not be granted, we have taken the course we have. And now we fondly hope that you will extend to us your full pardon for the step we have taken, and invite your daughter to again return to her parents and home, with the full assurance that all that is past shall be forgotten, and we received with welcome and kindness. With these feelings, I subscribe myself your dutiful son, and shall wait with impatience your answer, which you will please direct to my address, and oblige

RICHARD BROWN.

To H. Harvey, Esq.

Henry Stanton was visiting at Mr. Harvey's when the above letter was received; and, learning from whence it came, he requested the old man to make the contents known. He accordingly broke the seal, and commenced—

"Respected Father—"

"Well, well, the young scamp begins very well," said he. "But let us see what he has to say for running away with my servant girl."

So saying, he read the letter of Dick to his attentive listeners.

"Well," said he, when he had finished reading, "I must say that he writes a very good letter."

"Yes, he does," said Henry; "and now I suppose you will answer it?"

"Oh, yes—of course I must."

"What, father, and tell him of his mistake?"

"No, no, Clara; tell him how sorry I am that he has pursued such a course—and, after giving him a good lecture for his conduct, ask him, with his wife, back, and, as he says, extend my pardon to them for the step which they have taken."

"What, father, and not undeceive him?"

"No, it will be time enough for that after they come back."

"But," said Clara, "I would not distress him in that way; write to him, and let him know that I am here, and who his wife is, and that will be enough, I should think."

"No, Clara, that will never do; for as soon as he knows that Betty, instead of you, is his wife, he will probably leave her, and what would she do there, in the city, alone, with no friends to assist her? No, no, if he leaves her it must be here, where he took her from, for she is too good a girl to be entirely ruined."

"I think," said Henry, "that would be the best course to pursue."

"Yes, Henry, and I must see if I can write as good a letter as he has written."

Thus saying, he left the room to indite an answer to Dick's epistle.

In the mean time, the young married couple were anxiously waiting the arrival of news from home. I say anxious, for they both were; but for far different reasons. Dick was sure that his fortune for life was made, if the old man would only invite them home. And this he thought there was no doubt of; for he conceived that no parent could be so hard-hearted as to forever disown an only child.

But with Clara—or with Betty, which the reader has seen was her real name—the cause for impatience was far different. She wished, ardently wished, for the letter to arrive—and yet she dreaded to have the time come. For she doubted not but that would explain to her husband her real name and situation. And then what course he would pursue, she knew not. She had thought that she could prevail upon him not to write to her pretended father, believing that he was as ardently attached to her as he professed to be. But in this she was deceived. And now she waited with impatience for what she believed would seal her fate.

At last, the long wished-for letter arrived. Dick quickly broke the seal and read the following:

"*To R. Brown, Esq.*

"Sir—Yours of the 18th inst. is received. I cannot hardly address you as my son; for I feel as though you had outraged all the feelings which a son ought to possess towards a father. My daughter, you say, is safe; for this I am thankful, for her welfare is as dear to me as my own.

"If she has married you without my consent or knowledge, she has committed a hasty and wrong act; and bitterly do I mourn to think that she would be deceived by your smooth and artful protestations of love, and be induced by them to forget the duty she owed to her parents. And it would be doing my duty towards you if I could nerve myself to the task to disown her forever, and heap curses upon your head, for enticing an innocent girl from the path of rectitude, and from her home.

"But this I cannot do—for I love my daughter, Clara, with such love as a parent possesses for an only and darling child. Therefore, I must of needs extend to you an invitation to come home. Think not, by this, that I shall grant you my unconditional pardon for your elopement, for I do not. But, on your return, if you are disposed to make my house your home, I shall use my best endeavours to ascertain your character and standing in society; and if I find them to be respectable, without spot or blemish, I may possibly forgive you for this one ill-timed act. But now, I say, come home immediately, and your wife shall occupy the same situation in my family and affections that she always has filled. And you, for the time being at least, shall be treated as her husband. This is all that is necessary for me, at the present, to say. And with wishes for your safe return, I remain, H. HARVEY."

"There, Clara," said Dick, as he finished reading the above letter, "I told you that he would forgive us and invite us to come home; but you would not believe me. However, you see I was right."

"Yes, but—"

"But what?—what are you afraid of now?"

"Why, he says that he does not forgive you."

"Yes, but what of that?—of course, he would not at first say we had his full pardon."

"But," said Betty, who knew not what to think of the letter written by her former employer, "it may be that he only writes this to get you back, so that he can abuse you and me. Depend upon it, he will never forgive us."

"Yes he will, Clara. I know something of human nature at least; and we shall be received with kindness by your father. Therefore, do not distress yourself with unnecessary fears."

"They are not unnecessary fears, Richard. I know him better than you can; and I fear his anger."

"You need not, Clara; there is no danger attending our return; so make your arrangements, and we will leave the city as soon as possible."

But this course did not suit Betty in the least. She concluded that Mr. Harvey was disposed to assist her, now that he must be aware of the situation in which she was placed; and she thought he had written that letter to keep her husband blinded as regarded her real name; believing he would not, for such an invitation, return to her former home. And earnestly she plead with him to relinquish his plans of returning.

"I do not wish to go back," said she; "I fear my ma—my father is not, will not be reconciled. And, dear Richard, you say you have friends, and we certainly can live and be happy without his aid. So do not go—say you will not!" And the misguided girl wept while she plead, for what she knew was the only course to ensure her happiness.

But Dick, thinking that all her fears were on account of her father, would not listen to her entreaties; and she was forced to accompany him back to her former residence. With what feelings she looked forward to the coming evil, may be better imagined than described. Bitterly did she repent the course she had taken in first deceiving her husband, but it was now too late to retract. But she had believed he loved her as fondly as he professed to, and for herself alone. With these views, she had, after noticing his error, kept him in the dark as regarded her condition, thinking that they might be happy—never dreaming that she should be taken back, to bear the scoffs and sneers of her former companions.

But so it was. She was fast nearing the place which, above all others, she wished never again to behold. And with sad and downcast feelings, she silently submitted to her fate.

Not so with Dick. His plans, he thought, were about to be consummated to his heart's desire. He was, as he thought, the husband of the daughter of a rich and powerful man. And as such, he expected to live in ease, surrounded with all the comforts that wealth could procure.

He tried repeatedly to cheer his wife's feelings by telling her of the many happy hours they should pass beneath her father's roof; of the welcome which they should soon receive from her fond and forgiving parents. But in vain. There was more cause for her gloom than he dreamed of.

Time and again did Betty resolve that she would explain to Richard her present situation. But she could not nerve herself to the task. The words died upon her lips; and, with dread forebodings of ill, she waited impatiently for the result of her schemes, which were to end far different from what she had hoped or expected.

The time had arrived when Dick was, as he thought, to have his hopes and anticipations realized. He feared not but what his reception would be friendly, and looked forward to the time when his wife would again smile with joy, to be received by her parents with a cordial welcome.

They reached the house, and Dick, quickly jumping from the carriage, prepared to assist his wife.—She could scarcely stand, she was so excited; and, almost fainting, she leaned upon her husband's arm, and entered the house.

Mr. Harvey, with his wife and daughter, were seated around a cheerful fire when they entered. He arose, and, cordially shaking hands with Dick, invited him to divest himself of his travelling coat, and be seated. Dick did as requested, while Clara was helping to disrobe his companion of her cloak and hood. When this was accomplished, they were invited to partake of a supper, which was provided with much care and attention.

Dick, all this time, was wondering why the reception of his wife had been so cold and restrained. And more than once his eye wandered to the beautiful Clara, who was, with many smiles, assisting her mother about the household matters.

Soon Henry Stanton entered the room, and, with a hearty welcome to Dick, seated himself by the fire, and commenced a conversation with Mr. Harvey.

When the lately arrived couple had finished their meal, Mr. Harvey arose, and, with a nonchalant air, introduced—"Mr Brown, Mrs. Harvey, my wife." Dick bowed very low to his mother-in-law. And then—"Mr. Brown, Miss Harvey, my daughter," said the old man.

"Your daughter?" said Dick, with surprise; "I thought you had but one!"

"You thought right, sir. I have but one child."

"And this is your daughter?" asked Dick, in amazement.

"Yes, I believe so."

"And who be you?" said he, turning to his wife, who sat like a statue in her chair, without speaking or moving a muscle.

"Who be you!" again thundered forth Dick to his now inanimate wife.

"She has fainted!" said Clara. "Bring me some water, Henry, quick!"

Dick stood amazed. What to make of this scene he knew not. At last, advancing to Mr. Harvey, he said—

"Sir, will you tell me who that woman is?"

"What!" said the old man. "Why, your wife, I suppose."

"I know that; but who was she?"

"Her name, sir," said Mr. Harvey, calmly, "was Betty Smith; but now it is Betty *Brown*."

"And how came she here?"

"You brought her, sir."

"But before now, when I first saw her?" exclaimed Dick, while rage almost choked his utterance.

"Why, sir, she was my servant girl; but you saw fit to——"

"Your servant? My Heavens! your servant!! And I have——Fire and furies! But this is too much!—And you," said he, approaching Henry, "you were knowing to the fact?"

"I was, but thought——"

"Enough! I am ruined for ever! A servant girl my wife!! Good Heavens!" And thus saying, he rushed from the house, leaving, in his haste, his wife, without even one parting word. And "the place which once knew him now knows him no more!"

Betty was in a few days consoled for the loss of her husband, who was never again seen in those parts, and returned to her old occupation in the family of Mr. Harvey. And thus ends our tale of MARRYING AN HEIRESS.

THE DAILY TEACHER.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

There is more scope for observing and analysing character at a suburban distance from the loud beatings of the "mighty heart" of London, than among its crowded streets. Well, indeed, is it called "mighty" London—the mighty! the magnificent! *the commercial!* and, despite the efforts that are made to conceal or disguise the fact, London is so essentially "commercial," that all its might, and nearly all its real magnificence, originate in commerce.—There is now-a-days (and most unfortunately), a spirit abroad which makes the good city of London ashamed of itself. If it had its own way, it would be considered aristocratic from Apsley-house to Mile-end; it seems to like no longer to be called "a city;" it would, if it could, be "west-end" from Buckingham Palace to Blackwall; it would rather affect a lean and skinny gentility, than stand forth a furred and golden-chained citizen, elevated by the dignity of honest industry, and proud of the citizen-power which, like Warwick's stout Earl, has made and unmade kings. All this has little to do with the "Daily Teacher," though the particular train of thought originated in calling to mind that the parents of Kate Ellis were ruined by anxiety to be considered aristocratic. I have heard that they occupied a house in one of the fashionable squares, and lived in strict accordance with what is vaguely termed "style;" but that was before I knew anything of their history.—Some years ago we resided in Fulham, quite in the Vale of the Thames; and a charming residence it was—*to look at*—never was grass so green, nor American plants so luxuriant; and well they might be, for between marsh and vapour, the cottage enjoyed a perpetual steam-bath; still it was very pretty, and people frequently paused to admire the size of the pond, the rapid growth of the willows, and the verdure of the lawn. It is a curious neighbourhood, [illegible] upon a faded, gabled cottage, sunk several steps below the level of the road, trellised, and choked up with ancient jessamine and dark ivy; or an old, mysterious-looking house, with upper windows, peering, like giant's eyes, over the high buttressed wall. In some such dwelling, I conjecture, two ladies lodged, who passed our cottage frequently, seeking pure air; (city people always fancy that air in the "west-end" direction must be pure); but I believe the air was, from being soft and mild, the best for the elder lady, whose deep cough and flushed cheek told of the canker at the core—the incurable disease of our sharp, uncertain climate. The ladies had an old fat spaniel, who would waddle through the hedge, and our little greyhound formed an acquaintance with the wheezing dog. This led to a sort of interchange of courtesies; it was impossible not to offer the strangers some of the abundant flowers, which the younger always accepted gratefully, the elder as if she were conferring a favour. In every respect, you could not imagine a greater contrast than the mother and daughter. The mother, bending under the disease, would bend to nothing else: her dress was invariably a gay, half-faded silk; her shawl, of former state, well put on; some out-of-place ornament glittering either on her bosom or her wrist. She was evidently sinking into the grave, a creature deprived, either by waste or loss of fortune, of the only abundance she appreciated,—the abundance of wealth,—and yet affecting state, and assuming, poor thing! that ill-fitting sort of manner, which is so frequently mistaken for dignity. Her daughter was indeed different: different in every respect. Her dress of simple muslin was always clean and plain; her black silk shawl pinned quietly across her bosom; her straw bonnet tied down closely; and, if she did not return a salute with the self-possession of her mother, her well-opened dark grey eyes spoke an appreciation of every little act of kindness which her mother scorned.

Mrs. Ellis continually apologised about her dog's "intrusion," as she called it, adding that, "indeed, he never saw a garden but he thought of the square he used to walk in, poor fellow! and he grew fat from riding in the carriage."

Such observations always made Kate look pained; and she would say something to turn the conversation; but her mother invariably returned to "the square," "the carriage," and an occasional jingling of the names of lords and ladies—"friends," she called them. Once having strung a few titles on the thread of her discourse, as boys string eggs, her daughter, evidently anxious that her mother should not be considered an inventor of falsehoods, turned her blushing, truthful face towards me, and said,—"We *did* know them once, when papa was alive, and before his misfortunes." It was painful to see the thunder of ill-temper clouding the white damp brow of the vain-minded woman, who was as deficient in tact as she was in *common sense*. She reproved Kate for speaking, and, while shame at the falsehood averted the daughter's face, repeated the assurance that "she had chosen her present retreat to be out of the way of fashionable visitors, as she required quiet;" then, with an air of deep offence, she pursued her walk, and I could hear her voice in sharp reproval of poor Kate, interrupted almost every moment by the hollow-tolling cough that rings the death-knell with such fearful punctuality. For several days she avoided passing our gate; the flowers placed upon the hedge for the invalid were left to wither; and it was only from an old Irish woman, who used to weed in the market gardens, and who once came with a little note from Kate, requesting the loan of a book, that I heard how Mrs. Ellis was: "Much worse, indeed," she replied, "choking alive with the pride and the weight about her heart."

A few days after they passed as usual, with slower and more languid steps; even the greyhound had learnt to know their approach, by the sound of the poor lady's cough, and would rush out to meet the fat spaniel. It might be my fancy at first, but I *did* fancy, that even the animal grew thinner and thinner. I am certain the dresses did—the mother's shawl might have been more closely pinned, but I ceased to perceive the ornaments; Kate's bonnet was browned by the sun, and the straw-coloured riband faded into soiled white; her gloves, too, had been mended so often, that, had not her small hand grown much smaller, they could not have been drawn on. Surely her face had not always that lean look: but why should I continue that?—poverty was leading the dance of death. Now poverty, simple poverty, can be easily dealt with; and pride—bold, vulgar, bare-faced pride—if you cannot conquer, you can spurn. But poverty and pride!—a combination which the cold-hearted world reproves, as if the quality, so excellent in the rich and prosperous, became tainted when associated with the helpless craft of poverty;—poverty and pride are delicate to manage, and those who thoughtlessly bark in with the cry of the rich and proud, against the poor and proud, know little of the social duties of humanity, to say nothing of those of a higher and holier nature. Of all tortures, the poverty endured by pride is the greatest: let no one sneer at it; let no one call it "merited;" let no one, with unbaught hands, attempt to tear down the barrier which the instinct of a sensitive mind erects fault, its punishment is sufficiently sharp—the stings of its own scorpion are agonizing enough; those nurtured in pride, when assailed by poverty, however tendered, find no balm but in death—no sanctuary but in the grave. I had been watching the feeble steps of the mother, supported by the almost as feeble daughter, when the poor woman who "did their marketing," made me a curtsey and paused.

"It's a'most over with the poor lady, and the dog," she said, "I'm thinking; and, indeed, when the world goes contrary with the likes of them, the sooner it sees them out the better. They try to stand against starvation; but it's strongest—it's always strongest in the end. What's to become of the poor thing when the mother's gone, I don't know; for, by all accounts, whatever there is—and its neither broad nor deep—dies with her."

"But they have friends—relations!"

"Bathershin! friends and relations!" She shrugged her shoulders in a peculiar manner, and then added: "I know they *had* once; but it's a long time ago; and sorra a thing in the world harder to remember than a poor relation. They wasted more thousands on grandeur, than grandeur will ever give half-pence to them. But—I'll tell ye the truth—*their marketing is soon done;* I don't think an ounce of food passes the poor young lady's lips once in the twenty-four hours, striving to get her mother's fancies for her, and they're not little ones either. They are both proud—in a different way; and," added the Irish woman, "I respect them the better for it—*it's the only warm clothing they have, the coming on of winter.*—Well, if it doesn't warm the back, it's a froze to the heart, and that's something, particularly when nothing else is left. It goes to *my* heart to take a half-penny from them; and, in troth, I often add a penny of my own, to get a little thing better, though I daren't *let on*, because of *hurting their feelings.*"

The creature—whose entire dress, including a nondescript bonnet, whose crown was beat in perfectly flat from carrying the market baskets, could not have been valued at five shillings—made another curtsey, and trotted off, singing "Peggy Bawn" with as careless a voice as if no deep or delicate feeling had ever entered her heart.

A few days after this, the same woman told me the poor lady was *dead*. I never saw grief at another's sorrow more deep than hers; and the tenderness she evinced in, as she called it, "managing the little things for the young lady," must have appeared wonderful, to any who are unacquainted with the delicate minds of the peasant Irish.

Kate's pride was not to be *overcome*; nothing would induce her to apply to any of her former acquaintances for assistance; she had written, she said, twice, to an uncle abroad, but he had not replied to her letters. She could struggle by herself; she had seen too much of the love of display and gorgeous vanity, amongst those who ought to assist her, to suppose they would treat, otherwise than insolently, one upon whom poverty had stamped her badge of shame. She would do anything—go to service, rather. She endeavoured to obtain a situation as a companion, or nursery governess, but she had no knowledge whatever of music, and that seemed a perpetual obstacle. Her gentleness and timidity, crushed down by sorrow and circumstances, rendered her so shy and reserved, that the qualities and acquirements she really possessed she seemed to have no power to set forth; but when whiled into forgetfulness of her sorrows, it was impossible to converse with her without the warmest appreciation of her clear, distinct mind, and deep respect for her steady resolve to work her way. She had been much embittered by past circumstances; and, like all sensitive persons, was prone to exaggerate neglect into unkindly feeling. People are sometimes kind from impulse—sometimes from principle; but objects of sympathy and aid press so closely upon those who have means, that the want which seeks concealment will most likely perish. Kate Ellis relinquished the humble cottage rooms she had occupied with her mother, and plied her needle in curious embroidery, and every womanly craft she could devise, to earn a scanty subsistence, in a little attic that overlooked the Fulham fields. Sometimes she would reply to an advertisement which "exactly suited her wishes;" and watch the postman as he trotted down the lane, lessening his bundle of letters at each door; but none came to her; she has, after he passed and re-passed, wondered how she should feel if she really did receive a letter. She engaged to teach French and Italian for a shilling an hour; and took two pupils at Kensington who offered her *half the sum*, and after benefiting by her instructions for three months, turned her off, because she remained away one morning when the rain poured in torrents.

Lonely, indeed, she must have been in that small, low room, plying her needle unceasingly until midnight, for one the of bazaar stalls; and waking at the earliest dawn, to work again;—hopeless, uncheering labour!—she worked only for herself—to sustain an existence which seemed to repay her exertions for its preservation by adding bodily weakness to the sorrows of her mind. There is something grateful and exciting in labouring for those we love—something that teaches us to wait and forbear; and hope is stimulated to persevere by love; but Kate Ellis was alone: and she who would have been so gentle and tender in prosperity, was daily shrinking into herself. Happily, she was daily learning to look *beyond* the world, as the only means of overcoming it; and this blessed influence—stealing gradually into her soul—subdued, while it elevated, her spirit.

It chanced that a lady who took much interest in a school which she had been the chief instrument in establishing, wished to procure the assistance, for a few weeks, of a young person, whose care and talent would enable her to permit the resident teacher to visit her parents in the north of England. The remuneration was small, the duty severe; but when Kate Ellis mentioned it, she shook her head mournfully, saying—"It was too good for her to dream of obtaining;" yet after some delay and much inquiry, she was appointed; and every morning, before eight o'clock, she passed to the school, as daily teacher, and returned after six in the evening.

Poor Kate! not only had she to please the great lady who placed her in this school, which was a sort of picturesque half-charity, half-paying seminary, for cottage children, but to satisfy the committee; and occasionally to be called to account, on her way home, by the parents of the twenty-seven little girls who were under her care. Alas! at first, it seemed harder to endure than the unseen privations in her small damp room; where, but for the silent companionship of the spaniel, which was nearly blind with age, she would have felt, if possible, more desolate than she was. The committee were delighted with the various specimens of needle-work she produced; they immediately set all the little girls embroidering all manner of pretty useless things in German wool; and a great criss-cross basket was filled with a most perplexing assemblage of patterns, which every body brought, that Miss Ellis might put them in hand forthwith. It was discovered that she wrote so clear a hand (they would hardly designate a teacher's hand-writing 'beautiful'), that the committee flattered her, by requesting that, during the children's play hours, or in the evening, she would copy the yearly reports, and arrange the books, which Mrs. Lance had not time to do before she went away. Then the children discovered she was so "good-natured," that they brought her skipping-ropes to twist, and shuttlecocks to cut; and little "Jane," or little "Mary," came laden with messages to "Miss Ellis," concerning "white work," or slates, or something, which, if she had attempted to agree to, she must have offended the ladies, who certainly perplexed still more the perplexing "system of education," which, in nine cases out of ten, ought to be more truly called the "no system." But this was not all: amongst the visitors in this pretty pet school, were some who, in former days, sat at the teacher's father's table; she was little more than a child, then, admired, flattered, caressed. They did not remember her, but she remembered them; and when obliged to stand forth and exhibit the proficiency of her pupils before the brilliant ladies who "came to see," her voice often faltered, and her cheek flushed beneath the gaze—no matter whether kind or curious—which she invariably thought was rudely prying into her poverty.

Still, her new occupation, after the first roughness had worn off, had an interest for her which nothing else possessed; the constant communion with children, some of them young, lovely and guileless, had opened her heart, and the heart once opened, will surely heal;—wearisome and tiresome as they were, she was proud of the improvement which follows even a moderate organization. Alone, quite—quite alone, as she felt herself, whenever a merry shout of laughter arose from the play-ground, still, though labouring night and day, she was not so solitary as she had been; one rosy urchin would thrust an apple into her basket—another observe when she was occupied, and climbing up to where her bonnet hung, put an orange into the crown, and watch, with panting anxiety, to see Miss Ellis's astonishment when she went to put it on. The young ones held up their little faces for a kiss, at least twice a day; and, feverish as all school matters must have been to the proud, sensitive girl, it was with a heart beating to palpitation that she heard that the resident teacher would return in a week.

The poor Irish woman continued her humble attachment—she had the care of the old spaniel from eight in the morning; she called him "her daily boorder;" and I have met her in the scorching heat of June, with a basket of "fine fresh lettuce! green, gay, good lettuce!" as she used to call it, surmounting her flat bonnet, and the spaniel tucked under her arm. "If I left it at Miss Kate's lodging," she say, "it would brake its heart for want of company; if I left it at home with my own children, they'd worry the life out of it; so all I can do, when it's tired walking, is to give it a lift. It sees as much life with me out of its one eye, as ever it did before with two."

Poor Kate became fearfully nervous as her last day drew nigh; she went to the school at seven, instead of eight, and sat down to wait for the pupils, whose hour was nine. Having hung up her bonnet and shawl in their usual place, she drew over the large criss-cross basket, to arrange the patterns and work, and piled up the books she had laboured to finish, that they might be ready for inspection. Soon after eight the little girl who took care of the rooms, brought her her usual cup of coffee and slice of bread and butter, but she could not taste it; the next day the regular teacher would assume her duty, and she would again be without occupation. She wondered, then, how she could have been so ungrateful to the Almighty, as to have thought she had too much to do, or to have felt shy and *proud*, or annoyed, with any thing sweetened by the unselfish love of youth and innocence. Some of the village children were playing outside, and she could hear them laugh: the laugh of children had, in nine weeks, become music to her ears. It was not the small stipend, so much as the companionship, and interest, she should miss; this rankled in her heart, and never, since her mother's death, had she felt so cast down—she covered her face with her hands, and wept. Each shout of childish laughter from without, was as a knell to her crushed spirit: to-morrow she would be alone, companioned only by her poor old dog. We do not know how much sorrow is lessened by the sight of a human face, and the sound of a human voice; nor how much self-respect we gain by being actively, however humbly, useful, until we are left alone—without a lip to smile, a voice to cheer, and no one to look to us even for the smallest service.—Kate Ellis wept bitterly.

"Indeed!" exclaimed a voice whose rough brogue made her start, "I saw the postman leave this letter for y'e; and I thought I so often saw you looking for it, that it would be as good to bring it here as keep it waiting till evening, so I made *bould* to take it;—and och, Miss Kate, don't be using yer eyes to the tears dear, while they're so young; take heart, Miss, every one has their weight of happy days set against their weight of sad ones, and yours are to come. I know the teachers have heavy times of it, for I meet them at all hours, and in all weathers, I know them by their being always alone; and their things expected to look twice as good as they are, through the means of a bit of trimming or the like; and by their stuffed bags, and thin books, with the pens sticking out; or a *roul* of music in their hands,—what they haven't in their hearts! barring it's a lamentation—a caoine, as we call it over the past and gone. Well, that's enough, there's bright days for you yet; and though that letter has an ugly rim to it, yet an ugly nut has a sweet bit inside it!"

And the humble Irish woman disappeared, giving some early pupils, whom she met at the door, two or three apples, as she said, "to keep them employed while the poor young lady read her *dark* letter."

When she did read it, her head sunk—the hand that held it fell on her lap—she trembled violently. Is she smitten with a new sorrow?—she is an orphan! friendless! unprotected! proud! *poor!* No!—poor she thought she was, but she is not; when she recovers, she will tell you that she is rich!—what a magic word it is—she is rich! The uncle to whom she wrote, and who never answered, is dead—died childless; and all—the all from which he would not spare her a single pound, is hers!

The Rewards of Perseverance

BY EDWARD WEBSTER

"Honor and shame from no condition rise."

"Was the Saturday Courier in the mail, to-day?" inquired a lad dressed in the humble garb of a mechanic's apprentice, at the Post Office of a flourishing village in one of the Northern States, soon after the commencement of that excellent miscellany.

"I'll take the contents of our box, if you please," said a young gentleman, stepping from an elegant carriage at the door, containing several ladies, and pushing rather rudely before his humble neighbor, who quietly drew back to give him room.

"I will wait on you as soon as I have looked out Thomas Hunter's paper," replied the officer.

"Thomas Hunter can wait," replied the other, casting a look of contempt upon the apprentice boy; "Col. Thornton's daughters are at the door.—It is high if they are to be detained for the sake of accommodating such a fellow."

A sudden blush passed over the face of the apprentice, and taking the paper tossed him by the Post Master, he withdrew in silence.

Mr. George Washington Masterton, for such was the young gentleman's name, was now served, and if anything could excite the just envy of a less favored individual, it was the extent and variety of literature to which he had access, as periodical after periodical, both domestic and foreign, were produced upon the counter, which he ordered the servant to deposit in the carriage, and then entering it himself, was whirled away by as noble a pair of horses as ever started at the crack of whip.

In the meantime, our apprentice hurried home on foot: it being noon, and having an hour allowed him for his meals, he usually managed to devote half of it to reading and study. Seating himself at a rude desk in one corner of the shop, he hastily unfolded the sheet, and glanced with anxious eyes, over the very last page; then at the middle ones; and finally turned, with disappointed looks, to the first, murmuring as he did so—"I was a fool for sending it, or dreaming a mechanic's apprentice could write an article worthy the public eye," when he gave a sudden start, turned pale as death, and in spite of all his efforts to restrain it, dropped a tear upon its yet damp folds. The first item upon the page was his own production—some chaste and beautiful verses—the first he had ever offered for publication; his want of confidence in his own powers preventing him from looking at first where their superior merit entitled them to stand. In the editor's gossip with the readers and correspondents, was a compliment, unexpected as it was gratifying; and he could scarcely believe his eyes as he read the high encomium. Light was the heart with which he applied himself to his afternoon's task; and week succeeding week, found him still at his post, an industrious, faithful, and trusty lad, never neglecting an opportunity to improve his mind, or to acquire the mastership of his trade, until, four years from the Post Office incident, found him commanding a salary of five hundred dollars a year, with the respect and confidence of all who knew him. Nor was he unknown in the literary world; some of his productions, both prose and verse, having been published in several of the best periodicals of our country, proving clearly, that following a laborious occupation does not exclude an individual from that elevated position, in the intellectual world, too often considered as belonging to affluence and a freedom from the sterner duties of existence. His father had been a private soldier in the Revolution—brave and patriotic—and though he had fought the battles of his country with unflinching courage, he returned at the close of the war, exhausted by privation and suffering—undecked with military distinctions, and with the written promises only of a Government too poor to meet demands upon her treasury, instead of arrearages of pay. These he was obliged to sell at an enormous discount, in order to sustain himself during the interval of prostration that fell upon every branch of business immediately succeeding the treaty of peace—so that, although Government subsequently redeemed its pledges, in his case, as in too many others, it enriched speculators instead of those to whom it was justly due. Still, he was able to obtain an honorable livelihood, and married at a rather late period of life. He gave his children a good common education; imbuing their minds with principles of honesty and self respect; and was finally gathered to his fathers, with the satisfaction of thinking they would not disgrace the heritage of freedom for which he had fought and bled.

Young Masterton's grandfather had likewise been a soldier in the Revolution. Descended from a noble family, if I may be allowed the expression in a Government like ours, he was enabled to enter the service under more advantageous circumstances than the other, being advanced before the close of the war, to the post of a senior officer in the army. Possessing a valuable property, which descended to his only son, together with military lands granted him by the State, George's father, at the commencement of life, found himself in a high and honorable station of society. Marrying, likewise, into a family of wealth and influence, he gradually forgot those principles of equality taught by the founders of the Republic, and succeeded in teaching his two children, young Washington and Adeline, to shun the society of those who were guilty of so heinous a crime as that of laboring for a livelihood.

After leaving the office of which we spoke, Masterton and his sister accompanied the Misses Thornton home.

"Let us look at the plate of fashions in your magazine," said Miss Angelina Thornton, after they were seated in the parlor, addressing herself to Miss Masterton; "I am all anxiety to know the latest changes. Is it not beautiful?" she exclaimed, surveying its gaudy tints; "how gracefully that young gentleman pays his addresses."

"It is indeed beautiful," replied the other, "that bouquet he has just presented looks as if it was real"——

"Why, what is this!" exclaimed Washington, interrupting them, having in the mean time opened the Saturday Courier and scanned its contents; "The Beauties of Nature, by T. H., of ———."

"That is our place," said Angelina Thornton—"Who can it be?" Various conjectures were indulged in without any satisfactory results, as the initials were applicable to none of their associates, until Caroline Thornton, a younger sister, with a noble brow and a frank, open countenance that spoke the purity of her heart, suggested that it might belong to Thomas Hunter, the shoemaker's apprentice; as he had been known to write several pieces for the literary society under an assumed name.

"A youth," she added, "although in humble circumstances and diffident almost to a fault, is an honor to the town in which he lives."

It was finally settled as belonging to him; and many were the ill-natured and envious remarks indulged in at the expense of an humble friend. The whole company, with the exception of Caroline, voting him a presumptuous person, having no right to so much honor.

"I wish you would not be forever defending such low persons," said Angelina, as Caroline entered her protest against their decision. "I should not be surprised if you married a shoemaker yet, you have so much sympathy for them."

A deep blush passed over Caroline's face at this remark, but she made no reply, and there the subject dropped. Although, owing to the disparity of their conditions, Caroline Thornton and Thomas Hunter had rarely met, still several incidental circumstances had occurred to attract her attention, and impress her mind with his real worth. His unobtrusive, retiring manners in company, where she had seen him once or twice; the superior excellence of his literary productions, read before the village lyceum, had made her acquainted with the extent of his mental acquirements; and on one occasion when he risked his life to save that of a little boy, who would have perished but for his timely assistance, she learned the strength and decision of his character.

A stream of sufficient magnitude for driving mills, ran through the town, a clear and beautiful brook in ordinary times, but subject to rapid rise after heavy storms, when it became a maddened torrent, rushing on its impetuous course like a fiery steed, and bearing upon its bosom whole trees swept from the forest above the village. On one side a steep bank lined the stream, above which a poor Irish family had reared their humble tenement. It was in the month of April, and a heavy rain had swollen the stream exceedingly, and been succeeded by a mild and sunny day.

The children, having escaped the watchful eye of the mother, were amusing themselves by throwing sticks into the stream, and watching their disappearance down the current, just as Thomas Hunter passed along the other side with a basket of shoes to supply his master's customers. Caroline, ever a lover of nature, had been attracted to the spot by the wildness of the scene, and was answering the young man's salutation when their attention was arrested by a terrific shriek from the direction of the hut, and looking up, they saw the mother rushing wildly towards the bank, down which a child was seen an instant falling, and the next disappear beneath the foaming tide. Instantly disengaging himself from the basket, young Hunter plunged headlong into the flood, and succeeded in rescuing the little victim from the very jaws of death; yet so exhausted was he by the efforts as to be unable to stand when he reached the shore a quarter of a mile below. Caroline sped with the fleetness of a fawn along the bank—hastened across the bridge near which he landed to meet the mother and restore her child, and then hied to his side—chafed his temples with her own fair hand, and praised his conduct with such generous words that he could have risked a thousand times as much to gain such sweet reward. From that hour a flame was kindled in his heart, although he strove to quench it from the beginning, and dared not own its existence, even to himself. Although in his wildest dreams he could never think of aspiring to her hand, yet it nerved his soul to high resolves, and was the means of preserving him from many a snare of vice and folly. Neither did it fail in its effects upon Caroline, for the manly form and noble conduct of our humble hero mingled with many a happy dream and many a waking vision. A reciprocal passion, as secret and as pure, took possession of her mind, and infused a melancholy through all her conduct more attractive than even her previous buoyant and happy spirits. But to return to our story.

The Mastertons at length separated from their friends. The young man was moody and silent for some distance on their way home, until asked by his sister for the cause of his ill-humor.

"There is something in that Courier you do not dream of," he replied, "and it is enough to provoke a saint. Read this," he continued, pointing to the compliment bestowed by the editors upon the "Beauties of Nature." Adeline read as follows:

"The lines by 'T. H.,' on our first page, are beautiful. They evince genius and cultivated taste.—We hope to present his favors often to the public through the medium of the Saturday Courier."

"That," said Masterton, "is for Tom Hunter, the shoemaker's apprentice, who has never been to any but a common school in his life. Now look at the next one, you can see, by the initials, it is meant for me, as I sent a production not long ago." Adeline read:

"'G. W. M.' is an imposter. His 'Distinctions of Society' are as destitute of rhyme and measure as they are of sense. We wish to be troubled with no more such doggerel. We append a couple of his best lines as a sample of his calibre

'The poor should know their place,
Nor try to elevate themselves their betters to disgrace.'

It reminds us of the famous old couplet—

"Wasn't Pharaoh a rascal,
Because he wouldn't let the children of Israel go three days
into the wilderness to keep the Paschal!" "

"I have written six pieces besides that, and have sent them to as many different papers, but every one has been rejected, and yet I am acknowledged to be the greatest gentleman in town, and the influence of our family is known throughout the state."

Young Masterton sought not for the causes of success in the apprentice's case, or of failure in his own; but contented himself with anathematising the whole race of editors, resolving henceforth to have no more to do with literary composition; and giving up all thoughts of intellectual culture, he devoted his whole time to the amusements of the day, attending the theatre, the billiard table, and the race course; associating with vicious and unprincipled persons, and imperceptibly forming habits, which, if indulged in, inevitably bring their votaries to misery and degradation.

Four years wrought changes in his circumstances, as well as in those of Thomas Hunter. He had followed to the grave his father, brought down from a state of florid health by an apoplectic fit; and subsequently his only sister, Adeline, hurried off the stage of action with a pulmonary disease, engendered by carrying to excess all the pernicious practices of fashionable life. All restraint was then removed;—he found himself master of an ample fortune—and never having been compelled to acquire it, he could not appreciate its value. He lavished his money upon unworthy objects; and whilst young Hunter was gradually rising, he was rapidly sinking in the world's esteem.

At length, finding himself embarrassed for want of funds, by his extravagance, he resolved to sell the paternal estate, and remove to the city of New York, where a greater scope was offered for pleasure and indulgence. He immediately carried this resolution into effect, transferring all right and title in his broad domain and noble mansion to a retiring city merchant; and taking a heavy sum of cash as an equivalent, he turned his back upon his native village.

Thomas Hunter was preparing to leave the home of his childhood about the same time, but in an opposite direction, intending to seek his fortune in the growing West. As he was rambling over the scenes endeared by many a memory of early youth, preparatory to his departure,—perhaps for ever,—he encountered Caroline Thornton, upon the very spot where he had saved the child several years before. His intercourse with society had removed much of the diffidence of his earlier years, and he met her without embarrassment.

"Miss Thornton," said he, after some preliminary conversation, "I am about leaving my native place, perhaps to return no more; but it is with deep regret—for there are ties that bind me to it which will cause many a pang."

"Why do you leave us?" Caroline enquired, with an earnestness that surprised him, for he had never breathed the secret of his heart to a living soul, nor dreamed that she had aught of interest in his welfare more than any other; but the ingenuousness of her manner caused a ray of hope to cross his mental vision, that it had never known before.

"The field of enterprise is more extensive there," he said, "and I must be the architect of my own fortune. Yet, Miss Thornton," continued he, with faltering accents, "I must say a few words at parting, hoping it may not forfeit me your good opinion. Since the time you displayed the kindness of your nature upon this spot, five years ago, your image has been ever present in my heart; and although, knowing the disparity of our conditions, I have tried to shut its avenues against a hopeless passion—it is all in vain. You are sole mistress of my affections; to you alone, of all your sex, can I yield my undivided love."

The unexpected avowal caused the blood to recede so suddenly from Caroline's cheeks, that he became alarmed; but she instantly recovered herself, and there, in the great temple of nature, with the green trees and the blue sky for a canopy, declared a reciprocal attachment, and pledged herself to await the realization of the competence he hoped to obtain in the Far West. He did not meet her again after that evening, but departed with full faith in her plighted word, buoyant with hope and anticipation.

* * * * *

Five years more passed. He met with brilliant success, and purchased a valuable farm from the profits of his business, intending to leave it to a junior partner, return, and claim the fulfilment of Caroline's promise. He had maintained a regular correspondence, by which he learned her family had met with reverses of fortune, owing to a depreciation in stocks, of which her father was holder to a large amount, and which he had pledged in some business transaction, guaranteeing their par value. That they had in consequence removed to a smaller estate near New York—that her sister was dead, and her father alone was left; yet the extent of their misfortune he had never dreamed, or he would have flown to their assistance long before. The fear that it might embarrass him and prevent his success, had induced the noble girl to keep him in ignorance of the facts; and the pension of her father, as a soldier of the Revolution, added to her own earnings as instructress in a school, supported them in comfort, though not in affluence.

On the following Spring, Hunter repaired to New York, for the purpose of making some early purchases, in order to have them shipped at the opening of navigation, and intending to bring Caroline back, as a wife, with him on his return.

It was at that early stage of the season when winter, still unwilling to yield the dominion over which he had held such undisputed sway, would summon all his remaining energies—drive the genial influences of his successor far away, and ride forth in all the fury of a February storm. Having completed the purchase of a large quantity of morocco and foreign leather, he was turning from Ferry street, where the principal business in that commodity is transacted,—into Pearl, on his way to a hotel of the same name, when his attention was arrested by the appearance of three young men, nearly his own age, who issued into the street immediately in advance, with flushed countenances and boisterous conversation, that showed plainly they had been indulging in drunken revelry. The street lamps were just being lighted, and the cold, threatening clouds that hung heavily over the city all day, had settled into a chilling snow-storm. There was something in the voice and manner of one of them, that attracted his attention; the tones seemed familiar to his ear; but the conversation was so mixed up with profane and vulgar language, it was impossible to recognise it. He lingered in their rear, striving to recall it to his memory, but in vain, and was about to quicken his pace, in order to pass them by, just as they approached the steps of a closed shop, where an old man had sank from exhaustion or from cold.

"Hallo!" said one of the trio, "old fellow, you have got more than you can carry, and Charley must bring a wheelbarrow, or you'll perish in the street."

"I am not intoxicated," the old man replied, in a feeble voice; "I have walked far to-day, and am unable to proceed. Be kind enough to help me to a place of shelter, or I perish from the cold."

"Not drunk, and yet can't walk," retorted the other. "Look here, old boy, we are all three drunk, and can walk too if we keep together; so good night, we have got all we can do to take care of ourselves, and I would advise you next time to get a boon companion or two, like these, to help you walk."

So saying, he spurned the old man with his foot, and then all three reeled away together.

And the degraded, unfeeling wretch, who thus mocked the miseries of that aged man, was George Masterton, once a youth of promise and respectability, now an outcast and a drunkard. Yet the avenger was on his track, and a miserable death in the street, not many months afterwards, with no one to soothe his dying agonies, or to follow his unhonored ashes to their last resting-place, was the reward of his folly and his guilt. Hunter hastened to the assistance of the old man, conveyed him to a place of shelter, and procured medical assistance, which soon restored him. The two gazed a moment upon each other, a mutual recognition took place; and the old gentleman (for it was Col. Thornton,) grasped the hand of his future son-in-law. The Colonel told the story of his misfortunes, and the manner in which they had supported themselves after the loss of his property—how on the day before he had left home on foot to obtain his annuity, but was told, on his arrival at the Pension Office, the fund had been some time exhausted, and was not yet replaced, although many a war-worn soldier was thus left in penury and want. That he had left the office penniless, and with a heavy heart, and had proceeded thus far when he was obliged to stop from fatigue. "And," continued he, "but for your timely assistance, I must have perished in the street."

Hunter sympathised with his misfortunes, although, so far as himself was concerned, he rejoiced at it, as the means of unfolding to his view the nobleness of Caroline's character; and affording the best proof that he loved her only for herself. Their stay in the city was of short duration. He hastened to the residence of his intended, and bore her and her father to his own happy home. The remainder of our story is best told by quoting an article from a newspaper, printed in the Queen City of the West:

"Thomas Hunter, one of the members elected to the Legislature from this county, served an apprenticeship to a shoemaker, and has risen by his own efforts to his present wealth and influence; yet he is not ashamed to have it known abroad, and is untiring in his efforts to diffuse knowledge amongst the laboring classes. His wife is a fit companion for such a man, dispensing blessings with unsparing hand, visiting the habitations, and ameliorating the condition of the sick and the poor."

THE LADY ARABELLA.*

The Lady Arabella stood with averted eyes and quivering lip, while a handsome youth poured forth the tale of his passionate admiration and devotion to his fair companion. Never had a declaration of truer love been breathed within the walls of that stately apartment in Whitehall, than that which fell from the lips of William Seymour.

For a few moments after he had concluded, the Lady Arabella spoke not; at last, raising her beautiful eyes to the gaze so eagerly bent on her, as though life or death depended on what the small and exquisitely formed lips were about to utter, she spoke in a low and melancholy voice:

"I know not," said she, "if it be not my duty to reject thy love, and bid thee see me no more. Oh! Seymour, hast thou well considered the dangers this rash affection may bring upon thy head? Knowest thou not that the King has shown himself averse to all the proposals of marriage that have been made me? Alas! his enmity would be the sure consequence didst thou solicit him for my hand, and need I tell thee of what that enmity is capable?"

"For thy love," answered Seymour, "willingly would I expose myself to all the dangers the anger of a monarch could menace me with. Oh! Arabella, say but that I may hope, and I care not for aught else."

"Urge me not, Seymour," replied she, "it were deeply criminal in me if, seeing the precipice on which thou standest, I should permit thee to linger on its brink. Seek to forget me: there are many maidens, young, lovely, and high-born, who would gladly smile on the suit of William Seymour; may'st thou find one among them worthy of thy love, and enjoy with her all the happiness ever granted to mortals by indulgent Heaven."

"Cruel Arabella!" exclaimed Seymour. "But my doom is passed. No affection for me has ever warmed thy breast, else would'st thou know that a heart that loves like mine heeds not the frowns of kings; that rank and wealth and the favor of the world are as nothing compared to the smiles of her, the object of its deep devotion. Oh! Arabella, didst thou love me, if thou wert willing to be an exile for my sake, cheerfully would I renounce home, friends, my native country, and seek in another land the happiness denied us here."

The Lady Arabella hesitated. Her resolution wavered before his entreaties, even as the snow-flake melts beneath the sun-beam.

"You have conquered," said she, at length. "But if evil should come upon thee because of thy fatal passion, blame not the weak fond heart that could not resist the prayers of him it loved."

The Lady Arabella was the only child of Charles Stuart, fifth Earl of Lennox, and consequently cousin to King James the First of England. Brought up in privacy, under the care of her grandmother, the Countess of Lennox, she was nevertheless rendered an object of dread to her royal kinsmen through the urgent desire felt by many to see her seated on the throne of England. Anxious for the re-establishment of the Roman Catholic religion, the Pope proposed to her to marry an Italian Cardinal, descended from Edward the Fourth, whom he intended to free from his vows for that purpose, promising her if she would consent, to use all his influence towards establishing her as Queen, and imagining it could be accomplished with but little difficulty, as she could trace her descent from Henry the Seventh. But Arabella declined the proposition, being unwilling to undertake a perilous struggle for a station her unambitious mind did not aspire to.

There was still another project for raising her to sovereign power, in which the name of the illustrious Raleigh was implicated. Not dazzled by the brilliant prospects held out to her, she again refused, and her conduct on both occasions, was of such a nature as would have convinced any Prince less timid and suspicious than James, that he had nothing to fear from her as a rival.

Beautiful, talented, and accomplished, graceful and fascinating in her manners, and gifted with every quality of heart and mind calculated to secure the affection and respect of those who knew her, many were the suitors for her hand; and among others, the King of Poland knelt at the shrine of her charms.—But the narrow policy of the King prevented her acceptance of all the offers made her. Naturally timid, he shrank from the least appearance of danger, and while he thought that, unmarried, and living in the same royal dwelling with himself, she was comparatively little to be feared, he trembled lest, once a wife and removed from his surveillance, the same overtures that had formerly been made her, might be repeated, and instigated perhaps by the ambition of her husband, might be accepted by her, to the loss, possibly, of his crown and life.

Among the many noble youths who sought the hand of the Lady Arabella, was William Seymour, second son of Lord Beauchamp, and grandson to the Earl of Hertford, himself of royal descent. Distinguished above all the courtly throng for the graces of person and manner, as well as for the more important qualities of mind and heart, it is not surprising that he should have succeeded in inspiring the fair object of his affection with an interest for him. Hitherto the Lady Arabella had viewed with indifference, or at most with no deeper sentiment than flattered vanity the homage rendered her, but the love of young Seymour produced feelings of a widely different nature; conscious, however, that the King would oppose her union with him, and fearful of exciting his anger against her lover, she struggled to repress her attachment for him, and she sought, by conducting herself towards him with marked coldness and reserve, to induce him to abandon a suit so dangerous to both. But Seymour, suspecting the cause of her chilling demeanor, was not so easily discouraged; he let no occasion escape on which to testify to her his devotion, and at last sought and succeeded in obtaining an interview, and Arabella, overcome by his prayers and entreaties, seconded as they were by the pleadings of her own heart, consented to become his bride.

A few days had elapsed subsequent to the interview which had decided the destiny of Seymour and the Lady Arabella, when she was summoned to appear before the privy council. Her heart thrilled with a prophetic fear as she entered the presence of the King and his Ministers: but the blood mounted to her high brow, and then retreated from cheek and lip with indignation and mortified pride, as James addressed her with severity, informed her that he had become acquainted with her engagement with Seymour, and forbade the alliance on pain of his eternal displeasure, requiring her to promise implicit obedience to his commands.

The high spirit of her race revolted from submitting to a mandate so fatal to all her hopes of happiness, and that was imposed upon her so harshly and tyrannically. She was about to make a forcible appeal both to the justice and the feelings of the despotic monarch, when James, fearing she would remonstrate and shrinking from the reproachful eloquence of an injured woman, spoke again, and told her in the most unfeeling manner that Seymour had already relinquished all claims to her hand, and had consented to become the husband of a lovely and wealthy ward of the crown.

Arabella started as though an arrow had pierced her heart, but conquering instantly all outward signs of emotion, she assured the King, in a firm voice, of her entire submission to his will. Satisfied with her obedience, James dismissed her, and with a low obeisance she left the presence, and sought the solitude of her own apartment. There, with no human eye to mark her agony, she yielded to the violence of her feelings; her heart throbbed as though the suffering soul struggled to burst from its prison house, she gasped for breath, and the color varied in her cheek as rapidly as the bitter thoughts that contended in her breast.

To be separated for ever from one whom she so fondly loved, was misery unutterable, but to be slighted, abandoned, relinquished without a struggle by him, was worse, far worse to the proud heart of Arabella. Had he remained faithful to her, there would still have been a hope of future happiness, or at least, the consciousness of his fervent attachment to her would have been a source of proud yet tender consolation in her deep sorrow, but to have bestowed the whole wealth of her affection on one who loved her not, to have preferred above all her suitors, one who at the first mark of royal disapprobation could forsake her, and transfer his vows to another was more than the high spirit could bear; love and pride were alike wounded, and almost stung to madness by her intense suffering, she felt in her bitter agony, a scorn as deep towards Seymour as a few short hours before she had felt a love for him.

"I see it all!" she exclaimed. "It was not Arabella Stuart, but the cousin of the King he loved.—And he told me he would expose himself to all the dangers an angry monarch could menace him with for my sake!—for my sake he would hold as naught the frowns of the world! And I—weak, trusting as I was, I believed him!—I confessed I loved him!—And now he will marry the wealthy and beautiful Lady Sybil—well: be it so—I wish him naught of evil—may he obtain and enjoy what alone he is capable of loving—gold and lands: I will drive him from my heart, my thoughts—I should scorn myself could I feel aught of affection for one so unworthy."

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The banqueting saloon in Whitehall was filled with the gallant and the lovely of the Court of James the First. The brightest star of the brilliant galaxy was the Lady Arabella. Her eye sparkled with gayety, her cheek wore its richest bloom; smiles, so bright that they seemed to come from another world where care and sorrow were never known, played round her lips. Never had she appeared in higher spirits, never had her wit been more keen or more playful, never had she looked more lovely. Surrounded by a crowd of flatterers, young, beautiful, and fascinating, who would have deemed that beneath that gay demeanor was hidden an aching heart? Suddenly the rose left her cheek, and the smile faded from the sweet mouth, for her eye fell on Seymour, who was by the side of the fair Sybil, and apparently absorbed by his lovely companion. But it was for a moment only, the next she was gayer than before.

But wearied with the bitter task of assuming a character so little in unison with her true feelings, she availed herself of the first opportunity of withdrawing from the festal hall, and seating herself by the open window of an ante-chamber. She leaned her head on her small white hand, while the cool breeze breathed upon her burning brow and stilled its throbbings, as though it were some pitying spirit that fanned her with its wings, and sought with its sweet influence to calm the painful emotions that agitated her. She sat for a short time, lost in thought, when she was startled by hearing her name pronounced softly by her side, and, turning her head, she beheld Seymour.

She arose hastily and was about leaving him, when he caught her hand.

"Arabella," exclaimed he, "surely thou would'st not leave me, when surrounded as we are by watchful eyes, it is so difficult, nay almost impossible to speak with thee. Can it be that thou art so willing to submit to the commands of the king? Hast thou indeed ceased to love me?"

"It is scarcely befitting thee to reproach me," answered she bitterly, "when thou thyself hast shown me so good an example of obedience to a monarch's will."

"And hast thou indeed, so wronged me," replied he reproachfully, "could'st thou believe for a moment that William Seymour would break his plighted truth to thee, and wed another? Thou can'st not love me, or thou would'st not deem me so base."

"But the king told me thou had'st consented to espouse the Lady Sybil, and did I not see thee by her side this very night, gazing upon her as though she was the star that ruled thy destiny?" demanded Arabella.

"Listen to me, Arabella," said Seymour. "When summoned before the king and council, and questioned concerning my love for thee and our engagement, of which the king had been previously informed, how I know not, I confessed both, and besought his majesty to consent to our union. But he reprimanded me severely for seeking to ally myself with a member of the royal family, and bade me think no more of thee. In vain did I plead to have the sentence withdrawn; he was inexorable, and fearing to exasperate him, I deemed it best to promise obedience. The king then told me that as a reward for my submission, he would bestow on me the hand of the Lady Sybil; to have refused would have caused him to suspect my true intentions, and I therefore accepted his majesty's offer, but believe me, dearest Arabella, never for a moment did I dream of being false to thee."

Arabella's eyes filled with tears, but they were tears of joy.

"I do believe thee," murmured she.

"And now, my only love, as a proof that thou dost indeed no longer doubt me," said Seymour, "thou must grant my request. Wilt thou become my wife, and fly with me to France?" She hesitated. "It is our only hope of happiness," urged he. "The king, I fear, notwithstanding my apparent submission, still suspects me; it is in his power to separate us forever, and nothing can ever induce him to grant me thy hand. Be my bride then, and let us seek in another land an asylum against his cruelty and tyranny."

* * * * * *

Before the altar of a small church stood Seymour and the Lady Arabella. The ceremony of marriage had just been performed, and Seymour, turning from the altar, drew the arm of his lovely bride within his own. "Now for France, my own Arabella," whispered he. As he spoke the door of the church opened, and an officer, followed by soldiers, entered. Arabella trembled violently and clung to her husband as the officer approached them, while a presentiment of evil almost paralyzed her. And her fears were but too soon verified.

The officer saluted the unfortunate lovers with courtesy, and informed them with evident regret, that it was his painful duty to arrest them.

"Of what crime are we accused?" demanded Seymour, while his bride, overcome by the terrors of their situation, was scarcely conscious of what was passing around her.

"Of disobedience to the commands of his majesty, and of contempt towards him in seeking to marry a lady of the royal family without his permission," replied the officer. "I have orders to place her ladyship under the care of Sir Thomas Parry, at Lambeth, and to conduct you to the Tower."

"Must we be separated then?" exclaimed Arabella, wildly. "The king cannot be so cruel! Oh! have pity on me, sir,—I am his wife, let me share his prison—let me seek to soften the horrors of an imprisonment to which he has been doomed through his love for me! Or arrest me alone, and let him escape—let the anger of the king fall on my head alone! Oh! be merciful, as thou dost hope for mercy! I will submit cheerfully to my fate, if he suffer not with me."

She clasped her hands in supplication, and fixed her streaming eyes on the officer, who, deeply affected, averted his head. Seymour endeavored to soothe her. "All will yet be well, dearest," said he; "believe me, the king will relent. Urge not this gentleman to disobey his orders. Surely thou can'st not think I would escape, even were it possible, without thee. Nay, weep not so bitterly, for my sake; we shall soon meet again."

"Never—never!" exclaimed the unhappy bride, "I feel it—I shall never see thee again." And exhausted by the violence of her emotions, she sank insensible into the arms of her husband.

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The Lady Arabella was possessed of too much energy to submit to her fate without a struggle. When the feeling of utter hopelessness, caused at first by her arrest, had passed away, she wrote a most eloquent letter to the king, in which she pleaded her cause respectfully, but with dignity, appealing to his majesty's love of justice, and assuring him of her dutiful attachment for him. The king, as well as the prince and council, highly approved of her letter, but it produced no other effect upon him. She also wrote to Lady Jane Drummond, one of the ladies of the bedchamber, imploring her to induce the queen to interest herself in her favor. In this she was successful. Queen Anne, with a womanly sympathy, touched by her unhappy condition, used all her influence with James, but in vain; and the Lady Jane, in communicating the failure of the Queen's intercession, frankly told her that "the wisdom of this State, with the example how some of your quality in the like case has been used, makes me fear that ye shall not find so easy end to your troubles as ye expect or I wish."

But one hope now remained to the Lady Arabella, that of escape. The daughter of Sir Thomas Parry, a young and lovely girl, who felt the deepest commiseration for the beautiful prisoner, was betrothed to a young knight who had long been the friend of Seymour, and who was permitted occasionally to see him. Through the fair Mary and her lover, Arabella was enabled to correspond with her husband, and a plan of escape was arranged.

The day previous to the one on which it was to be put in execution, Arabella and her lovely friend were seated alone together. During the period of her imprisonment she had been alternately sanguine and desponding, cheerful and depressed. Now, as the decisive moment approached, she became highly excited, and was seized with a dread of failure, which the affectionate Mary endeavored in vain to overcome.

"Dost thou not believe in presentiments of coming joy or woe, Mary?" said Arabella; "can'st thou doubt the whisperings of the heart? There are times when it seemeth to me as though the spirit held mystic communion with the denizens of its far distant home, and as though in extremity of misery they sought to lighten its load of sorrow by inspiring it with prophetic hopes of a happier future, and when all is bright to prepare it for the approaching hour of desolation by those dim and shadowy forbodings that oppress us we know not wherefore. Ah! I see by that smile thou art sceptical, sweet one, and dost rather hold my fears to be phantoms conjured up by misfortune, and an imagination too easily excited."

Mary smiled, and was about replying, when Sir Thomas Parry entered the apartment. His brow was clouded, and his manner betokened that something painful had occurred.

"It is with the deepest regret that I am obliged to inform your ladyship," said he, "that his majesty having had cause to suspect that you had found means to communicate with Mr. Seymour, has decided upon confiding your ladyship to the care of the Bishop of Durham, whither he wishes you to depart as soon as it may be possible."

The Lady Arabella spoke not, moved not. She had arisen on the entrance of Sir Thomas, and stood, her eyes widely opened and fixed upon him, her lips slightly apart, and her face deadly pale. It seemed as though she were suddenly deprived of sense and motion. Mary flew to her side, and, leading her to a chair, endeavored to soothe her, but she did not seem to hear nor understand her; the sudden destruction of all her hopes had been more than her frame, exhausted by suffering, could endure.

Sir Thomas hastened to make known to James the alarming state of the unfortunate prisoner; the king, however, was determined that she should proceed to Durham immediately. The next morning she left Lambeth, travelling in a litter, and accompanied by a physician and the devoted Mary, in addition to her usual attendants. But she became worse so rapidly that they were obliged to stop at Highgate, and the physician returned to London to represent her royal cousin that she was unable to bear the fatigues of a journey, and to implore him to allow her to remain where she was until she was sufficiently recovered to travel with safety. It was with great difficulty that he succeeded in his mission; the selfish monarch finally granting her permission to stay at Highgate for a month.

The health of the unhappy Lady Arabella slowly improved, and she appeared to become by degrees resigned to her fate. But she was far otherwise in reality. Hope, which rarely deserts the young, pictured to her bright visions of future happiness, and her active imagination suggested the means of escape. Again she was assisted by the affectionate devotion and ready wit of Mary Parry and Sir Henry Clifford, her betrothed husband.

A few days previous to her intended departure for Durham, Arabella stood before the mirror in her apartment, attended by Mary. She was dressed in a costume of a courtier of the day, the long locks of a peruke concealed her own silken tresses, surmounted by a black hat, a cloak of the same color was flung over her shoulders, and a rapier hung by her side.

"Thou would'st make a handsome gallant of the court, lady," said Mary, "but thou art so pale and faint, I fear me thou wilt never be able to reach thy place of destination."

"The firm heart will lend strength to the weak frame, Mary," answered Arabella. "The pure air, the blessed thought that I am free, that I am about to meet the husband I adore, will nerve me to sustain all the hardships I may be called upon to endure. But now, dearest girl, away, and see if it be possible for me to leave this prison house unperceived."

* * * * * *

A short time afterwards two travellers approached a small inn, about a mile and a half distant from Highgate. The one was a handsome and intelligent-looking man of about twenty-five, who paid the utmost deference and attention to his companion, a pale but beautiful youth, who appeared almost overcome with fatigue, though he walked with the utmost rapidity of which his delicate frame was capable.

"Pray Heaven your ladyship may be able to endure the fatigues of riding to Blackwall," said Sir Henry Clifford, looking at the Lady Arabella anxiously. "Once there, and on board the boat that waits to bear you to Lee, you are safe."

"I could endure any fatigue inspired by the hope of seeing once more my husband," answered she; "but alas! I fear lest he be discovered in the attempt to escape, and if so, what is liberty to me? If it be decreed that both may not escape, I would rather, oh! a thousand times rather, that he should enjoy the freedom of which his love for me has deprived him, and that I should linger out my life a hapless prisoner, victim to the injustice and cruelty of a heartless king."

They had now reached the inn, where horses awaited them, provided by the care of Sir Henry; she mounted with the utmost difficulty, but the exercise of riding, and the pure air, refreshed and invigorated her, and she was enabled to reach Blackwall before sunset.

At dawn of day, on the morning succeeding the flight of Arabella, a boat containing the fair fugitive and Sir Henry reached the side of a goodly vessel, anchored near Lee. The captain received his fair passenger, as with the strength inspired by excitement, she sprang on board. She looked around eagerly, then turning to the captain, she asked, in a voice tremulous with agitation, if Seymour had arrived.

"Not yet, madam," was the reply.

A sudden paleness overspread the face of Arabella, on which the sea breeze had called up a faint bloom. She looked despairingly at Clifford.

"All is lost," she exclaimed, "it is as I feared!—But, perhaps," she added, hope again rising in her breast, "perhaps he may have been merely detained—he may be here anon. Oh! Clifford, say in pity that it may be so, thou who didst so often assure me that it were almost impossible that a plan so well arranged as that for his escape should fail."

"I doubt not that he has escaped, lady," answered Sir Henry, "but permit me to entreat you to allow the captain to set sail immediately for France; your flight must be known to the king, ere now; his messengers are, perhaps, already seeking you, and should you linger here, to-morrow may see you again a prisoner."

"But he will surely be here, ere long," said the unhappy wife, "and should he come and find no ship to receive him, whither would he fly for safety?—Shall I abandon him to fall again into the hands of his enemies? Shall I, seeking only to retain my own liberty, doom him to an endless imprisonment?"

"But, lady," urged Clifford, "he may, perhaps, have been unable to reach Lee without danger of detection, and therefore have fled to some other port. If so, to remain here would but expose you to certain capture. Let me implore you, madam, to consent. Think of his agony, his hopeless misery, at finding that your love for him had been the means of reconducting you to a prison, and be assured that once more in the power of James, never again will you enjoy one hour of freedom. Nay, should your ladyship still refuse, I shall be obliged, painful as it will be to oppose your wishes, to take upon myself the responsibility of ordering the captain to set sail."

In vain did Arabella plead even for one short hour's delay. Clifford, aware that the danger increased every moment, was inexorable, and the captain, obedient to his commands, hoisted sail.

And where was Seymour? He had indeed escaped from the Tower, though unable to do so at the time appointed. Disguised in the coarsest habiliments, a flaxen peruke covering his dark hair, and his face dyed and disfigured in the most artful manner, he succeeded in passing the warders unsuspected. At the wharf he found a confidential servant waiting with a boat, and they immediately started for Lee. On arriving there he descried a vessel in the distance, which he fondly imagined to be the one that bore his Arabella. Overjoyed at the prospect of rejoining his beloved bride, he hired a fisherman to take him on board, but his bitter disappointment and despair when he found it was not the vessel he sought, almost deprived him of reason. But feeling that all attempts to discover the ship that contained the Lady Arabella would be useless, and inspired by the hope of meeting her on the continent, he induced the captain, by the offer of a large sum of money, to take him to Flanders.

The escape of Arabella and her husband filled the king and his cabinet with consternation. A vigorous pursuit was instantly commenced; couriers were despatched in all directions, and every measure taken to recapture the unfortunate pair. Meanwhile the Lady Arabella, tortured by the agonizing uncertainty in which the fate of Seymour was enshrouded, and haunted by a fearful foreboding that she would never see him again, sunk into a state of deep despondency, only varied at times by paroxysms of grief and de-

[illegible] so violent that her attendants trembled for her reason. It was in vain they endeavored to soothe her, to speak to her of hope.

"There is no hope for me," she would reply, "save that which points to Heaven."

She was seated in her cabin, her hands clasped, her eyes tearless, but beaming wildly, fixed upon the floor, while her thoughts were far away, bent on Seymour, when the captain entered and informed her that a vessel had appeared which was evidently in pursuit of them.

"Ah!" exclaimed she, starting, "perhaps it contains Seymour."

"Alas! madam," answered he, "I have reason to suspect it is one of the king's ships, and, if so, I fear your ladyship's sufferings are not yet over, for it gains upon us rapidly."

"Be it so," said Arabella, "liberty and durance are alike to me, since I am separated from my husband."

The captain was but too correct in his surmises. It was indeed one of the king's ships in pursuit of the fugitives, and in a few hours the unhappy Arabella was again a prisoner.

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For four long years did the Lady Arabella languish in hopeless confinement, when death released the unhappy victim of the heartless cruelty and timid policy of James the First, but not until the glorious mind, the sound judgment, the ready wit, were wrecked by the storms of suffering, through which she had passed. Such was the fate of one of the best and loveliest of her race, one whose gentle virtues, warm heart, and brilliant intellect would have adorned a cottage or a throne, and would have spread happiness around the domestic circle, or diffused it over a nation.

Seymour arrived at Flanders in safety. He was recalled, and created Marquis of Hartford by Charles the First, and Duke of Somerset by Charles the Second. But rank and honors could never lighten his heart of its load of sorrow, or make him forget or cease to love the beautiful and unfortunate Arabella Stuart.

ALICE.

THE SISTER'S HOPE.

BY J. AUSTIN SPERRY.

Chapter I.

"Stranger, will you be kind enough to give me assistance?"

The speaker was a young man, with an athletic looking frame, but with a sallow face, sunken eyes, and bloodless lips. Disease seemed to be even then fearfully working upon him, for he tottered forward as he spoke, scarce able to retain an upright position. The person addressed was also a young man, and indeed appeared hardly a proper object to claim charity of—for his habiliments, though of fashionable cut, and adjusted about his person with nicety, had that forlornly thread-bare cast, which speaks the wearer a gentleman whom "better times" have forsaken. But the kindly melancholy of his full eye, and the proud firmness of his step, probably induced the sickly youth to suppose that so much dignity of mien was supported by something more substantial than the mere consciousness of moral worth, and that there was, under the faded vest, a full purse, as well as, what the eye intimated, a full heart.

"I am not a beggar," continued the young invalid as the other paused and eyed him hesitatingly.—"That is—yes. I'm a beggar now—but I mean I'm not used to begging. I am a stranger here—I came to the city to look for work, but I haven't found any. I'm sick and famishing."

"How long have you been here?"

"Nearly a week. I gave my last shilling for lodgings night before last, and last night they turned me away because I had no money."

"And where did you go?"

"I went to the outskirts, where I climbed over a fence and slept in a grave-yard."

Poor youth!—he little thought how very soon he would take *permanent lodgings* in the same place.

"Well," said the interrogator, "it is bad enough to want, I know by experience; but, thank God! I have not disease to contend with, too. Here," he continued, having, after some search in the pocket of his faded vest, succeeded in "cornering" its solitary tenant—a piece of silver—"take this. I have a little left, but I suppose I have a prospect for more, which you have not."

The sick youth received it in silence, with tearful eyes. As he was not accustomed to asking alms, he had no set phrases in which to speak his thanks—he looked them. Just then a dark-visaged, malicious-looking man, who had, unobserved, been a spectator of the scene, laid his hand upon the alms-giver's shoulder, and said—

"A prospect for more—eh! Then I shall get my fifteen hundred?——I must have my own, you know; every man gets his own when he can—eh! Ha! ha!"

Had the new comer been one of those terrors of unfortunate debtors, a bailiff himself, armed with stick and writ, the young man could not have recoiled more suddenly from his familiar tap.

"Fiend!—villain!" he exclaimed, "is there no corner of the earth where I may escape your persecutions—is there no spot sacred from your infernal footsteps? Leave me, or you shall rue it!"

"Do you hear that," said the dark-visaged man, turning to the beggar youth. "He threatens me with violence, because I ask him to pay a debt."

"You lie!" cried the young man; "it is not money you want of me. You know if I had any you should have it. If you want my very life-blood, you shall have it, if," here his tones sank into something like supplication; "if you will only spare my—my"——

"Come," said the man, "you are a fool to rave so in the street. I do not ask of you more than you can perform—we can settle it amicably if you will. Let us go to your lodgings and arrange it there."

"No! By heavens! you have driven me to desperation. If you follow me another step, your blood be upon your own head—you die!"

Uttering these words with the calmness of resolute despair, the young man drew a pistol. While he was in the act of cocking it, the man grappled him by the throat. The beggar, weak and enfeebled as he was, ran to the assistance of his benefactor, and during the scuffle which ensued, the pistol was discharged, and the contents entering his breast, he fell to the ground. This caused an immediate cessation of the fray. A crowd collecting, the fallen youth was raised—but his earthly troubles were at an end, he was a corpse. A few minutes after, some of the police entered the scene of action, and seized the young man.

"Release me," said he; "there is the murderer—it was Hurston who fired."

"The young man is the murderer," said a bystander, "I was upon the opposite side of the street, and saw him draw the pistol."

"It *was* the young man," responded several others, and he was led off, in custody, from where the scene transpired, (a narrow street in the Southwark district of Philadelphia,) to a Magistrate's Office. Here he underwent an examination, in which the evidence so entirely established upon him the charge of murder, as to justify his immediate commitment to prison. He attempted to say something in his own defense, but the corpulent Justice had learned too much of human nature in the course of his profession, to pay any regard to the protestations of the accused party. He looked upon the avowal of innocence by a criminal, as a natural principle, as inherent and intuitive, as the love of life.

"Did you say your name was Joseph A?" asked the Magistrate.

"His name is *Joseph E. Leighton*," replied the dark-visaged man, whom the youth had called Hurston, and who was one of the most eager to criminate him.

While the warrant for committal was being made out, a gentleman of the Bar entered the office, with whom the Justice exchanged salutations.

"Ah! Elsley," said the latter, "you are just in time: here is a young man who will need counsel. His case will not be a profitable one," he added in a lower tone: "but it will be a difficult and interesting one, which is just what you, as a beginner, want." He then detailed the particulars of the case as he had gathered them from the witnesses present.

When he had finished, the lawyer approached the young criminal, who was standing apart, his head proudly erect, his arms folded, his lip scornfully compressed, and his eyes wandering over the placards upon the opposite wall, without seeing them, however, for his mind was absent. As they stood a moment confronting each other in silence, the two figures presented a contrast not unworthy of notice. The lawyer seemed to wear the unfurrowed brow of five or six and twenty. His form was tall, graceful, and of manly proportion. Without asperity, his features were sufficiently marked to denote an energetic mind, and his florid complexion, light brown hair, and blue eyes, evidenced a decided predominance of the sanguine in his temperament; while his countenance exhibited that generous, friendly-with-all openness, which speaks no hypocritical concealment of the real sentiments of the heart. Neither was dignity wanting in the blending of the features, but it was of that softened kind, rather calculated to persuade or carelessly exact, than command, respect. Altogether, he was what we may call a fair model of manly beauty.

The criminal was several years younger—perhaps scarce twenty-one; yet his face bore the traces of deep and harrowing thought, and there was more of intellectual expressiveness in it, than in that of the former. His inferiority in point of stature, was manifest enough, but then there was a *hauteur* in the attitude, that checked a too familiar approach to him. His features were more angular in their developments, and their color slightly bronzed. The forehead was massive, and shadowed with dark locks. But the expression of the eye was peculiarly earnest. It was large and beamed with what has so often been called a *subdued light*—the fire of genius partially dimmed by care.

The throes of a weak mind, when harassed and struggling with difficulties, impart to the countenance a sickened expression of discontent and cowardly anguish, that we look upon with pain—sometimes with contempt. The powerful mind veils this outward expression of the suffering within; or if it is racked and tortured into any manifestation, it is merely a prouder compression of the lip, or a barely perceptible contraction of the brow. But there is one indication of the long continued agony of a strong mind, that it cannot conceal, because it is not like the other expressions of the face, at control of the will. It is the fading of the fire of the eye, from its flashing brightness, to saddened earnestness, giving to the features a melancholy that is eloquent of grief. Such was the expression of Leighton's eye—and it at once excited the sympathy of the young lawyer.

A moment's scrutiny of each other seemed to have resulted in their mutual satisfaction, for they simultaneously extended their hands, as if they had read enough, in that single moment's glance, of each other's feelings, to make them perfectly acquainted.

"From what I can learn," said Elsley, "you are a stranger here, an orphan, without friends and without means. From your face, which favorably impresses me, I am inclined to think that the provocation must have been great which could have impelled you into this rash and unfortunate difficulty. You will need counsel—my services are freely at your command."

"I accept your generous offer," replied Leighton, drawing the other aside, so as to be beyond the hearing of the dark-visaged Hurston, whose sinister gaze was fixed upon him; "not that I am concerned for my own fate—but I have a sister, whom you fiend has marked for his prey. And now that I, her only protector, am effectually in his net, he may drive her to her—her—grave; I fear no more. But there is that in your face which has won my confidence. You will—will—"

The powerful emotion which choked the utterance of the speaker, wrought upon the susceptible feelings of the young lawyer with strange effect.

"I will protect her for you," said he, speaking through his clenched teeth, "and baffle your persecutor, if it cost me my life!"

Leighton's emotion still prevented his words, but he seized Elsley's hand with a convulsive grasp, and tears, the first that had for years been wrung from his proud heart, fell from his eyes. He soon mastered his feelings, however, and assuming a degree of calmness, the conference between himself and the generous Elsley continued for some minutes longer, after which he was conveyed away to prison.

It was now sometime after candle-light—the unfortunate affray having occurred between three and four o'clock in the afternoon of an October day of the year 18—.

Chapter II.

In a small, poorly furnished room, in a narrow house, in a narrow street, in Southwark, with a small Bible in her hand, which she had been perusing by the ghastly light of a tin lamp, that, throwing its unsteady glare over the table on which it stood, revealed the nicely arranged but scanty materials for an evening meal, sat *the sister*. There was a restlessness in her glance, and a nervousness in the listening start, which every sound from the street occasioned, that betrayed her deep solicitude at her brother's unusually prolonged absence. The worthy, poor old Methodist couple, with whom they boarded, had gone to meeting, and left her alone to wait her brother's return, and serve him with his tea. As minute on minute after the usual hour passed, and footstep after footstep in the narrow street, fell upon her ear, cheating her into the hope that it was *he*, and then died away again, leaving her to silence and disappointment, she became more and more anxiously alarmed. But that the character of her solicitude may be more fully understood, we must go back to some time before the date at which this narrative has been commenced.

Joseph and Isabella Leighton had been the children of a respectable but poor couple in the town of ———, in the western part of Pennsylvania. Both had received a more excellent education than would be thought consistent with the humble means of the parents; nay, the latter even had denied themselves many of the actual necessaries of life, to secure to the son that scholastic knowledge, and to the daughter those elegant accomplishments, which they imagined would constitute the success and happiness of their after life. In consequence of this self-denial, the father became a prey to disease, and was at length incapacitated to provide for his family. In this exigency young Leighton put his shoulder to the wheel, and was thenceforth their sole dependence. Industrious and talented, he was received as a clerk into the employment of Hurston, a wealthy merchant, a bachelor of thirty-five, a heartless libertine, a wary schemer, and a deliberate villain; but so good a dissembler, that, among the upright of the citizens of his town, he bore a fair reputation.

Hurston saw the sister of his clerk—her form, bursting into womanhood, in the glory of seventeen, displaying the grace and symmetry of a Venus de Medici, her face the embodiment of all that beauty can express, her voice soft, sweet and rich, and her low musical laugh floating to the ear like the thrilling melody in a joyous dream—these fired his sensual soul, and with the remorselessness of a demon he resolved upon her ruin. He knew enough of the brother's spirit to fear that he would prove rather a formidable barrier to his base design, and, therefore, his first step was to ensnare him. Circumstances were but too favorable to his project. The parents of the clerk died within a short period of each other, the father leaving some little debts unsettled, which the son felt himself bound in honor to discharge. His employer *generously* offered to advance him the money, and he, with a breast full of hopes, and unsuspicious of wrong, gratefully accepted it. Not satisfied with the control over the mind of the youth which the obligation of a debt of fifteen hundred dollars gave him, Hurston sought to involve him in secret crime, and for that purpose employed accomplices to decoy him to the club-house, and the gaming-table; but his principles proved too pure and firm for their contrivances. Though not to be seduced into crime, he was, however, implicated in it by stratagem.—Hurston was aware of the fact that Leighton, being an excellent penman, could counterfeit almost any chirography, and accordingly set on foot the following plan.—His head clerk, who was his reckless tool, bantered the young man to a trial of skill in penmanship, which was readily accepted, and among other "flourishes," they tried their hands at imitating the signatures of various letters which lay upon the desk. At length Leighton incautiously executed Hurston's signature alone, upon a second sheet of paper, which the wily head clerk had laid before him after the first one was filled. The latter then took the pen and easily drew above the signature a draft upon one of the banks of the place, for a large sum, and folding it up, said he would "make a raise." Leighton did not suspect for a moment but that the remark was jocosely made. What was his surprise, when a few days after, Hurston, in a private audience, charged him with forgery, and produced the draft with the signature before mentioned, which bore evidence of having passed through the bank. Leighton declared his innocence, and stated the facts of the case, which Hurston affected to disbelieve. He gave the youth to understand how completely it was now in his power to send him at any moment to the penitentiary, but his youth, and other considerations, would induce him to hush the affair into oblivion, in return for which leniency, he hinted it would become the young man to show his gratitude when a proper occasion should arrive. Inexperienced, and ignorant of the deep villainies of the world, Leighton saw in all this only that his indiscretion had involved him in a peril, from which, as there was no possibility of proving his innocence, the only chance to escape was to submit quietly to his employer's dictate, and trust to Providence. But when, after a time, the design of Hurston became revealed to him, in all its hideousness, he beheld the snare in which he had been taken; and although his situation was helpless, almost hopeless, his soul did not shrink. He nobly dared to defy the libertine, and guard his sister's honor at the risk of every thing. The latter, though, was not to be driven from the pursuit. He, in turn, threatened the young clerk with prosecution for debt and the crime of forgery, and tried to allure him by bribes of wealth; but Leighton met his arts with such bitterness of scorn, and hurled such anathemas of honest indignation upon his dastard soul, that once, maddened to ecstacy, he drew a pistol and aimed it at the brave youth's heart. It missed fire, and he did not make a second attempt. To be provided against another such attempt upon his life, Leighton henceforth carried weapons about his person.

Things approached a crisis. Leighton saw the cloud ready to burst upon him. The horrors of a criminal's cell in the state prison, and his sister—the only tie that a hard fate had left to brighten his miserable life—defenceless and helpless at the mercy of the fiend—this was the vision that appalled him. He saw but one faint hope—*flight!* He soon resolved, and though he had but little money, he left his native place, and, with his sister, was soon quietly domiciled in the house of a poor Methodist couple, in one of the most obscure portions of the good city of brotherly love. Here, at least, he thought he had found an asylum for his sister, secret from the intrusion of the libertine, even should he trace them to the city; and with a relieved heart he set himself about the search for employment. He was indulging his imagination with a fore-taste of the bright prospect which the future presented when the fatal encounter, described in the preceding chapter, took place.—Armed with a double incentive—unholy passion for the sister, and deep-rooted hatred for the brother—the arch-foe had tracked them—and now, with the brother safely immured, and his doom inevitable, all that remained was to find the sister, and consummate the triumph.

To return—we left Isabella Leighton listening, with the quick ear of alarmed affection, for her brother's returning step. Two hours passed, and still she was alone. Her apprehensions had increased almost to distraction; a vague feeling of despair crept chillingly to her heart, and a tear fell from the silken eye-lash upon the pale cheek. The old couple returned from their meeting and retired to their rest, and still she watched. The sonorous voice of the watchman, broke the stillness that reigned in the street—"past ten o'clock" swelled upon the air, and died away in melancholy echoes along the narrow avenue, and silence reigned again. In a few moments more the stillness of the street was again broken by the rattling of the wheels of a solitary vehicle—it stopped before the house; footsteps were heard upon the pavement, then in ascending the steps, and then came a slight rap at the door. While she hesitated, between doubt and hope, the rap was repeated. Summoning her resolution, she approached the door and opened it. She started back, as the form and face of a stranger met her gaze.

"Do I see Miss Leighton?" said the stranger, in a respectful tone, that disarmed the alarm that the first sight of himself had occasioned.

"You do, sir," she answered timidly.

"I bear a message from your brother," said Elsley, entering the room. He was followed by an old gentleman, with a round face, and eyes that twinkled with merry benevolence beneath the wide brim of his hat, which, with the broad skirts and straight collar of his drab cloth coat, denoted him to be of the persuasion of Friends. Hanging to this old gentleman's arm, was a young lady, apparently of Miss Leighton's own age, who, although not strikingly beautiful, was pretty. Elsley handed Isabella a billet from her brother, which she opened with trembling hands, and read with a throbbing heart and blanched cheek. When she had finished, she raised her hand to her eyes, and her breast heaved with the momentary struggle. Then uncovering her eyes, they shone with the mildness of calm resignation, as she said—

"Heaven's will be done!"

Turning to the young lawyer, she continued, "My brother speaks of you, Mr. Elsley, as a generous stranger friend, upon whose sincerity, he thinks, I may rely. I will gratefully regard any suggestions you may make, and God will bless you for your kindness."

There were respect and admiration mingled in Elsley's manner as he replied, "Then allow me to introduce to you my excellent friend, Mr. Kirby, and Miss Kirby, his daughter."

Isabella returned the old gentleman's inclination of the head, and, with a graceful movement, seized the cordially extended hand of the daughter. Their fair hands lingered in gentle pressure, while Elsley continued—

"My friend, on hearing your brother's unfortunate situation, became interested in your troubles, and has come to offer you the protection of his roof, until your brother is liberated, which I trust, as I believe him innocent, will not be long."

The gush of grateful emotion that agitated the poor girl's breast found vent in tears. Extending her other hand to the old man, and pressing Miss Kirby's to her heart, she sobbed—

"Oh, you are kind, very kind! I do not know how to express my gratitude, but I feel as if God had sent angels to comfort me."

This simple language of her feelings, so affected the benevolent Quaker, that the great cuff of his coat sleeve was called in requisition to clear away the mist that gathered in his eye.

"As thee is not safe here from thine enemy, deprived of thy brother's protection, perhaps thee had better go with us at once," said he.

The girl weighed the proposition thoughtfully for a moment, and then replied—

"I will go consult the kind old persons with whom we lodge." But as she turned to leave the room for that purpose her eyes, through the street door, which had been left ajar, fell upon the dark visage of Hurston, who stood upon the steps watching the scene.—The vision was so startling that, with a shriek, she fell senseless upon the floor. Of the others, Miss Kirby, only, beheld the piercing eyes which flashed, with terrible brightness, beneath his lowered brow, ere the libertine disappeared.

The old people of the house, alarmed by the shriek, now rushed into the room. They had no cordial, no stimulants, or other nostrum, to restore the insensible girl, and Elsley, bidding them call at No. —— Arch street on the morrow for an explanation of this, to them inexplicable mystery, raised the insensible Isabella in his arms, and the Quaker and his daughter following him to the coach, the party drove off.

Chapter III.

"What are you thinking of, dear Bell?" said Miss Kirby to Isabella Leighton, as she entered the boudoir one evening, about a week after the domiciliation of the latter into the abode of the benevolent old Quaker, and found her sitting pensively upon the sofa. "And there is a tear drop in your eye—you have been weeping. You should not be so unhappy," she continued, throwing her arms affectionately around her neck, and kissing her lovely cheek.

"Oh, no; I am very happy. You may think me a strange girl; but there is more of pleasure than of pain in these tears. I was thinking of you and your kind father and Mr. Elsley. They are so unlike the selfish world, and it seems strange that they should take so much interest in the welfare of my poor brother."

"I do not think it strange, if he is like you," replied the artless girl. "I'm sure I loved you the first time I saw you; and you become dearer to me every day—you are so gentle, and so beautiful, and so good."

"Ah, you talk like a little man, my sweet Alice. If you were one, you would be a sad flatterer," replied Isabella, kissing the lips which had betrayed the simplicity of a guileless heart. "But where are your books, we must have a lesson in French, as it will not do for your instructress to forget her duty, and allow you to waste your time."

"True," replied Alice; "we were to have had the French at five o'clock, and it is near six already." And she left the boudoir in search of her books.

Jonathan Kirby was a Quaker gentleman of the olden time. And Quaker gentlemen of the olden time essentially differ from those of the present generation. Time, that has wrought such sad changes in all other institutions, does not appear to be more partial to the worthy Society of Friends; for of late the gaieties of fashion and the pleasures of the world have made great innovations upon the plain costume and sedate habits of the sober peace-lovers. They are gradually mingling in the world, and a few generations hence there will scarcely be a vestige of their primitive customs left to distinguish them from any other denomination. Jonathan Kirby was of the old school, and held tenaciously to the forms of dress and conduct characteristic of the earlier members of the persuasion. He did not, however, on this account impose any restrictions upon the inclinations of his only daughter, who, as he was *wealthy*, moved in the most fashionable circle of city society. In consequence, Miss Alice became imbued with all the fashionable notions of the age, and must needs acquire all the accomplishments requisite in the character of a modern belle. She was already perfect in music, drawing, dancing, and various other elegancies; and the only thing wanting to constitute her a young lady of finished education was a knowledge of the French language which, by some awkward neglect, had been omitted in the catalogue of her boarding-school studies.

She was just upon the look-out for a private tutor, to supply this deficiency in her education, when Miss Leighton, as we have seen, through the disinterested and generous interest of Elsley, (who was a distant relation,) was introduced into the family. It was accidentally discovered, upon the first day of her sojourn in her new abode, that she understood French. The old gentleman, not lacking in knowledge of human nature, quickly discerned that her situation of entire dependence upon his charity, would prove painful to her sensitive mind—and, to remove the humiliating sense of obligation on her part, proposed that in return for his protection, she should undertake the post of instructress to the young lady—a proposition she gladly accepted and cheerfully carried into execution. She had only been a week with her new friends, and yet the sweetness of her disposition, her intelligence, and beauty, had so won upon the hearts of the worthy Friend and his wife, that they were already almost as much attached to the orphan stranger as if she were their own child, and no sister could have lavished upon her a more sincere affection, than did Miss Kirby. Thus there was every thing to render the orphan sister as happy as possible under the circumstances—but her mind was not tranquil, nor could it be, while there was before it the thought of her loved brother, followed, persecuted, dragged down into the mysteriousness of a dungeon, and perhaps awaiting a felon's doom—and all for her sake.

The French task finished, the young ladies were summoned to the tea-table, from whence they afterwards adjourned to the parlour. Here they had not been long before Elsley was announced. The young lawyer was, by his personal attractions, and lively conversational powers, peculiarly fitted to grace a drawing room. It is a sad fact, that few who shine *there* ever shine elsewhere, but he was an exception. It has been shown that he possessed sterling qualities of the heart, and if he was not naturally endowed with one of those uncommon intellects we style Herculean, his memory deserves to be so much the more honoured, that by dint of indefatigable attention to his profession, he in after years arose to be one of the most distinguished ornaments of the Philadelphia bar.

In the course of the evening Elsley requested Miss Leighton to sing. Although she felt reluctant, it was sufficient that he expressed a wish to hear *her*, and without any apologetic affectation, she seated herself at the piano. As he left the choice of the piece to herself, she selected that melancholy song, "Hours there were." She performed it exquisitely, throwing into it the soul and life of music, *soul-feeling*; and once or twice, when she timidly raised her eyes, Elsley observed them filled with tears. He listened to it delighted, breathless—every tone of her rich voice thrilled to his heart. When she had finished, he feared to insult her feelings by a *compliment*, which, however delicately he might have delivered it, must have sounded idle—he therefore expressed his sentiments in a glance.

If Isabella had not been wholly unsophisticated she would have discovered from his looks, and words, and actions, before he withdrew that evening, that she had made a deep impression upon his heart. But

Nothing was further from her thoughts than the idea of love. That he was in love, though, was palpable enough to his cousin Alice, and to his own mind.

Physiologists affirm that it is impossible, or highly improbable, (which is next thing to it,) that men, in whom there is a great preponderance of the sanguine temperament, should be otherwise than inconstant, fickle, and ever changing in their affections—often escaping from beauty's chains when she thinks them most secure. Elsley's temperament was decidedly sanguine, and therefore there can be but little confidence placed in his sudden passion for the orphan sister. But, we will see.

The rays of the setting sun beamed through the grated window, lighting up every corner of the narrow cell, and revealing all its wretched cheerlessness. The brother had sought the remotest corner, as if he desired to avoid the light which mocked the place with its cheerful gleams, and was sitting with folded arms and downcast eyes. But his spirit was away beyond those prison bars, in the bright walks of the imagination—not even the vapours of a dungeon can suppress the dreams of hope that awake in a youthful breast. The lonely cell, with its rusty bars, its gloomy walls, and its loathsome atmosphere, had vanished, and luxury and splendor were usurpers of their place. "Perfumed lights," that

"Shone through the mist of alabaster lamps,"

were reflected back from costly magnificence, and the music of his sister's glad voice floated through the scene. The vision was broken—the prison door creaked upon its rusty hinges—he raised his eyes, and the malignant features of the tormentor of his peace, were before him.

"Ha! are you here?" he exclaimed; "is not even the loneliness of my prison sacred from the intrusion of the fiend?"

"The foot that leaves a golden mark may intrude where it lists," replied Hurston, calmly; "but I come to do you a service. You know the value of gold—will you try its power?"

"Tempter, I despise you!" responded Leighton, elevating his form, and eyeing the debauchee with unmingled contempt.

"Ho, you are rash. Gold and liberty! Think again! I can give you both. Shall I name the conditions?"

"Keep your gold for those who are willing to sell their souls for it—you know me well enough. Do you speak to me of conditions! I demand of you my liberty, for it is in your power. Beware how you refuse—*justice* will overtake the guilty!"

"Ha, ha! Vain fool! Do you think to frighten me as you would a woman, with silly words. But I have offered you fair—you perish by your own choice." So saying he left the cell.

For a while Leighton paced the narrow apartment, and endeavoured to calm the agitation of his mind. Hurston's presence had irritated him. His misery was sufficiently bitter before, but to be taunted and insulted there in his lonely cell, by the author of it, was too much for his stoicism to endure. While he brooded upon his resentment, the prison door creaked again upon its hinges, and Elsley entered.

"You are excited!"

"Hurston has been here to tantalize me," replied Leighton.

"I guessed as much," returned the young lawyer; "I met him at the *door*, and exchanged a scowling salutation with him. He bears me, doubtless, but little good will for my officiousness in the case. But no matter. I have nothing to fear from him—his time is measured."

"Ha!" exclaimed Leighton, his eyes brightening in anticipation of the good tidings of which the last sentence seemed to be the forerunner.

"Did you not observe the dullness of his sunken eye, and the ghastliness of his features. Debauchery, disease, and the excess of his passions, have struck their fangs deep into his vitals—the mark of death is upon him."

Leighton was silent, for although he had good reason to exult in this annunciation of the fate impending his persecutor, his heart was not of the mould to take pleasure in the destruction even of his foe. After some moments of thought, he enquired—

"What encouragement does my case afford?"

"As yet, none," replied Elsley; "but we must not despond—we have that sentiment of Halleck to cheer us,—

'Truth crush'd to earth will rise again.'

I shall be upon the alert, and not relax my vigilance. We have time enough—the day for your trial is somewhat distant."

"Ah, my friend, what do I not owe you, for all your generous exertions! I shall never be able to express my gratitude."

"Tut! talk no more of gratitude," returned Elsley, "I shall doubtless be repaid. Men of our profession, you know, seldom waste their abilities without some prospect of a fee. But I have a pressing engagement: keep your spirits. Adieu."

The meaning manner in which Elsley had alluded to a fee, left the prisoner somewhat puzzled; but the half-formed suspicion that he was playing him false, and that his professions were as hollow and insincere as those of the world generally, he soon dismissed, with anger at himself for having an instant entertain- of the thought. And truly he might, for the love of his own sister was hardly purer than the disinterested friendship of the young lawyer.

Chapter IV.

The trial at length came on. It did not occupy many days, for the testimony in the case was brief. Several witnesses stated that they had seen the prisoner in altercation with Hurston—that he drew a pistol, pointed it at Hurston, and that while in the act of cocking it, the latter had closed with him—that the deceased beggar youth had approached the combatants, apparently with the intention of taking part in the affray, when the pistol was fired, and he fell. The pistol was afterwards picked up at the spot of the occurrence, but none of the witnesses, except Hurston himself, were able to testify positively as to whether it was in the hands of the prisoner at the moment of its being fired. The prisoner's counsel (consisting of Elsley and two other gentlemen of legal merit) were able to produce no testimony for the defence, and consequently were compelled to trust to their own ingenuity. The only course that the nature of the case allowed them, was to invalidate or set aside Hurston's testimony, and create a doubt as to which of the combatants fired the pistol. Although, from the fact that Leighton drew it, the presumption would have been strong against him, yet had previous circumstances been brought forward, something might have been effected by the eloquence of the defence. But Leighton's pride revolted at the idea of having his sister's name dragged before a gaping public, and he had exacted from Elsley a promise that it should not be done. And, indeed, the young lawyer's own feelings now made it a point of so much delicacy with him, that he was easily persuaded to yield to the brother's wishes. Thus they were left without a single hope of being able to establish a successful plea.

Upon the third day from the commencement of the trial, the jury, after only an hour's absence from the court-room, returned a verdict against the prisoner of "guilty of manslaughter," and he was remanded back to prison, to await the sentence of the law.

That evening, the sister sought the solitude of her chamber, to indulge her grief. Tears afforded no relief to her bursting heart, and she turned to her Bible, that never-failing source of consolation to the sorrowing Christian. She had scarce opened it, when she was startled by a footstep at her side, and, looking up, beheld the haggard and death-like features of Hurston. She sprang up, and would have screamed for help, but he seized her arm, and, half-drawing a dagger from beneath his vest, warned her that her first cry would be her last.

"Oh!" cried the terrified girl, sinking upon her knees at his feet, "wretch, as *you are, have mercy!*"

"Rise!" he replied, "and calm yourself. I am not here, this time, for violence. But hear me! Your charms have fired me to desperation—I cannot exist without you. If you are willing to forget the past, I can make amends for it. I can free your brother, and place him in the road to fortune. I can give you a home, with all the splendour wealth commands, to gratify your woman's vanity—and I now make you a tender of honorable marriage."

"I scorn your wealth, and so would my injured brother," replied Isabella, her eye brightening at the insult.

"Listen more calmly," continued Hurston. "Your brother may scorn wealth, but do you think he will scorn liberty and an honest reputation? You forget that he is now a convicted murderer—that to-morrow he will be sentenced to the vile toil of a State Prison, from which, if he survive his term, he will issue a branded felon—a miserable outcast from society. I have the power to save him—say if I shall!"

He had touched the strongest chord in the sister's heart with a subtle hand. She was silent a moment, and then replied—

"It is impossible! A demon as well might ask me for my heart."

"I do not ask you for your heart, but a more trifling sacrifice. Do not reject my offer lightly. You know your brother's proud spirit; go to his cell, and see it broken. Look upon his glazed eye and his worn features; and when the term of his imprisonment expires, see him come forth, a withered wretch, with a bowed form and a head prematurely silvered with sorrow! See him encounter the scorn of the world, that will avoid him as a loathsome contamination! See him, in the agony of his broken heart, crawl aside, like a wounded reptile, to die!"

"Enough! Enough! I—I—"

"Speak!" urged the tempter. "His fate and your own depend upon the word—you have no other hope."

"I *have* a hope," exclaimed the tried sister, with sudden energy. "I have a hope—*beyond the grave*—which you, who are on its brink, have not."

He started, for at that moment the hand of disease was wrenching his vitals, and her words fell upon his ear like a prophetic warning.

"There you nor the world can assail us. Father of Mercies!" she continued, raising her eyes to Heaven, and clasping her hands, "I thank Thee that I have a hope!"

At this moment, footsteps were heard in the hall below, and the conscience-stricken debauchee precipitately left the room. How he could have entered the house, and escaped unseen by the servants who were moving about, was afterwards a matter of wonder. But desperate passion will dare every thing.

With a feverish brain, and sick at heart with brooding *over* the fate of his young client, and the grief of the gentle sister, Elsley pressed a sleepless couch. It was sometime past

"That hour, o' night's black arch the keystone,"

and he was vainly endeavoring to compose himself to slumber, when a servant knocked at his chamber door, and informed him that a dying man at the —— Hotel wished to see him immediately. Springing from bed, and dressing hastily, he issued forth. At the door of the hotel, he met the State's Attorney, Mr. ——, who had arrived upon a similar summons. They entered the room of the dying man together, and found a minister and a physician at the bedside—the former dispensing the comforts of his holy office, and the latter holding in his hand a pen and paper, as if he had been taking down the last words of his expiring patient.

"Have they come? Have they come, at last?" said the dying libertine—for it was Hurston—and as they approached the bed he stretched out an emaciated hand to each. "I am going to my last account," he continued, "and I wish to make some reparation for the evil I have done, though I fear it is too late for my soul's salvation. I sent for you to hear my confession, that the innocent may not suffer for the guilty. Read it, Doctor, read it."

The Doctor read the confession he had taken down verbatim from Hurston's lips, and, when he had concluded, the latter resumed, addressing himself to the two lawyers.

"I want you to hear me declare, here in the presence of Almighty God, before whose awful bar I shall shortly stand, that this confession of my guilt is true, and that my own infernal passions urged me to it. It was I that murdered the beggar youth, as I hope God may forgive me for it. I wrested the pistol from Leighton's hand and deliberately did it to ensnare him, that I might the better accomplish my designs upon his helpless sister. I was defeated in that last object. The vengeance of Heaven has overtaken me—I am trying to repent."

He ceased from exhaustion. A few moments afterwards he raised his head, as with an effort of returning life, and laying his hand upon his breast, said to the minister—

"I feel something like peace here, now. I feel—I think—I think I have *that sister's hope!*"

"I pray God you have," replied the minister.

Hurston sank back upon his pillow—the unnatural brightness faded from his eye, and a blank expression of unconsciousness gathered over his features.—It was the lethargy of death. Ere the morning dawned the *repentant libertine* had drawn his last breath.

But little more remains to be told. Two years after a group was gathered around the hearth of Jonathan Kirby. The old Quaker's cheerful face showed that his age was "like to a lusty winter, frosty but kindly." His daughter, the artless and affectionate Alice, sat there beside her young husband, a prospering and respected merchant of the city of brotherly love. That husband was Leighton. And his sweet sister was there—she was a wife, too. Elsley had not wasted his professional abilities in the brother's behalf without the prospect of a fee—the sister's hand had paid it. It was a happy group.

MARRIED BY MISTAKE.

The steam was furiously whizzing from the safety valves of two fine boats that lay beside the wharf at Providence, crowded with passengers, and every moment taking more on board. The Spitfire and Rasp, (Captains Chace and Charcoal,) seemed like two huge monsters, impatient to display their fiery speed upon the race course of the Sound. The tongue of the bell had rung its last alarm, when a hot and hasty traveller, encumbered by a cloak and carpet bag, sprang from the wharf to the deck of the Spitfire, and in so doing, blundered against a gentleman who was standing near the gangway. The new comer, recoiling from the immoveable form of the other, trod on the gouty toe of an unhappy bull dog, who uttered a low growl, and rasped his muzzle against an adjacent trunk, signifying thereby that he had the will, if not the power to avenge an insult. The unlucky assailant sneaked blushingly away to deposit his burthen and secure a berth, while the proprietor of the bull dog drew himself up to his proudest height, toyed with a pink shirt collar, and muttered something like an imprecation, which was lost, however, in the folds of his cravat. The gentlemen who had thus come in contact both belonged to the genus cockney, as was evident from their dress and personal appearance. They both wore square cut green coats, garnished with brass buttons, and white felt hats, with very yellow gloves, and waistcoats, and there was a certain spruce gruffness in their noses and a carroty tinge to their cropped locks that plainly their origin. The principal differences between them consisted in the thin sandy mustache which twinkled on the upper lip of the owner of the bull dog, and in his superior stature. This gentleman had been travelling in the Canadas, and making the grand tour of the lakes, whence he diverged to the City of Notions. He was on his way to a town on the Hudson, there to sign and seal; in short, to wed a lovely damsel, the child of a distant relative, whom he had never seen, but whom the miniature in his possession assured him was a "lovely critchure." The second cockney was travelling "for hinformation."

When the boat began to move, the passengers on board the Spitfire crowded to the starboard side of the vessel to watch the progress of the Rasp. Frequently did Captain Chace descend to the "inferno" in the centre of his craft, and as often, on his re-appearance, did the volume of smoke that issued from the funnels grow denser and blacker, spreading like the wings of some vast bird above the water. At length a loud hurrah proclaimed that the Rasp had given up the contest, and away flew the victorious Spitfire, justifying her name by the trail of sparks she left behind, and cleaving the waves of the Sound with a devilish velocity. The excitement of the race soon died away. Some of the passengers descended to the cabin, others lay at length upon settees; while not a few, with an air of determined activity, strode back and forward on the upper deck. Among the latter were our cockney friends. As often as they crossed each other in their countermarches, he of the moustache gave vent to some fragmentary ejaculations, such as—"Ven a gentleman hinsults another gentleman," and, "heven if the hinsult was hunhintentional," and the like; all of which mutterings ended with a smart swing of his switch cane, which was very awful to behold. Whereupon the lesser cockney would look fluttered, but would essay the air of "Money musk," which invariably died away in a demi-semi-quaver.

The conduct of these travellers afforded much amusement to a couple of American gentlemen, who had noted their proceedings from the first. These last were Frank Harris, a midshipman, and his companion, Dr. Scalpel, both of the U. States' navy. If the young middy was in the highest spirits, the man of science was by no means indisposed to join in his mirth. He was a bluff and portly gentleman of the sect of laughing philosophers. To a whispered scheme of the mischief loving middy, Dr. Scalpel gave assent and countenance. In pursuance of the plan, the friends separated, and soon after entered into conversation with the cockneys; the midshipman making up to the lesser Briton and the surgeon accosting the owner of the bull dog.

"My dear sir," said Harris, "you must excuse my interference in your affairs, but really I take such an interest in you, though a stranger, that I cannot help assisting you. You ran against the gentleman with the switch cane and mustachios."

"It was hentirely hunhintentionally," replied the little cockney, "I ham so wolatile and 'eedless."

"But the man's irascible, and his insolence is apparent to all our fellow passengers."

"Vel, vat shall I do? Hapologize?"

"Apologize! Pooh! that would only encourage him. No—stand your ground, and I'm the man that will uphold you. Assume a firm demeanour."

"Pray 'ow can hi? I'm so wolatile."

"Its easy enough. You must, I say, take a determined attitude."

"As 'ow?" asked the cockney.

"Knit your brows and look big." The little cockney stood on tiptoe. "And if he should challenge you"—

"I'd lodge a hinformation," said the cockney quickly.

"If you did so pusillanimous a thing," replied his Mentor, "I would be the first to forsake you. I would abandon you to the rage of your ferocious adversary."

At that terrible voice and those terrible words the heart of the little cockney died away within him. Meanwhile a different conversation had taken place between the larger cockney and the doctor. The former did not wait for the latter's advances, but commenced with—"'Ow dy'e do, sir? 'Ow dy'e do, sir? Fine day, fine boat, sir. Nice gentlemanly captain, I vish I could say as much for half the passengers." And he cast a very blood-thirsty and significant glance at his timid countryman.

"I take your meaning," said the doctor. "You have been grossly insulted."

"Me and my dog."

"'Twas too provoking."

"An apology, or his 'art's blood!"

"My dear sir, I like your spirit. With your consent I'll wait on the gentleman, receive his apology, or insist on a meeting."

"You're too good, sir."

"And may I ask your name?"

"'Tis of no consequence. At present I'm tra[illegible] incog., like my werry good friend, the Juke of St. James. It vill be a condescension to meet this man, but, as the Juke says, ve can't always valk on stilts like the French shepherds that ve saw in 'Ungary."

The pugnacity of one of the parties favored the designs of the schemers. A duel was agreed upon, and since the doctor had promised to act as the second of the man with mustachios, the midshipman could do no less than render a similar service to his timid antagonist. It was determined, on their arrival at New York, that they should all ascend the Hudson in a steamer, and be set ashore at a landing place well known to the middy, who promised to take them to a most secluded spot.

"I'm fond of seclusion," said he to the little cockney with an air of sentiment, "it's so convenient for fighting. I'm accustomed to these things. I was once at a tavern, with some of my friends, when we got in a confounded squabble. There was Jack Travers, my most particular friend, Ned Halyard, his crony Thompson, and myself. We were so hazy at the time, that the next morning none of us could tell how the quarrel began, or who enacted the parts of it; but it was agreed that the lie had been given, that one gentleman kicked another, and that somebody threw a decanter at some body else's head. It was necessary to have a duel, and we drew lots for sides. Principals and seconds fought at the same time. I shot at my friend, and Ned Halyard lodged a bullet in his crony. But there was no great harm done, and we shook hands and breakfasted together. We bore no malice to each other—it was done for the honor of the service. There was a necessity for fighting, as there is in your case."

The little cockney would fain have disputed the proposition, but his courage failed when he heard Frank Harris talk so dashingly about a duel.

Arrived at the fatal battle field, the combatants were placed in their respective stations, and furnished with pistols by their friendly seconds. The little cockney was as pale as a sheet, and even the upper lip of the mustachioed hero twitched convulsively. "Fire!" cried Frank Harris in a voice of thunder. Bang! bang! went the pistols. "Are you hurt?" cried each second to his principal. The replies were in the negative. "Try it again," said Frank Harris fiercely, and fresh pistols were presented. This time the hero of the mustachios took a deliberate aim—and missed. The little cockney pulled the trigger, and down went his great antagonist. The seconds and the successful duellist rushed to the spot where the dying man lay kicking convulsively with a deep red stain upon his marble forehead.

Like Byron's hero, he exclaimed—"I've got my gruel," and, like Byron's hero, too, his thought was of his layde love. "I enjoin it on you," said he to the victor, "to go to the 'ouse of Villiam Viggins, which can't be far from 'ere. Take this 'ere letter, which was my credentials, and show it to 'im. Tell Miss Sarah Viggins I hexpired with a vound in my 'ed and von in my 'art—she'll understand the compliment. Tell 'em I died game—and 'ark ye, I forgives you 'artily. It vas all my hown fault." Having wrung the hand of the repentant homicide, he closed his eyes and lay back upon the sward.

"'Eaven knows," exclaimed the poor little cockney, "that I didn't seek his life. I shut my heyes ven I fired, and I thought the bullet would go over 'is 'ead."

"You have killed your brother traveller," said the surgeon, in a deep sepulchral voice.

"My brother traveller!" shrieked the poor little cockney. "Yes, and that makes me a fratricide."

"This is no time for lamentation," said Frank Harris. "Rouse yourself. If you resolve to comply with the dying man's injunction, you must procure a conveyance at the inn, where they can direct you to the house of Wiggins. As for me, I will soon meet you again. Tell the story of your victim's death, but conceal your agency in the affair. Adieu."

The disconsolate duellist shook the proffered hand of the midshipman, and after one sorrowful glance at the body of his victim, took his departure from the fatal spot. At the inn he was informed that Mr. William Wiggins lived in the immediate neighborhood, and thither he proceeded on foot, musing, "under the shades of melancholy boughs," upon the late disaster.

> "He from the world had cut off a great man;"

And what was to be his reception at the house of the bereaved bride. How would her lovely bosom heave, and her beauteous eyes be filled with tears, at the melancholy intelligence which widowed her ere she had been wedded. And the heart-broken father, too! It would bring down his gray hairs in sorrow to the grave. In the event of their discovering that he had been the destroyer of their bliss, what would his penitence and tears avail! Into such a state of agitation was the poor little cockney thrown, that, upon arriving at the Wiggins' house, he had hardly strength enough to pull the door bell. The house stood on the outskirts of a thriving village, and was a trim little box of a [illegible] overgrown with vines, and embosomed in foliage and flowers, looking out upon a pleasant lawn. But the little cockney had no eyes for the beauties of nature, and no time to observe them; for, at the sound of the bell, an aged domestic appeared at the door, and ushered the tremulous visitor into the best room of the house. Mr. Wiggins immediately entered, a portly little gentleman in a snuff-coloured suit, with the brightest pair of eyes that ever looked a person through. He bowed, and waited for the visitor to speak.

"Mr. Villiam Viggins, I presume."

"The same, sir."

"I come, sir, to inform you of an unappy, a werry unappy event—your son-in-law—that was to be—hoh lord! hoh dear! I never can get through vith it. This letter"——

——"Is directed to me! Hey! Speak fast. Let's have it." And as the trembling youth yielded up the letter, the piercing little eyes of Mr. Wiggins ran over the lines in a minute. No sooner had he finished the perusal of the letter, than his face lighted up, and springing forward, he grasped the hand of the little cockney with warmth.

"So, you are Mr. John Smith—hey?"

"That certainly is my name. I wonder vere he found it out," was the exclamation of the cockney.

"My dear Mr. Smith, I'm so delighted to see you—we've been long expecting you—made all the preparation, my dear fellow—and Sarah feels as brides expectant ought to feel, and Mrs. Wiggins is in the fidgets—but I'll present you at once."

"Mr. Viggins, you mistake hentirely."

"No mistake at all in the matter."

"I didn't come to marry your daughter, but to say that her marriage can never take place."

"What d'ye mean, John Smith?" cried the irascible old gentleman, his little eyes twinkling with sudden passion, "D'ye know to whom you speak? Abshud! I'll make you marry her. Why, you're mad as a March hare."

Several times did the unhappy bearer of a too common name attempt an explanation, but as often as he essayed to speak, the singular little eyes of the old gentleman would sparkle and light up, and he would overwhelm the wretched Londoner with a torrent of high words. So the latter submitted at last, with forced resignation to his fate, which in this instance seemed to hurry him into the arms of a very pretty girl. Both mother and daughter welcomed their guest with delight, and he soon found himself at ease in their company; but as often as he began to speak on the subject that lay heavy on his heart, the eye of the old man kindled up, and he made a menacing gesture, which brought back all the fears of the unhappy Smith. Thus beset, he began to think it would not be so very wrong to accept of the wife thus singularly forced upon him. He was in good circumstances, no obstacle stood in his path, and it was very unlikely the affair would ever be cleared up. On the contrary, should his full confession be heard, should the knowledge of the unhappy rencontre transpire, what had he not to fear from the severity of unknown laws in an unknown land! He could not run away, for the bright-eyed old gentleman kept a vigilant watch over him, and he found he could not pass the limits of the lawn in a morning walk, without being pursued by the aged domestic, with some message that invariably brought him back. Therefore we should not wonder that when the wedding day was fixed, Mr. John Smith was a passive bridegroom—that he pronounced all the vows required by love, law, and religion: Squire 'Cobus Everlink kissed the bride maids and the bride, and was as gay as a man in such unhappy circumstances could be.

On the morning after his marriage, to his horror and surprise, he was confronted, in the little parlour which had witnessed the sacred ceremony, with his ancient antagonist, who, accompanied by Harris and the surgeon, appeared to beard the bridegroom in his den. The resuscitation of the largest Mr. Smith is easily accounted for. The mischievous midshipman had superadded a little red paint to the charge of powder in the pistols, and the appearance of this on the forehead of the cockney, so alarmed him that he gave himself up for dead. He had now arrived too late in the day. What an *eclaircissement!* And the bride trembled and fainted, doubtless! She did no such thing. But when she found that one Mr. John Smith was quite as respectable and wealthy as the other, she clung to the arm of her husband, declared that he was the man of her choice, that she never could have looked twice upon the other; and was as happy as possible, though *married by mistake.*

Danger of Incautiousness.

BY CAROLINE ORNE.

> "O, that the good gods
> Would set me free from this unhallowed place,
> Though they did change me to the meanest bird
> That flew in the purer air."—[Anon.

"There is Mr. Haynes just passing by in his chaise," said Mrs. Osborne to her daughter; "run to the door, Lucy, and ask him to step in a minute."

Mr. Haynes, with a good-natured smile, stepped out of his chaise, and hitching his horse in the shade of a tree that grew near, entered Mrs. Osborne's parlor. The little apartment was furnished in the style common in retired country towns thirty years since. The floor, white as scouring could make it, was strewed with silvery sand collected from some distant beach, and the fire-place was filled with pine boughs, intermingled with asparagus—then somewhat a rare plant in the country—full of crimson berries. Opposite the fire-place was a small black walnut desk, highly polished with beeswax, and in one corner a round table of the same material, bearing the same high gloss, which, with the lid turned perpendicularly for the purpose of saving room, nearly superceded the necessity of the small-looking glass, in a mahogany frame, ornamented with a gilt spread eagle. An old-fashioned clock occupied another corner, and a few coarse engravings, glazed and framed, above which stuck several peacock feathers, hung against the white-washed walls. Mrs. Osborne, attired in a lay-colored and white linen gown of her own manufacture, was employed with some plain sewing, and Lucy, with a slight approach to what was considered more fashionable costume, was dressed in a blue and white calico.

"Mr. Haynes," said Mrs. Osborne, after a few common place remarks had been made, "you know that when my husband died, our farm was burthened with a mortgage of three hundred dollars, and the best that I have been able to do, is to pay the interest annually. Lucy and I have been talking the matter over, and we can think of only one way to obtain any thing towards paying the principal. A gentleman by the name of Williams, who resides in the city, and who is very rich, is married to a woman I used to be well acquainted with in my young days, and I have thought of writing to her, to see if she will employ Lucy to do plain sewing, or to work about house, just as she may need."

"My wife and daughter," replied Mr. Haynes, "will be loth to part with a girl they set as much by as Lucy; but if she have resolution and enterprise enough to be willing to go away from home for the sake of earning something, I think we ought to do what we can to encourage her."

"It will be a great trial for me to part with her," said Mrs. Osborne, "as you may well think; but as Lucy is the eldest, and there is a large family of children to provide for, I don't see any alternative."

"Her education," said Mr. Haynes, "is good enough to keep our school next summer; but she will have to be idle nearly a year waiting for it; and after all, as Mr. Kimball is one of the school-committee, he will be likely to secure the place for one of his daughters. As we know Lucy to be a discreet, considerate girl, I think her own inclination and opinion should have some weight in the matter."

"I first suggested the plan of going to the city," said Lucy, "and though it may be considered more genteel to be a school-mistress, I could obtain employment in that way only three or four months, which would procure but little towards paying three hundred dollars. I shall regret leaving home, but as I consider it a duty, I think I can content myself to be absent."

"If my application to Mrs. Williams should prove successful," said Mrs. Osborne, "I shall wish to make an arrangement with you to convey her about forty miles, when she can, you know, take the stage."

"I can carry her the whole distance, as well as not," he replied; "for I have business just this side of the city, and have been thinking of going for some time."

Mr. Haynes now took leave, and Mrs. Osborne, with more reluctance than she thought it prudent to manifest, commenced the task of writing to Mrs. Williams, the early friend whom fortune had exalted to a high station in society, while it had left her, though gifted with superior advantages, both mental and personal, to maintain a continual struggle with poverty.

As the mail, which was carried on horseback, arrived only once a week, an answer could not be expected short of two weeks. During the interim, Lucy employed a part of her leisure in putting her wardrobe in order, the more prominent articles of which it may not be amiss to describe, as it was nearly a fac simile of all the wardrobes belonging to country girls of her age, thirty years since. Her dresses—always in those old-fashioned days called gowns—were, besides two calico ones for every day wear, that had evidently seen much service, a pink and white plaid gingham; a calico with a white ground, ornamented with minute purple sprigs; and a plain white cambric, embroidered round the bottom to the depth of eight or ten inches, with work designed to represent sheaves of wheat and bunches of grapes. One plain cambric cape, another scalloped at the edge, near which ran a vine of leaves, interspersed with eyelets; and a cotton shawl supplied the place of more costly articles, for a similar use at the present day. These, together with two cambric pocket handkerchiefs, a pair of new morocco shoes, and a pair of gloves made of white jean, and a straw bonnet trimmed with pink lustring ribbon, constituted the choicest and most costly part of Lucy's clothing.

Mrs. Osborne's letter received a prompt reply from Mrs. Williams, who said she had plenty of sewing to give Lucy constant employment. The letter arrived Saturday evening, and as every thing was in readiness, Mr. Haynes thought it best to start early Monday morning. Mrs. Osborne parted with Lucy with a smiling countenance, though her heart was sad. Lucy, with the cheerfulness and elasticity of spirits usually attendant on youth and health, sprang into the chaise, and brushing away the tears that hung like dew-drops on her long dark eye-lashes, she bade her mother a smiling good-bye.

It was nearly sunset, the second day after leaving home, that they arrived at the busy and crowded metropolis of her native state. Every thing was nearly as new to Mr. Haynes as Lucy, he having never been there but once, which was ten or a dozen years previous. His first enquiry was for Pearl street, in which Mrs. Williams resided, and though the directions he received were so complicated that they served to perplex rather than enlighten him, he told Lucy there was no use staying there, and that they had better jog on.

"Let me see," said he, "I think the man told me, that after going up this street a piece, I must turn to the left."

To the left, therefore, he turned, but the difficulty of making his way amongst vehicles of different kinds, which were jostling against each other, entirely drove the remainder of the directions out of his head. He, therefore, enquired of an elderly woman, rather showily dressed, and who came almost to a stand to look at them, if she could tell him the way to Pearl street.

"La, yes, indeed," she replied. "What part of Pearl street do you wish to go to, sir?"

"That I cannot tell you; but I want to find a family of the name of Williams, where this girl I have with me is going to live. Do you know such a person as Mr. John Williams?"

"I guess I do. He is a near neighbor to me, and his wife is an old crony of mine. Just walk your horse along slowly, and I will point out the house to you in fifteen minutes."

Mr. Haynes and Lucy had no words to express half the gratitude with which their hearts were overflowing, but she assured them that it did her heart good to do people a kindness, even if they were strangers to her. Mr. Haynes, who was fond of chatting, made no attempt to move on, but continued to answer her questions, till she had learnt all the circumstances which had induced Lucy to leave home.

"But there," said she at last, "I won't detain you here any longer, for it is growing late. Proceed slowly, and keep your eye on me, and I will soon bring you to the right house."

Twilight was now rapidly merging into night, and had it not been for the street lamps, and the lights which began to illuminate the shop windows, it would have been difficult for them to have discerned their guide. After threading what appeared to them a perfect labyrinth of narrow streets, the woman stopped before a large brick building, which she informed them was where Mr. Williams lived.

"I expected such a rich man as Mr. Williams would have a handsomer house than this," said Lucy.

"La, dear," replied their conductress, "the gentry care more about the inside than they do the outside of their houses."

As they were alighting from the chaise, she gave two smart raps with the large brass knocker, and the door was immediately opened by a man to whom she spoke a few words in a whisper. The man directed a glance of intelligence towards Lucy, and telling Mr. Haynes that he might set her trunk down in the hall, invited him to walk into the parlor.

"I cannot make any stop," he replied, "but should like before I go to speak a word or two to Mrs. Williams about this girl, and charge her to treat her kindly, now she is away from all her friends."

"I am sorry it has so happened," said the man, "but Mr. and Mrs. Williams have both gone out to spend the evening, and probably will not return till a late hour."

"You needn't feel a mite worried about her," said the woman, "for Mrs. Williams is none of your mean, narrow-spirited women, and I'll warrant, that instead of putting the daughter of an old friend into a gloomy back chamber to do her sewing, she will treat her like a queen, and keep her in the parlor with her."

"If she does," said Mr. Haynes, "it will be no more than Lucy deserves, for there never was a better girl. Her mother, I am afraid, will have a lonely time without her, but I will tell her what you say of Mrs. Williams, which will be a great comfort to her. Lucy," said he, taking her hand, "I hate to leave you among strangers, though I couldn't ask people to be kinder or more obliging. I know well enough, though every thing here looks as grand as Aladdin's palace I read of when I was a boy, your heart will be with your mother and the children, this evening, in the little parlor. Good bye, and remember there is One who protects the innocent."

He now turned abruptly away, for he felt a moisture gathering in his own eyes, when he saw that Lucy's were filled with tears. When he reached the threshold he stopped.

"Have you a boy about the house," said he, "who would show me the way to a tavern, where I can get my horse well stabled?"

"Certainly," replied the man, and a lad of fourteen was instantly summoned, to whom he gave some directions, and then added in a low voice—"be sure that you make turns enough so that he will not easily find the way back again."

"Come, dear," said the woman to Lucy, "take off your bonnet and take a seat on the sofa."

"I think I had better go into the kitchen," replied Lucy, "for I have heard that people who live in the city don't like to have those that work for them sit in the parlor, even when their work is all done."

"La, you don't consider yourself on a level with the servants, I hope, as you are to be employed in sewing. Besides, it would be a shame for a girl with such eyes and such rosy cheeks as you have, to be hid away in the kitchen. What beautiful hair you have too. I have known such a head of hair to make a girl's fortune; so sit down and make yourself comfortable. I will stay with you this evening and keep you company, and as I am a friend of the family, I shall make myself at home and order supper, as it would be a shame for you to go without eating after such a journey."

"O! don't order supper on my account," said Lucy. "A slice of cake or a biscuit is all that I need."

As Lucy finished speaking, a loud *rap* was heard at the outer door.

"Bless me," said the woman, "I will warrant somebody has come to spend the evening with Mr. and Mrs. Williams, but Mr. Falers, the man you saw when you first came, can tell where they are gone."

In a few minutes the parlor door was opened by Mr. Falers, and a man, who, though past the prime of life, was dressed in the extreme of dandyism, was ushered in.

"Good evening, Mrs. Jukeley," said he, addressing the woman. "I called for the purpose of passing a social evening with Mr. and Mrs. Williams, and though I regret that they are absent, I shall not mind it much with you to supply their place."

"You might with more propriety say with this beautiful young lady to supply their place," replied Mrs. Jukeley, who introduced him to Lucy by the name of Dawton.

Shortly afterwards Mrs. Jukeley ordered refreshments, and a table was soon spread with a variety of delicacies, most of which were entirely new to Lucy. Mrs. Jukeley and Dawton chatted very fluently in a strain which, though Lucy could not fully comprehend, she by no means liked, and which was intermingled with many direct compliments to herself that flattered far less than they disgusted her. The clock struck twelve before Mr. Dawton thought proper to take leave.

"What a pleasant gentleman," said Mrs. Jukeley, after he had gone. "Were you not very much pleased with him?"

"I cannot say that I was," Lucy replied.

"I dare say you would have liked him better, if he had appeared like one of your country clowns, who would have stumbled over the threshold in attempting to make a bow, and dropped his hat and cane in trying to recover himself. But it is not to be expected that you should understand and appreciate fashionable manners at present, but you will soon learn."

Lucy, without replying to these remarks, enquired if it were not time for Mr. and Mrs. Williams to return.

"La! I forgot to tell you that Mrs. Williams sent word just after you arrived that she should accompany Mr. Williams to a distant town, where he was unexpectedly called on business, and where they will, without doubt, stay several days."

"How unfortunate!" said Lucy.

"Now I think it is fortunate, as it will give you time to procure elegant and fashionable clothing, which is all you need to make you outshine every belle in the city."

"I must make my old clothes do for the present," said Lucy, "as I came here to earn money, not to spend it."

"Certainly you did—but then if some friend should make you a present of some—Mr. Dawton, for instance, who is rich as a Jew, wouldn't mind giving you a twenty dollar lace veil, more than he would a cent."

"But I should mind accepting one from such a disagreeable person," replied Lucy.

"You are tired and sleepy now, child. You wi think differently after a good night's rest, and when you come to see the ladies pass by dressed in their silks and hundred dollar shawls. Come, let me show you to your chamber."

When Lucy was left by herself, and had time to reflect on what had occurred since she parted with Mr. Haynes, she began to be haunted with a vague fear that Mrs. Jukeley, whom, at first, she had thought the kindest and most motherly woman, belonged to a class she had read of in some novel. This fear assumed a shape more palpable, when looking round the chamber, she found it was furnished with a splendor equal to what she had seen described in oriental fiction. The more she reflected, the more alarmed she became, and at last, she formed the resolution, late as it was, to attempt to make her escape from the house. For this purpose she cautiously raised the latch, but on attempting to push open the door, she found that it was locked on the outside. More confirmed in her fears than before, she looked round for the purpose of finding something by which she could secure the door on the inside so as to prevent any person from entering. Her eye fell on her trunk which caused her to recollect her scissors, which she placed over the latch. Her mind now became calmer, and placing herself in a large damask-covered chair, contrary to her expectations, she soon fell into a sound sleep. It was sunrise when she awoke, and as she raised her eyes and saw the reflection of her person in a costly mirror, a sense of her situation fell with a crushing weight upon her heart. She listened to ascertain if any of the household were yet astir, but an unbroken silence, reigned throughout the mansion. As the air of her room seemed somewhat close, she drew aside the rich, heavy curtain, and opening the window sat down near it. Not more than five minutes had elapsed, before the blind of a window exactly opposite the one where she sat, and only a few feet distant, was thrown back by a young man of a handsome and pleasing countenance, who was neatly, but plainly dressed. Lucy started and was going to leave the window, but making a sign for her to remain, he hastily wrote a few words on a piece of paper which he reached so far towards her that she could take it without difficulty. It contained the following words:

"I saw you when you entered the house, where you now are, and your appearance so much interested me, that I immediately took measures to ascertain whether it were a place suitable for an innocent girl, such as I doubt not that you are. My inquiries have proved to my own satisfaction, what I had for some time suspected, that it is a seat of infamy. If your connection with it is involuntary, as I believe it will be, you will, of course, lose no time in attempting to escape. Should you succeed, enquire for the jeweller's shop of Thomas Whitman, where you will find the writer of this, and his sister, Edith Whitman."

As the note exactly accorded with her own suspicions, she determined, without a moment's hesitation to follow, if possible, its directions. It was not long before she heard persons moving below, and removing the scissors she had placed over the latch, she waited with all the composure she could assume, for the door of her prison-chamber to be unlocked. It was nearly an hour when she heard the key turn and the door open. She looked round, dreading to encounter the hypocritical face of Mrs. Jukeley, but instead of her, she beheld a coarse looking servant woman, who enquired if she needed any assistance about dressing. Lucy replied in the negative, and she then told her that when the breakfast bell rang, which would be in half an hour, she would come and show her the way down. Lucy listened till her receding footsteps died away, then taking what little money she had, and putting on her bonnet, she stole softly from the chamber. When she came to the first landing of the stair-case, she found it branched off in two opposite directions, and she knew not which to take. It would not do to hesitate, and she turned to the right, but the voice of Mrs. Jukeley in loud and chiding tones met her ear, which caused her quickly to retrace her steps and take the left hand stairs. When she had descended, she found herself in the hall she had entered the evening preceding, but her consternation cannot be described when she found the outer door was locked and the key removed. She entered an apartment, the door of which was ajar, with the intention of escaping from a window. All of them were faced with a close, high fence, not one looking towards the street. She ran back into the hall. At that moment the door was opened by Mr. Falers, and as it swung back it screened her from observation. As he was taking off his hat and gloves, she darted from her hiding place, and almost flew through the open door. Falers immediately recognized her, and nearly succeeded in intercepting her flight; he dared not pursue her, however, as the streets were beginning to be filled with people. For the first few minutes she thought only of making good her escape. As she became calmer, she thought of the jeweller's shop and was about to enquire of a person she met, when she discovered it was Dawson. She held down her head that he might not see her face, but he had already perceived who she was, and bowing low, bade her good morning.

"You walk early this morning, as well as myself," said he—"shall I have the pleasure of accompanying you?"

"I thank you," she replied; "I had rather not trouble you."

"O, it will be a pleasure rather than a trouble," he said, and turning about, he walked by her side.

Lucy was greatly perplexed, for she disliked to enquire the way to the jeweller's shop in the presence of Dawson. She walked on a while, hoping he would leave her. She soon found that this was by no means his intention; she therefore accosted a boy standing at a shop door, and made the necessary enquiry.

"You ought to have turned into the last street but one, which you passed on the right hand," said the boy, "where anybody would have showed you the shop."

"I should have been happy to have given you the necessary information, Miss Osborne," said Dawson, "had you condescended to enquire of me. Mr. Whitman has a great variety of choice and splendid jewelry on hand, and if it be your intention to purchase some this morning, as I am allowed to be a judge in such matters, I can probably assist you in making a judicious selection."

"As it is not my intention to purchase any," replied Lucy, "I will not trouble you to go with me."

"I have thought of purchasing some myself," he replied, "and consider it a fortunate circumstance in having your company."

At this moment a gentleman turned the corner of the street to which the boy had directed her, and looking round for a few moments, advanced towards them. When she first beheld him, Lucy imagined he resembled the writer of the note. She quickened her pace, and as the distance lessened between them, she felt sure it was the same person. As they met, she involuntarily held out her hand to him saying—

"Oh, sir, will you not protect me?"

"Certainly," he replied, looking at Dawson; "if you don't consider yourself as already sufficiently protected."

"I am, at least, very willing to protect her," said Dawson; and, seizing Lucy's hand, he drew it under his arm.

"I am not under his protection," said she, struggling to free herself from his grasp. "He met me and insisted on walking with me, though I repeatedly assured him that I did not wish for his company."

"You may judge how far her assertion may be credited," said Dawson, "when I inform you that she is a boarder at a certain establishment in —— street. She has a good eye, and can see the difference between your young face and my old one."

Lucy, afraid that Whitman would abandon her, burst into tears.

"If she at first desired your protection, sir," said he to Dawson, "it is evident that she wishes for it no longer, and it is certainly unnecessary for me to inform you, that no gentleman, in such a case, would use compulsion."

"It is certainly unnecessary for me to take lessons in politeness from Mr. Thomas Whitman, the jeweller," replied Dawson, endeavoring to conceal, by a nonchalant air, the fear with which Whitman's resolute air, more than his words, had inspired him. "I only wished to ascertain whether such a pretty little rustic really had a mind of her own or not."

He now released her hand, and told her he hoped to have the pleasure of seeing her again in the evening at Mrs. Jukeley's."

While Mr. Whitman and Lucy are proceeding to his shop, where his sister Edith is awaiting them, we will look in upon Mr. Haynes, who had just risen from a good breakfast at the tavern where he lodged, and who, when he parted with Lucy the evening previous, intended to call on her in the morning, though, lest something should occur to prevent him, he did not mention his intention.

"Have you a lad about house," said he, addressing the landlord, "who would be willing for a shilling to show me the way to Mr. Williams' house in Pearl street?"

The landlord replied that he had, and calling a boy who stood near, he gave him the necessary directions. Mr. Haynes, as they passed through several streets, thought every thing looked very different from what it did the evening before, and asked the boy if he was sure he was going right.

"Yes, sir," was the boy's laconic reply, who indeed went forward with the air of one who knew what he was about.

In a few minutes afterwards, he stopped before a splendid looking building.

"This is the house, sir," said he; and touching his hat, he held out his hand for the promised shilling.

"It is Mr. Williams' house that I want you to show me," said Mr. Haynes.

"This is Mr. Williams' house, sir."

"Is it Mr. John Williams' house?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, here is your shilling; but I must say I never saw a house look so different by daylight from what it did by lamp-light."

He knocked at the door, which, being opened, he found, as the boy had told him, that the house belonged to Mr. John Williams. He was ushered into the parlor, where Mr. Williams, who had just risen from the breakfast-table, sat reading a newspaper. Mrs. Williams, too, was present, engaged in sewing, to whom he remarked, after a little conversation with her husband, that he thought he would just call and see how Lucy was after her journey, and whether she thought she should be contented.

"Lucy!" repeated Mrs. Williams; "whom do you allude to?"

"Lucy Osborne, to be sure, that I brought here last night, to live with you according to the agreement you made with her mother."

"Did you say that you brought her here last evening?" said Mr. Williams.

"Certainly I *did*, and left her here."

"That is impossible, for Mrs. Williams and I were at home all the evening, and we neither heard nor saw any thing of either of you."

"Is it possible that I have been imposed upon?" said Mr. Haynes, turning very pale. He then, at their request, gave a particular account of all that occurred, from the time he and Lucy first entered the city, till the moment he parted with her.

"Would it not be possible for you to find the house where you left her?" said Mr. Williams.

Mr. Haynes shook his head, and replied that the boy who showed him the way to the tavern went through so many streets, and turned so many corners, that by the time he got there, he could not tell one point of the compass from another. They all concluded, however, that something must be done, and Mr. Williams proposed accompanying Mr. Haynes on an excursion of discovery. They had but just stepped from the door, when Mr. Haynes exclaimed—

"If I can believe my own eyes, I should say that was Lucy Osborne, coming this way with a young man and woman."

"We will wait a minute and see," said Mr. Williams.

"Yes, it is she," said Mr. Haynes, as they approached nearer, "and were it not that people might mistake me for a dancing bear, I should have a good will to try a hornpipe, for, to confess the truth, I never felt so blank in my life as I did when I found that I had been overreached by that woman that I took to be a kind of saint upon earth, to say nothing of what I felt on Lucy's account, who, through my want of caution, was in a situation of so much danger."

By this time, Mr. Whitman and his sister and Lucy had arrived at the spot where they stood, and Mr. Haynes, so overjoyed that he hardly knew what he did, gave Lucy a kiss that rang so loudly in the clear morning air, as to bring a smile to the lips of the spectators, and a deep blush to the cheeks of Lucy.

"You must excuse me, Lucy," said he, "and you too, gentlefolks; for, except our own daughters, there is not a girl on earth that my wife and I set so much by as we do by her. Besides, to have gone home, and not been able to tell where she was, would near about have killed her mother."

Mr. Williams was well acquainted with Mr. Whitman, and he now invited him and the others into the house, where an hour was spent in conversing upon the circumstances which had been the means of bringing them together.

"That young man," said Mr. Williams, after Mr. Whitman had taken leave, "affords a striking example of what may be gained by unquestionable probity and a strict attention to business. When a boy of fourteen, he went to learn a jeweller's trade of a Mr. Anderson; and when twenty-one, his late master hired him as a journeyman. In this capacity he worked three years, when Mr. Anderson, whose health was infirm, and who did not care to increase his already large property, determined to retire from business. Having great confidence in young Whitman, he wished him to become his successor; but the wages of three years—all he possessed in the world—was, of course, wholly inadequate to the purchase of the most valuable and select assortment of jewelry in the city, and he could not be prevailed on to accept Mr. Anderson's offer, and take a sufficient quantity on credit to enable him to go on with the business. Finally, an arrangement was made between them, by which Whitman was to assume the whole care of the business, and, in return, receive a certain share of the profits. Four years' trial has showed Mr. Anderson that he had not overrated Whitman's talent for business, and that his confidence in his honesty had not been misplaced.—He told me, not a week since, that he would soon be able to purchase the whole establishment."

"There is no knowing, after all," said Mr. Haynes, "but that good may come of evil. If Lucy had come directly here, she might never have been introduced to this young gentleman; but now, if I am any judge, he will not fail to improve the acquaintance which has already commenced."

"I am of your opinion," said Mr. Williams; "that is, if Miss Osborne will permit him to."

Lucy, of course, did not hear these remarks, being engaged in examining some very pretty card-cases were passed by her eldest daughter.

Though Lucy had been taught by her mother to take an active share in the labors of the household, she had not been without her dreams of romance.—She had occasionally found time to steal away to a sweet forest-nook, where the thrilling whispers of the wind-stirred leaves, at intervals lost in the clear, joyous carol of some bird, seemed to speak the same thoughts which were treasured in her bosom, though she had no words to utter them. These lonely hours of musing, together with the companionship of an intelligent and well-educated mother, had refined and elevated her intellectual nature, so that there was no one of the coarse, though frank and open-hearted young men of her acquaintance, who had sympathies corresponding with her own. Their eyes would glisten at the sight of a thrifty hill of potatoes, but a bed of violets was either passed unheeded, or regarded as worthless; and if they admired a fine oak, it was on account of the quantity of timber it would afford, and not for its rich foliage.

Thomas Williams, as has already been mentioned, had, like her, been early inured to toil, yet his intellectual nature had not slept. Possessed of a firm and vigorous constitution, he had been able, without injury to his health, to almost nightly steal an hour or two from sleep, which was devoted to mental culture. He did not, as Mr. Haynes had expected, neglect to cultivate his acquaintance with Lucy, who, when listening to his remarks, found language for her own beautiful thoughts. In him, she had found one who possessed the key to unlock the treasures of her heart and mind, and enable her to give them form, and color them with the beautiful and vivid hues of imagination. It is not, therefore, very natural to suppose, that when, after an acquaintance of a few months, he made her an offer of his hand, she felt much disposition to refuse it, as she had for some time been pretty sure, that she possessed his heart.

Mr. and Mrs. Williams would have been gratified to have had their bridal celebrated at their house; but Lucy preferred to return home, and be married in the parlor described in the commencement of the story, surrounded by her mother, and brothers and sisters, and a few particular friends, among whom were Mr. Haynes, with his wife and daughters, one of whom was her bridesmaid.

THE PIC NIC—A RETROSPECT.

Oh! long shall we remember well, like dreams of earliest love,
When o'er the bosom of the lake we sought the island-grove;
The shaded walks, the rich repast, the music, mirth and song,
The sail at twilight, and its scenes, we shall remember long!

And when the evening feast was o'er, and hearts were beating high,
Oh! then came on the merry dance beneath the moon-lit sky;
And gallant hearts, and soft white hands, and fairy steps were there,
And sounds of flute and light guitar rose on the perfumed air.

The beautiful and gay were there—the Ellens and the Kates—
And married men without their wives, and wives without their mates!—
And there was Jane—"my pretty Jane,"—the fairest of the fair,
With heart as light and eyes as bright as ever maiden's were!

There, too, was Mira, with the bloom of girlhood on her cheek,—
A smile was ever on her lips, as if she fain would speak;—
The Lizzies, with their glorious eyes, and features form'd to please,—
And she, with air and look sedate—the modest, fair Louise.

Out on the canting moralist, who, in an hour like this,
With bodings dark and solemn phiz, would shade our present bliss;
A ban be on the various wight, whose sidelong glances say,
Old Time will change these maidens fair to matrons old and gray!

We meet no more as then we met, in yonder sylvan dell,
Yet, ere the minstrel's song is o'er, he speaks a last *farewell!*
Oh! ever be the smile as bright, as stainless each fair brow,
Each heart as full of happiness and free from guile, as now.

HARP OF THE VALE.

The Visions of the Past.

The flitting visions of the past—
How oft they rise and pass before me;
Until their shadowed splendors cast
A deep and thrilling feeling o'er me.

Then oft my spirit wafted back,
Beholds thro' memory's open portal
The hopes that lit life's early track,
The joys she fondly deem'd immortal.

She breathes perfume from flowers again,
That round the early bowers were springing;
And hears once more the birds' sweet strain,
That round that cherished spot were singing.

Kind voices meet her eager ear,
And gentle sounds of love and gladness,
And many a tone she loved to hear,
Ere life for her had breathed of sadness.

She revels 'mid her early dreams,
Again with all her bounding lightness,
Until she fain no longer deems
How fleeting was the fairy brightness.

How slight withal may be the things
That thus our early feelings waken—
That stir the memory's charmed springs,
Till all its crystal depths be shaken.

A strain of music breathed again,
Heard not perchance since childhood's hours—
A wild bird's sweet but sudden strain,
Perfume from once familiar flowers.

Oft thro' the startled soul will dart
A sense of vague yet thrilling pleasure,
A wild desire as if to start
And grasp some lost and cherished treasure.

Bright are these visions—but alas!
Too truly are they visions only—
And o'er the weary heart they pass,
To make its weariness more lonely.

S. L. L.

CHARLOTTE WINFRED.

BY THOMAS G. SPEAR.

Often have I recalled the story of Charlotte Winfred, as a touching instance of woman's wasted affection, and I will endeavor briefly to unfold to the reader the sweet character she sustained from the time I first knew her as a girl, until I heard of the close of her life. However little of interest may attend the relation, it has, to me, all the force of a sad reality.

Richly endowed with personal beauty, and possessed of a quick understanding and amiable and sprightly disposition, Charlotte needed but education to complete the work which nature had so well begun. This her parents did not fail to bestow, and, at the age of seventeen, she returned from the seminary complete in every requisite accomplishment. Her attractions soon became the theme of general admiration, especially among the young men of the vicinity, whose attentions were soon lavishly bestowed upon her. Among those whose addresses she received, the appearance and bearing of Joseph Manford were ever the most acceptable to Charlotte. He was always mild, complaisant, and agreeable while in her presence, though reputedly of a haughty, ambitious, and impatient tendency; but this Charlotte not knowing, her heart was finally taken captive, and she committed her hopes, confident of happiness, to the man she loved. When once entranced in the dream of bewildered passion, her affections would naturally seek to palliate every fault of her intended husband. Never doubting the parental sanction, when, in her mother's presence, she approached her father upon the subject, who had for some time regretted, while he could not well avoid the strengthening partiality of his daughter for Manford, she was surprised and confused at his hesitating acquiescence.

"Charlotte," said he, "I fear you are mistaken in your choice. I have doubts of your congeniality with Mr. Manford, and wish you to consider well before you decide; but, if you cannot change the tide of your inclination, I beg you to fortify yourself in case of disappointment or reverse. Men, sometimes, however, turn out different from what we expected.—This may, and I hope will be, the case with yours; and may you be as happy as a wife as you have been dutiful as a child."

She thought often and seriously upon these words, but she believed her father had judged through error, from what she had uniformly seen of the object of her growing affections. Mr. Winfred had never, but in this case, seemed to disapprove her expressed inclinations, nor did he now interfere to thwart her wishes. His children had none of them given him occasion to say, in the bitterness of feeling,

"How like a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child."

and in Charlotte he possessed a daughter ever attentive, through her minority, to the dictates of prudence and filial affection, and though he now thought her promised happiness of doubtful continuance, he forebore any thing but the expression of his fears, while hoping for the best. Charlotte accordingly soon resigned herself as the bride of Manford. Her marriage was an event of peculiar interest and unusual joy in the place of her nativity; and the bridal period was to her one fraught with present enjoyment, and the prospect of future felicity. With Manford, however, there seemed, on several occasions shortly after the wedding, a reserved moroseness of manner, which a close observer would interpret as an evidence that all did not sit well within.

I have said that Manford was ambitious. He was also prone to vices hitherto well concealed, but which were gradually taking a fast hold upon him. The love of fame was the natural ennobling instinct of his ardent temperament, but a frequent indulgence in the fashionable and pernicious amusements of the gentry of his neighborhood, had tinctured it with a grosser quality, until the habit of gambling began to seat itself deeply in his character, and the love of the card-table, the dice-box, the race-ground and the cock-pit, slowly displaced the more honorable inducements of an opening political life. The vestal fires of his earlier aspirations had thus gradually lost their purity. His hold upon the popular will grew weaker in proportion to the indulgencies which blunted his moral sensibilities, and the defeats which followed his demands for public favor, where he had always promised himself certain success, engendered a chagrin which rankled in a spirit they should have fortified to better exertions. Thus, by a strange perversion of reason, he grew morbidly regardless of consequences, until evil became his good, and as

"The aspiring youth that fir'd the Ephesian dome,
Lives more in fame than him who built it,"

he preferred the eccentric folly of fleeing where the fiends of mischief might drive him, to not being advanced as he listed. Thus, one tendency being destroyed, its opposite flourished; and in the fullness of a false philosophy, giving way to one mad impulse after another, whatever it might be, that

"A ruling passion in the [illegible] breast,
Like Aaron's serpent swallowed all the rest."

The irregularities which this distempered state of mind superinduced, ere long betrayed their influence in the disturbance of Charlotte's domestic peace.—The sunshine of her little heaven of wedded life began slowly to be dissipated, and clouds continually arose and settled upon her prospects. But the changes that were now arising, were met by her with a spirit of tranquil endurance and meekness, in such immediate contrast with her husband, that her character, like a flower when bitten by the frost, and drooping to the ground, seemed more lovely and interesting as the weight upon her spirit increased.—While he raved, she endured; and his recklessness and dissipation found her always considerate, forbearing and affectionate. She at first expostulated, advised and entreated; but her fond persuasions were so sullenly, and sometimes so rudely received, and no amendment following, she at length ceased her tender beseechings, and awaited silently what she could not avert. As time wore away, she grew melancholy, but would occasionally rally in the presence of her friends, and counterfeit the hilarity of past days. But the mask could not conceal the malady. This assumed complacency and cheerfulness was like sunshine resting upon a broken sepulchre—joy lay buried within, and the heart, while it guarded the relics, was falling to pieces itself.

In two years after Charlotte's marriage, Mr. Winfred died, and as her fortune was early submitted to her husband's charge, his profligate career had dissipated or consumed nearly all that came into her possession, and things were now rapidly drawing to their inevitable issue. Her principal source of enjoyment latterly had been with her child, but even that consolation was not long to remain to her.—Several winters had passed over their heads, and another was now throwing his hoary mantle over the faded prospects of nature, and with it, in fearful terror, came the grim visage of poverty. How little anticipated—how undeservedly inflicted! Let those who have enjoyed the conveniences of opulence, and banqueted on the luxuries of plenty—who have laid down and risen up surrounded by every comfort, and been suddenly deprived of them, and had their prospects diametrically reversed, realize, if they can, Charlotte's present destitute situation.

With its usual accompaniments of snow and piercing wind, another winter's morning had arrived. Their house was situated some distance from the suburbs, surrounded by leafless trees, and though the sun had arisen far above the horizon, the air was too cold to allow any effectual action of his warmth upon the frigid earth. Charlotte looked forth upon the chilling scene, and found her feelings in sad consonance with this outward garniture of nature. The bloom had passed from her cheeks like the green freshness from the blighted fields. The mirth had gone from her heart, and like the songs of the birds, was hushed and intermitted,—yet not like them, only for a season, but perhaps for ever. She had spent one anxious and watchful night after another in waiting for her husband, but he had not yet come. Where could he be? Alas! she might easily conjecture, for the sun of virtue had set in his bosom, and vice and error had the sway of his actions. What would she not do to retrieve him? But it was too late. One act of cruelty had followed another, until her home was deserted by him, and she was left alone to suffer in want and misery.

Charlotte's destitution now made the interference of her friends necessary, and she at length found, with an early and cherished companion, a solace for her aching heart and impaired health. But she was there denied that sweetest of consolation to her as an afflicted wife and mother, the presence of her only child. He had been mysteriously snatched from her keeping, and placed she knew not where. Society and attention, however, gradually recruited her strength, and enlivened her drooping spirits, until an occasional glimmering of cheerfulness again added its lustre to her faded countenance.

It was now spring, and the air grew balmy and salubrious. Around the dwelling where Charlotte resided, extended a well-cultivated garden, fenced in upon a wide-spread lawn. It was tastefully encompassed with shrubbery and flowers, dappled with every hue, and emitting every variety of fragrance. Along this beautiful enclosure would her invalid steps often stray, to inhale the pleasant breeze, and feast her eyes upon the cheerful prospect before her. One day as she sauntered there, thus engaged, the sun being nearly at the end of his course, and here and there a bird sending his farewell melody up into the clear sky, as she walked near the fence that stretched along by the roadside, her attention was suddenly arrested by the sight of a man staggering in the foot-path. He was bloated, unclean and tattered in his garb; but even in this disguise, her familiar eye soon recognized the person of Manford. The spectacle appalled her. Alas! how altered! She gazed as he passed with a sinking heart and a trembling frame. The man she loved was an outcast! He who had destroyed her peace, was a wreck himself!

Charlotte, from that hour, never knew a joyful interest in the contemplation of earthly things. A heavy, relentless melancholy settled upon her heart, and no art—no music—no scenery of earth nor sky, nor ministration of friendship, could dissipate its gloom. The last blast of the storm had fallen, and she bent beneath it like a reed. How strong was her love, and how mysteriously frail did its power make the texture of her existence! She wasted rapidly. But one thing she asked for, and that was her child. "Go," said she, "find my child and bring him hither. If Joseph has him, say I will forgive all, if he will return the boy. I shall be happy then. It is all I ask. Do find him. I would bless him and die with him at my side."

But the realization of this last request was denied her. As the breath of feebleness grew still less and less, but while her voice was yet sweetly audible, she said, "How long they stay! Has he no mercy?" and then died, as if she had been an angel, who had come on earth to enjoy, to suffer, to teach, and then flee back to her dwelling place in Heaven.

Manford was not long among the living. He had confided his son to strange hands, and that son, having early learned his mother's story, has lived to honor her memory, and proved himself worthy of her blessing. He has caused a monument to be raised over her grave to perpetuate his affection and her Heavenly character, and often dutifully seeks the solitary precincts consecrated by his tears and her ashes.

THE COLONEL ABROAD.

A Sketch from Real Life.

BY ANNA CORA MOWATT.

A few springs ago, it was impossible to display one's gay attire in Broadway, without becoming acquainted with the person of my hero—Augustus Blazon, Esq. The reader (who may never have rightly caught his name) will recognise him when I call to mind an individual who usually dazzled the public eye with a bright blue or green coat, crimson vest, and a greater quantity of jewelry gracing that portion of his breast, in which Momus recommended a window, than would have shown to advantage through one of Tenney's double sized panes. So exceedingly slender was this gentleman, that the cane, with its monkey head, which he invariably carried, bore no slight resemblance to himself; but the material, of which nature had stinted him in breadth, she conscientiously returned in height—he stood some six feet two in his boots. His pliant form was surmounted by a head, which in shape, and I might almost say in size, forcibly reminded me of that most insipid of fruit, a shaddock. Doubtless some malicious persons would add that the simile might be carried out, and a comparison made between the quality of the head and the shaddock's contents; but far be it from me, conversant as I am with Mr. Blazon's own peculiar talents, to be guilty of such detraction.

Augustus Blazon, when I first beheld him, was a man seeking his proper sphere in society. This he did not seem likely to find. His father was a ship builder, and had left him considerable property—sufficient, it might be supposed, to purchase the entree to that society in which he was calculated to "cut a figure." Yet, strange to say, both he and his wealth were then totally unappreciated. He was a very ill-treated person; the butt of waggish young gentlemen, and the bore of fashionable young ladies. It was astonishing with what lack of discernment people of bon ton declared that his manners were vulgar in the extreme—that he was uneducated—a booby—a bear—and those without daughters even went so far as to declare that his presence, "in spite of his money," would be a disgrace to their balls. Augustus endured the horror incident upon this verdict but one winter after he became of age. He then suddenly disappeared from Broadway, and for a year I entirely lost sight of him.

The ensuing autumn, I was standing in the gallery of the Louvre, before one of David's most felicitous productions, when my attention was arrested by a person of aspiring stature beside me. His face recalled some face once familiar to my eye; but the long curling hair, in color and shagginess somewhat resembling a setter's, the bushy whiskers and sandy mustache, so disguised those diminutive features, that I could not recognize to whom they belonged.

Upon the gentleman's arm leaned a lady, whose comfortable *embonpoint* recompensed the eye for the lanky sparseness of her escort. To pronounce on a lady's beauty is a delicate point. I leave the reader to judge of her attractions. A horseback ride on the *Champs Elysees* could alone have given her cheek that exceedingly brilliant bloom; the most celebrated powder in Paris certainly must have assisted in lending those strangely regular teeth, displayed by a perpetual smile, their dazzling whiteness. Nature seldom before clustered such a profusion of glossy black ringlets round a white forehead; or tinted brows with so jetty a hue; or vermillioned lips so exquisitely.—In the eye alone she had made an error—it was decidedly too small for the loving languishness of its expression. As for the lady's age, it might have been considered a compliment to call her young. At all events she

——"Was lessening still, but made the less
Of Time, and Time returned the compliment,
And treated her genteelly."

"What a thrillingly beautiful tableau!" softly murmured the lady, pausing before a picture which represented a group of Cupids sportively loosening their arrows.

"Tolerably executed—quite passable—not at all remarkable, however," said her critical companion; "here is a much finer;" and he pointed out a dark painting, in which the figures were obscured by so deep a shade, they were hardly visible.

"Ah! Colonel, you are such a connoisseur! It is dangerous to express an opinion before you!" sighed the lady.

"Well, really, I *do* pride myself on some taste in these matters. When a man has travelled all over Europe, it is to be expected that he should be a judge of the fine arts. I have no doubt, after a trip to Germany and Italy, you may be as competent as myself to pronounce upon them: bear one thing always in mind, whenever you see a dark, dingy picture, you may be sure it is worthy of praise, and certainly by a master. Obscurity is the greatest mark of beauty. But persons must travel to discover these things."

The couple passed on, and I lost sight of them, until we met in the halls of statuary beneath the extensive gallery. Here I observed that the gentleman induced his companion to pause before every remarkably worn and discolored statue, or decayed relic, pointing out to her their hidden beauties, but hurrying by all the most attractive works of art that were unmarked by this defacing seal of time.

Shortly afterward, we were waiting at the entrance of the palace for our *voiture de remise*, which had driven away, when the Colonel and his blooming lady passed us on the steps. They entered an elegant carriage, which drove up to receive them; but, before the door was closed, the sprucely liveried footman begged to make *Monsieur le Colonel* acquainted with a person who had some valuable relics, *veritables curiosites*, that were really worth *Monsieur le Colonel's* examination.

"Relics! let me see them by all means," enthusiastically exclaimed the Colonel. "I am making a collection to take to America. I know well enough when they are genuine. Come here fellow—qu'avez—quoi—ce—que—avez vous?"

"Toutes sortes de choses, Monsieur a votre service—tout ce que vous pouvez desirer," replied the antiquarian Frenchman, opening his large box.

"Voyez—faites voyez—a—je—moi—moi," said the Colonel, with the air of a man who knew very well what he was saying, if he could only keep from stammering.

"Montrez a Monsieur," interpreted the officious footman, putting his own hand into the box, "Monsieur has so much *bon gout!* Here, Monsieur le Colonel, is a nail actually taken from the cross—it has been in the possession of some monks hundreds of years; of course such a relic is a little expensive; here is one of St. Anthony's teeth; and here is a bottle of holy water, consecrated by the Pope himself; and here is a vial containing some of the Apostle Peter's tears; and here"—

I could not catch the names of the other invaluable contents of the box, but I observed that a number were stowed into the carriage.

When the Frenchman was paid, the footman, while he closed the coach door with his right hand, stretched out the left significantly open, behind him. The dealer in antiques slily laid a piece of money within it, and the footman turning round, his mouth twitching with suppressed laughter, gave a glance at the other sufficiently expressive and comical.

As the carriage drove off, we were joined by a countryman, who bowed to the Colonel and lady as they passed.

"My dear S——," said I, with inquisitive haste, "in the name of all that is original, tell me, who is the individual to whom you bowed?"

"Why, surely you have not forgotten him, in spite of the metamorphosis effected by the salt Atlantic?"

"Indeed I have—pray who is he?"

"Has he lost all resemblance to Augustus Blazon, of Broadway memory?"

"Is it possible? but the lady calls him Colonel?"

"To be sure—and a Colonel he is, without doubt; he had himself made Colonel, before he left America, on purpose to gain a travelling title."

"But the lady—who is she?"

"She is a—'charming widow'—Madame De Courtenay; an English woman, it is reported, of immense fortune, and of high rank—niece to a lord, I have heard her say. She is passing the winter in Paris; and her business is probably to procure an eligible life-partner. Her *appartement garnis* in the Rue Rivoli, are as splendid as any in Paris, and you saw her coach just now. Nobody seems to understand how she got into society; but, as I said before, the French are not scrupulous. Colonel Blazon has been paying her attention some time, and she introduces him everywhere. I hear they are now engaged.—She believes him worth £10,000 a year—a Colonel in the regular army, and his very remarkable escutcheon unblemished and genuine. Indeed, she often expresses a strong desire to make America a permanent residence."

"Are your suspicions of the Colonel never avowed?"

"Of course not—communicativeness is not the fashion here—everybody minds his own business—you will soon learn that. It is very possible that both Madame de Courtenay and Colonel Blazon, when they are fairly married, may discover each other to be somewhat different from what they now seem to be—all in due time—but that is entirely their own affair."

"Well, no place like Paris for acquiring the real sang froid; I must have less curiosity before I am possessed of it, I fear."

Not many days after this conversation, my friend joined us one evening at Tortoni's, and over an ice related with real enjoyment, (whether of the ice or of his own story I do not pretend to judge,) the concluding scene of the Colonel's adventures in Paris.

Monsieur le Colonel was sitting in the tasteful boudoir of Madame de Courtenay, a few mornings previous to the one fixed for their anticipated union.—Madame, in a rich velvet robe, was reclining on the graceful [illegible], complacently surveying the luxuries around her, and making a calculation of those which were wanting, and which the Colonel would doubtless supply. The walls of the room were hung, and the table covered, with drawings, to which her own name was attached. A number of musical instruments were elegantly scattered about; and on one of these the Colonel was entreating her to play. But the piano, she said, she had relinquished for the harp, after which it sounded harshly on her ear; unfortunately, several strings of the harp had been broken ever since her acquaintance with the Colonel; she would touch the guitar to please him, but her voice was affected by a cold, and the instrument was nothing without a vocal accompaniment. In short, she preferred to hear him read one of the numerous poems, addressed to herself, which she had had bound in stamped velvet covers to grace her centre table.

The Colonel was employed in giving voice to Madame's versified praises, when a lady and gentleman entered, with whom Madame de Courtenay had but recently become acquainted. They happened to be Americans. The lady saluted Madame, who rose from her reclining position to receive her, looked at the Colonel as though he were not wholly unknown, and seated herself, without any sign of recognition passing between them.

The American gentleman, however, whose manners and exterior were decidedly un-Parisian, immediately addressed Colonel Blazon with—

"How do you do, Mr. Blazon? So you're in Paris, are you? I heard you'd cut New York: stupid place, is it not? The people are so deused particular! It makes society here much preferable. We arrived ourselves about a fortnight ago. How are your sisters, Mr. Blazon?"

"Quite well, I thank you, Mr. Andrews," said the Colonel, trying to seem cool, while the hue of his very finger ends evinced a superabundance of caloric.

Madame appeared to be discomposed; an ominous pause ensued. It was broken by the unceremonious Mr. Andrews.

"Are you going to remain in Paris all winter, Mr. Blazon? I guess it is just the place for you—pick up acquaintances—go about—feel more at home than when actually at home."

"I shall, probably—that is, I may stay," said the Colonel, glancing at the alarmed countenance of Madame. Then, suddenly gaining courage, he began to talk with great fluency—threw open Madame's portfolio for the inspection of the visitors, and effectually monopolized all conversation.

"For Heaven's sake, Colonel," whispered Madame de Courtenay, "why does that gentleman call you *Mr.* Blazon?"

"I'll tell you, my dear Madame," said the Colonel, confidentially, "it is really a misfortune—he is the most absent man in the world—never knows what he is saying, and has the very worst memory—yet he cannot bear to be corrected, therefore it is better to take no notice of him."

"Mr. Blazon," said Andrews, "I suppose you find all the balls here to be quite as splendid as the assemblies in New York, for which we had such difficulty in getting our ten dollar tickets, don't you?"

"Really, Mr. Andrews, you must be thinking of some other person—to what assemblies do you allude? Dear me!" he continued, drawing forth his watch with an air of consternation, "how time flies! I am very sorry, Madame, that I have an engagement at this hour which calls me from you. I will fulfil it, and with your permission, return in time to accompany you to the Bois de Boulogne—good morning."

After the Colonel left, Madame's regret at his absence must have affected her conversational powers, for she spoke with an obvious effort. With her visitors she was but slightly acquainted, and felt a natural delicacy in introducing the subject uppermost in her thoughts. At last, when the lady rose to take her leave, Madame de Courtenay, fearing that the opportunity for inquiring might not again be offered, demanded, rather abruptly—

"Were you acquainted with Colonel Blazon in America?"

"The gentleman who just left the apartment, I presume, you mean, Madame? No—" and there was a slight expression of haughtiness in the lady's tone; "he is not among the number of my acquaintances."

"The Colonel is a friend of yours, sir!" persisted Madame de Courtenay.

"The Colonel! What Colonel? Colonel who, ma'am?"

"Colonel Blazon, who just left the room."

"I knew Mr. Augustus Blazon in New York, but I never heard of his being a Colonel before."

"Oh, sir—but he said your memory was so treacherous. You, Madame, may not be acquainted with him, but you have heard of him!"

"I have, Madame, frequently."

"And he is a Colonel, then? I knew it was a mistake."

"Yes, I certainly believe him to be a Colonel. I presume you are aware of the existence of the militia, and that in America a man from almost any class of the community may become a militia Colonel or even a General. Mr. Blazon is a Colonel, doubtless, but it is a militia Colonel."

"Is it possible! What will become of me? I am bewildered, my dear Madame—will you open that door, sir? Camilla—my sal volatile—this room is so close—pray who *is* this gentleman, then?"

"A very good fellow, in his way," replied Andrews, "only considered rather soft for a Yankee; but I guess he does well enough here. His father has built many a good ship, and he is his son—that's who he is."

"But—you will excuse me," said Madame de Courtenay, with the manner of a drowning person catching at a straw: "he is very wealthy—worth ten thousand pounds a year, is he not?"

"Ten thousand pounds? We do not calculate by pounds in our country," replied the lady. "I suppose Mr. Blazon, for he is rich"—

"Rich! He is really rich, then!" and the sal volatile became suddenly efficacious, for the lady obviously revived.

"Yes, quite well off—his property yields him from two to three thousand dollars a year."

"Three thousand dollars! Merciful powers! that would not support such an establishment as this three months! Camilla! excuse me—I am ill—a sudden pain—" and Madame de Courtenay sank on the sofa and hid her face with her handkerchief.

Her visitors, observing themselves decidedly *de trop*, wished her speedy relief, and left her to the consoling care of her pretty *femme de chambre*, Camilla.

"I am ruined, Camilla!" sobbed the afflicted widow. "The Colonel—Colonel Blazon—is a militia Colonel! Tinkers and tailors can be militia Colonels! His father's a ship builder—and the wretch, he is only worth three thousand dollars a year—not £10 000. We never shall see America, after all! What a horrid place it must be! Every thing will be discovered here—we shall have to leave Paris and hide ourselves again in Cheltenham—the little all my poor husband left me is just"—

"Hush, dear Madame," said the maid, "here comes the Colonel."

The Colonel entered hastily.

"What ails you, dearest lady?" said he, with unaffected anxiety. "Speak to me—look at me;" and the gentleman trembling knelt beside the sofa, on which the fair sufferer was lying, supported by her confidential grisette.

"Speak to you—look at you, sir!" said the lady, uncovering her distorted countenance, "how have you deceived me—betrayed me!"

"*Prenez garde, Madame*—do not toss your head so," prudently whispered Camilla, "these clasps of Pagno's are so bad they have let your hair slip all on one side!"

"I deceive you—I? Fairest of created beings," said the Colonel, devotedly: "I would rather lose my life! Can you believe anything that vulgar fellow, Andrews, could say? A plague on his absent-mindedness! I will send him a challenge immediately!"

"Will that make you a Colonel, or a man of honor either, Mr. Blazon? Oh, I am too wretched!"

"Madame, dear Madame," again whispered the maid, "you forget yourself in this excitement—pray do not weep, Madame: your cheeks will be all marked—your toilet already is frightfully *dérangé*."

"Listen to me, dear Madame; I assure you whatever that Andrews may have said was out of spite. Should anything shake your tender confidence in me after the promise you have given? You said this little, white hand"—

"Do not touch me, perfidious man! Oh! I am ruined—what will become of me!" Perfectly regardless and unconscious of the Colonel's presence, the lady raved on. "I shall be turned out of these elegant apartments—and my coach—my saddle horses—my box at the opera—Camilla! do you suppose they put women in prison for debt in this barbarous country? What shall I do!"

The Colonel sprang from his knees as though a thunderbolt had burst near him. He looked at the weeping fair one with [illegible] horror depicted on his countenance.

"*Quelle scene!* Madame is a little out of her head, Monsieur le Colonel—she does not know what she is saying—*ah! ce diable de vermillion!* how it has got off her lips!"

The Colonel, for a moment or two, was incapable of motion. When animation was restored, he turned round, seized his hat, caught hold of the door handle—clenching it as though he was afraid of being forcibly detained—flung the door open with an ejaculation of "What an escape!" and vanished.

The footman, who met him racing down the stairs, told Camilla that Monsieur le Colonel rubbed his hands exultingly as he ran, and that he heard him repeating to himself, "What an escape! what an escape! That Andrews is the best friend I ever had in my life!"

After half a year's sojourn in Paris, we returned to America. The Colonel had sailed for New York immediately after his denouement with the "charming widow," and as I felt that interest in him which every student of human nature takes in the fate of a decided "character," I questioned a friend as to his further history.

"Do you mean Colonel Blazon, as he is now generally called—though he seems to have got his title abroad—the traveller?" was her reply. "He is in New York, and a great personage here, I assure you. You may see him any day in Broadway, with his elegant span of horses, driving his liveried footman about. He has created a great sensation since his return—he is quite the rage—is received in the first society, and is the avowed pet of all mammas. His reception abroad must have been exceedingly flattering—his adventures are in everybody's mouth. The people are running crazy about his paintings and statues, and relics, and curiosities. I don't know much about it, but they say his collection is invaluable."

THE BURNING SHIP.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CRUISING IN THE LAST WAR."

My friend Harry is the happiest of men. He has the sweetest and most romantic cottage in the vicinity of Philadelphia. It is but nine miles from the city, and over a fine old turnpike, so that a span of blood horses will take you there in forty minutes. His wife is a perfect angel—beautiful, sweet-tempered, and loves Harry devotedly. And then a group of such lovely children!

"Did you ever hear how Isabel and I became acquainted?" said he to me, one evening, looking at his wife. I shook my head in the negative. "Well, then, draw your chair closer to the fire, and I will tell you."

With these words he began:

"It was a night in the tropics. We had been in pursuit of a heavy merchantman, but a fog coming up, she was shut in from our sight, and for more than an hour remained invisible. Suddenly, however, the moon broke forth, and we saw the chase close-hauled, on the very point of escaping us. We instantly made all sail, but the wind was so uncertain that the stranger kept his advantage, the air being comparatively still with us, while he had a respectable breeze. At length it fell a dead calm, the chase being by this time several miles off.

"She could now be seen, lying in a liquid flood of moonlight, rising and falling lazily upon the swell, her white sails scarcely moving from the mast, and flashing in the distance, like a sea-gull's snowy wing. All at once Captain Drew, who had been scrutinizing her through his glass, exclaimed—

"'There is something the matter on board there, the men have almost all left her decks—and even those aloft repairing are coming down—what can it be, Mr. Jones?'

"'I can't make out, sir—the crew, perhaps, has mutinied, they are running wildly hither and thither—no, my God, *the ship's on fire!*' he ejaculated, as a cloud of thick, black smoke suddenly puffed up her fore-hatchway, followed by a long, vivid stream of fire, that shot up brightly into the midnight sky.

"We saw at once that the flames must have been raging some time in the hold, and that they had attained an intensity which would defy every effort to subdue them. It was a fearful sight. The eager element shot along the rigging, ran swiftly up the foremast, and wrapping the hamper in a sheet of fire, streamed almost perpendicularly upward a fathom or two above the truck. There was no breeze; but the undulations of the atmosphere swept the dense smoke to one side, forming, as it were, a gloomy curtain against which the lurid flames shone in terrible relief. Every object on board could now be distinctly seen, and we noticed that all at once, the whole crew rushed aft. A signal of distress the next instant was shown on the quarter. All this had passed in a moment.

"'Lower away the boats—pipe their crews there, boatswain! quick, sir, or the poor wretches will be lost,' thundered the captain.

"The men hurried to their stations, fired with a sympathy equal to his own.

"'Mr. Danforth,' he said, 'I shall give you the command of the leading boat, spare no effort to reach them in time—but,' he continued, in a whisper, 'mind the magazine!'

"'Ay, ay, sir,' I answered, touching my hat; and leaping into the stern sheets, I continued, 'push off there forward—and now give way with a will, boys—*pull!*'

"At these words, the men bent to their oars with the thews of giants, curling the waters in foam beneath our bows, and sending the boats along as if they had been pleasure skiffs.

"But swift as was our progress, that of the destroying element was still more so. The fire had spread with such frightful rapidity as to wrap the whole fore-part of the ship in flames, and threaten to consume her before we could arrive. Since it had found vent, it raged with redoubled fury, until now the shrouds, the foremast, the bow-sprit, the yards, every thing was sheeted with fire, which, whirling round and round, ascended spirally to the mast-head, shooting its forky tongues out on every hand, and streaming like a meteor away up into the calm, blue sky. Meanwhile the flames had broken out from the after hatch, and catching at once to the ratlins, leaped from rope to rope, ran wildly up the rigging, spread almost instantly to the huge lower sails, blazing, flashing and roaring as they went, until at length the whole ship seemed a mass of lurid fire, and nothing was left untouched but the narrow quarter deck, on which the now despairing crew had gathered in crowds, some eagerly endeavoring to lower the only boat that had escaped the flames, some frantically crying out for mercy, some cursing and blaspheming awfully in their agony, and some stretching out their hands imploringly for help.

"'Give way, my men, give way—will you see them miserably burned to death before your eyes?' I shouted, rising in the boat and waiving my hat to the sufferers, forgetting in the excitement of the moment the imminency of our own danger in case of an explosion. The poor wretches on the quarter of the burning ship answered back with a hysteric shout. Our gallant tars started, like mettled hounds at the cry, and with a few vigorous strokes we dashed up to the quarter.

"'Keep her off there,' I shouted, seeing that we should be swamped by the eagerness of the sufferers to escape; 'keep her off—jump overboard, and we'll pick you up,' I continued, as we fell off from her quarter again; and in less than three minutes the deck was bare, and our boats full of the rescued crew.

"'Mr. Danforth,' at this moment shouted *Jack*, from the other boat ahead: 'there's a lady and her father, they say, here—still on board—for Heaven's sake let us try to save them.'

"For one moment, as I remembered my orders, and the extremity of our danger, I paused; but when I reflected that, by departing, we should abandon two human beings to a horrid death, I hesitated no longer. Hastily learning from the mate of the vessel that they were their only passengers, and having taken refuge in the hold during the late chase, had since been forgotten—and not feeling warranted in ordering any one on so dangerous a service, I gave the boat in charge to Irvine, who had luckily smuggled himself on board, sternly bid one or two of my crew, who attempted to follow, to keep their stations, mounted her side by a rope that hung over the quarter, rapidly traversed the deck in the midst of a tremendous heat, and darted down the companion way, leaving the flames roaring not five feet from its entrance.

"The cabin was a large one, and fitted up with taste. The decorations were even luxurious, and such as I had at that time rarely seen in merchantmen. The state rooms were of mahogany, inlaid with ebony, and finished off with the greatest elegance. Curtains, apparently of damask, hung around, and the show of silver and cut glass by the companion way was even brilliant. The cabin was, however, still as death. A lady's glove lay on an Ottoman, and beside it was an open book; but no other traces of a human being were discernible around. Where could the owner of that small, delicate French glove be? Was she already a victim to the frightful element?—had the mate deceived himself in supposing she had been removed from the hold?—was there no hope, if she still lived, of reaching her in time to save her from a horrid death? All these questions flashed rapidly across my mind, and my heart sickened as I owned I could not answer them. The danger, meanwhile, grew more and more imminent. I was standing, as it were, above a mine that had been sprung; for should the flames reach the magazine inevitable destruction must ensue. Nor could that catastrophe be much longer postponed. The devouring element had already gained possession of all around, and even now might be eating its way ravenously toward it. Besides, if I pushed a moment longer the fire would reach the companion way, and all hope of escape from the cabin be cut off.

"Had it been only my own life that was endangered, I would not have hesitated in perilling the sunset; but when I remembered that a dozen gallant fellows from my crew, as well as a score of others from the rescued sufferers, would be involved in my own fate, I could not doubt as to my duty.—These reflections, however, had not occupied more than the instant in which I had been throwing open successively the doors of the different state-rooms. Alas! all were empty. With a heavy heart I was about to mount the companion way, when I noticed that a massy curtain at the further end seemed to divide off a smaller cabin aft of the one I was in.—Without a moment's delay I rushed toward it, hastily lifted it aside, and there beheld a sight I never shall forget.

"This after cabin was much smaller, but far more luxurious than the other. It was adorned with everything that taste could suggest, or wealth afford. Ottomans ran completely around it, forming a kind of divan. At one side was a harp, and beside it some music was scattered on the floor. But after the first hasty survey, I saw nothing but a group of two beings before me. One of them was a gray-haired man, apparently about sixty-five, dressed in the gentlemanly costume of a former day. He was bending wildly over the almost inanimate form of a fair girl, reclining on the cushions. Never had I seen a being who looked more beautiful than that pale, half-fainting creature seemed at that moment. One arm supported her on the divan, and the other was thrown around her father's neck, the blue veins just discernible as they stole along beneath the ivory skin. Her head rested on the bosom of her parent, and the hair, loose and unbound, streamed in dark, glossy ringlets over her snowy shoulders. At the noise made by my entrance she started, raised her head, and I could see through the tears that glistened on her lashes, one of the sweetest hazel eyes I had ever looked upon. A quick flush shot over her face, crimsoning it like a rose-leaf as she beheld a stranger; and half starting to her feet, she essayed a moment to speak, and then stood with half-opened lips, gazing almost wildly upon me.

"'For God's sake fly!' I cried, 'the ship is on fire in every part—we can barely escape by the companion way—in another instant she will blow up—why hesitate? For heaven's sake, come!'

"'Oh! sir, God bless you for this kindness—there is then hope,' exclaimed the old man—'but Isabel has fainted,' he continued; 'go, fly, I will die with her,' he added, in a voice of agony, vainly essaying to raise in his enfeebled arms the seemingly lifeless form of his daughter.

"I looked into her face. The transition from calm despair to hope had been too great, and she had indeed fainted. It was no time to hesitate. Hastily raising the beautiful stranger in my arms, I called upon the old man to follow, dashed into the front cabin, up the companion way, and to my utter horror, found the flames had just crossed the entrance. For but a second I paused. Death was behind, destruction, perhaps, before. Laying my hand upon the old man's shoulder, I urged him ahead, hurriedly threw the shawl of the fair girl around her face and form, made a bold, desperate push for life, and in another instant, amid the cheers of my men, had gained the quarter-deck. The boat shot to the side, a dozen arms were extended to receive my burden. I carefully gave it in charge to the nearest, almost flung the old man after, and springing with a bound into the stern sheets, waived my arm, and shouted—

"'Shove off—board—give way—and if ever you pulled before, pull now, for your lives, my men!'

"I was obeyed. With one soul they bent their brawny arms to the task, and while the ash almost snapped beneath them, made the boat whirl from the quarter, and then sent her with the velocity of a sea-gull over the deep. Not a word was spoken. The old man sat beside me in the bewilderment of gratitude, astonishment, and only half-dissipated fright—while the form of his still inanimate child was extended unaided, for the moment, by his side. It was, indeed, no time for delay. Every man knew we were pulling for life or death. The other boat was nearly a mile ahead, skimming swiftly along from the devoted ship. Far off on the moonlit horizon lay our schooner, with all her exquisite tracery reflected in the wave beneath, and seeming, with her thin, taper, raking masts, like some aerial vessel floating half way between sea and sky. Down to the right was the burning ship, presenting a vast body of lurid fire, that roared along her sides, streamed out her ports, eddied spirally up the masts, and leaped in huge masses straight out into the sky. Now and then, as her guns became heated, they went off with a roar like thunder. Meantime, the dense smoke, gathering in a thick cloud above, hung like a pall over the consuming ship. For some instants the flames appeared to die in part away; but all at once a stream of intense fire, that almost blinded the eyes, leaped perpendicularly upward from the decks; the horizon, for miles around, was illuminated with a light more vivid than that of the brightest noonday; a part of the foremast, lifted bodily out, shot like an arrow almost a cable length on high; a concussion ensued that made the boat shiver like a reed, and rock a moment frightfully about; and then a stunning roar followed, shaking the firmament to its centre, and sounding as if a thousand broadsides had been discharged at once. For a moment, as the burning fragments sailed aloft, falling on every hand about, while the boat rolled wildly to and fro upon the agitated swell, we held our breaths in momentary expectation of death, and I involuntarily ejaculated—

"'The Lord have mercy on us all!'

"'Amen!' said the rescued father at my side.

"But we were again almost miraculously preserved. The offing we had gained, though not sufficient to ensure safety, proved great enough to relieve us from inevitable destruction. Had any of the falling timbers, however, struck us, we should have all gone down together. As it was, it was one of the narrowest escapes I ever made, and when I gave the command to the crew to give way again—for at that terrible explosion they had as one man paused—a gush of thankfulness and devotion went up from my heart to the great Author of my being, who had thus preserved a second time my life.

"The deafening uproar, however, recalled the senses of the fair girl at my side. But I will not describe her gratitude, and that of her parent, to myself, whom they persisted in considering the preserver of their lives. Suffice it to say we were soon on board; the captain delicately resigned his own cabin to the strangers, and I then had leisure to learn some particulars concerning their history. They were easily told. Mr. Thornton, the father of Isabel, was a wealthy West Indiaman, and was just returning from Great Britain, with his daughter, who had been there for several years obtaining her education. Before the Letter of Marque sailed, she had been fitted up by Mr. Thornton in a style bordering on eastern luxury, with furniture intended principally for his mansion-house at Jamaica. But at this moment a message arrived, soliciting my presence with Mr. Thornton. As I entered the cabin, he frankly extended his hand, and presented me to his now blushing daughter—for what woman, be she who she may, can stand unembarrassed in the presence of one to whom she fancies she owes her life? I have had many moments of pleasure, but I never felt as I then felt, when Isabel Thornton, extending her delicate hand to me, with her sweetest smile, uttered her thanks.

"'But how,' said I, to change the subject, 'did it happen, my dear Miss Thornton, that you were in the cabin when the rest had escaped?'

"'In the general alarm we were forgotten, for we had been hurried to the hold during the conflict, and when the fire broke out were overlooked. We found our own way back, but only when the whole ship was in flames. We had but just reached the cabin, through a forward door below, and believing the ship destroyed, had despaired of all escape, when you—you—appeared.'

"'I had forgot till this moment we were foes,' said I, gaily, determined to avoid the coming thanks.

"But foes or not," continued Harry, turning to his wife with a smile, "Isabel is now my bride; and often, when I speak of the sacrifice she has made in leaving her native land for me, she reminds me, with grateful heart, that I saved her life on that eventful night."

The wife looked up as he spoke, and—sworn bachelor as I am!—I envied Harry the tender gaze of those confiding eyes.

CHEER YE UP.

BY ADELIA MORTON.

Cheer ye up, oh! stricken-hearted!
  Though ye shed the silent tear;
Hope and Trust should not be parted,
  By the hand of doubt or fear.

Sighing mourner! does thy spirit
  Bow to sorrow, sick with care?
Know that trusting souls inherit
  Joy and bliss surpassing fair.

Is thy heart in trouble beating
  Strong emotion? trust on still—
Hope and Faith will soon come meeting
  At thy spirit's crystal sill.

There the pearls of Promise dropping,
  Soon shall dazzle Hope's bright eye,
And thy Faith in sweetness stopping,
  Bring thee jewels from the sky.

Is thy spirit now unstringing
  Every chord of heavenly birth?
Let new Trust, her gladness bringing,
  Lift thee far away from earth.

Catch thee now, thou hast a token,
  Strains seraphic from on high,
Let not now thy harp be broken,
  While sweet Mercy hovers nigh.

Time hath weeping, hath its burden,
  Time hath sighing, Time hath care,
But beyond there is a guerdon,
  Ye may gain it—it is there!

Then cheer up, oh stricken-hearted!
  Spirit-calm will come to thee!
The mellow tints ye mourn departed,
  Robe the sky beyond our sea!

Then be Hoping, Trusting, Praying!
  Be ye steady, firm, and true!
And no more shalt thou go straying,
  With the better land in view.

THE CASTILIAN AND HIS WIFE.

BY ADDISON.

An inhabitant of the kingdom of Castile, being a man of more than ordinary prudence, and of a grave, composed behaviour, determined about the fiftieth year of his age to enter upon wedlock. In order to make himself easy in it, he cast his eye upon a young woman who had nothing to recommend her but her beauty and her education, her parents having been reduced to great poverty by the wars which for some years have laid that whole country waste. The Castilian having made his addresses to her and married her, they lived together in perfect happiness for some time; when at length the husband's affairs made it necessary for him to take a voyage to the kingdom of Naples, where a great part of his estate lay. The wife loved him too tenderly to be left behind him. They had not been a shipboard above a day, when they unluckily fell into the hands of an Algerine pirate, who carried the whole company on shore, and made them slaves. The Castilian and his wife had the comfort to be under the same master; who seeing how dearly they loved one another and gasped after their liberty, demanded a most exorbitant price for their ransom. The Castilian, though he would rather have died in slavery himself, than have paid such a sum as he found would go near to ruin him, was so moved with compassion towards his wife, that he sent repeated orders to his friend in Spain, (who happened to be his next relation) to sell his estate, and transmit the money to him. His friend hoping that the terms of his ransom might be made more reasonable, and unwilling to sell an estate which he himself had some prospect of inheriting, formed so many delays, that three whole years passed away without anything being done for the setting them at liberty.

There happened to live a French renegado, in the same place where the Castilian and his wife were kept prisoners. As this fellow had in him all the vivacity of his nation, he often entertained the captives with accounts of his own adventures; to which he sometimes added a song or a dance, or some other piece of mirth, to divert them during their confinement. His acquaintance with the manners of the Algerines enabled him likewise to do them several good offices. The Castilian, as he was one day in conversation with this renegado, discovered to him the negligence and treachery of his correspondent in Castile, and at the same time asked his advice how he should behave himself in that exigency; he further told the renegado, that he found it would be impossible for him to raise the money, unless he himself might go over to dispose of his estate. The renegado, after having represented to him that his Algerine master would never consent to his release upon such a pretence, at length contrived a method for the Castilian to make his escape in the habit of a seaman. The Castilian succeeded in his attempt; and having sold his estate, being afraid lest the money should miscarry by the way, and determining to perish with it rather than lose one who was much dearer to him than his life, he returned himself in a little vessel that was going to Algiers. It is impossible to describe the joy he felt upon this occasion, when he considered that he should soon see the wife whom he so much loved, and endear himself more to her, by this uncommon piece of generosity.

The renegado, during the husband's absence, so insinuated himself into the good graces of his young wife, and so turned her head with stories of gallantry, that she quickly thought him the finest gentleman she had ever conversed with. To be brief, her mind was quite alienated from the honest Castilian, whom she was taught to look upon as a formal old fellow unworthy the possession of so charming a creature. She had been instructed by the renegado how to manage herself upon his arrival; so that she received him with an appearance of the utmost love and gratitude, and at length persuaded him to trust their cunning friend, the renegado, with the money he had brought over for their ransom; as not questioning but he would beat down the terms of it, and negociate the affair more to their advantage than they themselves could do. The good man admired her prudence, and followed her advice. I wish I could conceal the sequel of this story, but since I cannot, I shall despatch it in as few words as possible. The Castilian having slept longer than ordinary the next morning, upon his awaking found his wife had left him. He immediately arose and inquired after her, but was told that she was seen with the renegado about break of day. In a word, her lover having got all things ready for their departure, they soon made their escape out of the territories of Algiers, carried away the money, and left the Castilian in captivity: who partly through the cruel treatment of the incensed Algerine his master, and partly through the unkind usage of his unfaithful wife, died some few months after.

THE UNHAPPY WIFE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"You don't seem happy, Margaret," said Mr. Jones to his wife, in a kind voice, seating himself, as he spoke, beside his dejected-looking partner, whom he found upon the sofa in the parlor. He had just returned from his store, in the evening, after a day of more than usual business anxiety.

Tears came into the eyes of Mrs. Jones. But she made no reply.

"Has any thing happened to give you pain?" asked the husband, in the same kind voice.

But there was no answer. The fact was, Mrs. Jones could not answer the question, for although she felt very unhappy, she did not know from whence her unhappiness proceeded. Her silence, while it convinced Mr. Jones that nothing more than usual had occurred to distress his wife, had the effect to oppress his own feelings with a heavy weight. He understood that she had fallen into one of her melancholy states, the cause of which he had yet been unable to determine, and for which he had not, of course, found any remedy.

A shadow fell gloomily over the feelings of Mr. Jones. He, in turn, became silent and depressed.—During the whole day his mind had been more than usually anxious in regard to his business. Heavy payments were maturing fast, while the funds for meeting his obligations came in with unusual tardiness. This had disturbed his thoughts a good deal. But when he left his store in the evening, like a wise man, he left his cares behind him, and looked toward home with the pleasing expectation of there finding that sweet repose of mind which he so much needed. As has been seen, in this he was doomed to be disappointed. Mrs. Jones had fallen into one of her periodical fits of melancholy, for which no cause was apparent to his mind, and which, for this very reason, distressed him the more. Ten years' experience had satisfied him that, when in this unhappy state, it was useless to make any effort to lift her out of it. Heretofore, every such effort had been perfectly futile. Like an attack of measles, it had its incipient stage, its climax, and its decline.—Medicines seemed rather to exacerbate than palliate the symptoms, and, therefore, like a wise physician, he chose rather to keep away, as far as possible, all exciting causes, and let the disease run its course.

The evening meal was passed in perfect silence. After it was over, Mr. Jones thought of asking his wife to go with him to hear a celebrated singer, who gave a concert that night. But, satisfied, from former experience, that "no" would be answered to his proposition he wisely forbore doing so.

On the next morning, as Mr. Jones had expected, his wife did not rise. He asked, as in duty bound, how she felt?—if she were sick?—what he should get for her? etc., but received, as usual in such cases, no reply. He sat down to breakfast with his children; poured out the coffee for them, and attended to their wants at the table. He ate but a few mouthfuls himself. After giving directions to the cook about dinner, he went to his store with a heavy heart. Mr. Jones loved his wife. To see her unhappy, always oppressed his feelings. But, to see her unhappy without any knowledge of the cause, made him wretched.

Throughout that day it seemed as if every event was of a nature calculated to disturb the mind of Mr. Jones. At dinner time his wife, in accordance with his expectations, was in bed. He spoke to her kindly, but received no answer. This did not surprise him. He had looked for nothing else. The evening brought no change. Mrs. Jones was still in bed. The small portion of her face that could be seen above the pillow in which it was buried, did not make the husband very desirous of seeing more. That sample was enough to give him a very fair idea of the character of her whole countenance. After tea, every thing being so still and gloomy at home, Mr. Jones went to a public house, where he drank a glass of ale, smoked a cigar, and talked politics for a couple of hours. He then came home and retired for the night.

Not until the afternoon of the next day, did Mrs Jones leave her bed. When her husband came home to tea, he found her, much to his satisfaction, in the dining-room. But he said nothing. The disease had reached its highest point and was now on the decline. He was content to let it go off in due course, because he knew very well, that any attempt on his part to hasten its departure, would only retard that anxiously looked for event.

A day or two more, and all was again sunshine in Mr. Jones' dwelling. His wife went singing about as gaily as a bird.

"If it were only always so," sighed Mr. Jones to himself, "I would be the happiest man in existence. But where can lie the cause of these unhappy periods? Something is wrong. What can it be?"

To determine this question was, however, beyond the power of Mr. Jones. He could imagine no adequate cause.

"I think, dear," said his wife to him, one day, "that we should be a great deal happier in the country. I know it would be better for the children—Poor little things! They are so confined here. There we should have pure air and freedom. Instead of hot brick walls and dirty streets, we should have open fields, with trees, and flowers, and the sweet breath of Heaven. Oh, it would be delightful! I am sure I should be the happiest creature in the world."

The idea of making his wife happy was sufficient to give almost any proposition a favorable aspect in the eyes of Mr. Jones. He was not himself fond of the country. Raised in a city from boyhood, his habits were formed for city life. His business, too, required him to be every day in town. Still, if it would make Margaret happy, that was sufficient to gain his approval. A pleasant house, with a garden and several acres of good land surrounding it, was rented, and his family removed to the country.

"Oh, this is delightful!" exclaimed Mrs. Jones, on alighting from the carriage that had conveyed her husband, herself and children to their new home, to which all the furniture had been removed and arranged by a competent person, while Mrs. Jones and her little ones remained for a couple of days at the house of a friend in the city. "I shall be as happy here as the day is long. How sweet the odor of that new hay! How rich these beds of flowers! How spirit-stirring the song of birds! How soothing the low hum of bees! This is indeed life! Who would be content to live in a pent up city?"

"It's pleasant, certainly," returned Mr. Jones, in a more quiet way. And it was pleasant to him.—He perceived and enjoyed all the things to which his wife had alluded. They soothed his care-worn spirit, and refreshed his senses.

For a few days, Mr. Jones was really happy. But she was the same woman as before. The causes of disquiet were internal and not external. In leaving the city, she could not get away from herself. Change of scene did not change the causes of unrest that lay hidden in her own bosom. After awhile she ceased to perceive the sweet odors that were borne upon the air. The warblings of merry songsters were unheard. The flowers, Spring's lovely children, were unseen. She grew lonely, and sighed for companionship.

With a sad heart, the husband soon saw that a country life was not the specific for his wife's malady. All doubts on this head were removed at the end of a month, when she had an attack of melancholy, and kept her bed for a week. Her wish to return to the city in the fall was not opposed by Mr. Jones. He preferred a town to a country life, although he had not said so.

As before, every few weeks Mrs. Jones would sink into a gloomy state, and remain so for several days; and, as before, the cause was altogether hidden from her husband. He was careful that she should be burdened as little as possible. He employed a waiter about the house; and permitted her to keep a nurse, a chambermaid, a seamstress and a cook.—Every want she expressed was gratified, and much anticipated. But, instead of improving, Mrs. Jones grew worse and worse. It seemed as if the more of external good she possessed the least she enjoyed.

In the hope of diverting her mind, Mr. Jones took her during the winter to many places of fashionable resort and amusement: such as assemblies, concerts, the theatre, etc. He also encouraged her to give a large party, which laid her under a kind of obligation to attend such as were given by any who had been her own guests. In this way the season passed amid a gay round of festivity and amusement, into which Mrs. Jones entered with a keen zest. Her husband had never seen her so full of life before. Two months had passed, and not once during that time had she felt depressed in spirits. Mr. Jones was much encouraged. It was evident to his mind, that it was plenty of society that his wife wanted; and this he meant to see was provided for her.

Towards spring, as fashionable assemblies became less and less frequent, Mr. Jones could see that old visitations were recurring upon his wife. He would often find her, on returning home, sitting by herself, with a dreamy, absent look in her eyes. How to meet such states in their incipiency and throw them off, he did not certainly know. Sometimes he would propose going out to see a friend, or a visit to the theatre. But these propositions were rarely accepted. Occasionally he could get her interested in the future prospects of their children; especially of Helen, their oldest girl, now between eight and nine years of age. But his resources were small, and even they not skilfully brought into action.

The fact was, Mr. Jones was a merchant in feeling as well as by profession. In other words, Mr. Jones took but little interest in any thing that did not pertain to business. A poor boy, with few opportunities for the improvement of his mind, he was placed at an early age in a store. Intelligent and industrious, and, withal, ambitious to rise, he soon made himself of value to his employers. Little beyond the sphere of trade approached his mind near enough to effect it with any permanent interest. Books were resorted to but rarely. His reading was confined mainly to the newspapers, and the topics that took hold upon his mind were those connected with politics, and the passing events of the day. For a year or two after having attained his majority, he remained in the store where he had served his time. Then he commenced business in connexion with a young man who had a good cash capital, and credit to a large amount whenever it was needed. This young man was the son of a wealthy merchant, who had become such by his own vigorous exertions. But, like too many similarly situated, he was content to have his children educated entirely at schools, seminaries, and colleges.—He did not bring them occasionally in contact with real life, early, and let them feel its peculiar strong tendencies, standing beside them as he did so, and guarding and guiding their young minds into the truth made indelible by feeling experience. The consequence was, that, when they did enter upon life, at the ages of moral responsibility, the whole world was new to them. When they did take the rudder into their own hands, they knew nothing of the stream down which they were gliding. All was yet to be learned.

The partner of Mr. Jones had a sister named Margaret, a girl of fine taste, and good education. She had remained at school until her eighteenth year.—During the last year of her school-girl days, she contracted an intimate friendship with a young lady of her own age, with whom nearly all her time not occupied in study was spent. Both were fond of reading, and, as might be expected, works of imagination. They not only read these together, but talked together of their contents, and of their own bright future, made brighter by their fond fancies. To them the world into which they were entering was full of all their hearts could wish. In the most perfect sympathy with each other, did that last year of girlhood pass. Purely and fervently did they love each other, and their love made them happy.

Margaret left school and returned home about the period at which her brother entered into business with Mr. Jones. The first time she met that individual, she thought him the dullest creature she had ever seen, and did not hesitate to laugh outright as soon as he had departed. Her brother mildly chid her, but this only provoked greater merriment, and caused her to launch against him sundry keen shafts of ridicule. Her estimation of Mr. Jones did not change much during the first year. In that time she met him occasionally, and as she knew him better, could perceive his good qualities. Still, her beau ideal of a young man was so different from Thomas Jones, that the mental contrast always produced a merry peal of laughter.

For Mr. Jones to meet Margaret frequently was to love her. Before a year rolled round, he felt that his happiness depended upon his being able to secure both heart and hand of the lovely girl. He had observed enough to satisfy him that Margaret did not look upon him with a very favorable eye, and that, sometimes, it was hard work for her to treat him with civility. But, 'faint heart never won fair lady,' was his motto. He determined to lay a siege, trusting to patient perseverance for the accomplishment of his end.

He was successful—but the siege was a long one, and vigorously prosecuted. When the fair one at length yielded, it was not with a joyous impulse, but was, rather, a compromise with her objections. She would not have chosen Mr. Jones, but she did not see how she could longer refuse him. And so they were married. He made her a kind, devoted husband, for he loved her fervently. But there was little in his mind that she could love, and hers became not, therefore, a mirror in which his thoughts were reflected. There did not take place that interior conjunction of mind and heart, from which, and from which alone, comes happiness in marriage. As far as he was concerned, the lack of this was made up by the abstraction of his thoughts in business.—He had a defined pursuit in life, and this absorbed the larger portion of his time. Not so his wife. She had nothing upon which to fix steadily her mind. In her household she had little care; every thing was delegated to others. There was a domestic to fill every department. She had, therefore, plenty of leisure, in which thought, instead of going out in pursuit of the means for the attainment of ends, could turn back, and corrode like a canker her own bosom. The daily return of her husband was not looked for with the interest that return would have excited, had he been a man of cultivated taste, and with habits of mind at all congenial with her own. The genuine warmth of his manner always made, however, his return pleasant—always awakened a glow of pleasure in her heart.

From this brief history, the reader will be able, for himself, to determine, to some extent, the cause of Mrs. Jones' periodical fits of despondency. They showed themselves, at first, only in states of pensive abstraction of mind, that remained for a few days, and then passed off. Gradually, they became more and more defined, until they arrived at the stage already described.

And now we will resume the broken thread of our narrative. As spring advanced, Mrs. Jones relapsed into her old states of melancholy. Her husband became really discouraged. It seemed to him that his wife could have no real love for either himself or her children. If so, why indulge such wretched feelings while she had them to minister to and make happy? Five years before, he had dissolved his connexion with her brother, and was now acting alone. Her father had been dead three years. He left her a fortune of forty thousand dollars. Most of this was in her husband's business. This business, in spite of Mr. Jones' most devoted efforts, had been falling into embarrassment for some time, in consequence of over-trading and heavy losses. He had, therefore, anxious care through the day, and often the most wretched feelings when he came home at night, and found his wife in one of her gloomy conditions.

Spring passed away, and summer came.

"Mr. and Mrs. Lorman are going to make the tour of the Lakes this summer," Mrs. Jones said to her husband one evening. "I should dearly love to be of the party, if you could leave your business."

Mr. Jones could not well be absent. But nothing of this was intimated. He was so much concerned on his wife's account, that he was willing to submit to any sacrifice to meet an expressed desire. Making hasty, and consequently, imperfect arrangements, to leave his business, Mr. Jones declared himself ready to accompany his wife in the proposed tour. They started, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Lorman, taking with them their eldest child. After spending a week at Saratoga, the party went to the Falls of Niagara. From Buffalo, after another week, they embarked for Chicago. Thence they passed over to St. Louis, and down the river to the mouth of the Ohio. Louisville, Cincinnati, Wheeling and Pittsburg, came next in their route, as they turned their faces homeward. Three days' journey in stage, rail road and steamboat, brought them to the place from which they had started, all glad to get back, but none more so than Mrs. Jones. She had felt miserable for a week. For three days she had not spoken to any one, not even so much as replying to her husband's oft-repeated question, if there was nothing that he could get or do for her. At Saratoga, Mrs. Jones had enjoyed herself wonderfully. The visit to Niagara was also delightful. But the first day's sail on the lake made her sick, and she was not able to hold up her head until their arrival at Chicago. The journey from thence to St. Louis had no attractions. For the first day, on leaving St. Louis, the river scenery interested her, but she tired of its sameness after that. From the mouth of the Ohio to Pittsburg, but little had a charm for her eye, that, for a greater portion of the time, although it looked abroad, took intelligent observation of nothing. The retina was impressed, but the mind perceived it not. From the time of leaving Pittsburg till their arrival at home, her spirits were down to the lowest ebb.

Poor Mr. Jones was in despair. If this state of things continued, he did not know how soon his wife's malady would take a permanent form in a confirmed mental derangement. But an inspection of his business on arriving at home, gave him other and more absorbing causes of concern. His paper had been dishonored, and his credit, in consequence, so severely shocked, that he found himself in imminent danger of ruin. Business had been suspended until his return, which would have taken place weeks before, had not his letters failed to reach him. A few days of anxious investigation, revealed to the trembling merchant the dreaded truth, that he was a ruined man. A meeting of creditors was called, and an assignment made of all his effects.

During the progress of these distressing events, Mr. Jones had not been able to summon sufficient courage to disclose the truth to his wife. For days after their return, she had been too much depressed in feeling—too really wretched—to notice the dark shadow that rested upon her husband's face. Her attention was first directed to him by noticing one night that he walked the floor of their chamber in evident agitation of mind, for more than an hour after his usual time for retiring. Her thoughts once fixed upon an object out of herself, and that object her husband in apparent distress, her own undefined and undefinable state of dreamy wretchedness began to subside.

In the morning, her first thoughts were of her husband. He had already arisen, when she awoke, and left the chamber. For three days she had not met the family at table. The thought of this, connected with the remembrance of her husband's agitation, too plainly exhibited on the night before, quickened her conscience as by a painful sting. She had never before seen him so moved; for he had always carefully striven to conceal from her whatever trouble and anxiety he might feel.

Arising quickly and dressing herself, Mrs. Jones went to the nursery to look at the children, her first visit to them for three days. The little things crowded around her, climbing up into her lap, twining their arms around her neck, and kissing, with childish fondness, her cheeks, lips, and forehead. Her bosom throbbed with a warm impulse of delight. She remained with them until the breakfast bell was rung, and then joined her husband at the table. He lifted his eyes to her face as she entered, and smiled faintly. Her heart bounded with a quick throb the moment she saw the expression of his countenance. To her a dreadful change had passed over it. His brow, ever so smooth and calm, was heavy and corrugated, as by intense, anxious thought;—his lips were compressed to half their ordinary volume—and his eyes had a strange, fixed, troubled expression. He ate only a few mouthfuls, and then left the table and retired from the house, seeming to be altogether unconscious of the presence of any one.

"Mercy! what can have happened!" ejaculated Mrs. Jones, rising involuntarily and leaving the breakfast room with two of the children seated at the table. Until dinner time, she had no thought but for her husband. He was evidently in deep trouble, and that awakened all her sympathies. He was nothing changed in appearance when he came home at dinner time. She spoke to him in a kind voice, and he looked up in evident surprise.

"What is the matter, husband?" she asked, laying her hand tenderly upon his arm, and looking him with anxious interest in the face.

There was something so affectionate and earnest in his wife's manner, that Mr. Jones was taken by surprise. He replied, without time for reflection:

"I am a ruined man, Margaret! But, were it not for you and the children, I would not care."

"Ruined! Ruined!" murmured Mrs. Jones, in a bewildered manner. "How? What?"

"During our Northern and Western tour, my business became embarrassed, and some of my paper was dishonored. It was too late, when I returned, to repair the injury. There was nothing left me but to call a meeting of my creditors, and assign all my effects into the hands of trustees. This latter is now about being done. I shall come out a ruined man. But still, with a fine character, unbroken spirits, and a knowledge of business that will, I trust, put me on my feet again in a few years."

"Then why despond?" asked Mrs. Jones, in a tone of confidence.

Her husband started, and looked her in the face for a moment, doubting if he had heard aright.

"I only despond for your sake," he replied, after a short pause.

"And why for my sake?"

"You will not be able to bear the change. All this elegance, and luxury, and ease, will pass away, Margaret." His voice trembled. "Ah! my poor wife! I fear that you will not be able to bear it."

"All we have possessed has, at least, not made me happy," the wife returned. Her voice trembled likewise, and was low and somewhat plaintive. Her feelings shrunk instinctively at the change her husband had predicted. But she felt a new love for, and a new confidence in him, blended with something of that heroic spirit which sustains a wife amid the severest trials.

"Margaret!" said the husband at length, in a firm voice, "can you stand up bravely by my side in this trial? Will your love for me keep you up? Can you forsake all for the sake of your husband and children?"

"Try me!" was the firm reply.

"I will!"

"And you shall not be disappointed," she returned, leaning her head against his bosom.

From that moment Mr. Jones had a cheerful, confident spirit. He passed through the trying ordeal of giving up every thing into the hands of his creditors, without once flinching. He had feared for his wife, when she should be called upon to abandon the luxury and elegance to which she had always been used. But he did not know what was in her. Ease had suffered the rust to accumulate upon her real internal character. But the stroke of misfortune's hammer had shivered off the dimming scales, and now she stood forth in the brightness of a woman's true nature.

They had three children, the youngest but two years old at the time the event occurred.

"We shall have to give up our waiter," Mr. Jones said, when they were prepared to move into a small house, far away from the fashionable neighborhood in which they had for years lived.

"Of course," was promptly replied. "And the nurse also. I must now take the entire charge of my children."

"But, I am afraid it will be too much for you."

"Do you think we can afford to keep three servants?"

"I do not," Mr. Jones said. "I shall enter again into my business. But it will be in a small way, and without capital. Our income will be limited."

"That settles the matter at once. I must be my own nurse. I have been thinking seriously over this matter for some time, and it seems to me clearly wrong for any woman to delegate her duties so fully as I have done. Perhaps," and her voice faltered, "all this trouble has been sent upon us that I might be made to see and do my duty as a woman and mother. You are called upon to suffer for my unfaithfulness."

In a few weeks they were settled down quietly in their new home. Mrs. Jones found enough to do for her husband and children, to keep head and hands both in constant occupation. She had no time for lowness of spirits—and, in fact, no cause. Her malady had arisen from a want of active interest in others. This she now had. Her body was often wearied, but duties well done left behind them a cheerful spirit. Mr. Jones found that it was as much as he could do to meet the expense of his family. His children were growing up, and it cost no small sum to educate them. His wife was, in consequence, not suffered to relax in her efforts. And this was well for her. Constant occupation, and her portion of this world's cares and anxieties were the medicaments her case required. When freely administered, they proved fully efficacious.

THE MARTYR WIFE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Chapter I.

A fair-haired girl, with a pure, bright complexion, and eyes of the softest blue, sat partly shading her face with her hand as she bent over a volume, deeply absorbed in its contents. It was evening, and as she sat near the light, it fell strongly upon her. With her dress of virgin white, and sunny countenance, all reflecting vividly the rays that streamed forth from a gas lamp, she looked like an image of innocence—but too delicate and fragile for a world of such severe realities as this.

More in the shadow of the room, yet still in clear light, sat the father and mother of the young lady. Their eyes were upon her, and moistened from feelings of exceeding tenderness, mingled with the consciousness that this, their beloved one, could not always thus be perfectly sheltered from the wind and the tempest—that she was a child of earth, although, seemingly, untainted by an earthly stain, or disturbed by a thought of evil.

"Florence, dear," the father said, after the passage of nearly an hour, during which he had been at times silent and thoughtful, and at times interested in some remarks either of his own or the mother of his child. "Florence, dear, you have enjoyed your book a good while now—won't you play and sing for me a little?"

"Certainly I will."

And the fair girl closed her book, and looked up with a sweet smile, that was full of tenderness and affection. She was, indeed, exquisitely lovely—and with this loveliness was blended something that did not seem of the earth, earthy. Her brow was high and white, her eyes soft, yet brilliant and full of expression. Her cheek, upon which rested a delicate bloom, that seemed as if it would fade every moment, was gently rounded into a healthy fullness, and yet it seemed as if it could not be flesh and blood that lay concealed beneath its pure transparent skin. A mouth formed to convey, in its rapid, yet delicate variations of expression all the good and affectionate impulses of her mind, gave a living and intelligent grace to her whole countenance. And the beauty of all these was heightened by the luxuriant tresses that fell in sunny ringlets about her neck and face, gracefully swaying and catching a thousand changing reflections of light, as her head partook of the gentle motions of her body.

No wonder that Mr. and Mrs. Allison were fond of their child. No wonder that they loved her with unspeakable tenderness. For her body but fitly corresponded with the loveliness of her mind.

Rising from her place at the centre-table, where she had been reading, Florence took up the guitar, and after passing her fingers for a few moments over the chords with practised touches, commenced warbling, in a low, thrilling voice, a sweet ballad of the olden time. Beautifully did her voice blend with the tones of the instrument, giving to them a richness and exquisiteness of expression not legitimately their own. Thus did she sing song after song, until, wearied, she laid aside her guitar, with the silently uttered blessings of her parents upon her head.

Florence Allison was just eighteen—that tender age at which we so often see the slender girl suddenly assuming the rounded contour and quiet demeanor of the woman. That age so beset with unknown dangers. That age, when the heart swelling with "tenderness suppressed," is ready to pour out its treasures at the feet of him whose touch shall first unseal the hidden waters—pure as crystal, and sweet as virgin innocence itself.

"I tremble when I think of our dear child," Mr. Allison said, after Florence had left them for the evening, and retired to her chamber. "This is too sad a world, and the way through it is too rough for one like her."

"Indeed it is," returned the mother. "She is far too beautiful not to attract admirers. But who is worthy to take her hand? I know of none."

"Nor I. But we are known to be rich, and our daughter's hand will be assuredly sought, not from a pure desire to possess that hand, but the wealth that will go with it. Pray Heaven, that no base wretch, with such motives, may succeed in winning her heart. If so, our gray hairs will assuredly go down in sorrow to the grave—sorrow for the anguish, and perchance early death, of a broken-hearted child. We must watch over her with tenfold greater vigilance than we have hitherto exercised."

Mr. Allison spoke with earnestness and emotion.

"Still, let us hope for the best. Surely, one so innocent as she, will not be suffered to become the victim of a heartless money-seeker."

"Others, as innocent and lovely, have not escaped that sorrowful condition," replied Mrs. Allison, gloomily. "I have sometimes wished that she were a plainer girl."

Thus conferred the parents, while the child was sleeping sweetly upon her pillow, her mind filled with pleasant dreams—dreams of one who had claimed many hours of her waking thoughts through the previous day.

As she lay thus, gently wrapt in slumber, a young man, in a distant part of the city, sat writing a letter, a portion of which ran thus.

"You say, Harry, that old Gripe threatens to send on his account and sue me here. For Heaven's sake shake him off a little while longer! Trump up any tale, I don't care what. Say I'm not here, if that will do. That I left for New Orleans on the first of the month. Any thing at all to stave the old moral off, until—Ah! 'until what?' you will ask.

"Harry, I have met an angel here! And if I'm not mistaken, she is going to lift me out of all my difficulties—for, besides being an angel, her old father is as rich as a Jew. Can I get her? you will ask. Verily, that is the question! But, I'm at least determined to have the merit of trying, even if I don't succeed. She is just eighteen, innocent as a lamb, and with a heart just ready to lavish its treasures of love upon the first one who comes along. I must be that fortunate one, if possible. With such an Eve by my side, the whole world would be a Paradise—especially, as by the power of an enchanter, she could subdue all the wild beasts of duns, who now beset my path, and send them off to their own waste, howling wilderness. I could love her, Harry. Yes—I do love her now, with the fervor of an Orpheus. And I can and will make her happy, if I can get her. If I can only win her, I will wear her proudly.

"Last night I met her for the third time, and unaccompanied by her parents, who watch over her as vigilantly as did the dragon of old over the golden apples in the garden of the Hesperides. And well they may, for she is a prize for which many will contend—and some far less worthy than your friend. I was not long in getting by her side, and when once there, you may be certain that I put on my very best clothes. I was really eloquent, at times, in my conversation—entirely surpassing myself—and you know that, at any time, I have a pretty smooth tongue in my head. I am in a state of wonder now, when I think how I talked to her. How ideas flowed into my mind, just as I wanted them, and formed themselves on my tongue into most eloquent sentences.—The fates were doubtless in my favor. She was taken with me, I could see plainly enough.

"If I can once get her, and thus form an alliance with the Allison's, I shan't care the snap of my finger for my old man. However, in that event he will at once have a better opinion of me. Strange, how a little alteration in external circumstance, alters the opinion of one's real quality in some people's minds!

"Write to me immediately, and tell me what you have made out of that Shylock, Gripe. More anon."

The young man who penned this characteristic epistle, was named George Campbell, the son of a high-minded, honorable citizen of a Southern State, well known for his virtues and the able manner in which he had filled several public stations of responsibility and usefulness. Thrown among companions of loose habits and looser principles while at College, the son had become so sadly corrupted, and so confirmed in idle and vicious courses, that his father lost nearly all control over him. For some time he had continued to supply him with money; but as this only gave him the power of free indulgence in evil courses, Mr. Campbell was finally compelled to cut him off with but a small annual stipend. His wants being far greater than his income, debts rapidly accumulated on his hands, and subjected him to the worst of all annoyances, duns for money, when the pockets are empty. This drove him to the necessity of doing something by which to raise money. For a time, he connected himself with a company of men trading from the Middle to the Southern States in slaves. In this way he obtained a few hundred dollars that were speedily dissipated, part in gay living, and part at the gaming table, to which he resorted in the hope of bettering his fortunes. There he became linked in with a party of gamblers, and acted for some time in the execrable capacity of a stool-pigeon, by which he realized handsome profits. In this, however, there was something so detestably false-hearted and base, that the small portion of unextinguished principle remaining in him, rebelled, and he broke himself loose from the vile association.

After this, with a few hundred dollars in his pocket, he came to P——, the residence of Mr. Allison. Here he had lived under more restraint than was habitual to him, and, on the strength of his father's good name, mixed pretty freely in good society. In doing so, he came in contact, as has been seen, with Florence, and determined, if possible, to secure her hand.

In the incipiency of this determination, although its prompting motive was the base desire of forming a rich connection, there came into activity some of the better feelings of his nature. About Florence, there was something that awoke purer sentiments and better resolutions than he had experienced for a long time. And yet, the highest emotion he was capable of feeling, was far too selfish and gross, to form any thing like a true conjoining principle between him and such a being as Florence Allison. She might, indeed, love that with which her fond imagination invested him—but he could never make her truly happy.

Chapter II.

Three weeks from the time the letter was written, an extract of which is contained in the proceeding chapter, another epistle was penned, of which the following is a portion.

"I declare, Harry, I am half inclined even now to give up the effort. I can win her,—of that I am satisfied. Indeed, I have her heart now, in spite of her father, whose dragon-like watchfulness has not prevented my feasting my eyes on his golden fruit. Then why give up? You will ask. For the very strange reason, so you will say, that she is too good for me. But that is the fact. I never, in my life, met with so pure a being—and she is as wise as she is pure. She utters sentiments, at times, that really make me feel as if I were suffocating, for they seem to surround me with an atmosphere so subtle that I cannot respire in it. If ever I am in love with virtue, it is when I listen to her low, sweet voice giving utterance to heavenly precepts, for none other ever fall from her lips.

"I can never make her happy. That is clear. And knowing this, will it not be acting a cruel part, Harry, for me to entail upon her a life-time of misery? I think so. And yet, is it not possible, that a union with her may elevate me, and make of me a wiser and a better man? Sometimes I think so.—And then again I am satisfied that what is bred in the bone, as they say, is not going to come out of the flesh. I am too old now, and know a little too much to be put in leading strings by a woman.

"Old Gripe, you say, is savage against me. Confound him! I wish he were dead. The fact is, I must push my fortunes with Florence as my only chance. There are several other girls here, of whom a handsome fellow like me, with a smooth tongue in his head might easily get the blind side, but I don't fancy them. It's one thing to get a wife with money, and another thing to get one with whom you can bear to pass a whole life-time. I wish Florence had a little more spice in her composition—a little of the devil in her eye: then we might jog along, and jar a little occasionally, and so get on comfortably. When I marry, it ought to be a woman of some considerable spirit and independence. One who could bear a little neglect, and wildness on my part occasionally, and even pull my ears, when in the humor. But Florence Allison is not of that stamp. If I were to neglect her, she would rebuke me only by a sad quiet look of distress, and a pale cheek. Perhaps I might even surprise her in tears. But she would never remonstrate, never chide—and if I continued my neglect, would, like a flower shut out from the light, wither, and droop, and die. I shouldn't like that. I don't want such a sin upon my conscience. And yet, what am I to do? Here is a flower in my path, waiting for my hand. Why not pluck it and wear it upon my bosom? Advise me, Harry."

While George Campbell was writing this letter, Florence was holding converse with a very dear young friend, between whom and herself existed a congeniality of feeling and sentiment. They had on the evening before attended the wedding of one of their young companions.

"Mary looked sweeter than I ever saw her," remarked the friend.

"But did you not think there was often an expression of sadness on her face? A withdrawal of external sight from surrounding objects, and a looking inward. It seemed so to me. And no wonder. Marriage is a solemn thing, and the marriage relation mysterious and holy. Who can enter into it without serious thoughts? Surely I could not."

"But I see no reason," returned the friend, "for sadness. They who marry, love each other above every thing in the world, and for such to be joined together, never to be separated during life, it seems to me must be of all things most delightful."

"And so it doubtless is," Florence said, while her voice slightly trembled, and her eye felt the gathering moisture. "But in that union, as in death to the good man who knows that he is going to the reward of eternal blessedness, there is something that causes the heart to flutter and shrink back. It is the passage of a bourne from which no traveller returns to give intelligence that can be comprehended by the virgin pilgrim to the same goal. Who, then, can stand just on the verge of that passage—that narrow space of time—and not feel her heart sink in her bosom? Certainly I could not."

"And yet, the wife's position is a higher and happier one than the maiden's."

"It is so, truly—far higher and holier—for only as a wife can a woman fill her true place in the world. Still, I have sometimes thought that as a maiden I should like to live and die. Would not you?"

"I cannot say that I would, Florence. Nor do I suppose you would, really. A lover of the right kind, I doubt not, would put all such notions to flight."

"Perhaps so," was the half-evasive reply, while her heart gave a quicker throb at the thought of George Campbell.

A month more elapsed, when Campbell called, formally, upon Mr. Allison, and asked an interview with him.

"You know my father?" began the young man, with an embarrassed air.

"By reputation, I do. I never had the pleasure of meeting him."

Then followed a silence.

"Hem! You know his standing in society, I presume?"

"O, yes. Very well. No man stands higher than he."

Then succeeded another silence, quite embarrassing to the young Campbell.

"Hem! Presuming upon my connections, I make bold to approach you upon a subject that deeply interests us both."

"Indeed, sir! And what is that?" asked Mr. Allison, quickly.

"I find myself becoming attached to your daughter, sir."

"My daughter! Impossible! When did you meet with my daughter. I have never seen you at my house."

"That is true, sir. But I have met your daughter in company, several times of late, and have only seen her to admire: and then to love her. As an honorable man, I felt it my duty to seek your permission to address her, before intruding myself into your family."

"I cannot give you that permission, sir. I know nothing of your disposition or habits. Nothing of your ability to make my daughter happy."

"Of these you cannot, of course, judge at once. But, as there exist the means of ascertaining what it is so requisite that you should know, I hope that your present ignorance of my character will not be the means of entirely excluding me from the society of Miss Allison. Let me at least visit her, while you make every necessary inquiry concerning me?"

"No, sir. I cannot do that. It would not be the course of a prudent parent. I know that it is in the power of the bad, as well as the good, to win the affections of innocence—to bind the pure and the lovely to them by chords that no human power can rend asunder. You may be, in every way, worthy the hand of my child—which hand, however, I shall not give to any one for at least two years to come—but I do not know it."

"Will you not make inquiries? Will you not take the requisite steps to satisfy yourself?"

"Most assuredly I will. But of one thing let me caution you, Mr. Campbell, and that is, not to seek, in any way, to win the regard of Florence, should you be thrown accidentally in her company. If you do so, I shall at once consider you to be void of honor, and shall turn, ever after, a deaf ear to all your overtures."

"You may depend upon me," the young man said. "But how long a time do you wish?"

"I cannot now tell. But a month or two at the least. I must be fully satisfied before I will give my consent for you to approach my child."

A letter from Campbell to his friend, written on the same day that this interview took place, will show his views and feelings in relation to the matter.

"Well, Harry, I have crossed the Rubicon," so began the letter; "to-day I have seen old Allison, and formally asked permission to address his daughter. But the way he threw cold water on it was curious. He would not consent that I should put my foot inside of his door, until he had made enquiries about my character, etc., which I should think he designs shall be thorough and extensive, for he requires at least from one to two months. I am not, in the mean time, to attempt to make any impression upon Florence, if I should accidentally be thrown into her company, under the penalty of an utter rejection of my suit. So now you see how the land lies. And then, he talks about not letting her marry for two years to come. Preposterous! As to not trying to make an impression on her if I fall in with her, that is my business. Most certainly I shall make myself as interesting to her as possible. Wouldn't I be a fool not to do so, especially as there are ten chances against, to one in my favour, in the event of his making any very minute investigations into my character. If he should decide unfavourably, as I fear he will, I have no idea of giving up the game. The fact is, I have never seen a woman who made so deep an impression on me, as Miss Allison has done. She is loveliness and innocence embodied. The music of her voice, the expression of her countenance, linger with me for days after I have met her. Her image is in every dream. Surely, the presence of such a one, ever by my side, would change my whole character. I have been a wild boy in my time, it is true. But this is, I feel, the turning point in my life.

"I have written to my father, and stated the whole matter to him freely. I have affected with him a good deal of penitence, and promised to come right home with my wife, and be all that he can ask me to be. This will, of course, excite new hopes in his mind, and cause him to put as good a face on the matter as possible when he replies to Mr. Allison, who will, no doubt, write to him in regard to me.

"And so, old Gripe really took the bait, and believes that I am in New Orleans. Ha! ha! Keep him on that scent, if you please, as steady as possible, while I lie low in this quarter, and push my fortunes with Florence Allison. All is well that ends well—Adieu."

Disregarding his pledge to Mr. Allison, young Campbell sought every opportunity that presented, to insinuate himself into the good opinions of Florence. It so happened that he was a regular visitor in a family where Florence was intimate. Hence the maiden, who had already begun to feel the power of the charmer, went often, drawn by an inclination, the reason of which was unacknowledged to herself—and here she met Campbell—unknown to her parents, though not clandestinely, for she had no idea of the young man's proposal to her father, or that he even thought of her,—at least half a dozen times during the two months her father required for prosecuting his enquiries. These meetings were not without a decided effect upon her. Her young heart was won.

Skilled in the unspoken language of the heart, Campbell saw at every step the progress he was making, and knew the precise moment when he might feel certain of his prize.

When the time which was thought necessary by Mr. Allison, for the prosecution of his enquiries, had expired, Campbell waited upon him again, formally.

"Good morning," said the old gentleman coldly, as the suitor came into his presence.

"Good morning, Mr. Allison," returned Campbell, bowing politely, and permitting his features to assume a bland smile.

"Take a chair, sir."

Mr. Campbell seated himself, and then said, with affected unconcern:

"Well, sir, I suppose you have satisfied yourself in regard to me."

"I have. And what is more, have heard nothing that prepossesses me in your favor—that is, as a man suitable for my daughter to marry. I find your habits of life have been irregular, and your associates of the worst kind."

"But that is past, Mr. Allison. I am willing to acknowledge that while young I have been imprudent. But I trust I am a different man now."

"No man can pass through the flames without the smell of the fire remaining on him, Mr. Campbell. A moral character once tainted, like a polluted stream, takes a long time to run clear again. I could not trust my child with one who had ever thought lightly of virtue."

"Have you written to my father, Mr. Allison?"

"I have."

"And has he replied to you?"

"Yes, sir. Here is his letter."

And Mr. Allison handed the young man his father's communication. It ran thus:

"You place me, sir, in a most painfully trying position; one in which duty and affection come strongly into conflict. You say that my boy has asked the hand of your only daughter, who is to you as the apple of your eye—whose happiness you would sacrifice any thing in your power to maintain. You describe her as being fragile as a blossom; and one whose affections, when once called out, would be so intense and devoted, that should they not be met by one who could truly appreciate and truly love her, would, 'like a worm in the bud,' eat away at her heart, and destroy her. Were she my daughter, sir, and your son were to ask her of my hands, and I knew him to be such a one as my erring boy, I should be compelled to reject his suit. George has written to me freely of your daughter; and has described her in such terms as has made us all love her, and earnestly desire that she might make one of our family. He has, in doing so, promised much that is good in regard to the future, and I trust that his resolutions are sincere. I doubt not but that such a lovely being to stimulate him to noble ends, would modify his future life, and perhaps save him. But, sir, the experiment would be dangerous to your child. Truth requires me to say this, while my heart yearns over my son, and leaps at the thought of the alliance proposed, as the means of reclaiming him."

George Campbell read this letter over twice, and then dashed a tear from his eye, as he handed it back to Mr. Allison.

"Can you blame me, after that, for declining your proposal?" the father of Florence said, looking the young man steadily in the face.

"Perhaps not. But may I not hope to find favor in your eyes, if I return to my father, submit myself to him, and change thoroughly my course of life? I find myself deeply, and, I know, tenderly attached to your daughter."

Campbell spoke seriously; for he was in earnest.

"No, sir," was the prompt reply. "If the desire to possess the hand of my child be a motive strong enough now to cause you to give up a dissipated and vicious course of life—for such I find you have led—when you grow tired of her, as a man of your character must grow tired of every thing after a time, a desire to return to the habits which have been confirmed by your delight in them, will be strong enough to induce you to neglect, and even ill-treat her. No, sir! I cannot give you my child. I would rather see her in her grave, for then I know she would be happy."

This was spoken in an excited, tremulous voice.

Seeing that there was nothing to be gained by a further conference with Mr. Allison, Campbell arose, and bowing formally, withdrew.

"I have seen Mr. Allison to-day," he wrote to his friend, that evening, "and he has said 'no,' emphatically. He wrote to the old man, who very affectionately advised him not to have any thing to do with his dutiful son. A pretty way this to win back the penitent prodigal! Never mind! He'll be sorry for this, I'm thinking. And now, shall I back out and call myself beaten? No, I'm blamed if I do! I'll show both of them, and my old man in particular, that I can get Florence Allison in spite of his endorsement of my character. 'But, will this be prudent?' you ask. 'Won't you be encumbered with a wife, and yet not have a dollar more with which to help yourself?'—No. I think not. Allison will soon come round, for his daughter's sake. If he don't, why its easy enough to throw her upon his hands again. But I shouldn't like to do this, exactly, for in very truth I love her. Who can help loving her, that spends an hour in her company? So beautiful, so innocent, and yet so full of intelligence, beyond her years, she interests all, and binds all to her by a spell that cannot be broken.

"Yes, I will win her. In fact, I have won her. She is mine already. And I will make her happy. I will prove to them all that I am worthy of her. I will be to her all that he fond heart can desire. But will she leave her home to go with me? That is the next question. If, after her father and mother find that she loves me, and will not think of another, and they refuse to let us be married, will she leave all for me? We shall see. More anon."

Chapter III.

After Campbell had parted with Mr. Allison, it occurred to the latter that, perhaps, the young man would seek opportunities for meeting his daughter, and interest her affections while she was entirely unconscious of the character of the individual into whose company she had fallen. As soon, therefore, as he went home he sought an opportunity of conferring with Florence. He found her reading, and, seemingly, much interested in the book she held in her hand. It was a volume of poems—"The Improvisitrice and other poems, by L. E. L."—the tone and spirit of which accorded with her own feelings, just awaking under the magical touch of life's enchanting wand.

"My dear," began her father, after sitting for a few moments, "have you ever met a young man by the name of Campbell?"

Though not intended to be so, the question was asked in a tone that was full of meaning.

Florence looked up at the question, the color deepening on her cheek, and replied—

"Yes; I have met him several times of late."

"Is it possible! Where have you met him, Florence?"

"At Mrs. Carpenter's; and once or twice in company," returned Florence, the blood now mounting rapidly to her face, and an alarmed expression coming over her countenance. "But why do you ask, father?"

"I ask, my child, because I have recently learned that about him which causes me to regard him in a very unfavorable light. If he should make any effort to cultivate your acquaintance, repel him at once."

"You certainly cannot mean the Mr. Campbell of whom I speak," Florence said doubtingly.

"I mean George Campbell, a young man from the South, who has been mingling in society here for the last few months. He was at Linton's three or four weeks ago."

"The Mr. Campbell whom I have met at Mrs. Carpenter's was there on the occasion to which you allude; if he is the person you mean, he must have been most basely traduced."

"Florence, I mean the very George Campbell that you do!" Mr. Allison now said, with startling emphasis, for he became suddenly aware that the tempter had already been at work upon her—had already half won her heart. "And he is, let me assure you, a specious scoundrel. A man without principle.—The cast-off son of a high-minded father. Florence, beware of him as you would of a serpent in your path!"

As Mr. Allison uttered these words in an excited voice, Florence grew deadly pale. Her father did not fail to observe this, and guessed too well the cause.

"My dear child," he resumed, after a few moments' silence, and in a calmer voice, "I see too plainly that this person of whom I speak has, as I feared that he would, if thrown into your society, made upon your mind a favorable impression. But let that impression be instantly effaced. He is utterly unworthy of a pure heart's smallest regard. From all that I can learn of him, his life has been of the most abandoned character, and his associates the vilest of the vile. He is even now skulking in this city from the pursuit of the ministers of the law—at least, so I have been told. His father, one of the most honorable men at the South, has partially disowned him; and he is now a mere selfish fortune-hunter; a man seeking to form an alliance with some wealthy family, in order to get new supplies of money. My dear child, beware of him."

As Mr. Allison uttered the last sentence, Florence burst into tears, and rising quickly went up to her chamber.

Gradually, and almost insensibly, had her mind become first prepossessed in Campbell's favor, and then interested in him, until he had come to fill, almost constantly, her waking thoughts, and dreams by night. To have the tender emotions of her heart, that had been going sweetly forth, almost unacknowledged by herself, thus suddenly breathed upon by a wintry breath—thus checked and chilled, was more than she could bear. It was, to her, life's first dark shadow—the first cloud in a hitherto serene sky.

But did she credit her father's description of Campbell's character. Alas! no. In his deep anxiety to warn her of impending danger, he had drawn too strong a picture—he had said too much. Florence could not believe that the intelligent, winning, and apparently pure-minded young man, who had interested her so much, was the wretch her father represented him to be. It was, in her mind, impossible. She could not love anything that was not good. And he must be good, for she—no, she did not own that she loved him—at least, she did not say to herself that she did.

As for Mr. Allison, he was alarmed and distressed beyond measure. He had never dreamed, for a moment, that any serious impression had been made upon his daughter's mind. Now it was too evident that the young man, disregarding entirely his pledge, had been actively engaged in endeavoring to ingratiate himself with Florence, while he was making inquiries in regard to his character. This only tended the more strongly to confirm his mind against him.—It showed Campbell to be thoroughly unprincipled. To have acted falsely towards him, under the appearance of a great show of fairness. After a long conference with the mother of Florence, it was thought best to say nothing to her for the present, but to prevent, if possible, her meeting with the young man any more.

In the evening, when Florence again met her father, she did so with an effort to be cheerful, but the delicate bloom of her cheek had faded, and her eyes had a dreaming look. She read to her parents, and played and sang for them as before. But her voice had in it a peculiar expression that touched their feelings. In singing, it was full of an unusual pathos, and often seemed to tremble, involuntarily, as it lingered on words expressive of tender sentiments.

At an early hour she retired, after receiving from her parents the usual parting kiss. She went up to her chamber, to be alone—not to sleep. Her thoughts were too troubled for sleep. At first she sat musing near the window, looking out upon the sparkling sky—then she took up a favorite volume and read for half an hour, when tears blinded her, and she closed the book with a deep sigh. Hers was a painful struggle, and one too severe for her delicately wrought frame. It was not a struggle between duty to her parents and a wish to receive the attentions of Campbell. From the moment that she understood that her father had objections to him of so grave a nature that they could not be set aside, she considered herself as forever separated from the young man, although she did not feel the less confidence in, and attachment for him. In fact, these, strange as it may seem, were stronger than before. Her father had spoken so harshly against him, and had declared him corrupted in, to her mind, so impossible a degree, that it had upon her just the contrary effect to what had been designed. The effort with her was one of endurance. She was struggling to be resigned to the will of those to whom she had ever been in obedience, and whom she loved with the purest affection.

It was past midnight before she felt inclined to return to bed, and then she lay long awake, her mind crowded with thoughts and images that would not suffer her to sink into unconsciousness. But at last her eyelids became heavy with sleep, and gentle slumber locked up her senses in forgetfulness.

In the morning her parents saw, with feelings of pain, that their child's countenance, instead of regaining its bloom, was paler, and that her eyes had a more dreary look than on the day before. Her voice, too, was lower, and touched with a tone of sadness. They endeavored to interest her, but she only smiled at pleasant words with her face. There so beaming forth of the soul from her countenance. Thus it went on from day to day, and from week to week, the cheek of Florence growing thinner and paler every day. She rarely went out, and evinced no desire for company, usually spending the greater portion of her time alone. She did not again visit the house where she had met Campbell so frequently, from the hour her father expressed his objection to him. And this was from design. She had no wish to meet him. The love that had been awakened in her heart, she dreamed not to be a mutual flame. It was her maiden secret, guessed at only by her parents.

Seeing that their daughter's health must suffer, vitally, unless her mind could be interested, a journey was proposed by Mr. and Mrs. Allison. She was passive in the matter, evincing no desire to go, and no particular preference for remaining at home. But, from the lethargy that was creeping over her, she was startled, on the evening before the day on which she was about to commence a journey to the Falls of Niagara, by receiving a letter from Campbell. It ran thus:

"Pardon, my dear Miss Allison, my presumption in addressing you. The strong interest you awakened in my mind on the few occasions in which I had the pleasure of meeting you, must be my excuse for doing so. It is now weeks since I have met you.—Almost every evening has found me at my friend Mrs. Carpenter's, in the expectation of seeing you as usual. But, from some cause, you have avoided visiting Mrs. C. or, indeed, as far as I can learn, any one else. Why is this? Surely it is not to avoid me? I say this, because certain persons have made representations against me, to your father, greatly to my injury; which have so prejudiced his mind as to cause him to positively refuse me the privilege of visiting you at your own house; a privilege which I had presumed to ask. From the day I was refused all opportunity in an open and manly way of endeavoring to make myself pleasing to you, I have not seen your face. And now I hear that you are about going away on a journey, to be gone some weeks.—This fact has induced me to make bold to write to you, and let you know that there is one who cares for you, and who would gladly win you. I cannot ask you to reply to this, although a line from you would be most gladly received."

Florence read the first line of this letter, and then glanced at the signature. As she did so, her heart gave a sudden bound, and the blood flew to her face in rapid currents. Then she returned to the first line and read the epistle through with surprise, and a feeling of exquisite pleasure. But this feeling of pleasure quickly subsided as she remembered her father's strong expressions of dislike towards Campbell, and the impossibility of the mutual sentiment being any thing but a source of pain to both of them.

Again she read over the letter, lingering upon each sentence, and then placed it securely under lock and key, in her drawer. But she had no thought of answering it. The passion on both sides was, in her view, a hopeless one. On the next morning, she started with her parents, on the proposed journey, from which she returned in about two weeks, paler and thinner, and more given to absent mindedness and musing, than before. All this was too apparent to Mr. and Mrs. Allison, and affected them most painfully. A realization of their worst fears had come. There was no doubt in their minds as to the cause of all this change, although their daughter had never been questioned on the subject. There was, it seemed to them, but one of two desperate causes to pursue—to let Campbell visit her, or suffer her to droop for a year or so, and then sink into her grave. From the first, their hearts turned with unconquerable repugnance—but from the last with a feeling of dread and fear, united with something of self-condemnation. And then there came pleading thoughts for the young man. He had promised amendment. Perhaps he was sincere. Perhaps it might reclaim him, and restore health to the veins and happiness to the bosom of their child. Thus were their minds held in a state of vacillation between a choice of evils, unable to decide the difficult question.

In the mean time Campbell was coolly awaiting the decision of this question, as the following will show.

"You ask in your last, how my love affair comes on. I think it is in a pretty fair way, Harry. Am I not in an interesting position? Surely, to have one of the sweetest girls in the country actually pining away for you, is extremely flattering to the vanity. Such is my case. I had a glimpse of Florence yesterday, as she passed me in her father's carriage. She looks exceedingly pale and interesting. I am told that she has never been herself since the day her father refused to let me address her. I suppose he attempted to prejudice her mind against me, and this made her conscious of how deep an impression I had made upon her heart. I wrote to her once just to let her know how I felt on the subject. She has not replied to it—I did not expect that she would. But it told, I have no doubt. The old folks took her off to Niagara, but it didn't do her any good. She came home worse than she went. The upshot will be, I suppose, an order, before long, for the attendance of *Doctor* Campbell. I am waiting for the summons daily. I doubt not that I shall be able to prescribe with the happiest result. My compliments to old Gripe, and tell him to keep cool a little longer,—confound him!"

Chapter IV.

"'Didn't I tell you so, Harry!'' so wrote Campbell, about four weeks later. "Didn't I tell you that Doctor Campbell would be called in before long? It has happened just as I predicted. Three or four days ago, I received a note from Mr. Allison, asking an interview. Of course I was in prompt attendance. I found the old gentleman in quite a state of perturbation. Florence, it seems, had become so ill as not to be able to leave her room, and her case baffled the physician's skill.

"'Mr. Campbell,' said the father, gravely, when I met him; 'I feel that I have just cause of complaint against you for the violation on your part, of a pledge solemnly made to me.'

"Of course, I was entirely ignorant of what he was driving at, and affected to be wonderfully surprised at the unexpected charge.

"'You are speaking to me in riddles, sir,' I said.

"'Did you not,'' he then asked, 'promise me that, while I was endeavoring to satisfy myself of your ability to make my daughter happy, you would not seek, in any way, to win her affections?'

"'Well, sir—and did I violate that promise?' I asked confidently.

"'It would seem that you have.'

"'Appearances, Mr. Allison, are often very deceptive. While you were taking time to satisfy yourself in regard to me, I was thrown, on three or four occasions, into your daughter's company. I did not think that I ought to treat her rudely, or even with marked indifference. I only conducted myself towards her as I had on former occasions. Had I dreamed that you would have come to the extraordinary conclusion about me that you did, I might have studiedly avoided your daughter. But how could I know that the result would prove so disastrous to my hopes—to my peace of mind? I was conscious of the sincerity of my affection for Miss Allison, and conscious that in asking the privilege of addressing her, I did so with honorable ends. I knew that in former years I had been betrayed into indiscretions from unfortunate associations during my college life—but I did not anticipate that my father's stern principles, his sensitiveness in regard to the external conduct, would have had the effect to make him write such bitter things against me. There is the possibility of being mistaken, sir. Even the best and the wisest may err. My father is a good man, and I have always honored him for his high-minded integrity of character. But even my father may commit an error, and such was the case when he wrote to you as he did. But all that is past now, and to recall it can avail nothing. It has only been alluded to, incidentally, in connection with my vindication of myself from the charge you have brought against me.'

"This seemed to soften the old gentleman amazingly. After thinking for some time, he said—

"'Mr. Campbell, all you say may be true—it seems to be true. But it is past, now, and cannot be recalled, nor can the effect of your brief intercourse with my child be obliterated from her mind.'

"Then, after another long pause, he asked, in evidently a reluctant voice, and with much feeling—

"'Mr. Campbell—can I—dare I trust the happiness of my child with you?'

"'You can—you dare,' I instantly replied. 'I am, sir, not the cold-hearted, corrupt, abandoned individual you have seemed to suppose me. Your daughter I love truly, if ever man loved a woman. We do not usually seek to render those we love, unhappy.'

"Another long pause ensued, and then he said, offering his hand—

"'I give you, young man, this hand in confidence. I withdraw my refusal to let you visit my daughter. Win her, if you can. But do not—oh! do not betray the confidence this day reposed in you.'

"The old man's voice trembled as he said this. He was, evidently, deeply moved. I took the offered hand, grasped it warmly, and replied earnestly and sincerely—

"'I will never betray your confidence, sir! I will prove to you that I am not what I have been represented to be.'

"I spoke with feeling. It was a moment of triumph and pleasure. But a few weeks before, I came a suppliant for the hand of Florence, and my request was refused; now the father came to me, and offered me his child. But I bore my honors meekly. I did not insult him by flinging her back in his face. After a little while, I was asked by Mr. Allison to accompany him home. I did so. I was a little embarrassed when I met the mother of Florence. She did not receive me cordially. In fact, how could I have expected her to do so? She had never seen me, and had, no doubt imbibed a prejudice against me of the strongest kind. But I soon made my way into her good graces. I was as smooth as oil, and as open and fair, and full of pretty speeches as it was possible for me to be. After again talking over matters and things, I was asked to go up with them and see Florence. My heart beat violently, as I ascended the stairs, and I almost lost my self-possession as we paused at the door of one of the chambers. In a moment after, I was in the presence of the dear girl.

"How shall I describe her as she appeared at the moment my eyes first rested upon her? Imagine a fair-haired girl, with bright blue eyes, and a face—thin and white—white and transparent as the purest marble, polished by the most exquisite art—half-supported in bed by snowy pillows, upon which her attenuated form made scarcely a perceptible indentation—and you have a faint picture of her appearance. In one hand she held a small bunch of choice flowers, the delicate odour of which touched the sense instantly, yet almost imperceptibly. A single pale rose lay upon her pillow, close by her paler face, and seemed like a representation of the bloom that had once mantled the rounded but now sunken beauty of her cheek. Oh! what a thrill of tenderness and love passed through me, as my eyes first met this touching picture. I never saw so lovely a sight; and yet, one that so moved me to tears as it did. I could scarcely retain a manly control of myself.

"My entrance seemed to take her utterly by surprise. She had, evidently, received no intimation from her parents of the step they were about to take. Quick as a flash did the blood spring to her face, and her cheek deepened in bloom until it paled the delicately tinted rose that had blushed on the pillow by her side.

"'Florence,' I said, going instantly to the bedside, 'your father and mother have consented to let me see you, and not only to see you once, but to visit you as often as you are willing that I shall come.'

"For a moment or two she looked inquiringly and incredulously into the faces of her parents, where she read an assent to all I had said. Oh, how sweet, how exquisitely sweet was the smile that played about her lips, as she closed her eyes, and lay with her long lashes resting upon her cheeks, while the hand I had taken was gently compressed upon mine! In a little while a tear, bright as a diamond, stole out from beneath each fringing eye-lash, and lay sparkling upon her cheeks. Moved by an impulse that I could not control, I stooped down and kissed them away. As I raised up, half frightened at the liberty I had taken, her eyes opened and repaid me by a look that thrilled my whole being with delight.

"Our interview on this occasion was short, but it was sweeter to my feelings than I can describe. As for Florence, I never saw so lovely a creature. The color that had sprung so suddenly to her cheek, did not leave it, but only diffused itself more widely, thus softening its tint into one of exquisite delicacy, and giving to her whole face a tone of health beautifully contrasting with the transparent paller that marked her countenance when I came in. On leaving her, we parted with a cheerful smile on the face of Florence, and a promise on my part to call on the next day and see her again.

"It would have done your heart good had you seen the change in the old folks towards me after we went down stairs. I sat and talked with them for an hour, and they evidently looked up to me as the saviour of their child. The good advice they gave, too, was quite edifying. But what pleased me most, was their ardent praise of Florence. It seemed as if they would never tire of expatiating on the loveliness of her character. And I do not think they estimate her too highly. She is doubtless a treasure of a daughter, and will make a treasure of a wife.

"On the next day I called, and found Florence already able to sit up. Her cheek was blushing in beauty, as it was when I parted with her on the day before. This time, we were left alone for an hour. I cannot, of course, tell you all the tender things that were uttered by me, nor give her equally tender responses. It was an hour of delicious pleasure. To-morrow, I am to see her again. For the present, I must say good-bye. Am I not in luck?"

From the moment Florence met Campbell, she was a changed being. Health and spirits came back, her countenance brightened up, her step became elastic, and even the laughter of a happy heart fell occasionally from her lips. Campbell became a daily visitor, and soon won fully the confidence of Mr. and Mrs. Allison. He was well educated, had an active mind, and had not only travelled much and seen much in his own country, but had, some years previous, made the tour of Europe with his father, and gathered, in that tour, much information of a very interesting character. He had, also, read extensively, and knew how to make good use of all he knew. His conversation was, therefore, always attractive, and his society agreeable. A few weeks' intercourse with the young man, who tried himself, convinced Mr. Allison that he had been harshly judged both by his father and others.

Towards Florence, he was untiring in his attentions, and appeared to her to possess new intellectual attractions at every recurring interview. Her innate love of the good, the true and the beautiful, was met by him with sentiments calculated to stimulate that love, and of course to exalt his character in her eyes. Gradually, her ardent mind invested him with all human perfections. He was, in her eyes, a man of the purest and noblest souls—one who would be to her like the manly oak to the tender, clinging vine, lifting her up into the pure regions of elevated thought, and high-toned principles, whither her nature tended with intense yearnings.

"How beautiful is truth," she said to him one day as they sat conversing alone. "If a character formed upon truth as a basis is so beautiful to behold—so lovely as an object of contemplation, how light, how pure, how like God himself must be truth, as a principle of life, flowing from him."

"Truth, I have read somewhere," replied Campbell, "is an entity—a real, substantial existence. A living and vital thing, that, like the germinating principle in plants, or that higher something that quickens and continues to flow into that germinating principle as a point of influx, and finding a place in the mind as a vessel or form receptive of it, causes a new formation of the character to take place—produces a new growth of ruling principles, or forms and modifications of itself, but all with truth in the centre, as a king ruling in the centre or highest place of a kingdom."

"Beautiful! beautiful!" ejaculated Florence.

"And I have further read," continued Campbell, rising into a higher and purer region of the mind, a region above, far above, the region of his ruling affections, but into which, by the power of thought, all can ascend, even evil spirits themselves, in their disembodied forms. ("The devils believe and tremble.") "I have further read, that it is not truth really that is the vital thing, but good which is in truth—good of which truth is but the form, the appearance—that which we can see, touch, handle, with our spiritual senses."

"Beautiful! Far more beautiful because it is true! It is not, then, what a man thinks and knows to be truth, that is really truth to him, but what he lives—what he makes good by bringing into actual life. It is what a man does, not what he thinks, that constitutes a true standard of estimation. It is his quality that makes him truly a man."

"Justly discriminated," Campbell said. "And the same moral qualities give to woman her true loveliness of character. We love her because she is good, as well as beautiful. Beauty fades—the intellect grows dim; but good is a positive quality, and never loses its attractive power."

This conversation will give some idea of the character of Florence Allison's mind; it will show, too, how forms of intellectual truth and moral good may be advanced, and right principles declared and approved by one who is corrupt in heart, and ruled by his evil passions instead of his understanding of the truth. And it will show how this counterfeit presentation may deceive even the purest mind, when under the control of that fond affection which is too prone to invest its object with every virtue. Another extract from one of Campbell's letters, will help to develope the interest of our story:

"Every thing is going on as merrily as a marriage bell. I am with Florence for hours every day. We have obtained the consent of her father and mother to be married in a month. I have written a long letter to my father, giving him a full history of the present aspect of affairs. Mr. Allison has also written to him. I made large promises in my letter, of future good conduct, which I mean to keep. My wild oats, I think, are all sown—at least they ought to be, for I have already reaped a pretty abundant harvest of grainless stalks, that have not paid the trouble of gathering in.

"I have my misgivings, at times, about Florence. I am afraid that I have put on almost too many appearances of good. I am afraid, when she begins to know me more as to what I really am—when she finds out that I am not exactly a saint, as she now seems to think me, that she will make herself unhappy about it. I tell her, sometimes, that I'm afraid she estimates me too highly—that I am but a man, with a man's imperfections and weaknesses. But she always silences me when I talk so, and ingeniously insinuates that in all probability I will get the worst of the bargain. Dear, innocent creature! I wish, for her sake, I was a better man than I am. And for her sake, I will try to be. I would not draw a tear of pain from her mild blue eye, for a kingdom.

"You see, Harry, that I am a gone case. And what is more, confound me if I can help it! I only wish the dear girl had a little more spice in her disposition, as I have said before. Then I should be in freedom to act out a little of the devil that is in me; for in that case she would brighten up, and comb my head with a right good will. Then we could be even again, for in making up there would be something mutual. We would both have to repent a little—both have to confess a little,—and then we could kiss and become good friends again until next time. But this ain't going to do with Florence. She will never chide. My first indiscretion—my first coldness or seeming indifference, the first act of folly which will tear the veil from her eyes, and convince her that I am not the perfect being she has imagined me, will take the blossom from her cheek, the light from her eye, and the healthful elasticity from her step. But I will not think of this. I will not conjure up vain fears. I will be to her all she can desire. And now adieu. Write soon."

Chapter V.

"George! Who was that I saw with you in the street yesterday?"

This was asked by a female, in a quick, stern voice, at the same time that she fixed her black eyes keenly upon the young man she had interrogated.—That young man was George Campbell.

"I was with several persons yesterday. To whom do you allude, Ellen?" was the somewhat evasive answer.

"You know well enough whom I mean!" the female replied, in sharp angry tones. "I mean that flaxen-headed, milk-faced girl you have become so taken with of late."

"You speak in riddles," was the young man's apparently unconcerned rejoinder.

"Why don't you answer!" ejaculated the female, angrily stamping her foot, and looking Campbell fiercely in the face. "Who was she? Say!"

"I don't know as that is any of your business, Ellen," coolly returned Campbell, fixing his eyes with provoking indifference upon his excited companion.

"No business of mine, ha! You don't know me, George, if you think to trifle with me on this subject." Her voice was calm, and more resolute, and her eyes were upon him with an unflinching intensity. "You have linked my destiny to yours, and no earthly hand shall break the chain. I loved you, confided in you, and you sacrificed me. I love you still, but I can hate as intensely as I can love. I will not be thrown aside. I am your wife as fully and as truly as if a marriage bond united us, and I will claim you before the world as my husband, if you dare to resign me for another. I have been all along prepared for the emergency which now seems to threaten me. The cost I have coolly calculated; and have fully settled my course of action. I can be a firm, confiding, all-sacrificing friend and lover, but a bitter and persecuting enemy."

There was an energy and pathos about the woman, connected with the strong and startling language that she uttered, which broke up Campbell's assumed coldness of demeanor.

"Ellen!" he said quickly, "you are going mad certainly. The girl you saw with me was only one of the dozen young misses I have necessarily to treat with politeness, for the sake of keeping on good terms with their families."

"Wasn't it Miss Allison?" asked Ellen, compressing her lips tightly, and eyeing Campbell with a steady, penetrating gaze.

"Miss Allison! Nonsense! What put Miss Allison in your head, as if she were anything to me more than another?"

"Wasn't it Miss Allison?" Answer me that, George!"

"No—it was not. There! will that satisfy you? But you are in a strange humour, Ellen. Suppose I were to get married, for the sake of bettering my fortune—that needn't make me less attached to you."

"Married!" half shrieked the excited girl; "never! Except to me. That promise I hold, and when marriage is spoken of by you, that promise I claim.—Don't flatter yourself with the idea of leading any woman to the altar but me. It shall never be done while I live!"

"Oh, well, never mind, Ellen," Campbell said in a soothing voice. I have no thought of getting married. So you can cool yourself off and put your heart at rest."

With this assurance, his companion's excited feelings were calmed down. To this excitement succeeded a state of great depression of spirits, accompanied by a free gush of tears, in the midst of which Campbell left the apartment in which the scene just described had occurred. Half an hour after he was beside the pure-minded, innocent-hearted Florence.

That night he wrote to his friend after the following fashion:

"It's a true saying, Harry, that the course of true love never did run smoothe. Here I have the deuce and all to pay. Don't you think that Ellen has seen me in the street with Florence, and more than that, has got, how the mischief only knows, the notion into her head that I am going to marry the girl. The consequence is, she has flared up and told me to the teeth, that I shall never marry any one but her, that I am her husband, and as such she will claim me if I dare to wed another.

"Verily I am in a narrow place. I'm afraid the girl's determined spirits will bring me into trouble. I am pledged, you know, to Florence, and our wedding day is now but a few weeks off. Ellen's suspicions are all awake, and she may do something before that day arrives to mar everything. I am not much afraid of her threat in regard to her claiming me for her husband after I am married. She only wants to frighten me and prevent the occurrence of an event that will forever cut her off from the hope of getting back again into a less questionable position than the one she now occupies. I denied positively that it was Florence, of whom she has heard some how or other. Until the marriage takes place, I must lull her suspicions by increased attentions; and trust to make fair weather with her when it is all over.

"Florence grows more and more charming every day. She is a lovely creature, and as pure as a dew-drop. How strongly does she contrast with Ellen, who, you know, used to be known as the beauty of R———. And yet, I sometimes wish she had a portion of Ellen's fiery nature. I should then know better how get along with her."

Chapter VI.

Time passed on until the wedding day arrived.—The morning arose without a cloud, and the bright sun smiled upon few hearts that bounded in happier pulsations than that of Florence Allison. And yet, a feeling of pensiveness would at times steal over her spirits, and fix her eye in dreaming unconsciousness of external things. A very dear young friend was with her; one who could feel with her upon almost every subject. They were most of the day alone together, in the sanctuary of Florence's chamber.

"Your spirits are not even, Florence," this friend remarked, as she observed her sinking into one of her abstracted moods. "Sometimes you are gay as a lark, and then you seem unusually thoughtful. Why is this?"

"It could hardly be otherwise with any one in my situation, Mary," replied Florence, in a quiet tone. "Marriage is a solemn thing, and the relations of marriage holy. I feel something like awe as the hour approaches, and a shrinking consciousness that I am unworthy to take upon myself the solemn vows of wedlock. I fear that, weak and imperfect as I am, I shall not be able to fill, truly, a wife's position.—That I shall not be to him who has chosen me above all other maidens, the treasure that he so richly deserves to find in a wife, Mary! His is a noble nature. Every day's, every hour's intercourse only reveals to me more and more of the truth and beauty of his character—his pure-mindedness, his exquisite perceptions, and above all, his goodness of heart—the key-stone of the arch—the crowning gem of every perfection."

"You will be happy, Florence, very happy. Like a pleasant stream, moving sweetly along through fruitful valleys, may your life glide on, undisturbed by even too dark a ripple upon its bright surface."

"That I must not expect, Mary. That I do not expect. Life must have its clouds and storms as well as its sunshine. Its tears as well as its smiles. And these will be apportioned to me in an appropriate measure, as well as to all others. It will, doubtless, be good for me. But with the love of my husband to sustain me—with one by my side upon whom I can lean in every trial, and up to whom I can look for counsel in every hour of temptation, I shall find enough to gild even the darkest cloud of my life with a ray of sunshine. You must pardon, my dear Mary, the frequency with which I allude to, and the warmth of my expressions in regard to my intended husband. 'From the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh.'"

In such tender communion between the deeply attached friends, passed the day. At last the hour approached which was to witness the solemn ceremony of uniting the lover and his bride. Campbell came early, but with some misgivings at his heart that all would not pass off happily. He had parted with Ellen only an hour before, and she had been unusually excited and suspicious that all was not right.—Solemnly did she affirm that if he dared to attempt to marry any one but herself, she would claim him as her husband at the altar. There was something about her that half-convinced him that she would put her threat into execution. There appeared something new, and strange, and desperate in her manner. As well as he could, had he soothed her by solemn assurances that her suspicions were all without foundation. Still he was not easy in mind.

Happily, however, nothing occurred to mar the enjoyment of a single heart. The ceremony commenced and proceeded without interruption. The responses were all made, and then the young couple were pronounced man and wife. If ever there was a joyous heart in this world of sin, such an one beat in the bosom of the lovely bride, still in the blossom of young womanhood. But Campbell could not breathe freely. Ever and anon his eye would glance towards the door uneasily, expecting every moment to see a blasting apparition. The slightest sound that was unusual would cause his heart to throb quickly; and the color to mount to his brow.

"Fool! Madman!" he would sometimes say to himself, "thus to jeopardize not only my own peace, but also the life of another. If that wretched creature should boldly thrust herself in here, all is lost."

Far different was the scene that was passing in the solitary room in which the object of his uneasy and alarmed thoughts was passing the hour which he had [illegible] as a holy rite, but with unholy purpose.

For nearly an hour from the moment when she had good reason for suspecting that Campbell's marriage taken place, she had sat with her face buried deeply in a pillow, her feelings so paralized and her thoughts so confused, that her state was little above that of unconsciousness. At last her mind began to act freely and with this came back her too seriously entertained intention of exposing the nature of her relations with Campbell. She had loved him with a blind intensity, with a madness that had led her to sacrifice everything—virtue itself—at his feet. To be set aside at last, a fate long dreaded, to suffer another to occupy a place in his mind, and that a higher one than she could ever hope to occupy, was madness. The thought of it alone almost drove her to the verge of insanity.

"I will do it!" she at length exclaimed, starting up. "I will confront him even by the side of his milk-faced beauty."

Quickly pulling on a bonnet, and throwing a shawl loosely over her shoulder, the excited creature passed into the street, and took her way directly towards the dwelling of Mr. Allison. A walk of twenty minutes brought her before the door. From within came gushes of rich music, mingled with the hum of happy voices, and an occasional burst of merry laughter.

The contrast between her own feelings and the scene within was too strong. Quickly descending the steps, she drooped her head upon her bosom, and wandered away in tears, she knew not whither.—But from this state she again aroused herself, her resolution to expose Campbell returning with full power.

Again she stood at the door of Mr. Allison's dwelling, her hand upon the bell. Just as she was about to ring it vigorously, a soft, sweet voice rose clear and melodiously from within, accompanied by a few light touches of the piano, pouring itself forth in a pensive ballad of the olden time. It was the very song that in other days had been warbled by a dearly beloved sister, between whom and herself evil courses on her part had wrought a separation deeply painful to both. How many, many thrilling memories did the air and the words of the song bring back upon her. But one scene it called up more distinctly than all the rest—a scene like the present, when that dear sister stood a happy bride at the altar. The guilty creature, whose lacerated heart still clung to that only sister, shuddered as the picture of that sister came distinctly before her mind, standing horror-stricken before such a blasting appearance as she would make, were she to rush madly into that joyful assembly. It was only an imagined scene—but it had its effect.

"No—no! I cannot do it!" she murmured, turning away. "Happy bride! The memory of my sister has saved thee. I will not smite thee down, unconscious injurer of one whose heart has been trampled under foot, because thy pale face was more attractive than her darker beauty! For my sister's sake I will spare thee!—my sweet, innocent sister!—the very thought of whom drives the dark fiend from my spirit!"

Slowly and thoughtfully did the unhappy girl wander away, she knew not, and cared not whither.—Half an hour after, she looked up, as external consciousness returned once more, and threw her eyes enquiringly around her. She was beyond the crowded confines of the city, and alone. The moon shone from an unclouded sky, throwing a dim veil over wood and field; but resting in broader light upon the foaming water-fall and gently gliding river.

The quiet beauty of the scene calmed down her excited feelings. It did more—it caused them to sink into despair. So many touching memories did that hour recall—so many happy scenes, and loved friends, no more to gladden her heart with their smiles and welcome, did it bring up to her remembrance, that a calm desperation took possession of her, and ejaculating—

"There's nothing to live for now! Nothing!—nothing!" stepped quickly forward, and in a few minutes stood beside the river. As she looked down into the dark water beneath her, a cold shudder passed through her frame, and starting back, she sunk to the ground, as weak as an infant.

Poor wretch! Who can tell thy sufferings? Who can count the pulsations of thy heart of hearts, beating with agonizing throbs, deep, deep and unseen by mortal eye, from down in the inner chambers of affection? Virtue has its own exceeding great reward—its dower of joy, that no thought can fully estimate. And virtue's opposite has its reward—its exceeding great reward of wretchedness and unutterable anguish of spirit. Would that this immutable law were written as with a pen of iron upon every heart—but especially upon the hearts of the young and still innocent ones!

Slowly, at length, did Ellen arise from the earth, and turn her steps wearily towards the city. She paused not, and, indeed, seemed not conscious of any thing around her, but bent her steps direct to her cheerless abode. When there, she threw herself upon her bed, and lay, for a long time, in a kind of stupor. This, after awhile, subsided, and the vibrating pendulum of her feelings flew to the opposite extreme.

Under this state of mind, she could not rest in her inactive position; but, rising up quickly, with the exclamation—"Oh, that my heart would break!" commenced walking the floor with hurried steps.—This was continued for a few minutes, when she paused, with her hand upon her head, her lips apart, and her nostrils widely distended, as if lost in the agony of some desperate resolution, to which her mind came up against almost unconquerable internal opposition. Then she walked deliberately to a trunk, opened it, and taking therefrom a vial containing a black liquid, swallowed it eagerly. This done, she threw herself upon the bed, burying her face in a pillow, and lay as still and motionless as death.

A week had passed away on the fleet wings of joy, since Florence Allison had become a happy bride, and the excitement of parties, and calls, and congratulations, was beginning to give place to the calmer delights of the quiet home circle. Early in the evening, the father and mother, who had come to have full and affectionate confidence in Campbell, left the young couple alone, and retired to their own room. Their thoughts were of their dear child, and their conversation turned, as a matter of course, to things that concerned her.

"We have parted with our treasure at last," remarked the father; "and yet, she seems more our own than ever. May she be as happy as she deserves!"

"I think she will be happy," replied the mother. "She loves her husband tenderly, and he seems devoted to her. How shamefully he has been misrepresented! Even his own father had turned against him."

"Through false accusation, perhaps. No doubt the young man, as he indeed owns, has been led away into early indiscretion. His father is a stern man, with a high sense of honor and correct principles, and doubtless judged his son too harshly. But I got a letter from him to-day, in which he speaks strongly of his son's natural good qualities, and seems delighted at the alliance. He begs me to permit the young couple to visit him immediately, and presses that we should accompany them."

"I cannot think of going so long a journey," Mrs. Allison replied; "nor can I bear the thought of being separated even for a day from Florence. She has become dearer to me than ever."

"And yet, Mr. Campbell's desire is a very natural one, and I cannot well see how we can oppose it—particularly as George has already expressed a strong desire to visit home with his bride."

"We will not, at least, spare them for some weeks to come."

"No—not if we can help it. But we must not be too selfish."

"With what constant anxiety," resumed Mrs. Allison, after a brief silence, "have we looked forward to this time. To the period when we should have to yield up the hand of our child. Oh! how much I have suffered in anticipation. So many—so very many—make shipwreck of happiness here. So many love-laden barks scatter their rich treasures here upon the bosom of turbid waters. And our dear child has escaped safely over this terrible danger.—She has found a bosom upon which she may rest in safety, and an arm that will bear her up in her journey through life. We are blessed in——"

At this moment, the door of the room in which they sat was thrown suddenly open, and Florence rushed in, her eyes wildly starting from her head, her face blanched to a marble hue, her lips apart, her nostrils distended, and her breath almost whistling as it rushed, panting, from her heaving breast. With a long, wailing cry of anguish, she flung herself upon her mother's bosom, and sunk into instant insensibility.

Mr. Allison, horror-stricken at this unexpected apparition, could not collect, for some moments, his bewildered senses. When he did recover himself, he sprang from the room, and glided down stairs with the swiftness of an arrow. But there was no one below. The parlors were empty. There was no sign of violence, nor any thing to give him a clue to explain the terrific appearance of Florence.

All night, notwithstanding the constant attendance of a physician, she remained unconscious, with scarcely a perceptible respiration. At day-light, she appeared to recover a little, but took no notice of any one. The expression of her face had remained, from the first, troubled, and her pure white brow marked with unusual lines. Her husband did not make his appearance through the night, and this only rendered the mystery of her condition the more inexplicable. But he was there by day-dawn, almost as pale as his insensible wife.

To all the agonized importunities of the distressed parents, to tell them what had happened—what was the secret of their daughter's dreadful condition—he maintained a rigid silence, or replied, gloomily,

"Do not ask me."

Taking his position by her bed-side, he never seemed for a moment to withdraw his eyes from her pallid face; but gazed constantly upon her—sometimes with an expression of deep tenderness, and sometimes with looks of the bitterest anguish.

Towards the evening of that day, Florence began to show more indications of returning consciousness. She became restless, and muttered frequently—but no words could be distinguished. It was near the hour of sun-set, and the father and mother, with her husband, the physician, and three or four intimate friends, were standing or sitting about the bed, anxiously watching the expression of her face, or endeavoring to catch the words that were ever and anon murmured, incoherently, when she opened her eyes with an intelligent expression, and looked enquiringly into the many faces that were around her.

"Dear, dear Florence!" exclaimed Campbell, in an agitated voice, bending eagerly over towards her.

But, as her ear caught the sound of his voice, and her eye his face, she instantly shrunk back with a look of fear, repugnance, and even horror, and covered her face with her hands.

The physician instantly drew him back with a strong hand, whispering in his ear in a deep, hoarse whisper, as he did so—

"For Heaven's sake, sir, keep out of her sight, or her case is hopeless!"

With strange passiveness, Campbell permitted himself to be withdrawn from the room by the physician, who obtained from him a promise not to attempt to see her again, except with his permission, and in his company. He then left the house, without holding further conference with any one.

The tender words and caresses of her parents, united with the assurance that her husband was not in the room, caused Florence again to look up, but with a face painfully marked by inward anguish of spirit. This, however, subsided after a time, and she lay in a calmer frame of mind, and continued to do so for some hours, when she sank into sleep, and remained in this peaceful state during the night.

In the morning she was calm, but very pale, and altogether indisposed to converse. She would listen, while the tears gathered in her eyes, to tender words from her parents; but became instantly agitated the moment any one alluded, even the most remotely, to the unexplained cause of the terrible change that had come over her so suddenly—and which was still, to all, an unexplained mystery. The physician saw Campbell every day, but he steadily refused to give even the slightest clue to the inexplicable circumstances.

Chapter VIII.

"Dear Harry"—so wrote Campbell, about a week after the event just detailed—"Your letter has found me, not the happy man you have described, but the most miserable wretch in existence. My cup of bliss has been dashed from my lips ere the first few drops of its delicious contents were more than tasted. Dashed to the earth, and broken into a thousand pieces.

"On the night of my marriage, I was in a most painful state of uncertainty and fear. I saw Ellen just before evening, and found that she either knew, or strongly suspected that I was going to be married that night. She tried her best to keep me with her, but I went away under a feigned pretence. As I left her, she looked me steadily in the face, and said, with unusual earnestness—

"'Remember what I have told you. If you dare to marry another, I will claim you at the altar!'

"I affected to laugh at her, and then went away. But I was uneasy. Every moment during the evening, I expected to see her enter and execute her threat. But, fortunately, she did not come. On the next day, as early as I could get out, I went to see her. As I opened the door of her room, I was almost driven back by a strong, suffocating and offensive odor of laudanum. Springing to the bed, upon which I saw that she was lying, I lifted her up, and found that she had, indeed, swallowed the poison indicated by the fumes of the room. But, she had, I suppose, taken too much, for her stomach had rejected the fatal draught, retaining only sufficient to throw her into a profound and somewhat prolonged sleep.—Calling in assistance, and a physician, I left her, half regretting that she had not done the work more efficiently. On the next day, I visited her again, and found her in bed, suffering, still, from the effects of her attempt upon her own life. I did not say much to her, except to chide her for her folly, which she bore with a kind of stern defiance. I did not remain long with her, but returned toward evening. She was better, but had not risen.

"During the next four or five days, I could not possibly get freed from the many engagements and the press of company that occupied me almost every hour, long enough to go and see her. I felt anxious all the time, however, and had a kind of foreboding that trouble was ahead—that I should yet be made to suffer, and all connected with me, for the wrong I had done her—a wrong that it was out of my power to recompense.

"It was just a week from the night of our marriage, when, for the first time, Florence and I had an evening to ourselves. We were seated on a sofa, her hand in mine, and her sweet face turned towards me. We were talking of the future. Her heart was full of pleasant anticipations. The whole world, in her eyes, teemed with blessings for the good. And she was good. She did not say this. But it was con- [illegible] that made

"All at once the door was flung open, and in stalked Ellen! Her face was pale—her lips tightly drawn across her teeth—and her eyes flashing with malignant passion. Oh! how I did for a single moment long for the power of invisibility. But there was no escape. Florence uttered an exclamation of alarm, and half clung to me in fear. I expected that the unhappy creature would at once break forth into angry, vindictive and half-insane language. But I was mistaken. I only wish she had done so, for then I might have had it in my power to break the force of her allegations by declaring her to be a crazy woman. But she did not leave me even that slender foundation to stand upon.

"For a few moments she stood near the centre of the room, looking fixedly at us—as we still remained seated, and Florence clinging to me—the stern, angry expression of her face gradually changing to a milder cast. At length she came close up to us, and said to Florence, in a somewhat sad tone of voice—

"'I pity you, poor girl! But I cannot help what I am now doing. A bruised heart cannot bear even a little blow without extreme pain, far less the grasp of an iron hand crushing it to atoms!'

"'Ellen! I cannot suffer this!' I interrupted her, unconscious, in the confusion of the moment, that in calling her by name, I was confessing an acquaintance which, of all things, my policy should have been to avoid.

"'Scoundrel!' she exclaimed, with sudden energy, stamping her foot. 'Your power to command me has gone. I was once slave enough to you to crouch at your feet for smiles and favor. That time is past. But, pardon, gentle lady!' she said, regaining her calmness of manner, and addressing Florence, towards whom the feeling of spite and anger before entertained, seemed to have entirely subsided.—There was a power in innocence to subdue even the fiend that had possessed her. 'I have come here to claim my husband. George Campbell and I were united years ago, by a bond which cannot be broken—a bond as sacred and as binding as that which has united you—though no holy priest consecrated the union. He won my heart in my happy home, far in the South—a home as pleasant as this which shelters you, gentle lady, and in which were those who loved me as dearly as any here love you. He betrayed me from innocence—but I clung to him, and gave up all for him—father and mother, and fond sisters, who had cherished me with a holy affection. And now he abandons me for a fairer face—or, perhaps for the wealth that goes with your hand; and throws me aside like a withered flower. But this shall not be. I have warned him, but he has not heeded my warning. I told him that I would assert my claim to him even at the altar to which he led his bride, if he dared to wed another. I have his promise, sealed on the altar of my innocence, to restore me to my friends, acknowledged before the world as his wedded wife. That he must still do. Your claim to him is void—your marriage tight was but a solemn mockery. He is not your husband—he never can be while I live.'

"As the mad creature thus went on, Florence gradually disengaged herself from the arm that I had thrown around her, and had half risen to her feet, her face as white as marble, when Ellen paused at the last sentence I have given. A moment after, Florence was gliding from the room with a step as fleet as an antelope's.

"The moment she left the apartment, I seized Ellen by the arm, and dragged her with the energy of a madman from the house, cursing her in a low, bitter tone, from the very centre of my heart. As soon as we had both gained the street, I flung her from me with desperate force, which caused her to fall headlong upon the pavement. This brought me a little to my senses. If she were to be found dead or dying at Mr. Allison's door, it could only make matters worse, I thought, and so went to her and lifted her up. She was a little stunned, but soon recovered, and walked along by my side for a square or two. Then I attempted to leave her, but she laid hold of my arm and said, resolutely—

"'No, George! You shall not leave me to-night.'

"I cursed her! I threatened to kill her on the spot! But it availed nothing. She was immovable. At length, I was compelled to go home with her.—As she entered her apartment, I thrust her in, closed the door quickly, and fastened it on the outside. I never saw her afterwards. In the morning she was found dead, having taken another and more happily gaged draught of laudanum. Curse the fate that prevented the first from doing its work! I saw the fact mentioned in the papers, and also an account of the inquest—but I did not go near her. She sleeps now, I suppose, without a stone to mark the spot—a tenant of the Potter's field! Poor Ellen! I cursed her life, and she has now cursed mine! So we are even.—But the curse stops not with me, else would I not complain. Florence was pure as a snow-flake, and innocent as an angel. Strange fatality, that should include her in the blighting, withering curse!

"All night I walked the streets, a prey to the most agonizing thought. I felt that what Ellen had said was too true—that I was not, really, the husband of Florence. That I had no right to go near her, and sear her eyes with my polluted presence. That she and I had not been, and never could be, truly united as one. A little after day-dawn I ventured in, and found her in a state of insensibility, and learned that she had been in that condition all night. Her parents overwhelmed me with eager questions as to the cause of the sudden and alarming change that had taken place in their daughter. But I refused to give them any clue to the mystery. I dared not.

"All day long I sat by her side. Towards evening she began to recover, and before the sun went down, consciousness had returned. But the moment her eyes rested upon me, she shrank away with a look of terror, and gasped for breath, as if my presence would suffocate her. At the earnest request of the physician, I retired at once, and have not seen her since. I visit the doctor every day, but he gives me little encouragement in regard to her. He will not give his consent for me to see her. Her life, he says, depends upon keeping her mind free from any excitement.

"I am living in a state of horrible suspense. Sometimes I resolve to leave this accursed place, and hide myself somewhere in a wilderness. But I cannot tear myself away. I must remain here until the fate of Florence is decided. Most likely she will soon sleep as soundly as my first victim."

Chapter IX.

Up to a certain point Florence recovered from the terrible shock she had sustained, and then commenced slowly to decline, with a disease for which the physician had no remedy. She was able, in the course of a week, to leave her room, and go about the house, but she neither went out nor saw company, except one or two particular friends. The name of her husband, it was soon perceived, could not be mentioned in her presence. If spoken, even accidentally, she would become instantly pale and agitated. Every thing belonging to him was removed from her chamber, and every thing that could remind her of him, kept out of her sight. Once her mother, painfully anxious to penetrate the mystery that hung round her child, urged her earnestly upon the subject. She grew instantly agitated as usual, and then gave way to tears. Time enabled her to allude to it, as her feelings calmed down. But she only did so to declare that what had occurred on that dreadful evening could never pass her lips. It was a secret forever locked in her own heart, where it was consuming her like a hidden fire.

Sadly did the parents watch the gradual progress of the disease that was silently but surely carrying their beloved child down to the grave. As time passed away, she seemed to rise, in a degree, superior to the depressing influence which her pain of mind had exercised over her spirits, and to be calm and peaceful, if not happy. But the fatal malady that was consuming her, paused not for a moment in its deadly progress.

After a few weeks, the color came back to her cheeks, and her eyes grew brighter, awaking up in the bosoms of her parents a thrill of hope. But the bloom and brightness deceived not the physician for a moment, although he could not find it in his heart to break, in the minds of the aged parents, the feeble hopes that these indications instantly excited. Day after day now passed on, and week after week, and at length Florence became so feeble that she could not leave her chamber,—but her cheek was still touched with the most delicate bloom, and her eye undiminished in its brightness.

To her parents and the few friends who gathered around her, she now became an object of deeper and tenderer interest. The purity and sweetness of her character shone out lovelier and more winning, as she drew nearer and nearer to that world of blessedness and peace, to which she was fast journeying—that world where no cheating counterfeit of true affection can ever deceive the heart, and breathe over its opening blossoms a withering mildew.

"Dear child! can you not—will you not live for us?" urged her mother one day, in a voice of touching entreaty, as her heart shrunk tremblingly away from the sad indications too plainly presented, that few were the days left for her child to number on earth. Florence looked up into her mother's face, with the tears standing in her eyes, and said in a quivering voice:

"I am not guilty of self-destruction, dear mother! I try to live for your sakes, although I earnestly long for the hour that shall release me. But there is here," laying her hand upon her bosom, "a feeling as if something had been taken away. As if there were a void there, which cannot be filled in this world. I have tried to lift up my head, and be as I have been. But I cannot. Every such struggle has only left me weaker than before."

"But will you not tell, dear Florence, the cause? Why leave us in such doubt?"

"Mother! Do not urge me farther on that point," she said, in a calmer tone than she had yet been able to allow herself to allude to the subject. "Let it suffice for you to know that I have been cruelly deceived by one who may have had some affection for me, but who was utterly unworthy of my love. Had not this knowledge come upon me suddenly, like a flash of lightning, I might have borne up against its crushing weight. I might, perhaps, but I know not, have been able, in time, to have risen superior to its effects. But coming as it did, without a moment's warning—without the foreshadowing of a single dark suspicion—just at a time when I felt most secure—just when all my heart had been yielded up in happy unconsciousness of aught save the joy of being beloved by a pure, noble, manly heart—made the trial more than I had strength to bear. Mother! All this may seem to you a weakness. Perhaps it is—but I cannot help it. I have struggled hard to keep up. I have reasoned with myself time and again, but it will not do. My life's love is gone. Oh, with what exquisite delight have I dreamed over the thought of a union with one whose manly character and high virtues would sustain me as the tall tree sustains the clinging vine. Upon such a one I fondly imagined I had poured out the treasured affections of my heart, and that these affections would be garnered up in a bosom unpolluted by vice. But it was not so. All these affections have been wasted. They can never return to me again,—and they were my life."

On another occasion, to a very dear young friend she said,—

"It is a sad thing to pour out your best affections—to give up every thought and wish in life to the keeping of one who proves himself to be unworthy of the sacrifice—whose love is but a cheating counterfeit—whose bosom holds a betrayer's heart. To be loved by such a one with his false passion-fire, is but to be cursed. I am thus cursed, and am sinking under its baleful effects."

"But cannot you, dear Florence," urged the friend, "dismiss all thoughts like these from your mind, and let other things come and take possession; thus reviving your spirits with a new interest. Who can love you more tenderly than your father and mother? Cannot love such as theirs sustain you?"

"It ought," replied Florence, her eyes running over with tears. "I know it ought, but it does not; I am a wedded wife, but where is my husband? A place has suddenly been made vacant in my heart, which can never be filled; and with that aching void within, I cannot live. I feel that this is so. Oh, how cruelly I have been deceived! But mine is not the only breaking heart that he has trampled upon. There is another more wretched than I—more wretched, because bound to him by crime."

This was the nearest allusion she ever made to the actual event that had taken place. It was enough, however, to cause Mr. Allison, as soon as it was told to him, to resolve never again to suffer the unhappy young man to cross the threshold of his door.

Chapter X.

THE CONCLUSION.

We close this painful but instructive history with another letter from Campbell, written four months from the day of his marriage:

"The curtain has at last fallen," he wrote to his friend—"the curtain of death, and Florence sleeps in the grave. I was not permitted to see her in her last moments, earnestly as I plead for the boon. Perhaps it is well. My presence would only have disturbed the blessed tranquility with which I am told her evening of life closed in. What a power there is in goodness! Blasted as had been all her hopes—crushed as had been her heart, she could yet go down to the grave in peace.

"From the time I parted with her, on the evening succeeding the accursed intrusion of Ellen, I did not look upon her face until after her pure spirit had left its frail but beautiful body. Then, for an hour, I was permitted to gaze alone upon the wreck I had made. I cannot describe my feelings during that hour which I spent in the still chamber of death. It would hardly express my true state, were I simply to say that I solemnly resolved to live in the future a purer life. Such resolutions I have too often made before, but they were not made as was this one. This I feel that I shall keep. In every hour of future temptation—for temptation I know that I shall have to endure—one thought of the pale sweet face of Florence, as it looked when I last gazed upon it, will give me a more than human power. But, is it not a painful thought, that one like me is to be saved by the agonies beyond description, of one like her?"

"I have seen ne[illegible]er nor mother since her death. They [illegible] meet me—and who can blame them? But the [illegible]ician, in whose mind I have been able to awaken [illegible]e feelings of interest, has given me an account of her last moments. Eagerly did I listen for some allusion to myself—but none were made. She seemed to have banished me from her thoughts, as she would a form of evil. She died as peacefully as an infant sinking into slumber. The grave has no terrors for the innocent—and she was pure as a seraph.

"In a few days I shall leave the place, and return home to my father's house, as a prodigal who has fed too long upon the husks. I will begin life anew. Oh, that I could do it as a little child, with only hereditary forms without the deadly bias of confirmed evil! I have sown the wind, and reaped the whirlwind. I have hewn unto myself cisterns, broken cisterns that could hold no water. I have sought [illegible] sick, and faint, I long to return. Oh, that I could ever retain my present state of mind. But I know that evil propensities will return like a flood upon me, and unless I get strength beyond my own to struggle against them, will assuredly overcome me. It is a dreadful thing to follow after evil pleasures!

"My feelings are so strong, and so suffocate me, that I must lay aside my pen. What the tenor of my future life will be, I know not. The present I believe to be the great crisis of my fate. This is my last struggle. If good conquers, I am saved—if evil, I am lost. Involuntary, almost, I sometimes lift up a prayer for aid. But I instantly shudder at such presumption. How dare I, polluted and corrupt as I am, look to a pure and holy Being like God. But He must aid me, or I am lost forever! Adieu!"

I CANNOT LOVE THEE NOW.

I cannot love thee now: my heart,
  Once blighted by thy love, grown cold,
Can ne'er again to thine impart
  The love so fondly to thee told.
There was an hour when thought of mine
  Was ever on the wing for thee—
No dream but where that form of thine,
  In brightest hues was shown to me.

Why come again to one betrayed?
  Think'st thou that I could love thee yet?
Ah, no! my heart is now arrayed
  For brighter spheres,—can I forget
The past with all its hopes and fears,
  The present with its mockery;
The promised future—bitter tears—
  The last reward for loving thee!

My soul is seared with blight and grief,
  Corroded still by withering care;
And soon must fall like autumn leaf,
  A nursling of the summer air;
Bright spring's return with freshening bloom,
  May place another in my stead,
Whose happy way shall lead too soon
  O'er memories of the injured dead.

THE PEDLAR'S
GRAND-DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. MUZZEY.

It was on a cold dark evening in November, about the year 1815. The rain was falling heavily, and the wind moaned piteously through the crevices of an old dilapidated house situated in the outskirts of a populous town in Rhode Island. In a poorly furnished apartment on the ground floor of that old dwelling, sat two persons. One, a man whose silver hair and wrinkled forehead proclaimed advanced age, the other a female just emerging from early girlhood. The light shed by a scanty fire and feeble candle, showed a countenance of extreme sweetness; yet its expression was subdued, almost sad. The fair hair of the young girl was gathered into a simple knot, and her dress, though very plain, and of cheap materials, was arranged with neatness and taste; she was busily engaged in braiding straw, such as is used for making bonnets, and the old man was equally busy in arranging a variety of small articles in a basket; a pack, such as is carried by pedlars, was already made up and rested on the floor near him; he shivered as he pursued his employment.—The girl rose and brought a few sticks of wood from a closet, where a small stock of fuel was piled. As she proceeded to place them on the fire, the old man raised his eyes from his work, and exclaimed—

"Rhoda, what are you about? The fire does well enough, child! We shall come to want, if you are so extravagant!"

"I thought you seemed to be cold, grandfather," said the girl, meekly.

"No, child! no! it is not cold—the fire does very well." Then looking earnestly at her, he added—"But, poor thing, maybe you are chilly; put on the wood, Rhoda—never mind old *grandfather*: he does not mean to be cross: poor, dear lamb!"

Rhoda threw her arms around the old man's neck and kissed him: and her young fair cheek resting on that of her grandfather, might have reminded one of a rose bud on a piece of parchment. Assuming a cheerful tone, she said, smilingly—

"My work comes on finely, grandfather: I have orders for as much as I can do; and I will work so fast, if you will not go out in the rain—promise me now that you will not go out to-morrow if it rains—promise," she repeated, patting the old man's cheek.

"Oh! child," answered her grandfather, "you don't know—you don't know!—how shall I get a living if I stay idling here at home?—how shall we live, girl? No, no, Rhoda, I must work—work as long as I am able."

"Grandfather," answered the girl, earnestly, "*I* am able to work and willing. I can do a great deal towards our support. It is hard that you, in your old age, should travel about in such bad weather, and be absent so long: besides"—— and she paused.

"Besides what, Rhoda? what were you going to say, child?" enquired the old man.

"Why, grandfather," she replied, after some hesitation, "the neighbours say you were not used to work in the way you do now, in your younger days; and—and that you are saving up money, or else you need not [illegible] so poor."

"Yes, yes, child," replied the old man, "[illegible] they call me an old *miser*—they say 'there goes Amos Gratton, the old peddling miser.' I have often heard them! I know that wild fellow, Richard Atwell, thinks I have money laid up, (he tells people so,) and that is the reason he comes about here so much. But," he added, after a pause, "he's mistaken if he thinks so, Rhoda—he'll get no money with you, child, if you are ever so foolish as to marry him. Grandfather has no money to leave you, poor girl!—you must work, Rhoda, for your living—*work*, my child, and be *honest*."

"Do not fear for me, grandfather," said the girl, while a blush of pride and maiden shame suffused her cheek, "I have never imagined you could give me any money and I am very certain I shall never marry Richard Atwell."

A hasty knocking at the door interrupted the words which were rising to the old man's lips, and as Rhoda hastened to open it, he concealed his basket beneath the old-fashioned arm-chair in which he was sitting. Rhoda bade the stranger enter, and she perceived a young man from whose garments the rain was dripping, but whose countenance, expressive of frankness and good humor, instantly dispelled any alarm she might have felt at the unusual circumstance of being disturbed at so late an hour.

"Excuse me," said the young man as he entered the apartment; "excuse me for disturbing you—but the rain falls so heavily that I felt compelled to ask shelter, and yours is the only window near from which a light can be seen."

"You are welcome," said Rhoda, while she blushed at the stranger's earnest gaze.

"And what brings you out in such a storm, and so late in the evening?" enquired old Amos, as he regarded the young man with a scrutinizing look.

"An accidental circumstance," answered the stranger, evidently surprised at the abruptness of the question.

"I am a stranger in these parts—the vessel in which I sail has just arrived in this port. I strolled out to see the country a little and lost my way, and the rain coming on, I took shelter in an out-house, but finding it did not abate, I endeavored to regain the road, and so far succeeded as to be in the direct way to the town, I believe."

"Which you might have reached in half an hour," interrupted the old man, frowning, as he saw the eyes of the stranger directed towards his grand child. "You couldn't have been much wetter if you had kept strait on! Besides," he added, as if speaking to himself "if you are a sea-faring lad, as you seemed to say, you can't mind a little wetting."

The countenance of the young man did not lose its good humoured expression, as the old man gave vent to his querulous humour, but on a sign from Rhoda he divested himself of his dripping overcoat, and took a seat near the fire.

After a few conciliatory remarks, the young sailor alluded to his profession: to the dangers attending it; at the same time acknowledging that seamen but seldom bestowed much thought on those dangers and hardships while actually exposed to them. He spoke of the different countries he had visited—of their various productions—of the habits and manners of other nations, and of the joy and pride which he always felt when returning to his own. The heart of old Amos seemed to relent; he listened eagerly: drew nearer and nearer to the youthful mariner, and sometimes rubbed his hands in evident delight. At length he so far forgot his usual caution, as to desire Rhoda to "mend the fire, and get some supper for the poor lad, who must need it after his long, cold walk." This the young man earnestly opposed. "He had need of nothing," he said; and as it was drawing near midnight, and the storm began to abate, he soon after took leave, with many thanks for the shelter afforded him, and many a lingering look at the downcast eyes of the young girl as she bade him "good night!" and innocently expressed a "hope that he might not again lose his way."

"I will step in to-morrow," said the young man, as he crossed over the threshold, "and let you know if I get safe to my quarters."

"Rhoda," said the old man, when the stranger was gone, "I am glad you opened the door, though I was going to bid you not. I haven't seen such a fine lad this many a day; he's like some people I used to know. I quite forget how late it was hearing him talk. Well, well, he's a stranger in these parts; he won't be likely to come here again." Then with a sigh, he added—"You may take the fire apart now, child; there's no use in burning wood away at this rate for nothing."

Rhoda did as she was bidden, and then retired to her little sleeping-room. When there, she thought of the singular chance that had brought the young stranger to their dwelling—of the wonderful things he had spoken about—of her grandfather's unwonted hospitality—and she fell asleep while wondering if he really would be angry if the stranger should remember his promise, and call again.

Calm and profound is the sleep of youth and innocence. Rhoda, the destitute orphan, whose only relatives was a poor and aged grandfather, whose sole dependence was on her own exertions, whose only prospect for the future was a life of toil and penury, surrounded by all the outward signs of poverty—Rhoda slept as sweetly on her humble pallet as if it had been a bed of down, and she the child of opulence, possessed of all the luxuries that wealth can purchase.

The next day, the young sailor called again to see the old man and his grand-daughter. He was going, he said, to his native place, at some distance, to visit his mother, who was his only relative, and whom he had not seen for many months.

"You will see me again," he said, "if my life is spared." And he bade them farewell more with the manner of an old friend, than of a casual acquaintance of a day.

The winter wore away—spring, with its blossoms and sweet breath, departed—the bloom and fruit of summer disappeared—autumn arrived—and still old Amos Gratten toiled on at his usual occupation of peddling small articles about the country. His gentle grand-child still pursued her humble employment of braiding straw, which she sold in a neighbouring town. Yet, though the old man kept toiling on, it was evident that his strength declined; and though Rhoda still kept the "even tenor of her way," a change had come over her mind and heart, which took its rise in reflection and awakened observation. She began to perceive that what she had regarded as her grand father's eccentric humors, or at most the querulousness of advanced age, was in reality the effect of some secret trouble which weighed heavily on his mind.

As Rhoda grew older, she became convinced that humble as was the traffic in which the old man was engaged, his gains undoubtedly far exceeded the expenses of their very frugal, even scanty house-keeping, and she knew that her own small earnings, although thrown into the common stock, never again appeared in any shape. "It is possible," she thought, "my grandfather may be trying to make some provision against the time when he will not be able to continue his employment." She knew that he denied himself comforts, even necessaries, and that, though uniformly kind and affectionate to her, he invariably expected from her the same self-denial which he practised himself. Old Amos discouraged any intimacy with their *few* neighbors; and the slightest intercourse with them, or with strangers, seemed to give him uneasiness. Rhoda felt that her way of life was gloomy and unsocial, compared with that of other young females. She saw many in humble circumstances who enjoyed social intercourse and recreation. Yet Rhoda never thought of disobeying the old man, who stood in the place of the parents she had lost. Of her mother she retained a vivid and tender recollection; she remembered her pious and gentle instructions, her kind words and fond caresses. She remembered, too, the rapturous but brief endearments of one who called himself her *father*—that he came only after long intervals—that his stay was brief—and that he departed as suddenly as he came; and the silent sorrow of her mother, on these occasions, was engraven on her heart. She remembered when her mother told her that her father was *dead*, and that she never smiled afterwards. There was also the memory of a funeral procession—her grandfather had led her by the hand as they followed the remains of her mother to the grave; her suffering spirit had passed away—she had sunk into the arms of death, calmly as an infant sinks to its slumbers. Then her grandfather brought her to their present solitary home after what appeared to Rhoda a long journey—and there she had remained ever since. The old man had not entirely neglected the education of his orphan grand-child. "*The seed fell not upon stony places, but upon good ground, where it sprung up and brought forth fruit;*" for Rhoda was docile and attentive, and her mind was capable of much higher cultivation than their limited opportunities allowed.

When autumn was far advanced, the young sailor sought again the home of Amos Grattan. He repeated his visits frequently for one month, and again bade its inmates farewell. His lips had been silent, but his eyes were eloquent, and Rhoda learned from them, aided perhaps by a corresponding feeling in her own heart, that he loved her; and when she laid her head at night upon her pillow, when she arose with the first dawn of morning to her toil, she now knew what name to mingle with the prayer which she put up to Heaven—and *Mark Westbrook* was the subject of many a fond and secret aspiration.

One evening, as Rhoda was returning from the town, where she had been to dispose of her work, she was accosted by Richard Atwell, the young man mentioned by old Amos in the beginning of our story. He was their nearest neighbour, and the only one who had persevered in trying to cultivate the acquaintance of the pedlar; for, though treated by him with uniform coldness, and by Rhoda with as much indifference as her gentle nature would admit of, he had, till within a short time, tried every means to establish himself on a friendly footing with them.—This was the more singular, as although his manners [illegible] in some degree rude, he was in polite-worldly circumstances, raised far above those who endeavoured thus to shun him. His admiration for Rhoda had been open and undisguised; but she had always endeavoured to check his expression of it with gentle firmness, and with that simple earnestness which left no doubt of her sincerity: and now she felt averse to the meeting, and endeavoured to pass, as if she had not perceived him, but he soon overtook her, exclaiming—

"Oh you need not hurry so, Rhoda—you can't escape; I shall speak to you in spite of your not seeming to see me. I dare say you wouldn't fly so from *Blue Jacket*, that comes courting you! Your grandfather will open the door to him, though he shuts it upon a neighbour, one that has known you from a child. But say, Rhoda, have you told the *jack-tar* where the old man hides his money? Don't you know, Rhoda Grattan, that sailors have sweethearts in every place they go to? You know what the song says—

'In every port a mistress find.'

He'll forget you for the next pretty girl he sees."

"Richard," replied Rhoda, who felt with unusual keenness the coarse remarks of the young man, "if you know that a young man has called at our home, you may also know that he sought shelter there one night from the storm; and it was but natural he should call again. As for the other part of your jest, you know I have always told you that if my poor grandfather has any money concealed, (which I do not believe,) it is *his own*, and neither yours nor mine."

Richard burst into a laugh; then instantly checking himself, he said, with some seriousness—

"But it *might* be both *yours* and *mine*, Rhoda; the old man has no relatives but you, that I *ever* heard of, and you'll have all he leaves when he dies."

"I thank you for speaking so plainly, Richard," said the young girl, while her look spoke all the contempt she felt at the moment. "I thank you—for I now know *why* you intrude yourself so often upon me. But I have my grandfather's own word that he will not be able to leave me any *riches*. As poor as I now am, I expect to remain; but *why* our poverty should be made a jest of, I am unable to tell, or even to imagine."

"Come, come, Rhoda," replied the young man "I didn't intend to make you angry. I am a rough lad, you know! as for *money* I don't care for it more than other people—but you're mistaken if you think the old man is as poor as he seems to be, working both you and himself to death—and—but no matter! I *know* he *has* money, for I've seen him count it—when I was fool enough once to come around the house in hopes to see *you*; but good bye, I see you don't like my company, good bye," and Richard forced a laugh which he intended should sound careless; but, which expressed any thing rather than mirth, and sounded hoarse and unnatural to the timid girl, whose reflections were far from pleasant as she pursued her way home.

That night the old man did not return home; it was his custom to be absent one or two nights; and Rhoda had never been troubled with any fears for herself when left alone in the solitary dwelling.—But now new fears kept her waking; she dreaded, she knew not what! she started at every sound, and trembled when the wind rattled the old casements; she remembered her grandfather's strict injunctions that she "should never leave the house after night fall, and to keep the door and windows fast barred," did these precautions concern only her safety, or was there indeed treasure concealed, which he dreaded might be discovered? This was a question Rhoda could not answer to her own satisfaction; she could not reconcile the idea of sordid avarice, heaping only for the love of secret hoarding, with her grandfather's strictly moral counsels, his inoffensive habits, and simple, unobtrusive piety. "It cannot be!" she said to herself, "this idle tale of Richard Atwell is not true; he invents this just to vex me."

Then she called to mind many circumstances which tended in some degree to corroborate the doubt, which in spite of herself would intrude, and she could not entirely divest herself of uneasy fears, for to an open and pure heart like Rhoda's the idea of mystery seems fraught with evil. She pondered over the assertions of Richard, so often repeated; then from him her thoughts reverted to Mark Westbrook, and she fell asleep thinking of the latter.—Her dreams partook of the uneasiness of her waking thoughts, and strange and incongruous they were.—Bags of gold, floating on rolling billows, tall ships with snowy sails, and deep pits dug in the earth, mingled in wild confusion; and when Rhoda awoke she rejoiced to see the sun peeping through the crevices of the window shutter.

This day, for the first time, Rhoda was assailed by temptation—she blushed when she found herself wishing to pry into something which might be concealed from her; for the first time too she shed bitter tears, when she thought of their mode of life.—She recalled the image of the young sailor, whose frank and graceful manners evidently placed him above the vulgar, and she wept for the penniless [illegible] of her grandfather.

"Oh!" she sighed, "why should Mark Westbrook come again to our miserable home? he can find no companionship with the *pedlar* and his grand-daughter;" she looked round the mean apartment, and wept yet more bitterly. Rhoda was not *perfect*, consequently such thoughts would arise in her mind, but she wished to be submissive to the will of Providence, so she strove successfully to conquer them.—She was high-minded too, and she felt, though she could not perhaps have expressed her thoughts in words, that worth and affection depend not on adventitious circumstances, and that she should, however elevated the station she might have occupied, have held in the same estimation she now did, the manly yet gentle character of Mark Westbrook, and that he would in the same degree have attracted her admiration, had his outward condition been yet more lowly than her own.

Thus reasoned, or rather thus felt, the lonely girl, as she counted the hours until her grandfather's return, and longed for the presence of the only being with whom she could hold free intercourse.

At length the old man came, weary and exhausted by travel, and his grand child flitted about him to relieve his wants and administer to his comfort; she told him how weary she had been of looking for him, how fearful during the hours of night. The old man regarded her with surprised attention.

"Why, how is this, child?" he said, "you used to be courageous—what can have put such idle fears into your head?"

"*Yourself*, grandfather," answered the girl with frankness. "The charges you always give me to keep the door and windows fast barred, and never to stir out after night-fall, have made me think there must be something to fear."

"Poor child!" said the old man after a pause, during which his thoughts seemed to be painfully occupied—"poor child! it is indeed my own fault—I should not have left you so much alone, you are too young, and too timid. But you are prudent for your age, Rhoda—you are a good child—you have been my only comfort. But you have led a hard life—I couldn't help it; I have often felt grieved for you, my poor girl, but I couldn't help it!"

"Do not be grieved for me, grandfather," replied the young girl, caressing the old man fondly. "Do not be grieved for *me*, but tell me why you are so *sad*, so very sad sometimes, and tell me if there is not something I can do to comfort you?"

"I know I can trust you, Rhoda," said old Amos, after a silence of some minutes. "I must tell you all; I may be called suddenly from the world, I cannot live much longer; if I am left to live out all man's miserable days"—"come and sit down by me, poor girl," he said to Rhoda, who was now weeping bitterly. I will tell you why we have lived in this miserable way, and why I have kept from all intercourse with other people, and why you, poor child, have been doomed to such a life of toil, and want, and loneliness."

Rhoda drew her low seat near to the old man, whose aged features looked almost ghastly in their paleness and agitation. She leaned her beautiful head upon his knee, and prepared to hear, what she longed, yet dreaded to know.

"I was born here, Rhoda, in this very house," he said; my grandfather built it when there was not much beside waste ground around it. Where the town now stands was then swampy, and *huckleberry* (whortleberry) bushes grew where some of the finest houses now are; he bought some land, which he cultivated in time, and my father lived here with my mother till they died, which was when I was about twelve years old. You were named after your great grandmother, *Rhoda*, and *she* was called after this beautiful little island, which was named from its supposed resemblance in climate to another beautiful island in the old world."

"But I do not believe *that* island is half so lovely as *this*," interrupted the listener.

"May be not," answered the old man, "but as I was saying, child, when I was about twelve years old, my parents died, and I went to another place far away from this, where I had a distant relation, and learned a business by which to live. The little land which belonged to me was sold, but the old house stood. One after another lived in it, and after it was empty for a long while, when I was twenty-one, I gave an old woman leave to stay in it, which she did till she died. I did not come back here, I was busy in other parts. Just before the war, I was then about thirty years old, I married a beautiful Scotch girl whom I saw weeping on board the vessel which had brought her over—her father, her only friend, having died on the passage. She had no *friend in the wide world*,' she said, 'and no home to go to.' I took her to a place where she was kindly taken care of, and in a few months we were married. She was too good for this world; Rhoda, your grandmother was as perfect as a mortal can be. My business had prospered exceedingly; I was able to make her happy notwithstanding I lost much during the war. I need not tell you now about the troubles of that trying time. I have often talked to you about it—well, well, your poor grandmother died, leaving me a son about five years old—he had the beautiful blue eyes, and golden curls of his mother; I doted on that child—I loved him *foolishly*—I could deny him nothing; I was blind to his faults, and I indulged him to his *ruin*."

"And was *he* my father?" enquired the weeping girl.

"Yes, child, he was your *father*, my poor son," replied the aged narrator. "As he grew older I saw that he was fond of frolicking, and running about from place to place; he could never be brought to attend to any regular business. But he was affectionate; he loved me, and when he thought he had offended me, he would be so grieved, that I hoped he would grow steady as he grew to be a man. I hoped, but I did not take the right means to make him better, for I was a weak and foolish father. I glossed over his faults, and could not bear to grieve him by reproof. I became reconciled to him, and as indulgent as ever when he appeared sorry; I should have waited for some signs of reformation, before I forgave—but I had not the right sense to direct me. I wanted firmness. Poor Charley went on in his wild ways. He began to run in debt; I had to pay his debts, which put me to inconvenience. By and by, I had reason to mistrust that he *gambled*. I had always a horror of gambling. I taxed him with it—he denied the charge; and we had high words, which almost broke my heart to think on. He went away and staid several months. I suffered terribly then, for I did not know what had become of him. At last he came back; he begged to be forgiven, and owned that he had indulged in gaming, but solemnly promised that he would never bet or throw the dice, or touch the cards again. I believed him. He told me that he was married. His wife was very young—little more than a child—his handsome face and winning ways had won her heart. She was an orphan, and poor—but a sweet creature to look on. Poor Annie!—she had a hard life, though your father was always fond of her, in *his* way, Rhoda; but his love for her was like mine for him, it was not shown in the *right* way. I had to support them; and when you were born, he seemed so delighted, and so fond of you, that I hoped he would mend his ways, for your sake; but he did not. My poor son! Things went on worse than ever. They got so bad, and he owed so many debts that he was afraid to stay in the place where we lived. He came home only by stealth, for a short time, and dare not be seen by any one."

"I remember it well," sobbed the listener; "I remember the grief of my mother when he went away, and how glad, yet frightened, she seemed when he came home again."

"Yes, child, yes," resumed the old man, "an unsteady husband brings sorrow to the home where he ought to bring gladness. One night your father came home at a late hour; he had been absent many weeks. He seemed dreadfully frightened and flustered; and he took me apart from your mother, and made me swear to keep the secret he was going to tell me, for his very *life*, he said, depended on it. I promised. Then he put a pocket book into my hand, and said that he had won the money at the gaming house; but that the man from whom he won it, was found the next morning dead—none knew by what means. My son solemnly swore that he had no hand in his death—though, no doubt, he would be suspected, he said, if he was known to have been with him that night, or to have the money. The man was flustered by liquor, and had insisted on staking the pocket book, and all it contained. The two were alone when your father won the money. He was never a successful gambler, for he usually lost much more than ever he won.—After they parted, your father rode some miles further, (they had met on the Hartford road,) and there at another place, as he felt elevated by his unusual success, he played again, and lost seven hundred dollars of the two thousand that he had won! He had since learned that Kelsey, the man from whom he won the money, was found drowned in a pond. Your father thought he had missed his way, as the night was dark, and he the worse for liquor, and fallen into the water, and had not been able to help himself. Your father knew that Kelsey had lately married a young widow, and it was her money he had squandered at the gaming table. She had, it seems, entrusted it to him to conclude the purchase of a valuable farm, and the stock, in which she wished to invest it. Enquiries were being made for the money! Your father dared not stay in the State, or in any other near, for fear of being taken up as the murderer of Kelsey. He dared not produce the money—which he now would gladly have done—as he had no proof of his innocence, I *knew* he had no hand in his death! I knew him too well to suspect him of that, (the rest was bad enough!) but I could not prove what I believed—so I hid the money, and your poor father went away. All my previous troubles were nothing to this! A year after, I received a letter from your father. He begged me to come to him at a place which he named, a long way off; he was very ill, he wrote, and not able to leave the place. I set out to see him; and when I arrived I found him very ill indeed, and terribly uneasy in his mind. He charged me to keep the money concealed, or to destroy it, —he was afraid it would bring trouble on us yet told me where the widow of Kelsey lived; that she did not think she knew any thing of their meeting, or that they were acquainted; he had heard much talk about the manner of Kelsey's death; and it was generally believed that he had been robbed, and then thrown into the pond. He wished from his very heart that he had never met him, and that the money was with the right owner. My poor son was in great trouble of mind, and repented sorely of the life he had led; he often said 'if he should recover, he would become an altered man, and endeavor to make up to his poor wife, and to me, *for* all we had suffered on his account.' I was truly thankful to find him of this way of thinking, and I believe if his life had been spared, he would have kept his promise. But it was not the will of God that he should recover! He lingered a long time, but kept growing weaker. My own trouble was very great—but the greatest of all was the *secret* I dare not tell to any one! I verily believe that if Kelsey had been living, your father would have restored the money, which was such a trouble to us both, before it could have been missed; but his death, in such circumstances, had forced us to keep it; and besides, a part of it was wanting, and it was not in our power to replace it. We might have restored what was left to the widow, but the *fear* of being suspected of having caused Kelsey's death, and of having repented *too late*, kept us from doing *right*. Oh, Rhoda! that money has been a weight upon me! It dragged me down, and kept me down. I have never dared to look any body in the face since I had it. I am now very old, but I might still have lived *like a man*, if it had not been for that. Your father died, and your poor heart-broken mother did not live long after him. She was a mild, good, pious creature, and had been taught many things in her childhood, which raised her above the ignorant. She had loved your father fondly, in spite of his faults. After I had followed her to the grave, I determined on the course I would pursue. I had none but you, a feeble child, now to live for. I sold the little that was left, and came to the only shelter that remained to me. I came to the old house where I was born. I had been living hundreds of miles from this place, and scarcely any one knew me here, except by name. I began trading a little in the town, as I was unable to engage in any more profitable business, and when you were old enough to be left alone, I went about the country. I resolved to make up what was wanting of the sum my poor son had entrusted to me, and by some means or other return it to the right owner, for I never could believe that money got by *gaming* was lawful gain. I always thought it was no better than swindling, and my poor son thought so too, before he died. Well, Rhoda, you know nearly all the rest. You know how I have toiled and starved, and avoided all intercourse with my fellow beings, except as it was necessary in the way of trade. You know the hardships we have undergone—and all the while the weight of that money lay upon me!—I had to hide and to watch it;—and I feared that every one who spoke to me, would discover the secret I kept at so great a risk. My only wish has been to get rid of it, if I could restore it to the rightful owner. The neighbours call me an old miser. Sometimes I have been afraid they knew something of the money, and I should be brought to trouble about it yet. But my mind has long been made up to any thing that may come."

After a pause, the old man resumed—"And now, Rhoda, you understand why I have brought you up so hardly,—why I have denied you the company and conversation of our neighbours. I knew that in some way I was suspected by them, though no one knew the truth, except those who have gone to their last account; and *here* they, in all likelihood, never heard of Kelsey or his money, but they *might* have—and I have lived in constant dread—and you, my poor girl, have often had reason to think hard of your poor grandfather. I brought you up to *work*, and to depend upon yourself, and that is better than being indulged in *idleness*, and made helpless by doing nothing."

Rhoda made no answer, except by caressing the withered hand that was laid upon her head. She had sat down at the knee of the old man, a warm-hearted, affectionate, and timid *child*—but as she arose from her lowly seat, she felt that the cares of many years had been added to her short life. She arose a deeply-thinking and *determined woman*; notwithstanding the simple, even common-place language, in which the story of her father's misdeeds, her mother's sorrow, the anguish, the toils, and privations of the aged narrator, had been conveyed to her ears, it inflicted deep grief on her heart. Alternately she compassionated and blamed the parent who had brought such ruin on them all; her tears had flowed freely for the wasting grief of her blameless mother; but, most of all, her pity was elicited for the old man, who had endured so much, so long, and so silently, and whose mental sufferings were augmented by the feelings of self reproach, which continually haunted him, respecting his culpable indulgence to a wayward child. But she knew that it was her duty to strengthen and console the old man, and to conceal from him the extent of her own affliction. Rhoda felt that her path of duty lay straight before her.—Her grandfather was infirm and old, a prey to disquietude and tormenting fears;—he dared *not act*, even to relieve his mind from the heavy load that oppressed it—but she, if she could win his acquiescence, would act for him. She felt that she dared do anything that could smooth his passage to the grave, which would not be far distant, worn and weary as he was with toil and sorrow. Rhoda learned from her grandfather that the sum for which he had toiled so long was completely made up by the small sums which his little traffic had enabled him from time to time to add to it, in course of so many years;—he told her, also, that the *interest* of the money, during the time he had held it, was now nearly added to the principal, and that a short time would enable him to complete his work.

The next time old Amos left home, Richard Atwell sought to see Rhoda, and renewed the subject of his attachment to her. After listening for a time to his professions of regard, mingled with jeering remarks on the imaginary wealth of her grandfather, Rhoda took a sudden resolution. She knew the young man was not in reality so rude in feelings as he was in manner, and she hoped that some show of confidence on her part might have the desired effect of freeing her from his importunities, without arousing those feelings of mortified pride, and anger, which had hitherto appeared to prompt his conduct towards her.

"Richard," she said, "you distress me by such discourse, for whether you are in earnest or only jesting, it is equally useless and improper; situated as I am, I have only my *good name* to depend on, and your conduct towards me is such as to subject me to censure and reproach. You may gain the regard of some one who can make you happy—I never can; but," she added, "you may be a *friend*, if you choose, and as such I am willing to regard you. I wish you to behave to me as a friend and neighbor, but, above all, I am grieved that you jeer those of my grandfather, who injures no one, and whose only crime is that he is *poor*, and pursues a mean employment for his bread. We shall be all the happier if left alone to our poverty and sorrow."

"Sorrow!" interrupted the young man; "Rhoda I did not know that you had any sorrow. I don't wish to trouble you. It is true I have behaved *foolishly*. I never thought seriously of it before,—but the truth is, Rhoda, I am always thinking of you;—your image is before me night and day; but I suppose it is best for me to follow your advice. The old folks would make a great *fuss* if I should *marry* any *poor* girl,—they love money; and I thought if it was true that your grandfather had money, (which I think he has) they would be agreeable, and give consent, and overlook—you know!"

"I understand," replied Rhoda; "but now, Richard, listen to me—I will be as candid as you have been. My poor old grandfather toils, and starves, deprives himself of every comfort in order to save money, it is true—but not for the love of hoarding it. The money thus gained, and hoarded, is not for his own use, or mine—neither is it to lie useless—and it is honestly gained; but is destined to the payment of a *debt*—a debt, Richard, *of* long standing—contracted when I was an infant, and which has preyed upon his mind, and made him miserable. I aid him with all my power, and with all my heart, for I desire nothing so much as to see him free from this load of misery; I think of nothing else—I *can* think of nothing else, till this is done. Now, Richard," she added, "now you know our secret. You may expose us still farther to the jeers *of our* neighbors—or you may keep our secret in your own bosom, and forbear to harass me with flatteries which I cannot listen to, and jeers that make my heart still more heavy."

Richard gazed a moment in the face of the agitated girl,—then approaching her, and taking her hand gently, he said—

"Rhoda Grattan! I believe you—forgive my foolish teasing; I will act differently in future. Yes, Rhoda, I will be a *friend* to you—no one shall harm you when I am near—the old man shall not be molested. I have been in some measure the cause of reports about him; I will make all the amends in my power. You will see that I may be trusted."

Rhoda bade him farewell in a tone of kindness that brought the tears into his eyes, and Richard watched her retreating figure, as she pursued her way to her home, with mingled feelings of pride, regret, and admiration. And Richard kept his word with Rhoda. Many were the acts of real kindness that old Amos experienced from the "wild youth" who used to tease and vex him; and Rhoda's heart felt lighter for the confidence she had reposed in her former persecutor.

Another visit from Mark Westbrook enlivened the dull routine of toil and care, and left sweet recollections to be enshrined in Rhoda's heart, and fancy. A rare singing bird, from a foreign clime, remained to bring the giver each moment to her mind, and his chrystal vase and gilded cage contrasted singularly with the mean apartments which his song enlivened, and a curious plant in a porcelain jar caught the sunbeams from the little window; and these gifts, which Rhoda had not courage to refuse, were the charm of her life, for they assured her that the thoughts of the donor were with her, when he was far away.

Rhoda redoubled her exertions, and increased her occupations: she wished to make up a small sum to forward a purpose of her own, and she smilingly told her grandfather that "she intended to turn *miser* on her own account." The old man sighed heavily as he listened to her, and watched her unremitting toil. He had, of late, been troubled by new and painful self reproaches. He began to fear that by attending only to the one absorbing wish of his soul, he had acted with cruel injustice towards the gentle and devoted being whom Providence had entrusted to his protection. He felt that he had, in all probability, doomed her to a life of cheerless penury, unremitting toil and unsocial gloom; he saw that she was unfit for the companionship of the rude beings by whom she was surrounded, and he knew that from even such companionship he had scrupulously withdrawn her. As his love for her increased, so did his anxieties on her account: he could not be blind to the feelings which brought the young sailor to their cheerless abode; he felt that he would gladly have confided the poor girl to his care and protection, and while he had full confidence in the firmness and integrity of Rhoda, and knew that by entrusting her with his painful secret, he had secured a zealous and faithful confidant, and a most efficient assistant, his heart smote him for the sacrifice she would in all probability be called on to make. There were moments of weakness, too, in which old Amos half regretted his confidence in Rhoda, as he said to himself, "If she could have been kept in ignorance—if I *could* have given her that money as a marriage portion!—My poor Rhoda!"

But these thoughts, though often recurring, were of brief duration. Once when he had inadvertently expressed similar regrets to Rhoda, the surprise she expressed, and her half resentful arguments, restored him to his wonted firmness of purpose.

"Let us act promptly, grandfather," she said, "let us perform our duty as soon as may be; life is uncertain. The widow may die—we, too, may be called away before our task is *done*. Oh! grandfather, let us hasten to restore this fatal gold to its owner—every moment is an age to me since I knew its history."

And Rhoda was steadily engaged in pursuing the labors, the proceeds of which were to aid her in accomplishing her plans; for the old man was now too infirm and ailing to journey from home. So Rhoda worked, and talked to the invalid, and attended to his wants; and by endeavoring to beguile his thoughts from painful subjects, found a useful occupation for her own.

While she was thus engaged, Mark Westbrook again sought their dwelling. The interval of his absence was shorter than formerly; and now he came resolved to tell her of his love, and bear her, if she would consent, from her cheerless home and wearying toil. Though young, Mark Westbrook was a keen observer; he had never doubted, for an instant, the innocence and perfect artlessness of Rhoda, but still he had struggled with his love, for he felt convinced that mystery of some sort was attached to the old man. In his visits to their neighborhood, he had met with persons whose remarks had strengthened the doubts which he could not help indulging; he had struggled then to vanquish his feelings, but love and generous trust had risen above worldly considerations, and Mark resolved to make the pedlar's grand-daughter his bride, if he could win her consent. He had confided to his mother his love, his doubts, and his struggles: she had listened, as a tender mother listens to an idolized son.

"Go then, Mark," she at length said, "go, and may God bless you! I will never upbraid you if it should be found that your feelings have misled your judgment. Win the poor girl, since you love her so deeply; I will be a mother to her! She has doubtless needed one; and as for the old man, why Mark," she added cheerfully, "we have enough for us all. I must see my son happy at all events."

So Mark departed with his mother's blessing, and when he reached the home of Amos Grattan, his hopes were high, for he had treasured up a thousand fond remembrances, and though far from being vain, he believed that Rhoda's heart would plead in his favor. "I cannot be mistaken," he repeated to himself, "I have read those lovely downcast eyes, and the modest blushes that flit over her cheeks: my sweet Rhoda will consent to be mine!"

Rhoda had ceased to be surprised that her grandfather never objected to the visits of his favorite.—To her it appeared a matter of course that *he* should be an exception to the rule which the old man had laid down. Mark's kind and cheerful manners, the modest frankness with which he made himself at home in their humble dwelling; the varied information he displayed; the fund of amusing anecdote on which he drew to enliven his conversation; and, above all, the deep feeling which appeared under this gay exterior, had opened a new era in the mind and heart of the hitherto isolated girl. Mark Westbrook was the sun which lighted the gloomy sky of her exist-once. Set apart from all others in her heart and memory, he was the one bright star that shone on her lonely pathway. Yet, steadfast in her integrity, and unwavering in her purpose, Rhoda listened to Mark's avowal of his love, of his hopes, and his prospects, as to a tale which charmed her, or a dream which could never be realized. He told her of the former struggles of his heart, that they were vanquished, and that he came, with the free consent of his mother, to woo her for his bride. Rhoda wept in silence.—Alarmed by her tears, and fearing, he knew not what, Mark exclaimed with much emotion—

"Have I then been mistaken, Rhoda? Can you not consent to pass your life with me? Does the thought make you weep? or is it concern for your grandfather? Be easy on his account, my sweet Rhoda, he shall be always with us; we will make his old age happy. Tell me then, Rhoda, if my proposal is disagreeable to you?"

"No, Mark, no!" replied the weeping girl, "to pass my whole life with you, would be happiness too great for me to expect, or hope for. Your generous trust in us must not be abused, Mark. There is much I ought to tell you—and I *will*, but not now—I have a task to perform, a duty to fulfil, before I know whether I ought to accede to your proposal; but to my last hour, I shall think *of* you—as I *do* now. Return here at the end of six months," she added, "and if you still feel and think the same, I will with joy and gratitude, be all you wish. Then, Mark, dear Mark! '*Whither thou goest I will go, thy people shall be my people*'—will this content you, Mark?"

Overcome by emotion, Mark could scarcely bear up under this disappointment of his hopes. He lingered near them for more than a week, and each day repeated his visit and renewed his suit; but he could obtain no more—Rhoda's answer was still the same—and he left her with his hopes saddened, and his heart heavier than when he came, but with his love augmented, and his faith in Rhoda unshaken.

When her lover had been gone two months, Rhoda prepared for a journey which she had long contemplated. Her entreaties and arguments had at length induced old Amos to consent to her undertaking a journey to the place where the widow Kelsey lived, (for the old man had never omitted from year to year, his indirect inquiries, so that he was always informed that she still occupied the dwelling which had been designated by his unhappy son.) It was Rhoda's intention to relate to the widow the whole of her father's story, as she heard it from the old man, suppressing only the name. She firmly believed that the truth of her statement would be apparent to the lady, and that on recovering the money, so long lost to her, she would not wish to injure, in any way, those who restored it. Rhoda was resolved, come what might, to undertake this task, as fear, infirmity, and bitter recollections, made it so painful and humiliating to her aged grandfather.

"She will believe the truth," argued Rhoda, combatting the fears of the old man on her account,—"will know that I can have no agency in this affair, except to restore her property; as when she lost it, I was a little child. I am certain all will go right."

"But the journey," argued old Amos; "the journey, child! for you who have never been farther than into the town near by. Oh! Rhoda, you may meet with difficulties—you may fall sick—you may be robbed!"

"Fear not for me, grandfather," said the intrepid girl; "I shall be safe—I shall be protected! God will not forsake me! I am going to perform a duty acceptable to Him—when that is done, you can sleep in peace—your conscience will acquit you: and I have no fears for myself."

Before Rhoda left home, she sought to see Richard Atwell—she met him near the house, where he often came now just to see her, and wish her good day, in a friendly manner.

"Ah! Rhoda," said the young man, when she went towards him—"what good luck for me, to see you so early this morning! I expected some good luck! for I went yesterday to the fortune-teller's, old Daniel, who lives in the old hut, like a fly-cage, on the top of the hill yonder, he promised me good luck, and all manner of fine things, and only charged a shilling."

"Do you believe his promises?" asked Rhoda, laughing.

"To be sure I believe! Some of them have come true already. Here are you—the first piece of good luck I have had—and more is to come. You know," he added, "you know old Daniel reads the planets?"

"I have heard so," replied Rhoda: "but I scarcely know what it means."

"Nor I," said Richard; "but he muttered over his chalked board something about 'Mars being in the ascendant,' or something of that sort: and this morning, I found it was true."

"What was true?" enquired his companion.

"Why, this morning my mar had the 'ascendancy,' for she scolded me awfully about being out late last night, and she beat the jack-towel about my ears when I laughed at her! That is what I call being in the ascendancy!'"

"And were you out late?" enquired Rhoda, smiling.

"I went to see Fanny Brown, the rich brewer's daughter, you know, and stopping at old Daniel's coming home, I was rather late."

"I am glad you went to see *her*," said Rhoda, a little archly.

"Why, Rhoda, you see," replied Richard, "Fanny Brown is a pretty girl, and clever. You are the handsomest girl in Rhode Island, and the best—but you say 'go, Richard Atwell!' and she says—but I wont tell what she says."

"It is all right, Richard," said Rhoda; "I am rejoiced at what you tell me. But I have a favour to ask of you. I am going on a journey,—it is necessary that some one should go,—and my grandfather is too infirm at present; now, the favour I want to ask of you is, to step in now and then, while I remain absent—he will be alone—your doing so will cheer him, and you can then assist him if he should require it. My mind will be easy if you promise to do this."

"I'll do anything you wish, Rhoda," replied the young man, while a glow of gratified feeling overspread his face. "You'll see! I'll take good care of the old man! He'll come on finely while you are away."

Rhoda took leave of her young neighbour with a friendly shake of the hand, and now she felt much easier on her grandfather's account.

Old Amos saw his grandchild depart with his prayers and blessings—he had furnished her with minute directions for her journey, which though distant but a few hundred miles, appeared much more formidable than such a journey would at the present time, when the facilities for travelling are so great. The poor old man felt deserted when he no longer saw the light figure of his grandchild flitting round their dwelling—he missed her gentle cares, and the soothing tones of her silvery voice. But it was for his sake she went, devoted and courageous—trusting to the faith of strangers, and firm in her simple integrity! If the old man's prayers could shield her, Rhoda was safe—for they arose each hour—each moment—for her safety; and he had no wish but to see her return—her mission fulfilled—and herself in safety.

The widow Kelsey sat alone in her little parlour, busily engaged with her knitting-work. It was so neat, that little parlour—the mahogany table was so highly polished, the brass andirons, shovel and tongs, shone with unrivalled lustre; a square carpet nearly covered the floor, and where it did not cover it, the boards were as white as boards could be; a clock ticked busily in one corner; a stuffed easy chair, covered with flowered chintz, occupied a recess beside the fire-place; the other chairs were of walnut wood, with stuffed seats, covered with blue worsted damask; China ornaments were on the mantle-shelf; a tortoise-shell cat purred on the brown stone hearth, while a bright looking-glass, in a carved mahogany frame, reflected all these objects, which bespoke comfort and competence; and the widow herself apparently about forty five years of age, looked as neat and as cheerful as her dwelling; she had a pleasing, benevolent countenance, which though it wore, at times, a thoughtful expression, was enlivened by the glow of health, and might still be termed handsome. There came a knock, a gentle, timid knock, at the street door: it was opened by a little servant girl, who presently came to tell her mistress that "a young woman wanted to see her."

"Show her in here, Ruth," said the widow; and Rhoda Grattan entered.

The widow Kelsey rose from her chair to greet the unlooked-for visiter. Struck by her beauty—by the paleness of her countenance—and surprised at the visible agitation of the stranger—she remained a moment silent—then approaching, she reached her a chair, and kindly requested her to be seated.

"You seem tired, my dear," she said; "take time to recover yourself, and then you can tell me your errand."

"I thank you, ma'am," replied the visiter; "I am a little tired."

A movement in the next room, separated from the parlour by a glass door, over which hung a muslin curtain, attracted Mrs. Kelsey's attention, and she requested Rhoda to excuse her absence a moment. She entered the inner room, and remained there a few minutes. When the widow returned to Rhoda, who had scarcely noticed her absence, in the confusion of her feelings, she appeared nearly as much agitated as her visiter, but addressing her in an encouraging manner and with a kind smile, she re-assured the trembling girl, whose courage had, for a brief space, given way.

"I come, ma'am," Rhoda began, "to speak to you on a subject which may be painful to you, and certainly it is so to me—but I bespeak your pity and indulgence, and above all, I beg you to remember that I am guiltless of all that is wrong in the transaction of which I must speak."

The widow hastened to assure Rhoda that "whatever might be the subject of her communication, she felt certain that no blame could be imputed to *her*."

"Speak freely, then, my child," she said; "take time; do not hurry yourself—but speak freely, and without fear: as if you were speaking to a mother! But, first," she added, "take some refreshment—you are weary and faint!"

Rhoda replied that she was fatigued—having travelled many days, and had lost no time in hastening to the end of her journey.

After partaking of some slight refreshment, Rhoda began her story, in her own simple and touching language—she gave the details which she had heard from her grandfather. She recounted his domestic troubles—his fears—his privations, and his toils—his sorrow for the past; his firm conviction of the innocence of his son of any wish to take the life of Kelsey, or of any malevolence towards him. She declared her own positive belief that her grandfather had erred only by too great indulgence to his misguided son, and she spoke with tears of his terror of being suspected of having been privy to a crime at which both father and son would have shuddered.—She told the widow that the desire of restoring the sum entire, and with interest, had been the sole object of the old man's life for many years; and of the slow and painful means by which he had at length accomplished the desired end, and finally she produced the money which had been concealed in her dress.

At sight of the identical pocket-book which she had given to her worthless husband, a few days before his death, the widow felt overwhelmed with emotion. She had listened to Rhoda at first with amazement; then with deep and thrilling interest, which every moment increased until she with difficulty restrained the tears which were continually starting to her eyes.

"And now," said Rhoda, "my task is finished—Can you, ma'am, believe in the assertion of my poor father—in the honesty and good intentions of my grandfather?"

"I can believe all that you tell me, my poor child," replied the widow; "it would be difficult to doubt you; but tell me, did the thought never arise in your mind that you were unnecessarily condemned to a life of toil and privation, from which this money might have freed you?"

"From the time I knew of it," replied Rhoda, "I also knew its destination; and no temptation could have induced me to keep it—no want could have forced me to use any part of the original sum—for that, I had the example of my grandfather."

"Few persons would have acted, under such circumstances, in the manner you both have," resumed the widow. "But tell me, child, did you not dread the journey, which must have seemed great to you, and full of peril?"

"I dreaded it, ma'am," answered Rhoda, "but I dreaded still more to delay it. I was always in fear that some accident might deprive us of the power of making restitution. Now it is done, and I shall be happier."

"And what did you mean to do here, in a strange place, after you had delivered to me this money, which has caused you so much trouble?" enquired the widow.

"I trusted, ma'am," answered Rhoda, looking with placid confidence in the face of the questioner, "I trusted that you would give me shelter for one night, and then speed me on my journey back to my grandfather."

The widow turned away to hide her tears; then extending her hand to Rhoda, she said—

"You are welcome, my dear, to remain here as long as you please. I should be happy to keep you always near me. Will you stay with me?"

"Ah, ma'am," replied Rhoda, "now, surely, you are jesting; you know that I ought to return to the poor old man as soon as possible, for"—

"Did you ever hear," interrupted the widow, "did you ever hear that I have *a son*?"

"No, ma'am," answered Rhoda; "my grandfather knew nothing of your family, and I never heard your name, except from him."

"But," said the widow, "my son does not bear the same name as myself; he is called by a different one, and I *think*, Rhoda, that you have heard his name."

Rhoda started. "You know my name, then!" she said, with agitation. "Ah! *how* did you learn my name?"

"From my son," replied the widow. "He speaks and thinks of no one but *Rhoda*!"

Rhoda half started from her chair, then sunk into it, and covered her face with her hands. A quick step approached her, the hands were gently withdrawn, and Rhoda saw Mark Westbrook, who held them in his own!

"Oh, Mark!" cried the bewildered girl, after a moment of speechless surprise, "Oh, Mark! how *could* you serve me so!"

"How could you serve *me* so, little *miser*!" retorted Mark, "hoarding your gold and your secrets for the widow *Kelsey*, leaving me to die with suspense, and dooming me to six months' penance, while you performed your mysterious pilgrimage. Ah, little plotter! you did not know you were flying straight to me, but I have caught you at last!"

Mark looked round for his mother, but she had quitted the room. He now told Rhoda how surprised and alarmed he was at hearing her voice, when she first addressed his mother; that, on her entrance, they had conferred a few moments—

"And you know the rest, Rhoda," he said; "you will pardon me for desiring to profit by my situation, and hear from your own lips the cause of your journey, and of your visit."

Rhoda did pardon him, and on the re-appearance of Mrs. Kelsey, a long conversation ensued, in the course of which Rhoda was informed that Mark was the widow's son by a former marriage, and also that Mrs. Kelsey had never believed her husband had been *murdered*. Such a report had been in circulation, but it soon died away, as there were other circumstances which contradicted the belief. A person, in whose veracity she had perfect confidence, had communicated to her what had passed between himself and the unhappy man a few hours before he was found lifeless. He had seen him much intoxicated, and in a state of great excitement; he had offered to accompany him home, but this offer Kelsey stubbornly refused. He acknowledged that he had lost a large sum of money at the gaming table, and swore that "he would *never* return home." Nevertheless, he was but a few miles from his own house when he was discovered in the state before-mentioned; that the enquiries which had at first been set on foot, were not prosecuted by her, after receiving this information.

"Oh!" exclaimed Rhoda, "my poor grandfather would have been spared much suffering and sorrow, had he known what you now tell me."

"True, my dear girl," answered the widow, "true, he would have been spared much suffering, but neither *his* worth nor *yours* would have been tried as it has been."

"And now, mother," said Mark, "she is *ours*, is she not?"

Mark's mother answered by kissing Rhoda, and calling her "*daughter*."

What happiness for Rhoda!—what a change in her prospects! But, in the midst of all this happiness, her thoughts continually reverted to the old man, alone, a prey to fear, and gloomy forebodings, and in all probability in need of her presence and her care.

"Do not make me too happy!" she said to Mark and his mother, who vied with each other in showing her the most affectionate attentions. "I feel all your kindness, all your generosity, very deeply!—but I must not *for one moment* forget my poor old grandfather, who will count the moments till he sees me again!"

"We will make his old age happy!" replied Mark, with fervor.

"We should be basely ungrateful," said his mother, "if we did not do all in our power for one who has suffered so much in order to render us *more* than *justice*."

"I believe," remarked Rhoda, "that my grandfather may have peculiar notions on some subjects. He thinks that the toils and privations he has undergone for the last thirteen years, are in some sort, an expiation for the fault he committed in his over-indulgence of my poor father, and his blindness to his faults. This belief, joined to his native honesty, has kept him firm to his purpose, in situations where many would have wavered, perhaps given way. He is now happy in the belief that he has performed a sacred duty, and submitted to a penance acceptable to God."

"Be it so!" said Mark; "let him remain happy in that belief."

Mark's mother had been for the last few minutes busy in removing the money from the pocket book, which had been so long its repository. She locked the latter carefully in a drawer.

"I will keep that pocket-book," she said, "as long as I live; it will remind me of an inconsiderate and foolish action. Won by the handsome face and gay manners of a stranger, I threw myself and my whole property into his power, thus enabling him to indulge his fatal propensity, and to injure irreparably the prospects of my only son. Had not his career been so terribly arrested, my poor Mark, your mother's art would doubtless have reduced you to poverty!"

"Do not think of the past, mother," interrupted Mark, "you have been the best of mothers to me! Besides," he added, smiling, "how are we injured? this money has been placed at interest, and it was by no means *our all*."

"This money," resumed the widow, "which you have restored to me, Rhoda, I divide equally between you and my son. If I am not mistaken, it will soon be common property."

"No, mother," interposed Mark, "let it be all Rhoda's; it is her's and not mine."

"Now, Mark," said Rhoda, "you are talking nonsense; for if what you said to me a little time ago was *sincere*, you know that whatever is *mine* is *yours* also!"

It was agreed that in two days Rhoda should set out on her homeward journey. Mark wished to accompany her, but she argued against it, and prevailed. It was decided that Rhoda should apprise them by letter when her grandfather, of whose acquiescence she entertained no doubt, would be ready to meet them, about two days' journey from their home; for Mrs. Kelsey determined to accompany her son when he went to bring Rhoda and her grandfather home. Mark made every arrangement for her safety and comfort on her journey, which was accomplished in due time.

It would be impossible to describe the joy of old Amos on seeing Rhoda again. His delight was mingled with wonder and pious gratitude, when she detailed all she had heard, and the discovery that had been made.

"Then the good lad will belong to us, Rhoda," he exclaimed; "and it was for *him* and for *you* that I have toiled so long. God is very good! He has not punished the *innocent* for the guilty! I shall see my patient, *dutiful* child happy, and I shall die in peace!"

Richard Atwell had more than redeemed his promise. He had visited old Amos daily, and supplied him liberally with every comfort. He informed Rhoda that his suit to the pretty Fanny Brown had prospered, and he presented her with a piece of *wedding cake* the day before she set out with her grandfather to meet Mark Westbrook and his mother at the place appointed.

Rhoda entered the house of Mrs. Kelsey the second time, as the bride of her son. Old Amos spent the remnant of his days in comfort and security, and lived to rejoice in the happiness of his beloved grandchild.

The old house, where Rhoda resided so long with her grandfather, has now fallen to ruins; but Mark Westbrook always blest the hour when he first sought shelter under its roof, and saw for the first time his own Rhoda, "the Pedlar's Grand daughter!"

THY MOTHER.

BY LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

Who, when thine infant life was young,
Delighted, o'er thy cradle hung?
With pity soothed each childish moan,
And made thy little griefs her own?
Who sleepless watched in hours of pain,
Nor smiled till thou wert well again?
Who sorrowed *from* thy sire to part,
And bore thee absent, on her heart?

Thy *Mother*, boy! How can'st thou pay
Her tender care, by night and day?
Who joined thy sports with cheerful air,
And joyed to see thee strong and fair?
Who, with fond pride, to guest and friend,
Would still the darling child commend?
Whose tears in secret flowed like rain,
If sin or wo thy life did stain?
And who, with prayer's unceasing sigh,
Besought for thee a home on high?

Thy Mother, boy! How can'st thou pay
Her tireless love by night and day?
Bear on thy brow the lofty smile
Of upright duty, free from guile;
With earnest diligence restrain
The word, the look, that gives her pain;
If weary toil her path invade,
Come, fond and fearless, to her aid;
Nerve thy young arm, her steps to guide;
If fades her cheek, be near her side;
And by a life of goodness pay
Her care and love, by night and day.

THE MISER'S WILL.

A TALE OF LIFE.

BY MRS. ANNA CORA MOWATT.

> ——"the weight of idleness,
> Whose very languor is a punishment
> Heavier than active souls can feel or guess!"
> WORDSWORTH.

Chapter I.

"Ah! it's a dull world! a dull world! Hamlet was right—'flat, stale, and unprofitable'—flat as the jokes of a pertinacious punster; stale as the manœuvres of women; and unprofitable as a newspaper or a lecture!"

Frederick Faulkner, as he drawled out the last word, let fall the pamphlet which he had been endeavoring to read, and stretched himself at full length on one of the luxurious settees in the ladies' parlor at the Astor. With his arms beneath his head, and his eyes half shut, he lay for some time, gazing wearily at the different articles of furniture, wondering why people gave themselves the trouble to construct them; and, at intervals, expanding his finely-shaped mouth to its utmost dimensions by a long but silent yawn.

The drawing-room was vacant, for at that hour in the morning the ladies busied themselves in their own apartments; and idlers of the other sex found greater attractions in the smoking and reading rooms. It was, therefore, some time before the tediousness of Faulkner's meditations was disturbed. At length the door opened, but he did not trouble himself to alter his recumbent posture; nor had he sufficient energy to start at the possibility of a feminine intruder.

"Hallos, Fred!" exclaimed Frank Gaylord, with a laugh, "is that you? Are you asleep?"

"Asleep? I wish I was," half sighed, half yawned Faulkner. "Asleep? Sleep is too great a luxury for a fellow who is tired to death of all the world and himself into the bargain!"

"Thank you for the implied compliment," replied Gaylord; "the world is much obliged to you, so is your humble servant."

"It is the first time, then, I ever put the world under obligation," answered Faulkner, listlessly.

"Perhaps that is the very reason that you are so desperately disgusted with it! A man generally takes interest in his *debtors*, you know!"

Another long yawn, accompanied by an elongation of his well-dressed limbs, was Faulkner's only reply.

Gaylord was one of those happy beings who carry about a heart as light as their purse; exemplifying the proverb, that the absence of weight in the one counterbalances the ill effects of emptiness in the other. Full of projects—of activity—of hope; kindly in his feelings—almost undiscriminating in his affections, he never gave offence, and was never offended; consequently, the loud, light laugh which broke from his lips, as he contemplated the prostrate ennuye, awoke no unpleasant emotions.

"Glad you're amused," said Faulkner, turning on his side.

"That's generous of you, my dear fellow, to find happiness in affording others what you cannot enjoy yourself. But let us know, Fred, what unexpected misfortune has tumbled you into the Slough of Despond?" questioned Gaylord.

"Never had a misfortune in my life!"

"What ails you, then? You don't look like a dyspeptic—you are not encumbered with a scolding wife—report says you are worth ten thousand a year."

"And ten thousand blue devils to heighten its enjoyment! Dyspepsia would be something to think about, and a scolding wife would keep one awake— I'm dying of a stupor, occasioned by the absence of sensations."

"Why do you not travel?"

"Oh! I've travelled—been jolted in every stage-coach, shaken in every rail car, and cribbed up in every steamboat in Europe. Did me no good. Men and women—hills and mountains—lakes and trees—herbs and trees—the same all over!"

"Come, there is another panacea for ennui—matrimony. Why do you not get married?"

"To some woman who thinks ten thousand a year sufficient inducement to permit me to encircle her finger with a ring, and hang a chain upon my own inclinations! A rich man has not the privilege of marrying a wife; he can only expect to play the husband to a mercenary woman. That occupation is not to my taste."

"Nor, upon my word, does any other *occupation* seem to be! I beg pardon, my dear Fred, but why do you not employ yourself?"

"Oh! I've tried it. Tried to drink—gave me the headache; preferred not making a beast of myself. Tried to smoke—made me qualmish; preferred not smelling like an old pipe. Tried to gamble—no fun in losing. Tried everything—it's no go! Haven't a pulse for enjoyment! Don't know what to do with myself!—tiresome world!"

He concluded his sentence with a succession of yawns, and stretching out his arm for an additional cushion, which he placed beneath his head, laid himself upon his back, with his mouth half open and his eyes fixed upon the ceiling.

Gaylord turned away, for he found the yawns contagious, and was about to leave the room. Just as he reached the door, he looked back, and said—

"By the way, Fred, they tell me you have a lawsuit pending. Why don't you amuse yourself with looking after that? Who is likely to win?"

"Don't know—don't care! If old Scrapeall gets it, I shan't be worth a copper! Can't help it! Don't believe he will—don't care if he does!"

"There will be plenty of anxious mammas and marriageable daughters to care, I warrant," resumed Gaylord; "but I am afraid that your prospects of winning are too good for you to break the fair ones' hearts by anything but your indifference. So, adieu! I wish you a happy deliverance from your cerulean enemies."

And Frank Gaylord made a sudden exit, for he perceived his friend's mouth slowly enlarging itself with another protracted yawn, and his own began to give tokens of the sympathetic force of example.

Faulkner lay awhile longer, and after turning repeatedly from side to side, and finding all positions equally uncomfortable, he languidly arose to his feet. The mirror, directly in front of him, reflected his attractive person. He walked slowly towards it, passed his fingers through his dark and waving hair, contemplated for a moment his regular but inanimate features, and drawled out, "Wish I wasn't such a good-looking fellow; wish I'd been squint-eyed, or lame, or hunch-backed; then I'd have something to think about."

With this extraordinary regret he turned away, paced the room once or twice, looked out of the window, first at the gloomy sky above, and then at the peripatetic umbrellas which jostled one another be-

"I'll take a walk!" he suddenly exclaimed, with a kind of energy which resembled the desperate flickering of a candle just before it expires in the socket. "Mackintosh, India rubber shoes—can't get wet—don't care if I do!"

He was soon prepared for his promenade, and slowly descended the steps of the Astor, spreading his umbrella as he gave vent to his favorite ejaculation of "Tiresome world! ah! very!"

It was a day in March, and the air was as cutting as the breath of scandal. The rain which fell was fine, but penetrating, and the mud that darkly carpeted the paving-stones, rendered the walking slippery and difficult. Faulkner sauntered, or rather slid down Broadway, not from any particular choice, but because his face happened to be turned in that direction when he issued from the hotel. The friends he met were hurrying along, intent on seeking shelter; while his slow pace plainly bespoke that the object of his walk was to find refuge from ennui, and its goal any which chance might offer.

"Please give us a penny! a penny, please!" was the first sound that saluted his ears at one of the crossings, and two little hands were stretched out within the circumference of his umbrella. He looked down, and saw a couple of ragged children, each with a wet broom in one hand, while the other was extended suppliatingly toward him. As a sort of diversion for himself, rather than with any defined desire of being charitable, he thrust his fingers into his waistcoat pocket and drew forth a two-shilling piece. Just as he placed it in the hand of the elder petitioner, his eye fell upon a third little girl who stood near the others. She was busily sweeping the crossing, and though she did not stretch forth her hand, she looked up in his face with a half timid, half imploring look, and then pertinaciously plied her broom.

"Divide it amongst you—give that little girl some!" exclaimed Faulkner, as he passed on.

After walking a few paces farther, he turned back to take one more look at the little street sweeps.—The two that had addressed him were evidently quarrelling about the alms which he had bestowed. The third little girl stood leaning upon her broom, anxiously regarding them, but without taking part in the dispute. Faulkner had an eye for the beautiful, under all its guises and disguises; and he could not help remarking the almost inappropriate grace of the young girl's attitude. Her form, too, was remarkably slender; and mean as was her garment, there was an air of taste in its arrangement. The faded red shawl crossed over her expanded bosom and knotted behind, displayed the delicate roundness of her waist; the striped skirt, cut so short that it escaped all contact with the mud, exposed to view a pair of small and well turned ankles; the shoes—but these were large, badly shaped, and much worn, and if the feet within them corresponded to the ankles, the shoemaker had done himself no credit. Then the little blue hood, tied so closely over the pale face! The pallor of that face reminded him of the sorrowful expression of the large dark eyes that were for a moment turned to his.

Faulkner walked slowly on, pondering upon the misery of street-sweepers in general, and of this little trio in particular. One of his habitual yawns, which at that moment surprised him, made him come to the conclusion that after all they were not to be pitied as much as himself; and one or twice more exclaiming, "tiresome world! tiresome world!" he turned to retrace his steps, with the intent, perhaps, of again wooing Morpheus upon the comfortable lounges of the Astor.

Once more he approached the crossing where the three little girls were stationed. Two of them were just starting in pursuit of a fat, good-natured looking gentleman, who seemed half disposed to listen to their prayers. The third—the one who had temporarily excited his interest, was still industriously sweeping away the mud, although her ungloved and purpled hands seemed almost too cold to grasp her broom. At the sound of steps she raised her head, apparently recognized Faulkner, for the ashy hue of her cheek gave way to a slight flush, then with even quicker movements resumed her occupation.

"Here, little girl!" said Faulkner, yielding to a sudden impulse of generosity; "take this!" and he placed in her half frozen hand a gold piece worth two dollars and a half.

The child, for she was scarcely more, gave one bewildered look at the gold, convulsively closed her fingers upon it, and with a cry of joy which was almost wild in its sound, darted down the nearest street. Her broom, which she still grasped, trailed after her without impeding her progress—the strings of her little blue hood loosened, and it fell to the ground, but she did not pause to recover it. Faulkner caught but one glimpse of the brown hair that curled in close round rings about her head, and she had disappeared!

For several moments he stood gazing abstractedly at the corner round which she vanished. The inquisitive glances of the passers by recalled him to a sense of the ridiculousness of his situation. With a quicker step he returned to the Astor and sought the ladies' parlor. But he no longer felt any inclination to throw himself upon the settee, for his eyes had lost their heaviness, and his limbs partook of the activity of his mind. He walked about with rapid steps, that pale thin face ever and anon rising before him, and the strange cry that had burst from the little girl's lips, ringing in his ears.

And then he pictured to himself the relief, or at least the pleasure, which his accidental donation had afforded the unfortunate child, and wondered if her pale cheeks were at that moment flushed and her eyes bright, and congratulated himself as the author of the unwonted hue and happy lustre.

"At least I have purchased a sensation, cheap at two dollars and a half, and I do believe I have not yawned these three hours." As he uttered these words, the dinner bell disturbed his reverie, and he hastened down with the unusual accompaniment of an appetite.

Before night, however, he had almost forgotten the little street sweep, and his ennui returned with redoubled violence.

Chapter II.

In the basement of a house situated in one of the most obscure parts of the city, sat an old and decrepid man bending over a small table. Every thing about him bespoke the most abject poverty. In his trembling hands he held a pen, and before him lay a paper which, strange to say, bore strong resemblance to a will. He was in the act of signing it, and two females stood beside him, evidently as witnesses.—He had scarcely made one stroke with the pen, before a violent fit of coughing interrupted his labors. Completely exhausted, he laid back in his chair, and the elder of the women advanced to support his head, but at the same time gave utterance to an exclamation of petulant disappointment.

"You shall have all—all—when I am gone! But that won't be yet—all. Lucy shall never see the color of my gold. Never fear—never fear! I say you shall have all!"

"You are better now; come sign, sign!" answered the woman, forcing her harsh voice to imitate the tone of kindness; "your signature is wanting!"

"Never fear—never fear—plenty of time. I'm not going yet!" And another violent fit of coughing seemed to contradict his words.

The repulsive countenance of the elder woman was distorted by mingled vexation and dread. She evidently exerted an all-powerful influence over the old man. And yet, though shattered by disease and the influence of evil passions, though sinking prematurely into his dotage, his ruling love—avarice—was stronger even than her fierce and despotic will.

"It's mine—the money's mine! Abby, you shall have it when I'm below ground, but it's all mine yet; and there's more coming to it! More—more! Never fear!"

Abby replied by placing the pen in his hand, and whispering, "Yes, more—more. But sign, or it will all be Lucy's one day. Come, your name, 'Hiram Scrapeall.' It's soon written!"

As she spoke, she placed her own hand upon the one that held the pen, and commenced guiding the fingers over the paper.

A knock at the outer door—a low and timid knock, made the old man start and drop the pen, for he was weak and nervous.

"What's that, Abby? What's that?" he demanded, trembling.

"Go and see!" said Abby Conklin to her daughter; "but do not admit any body."

The young girl (for though so old in appearance, as withered by care and worn by calculation, she had numbered but few years,) gave a warning look to her mother, and left the room.

A few moments afterwards a beseeching voice was heard in the entry—"Let me see him! I must—I will!"

With a sudden movement, darting by the person who was attempting to prevent her entrance, a girl some fourteen or fifteen years of age, rushed into the room. Mrs. Conklin seized her rudely by the arm, but she broke loose, and with one bound stood beside the old man, who was groaning and shaking in his chair.

"Who is it? who is it?" he gasped out, shrinking away from the intruder. Her thin and pallid face, and those large penetrating eyes fixed on his, alarmed him.

"It is Grace, your own grandchild!" answered the little girl in an excited yet not unmusical tone. "My mother is starving—dying. That woman (pointing to Mrs. Conklin) has driven me from your door day after day; but your own child is dying of want, and I would see you!"

"Let her die!" fiercely ejaculated Mrs. Conklin, "She married a beggar against her father's will. What should her child be but a beggar—and that in consequence of his will?" And as she shrieked forth these words, she pointed savagely to the document lying upon the table.

Grace turned slowly round, and even that evil woman quailed before her rebuking look, and the pitying reproach of her tone, as she said, "You are a wicked woman—God forgive you! It was you who made my mother's life so wretched. She married to escape from your persecutions—you incensed my grandfather against her—she is now almost"——the word that she was trying to utter seemed to choke her—"starving!" she exclaimed at length, with a strong effort—"And yet she is happier, in the midst of misery, than all her father's wealth can render you, in the very lap of luxury!"

Livid with rage, Mrs. Conklin once more seized the girl by the arm, and attempted to force her from the room.

"Grandfather! Grandfather! My poor mother"——

The old man seemed too terrified and bewildered exactly to comprehend what passed. He looked at Mrs. Conklin, whose iron grasp had completely mastered Grace, with a vacant stare; and then gazing at the young girl, muttered "Take her away! take her away!"

"Do you hear *that*?" shrilly screamed Mrs. Conklin. "But perhaps he will give a message that you can carry to your dear mother!" she added, maliciously. Then addressing the old man, she asked—"What about Lucy? What were you saying of Lucy?"

Her voice seemed to arouse him, and to recall the train of thought which Grace had interrupted; for he groaned out, "She shall never see the color of my money! Never fear—never fear! The money's mine—all mine! I'm not going yet! Never fear!"

Grace was too much shocked by these words, to make any further resistance to Mrs. Conklin's will. Almost before she knew how she came there, she stood in the street, and the door was closed against her. Mrs. Conklin had returned to the room, to witness the appending of Scrapeall's signature to the document which made her heir to a miser's carefully accumulated wealth.

Chapter III.

"I hate fine weather when the wind is so strong!" exclaimed Faulkner, peevishly putting his head out of his chamber window. How fast the side walks are drying. Street sweeps will soon be in Othello's predicament—'occupation gone,'—dull times for them; just as dull for other people!" And Faulkner drew his head in and closed the window, with more spleen and perhaps more energy than was his wont. In a few moments more he was walking in the same direction as on the previous day, but his pace was brisker, there was less languor depicted on his features, less heaviness in his whole mien; he looked as though he had, or was persuading himself that he had, some end to accomplish, some duty to fulfil. Before he had gone far, his steps unconsciously grew quicker, and his eyes were eagerly fixed upon some object in the distance. Was it the little street sweep? He felt certain that it was she, and yet her back was turned, and the pretty blue hood had been replaced by a faded Madras handkerchief, apparently tied beneath her chin. Her head drooped dejectedly upon her bosom, and she moved her broom more languidly than on the preceding day.

"I wonder if she is very poor! If she has parents! If they are suffering! What she does with herself when the pavement is not muddy. Whether she—whether she—whether she finds it—a—tiresome world!" And for once Faulkner murmured these last two words to himself, without the accompaniment of a yawn.

He had approached the little girl unperceived.—"Mud's *drying*, eh!" She started violently at the sound of his voice, and the fair face raised to his was suffused with crimson. After a glance of recognition, and a slight quivering of the lips, as though words of thanks for his yesterday's charity were hovering upon them, she attempted to continue sweeping. But her hands trembled, and the broom, though it shook beneath them, seemed fastened to the ground, and the black mud lay unmolested around it.

Every instant Faulkner became more interested. He did not care who saw him, for he was generally too indifferent to every thing, to be tenacious of the world's opinion. A conversation with a street sweep was something novel. He who had found the world so dull, could not lose the opportunity of enjoying any novelty, however it might subject him to ridicule.

"Have you parents?" inquired he of the little girl.

"Only a mother," she replied, in a low voice, the sound of which thrilled him strangely.

"And she is poor?"

"Very—very poor!" and a suppressed sob caught his ear as she articulated the last word.

"Do you live far from here?"

The girl shook her head, for she was too much abashed, or moved, to give utterance to the negative.

"Come!" said Faulkner, suddenly his countenance brightening until its expression became truly beautiful, "I will go and see your mother—will you show me the way?"

The girl looked at him a moment, her face full of wonder. He returned her glance with a shrug of the shoulders, which was followed by a smile. The first said, "If you choose you need not believe me!" The last, "Indeed I am in earnest!" There was too such encouragement in that smile for her to doubt its meaning.

"My mother will thank you," she murmured, with a swelling heart, and commenced walking in the same direction which she had taken with so much speed on the previous day. Faulkner followed at a short distance behind her, muttering to himself, "An odd way of putting the blue devils to flight—like it because it's new—walk will do me good!" The last casual exclamation awoke an unusual train of thoughts; and he added thoughtfully, *"Good!* I shouldn't wonder if it did—in more ways than one. I begin to feel as if it had done me good already!"

The young girl turned into a very narrow and filthy street. Faulkner's dainty senses, especially his olfactory organs, began to excite in him a repugnance to following her any farther. He was deliberating upon the practicability of giving her a few dollars and turning back, when for the first time she looked around. One more glance at that pallid face silenced the murmurings of the rebellious sense, and he walked briskly on. In a few moments more, the girl stopped at the head of a flight of steps, which led into a cellar, dignified by the name of a basement story. She descended, and entered a small room; dark, damp, cold and cheerless. A few ashes on the hearth, told that on the previous night some attempt had been made to kindle a fire of chips; but now, not even a dying spark gave out its feeble warmth. There was neither chair nor table in the room, but an old box served as both. The only article of furniture was a narrow cot. A slumbering woman lay upon it—but so completely enveloped in a thick, woollen blanket, that only a small portion of her face was visible. This blanket was almost the only covering of the bed; but it was warm, clean, and apparently new.

After giving one hasty glance around the room, Faulkner's eyes rested upon the comfortable blanket. Those of the young girl followed his; and smiling—'twas a faint sad smile, the first that he had seen illumine her countenance—she whispered,—"She sleeps! For many nights the cold would not let her sleep—but she is warm now. The money you gave me bought this!" and she laid her hand upon the blanket, and looked into his face with an expression of gratitude which made Faulkner draw his breath with unwonted rapidity, while a thrill of pleasure sent the blood to his cheek and an unusual moisture to his eye.

He felt as though that small piece of gold, so little prized by him, had purchased more than the new sensation upon which he had congratulated himself the day before; and that even that warm woollen blanket, was not the most valuable thing it had procured.

Several minutes he stood contemplating the slumbering woman, for the young girl made no attempt to disturb her rest. The face of the sleeper was, if possible, even more ghastly than that of her child.—Disease had aided want in imparting to those regular and delicate features a death like hue. Never was the stamp of suffering more legible; and yet there was a placidity upon the sleeping face, an air of resignation, that softened the impress of the wan countenance. At an involuntary movement of Faulkner's, the closed lids quivered and slowly opened. A look of terror convulsed the woman's features at the sight of a stranger standing beside her cot.

"Grace! Where is Grace?" she almost shrieked.

"By your side, mother," replied Grace, softly; and then, bending her head close to her mother's, she whispered a few words which explained the appearance of so unusual a visitor.

But the mother seemed scarcely satisfied. She looked at her child inquiringly and at Faulkner almost with dread. The tongue of the latter refused to perform its appointed office; he shrank, without knowing why, before that searching glance, and turned to the young girl, as though appealing to her to relieve his embarrassment.

"We have not thanked him, mother!" said Grace, half reproachfully.

"Oh! I want no thanks—don't mention it!" answered Faulkner, suddenly regaining the use of his tongue. "I hope that I shall be able to do something for you, my good woman. I shall try—upon my word I will; but I see you are busy now.—That is, I'm in haste myself; so I won't detain you. I mean I can't stay any longer. You must make yourself comfortable here. A little present from a friend—only a trifle!" and he dropped the well filled purse, which he had agitatedly drawn from his pocket, upon the bed.

He was turning away hastily, but Grace seized his hand, and, her face streaming with tears, pressed it between her own icy palms and said, "Oh, sir!—You—you have saved my mother. God will reward you!" And then, as though ashamed of this burst of emotion, she hung her head, and covering her face with her hands, wept in silence.

Faulkner was too much unused to such situations to know how to act; he twirled his hat with an air of indecision, for a moment, then bowed to the mother, who, leaning upon her elbow, was steadfastly regarding him, and hastily withdrew.

A thousand thronging thoughts gave activity to his brain as he walked homeward. "I must do something for them—a little of the money—nothing but a curse to me—what a blessing it might be to them! She shall sweep the streets no longer! I wonder what she can do—mantua-making—millinery—waistcoat stitching—profitable but tedious—too tedious—wish I could hit upon something pleasanter!" While these thoughts were chasing each other through his mind, his eyes accidentally rested upon a bunch of orange blossoms which was conspicuously displayed in the window of an establishment for making artificial flowers. "Flower-making—joining together the bright colored leaves—bending them in form—weaving them in wreaths—those delicate little hands of her's are just suited to such an occupation. It will be easy to obtain her admission as an apprentice here. Money can accomplish *that,* if it is not to be done any other way! Then when she has learnt the art—an establishment of her own—she shall be its mistress. I will advance her mother the capital—flower-making—flower-making—the little street-sweeper a maker of artificial flowers!" and he rubbed his hands together as he spoke, in actual delight. Then walking into the store, he purchased the identical bunch of orange blossoms which first attracted his attention, and, entering into conversation with the mistress of the establishment, soon obtained from her all the information concerning her occupation which he desired.

He had built a thousand castles in the air before he reached the Astor, and again and again pictured the little street-sweep and her mother in an elevated position—healthy—happy—prosperous—all through his exertions. Since the days of his boyhood his heart had not beat so lightly nor his spirits been so buoyant.

Frank Gaylord accidentally encountered him upon the stairs.

"Well, Fred, tiresome world, eh!" said Gaylord, accosting him laughingly.

"My *dear* Frank, I've just come to the conclusion that nothing makes the world so tiresome as to be of no use in it!" replied Faulkner, shaking hands with him warmly.

"Take care of my arm, will you!" replied Gaylord, withdrawing his hand from Faulkner's grasp. "Remember, my dear fellow, that I do not suffer from the same absence of sensations as you do!" and the friends parted.

That night, sweet sleep and sweeter dreams visited Faulkner's pillow. Immediately after breakfast he took a walk, in the hope of seeing Grace at her usual post. Her little companions were there, but she was absent. He returned home, and after a few hours, again walked that way. Still she did not appear. Again, towards dusk, he sought, but did not find her. Impatient to put into execution his schemes for her benefit, he hurried to the house whither she had conducted him on the previous day. He found it without difficulty—with a throbbing heart descended the flight of steps, and knocked. No answer. Again and again the knock was repeated, and at last, his impatience gaining a victory over his discretion, he opened the door and entered the room. It was empty—the cot was gone—no fire, nor even ashes upon the hearth—the old box was all that remained to assure him that he was not mistaken in the room.

Disappointed and almost confounded, he left the apartment through a door which opened into an entry, and walked up stairs to seek some one whom he could question concerning Grace and her mother.—He encountered an old woman upon the stairs. To his half-articulated and hasty inquiries, she replied, "Lord bless you, sir! they took themselves off by daylight this morning. Poor enough they are, but they paid the rent down. The little girl was taking on sadly, and the mother hardly able to stir a limb; but they would go! I believe it was something about a wild young man; and the mother thought it best Grace should not be in his way, for she's a handsome girl, sir; but that's the short and long of their going off so sudden-like!"

Faulkner had not the heart to ask another question. Frustrated in his first endeavor to be of service to his fellow-creatures—disappointed in the first scheme with which he for years had endeavored to occupy himself, he returned home dissatisfied, sad and weary. And yet these mingled feelings were less oppressive than that blank overspreading the mind, that distaste for enjoyment and sluggishness of thought, called *ennui!*

Chapter IV.

A year after the occurrence of the events related in the previous chapter, Frederick Faulkner was seated in a small office in the fourth story of a building in Wall street. Upon the table before him lay a number of legal-looking papers, carefully fastened with red tape. He was apparently occupied in preparing another which was to be added to their number. One glance at his features, his attitude, his movements, told that he was no longer the weary idler, the listless ennuye who had found the world and its occupants so exceedingly tiresome twelve months before.

Scarcely a couple of weeks after his rencontre with the little street-sweeper, and her sudden disappearance, Scrapeall unexpectedly gained the lawsuit upon which Faulkner's wealth depended. He found himself suddenly deprived of the means of subsistence. Strange to say, he evinced little chagrin on the occasion, and seemed almost glad to be relieved, even by a misfortune, from the lethargic incubus which weighed down his spirits. Before he reached his majority his father had insisted that he should qualify himself to become a lawyer, and he had accordingly passed an examination and received his diploma. But he had not then the energy to commence practice, and necessity did not compel him to abandon his habits of idleness. Once dependent upon his own resources, he seemed inspired with a new spirit. He found the panacea for his greatest ill in occupation, and gave promise of becoming eminent in the profession.

He never regretted his lost wealth except when he remembered how many heavy hearts he might have lightened—how many sufferers soothed by its means. The inexpressible pleasure he had received in befriending the little street-sweeper had never been equalled and never forgotten. The pale face of the little girl frequently rose before him. The burst of gratitude—the words of thanks, sobbed rather than spoken—these were often in his ears. For many months one glimpse of a broom in the hands of a young girl, made him quicken his pace, and his heart would beat tumultuously. But he was doomed to continual disappointment. Street-sweepers in abundance he encountered every day, but Grace was never among them. After some of these disappointments he would return home, open the box where the beautiful little sprig of orange blossoms had been carefully stored, and bitterly mourn over the unavoidable frustration of his first project for the benefit of a human being.

He no longer lodged at the Astor, for he was forced to study economy, his practice being as yet exceedingly limited. He had not visited his old residence, the scene of so many weary hours, for several months—when the arrival of a friend in town brought him once more to the Astor. Frank Gaylord chanced to be the first person who accosted him.

"Where have you been hiding yourself, Fred?—What have you been doing with yourself? But I declare you look younger and handsomer than ever!—By the way," he rattled on, "there's a chance of your regaining your fortune with a most delightful encumbrance! Scrapeall, you know, died some ten months ago. A will was found leaving his money to some woman, his housekeeper, I believe—but the signature to his will was only commenced. His property has, therefore, gone to his daughter and her child. The mother and young lady are now staying here. They are in the parlor at this very moment—let me introduce you."

"No! no!" replied Faulkner, "I am not so much in love with the money as to contemplate marrying it by means of a priest. Besides, I have a sort of superstition that it is in the keeping of the blue devils, who hover round it night and day. I have no inclination to renew my acquaintance with them!"

"But I tell you it is in the keeping of an angel, and her acquaintance you will soon have an inclination to make if you once see her face! The most artless, gentle little creature—not yet sixteen, and possessing all the grace and simplicity of a child. I hear that she spends half the day studying under the direction of the most accomplished masters; for her's is a strange story—but do let me introduce you! See! there she is sitting on the sofa beside her mother."

Gaylord, as he spoke, drew Faulkner towards the open door. They had taken but one step into the room, when a cry of astonishment burst from the lips of the latter, and he stood as though transfixed to the spot, spell-bound by an apparition. At the same moment Grace started from her seat and joyfully sprang towards him. Grace—Grace! Could it be Grace? That fair young girl with the rose of health upon her cheek—that beautiful woman who bore about her all the refinement and dignity suited to an elevated station? But Faulkner soon answered the question to himself, when the soft and thrilling voice which so long had haunted his dreams once more addressed him as a benefactor—a first and never-forgotten friend.

* * * * * *

Another six months, and once more the delicate bunch of orange blossoms was taken from its little box: this time to twine among the brown locks that clustered about the blushing cheeks of Grace. And over the orange flowers and the rich curls, floated a bridal veil. And by the side of Grace stood Faulkner, with more than a bridegroom's happiness pictured upon his radiant countenance. A few moments after the ceremony which united the young couple was ended, Frank Gaylord, who officiated as groomsman, whispered to Faulkner as he shook his band—

"My dear fellow, I wish you joy of the good angel which you have taken to yourself, to exercise the blue devils!"

"Thank you," replied Faulkner; "but since the day that I discovered that it was a *curse to be of no use in the world*, they have seldom attacked me. To ensure my happiness the good angel will only have to remind me that *'it brings a blessing to bless.'* She is pretty sure of doing that, by her own practical illustration of the maxim."

THE RICH MERCHANT.

A TOUCHING SKETCH.

It was night, and the streets were nearly deserted, the more especially as it was snowing fast. A single traveller, however, might have been seen, wrapped in a thick over-coat, urging his way against the tempest, by the light of the dim lamps. Suddenly, as he passed a ruinous tenement, the figure of a girl started up before him.

"Please, sir," she said, "if it's only a penny, mother is sick, and we have had nothing to eat to-day."

The first impulse of the moment was to go on, the second to stop. He looked at the girl. Her face was thin and pale, and her garments scanty. He was a man of good impulses, so he put his hand towards his pocket, intending to give her a shilling. But the traveller had forgot that his overcoat buttoned tight over his pocket.

"It is too much trouble," he said to himself, "and this wind is very cutting. Besides, these beggars are usually cheats. I'll warrant this girl wants the money to spend in some gin-shop." And speaking harshly, he said, "I have nothing for you! If you are really destitute, the guardians will take care of you!"

The girl shrank back without a word, and drew her tattered garments around her shivering form.—But a tear glistened on her cheek in the light of the dim lamp.

The man passed on, and, turning the next corner, soon knocked at the door of a splendid mansion, through whose richly-curtained windows a rosy light streamed out across the storm. A servant obsequiously gave him entrance. At the sound of his footsteps the parlour door was opened, and a beautiful girl, apparently about seventeen, sprung into his arms, kissed him on the cheek, and then began to assist in removing his overcoat.

"What kept you so long, dear papa?" she said; "if I had known where you were, I would have sent the carriage. You never stay so late at the office."

"No, my love, I was at my lawyer's, busy, very busy, and all for you," and he kindly patted her cheek. "But, now, Maggy, can't you give me some supper?"

The daughter rang the bell, and ordered the supper to be served. It was such an one as an epicure would delight in, just the supper for a traveller on a night like that.

"Pa," said the daughter, when it was finished, "I hope you are in good humor, for I have a favor to ask of you," and she threw her arms around his neck, and looked up in his face with that winning smile and those beautiful dark eyes of hers. "I wish to give a ball on my birth-day, my eighteenth birthday. It will cost, ah! a sight of money; but you are kind, good papa, and I knew you had been successful, or you would not have been at your lawyer's."

"Yes, my darling," he said, fondly kissing her, "the cotton speculation has turned out well. I sold all I had of the article this afternoon, received the money, and took it to my lawyer's, telling him to invest it in real estate. I think I shall give up the business."

"Oh do, do, papa. But you will give this ball, won't you?"

"You little tease," said her father, but he spoke smilingly; and putting his hand into his pocket-book, he took out a note of five hundred dollars, and placed it in his child's hand.

"Take this: if it is not enough you must have another, I suppose. But don't trouble me about it any more."

The next morning broke clear, but the snow was a foot deep, and lay here and there in large drifts, blocking up the door-ways. At ten o'clock, the rich merchant was on his way to his counting-room. He turned down the same street up which he had come the preceding evening. A crowd had gathered round the open cellar-door of a ruined tenement. The merchant paused to inquire what was the matter.

"A woman, sir, has been found dead below there," said one of the spectators; "she starved to death, it is said, and they have sent for the coroner. Her daughter has just come back, after being out all night; I believe she was begging. That's her, moaning."

"Ah!" said the merchant, and a pang went through his heart like an ice-bolt, for he remembered having denied petitioner the night before. He pushed through the crowd, and descended the cellar-steps. A girl cowered over an emaciated corpse that lay on a heap of straw in one corner of the damp apartment. It was the same girl he had feared it would prove. The merchant was horror-struck.

"My poor child," he cried, laying his hand on her shoulder, "you must be cared for. God forgive me for denying you last night. Here, take this," and he put a bill into her hand.

The girl looked up and gazed vacantly at him; then she put back the proffered money.

"It will do no good now," she said; "mother is dead;" and she burst into hysteric tears.

The merchant, at that moment, would have given half his fortune to have recalled her to life.

The lesson, thus learned, he never forgot. The merchant personally saw that a decent burial was provided for the mother, and afterwards took her into his house, educated her for a high station in life, and, on her marriage, presented her with a proper dowry. He lived to hear her children lisp their gratitude.

TO SARAH.

Oh! veil that flashing eye of thine!—
I would be free,—
Let it upon another shine:
But not on me!

There was an hour—there was an hour
I could have borne its light,—
Could have *defied* thy woman power,
But not—to night!

There is a spell upon my soul,—
And rise within my heart
Vague thoughts, the will cannot control
Or make depart!

For I should never think of thee:
'Twere worse than vain,—
Unless the hand and heart once free
Were so again!

Time in his onward course
May break the spell,—
May even hand from heart divorce:
Till then—farewell!

Memory will gild the past,
Though darkness lowers:
The present will not always last—
Hope may be ours!

Spring-time may come again
With fragrant flowers,—
Beneath Love's bright and glowing reign,
To deck her bowers.

* * * * *

But turn that lustrous eye of thine
Away from me:—
Let it upon another shine,
Till both are free!

Philadelphia, March, 1852. JUNIUS.

Written for the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

I WILL FORGET—TO MISS M***.

I will forget—though every flower,
That spring might claim, or summer own,
Fill with remembrances of thee,
And glad the heart that else were lone.

I will forget—though those sweet birds,
The chosen minstrels of the air,
Warble thy name in softest words,
'Mid songs of love so cherished there.

I will forget—though *dreams* of thee
Fill every hour, of blissful sleep,
With thine own image dear to me,
And still the struggling heart would keep.

I will forget—but not to bow,
In worship at another shrine,
No, Lady, no—as once, 'tis now,
My heart and muse be ever thine.

I will forget thee, cruel one,
Though days and nights of pain for me,
Fill this sad heart, already lone,
With blighted joys I found in thee.

I will forget—but, ah! not now,
Too fresh that smile, my all of bliss.
Thy gentle word and soothing tone,
So dear to life and happiness.

Then, fare thee well—we part, dear one,
To meet perchance in time no more,
While many a song I'll sing for thee,
Till hushed by death, my life is o'er.

Salisburyville, May, 1852. J. M. L.

ALICE FINLAY;

OR,

THE BREACH OF PROMISE.

BY JOSIAH D. BANGS.

"Mark the maid to whom thou wast kneeling,
Trifled with thy noblest feeling!
Cease to love her,—cease to mind her,—
Find one purer, truer, kinder."

It was a bright March morning in the year 18—, the weather, which, for several previous days had been tempestuous and stormy, piling the fine light snow into vast, fantastic drifts, had cleared during the preceding evening—the storm closing, as it often does in the latitude of the place we speak of, at this season of the year, with a slight rain. Hill and dale, plain and river, were clothed with a vest of the purest and most dazzling white; the glassy ice-crust reflecting the morning sunbeams with almost painful brightness, while from every twig, or tree, or bush, depended a tiny icicle, pure and clear as virgin crystal. Splendid work the sunlight made among these frozen rain-jewels. The rainbow is beautiful, but the rainbow is painted on the dull, dark cloud;—here were all the exquisite tints of the prismatic spectrum, with the superadded glory of a gem-like refulgence.

Nothing can compare with the splendor of a northern landscape, at such a season. The very air itself, calm, but keen and bracing, seems full of minute, atomic particles of sparkling frost—while the wide fields, the broad lake, and the old eternal hills, appear as though spread with gleaming silver.

There is melody in the leafy bough of summer, and the bending burden of the autumnal branch looks rich and glorious; but winter clothes the waving tree with a fruit and foliage yet more glorious, and then the tinkling treble of those diamond bells, when the breeze awakes, and pours its deep full bass along the forest aisles, makes a music that a southern ear in vain might list for 'mid the tropic blossoms.

Well, it was a bright March morning, pretty much such an one as the reader may fancy it to have been, from the description above,—if, indeed, the above description give him or her any idea of it at all. It was on a bright March morning in the year 18—, aforesaid, that two individuals, an elderly gentleman and his nephew, a student at law, were seated in a small room in a small frame building, situate and lying in the midst of a bustling village on the Vermont side of Lake Champlain. A bright wood fire was blazing on the hearth, and although it was yet comparatively early, for the sun was then just rising over a high bluff, probably a spur of the Green Mountains in the eastern horizon, still, from the comfortable temperature of that small room, it was obvious that the occupants, or, at least, some one, had been busily engaged in driving cold weather out of doors, for two or three hours at least.

The furniture of the room was simple in the extreme, consisting but of two office tables, plain birch, a few common and two arm chairs and a desk. Over the fire-place ticked a Yankee clock—by far the most gaudy article present—on each side of which several zig-zags of red tape served to confine, and at the same time parade for inspection, sundry papers, neatly folded and labelled, besides a number of remarkable billet-doux looking things, whose greatest characteristic seemed their diminutive littleness, betokening either a parsimonious in foolscap, or an extremely condensed style. On one side of the chimney a door seemed to open into another apartment, while in the opposite recess a faded chintz curtain, partially withdrawn, revealed what appeared to be the closely stowed shelves of a small library. The walls were hung with a half dozen smoke-stained maps, several plans of farms and mill-sites, with here and there a lithograph of an eastern township, or western city, that never existed, nor ever will. Among the rest, conspicuously posted, with an ostentatious display of brass nails, and green quality, was a sheet, which purported to be the rules and regulations of the —— Bar.

The place we have been describing was, in fact, a country lawyer's office, and its owner, and principal occupant, might be recognized in that bald, quiet-looking personage, who, with his gold-bowed spectacles shoved high up on his ample brow, arms folded, and the ankle of one leg deliberately placed on the knee of its fellow, was seated immediately in front of the fire, seemingly intent on studying the mystic emblems which, ever and anon, showed themselves in the flickerings of that ruddy blaze. Were an "outside passenger" to cast his eyes over the street door of this sanctum, just under the eaves, he might, with care, decipher, on an antiquated "shingle," HIRAM JONES, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Mr. Jones, or, as he was more commonly designated, 'Squire Jones, though a *Lawyer*, was no *pettifogger*. Unlike most adventurers, whose noses somehow inveterately turn westward, he had migrated from the interior of New York, with nothing but his profession to depend upon for his daily bread, and settled himself, some forty years before our story commences, a stranger and penniless, in the little village of B——, on the borders of Lake Champlain. That his shrewd, practical mind had not miscalculated the advantages of the location, may be inferred from the fact, that, at the time we are writing of, he was accounted the most wealthy man in western Vermont;—and that this property was fairly, honestly acquired, needs no better proof, than the universal voice of the community among whom he had grown grey, who, in speaking of him often gave him the sobriquet of the Honest Lawyer. Indeed, as the 'Squire advanced in years, whether this flattering unction, which, doubtless, occasionally came to his ears, or a deeper and nobler feeling actuated him, certain it was, that his seeming love of strict and impartial justice, had amounted to a hobby which he was prone to ride on all occasions, in season and out of season. He never would commence a suit unless perfectly satisfied that the cause was a just one, and never witness on the stand underwent a closer cross-examination, than did his clients in that old office when they came to state their grievances. But, when once convinced that the party who craved his services were in the right, he knew neither fear nor [illegible] for supposing that, if required, he would as readily join issue in an action against his nearest friend, as fill a process against a stranger. But, for all these, the lawyer was a man of humor; and a practical joke—which, truth to say, he sometimes carried full as far as such strict notions of justice would warrant—was his delight. If his office furniture did not correspond with his means, it was not on account of any parsimonious spirit, for 'Squire Jones *was* a generous man, but his eye had long been accustomed to these simple articles, and now, in his declining years, he chose to be reminded by their silent language, of the busier scenes of a long past time.

Such was Hiram Jones, Esq. With all his foibles, this world sees few like him. May the shadow of such never be less.

"And so you want two hundred dollars?" said 'Squire Jones, addressing himself to his youthful companion.

The young gentleman, who had arisen from the fire, and was at that moment standing at the window, busily engaged in tracing certain characters on the frosty panes, turned suddenly at this abrupt resumption of a conversation which, for the last fifteen minutes, had totally ceased, and, approaching his relative, replied—

"Yes, uncle, I think I shall need that sum. I have good reasons for wishing an absence of a few months; it is now more than five years since I have seen my sister—my health is not firm, and I feel that some relaxation, and a ramble once more among the scenes of my childhood, would do much to re-establish it."

"That seems but reasonable, Robert—that seems but reasonable; but do you know how much I have already advanced you, over and above what I am authorized to, by the instrument that constituted me your guardian, and executor of the will of the late Col. Hardynge, your father?"

And 'Squire Jones, removing the spectacles from his forehead, wiped them carefully, and placing them well down on his nose—for their focal distance was somewhat ill-adapted to his failing eye-sight—he drew from his side pocket a memorandum book, and, turning a leaf or two, began to make a half audible calculation; during which young Hardynge, after taking a turn of the room, resumed his station at the window.

"I make it seven hundred and fifteen dollars," at length resumed the lawyer; "rather a large sum for a person of your age to have expended, beside a reasonable—a very liberal allowance from the estate."

"That of course includes the five hundred dollars for the library you purchased for me of the heirs of Judge Sharpe," replied Robert, slipping a card from his vest, on which it seems he himself had been making an estimate, and placing it in the hand of his uncle, as he drew a chair to his side—

"Look there, uncle Jones," said he, "you have not included the interest; advance me now the balance of a thousand, and—"

"How long do you purpose to be absent?"

"I cannot say precisely;—perhaps six months."

"But Alice—what of her?—have you made arrangements to postpone the fulfilment of your engagements with Alice Finlay? I thought you were to be married in May!" And Mr. Jones cast a quick, searching glance on the features of his ward. "I can allow no trifling *there*, Robert."

Robert Hardynge was silent for a few moments, during which his uncle once or twice essayed to put the question again, but the apparent uneasiness of his nephew deterred him. At length Robert replied to the interrogatory.

"I cannot marry Miss Finlay'—at least not at present. The fact is—nay, uncle, hear me—I have good cause for the course I am pursuing. The truth is, that since our engagement became public, Alice has grown so altered—so—so—if I may say, capricious and unfeeling, that, with my present impressions, though I were doomed, in consequence, to a single life through all time, I would never marry her!"

'Squire Jones made no response, but a slight interjectional whistle, scarcely louder than a whisper, answered all the purposes.

Robert continued—"I have loved Alice—I love her still—but I cannot brook the treatment to which she subjects me; and I have arrived at the conclusion, that the sooner I return South, the more agreeable it will be to both parties."

"Have you made Miss Finlay acquainted with your determination?" asked 'Squire Jones.

"I called twice last week for the very purpose," replied Robert, "but could not see Alice. Once she was indisposed—and the last time, she sent a message that she was engaged; but ere an hour, I saw her driving out in young Spencer's trainess. Her conduct seems to indicate a total lack of principle, or, at least, a heartlessness that ill accords with all my anticipations. One thing I *do* know—if she thinks, by her present course, to put her future husband in training, she may realize a disappointment."

"Strange language this, in relation to one's ladye-love!" thought 'Squire Jones; but he kept his opinion—and at that instant the entrance of a gentleman on business, put an end to the conversation for the morning.

Robert Hardynge *did* depart, however, just one week from that day, and as he darted past the dwelling of Mr. Finlay, en route for the South, he received a cold, parting nod from Alice, who was standing at the closed window, and returned it with a bow, full as stiff and formal. But his eye caught at that moment, another sight that gave him a heart-ache for many a weary mile. Directly in his path, and so near that he might have touched it from the sleigh as he glided by, lay a delicate myrtle, with its earthen vase shattered on the flinty ground, apparently cast there by some ruthless hand, and left to perish on the *frozen* snow! That myrtle had been his own! He had brought it, a tiny slip, some five years before, from the garden of his youthful home, and, in a moment of confiding love, twelve months by-gone, had presented it to Alice Finlay. And now!——He drew the visor of his cap still closer over his brow.

It was a decided quarrel!

Robert Hardynge was the son of an opulent rice planter, near Charleston, S. C. Left an orphan at the age of fifteen, what time he was not at Cambridge, had been spent at the residence of his uncle and guardian, Hiram Jones, Esq., on the shores of one of the sweetest inland seas in the world. A casual glance at his pale, thin features and thoughtful brow, would have given the impression that young Hardynge had seen some twenty-five summers, when in fact, at the period of our narrative, he was not quite twenty-one. Born and nurtured to mature boyhood, in the warmer South, the climate, doubtless, had exerted some influence on his physical developments—while, through excellent mental training from infancy, a naturally active mind had been stimulated to a corresponding advancement, so that standing, as he yet did, on the sunny side of the line of legal manhood, the person and attainments of Robert Hardynge might well warrant one to credit old Father Time with another lustrum on his account.

His mother had been a Northern lady of beauty and accomplishments, whom Col. Hardyinge had wedded during one of his annual visits to Saratoga, but who died when Robert was three years, and his sister Irene but three hours old. Col. Hardynge at his demise, bequeathed his property to his brother, Dr. H., a respectable divine of Charleston, and to Hiram Jones, Esq., brother of his deceased wife, to be held in trust for the two children, until they should severally become of age, when they would enter on possession in their own right. Irene preferred to remain with her uncle in Charleston, while Robert, from some cause, chose to spend his minority among the hills and dells of New England. He had been enabled to enter himself immediately at Cambridge, a year in advance—and by application, more severe indeed than his health would seem to permit, might now confidently look for an admission to the Bar in six months, at farthest. With few glaring faults, he might be called a young gentleman of more than ordinary promise. There were but one or two traits in his character, that gave his friends permanent uneasiness. A seeming constitutional excitability, joined with an occasional wavering of purpose, or indecision threatened somewhat to impair his prospects of the future. His temperament was highly nervous, and a word, an action, or even a look, that most people would have disregarded, often gave him exquisite pain. Hence it was no ways singular that the conduct of Alice should have proved a source of extreme annoyance, and, under the circumstances, his visit to the scenes of his early youth, was in perfect keeping with the general aspect of his character.

Alice Finlay was a beauty, and she was well aware of it. The village belle ascertains the fact of her pre-eminence, full as soon as people generally suppose she should. Gay, lively, and—what woman is not?—fond of admiration, it ought not to appear surprising that a spice of coquetry, by the merest accident in the world, should mingle with her composition. And yet Alice was not a heartless girl. Her first, purest, and best affections had been given, in all sincerity, to young Hardynge, and if, since the hour of her whispered vow, circumstances had intervened, tending apparently to efface the freshness of her heart's fond hopes—if a passing cloud had dimmed the lustre of her love, there was that yet in her bosom which warned her, but too forcibly for her peace, that, in her estrangement from the object of her early affections, she could look with favor on no one else.

It is, perhaps, needless in this narration, to enter minutely, a la romance, into all the incidents of courtship and betrothal, with their usual attendants of sighs and glances—and vows and smiles—and, Cupid knows what,—which accompanied this inauspicious attachment. They belong to the thousand and one recitals of a like nature, and might be very properly stereotyped, and sold to order, to be filled, Valentine-fashion, with the names of the parties.—The reader is requested to suppose that these events happened along, nearly as they did in his or her own particular case—or, at least, as they wish such affair may chance to their sweet selves—sometimes, the stars proving lucky.

Alice Finlay and Robert Hardynge had been betrothed for a twelvemonth;—he only waiting for the period of his majority, to bestow his name upon his affianced love;—and, although he had, on several occasions, witnessed that in the conduct of Alice, which, to his sensitive feelings, seemed the result of almost unpardonable levity, if not indeed springing from a worse motive; yet never, until this last disagreement, had he indulged the thought of breaking his plight, and quitting her entirely.

It would, perhaps, be a curious, though, in many instances, not a very amusing study, to trace the progress of these "love quarrels," as they generally occur. To notice how a slight distaste will, in time, change to a confirmed dislike, and that, in turn, if not adjusted and removed, to disgust and hate!—yes, hate—for the moment—bitter hate!

"Alas! how slight a cause may move
Dissension between hearts that love."

Somebody said that, and *for* once somebody said truly. Mark the remainder, or a part of it, as we quote from memory, and have forgot the rest:

"A trifle light as air—a look—
A word unkind or wrongly taken,—
Oh, love that tempests never shook:
A breath—a touch like this hath shaken!"

What the "trifle" was that caused the first ripple in this stream of *true love*, the progress of which we are now recording, is not preserved among the archives of either the Hardynge or Finlay families—neither is it embalmed in the memories of any of the numerous friends of the parties. The writer has made particular enquiries on this point, but was only answered, that every thing went "merry as a marriage bell," until about two months previous to the departure of Robert for the South. If antecedent to that time, there were any misgivings or heart-burnings, they were so well concealed, or adjusted so immediately, that they passed unnoticed.

However the case might stand, as it regards the first provocation, or who was foremost in the sin, matters but little now. The probability is that both were culpable;—Robert, for noticing little circumstances, innocent in themselves, but under the magnifying influence of a naturally excitable temperament, swelling to apparent causes of complaint and reprehension; Alice, for thoughtlessly persevering in practices, which, she knew, gave pain to her lover—sometimes, indeed, merely from the joyous exuberance of her spirits, but latterly more often from a desire to tease and torment. The consequences might be readily foreseen. Hardynge, finding no heed taken of admonition or remonstrance, proceeded to open invective; and Alice, who had, at first, cheerfully acceded to his requests, when made in the accents of affection, and only forfeited the trusting promise through inadvertence or girlish levity, finally broke in open rebellion to his wishes, as the exactions became more severe, and his language more imperious, until at length, one evening, after a rather stormy session, the parties separated—Hardynge bestowing upon his prospective bride the title of a capricious coquette, and Alice retorting, through her tears, the epithet of heartless tyrant!

Verily—"The course of *true love* never did run smooth." Yet how many there are who place the thorns in their own couch! That night Robert Hardynge pressed a sleepless pillow—Alice Finlay a tearful one. They had often before disagreed—had caused each other much of sadness—much of sorrow—yet never, until that evening, had they parted in anger. The feud had ever been amicably adjusted ere the hour of separation; and however much each might lament their own share in the troubles of the past, there was still the sweet satisfaction that their errors were, for the time, reciprocally forgiven if not forgotten. But now each, as the morning light dawned on their watchful vigils, in reviewing, for the hundredth time, the events of the preceding evening, felt naught but sorrow, remorse and shame.

The cause, a foolish accident, which frankness on the one part, and confidence on the other, would have adjusted without calling in play a single unpleasant emotion, had dwindled into insignificance, contrasted with the mass of crimination and recrimination which it had generated; and although either, had the opportunity offered, would have joyfully pressed, that morning, the extended hand of the other, still pride, coldly rebuking this healthful action of the heart, forbade to each the propriety of making the first advance.

Alice expected her recreant lover, all the morning, with the proffered apology, but the morning wore away; yet he came not, and then she looked for him during the long evening, but evening came and went, and the next day, and the next, until a full week had elapsed, and yet Robert Hardynge, from the time of that eventful parting, had neither come himself, or wrote or sent billet or message, to signify that he cared or felt aught for that being with whose destiny his own was to be so soon united, and from whom he had separated so harshly and unlover-like. Bitterly did Alice Finlay lament the error into which her feelings had betrayed her, and once was she on the point of indicting a penitential note to her betrothed, acknowledging her fault and craving forgiveness,—but "would it not be a breach of maidenly delicacy and decorum!—who ever heard of a lady making the fect proposal in any affair where a gentleman was *concerned!*—and besides, *might* he not treat it: the outpouring of her anguished and repentant heart, with utter scorn and contempt!" "No—she would die first!" "Or, if Robert Hardynge intended, by his present conduct, to indicate to his future wife the path she must pursue in coming years, maybap he might look elsewhere for a companion."

Thus reasoned Alice, or at least thus she essayed to administer something like balm to her wounded feelings, comforting at times her perturbed spirit, if comfort it could be called, with the reflection that Robert might possibly be as unhappy as herself. But her bright eye dimmed, and her cheek faded daily.

"What keeps Mr. Hardynge so close at home lately?" said Mrs. Finlay, one morning at breakfast, "I do not remember seeing him for a fortnight. Alice dear, there has nothing unpleasant happened, that he should have reason for this unusual absence?"

Alice did not answer—her heart was too full of that very subject.

"Oh, I do wish he would come oftener," said little Rose Finlay, "for sis goes moping about all day long—and then she cries so every night! Mamma, I don't love to sleep with folks when they cry, it makes me feel like crying too—and then the pillow gets all wet and frozen, and"——

"Hush, Rose, hush!" said the prudent mother; and then turning to Alice—"tell me, love, has any misunderstanding arisen between you and Robert, that he should cease his visits?—until quite recently, he has been in the habit of calling almost every evening."

"Robert is a hard student," observed Mr. Finlay, "and no doubt he is"——

"A hard-hearted, cruel man!" sobbed Alice, turning from the table in tears, "or he would never treat me thus."

"Hard-hearted, cruel!" ejaculated Mrs. Finlay, as she gazed in astonishment on the weeping girl—"Rose, dear, you may put on your hat and cloak—it is school time."

After Rose had left the apartment, Mrs. Finlay, with that tact which a mother alone knows how to exercise, drew from her sorrowing daughter the whole history of the causes of her unhappiness, which until that moment she had kept concealed in the recesses of her own bosom; most of the petty differences, up to the last sad parting, were unveiled.

It appeared that on the evening in question, at the close of a small social party, at a friend's house, Hardynge had, as usual, given his arm to Alice, and had accompanied her a short distance homeward, when he suddenly recollected a message which he was commissioned to deliver, that evening, to the lady of the mansion. Fearful that the family might retire ere he would have time to return, should he postpone the duty until he had seen Miss Finlay to her residence, and unwilling to subject Alice to the fatigue of retracing her steps with him, he frankly stated the dilemma, and as a favor requested her to dispense with his services for a few moments, promising to overtake her long ere she reached home. Alice freely acceded to the proposition—the moon was full and clear, and in that quiet country village, the lone maiden was as secure from molestation or insult, in the wide street, as in her father's dwelling. She had progressed, however, but a few yards, ere she was met by one of her former suitors, in the person of Harry Spencer, and Harry, after remarking on the beauty of the night, and laughingly, on the singularity of her appearance at that late hour, alone and unattended, offered his services to escort her home; and then, without waiting for an answer or explanation, quietly drew her arm within his own. The movement was so sudden and unexpected, that Alice had no room for expostulation; besides, she had often walked with Spencer before, and, under other circumstances, there would appear nothing in the action itself to reprehend;—he was a friend, and a valued one, though not a preferred lover. More than all these, she felt somewhat unwilling to inform him of the true state of the case; something whispered her that Hardynge had presumed full far enough on her good nature, in thus preferring the wishes of another, to the comfort and security of the lady of his heart.

True to his word, Hardynge did overtake them, while yet some distance from Mr. Finlay's dwelling, and the first impulse that Alice felt, was to quit the arm of Spencer for that of Robert.

"And why did you not do so, Alice?" asked Mrs. Finlay.

"Oh, mother, that *look*, as he passed!—I do verily believe that he would have *struck* me if I had attempted it!" said Alice—"merely remarking that he should probably see me at my father's, and wishing Spencer a pleasant walk, he hurried on and was soon out of sight."

"Well, Alice, what then!" asked Mrs. Finlay, calmly forbearing comment.

"We—he was in the parlor when I came home, and we said many foolish things—we quarrelled sadly—shamefully—he called me a capricious coquette! and I told him he was—oh, mamma!—a heartless tyrant!" and the sorrowing maiden sank into a chair, sobbing hysterically.

Alice Finlay was in reality quite ill, when, that very day, Robert called for the first time, to inform her of his intention of returning South; and at the time her parents did not *deem* it necessary to inform her of the fact of his visit. In truth, both Mr. and Mrs. Finlay, although they saw many things to condemn in the conduct of their daughter, considered his treatment of Alice as unwarranted and harsh, and the message that "Miss Finlay was engaged," when, in fact, she was only waiting the appearance of Harry Spencer, who, at the instigation of one of her particular *friends*, had proffered her an airing that day,—was given by the mother, to Robert, at the time of his second attempt, with an air of decision that amounted to almost rudeness.

Mr. Finlay had never approved the match, considering the parties as yet, too young and inexperienced. But yielding to the potent arguments of his better half, who considered the wealth and high literary attainments of her intended son-in-law, to be more than a counterpoise to the natural irritability of his disposition, he had yielded a reluctant consent to an agreement, which he would now have gladly seen cancelled, did he not have painful proof, that the feelings of Alice were too deeply interested for her peace—and when, a few days after, he received a note from Hardynge, simply informing him of the intended visit to Charleston, with the probability of an absence of perhaps a year, and lamenting that circumstances precluded the possibility, on the part of the writer, of fulfilling the engagement existing between him and Alice, the intelligence sank into his heart with a mingled sensation of satisfaction and sorrow.

But to Alice the news was sorrowful—all sorrowful. During the first paroxysm of her grief, the affront to her pride, seemed more bitter, than the ruined hope or blighted love. Her approaching marriage was a public affair—her preparations were nearly complete—her bridal dresses were ready—the bridemaids selected—the guests decided upon, and all the paraphernalia of the coming nuptials hastening rapidly to perfection. And *now!*—now! what *would* she do?—what *could* she do?

It was under the influence of these feelings, and with a determination to do *something*, that, on the morning of Robert's departure, she tossed the unoffending myrtle into the street, and perhaps some other trifles, from the same donor, would have shared a like fate, had she not, at that instant, caught the sound of his approaching bells. Hastily taking her station at the parlor window, she watched him as he drove past, and, with an emotion allied to gratification, saw him quail as he noticed the ruin of that offering of early affection. But, with the dying chime of those retreating bells, died also in her breast that selfish triumph, and, for the first time on earth, Alice Finlay felt the real canker at her heart. Hitherto, hope had kept the vampire from its prey—but now, even hope seemed to have forsaken its trust—her brain reeled—a death-like pallor settled on her cheek, and she sank fainting on the floor.

Alas! poor Alice!

When she awoke to consciousness, she was in bed, surrounded by her friends, with little Rose clasping her hands, and weeping bitterly.

"Oh! Alice—dear Alice—don't die! Sweet sister, 'tis your own Rose."

"The myrtle!" murmured Alice—"where is my myrtle?"

"Your myrtle is safe, Alice, love," said Mrs. Finlay, tenderly.

"Bring it me," whispered the sufferer. "Will no one bring me my myrtle?"

It was brought to her bedside, just as it came from the street, where she had cast it, with its long roots dry and hard, and its delicate leaves stiffened with the exposure. Alice gazed at it an instant, and then, in a mournful voice—

"Rose," she said, "my beautiful myrtle is ruined!" and taking it in her hands, she passed her trembling fingers over its perished loveliness. Suddenly her countenance lighted up, and a gleam of seeming joy, spread over her sad but beautiful features. She had detected one little off-set that yet exhibited signs of vitality. Skilfully detaching the tender shoot from its parent stem, she rested not until she saw it placed in a sister vase to the broken one, and which she had intended to fill with a slip of that same myrtle, as a present to little Rose on her wedding-day.

When all was arranged, with her soft blue eyes fixed upon the resuscitated remnant of her "beautiful myrtle," Alice Finlay gradually sank into a *deep* and quiet sleep.

* * * * *

A year had transpired since the date of these events. Spring had come with its velvet verdure, sweet violets, and gentle winds. Summer, with its more mature growth of leaf and flower,—yellow Autumn, with her grateful fruits and golden grain,—and now again stern Winter's gleaming cloak was thrown o'er all the slumbering earth—but Alice Finlay had not yet passed from the threshold of her maidenhood. Her friends could but notice in her faded cheek, and the absence of the merry laugh, that a secret grief was wasting the sources of her life, and yet complaint or murmur never passed her lips. The name of Robert Hardynge, though seldom mentioned in the family, had ceased to awaken any visible emotion in her bosom, and at times her fond father indulged the hope, almost against hope, that her faithless lover was forgotten. Robert had not written to her since his abrupt departure, and all the intelligence Alice or her friends gathered of him, came, casually, through other channels. They asked no questions, but endeavored to manifest a total indifference to his prospects or pursuits.

In his letters to his uncle, so far as known, young Hardynge had carefully avoided all mention of his former attachment. A common-place enquiry after the health of "Miss Finlay," among others, was all that he vouchsafed. The contents of these letters, though not seen by Alice, were, nevertheless, familiar to her. Rose, her sweet sister Rose, was an especial favorite of 'Squire Jones, and often passed an afternoon with the kind-hearted lawyer, in the little back room of his now lonely office. For Hiram Jones, Esq., when he hesitated about advancing the money for Robert's journey, never thought of the *dollars*—it was the absence of his ward, who had become unto him even as a son. So when a letter came from his nephew, if Rose were present, sometimes 'Squire Jones, after glancing over it, found his spectacles so dim, that, as a matter of necessity, Rose must read it for him, while the lawyer paced to and fro in his ancient sanctum. At the close, slyly tapping her dimpled cheek with his long fore-finger, the sage admonition was given, that she "had better not tell Miss Alice aught of the contents of that epistle"—which Rose interpreted, as it was probably meant: full liberty to tell as much as she chose.

There was occasionally, however, a letter from Robert, which Rose, if she were present, was not permitted to see—the spectacles were remarkably clear that day, and the 'Squire, after reading, gravely putting it away in his desk. And these letters, all unknown as their contents were, served to keep alive an almost expiring ray of hope, in one trembling bosom. There *might* be in that, to her, secret correspondence, allusions and enquiries, not so cold and formal as the general tone of the letters seemed to indicate. Oh, the *fond* foolish confidence of a woman's love! Yes, trusty maiden, and there *might* have been in that hidden language words which would have racked thy gentle feelings to intensest agony.

It was in the early spring, immediately after the receipt of one of these mysterious *epistles*, that an unusual activity was imparted to a rather neglected portion of the village by the arrival of a number of mechanics—masons, carpenters, &c.; who, under the *direction* of Hiram Jones, Esq., proceeded with all despatch, to rejuvenate one of the time-honored dwellings of the place, which had been lately purchased by 'Squire Jones, acting as agent for his former ward, Robert Hardynge.

Curiosity was on the tip-toe, to ascertain what use the young Southerner was to make of the mansion, which soon assumed the appearance of a genteel country residence. "Was he coming back to marry Alice, after all? Or would he, the heartless trifler, bring some fair one from the sunny South, to share his heart and home?" But curiosity was baffled—the prudent lawyer kept his own counsel,—if, indeed, he knew, for what purpose his nephew ordered the expenditure. The house was completed and furnished in a style of gentility and affluence, that few dwellings could boast of, so far removed from any considerable mart of wealth and fashion. The grounds, meanwhile, had undergone the renovating process, and, in a space of time, incredible to those unacquainted with Yankee enterprise and perseverance, a beautiful estate had arisen, as if by magic, upon the shores of the placid lake.

But accident, at length, revealed what would have been soon otherwise known in the course of events.

Rose Finlay chancing, one summer day, in the office of 'Squire Jones, when the lawyer had for some cause stepped out a moment, espied an open letter upon the table, with the post-mark of Charleston upon it, and presuming on the usual indulgence of the 'Squire, she was soon deeply engaged in its perusal. It was not in Robert's handwriting, yet it spoke of him, as being in delicate health, and inclined, at times, to be unsocial and melancholy. But the writer trusted "that a Northern home and Northern friends, would do much to invigorate the one and remove the other." It concluded with the hope expressed, that the "Estate was in readiness for their reception, as the marriage spoken of in my last, took place last Thursday, and Robert starts with the bride for B——, in two weeks, at farthest.

Yours, truly,

"W. W. Hardynge."

"The villain!" exclaimed Rose, "Oh, the villain! —if I was only a man!"—as, with a flushed cheek and flashing eye, she crushed the letter in her glowing hand.

"Who—who is this villain, Miss?" said 'Squire Jones, entering at that moment. "Tut! tut! you little vixen!—so you have been looking at forbidden sights, and got your eyes scorched? But, Rose, come back!—here, Rose!—you madcap!—I say—Rose!"

But Rose was bounding homeward, and the last that 'Squire Jones heard of her, as she turned the corner, was—

"Poor Alice! Married last Thursday!—the villain!"

Alas! poor Alice!

And there was reason to say, Alas! poor Alice!—Hope had grown strong in her bosom within a few past months; for, as she saw, day after day, from her own window, the improvements making at the "white cottage,"—for thus had the future residence of Robert Hardynge been named—it had fell upon her heart like a soothing balm, the sweet trust that all might yet be well. She had never dreamed that *another* was to fill *her* place in that mansion. Alas! poor Alice! Well might Rose say, "the villain!"

At an early hour the next morning, the office of Hiram Jones, Esq., was honored with the presence of one who had lately been almost a stranger to its ancient walls and pictures, in the person of the father of Alice Finlay. Mr. Finlay, although he had permitted Rose to run forth and back, as she was wont to do, before the trouble occurred between Robert Hardynge and his daughter, could not himself feel to treat even the relative of him who had so deeply injured his child with the friendly familiarity which had formerly marked their intercourse. The greeting, on his part, was coldly polite, and contrasted strongly with the warm-hearted salutation of the "honest lawyer."

"Happy to see you, Mr. Finlay," said 'Squire Jones, proffering an open hand. "Take a seat by the cool window; melting morning, sir."

And kindly inquiring after the welfare of the members of Mr. Finlay's family, the lawyer proceeded to descant on the usual topics of the day. He was soon, however, interrupted.

"I have called this morning," said Mr. Finlay, "for the purpose of making an enquiry. Is Robert Hardynge—*married*?"

"What could induce you, my dear sir, to ask that question?" blandly responded 'Squire Jones, evading a direct answer.

Mr. Finlay felt the delicacy of his position. He was in possession of information, which, as a gentleman, he had no right to make use of; but, as he had no motive for concealing its source, he frankly resumed:

"I learned last evening, for the first time, that Rose, in her childish visits to your office, has been permitted, occasionally, to peruse letters from Mr. Hardynge, and that, thoughtlessly presuming on the privilege, she, in your absence, yesterday, opened one from another source, containing the information on which my inquiry was based. It stated, as I understand, that Robert is married, and is probably, by this time, on his journey, with his bride, to take possession of his new residence."

'Squire Jones mused for a few moments. At length,

"I do not *know* that Robert is married, or, at least, I do not feel myself at liberty to give any one a direct answer on this point," he replied. "The information that Rose has communicated, I will, however, place at your disposal." And he laid the letter of Dr. Hardynge before Mr. Finlay. "I am going beyond what should have been my duty," said he; "still, since Rose has, unfortunately, betrayed a part, under the circumstances, perhaps it is best that you should know the *whole*."

Mr. Finlay carelessly glanced over the unfolded sheet, until he came to the concluding sentence—forcibly placing his finger upon it.

"That, that," said he, "is enough!—that is sufficient. 'Tis even as Rose said." After a pause, he resumed, with some feeling.

"I, myself, 'Squire Jones, should care little about the wrong, were it not for the lasting injury he has inflicted upon my poor girl. Alice will never be herself again!" and the father groaned bitterly.

"You should not, my dear Mr. Finlay, give yourself unnecessary grief concerning trouble in perspective," said the lawyer; "perhaps all will be for the best yet."

"We shall bring an action for breach of promise," said Mr. Finlay, firmly. "I despise, as much as any man can, the idea of paying for broken vows in dollars and cents. I do not want his money—Alice does not want it. And if, instead of heaping insult upon injury, by locating himself permanently under our very eyes, he had chosen some other home, Heaven knows he might have lived and died unmolested by me and mine."

"If Robert has forfeited his plighted word to Alice, and married another," said 'Squire Jones, "his conduct cannot be defended by any one—least of all, shall he find countenance in me."

Mr. Finlay fixed his eyes intently on the lawyer's face for a moment, as if to read what was passing beneath, and then earnestly enquired—

"'Squire Jones, will you undertake our case?"

"I would aid you as freely in obtaining justice of Robert Hardynge," replied the lawyer, "as freely and as willingly as though he were no relative of mine. Yet, let me say, that these actions for breach of promise are unpleasant affairs, even to those who have been deeply wronged. In all my practice, I have been engaged in but two, and, if I felt for the injured party at the commencement of the suit, my feelings were doubly outraged by the obloquy and insult that were heaped upon the shrinking plaintiff, during the progress of the trial."

"*I see*," interrupted Mr. Finlay, "you are fearful that"—

"Please to hear me through," said Mr. Jones. "I can hardly think that Robert Hardynge has been so base as present appearances lead you to conclude. Still, if it can be proved that he is about to place in that dwelling," and the lawyer cast a quick glance at the "white cottage," "any other lady, as his wife, save Alice Finlay, I will aid you, as counsel, in any action of damages you may choose to bring. I would do it, if he were my own son."

"Will it be necessary for Alice to appear in court?" asked Mr. Finlay.

"Alice is of legal age—she will, through her attorney, prosecute in person," answered 'Squire Jones. "It will be important," he continued, "in case we find it necessary to commence the suit, to obtain a copy of the marriage certificate, or a certified record of the ceremony, otherwise the defendant may, at the time of trial, enter the plea of willingness and ability still to fulfil the alleged breach of contract;" and a slight smile passed over the features of the lawyer, as though the allusion called up some pleasing reminiscence.

"You will enter the action at the October term?" said Mr. Finlay, in a tone half instruction, half enquiry.

"If the proofs can be forthcoming in season, of course," responded 'Squire Jones. "The damages"—

"Are ten thousand dollars," said Mr. Finlay, with emphasis. And after adjusting a few more preliminaries, and placing a small sum in the lawyer's hand as a retaining fee, the father of Alice Finlay took his leave.

* * * " *

It was at the close of a warm Saturday in August, some eighteen months from the commencement of the events in our story, that an open carriage, with two horses attached, was seen slowly descending the hill that shut out all prospect at the south-east from the village of B——. Its inmates, as they neared the town, were ascertained to be a gentleman and lady, with a travelling equipage, attended on horseback by two of Afric's sable daughters. As they passed along the principal street, the gentleman was recognized as Robert Hardynge, but pale, and apparently travel-worn and weary. His companion seemed a sweet young girl of sixteen or eighteen summers, of exquisite beauty, but whose cheek and brow betrayed an almost tropic nativity. Arriving opposite the "white cottage," the carriage turned to the left, up a green lane, and Robert was soon seen to usher that lovely bride to his future home.

It so happened, that on that very afternoon, by particular request, Hiram Jones, Esq., was conferring at the residence of Mr. Finlay, with one of the parties in the coming action. With the assistance of Mr. Finlay, he had drawn up a statement of the facts which would be necessary to guide him in the prosecution of the suit, and also another paper containing the heads of the testimony to which it would be indispensable for Alice to make oath, on the day of trial. After these arrangements had been completed, Alice was summoned, as the careful lawyer preferred to hear, from her own lips, the precise story she would be able to tell in the crowded court. But, as the worthy attorney took her attenuated hand in his, and gazed upon her thin white cheek, and sorrowing eye, the fount of his own feelings seemed almost to overflow; but hastily wiping his dimming glasses, he motioned her to a chair, and then proceeded to read to her, and explain, the facts and technicalities he had there recorded. Alice sat motionless as a statue pending the recital, her features presenting the same marble paleness, until mention was made of sundry presents "being given by the defendant, Robert Hardynge, aforesaid, unto her, the said Alice, more especially a myrtle, at or about the time the said contract was formed between the parties." At the mention of the "myrtle," a sudden flush overspread her features, while the moisture of her eye, and the slight tremor of her lip, bespoke keen and intense feeling. But it passed, and she was calm again.

"This is all correct, I presume, Miss Finlay?" asked 'Squire Jones, as he finished the reading.

"It is, sir," feebly articulated Alice.

"Well, then," resumed the lawyer, as he produced the other paper, "it is a disagreeable task, but a necessary one, and I have here noted the substance of what you will be called upon to testify to in court, and"—

"In court!—me to testify in court!" exclaimed Alice, with more animation than she had yet exhibited.

"Certainly, Miss Finlay; we can do nothing without your testimony."

"Then," said Alice, rising to her feet, while her countenance mantled with a gleam of satisfaction, "then Robert Hardynge goes as free as though Alice Finlay had never existed. He has wronged me—deeply, fearfully wronged me. But, oh! I have not been faultless—and here, in the humbleness of my sorrow, I do feel that were it not for my own levity and folly, I had this day been his"—

A quick convulsive gasp finished the sentence, and the hapless girl fell swooning in her father's arms.

The human heart is a sad prompter, and there are few who, in the contemplation of some expected and inevitable trouble, can truly say, as did one of old, "Surely, the bitterness of death is past." Twice had Alice Finlay nerved herself for an agonizing hour, and twice had weak nature failed her in the trial.

She had heard of Robert's homeward journey—she had heard and believed that some more favored one was filling *her* place in his affections—she had dwelt on the event of his arrival—the joyous looks—the greetings—the fond enquiries and warm wishes with which he and his doubtless lovely wife would be met, and, although the contemplation spread a darkness over all the little sunlight of her soul, yet had the termination been strong within her that *he*, at least, should never know the struggle in her bosom. She had even resolved to be among the first to welcome the stranger bride, and as she had ever strenuously opposed the suit with which her father threatened young Hardynge, it was with a feeling nearly allied to gratification that she learned how much it lay in her power to prevent it. But thrown off her guard by this information, she had almost betrayed the entire state of her feelings to 'Squire Jones, when, turning her eyes for an instant towards the street—in the very place where she had last seen him, a year and a half before, with his name almost upon her lips, she beheld Robert Hardynge, leisurely rolling past, and by his side that sweet being, who had, all innocently, doubtless, been the means of inflicting the most cruel wound in her tortured heart.

Alice was removed to her chamber, and the worthy lawyer, after tendering a few words of condolence to the distressed father, and renewing the assurance of every necessary legal assistance in his power, departed.

It was observed, however, that instead of proceeding directly to his office, Hiram Jones, Esq., turned up the green lane towards the "white cottage," and was soon seen to enter the dwelling of Robert Hardynge.

The next day the pew of 'Squire Jones was graced with an unusual company. Beside Robert and his lovely partner, sat a gentleman in a naval undress, whose appearance bore such a striking resemblance to the bride, that no one would be censured for supposing him to be her brother. It was ascertained that he had arrived by stage the previous evening, and had been set down at the "white cottage." What strengthened the impression of his being a near relation, was the fact that he handed the young wife to the carriage after service, while Robert was holding a short conference with 'Squire Jones. Alice Finlay was not at church, neither were any of the family—a very uncommon circumstance in the village of B—— of a pleasant Sabbath. At the evening lecture, however, both Alice and Rose were present.

A blessed old custom—those Sabbath evening lectures. During the day services, the holy shepherd, elevated in his tasselled and cushioned pulpit, above the heads of his worshipping flock, seems in many instances to feel the loftiness of his situation, and hence his admonitions and denunciations are addressed to "*you*, my hearers," and all his invocations are for the special benefit of the "dear congregation" under his eyes—the impression thus gains strength, that he himself would be thought of as one less liable to temptation and frailty than other poor, sinful mortals. But when descending from the throne of his greatness, he takes his station in front of the sacred desk of a Sabbath evening, mingling, as it were, himself with his erring people, and with the light of the pale and flickering lamps upon his brow, upraises his hands and heart in a humble supplication for pardon upon *our* trespasses, and pours forth a meek and trusting prayer for favor upon our necessities and wants, then indeed does his ministration appear evangelical and blessed.

In the former instance he may deliver a powerful and edifying discourse, to be admired and commented upon as the production of a gifted man. In the latter we hear his words, not as the whirlwind nor the fire, but as the "still small voice" rising in our midst, in whose tones, overlooking their source, we recognize the pleadings and promises of our God.—Robert Hardynge was there that evening, as also was 'Squire Jones—the rest of the occupants of the pew were absent.

As the congregation were dispersing, at the close of the exercises—by choice or otherwise—Robert found himself by the side of Alice, as, in company with Rose, she was pursuing her pathway home.—At the same instant appeared 'Squire Jones by the side of Rose, and lifting her arm to his, he said, gaily:

"Come, Rose, Alice is provided for—permit me to be your guardian for the evening," and the antiquated lawyer stepped briskly forward with Rose, leaving Alice alone with her former lover. For some distance they progressed side by side in silence. Each seemed wrapt in deep and absorbing thought. One by one the congregation had separated to their respective homes, until they alone seemed to occupy that long and shadowy street. The light silk calash of Alice drooping over her face, prevented all scrutiny of her features, and also debarred its wearer from observing the countenance, or even form, of her companion. She had not even looked up when he joined her—she dared not trust herself, yet she knew—full well she knew, who it was, that thus alike noiselessly, kept even pace with her own faltering footsteps. Her feelings at this moment were intense. The endearments of other years—the fond words he had breathed so warmly into her willing ears—the vows of love—unchanging love—the soft caress—the first sweet, fervent kiss—aye, and the last one, too—that one she cherished most, when *last* her lips met his in girlish trustfulness and affection—and then the harsh and cruel language that had passed between them—her sufferings—his cold neglect—his perfidy, and the deep wrong he had inflicted, joined with his present apparently heartless attempt at justification or palliation, for she could view his presence at that hour in no other light, all these and many other emotions, as varied and contradictory, created such a tumult in her bosom, that she felt no longer able to continue farther without support—the whole blood of her system seemed to centre with a suffocating weight around her heart,—a darkness came over her vision, and through sheer necessity she was forced to seize the arm of her passive partner, to uphold her sinking frame. In a moment after, however, she was in the act of withdrawing her hand, abashed and confused, when she felt her fingers clasped in his, with a soft and gentle pressure, that sent a thrill through every vein, to the very recesses of her heart, while a voice murmured in her ear—

"Alice! *dear* Alice,—can you—will you forgive?"

It was a mournful voice, and musically sweet and low, but it came again with something more of earnestness, as the maiden still clung to him in trembling silence.

"Oh, Alice, if you could but know one half the agony I have endured since our separation—if you did but realize the depth of the affection—the undying *love* that I must ever feel for you, and only you"—

And he was in the act of raising her hand to his lips, when, suddenly disengaging it from his clasp, the affronted girl sprung from him with a bound that completely placed her beyond his reach. His words had broken the palsying spell that seemed hitherto laid upon both her physical and mental faculties, and she felt, at the moment, that in his present base attempt, she could look upon him as a very worm.—Turning until the moonlight, as it rested upon her features, seemed to light up a countenance as pale and passionless as its own far source—

"Go," said she with strange calmness, "Leave me! your language is not such as becomes you to utter!—certainly, not such as I should listen to from you. Forgive you!—yes, Robert—Mr. Hardynge, I do forgive you as I hope to be forgiven. I forgive you and I pity both you and that fair young being whom you have sworn to love, cherish and protect—and as you this night press her to your bosom, may you forget that such words as you have just uttered ever passed your lips."

"Alice Finley! you speak strangely," said Robert. "What fair young being do you pity?"

"Mr. Hardynge! is it not *your bride*, who is at this moment awaiting your return in that dwelling yonder!"

A light cloud at that moment floated across the moon, but, when an instant after, the queen of night emerged from her misty veil, the truant lover had resumed his place by the side of his early love;—his head was inclined towards her cheek—the arm she had so lately spurned slid gently and quietly around the slender waist of the unresisting maiden—her head sank back upon his shoulder—her sweet, fair face upturned to his, and—that last warm kiss of so long ago, was last no longer.

Robert Hardynge and Alice Finlay took a long walk that evening. Indeed, 'Squire Jones, who, for some purpose or other, tarried to spend a few moments with his client, Mr. Finley, was observed to go very frequently to the parlor window, as if looking for some one whose leave of absence had been sadly broken. At length the loiterers arrived, Alice looking remarkably beautified and joyous, and Robert with one of those accustomed smiles upon his features, that reminded one of the olden time; and although Mr. Finley felt somewhat mystified and dubious concerning the events of the evening, and, as well as Mrs. Finlay, greeted Robert rather coldly—yet it was apparent that the idea of a law-suit, for the purpose of binding up the broken hopes of their daughter, had nearly become obsolete.

Rose, however, saw fit, with a slight twinkle of her merry eye, to enquire after the health of the *wife* of Mr. Hardynge.

"Well, Rose," said Robert, "you may ask Alice about it. She has been the first to call and welcome the *bride*, and she can tell you all about her."

And Alice did tell what a sweet creature was Robert's sister Irene, and what a noble-looking husband she had, in her cousin, Lieut. Hardynge, of the Navy—and how, being suddenly called to join his ship at Norfolk, he had entrusted his bride to the care of her brother, with whom she would remain during the cruise of the vessel—that he was now on a flying visit to his lovely wife, &c. &c.

"Oh, mamma, how foolish I have been!" said she, in a tone that only reached the ears of her mother. And she seated herself in the recess of a window, where a luxuriant myrtle, placed on a shelf outside, wove its foliage into a verdant lattice. The evening breath of summer came in, cool and delicious, through that living screen, playing upon her flushed cheek with a grateful freshness; but, mingled with it, came a sense of warmth upon her brow, and Robert Hardynge was bending over her. A whispered conversation of a few minutes ensued, at the close of which it was noticed, as they turned to the company, that a moisture was beaming in the eyes of both, probably the offspring of some allusion to the scenes of other days.

The remainder of the narration is soon finished.—Each had learned a lesson in the economy of life, which will be likely to prove advantageous to them through all their future journey, as side by side they bask in the sunshine, or buffet the storms of time. Alice has already earned the enviable distinction of an American matron of the third honor, happy and beloved, while Robert Hardynge—proud of his children, prouder still of his yet young and charming wife—is rapidly progressing in a career of usefulness and honor;—the consequences of their early errors serving as beacons to warn them, through all coming time, of quicksands on which the happiness of thousands has been made shipwreck.

These incidents—disguised, indeed, by fictitious names—form, nevertheless, a story of reality and truth, and are but records of actual occurrences.—Rose Finley is at present the reigning belle at a celebrated naval station, and should any of the bachelor readers of our story wish to identify her, it may easily be done, by an odd sort of a ring which she wears—plain and massive—presented to her by an antiquated specimen of the lonely race, Hiram Jones by name, away up among the Green Mountains; it being formed of two half eagles, which the said Jones received, as a retaining fee, in a case which never went into the halls of justice—the action having been adjudicated upon, before term-time, in another and more expeditious court. Deeply chased in the back of the said ring—which almost covers a moiety of one of her taper fingers—as a speaking lesson, and changeless motto, are these cabalistic words—

"THE BREACH OF PROMISE."

THINK NOT THAT I LOVE THEE.

BY LIEUT. G. W. PATTEN, U. S. A.

Think not that I love thee!
 Ah! how can it be?
In the hush of the twilight
 I speak not of thee,
And the voice of my lute string,
 As it floats o'er the frame,
'Mid all its soft murmurs,
 Breathes never thy name.

Think not that I love thee!
 'Twere an idle surmise—
Love lives in the accent,
 Love dwells in the eyes;
And never by glances,
 And never by tone,
Hath thy bosom discover'd
 One thought of my own.

Think not that I love thee!
 Ah! sure thou can'st tell!
Could woman dissemble
 So wise and so well:
Go, go and forget me!
 'Tis vain to repine,
For my heart, tho' 'twere *breaking*,
 Must never be thine.

THE

MESSENGER BIRD;

Or, The Spirit of True Benevolence.

Translated from the French.

BY H. R. BARCLAY.

The amiable wife of the celebrated author, Helvetius, whose graces and rare qualities inspired her husband in the production of his charming poem on "Happiness," possessed a remarkable passion for birds; and having devoted much time to the interesting study of Ornithology, she knew all the various species; and understood the various modes of rearing and feeding them.

At her beautiful country seat of *Auteuil*, Madame Helvetius had caused the erection of an elegant and commodious aviary, in which was assembled a feathered and tuneful throng; and which was an asylum for all the birds of the surrounding country during the inclement months of winter. This aviary was only closed at night, in order to secure its inmates from being attacked by destructive animals. In the morning, when Madame H. had distributed with her own hands the peculiar food suited to their different natures, she opened their prison doors, and permitted them to enjoy entire freedom. Hopping from spray to spray, they would then make the surrounding woods merry with their melodious notes.

It frequently happened, that during the fine weather of summer, but few of this joyous troop return, [illegible] where the most tender care dispensed with abundance. An insect, taken on the wing—the muddy water of a pond—and the slightest shelter afforded by a twig—were often preferred to the long ears of grain—the delicate seed—the clear limpid fountain, and the nests of moss and down, which decorated the aviary: so true to nature, is it that not even imprisonment in a palace, with every luxury, can compensate for the loss of liberty and independence! But, when came frost and snow, and the winds whistled chill through the leafless trees, then would these little fugitives gladly return to enjoy the sweets of hospitality; bringing with them not a few strangers, who sought also an asylum from cold and hunger.

It was never without regret that Madame Helvetius separated herself from her numerous and beloved guests; but the celebrity of her name—the charm of her society—and the graces of her person and manner, called her to become the ornament of a circle in the gay capital; to which she usually repaired about the beginning of January.

The memorably severe winter of 1788 produced, in France, unparalleled distress and misfortune.—Rivers, choked by ice, piled mountains high, broke through their natural barriers, and destroyed indiscriminately, castle and cottage. Wild beasts, emboldened by the pangs of hunger, darted into the sheep-folds, and besieging the hamlet, attacked even the infant in its cradle! The bodies of men were found upon the highway petrified by cold; and in the fields and woods, game of every kind was seen extended dead upon the snow. One would have thought that the solar system was deranged, and that the earth had deviated from its course: so completely had the temperate climate of France—which is not one of the least advantages she derives from nature—changed into that of Greenland or Nova Zembla!

It was then that Madame Helvetius—after having assured herself that her numerous feathered family at *Auteuil* were well provided for, and not suffering in any manner during such a disastrous winter,—occupied herself at Paris, in affording relief to the unhappy poor. Her touching pity extended itself to all the suffering beings around her.

Often from the windows of her apartment—which opened upon a long terrace,—she observed that a great number of sparrows, who found refuge at night in the stables of the Hotel, during the day vainly sought for food. Her heart—so attuned to benevolence that she could not witness unmoved the distress of even the smallest of God's creatures—prompted her to extend them relief. Exposing herself to the rigorous cold, she opened a window, and stepping upon the terrace, swept from it the snow, with her own hands. When she had cleared a spot large enough, she hastened to distribute thereon, grain of different kinds; and to her joy, she soon saw alight, an infinite number of birds, who devoured eagerly the repast spread for them. Thus the good Madame H. occupied herself each morning, while many of her little visitors would crowd around her; some, even venturing so far as to peep in at the window of her apartment.

One day while abandoning herself to this pleasure, one sparrow of the numerous flock came and perched itself upon her head—descended to her shoulder, and nestled in her bosom. Madame H. attributed this boldness to the intense cold, with which the bird appeared to be somewhat benumbed; so she hastened to warm it with her hands—to caress it—and entering her apartment, approached the fire: but the bird increased its familiarity—perching on her finger, it pecked her hand; and alighting on her shoulder, it flapped its wings, as if wishing to express gratitude to its benefactress. Somewhat puzzled by this demeanour, Madame H. thought it could be no other than a pet sparrow belonging to some person in the neighbourhood, and had been attracted thither by the grain upon the terrace; so, after a little time, she re-opened the window and said to the bird—

"If thou dost belong to any one in this neighbourhood they will be uneasy concerning thy fate: fly quickly! and comfort those who mourn thy absence. If thou canst not find thy home, return to me, poor little wanderer. Oh! return again to nestle in my bosom."

With these words, she gave it a kiss, and away it flew from her sight.

On the morrow, Madame Helvetius was pleased to find again, among her daily increasing flock, the little stranger who had inspired her with so much interest on the preceding day. So soon as it had taken its meal, the affectionate bird flew more familiarly, if possible, than before, to receive a caress, when, to her great surprise, Madame H. discovered that around its neck was fastened a narrow blue ribbon, from which depended the end of a glove finger; forming a tiny bag. Excited by the most lively curiosity, she eagerly examined it, and found within a very thin leaf of paper, folded into the smallest possible compass, upon which was written in a delicate female hand, the following lines from Racine:

"Aux petits des oiseaux il donne leur pâture,
Et sa bonté s'étend sur toute la nature;"

which, literally translated, is—

"Thou givest to little birds their food;
And thy kindness extends over all nature."

Moved with intense interest, Madame Helvetius perused the postscript attached to this flattering question—

"Virtuous persons in your neighborhood are languishing in need; would you do less for them, than for the numerous feathered family whom we see you nourish with food each morning?"

"Doubtless not!" she exclaimed, abandoning herself to every kind emotion—"resist a request so touching? impossible!"

Hastening to her *secrétaire*, she took from it a draft for six hundred livres, which she deposited in the little bag, and fastened it again around the bird's neck. Bestowing repeated kisses upon the interesting messenger, she went out upon the terrace, and bade it fly to relieve those who were perhaps that moment suffering the pangs of cold and hunger. Her eyes attentively followed the direction of the sparrow's flight, hoping that she might thus discover the spot where it alighted; but no, the trees in the neighboring gardens intercepted her view; and Madame H., returning to her apartment, abandoned herself to the sweetest reflections.

"By what means," thought she, "could this poor family have instructed a simple sparrow to direct its flight thitherward, and perform the task of selecting one for their benefactress? Ah! how anxious I am to know them; to visit them. They must be superior to the position in which they are thrown. With what touching delicacy the appeal was made. The more I reflect, the more am I lost in astonishment."

Many days passed, and brought not again the bird. Madame Helvetius thought constantly of this strange adventure, but was careful not to speak of it to any one; for thus she would have revealed a benevolent action, which, made known, would have lost half its merit. Sometimes the vivacity of her brilliant imagination, and her profound knowledge of the world, created in her mind the suspicion that she had been made the sport of some artful impostor: for often among the interesting and worthy objects who claim our commiseration, will steal those who impose upon our credulity, and abuse our confidence.

At last, one morning, while Madame H. was sweeping the snow from the terrace for the *daily* distribution of grain, among the birds which came flocking around—for it appeared as if all the birds in and about Paris attended the morning levee on the terrace of the good Madame H.,—she spied the little faithful messenger with its ribbon and bag.

"Welcome!" she cried, "welcome! and so thou hast for me another billet?"

The bird seemed *pleased* and proud, and wheeled around her head in graceful circles before alighting upon her hand.

The bag was once more opened with a *deep* emotion, while Madame H. advanced to her *secrétaire*, that she might be ready to deposite a new pledge of her generosity, when her attention was arrested by the following:

"You have saved us! you have saved an estimable artist and his family. Accept our blessings, our thanks. The six hundred *livres* shall be repaid as soon as the return of spring, and the labor of our hands will permit."

These words were blotted over by tears of gratitude, and Madame H. could not restrain a few sympathizing drops, at having been the means of alleviating the distress of a virtuous family. She now applauded herself more than ever for having yielded to the first promptings of her generous heart, and wrote this reply:

"I thought I had bestowed a *gift*: and it is but a *loan*? The happiness I experience by having been useful to you, renders me your debtor."

"How very dear this sweet bird must be to those whose interpreter it is!"

With these words, and many caresses, Madame H. sent it forth to seek its home, and each succeeding morn she watched in vain; her feathered favorite appeared no more to partake of her bounty.

* * * * * *

The frosts ceased. The snow disappeared. All nature, smiling, again welcomed the coming of spring. The birds *forsook* the terrace of their kind benefactress, and began already to *occupy* themselves in building nests for their young. They became so shy that Madame H. could no longer allure them; and her tender heart was touched by their forgetfulness and ingratitude.

"But," said she, "how can I blame the unconscious bird for what we daily suffer from intelligent man?"

The first day of that sweetest of months, May, Madame H. took her departure for *Auteuil*. She wished to repair the ravages that the storms of the past severe winter might there have made; and above all did she desire to superintend the alterations and revisions, necessary to the comfort of her beloved guests in the aviary. Every time a sparrow winged its flight above her head—every time she visited her collection of gay-plumaged songsters—that lady would think with tenderness of the charming interpreter of the unknown family; and although this species of bird is not famed for any particular quality which attracts notice, or excites attachment;—yet she would gladly have exchanged many of her choicest birds for the one intelligent sparrow.

Towards the middle of summer, some pressing family business required the presence of Madame H. at Paris. Unwillingly she tore herself away from the charms of rural occupation, and the care of the now thinly inhabited aviary:—the fine weather having, as usual, won the occupants to seek in wood and grove their natural shelter.

The terrace was, of course, visited very soon after her arrival—and none but those who have experienced the same, can appreciate the sensations of one who visits the spot where one has performed a virtuous and benevolent action. She looked around, and said—

"Ay! my pretty messenger comes no more: will it not greet me ever again?"

Each morning, early, she sought to attract it by throwing grain, as in the winter,—and, as if to reward her perseverance, the bird came, but hovered around without approaching very near the terrace. Passing and re-passing, it seemed to express both a wish and a fear to alight. Madame H. called it, and made a thousand caressing signs, but all in vain: when the thought struck her that it was the change in her costume that caused this timidity—so, entering her apartment, she hastened to enrobe in her winter pelisse of blue satin, trimmed with ermine, and bonnet of velvet—and then made her appearance again upon the terrace. The sparrow now recognized its old acquaintance, and flew upon her shoulder all confidence and joy. The ribbon and bag were both around its neck; and Madame H. impatiently sought for the contents.

A check for six hundred *livres* most unexpectedly met her view accompanied by a few words, as follows:

"We hasten to repay the money which you so generously bestowed on strangers—the gratitude we feel will remain engraven on our hearts forever!"

Madame H. was about to return the check, when she reflected that, perhaps, this act would *deprive* those estimable unknown ones of the sweetest enjoyment they could experience—that of discharging a debt sacred to honor.

Wishing to accustom the bird to her summer costume, she resumed her robe of white muslin, took off her bonnet, and appeared in hair simply arranged in bands. She had the pleasure to find that the sparrow no longer shunned her, though it examined her at first with a very prying, suspicious look, as much as to say—"what does all this mean? why can you not always dress the same, as I do?"

Every day would it come and pay quite a long visit—hopping about on the terrace; and if Madame H. delayed opening the window, it would tap with its little beak on the glass, and express impatience in a thousand ways.

* * * * * *

It was Sunday. Madame H., attended by several friends, persons of distinction, was resting, after a promenade in the beautiful *Jardin des Plantes*,* and enjoying the charm of an animated conversation, when a sparrow was seen to escape from its hiding-place under the neck-kerchief of a young girl of about ten or eleven years old, who sat opposite on a bank of turf, and perch upon the shoulder of Madame H., expressing its attachment by various endearments.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, covering it with kisses, "it is my darling little messenger; but how came it here, in this public garden, among so many people?"

"Excuse me, Madame," said the young girl, approaching—"it is my sister's pet."

"And where, my dear child, is your sister?" enquired Madame H.

"The young girl," she replied, "on the other side of the walk, sitting with my father and mother. She is dressed in white. Do you not see her, Madame? This sparrow is hers, and I do not think she would part with it for the world."

While concluding these words, she beckoned to a young person of singularly lovely face and figure, who, this moment discovering her bird in its new position, rose from her seat in agitation, and flushing with embarrassment and joy, exclaimed—

"It is her! Yes, it is herself, my parents!—it is our benefactress!"

Behold Madame Helvetius, now surrounded by a most interesting group. Father, mother, and six children, relieved by her generosity, invoking upon her head blessings, and overwhelming her with thanks—while the bird's sweet mistress, nearly overcome by emotion, in low, broken, but musical tones, falters a few words of gratitude, pressing the hands of Madame H. to her heart, and to her lips—bedewing them with tears—and the faithful sparrow flying from one to the other, looking proud and happy, as much as to say—"this is all my work; see, what *I* have done!"—formed a most charming picture.

After a little time, Elise—for this was the name of the eldest daughter, the owner of the bird—was desired by Madame H. to relate their story; "and, above all," she added, "inform us by what [illegible] [illegible]sible means you succeeded in directing [illegible] our mutual interpreter, to me."

Caressing her bird, Elise replied—

"Oh! Madame, if you knew how much it cost me! But first I will relate why it became necessary.—My father, whose name is Valmont, is by profession a carver of wood. Having been afflicted with a long and dangerous illness, he slowly recovered, and was unable to resume his employment until the middle of winter; and then none could be obtained. Myself and my young sisters were not idle. We laboured hard to procure for our parents the comforts to which they had been accustomed—but, alas! Madame, the little that we could earn was not enough. I daily saw my still invalid parent languishing, and distressed that he could no longer contribute to the wants of his beloved family. The intense cold prevented us from pursuing profitably our avocations.

"What was before us? starvation!—we were all in despair. From the window of my chamber I witnessed your amiable charity to the poor famishing birds. A gleam of hope dawned upon me. It was not necessary to inquire your name; for that of the 'good Madame Helvetius' was already known to me. A plan to procure that assistance from you, which pride and delicacy prevented me from soliciting boldly, presented itself to my mind. I hesitatingly, and without at first informing my parents, resolved to attempt its execution. Oh! the pain that it caused. This dear, innocent bird, was chosen for my interpreter. It was necessary to expose him to the rigorous pangs of hunger, by depriving him of food for several successive days. I thrust him daily forth, that he might learn to join the flock assembled each morn upon the terrace at your hotel; and the poor little creature would *fly* frightened over the whole neighborhood, pursued sometimes by the wild sparrows, who pecked him with their beaks, and so he would return with torn wings and lacerated breast.

"I wept over him, and often said, 'thou shalt go forth no more!'—but when I turned, and saw those loved ones, my purpose changed. I sent him again, and with joy observed him mix with the throng, partake of your bounty, and at last, alight upon your shoulder. The next morning, I ventured the little bag, which contained my first *billet*."

Trembling with emotion, Elise now exclaimed—

"Most honoured and beloved Madame Helvetius, you know all the rest. No! not all. You do not know, nor can I picture, the intense joy, the fervent gratitude, with which I presented, and my parents accepted, the generous sum your generosity bestowed. The proud happiness we felt when we were able to repay it, I cannot portray."

What a lovely picture did this affectionate daughter and sister present at that moment! her tearful countenance, at the same time radiant with all the virtuous and happy emotions, was upturned to Heaven, as if invoking its blessings—then bent, glowing with gratitude upon her benefactress—or lighting up with fervent love, as she met the proud, fond gaze of her beloved parents.

The friends of Madame H., who were with her at the time these new acquaintances claimed her attention, displayed throughout the scene a most lively interest. Madame H., herself, pressed the good Elise to her heart, and expressed joy at having been chosen to relieve the distress of this estimable family, and for having had the exquisite gratification to witness such a noble instance of filial affection.

"But the pet-sparrow—the messenger-bird—what became of him?" you, my daughter, will ask. Elise promised to bring it herself to visit Madame H.; and this good lady never omitted an opportunity to contribute to the comfort and happiness of so much virtue, and never ceased to inculcate the lesson which I now repeat:

"That it is better to absolve a guilty person than condemn an innocent one: so, the *fear* of nourishing vice, or encouraging fraud, should never cause us to neglect any opportunity of affording relief to honest and virtuous indigence."

MY DREAM OF BLISS WAS O'ER.

We stood beside the window—
It was the very same—
Where, years ago, together
We wrote each other's name.
I listen'd for the dear words
I us'd to hear from thee—
I listen'd, but there came not
One loving word for me!

I look'd into the blue depths
Of those beloved eyes—
I long'd to see them glisten
With thoughts of former ties;
I look'd, but oh! they spoke not
The tenderness of old!
I thought my very heart strings
Would break, they were so cold!

My hand, I laid it gently—
How gently! upon thine—
I thought its pulse beat quicker,
I thought it answer'd mine!
But no! there was no pressure!
My dream of bliss was o'er!
I knew the spell was broken—
That I was lov'd no more!

SORROW AND SONG.

BY JAMES HEDDERWICK, GLASGOW.

Weep not over poet's wrong,
  Mourn not his mischances—
Sorrow is the source of song,
  And of gentle fancies.

Rills o'er the rocky beds are borne
  Ere they gush in whiteness;
Pebbles are wave chafed and worn,
  Ere they show their brightness.

Sweetest gleam the morning flowers
  When in tears they waken;
Earth enjoys refreshing showers
  When the boughs are shaken.

Ceylon's glistening pearls are sought
  In its deepest waters;
From the darkest mines are brought
  Gems for beauty's daughters.

Through the rent and shivered rock
  Limpid water breaketh;
'Tis but when the cords are struck
  That their music waketh.

Flowers by heedless footstep pressed,
  All their sweets surrender;
Gold must brave the fiery test,
  Ere it show its splendor.

When the twilight cold and damp
  Gloom and silence bringeth,
Then the glow-worm lights his lamp,
  And the bulbul singeth.

Stars come forth when night her shroud
  Draws as daylight fainteth;
Only on the tearful cloud
  God his rainbow painteth.

Weep not, then, o'er poet's wrong,
  Mourn not his mischances—
Sorrow is the source of song,
  And of gentle fancies.

COMING OUT.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

"What are you going to wear to-night, Lucy?" said Kate Balfour to her school-mate. "Oh! mother has bought for me the prettiest dress! It is of satin, with blonde over it. Mary Hanson's is not half so costly."

"I shall wear a white muslin: the same one I wore the other evening."

"What!—that plain thing? Oh! I wouldn't do that. Make your ma buy you one like mine."

"The old one will do well enough," quietly replied Lucy. And, smiling, she added, "you know I am not very fond of dress, Kate. We used to differ about that at school."

Kate Balfour and her friend Lucy were both on the point of "coming out." Though they had attended numerous little companies before, the party to be given that evening was the first large one to which either had been yet asked. This is always an important era in a girl's life. Her *first* party is talked of for weeks beforehand, her dress is usually arranged with great care, and she scarcely ever reposes her head on her pillow without dreaming of the eventful evening. But, perhaps, Lucy thought less of this party than did nine out of ten of her acquaintances.—Brought up by a widowed mother of most excellent principles, Lucy's natural good sense had been improved by education, and few of her age had less giddiness or vanity. The remarks she made to her companion, which we have quoted, show how superior she was, in a petty love for admiration, to Kate. Indeed, in this respect, her parent had fully succeeded in her laudable wish.

"My daughter," she would say, "never imbibe a passion for vain display. Every woman should dress well; for a neat and elegant costume is a very great charm. Perhaps the perfection of dress of a real lady is so to dress that, while there shall be nothing gaudy and unusual about the attire, it will yet stand the test of examination and leave on the observer's mind a conviction of the wearer's good taste. Therefore, my dear, choose rather to dress with simplicity than with vain show. I do not say this on account of the cost, for our fortune is ample; but I wish my daughter to be respected for her good sense. The sums uselessly lavished in the attire of some of our young ladies, every year, would support a poor family."

Imbued with these notions, Lucy grew up; and we have seen her adhering to them even on the tempting occasion of her first party.

Yet we must confess it was with a beating heart that Lucy entered the apartment that evening. The glare of the lights, the crowds of dancers, the music, and the beautiful dresses, forcibly impressed her imagination; and as with difficulty she made her way through the room, she could not help contrasting her comparatively plain appearance with the richer attire of most of the company. Lucy was not beautiful: she had only what is called an interesting face; and she could not conceal from herself, therefore, that less attention was paid to her than her other school-mates received. Those, indeed, who were no more lovely than herself, but who were dressed more gaudily, had suitors when she had none.

childish playfellow, Frank Ritchie, who had just returned from the law-school after completing his studies, scarcely noticed her. For years they had felt for each other that sort of an affection which two children of different sexes, who are thrown much together, often experience: a mingled friendship and love, half childish, half serious. When Frank left for college, Lucy had been the last one on whom he called, and his parting gift had been treasured ever since. Girls are usually more lasting in their attachments than boys, and poor Lucy had always pictured to herself with joy the period when Frank should return. But now Frank had come, having arrived that very afternoon, and yet he scarcely spoke to her.—Once, indeed, when the evening was nearly a third gone, he came and shook hands with her; but he did not remain five minutes. His whole time seemed to be engrossed by Kate Balfour, whose costly dress and showy style of face made her the belle of the evening, at least among the younger portion of the male sex. Lucy thought that Frank might have danced with her, if only once, for old acquaintance sake. Poor girl! how she deceived herself in that thought; for Lucy was in love, if ever a true-hearted being was, and had been so for years.

By and bye, as she sat neglected in a corner, wishing herself home with her kind mother, she overheard two gentlemen speaking. One was the celebrated Judge Baldwin, and the other a member of Congress. They were canvassing the people present.

"Now to my taste," said the Judge, dropping his voice, though Lucy could not avoid hearing him still, "the best dressed young lady here is Lucy Morris—you knew her mother, did you not? She sits there on the ottoman. Good taste is the characteristic of her attire: there is no flash, no symptom of vanity about it: the girl who dresses so must be a most excellent creature; and judging from that fact alone, I would sooner fall in love with and marry her than any one here."

Lucy thought she would have sunk through the floor, for hers were ears unused to such extravagant compliments. Her cheek burned, but her heart bounded. Nor was she the only one who heard this speech. Frank was, at that moment, passing Judge Baldwin, with Kate Balfour hanging on his arm, and involuntarily turned to look at Lucy. The blush which suffused her cheek made her really beautiful at that moment, and Frank owned to himself that he had been as hasty in pronouncing her face plain as in overlooking the taste in which she was attired. For Frank was possessed of good sense; and though, like all young men of his years, he had been caught, for the time, by the brilliant beauty of Kate Balfour, he needed only reflection to make him sensible of the superior value of a girl like Lucy. He felt ashamed at himself for neglecting one whom such a man as Judge Baldwin praised.

Lucy was not aware that Frank overheard the compliment, and she was surprised, therefore, when Frank, a little later in the evening, approached her. She was then about to dance with a young man whom the Judge's wife introduced to her, "no doubt," as she mentally said, "at her husband's recommendation." Lucy was piqued at Frank's previous coldness, and not sorry for this opportunity to revenge herself, for, with all her virtues, Lucy was but human. She replied, therefore, with cold dignity to Frank's address, and immediately rose to take her place in the cotillion. And Frank bit his lip and flirted more earnestly than ever with Kate Balfour.

From that moment, however, Lucy was no longer left to seclude herself in a corner, where her gentle loveliness was hidden from sight. Once on the floor, a dozen eyes were attracted by her grace and elegant person; and as soon as the set was finished, she was besieged with suitors, asking the pleasure of her hand for the dance. In a few minutes she was engaged for every quadrille during the evening. She went home with a proud heart to recount the events of the evening to her parent; nor will we conceal that a portion of her secret satisfaction arose from having been so much admired in spite of Frank Ritchie's neglect. There was something flattering to her pride in it, and we doubt if many of our fair readers would have felt differently.

The next day several of the gentlemen to whom she had been introduced called, and Lucy soon had a regular set of admirers, who vied with each other in making the long winter evenings pass agreeably to her. Frank Ritchie had called on her too, and still made occasional visits; but he never presumed on more than a common acquaintanceship; and their conversation was, therefore, reserved and even cold. Lucy, with proper pride, was determined to make no advances; and Frank was daily becoming more and more convinced that she disliked him. He accordingly sought the society of Kate Balfour, who had first attracted him; and soon the gossips of the village pronounced that it would be a match between the gay belle and the rising young lawyer.

Yet Frank really loved Lucy, though he was becoming every day further entangled in the toils of the vain coquette. Judge Baldwin, who had been the intimate friend of Frank's father, suspected this, both from the character of the young man and from his demeanor when in Lucy's company.

"He was caught, at first, like very young men generally are," said the Judge to his wife, "by the glitter of our village belle, but his strong sense must teach him that Lucy is the pure gold, while Kate is but the counterfeit. It is a pity he should throw himself away. And I sometimes suspect that our sweet Lucy has not altogether forgotten their childish attachment."

"You are right," said Mrs. Baldwin. "I am no observer of young lady's hearts, if Lucy does not love Frank. But mutual distrust has grown up between them; he is reserved, and she is dignified; and really, I am afraid, it will end by his marrying Miss Balfour."

"That would be a pity, for I believe she only seeks Frank for his money. She is a vain, heartless flirt, who cares solely for admiration and display.—Lucy, on the contrary, is a sweet creature, with a heart that would be a treasure to any one. I don't approve of interfering in such cases, but really I am sorry to see two young people sacrificed, who are so fitted for each other, as Frank and Lucy."

"Stay! I have it," said his wife suddenly. "Trust a woman for managing a love affair! I will bring Lucy and Frank together, if they admire each other; and, if not, no harm will be done."

"But how?"

"I scarcely know yet myself. But you may rely on me that all will be managed with due regard to the feelings of both Frank and Lucy."

"I am sure of that," said the Judge, casting on his wife a fond look, which showed that twenty years of matrimony had not lessened his confidence in her discretion.

A few evenings afterwards there was to be a social party at the house of the Judge. Frank was there. So, too, was Lucy, and with her Henry Clarence, the young millionaire of the village, whose attentions to our heroine were the talk of the whole place. Frank was unsettled and nervous through the early part of the evening; his eyes constantly wandered to Lucy: and when he was not laughing gaily, he was plunged in abstraction. At last he stole out, as he thought, unobserved, on the balcony overlooking the garden. Directly, however, a light finger tapped his shoulder; he turned with a start and beheld Mrs. Baldwin.

"Ah!" she said, "did you think me Kate? Come, you have been absent-minded all the evening—confess now is it because Miss Balfour is not here. But you know she was too ill to come."

"I did not know it till I came here," said Frank, painfully.

"Ah! that will not do," gaily retorted his hostess. "I do not wish to pry into your secrets, Frank," she said, more seriously, "but I consider myself half a mother to you, and if you are going to marry Miss Balfour, you ought to tell me, so that I may cultivate her acquaintance for your sake. All the village say it is so. Really I must be growing old, for here are both you and Lucy about to be married, when it seems but yesterday that you were children."

"Lucy about to be married—then, since you say it, it must be true," said Frank, surprised out of his composure.

"Frank," said his hostess, now fully convinced of the state of his heart, "you mistake. Lucy is not engaged, and if any one loves her, he is very foolish to let another carry off his prize, until he has seriously sought her hand. There is nothing like frankness in such matters; reserve and doubt on one side may be magnified into dislike on the other, and so produce equal coldness." She laid her hand on his arm as she spoke, looked earnestly into his face, and then disappeared into the crowded room.

"She has read my heart. The secret is out," said Frank, his first feeling being one of bitter mortification. But the next moment hope dawned on him.—"Surely," he said, "Mrs. Baldwin knows more than she has told. She is too sincere to raise hopes she knows cannot be fulfilled. Can she have discovered anything in Lucy? What a fool I have been, at any rate, to be so reserved," he said, as, in reviewing his conduct, he now saw what little his pride had suffered him to do to remove Lucy's coldness. "I can but fail."

Mrs. Baldwin soon met Lucy, who, though receiving the homage of a crowd of suitors, appeared spiritless and absent. The truth is, she had just heard that Frank and Kate were really engaged.

"My dear," said her hostess, "have you seen this new volume of poems? They are on my centre-table," and she adroitly led her forward, for she saw Frank, at that moment, standing there. "Ah! here is Mr. Ritchie, he knows the author well," and with still further tact she thus managed to draw the two lovers into a conversation on a subject in which she knew Frank would shine, if on any. Nor was she mistaken at the success of her plan. Frank had suddenly regained his old ease of manner, and Lucy, after a momentary embarrassment, likewise lost all restraint. Before the evening was spent, every one was talking of the new flirtation between Lucy and her old playmate.

But it was no flirtation. Lucy was too frank to coquet with her lover, and his evident affection for her was soon rewarded by the promise of her hand. Many and worthy were her other suitors, too, while the vain and foppish sought Kate Balfour's society, the most estimable young men of the village had long preferred Lucy's. So true is it that real worth, though at first it may be overlooked, must eventually win its reward. It would be well if all remembered this en commençant.

A FORTUNE

FOUNDED ON A HURRICANE.

BY E. C. WATMOUGH, ESQ.

The town of Trinidad, upon the south side of the island of Cuba, presents a very picturesque appearance from the sea. The dark blue mountains of St. Juan, rising to the height of three thousand feet, form the back ground of the picture, throwing the town into fine relief—with its white walls and turrets. At a distance, it appears like a white blur upon the mountain side. In any other region than the tropics it might, at first glance, be mistaken for a drift of snow, or a cloud resting upon the dark mountain's side, but the one is as impossible as the other, for, during the dry season, from October till April, not even a wreath of mist floats in the pure ether by day, or dims the brilliancy of the spangled blue of night. Gradually from this white obscure are shadowed forth, in faint outlines, turrets and cupolas, at every step becoming more distinct till at last the miniature houses with little dots for windows, stand forth brightly in the glare of a mid-day sun.

The ground between the sea shore and the town is barren and sandy, covered with brushwood, with here and there a clump of palms and the umbrageous mango, broken into lagoons, or pools of salt water, near the shore, which at a distance have a pleasing effect, but upon inspection, the delusion quickly vanishes. These pretty lakes are in reality nothing but salt bogs, tenanted by the land crab; the shores furrowed by the sand grub, and haunted by myriads of mosquitoes.

The harbor, with its little port of Casilda, is formed by a thin strip of land, about two miles in length and densely covered with mangrove bushes. At the extremity of the point, or entrance to the harbor, is erected a small fort, which is apt to be submerged during a hurricane, and is never garrisoned by more than half a dozen soldiers. Between this fort and Pedro Blanco, a small island, is a narrow and intricate passage, through which can pass vessels only of a light draught.

With this bird's-eye view of the town and harbor, we will proceed with our narrative.

In the latter part of the month of September of the year 180–, some forty or fifty of the merchants and planters of Trinidad were collected together at the head of Calle de Gutieres, discussing the various topics of the day, in which the probable rise and fall of the prices of sugar and molasses was decidedly the most interesting. Amongst this group, were the keen looking Catalonian, the blunt Biscayan, and vivacious Andalusian—emigrants from the mother country, in the pursuit of wealth;—the joke was handled about in that boisterous vein so peculiar to the Spaniard, interrupted occasionally by the presence of a passing signorita, with flowing mantilla, the only covering to her head, when compliments would fall freely from the lips of all.—Far from being offended, the lady appeared to consider it a just tribute to her personal charms—would reply with great gravity, *muchisimas gracias*, Caballeros—and pass on, with the grace and dignity of a queen. A Montero, upon a high-mettled pacer, darted up to the door, and saluted the group with that natural air of polite respect from which a true Spaniard never departs.

"*Senores, Caballeros, dios guard ustedes.*" "Gentlemen, God be with you—what do you think of the weather?"

"It looks bad enough," replied one; "we shall have it tough and strong—the mountain passes are dark as night, with heavy clouds."

"Yes," said another, "and the sea moans, and heaves upon Pedro Blanco in a way that forebodes a hurricane."

The sea did present a strange and unnatural appearance, covered—almost obscured—by masses of vapor rolling over the surface. The atmosphere was so perfectly calm that the flame of a candle burnt as steady in the open air as if enclosed within a crystal vase. All were now busy speculating upon the indications of the heavens with the exception of one; to whom calms and storms apparently were alike indifferent.

Seated upon the counter, with abstracted air and folded arms, kicking his heels against the boards; there was an air of recklessness about the youth that plainly told his fortune to be desperate, and that he was at that very moment turning over in his mind the probable chances of success for a dinner, already having failed in procuring a breakfast. The light-blue eye, fair hair, and ruddy complexion disclosed at a glance his Anglo-Saxon blood; and as he gazed at the dark eyed, sun burnt features that surrounded him, there was an expression which seemed to say—"let it blow the whole island over to Africa for aught I care: I have neither kith nor kin here, and am as pennyless as a Spanish beggar." Something out of the common order of events appeared to animate the group; some were collected together apart, in earnest conversation; others were mounting horses and scampering off to the Casilda, whilst a party upon the house top were gazing through spy-glasses at the sea. The youth, before decribed, inquired of an individual who had just come down, and who closed his glass with a snap that shattered the instrument, exclaiming at the same time, "Caralo, she's gone."

"What is the matter, *Senor*? there seems to be a screw out of place somewhere, what is it?"

"Why, Senor Americano, mio. There is a barque outside there, in which we are all interested—a good half million of freight, that is likely to be swamped by this infernal hurricane, or nabbed by John Bull, that's all."

The youth spoken to, mounted the steps and was quickly upon the parapet. Almost all the houses of Trinidad are constructed with flat roofs, with a parapet about three feet high, for the purpose of catching rain water during the wet season.

Upon reaching the parapet, he was astonished at the sudden change from a breathless calm to a furious gale, with every premonition of one of those terrible hurricanes that sometimes, in a single hour, lay waste whole districts. The inhabitants were hurrying to shelter in the greatest trepidation, closing their shops and barricading their doors and windows—the streets were already strewed with fragments of roofs and broken tiles torn from their fastenings by the first fury of the blast. The vultures, those licensed scavengers of every West India town, at all hours of the day, skimming over the tops of houses, or soaring to a great height in gigantic circles, were now crouching beneath the parapets, and the atmosphere was filled with flocks of screaming sea gulls, torn from their habitations upon the coasts and numerous islands, by the irresistible fury of the wind.

A drift-like smoke rolled over the ocean and spread across the land to the mountain's base. At intervals, the surface of the sea, to the utmost limits of the wide extended horizon, was distinctly visible, lashed into a foam, and whirled aloft in wreaths of spray from the tops of the curling waves.

Two vessels were distinctly seen, scudding before the wind under close reefed topsails. Onward they both came with the speed of race horses, the one further seaward, from the cut of her canvass and squareness of yards, evidently a man-of-war, in full chase; as she rose upon a swell, her long dark hull and line of ports were visible; from the bow at the same moment issued a volume of smoke, which as suddenly was swept away by the wind, and mingled with the floating spray and haze, and ere the sound of the cannon had reached the shores, (in low, suppressed murmurs,) the Spanish barque had rounded Pedro Blanco, dropt her anchors, and swung round to the wind. The man-of-war came dashing in after under bare poles, her close reefed foresail but a few moments before having been blown clean out of the bolt ropes and whirled off to leeward, twisting and twirling about until it was lost in the haze that now covered every thing with an impenetrable veil; but ere the two vessels were closed from view, it was evident that the man-of-war had passed close under the stern of the slaver, and was riding upon the swell with four anchors ahead.

The gale now had increased almost to a hurricane; it was with difficulty the youth could maintain his position upon the parapet; he therefore descended to the store below, and mingled with the anxious group collected there.

It was conceded by all that the *Esperanza*, for such was the name of the slaver, was a gone case. If she rode out the gale, which was very improbable, the Stag, a well known British cruiser, would certainly capture her, and if the hurricane increased, as there was every likelihood, both vessels must be wrecked, with the chance of all hands perishing.

One said he would sell his interest for fifty ounces, another for five hundred, all appearing to think the chances so perfectly desperate, as scarcely worth an hour's purchase. The hero of our story listened to every thing with the deepest interest; at last he stept boldly up to one of the gentlemen and said,

"Come, sir, what did you say you would take for your interest in that ship?"

"I'll take five hundred ounces, and that's selling what, if all had gone right, would fetch at the barracoon this day fifty thousand dollars."

"Yes," replied the stranger, "but she will never come ashore except in pieces. Look at that—there goes the roof off of Don Vincente's house, as clean as a whistle. The hurricane is up—it will tear that ship to pieces in less than an hour. I'll give you one hundred ounces for your share, and take my chance."

"Puga! it's a bargain!" cried the Spaniard; "John Bull has got her, I believe, already. La Esperanza must have drifted down upon her ere this."

Seven or eight shares were purchased upon the spot, and a bargain made with the others, who appeared [illegible] in no other light than a madman, that if he saved the ship and cargo, he was to receive 25 per cent. upon the gross amount.

No sooner was the negociation concluded, and the writings, which were hastily drawn, safely deposited in his pocket, than he bounded forth into the storm, with a cry of "*a dios senores*," and was lost in the gloom which shrouded every thing without.

Onward he dashed, reckless of the thousand dangers that threatened to annihilate him at every step, from showers of tiles and broken parapets hurled at his feet by the wind, which, though not yet at its height, was howling above his head with great fury, occasionally licking up the dust and pebbles in whirling eddies, and then spattering it into his face with such force, as not only to blind, but for a time to cause him to reel and stagger.

A brave man might well have cowered beneath that blast—but our youth had felt, deeply felt, the pangs of a crushing poverty, with a spirit of the highest order, and a consciousness of his own merits, he had too often felt the deep degradation his abject poverty had made him subject to. Here was a chance—a terrible one, to be sure, if he failed, it would be death in the excitement of battle; if he succeeded, a double reward awaited him, a magnificent fortune, and the preservation of the lives of a thousand helpless beings. Upon emerging from the town, the road lay before him in almost a straight line, for three miles, to the little village of the Casilda. From this point, on a clear day, the eye can embrace a view of two hundred miles of sea, from North to South; but now, the road upon which he was ploughing his way, was scarcely discernable twenty yards ahead. Onward he laboured, occasionally, when the blast with uncommon fury swept across his path, seeking a temporary shelter beneath the hedges formed by the prickly pear and wild pine apple—beneath whose interwoven branches clattered thousands of land crabs, on their way to the sea from the mountains. An army of these creatures crossed his path; regardless of the countless uplifted hands from this strange multitude, he crushed through the array, kicking from his feet some half dozen, that had fastened upon his legs with their long piercing claws.

The sea was swollen far beyond its natural boundaries. The streets of the village were overflowed, and where, but a few hours before, the gay volante had whirled up the dust upon a sandy road, now were covered with boats adrift, floating logs, casks and merchandise of every description. Every minute marked a sensible increase of the power of the wind; occasionally, vast bodies of water were scooped up by the mighty hand of the tempest and crushed into vapour, or fell far from where they had been torn, in showers of brine. The foam of the sea floated over head like flakes of snow. The incessant roll of tropical thunder, Heaven's heaviest artillery, reverberated from the mountain's base, and was mingled with the roar of the wind and surf which pealed upon the shores of the neighboring islands, occasionally flashing up through the thick haze, pyramids of foam and spray.

After wading and floundering through ponds of water, under the lea of a large store, he encountered a fisherman by the name of Antonio, a hardy fellow, one of the best pilots of the port. To him he immediately made known his intentions, and offered a thousand dollars if he would accompany him with his boat on board the slaver.

"Why, Senor," said Antonio, "you must be mad. We should be swamped, to a dead certainty; and what good could we do, suppose we reached her?"

"I'll make your fortune!" was the prompt reply. "Does she still hold on?"

"Si, Senor."

"And how's the cruiser?"

"Oh, tight enough—with four anchors out—two chain cables. She'll founder at her anchors, if this gale increases."

"We can paddle under the lee of the mangrove bushes of the strip of land over the other side of the the harbour, till we come to the Fort, then before the wind, you pulling, I sailing, in three minutes we can fetch the slaver, once on board I'll show you we can save her."

Still Antonio doubted, wavered; all the eloquence of argument, and stout assurances, with scorn of danger, appeared not in the least to stagger his determination to decline the perilous adventure.

"Lend me your boat, then. By Heaven! I'll go alone; and when I meet you to-morrow, with five thousand Spanish doubloons in my chest, you'll curse yourself for not having had the courage to follow."

"Stop one moment. How much say you?"

At that instant a crash of thunder made the earth tremble beneath their feet, accompanied by a flash that pierced through the gloom, illuminating every object with a lurid glare, the foam flakes sailing through the air like myriads of floating brands of fire; at the same instant a transient glance was caught of the two vessels, reeling and plunging at their anchors.

"Two thousand doubloons!" cried the indomitable stranger, in a voice clear as a trumpet, every distinctly heard by Antonio, above the roar of the elements.

"Agreed—come on!" and they jumped into the boat, Antonio exclaiming at the same time, "Another such a clap of thunder as that, and good-bye hurricane."*

After great difficulty, and the escape from many dreadful blasts, they succeeded in reaching the opposite shore; but the sea made a clear breach across the strip of land, and though broken by the mangrove bushes, yet the surge rolled over into the harbour with terrible force. The boat was light, and pulled by vigorous and skilful hands; in a short time they reached the deserted Fort, under the lee of which they rested for a few moments, and braced their nerves for the great struggle, when they should be exposed to the full fury of the wind and waves, the frail bark being as yet protected by the land under which they had for an hour laboured their perilous passage. Antonio ejaculated a short prayer, crossed himself very devoutly some half dozen times, then seizing the oars, cried out—

"Here goes. We can't miss her. She lies dead to leeward of that reef."

The boat shot forth from her cover, and was immediately whirled round by the wind, one of the oars escaping from his hand; it was caught in a minute by his companion, ere the rower had time to utter the cry of terror the accident occasioned. The sea was like a turbulent field of snow; the spray flew past them with terrible velocity—a single wave, ere it could lift its head on high, was cut off into foam, and mist and smoke; with the speed of an arrow shot from a bow, did they skim and glide through the water.—When the American cried out, "Starboard oar—hard a starboard," it was promptly obeyed, and the bark wheeled round the stern of the slaver, and as she touched her dark hull, the adventurers seized the mizen chains, and in less time than we have taken to describe it, were safely upon the deck: the boat being swamped beneath the gunwales of the ship as she rolled to leeward. The storm was now at its height—the Captain was upon his knees crossing himself, and crying out to that God for mercy, whose divine precepts he had forgotten, when he entered into the dreadful traffic of his fellow men.

At every plunge of the vessel, the water poured over her bows and deluged the decks. From the bosom of the labouring craft issued a yell of mingled agony and terror, from eight hundred souls confined below, which mingled with the blast, and must have been heard far inland by the distant Vega,† who might fancy that a thousand fiends were shrieking in the elemental strife above.

"Where is your axe—give it me. Antonio take another. Where is the cruiser? I see her—we can clear her. Hard a port your helm. All hands run up the fore-top-mast stay-sail—cut!" rapidly uttered the dauntless youth.

The cables were severed at a blow, the sail burst from the bolt ropes, the ship rose upon a roller crested with foam, careened round before the blast and under the impulse of the hurricane, dashed madly towards the shore, passing the cruiser like a phantom, and disappearing amidst the haze and drift and surf;—in a moment after, she struck. A tremendous roller lifted her again from the ground, and after several successive shocks, she plunged into comparatively smooth water.

The next morning the Esperanza, lay high and dry a half mile from the shore, and landed her cargo in safety. And before night the bold and pennyless adventurer was in possession of one hundred thousand dollars—his well-earned share of a cargo, valued at that time, at nearly four hundred thousand dollars; whilst the British cruiser was content to weigh anchor and renew his honorable efforts against a trade now almost universally denounced the worst of piracy.

The hero of our sketch has since acquired great wealth, and possesses an income of some two hundred thousand dollars per annum, and is a Grandée of Spain, with several titles of distinction.

It is nearly forty years since this incident occured: he still enjoys excellent health, and in the conduct of his affairs is distinguished for that energy which marked his first career—as well as for every other quality that can adorn the character of a gentleman.

So much for making the best of a chance; the first instance, we suppose, of doubloons being coined out of a hurricane.

THE CASTLE BY THE SEA.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND—TRANSLATED BY PROFESSOR LONGFELLOW.

Hast thou seen that lordly castle,
  That castle by the sea?
Golden and red above it
  The clouds float gorgeously.

And fain it would stoop downward
  To the mirrored wave below;
And fain it would soar upward
  In the evening's crimson glow.

Well have I seen that castle,
  That castle by the sea,
And the moon above it standing,
  And the mist rise solemnly.

The winds and the waves of ocean,
  Had they a merry chime?
Didst thou hear, from those lofty chambers,
  The harp and the minstrel's rhyme?

The winds and the waves of ocean,
  They rested quietly,
But I heard on the gale a sound of wail,
  And tears came to mine eye.

And sawest thou on the turrets
  The king and his royal bride?
And the wave of their crimson mantles?
  And the golden crown of pride?

Led they not forth, in rapture,
  A beauteous maiden there?
Resplendent as the morning sun,
  Beaming with golden hair?

Well saw I the ancient parents,
  Without the crown of pride;
They were moving slow in weeds of woe,
  No maiden was by their side!

THE PRISONER;
Or, GENIUS AND GROCERIES.

[From Chambers' Edinburg Journal.]

One cold evening, in January, a young man, who, though clad respectably, was not well protected from the inclement weather, took his station in a London stage-coach-yard, to await the arrival of some country friends. The bustle which was going on around him did not attract much of his attention. Except when interrupted by a push from a porter, or to escape being run over by a horse or cart, he seemed entirely immersed in his own musings. Suddenly his face was lighted up with a smile—a smile of inspiration—and thrusting his hand into his pocket, he drew forth a pencil and paper. He then retired into a door-way, and commenced writing.

In the meantime, the coach whose coming he awaited was driven into the yard, and while the busy operation of unloading was going on, while most of the passengers were heartily greeting the friends who had come to meet them, a widow and her daughter were looking about in vain for *their* friend. One by one their fellow passengers dropped off, and they were left alone, standing on the pavement beside their luggage. They exhibited signs of great disappointment. They had only one acquaintance in the vast wilderness, London. He had promised to meet them, and was not there. They were for the moment quite at a loss to know what to do. At last a bystander recommended them to take shelter in the travellers' room of the inn. Their boxes were accordingly being removed thither, when one was accidentally knocked against a person standing most inconveniently in the passage. He uttered an angry exclamation, and, looking up, perceived the very persons for whose arrival he ought to have more vigilantly watched. But now his anger, and the cold abstractedness of his manner, gave way to an opposite extreme. He greeted his friends with warm but unaffected delight; though by far the greater and more enthusiastic share fell to the younger female.

In less than half an hour the three friends were enjoying a refreshing meal in a humble but neatly furnished apartment in the outskirts of the city.

"Really, George," said the elder traveller, looking round the room, "I admire your taste exceedingly. You have taken for us a very neat and comfortable lodging."

"I have lived in the house ever since I came to London," returned George Selden, "and have been treated well enough by the landlady, though I do not trouble myself much about these things. But what news can you give me of Dalston?"

"Alas!" was the reply, "little but what concerns ourselves, and that is sad, very sad."

"Nay, mother, no desponding," said her daughter, with an effort at gaiety. "You cannot imagine, George, what trouble she gives me to keep up her spirits. She will not understand that brighter prospects are in store for us. In the first place, am I not a most lucky girl to get the situation of daily governess in Mrs. Webb's family? Has not she, also, promised to procure me other pupils?"

"Besides," interrupted George Selden, "there will be a time, my dear Mrs. Cooper, when a union of hopes, long nurtured, will give you a claim upon the exertions of us *both*."

Miss Bessie Cooper blushed, and suddenly dropped her eyes to look at the pattern of the carpet.

"Patience is all we require, and not much patience either," continued young Selden, "before we shall be placed beyond even apprehension of poverty. I shall soon leave my present employment, and soar above the intellectual degradation which it is now my fate to suffer, as a grocer's assistant. One of my poems has already appeared in the 'Monthly Literary Bouquet.'"

"But have you no settled prospect of bettering your condition, in the event of your leaving your present situation?" asked Mrs. Cooper.

"No prospect exactly settled—nothing positively definite," replied the poet. "But I know, I feel, that I shall one day be appreciated—that I shall hold a proper rank in the literary world. I have been writing a tragedy lately; it is finished all but the fifth act, and that will be done now in a very short time. I always *think* poetry when I am walking, and write it down the first opportunity. I was scribbling a brilliant idea for my fifth act when I first saw you."

No remark followed, but the two females exchanged glances expressive of sorrow and disappointment. It seemed as if this announcement, though intended to give them pleasure, damped the hopes which already existed in their minds. When they parted for the night, Bessie Cooper would have wept, but for the dread of increasing her mother's unhappiness.

The firm to which the poetical George Selden condescended to give his services, consisted of two partners, Mr. Williams and Mr. Webb. It being a wholesale as well as a retail house, the partners superintended separate departments. Mr. Williams, a plain-spoken man of business, ordered all the concerns of the retail shop, and, indeed, occasionally served in it himself. He was a man of strict regularity and precision, and shared the labors of the business with the same degree of perseverance and punctuality as he expected from the persons he employed. It was he, therefore, who most noticed and suffered most inconvenience from the extreme inattention to his duties which George Selden continually showed. About a week after the events we have narrated, he entered his partner's office, to consult him about discharging so troublesome an assistant.

"Why, really," said Mr. Webb, "I wish you would try him a little longer. I wonder what effect a severe lecture will have upon him?"

"I can tell you without trying it. I have talked to him till I am tired. It has not the least effect.—In fact, I believe he looks upon what I say with contempt. See, here is a bundle of his rubbish which I found hidden in a drawer. Every now and then he steals to the desk to scribble and add to the heap."

Mr. Williams produced several quires of paper, every page closely covered with writing.

"So," said Mr. Webb, taking the manuscript, and smiling as he opened it: "a tragedy, I declare. In blank verse, too. Well, though I dare say you will smile at my proposition, I will take it home with me, and look it over this evening."

"But what good will that do? It will not correct the mistakes he so continually makes in the invoices, nor make him more punctual in his attendance at the shop."

"That may be," replied Mr. Webb; "but the truth is, I take a more than common interest in this young man. You remember that, when I used to go the western journeys, I often spoke to you about a certain John Cooper of Dalston?"

"To be sure; he was one of our best customers, at least in the matter of punctual payment. His money used to come up as regularly, on quarter-days, as clock-work."

"True, but, with all his honesty, he was unfortunate, and died, leaving his widow and daughter almost destitute. George Selden, an orphan, was his apprentice, and appearing to be an intelligent lad, I placed him in our shop. He is young and inexperienced, and I am loath to turn him out on the wide world of London, without trying every means to make him suit us better. He is a great fool, I admit. Unfortunately for her, he is in love with his late master's daughter, and Mrs. Webb has engaged her as governess to our children. Now, if he would only remain steady and attentive to business, they might very soon get married, and it would be their own fault if they were not happy."

"All very pretty and romantic, I dare say; but I tell you what, Webb," replied Williams, shaking his head, "though a first-rate philanthropist, you are a deuced bad grocer. Well, I suppose I must put up with the lad till you reform him, or consent to my turning him away."

The usual summons of "Wanted, please, sir," attracted Mr. Williams into the shop.

George Selden had recently become acquainted with a set of men of similar literary propensities, who had formed themselves into a society for the purpose of producing to the public their own works. All of them had written tragedies which had precisely the same catastrophes;—they had been rejected by the managers. By mutual flattery, they had impressed each other with the idea that they were great but ill-treated geniuses; that it was their duty to the public not to allow it to be longer defrauded of their tragic sublimities. They therefore proposed to take a theatre of their own, and to cause their works to blaze upon the world, to the utter confusion and ruin of managers.

It was only the night before that Selden attended one of their meetings. From a fair copy of his own four acts, (the rough draft of which had got into his master's hands) he read portions of his drama. His audience professed to be in raptures; for it was a principle of theirs to receive the works of their fellows with great applause, that their *own* lucubrations might, out of gratitude, be equally well received in turn.

Consequently, the next morning, Selden, having arrived at the shop, fastened on his apron with more than ordinary distaste. That he, the author of four acts of a tragedy, the reading of which had been received with such enthusiasm, should be obliged to wear what he considered a badge of servitude, "cut him," to use one of his own tragic expressions, "to the inmost soul." He was out of humor with his shopmates, and treated them with more than usual superciliousness. Indeed this was a fault which made him many enemies. His companions had no sublime visitations of poetry; their minds did not soar above their business, and for that reason he looked down upon them as an inferior order of beings. To-day, therefore, he was mounted higher than ever upon stilts, and handled the tea, the sugar, and even the cash, with the utmost contempt for such grovelling articles. The consequence was, that he made more errors than usual. He cast accounts falsely, gave wrong change, and supplied those customers with pounds of soap who had asked for pounds of sugar. Perhaps it was lucky for his employers that they had granted him a half holiday, which he had solicited, to change his private residence.

Although scarcely more than a week had elapsed since he received Bessie Cooper and her mother with such rapture, yet he was already so tired of, and affronted with them, that he could not reside under the same roof. He would not subject himself to the advice which Mrs. Cooper had "presumed," as he said, to give him. Bessie, too, was, he was persuaded, a common-place sort of girl, after all; and he could not think of throwing away his affections any longer upon a young woman who had actually entreated him to abandon his high imaginings, and to devote himself more closely to business. No; the being who would win his heart, must have a soul to sympathize with the loftiest flights of poetic genius. Bessie was a clever, exemplary girl, to be sure; but not the girl for George Selden. To lessen, therefore, the poor creature's sufferings for the loss of so estimable a lover, he determined to leave the house. Besides, he wished to get nearer to his new friends, the unacted dramatists.

When he next appeared at business, he was ordered to go into the counting-house. The first thing which caught his eye was his manuscript lying on the table before Mr. Webb. As he had not missed it from its hiding-place, he wondered how it got there; but that was soon explained.

"I have sent for you, Selden," began Mr. Webb, "to say that complaints are so constantly made of your inattention to and carelessness in business, that, unless you can manage to alter your conduct, you must seek another situation."

"Very well, sir," said the genius, with an air that was meant to express a total indifference as to whether he went or stayed.

"Perhaps you *wish* to go?" remarked the master.

"I certainly do find my situation here extremely incompatible with my feelings."

"Then there is an end to the affair," returned Mr. Webb; "on Saturday next you will leave us."

"Very good, sir."

"You take the matter so coolly," continued Mr. Webb, "I presume you have provided yourself with a better place, or, at all events, with one where you are to have higher wages?"

"Quite the contrary," answered the genius, utterly disgusted with some of his master's expressions; "I do not intend to take another *situation*, and if I did, *salary* is always with me a secondary consideration."

Although Mr. Webb had read the tragedy, and was prepared for almost any degree of folly from its author, he hardly anticipated such decided infatuation. He felt a kind of terror at the fate which the young man was drawing down upon himself.

"A word or two before we part," he said. "Mr. Williams found this manuscript of yours. I have read it"——

Selden's eyes sparkled. He expected a flattering eulogy would follow. "I read it with this view; I saw that you were rendering yourself totally unfit for a business life, and hoped to discover in your poem germs of such talent as would justify me in encouraging you to cultivate it. In this I was totally disappointed. I can see that you have mistaken incoherent rhapsody for power, and the ravings of an unhealthy imagination for poetry. You are evidently ignorant of the first rudiments of literary art."

George, who was fast losing his temper, murmured something about "genius being superior to art."

"That remark," continued the master, "proves your slight acquaintance with either. Without art, genius is useless. However great a man's genius may be, it is only by studying the means of making it intelligible to others, that he can prove he possesses it. Devoid of this kind of application and industry, genius itself is a curse. It fills the mind with that dangerous vanity which breeds a contempt for all useful employment; it makes a real merit of personal sloth, and deems a reprehensible dislike of business the evidence of superior ability. It corrodes the best feelings with constant disappointment; for the untutored and unstudied genius is filled with a desire for fame, and he never obtains it because he will not take the proper means. In the words of a clever essayist, 'he pants for the prize, but will not struggle in the race.'"

The genius was getting impatient at being thus lectured by a mere tradesman, and wished to end the discussion by remarking, "At all events, *I* find business and literature quite incompatible."

"Doubtless, because you have not sufficient industry to cultivate both at the same time. But that has not been the case with many of our finest geniuses. Sir Walter Scott, a most voluminous author, is a punctual man of business. Being one of the clerks in the Court of Session in Edinburgh, he might be seen laboring in that certainly prosaic vocation day after day, with little intermission. Charles Lamb, as a clerk in the East India House, passed the greater part of his life at the desk. One of our most esteemed poets was a keen and clever banker.—Indeed, I could mention a hundred instances of men in business passing their leisure hours in literary pursuits, without interference, in the smallest degree, with their daily avocations. You, however, are unable to bring your fancied genius to the low level of trade or useful occupation. And I can only say, that I look upon your future career with extreme apprehension."

It must be remarked, that, with all their high-souled resolves, geniuses of Selden's stamp are generally great cowards. Though he longed to combat Mr. Webb's opinions—though he burned for a wordy revenge upon notions so directly opposed to those of the select society of unacted dramatists—he did not dare to open his mouth, but took his manuscript tragedy, and left the office with an air of extreme sheepishness.

He was not long in unburthening himself; for, in the evening, he deigned a visit to the Coopers. Had he been anything but a pseudo-genius, his heart would have smote him for the care-worn pale cheeks of Bessie. When he entered the room, he found her busily employed with several sheets of paper, which were covered with figures. Her mother was knitting by the fire. Bessie arose, and tried to greet him with cheerfulness, but the effort brought tears into her eyes, and she again bent over her calculations.

"Well," said George, with a flippant sort of gaiety peculiar to persons of his character, "I have got quit of Williams' and Webb's confounded drudgery at last."

"You surely have not left your situation, George?" inquired Mrs. Cooper anxiously.

"Indeed but I have though. On Saturday I shall be a free man—free to work out the glorious destiny which lies before me."

Bessie laid down her pencil, and turned towards Selden a look so full of grief that it almost amounted to despair. The genius, however, did not, or would not, notice it.

"By the by," he resumed, "let me tell you a good joke. I can hardly help laughing. Only think; Webb, the grocer, the dealer in figs, actually took upon himself to lecture me about literature! It really was rich to hear him. Such nonsense, too, as he talked. Of course nothing else could be expected; for what can *he* know about poetry? a fellow that sticks himself behind his desk from Monday morning till Saturday night all the year round; and, as to literature, never, I suppose, went beyond Watts' hymns or Scott's novels. I might have minded his lecture had he been any great literary man, who really knew what he was talking about, such as Byron or Moore, or the wonderful genius who has lately burst forth under the assumed name of 'Alpha;' but a common-place tradesman—pshaw!"

George looked around for some marks of assent or approbation for this fine oration; but his manner and discourse had filled the hearts of his hearers too full of grief, to enable either of them to speak. "Phoo," he said to himself; "I am talking Greek to these people. I ought to have known they have no ideas above knitting stockings and adding up sums. I am afraid I am intruding," he ejaculated, finding the silence continued. "I only just dropped in to ask how Bessie got on with Webb's wife?"

"Most comfortably," replied Mrs. Cooper. "Besides teaching the children, Mr. Webb, hearing she was clever at figures, gives her accounts to do at home. You see we are both very busy."

"Ha, ha! I see," replied Selden, rising. "I can take a hint. Well, good-bye; if you read the public prints, you'll hear of me soon in a way that will astonish you. Good-bye!"

As George Selden descended the stairs, he could not help accusing himself of *cruelty* to that unhappy girl. "But really it cannot be helped. Pity she has no soul—poor thing," murmured the genius, as he slammed the street door.

During the following week, Mr. George Selden having become a gentleman at large, revelled in all the luxuries of laziness and literature. He lay in bed till twelve o'clock every day, and having performed the duties of the toilet (which were now rather onerous, for his long hair took a great deal of brushing,) he sallied forth to a neighboring coffee-shop, where he could read the papers and magazines over his breakfast. He then lounged to the lodging of some new literary friend, to talk sublimity and poetical metaphysics. At length he went to the theatre to criticise the play, and to condemn it, as infinitely inferior to his own tragedy; or else to attend a debating club he had joined. But he never missed a meeting of the select society of unacted dramatists.

Meantime he became a traitor to the cause of the unacted drama, for he secretly sent his play to one of the managers, feeling assured that its acceptance and production would follow as a matter of course. It was, however, decreed, that with all the intention of being a renegade, he was still to remain, in reality, true to the unacted cause; for his play was sent back in about a month, with a very decided negative.—While musing upon the extreme stupidity of a manager who did not know his own interest, Selden received a note from Messrs. Williams and Webb, desiring his immediate attendance upon them. The dignity of the genius was much damaged by the peremptory terms in which the missive was couched, and he determined to show the senders what was due to a literary character. He therefore sent back the following note, written upon polished post, and enclosed in an elegant envelope.—

"Mr. George Selden presents his compliments to Messrs. Williams and Webb, and begs to state that his literary avocations prevent him from attending upon them at present."

About this period the "Alpha" before-mentioned was making a great sensation in the reading world as a magazine-writer and poet. Indeed his talents procured for him the honourable patronage of George Selden's debating club, and one of their subjects of discussion was "The literary capabilities of Alpha, with reference to a comparison between modern and ancient genius." Selden dressed himself with peculiar care, for on that evening ladies were to be admitted to hear the debate. His collar was turned carefully down in imitation of the Byron portraits. A large pin was fastened into his stock, which, with his silk waistcoat and long hair, gave him, he thought, rather a distinguished appearance. Before, however, he could leave his lodging, it was intimated that a person wished to see him. That person immediately made his appearance, and having shut the door, sat down near it.

"Your name is George Selden, I believe?" said the stranger.

"It is. What is your pleasure?"

"I am sorry to say that I hold a warrant against you."

Selden trembled, and turned pale. "A warrant!" he faltered out.

"Yes," continued the police officer, rising and touching the wretched young man's arm; "you are my prisoner."

Unable to speak, or to inquire with what he was charged, Selden was half led, half dragged, into a cab, which awaited them in the street. Arrived at the Station-House, he heard the charge made to the inspector. He was accused of embezzling a sum of money, the property of his late employers, and suspected of further defalcations.

After passing the night in a cheerless cell, stung and tortured by the most bitter and humiliating reflections, George Selden was the next morning placed as a felon at the bar of one of the City Police Offices. His wan, haggard countenance, contrasted painfully with the gaudy finery in which he was attired. His appearance was not calculated to operate in his favour—for the style of his dress led to inferences by which the wretched expression of his countenance was accounted for, not so much from mental anguish, as from dissipation.

Mr. Williams appeared as prosecutor. It was proved that since Selden left his employment, one of the customers of the firm, on receiving his account, discovered that a sum of thirty odd pounds, with which he was charged, was previously paid. On calling at the shop to rectify the error, he produced the receipt, to which the name of George Selden was attached. He also proved that he paid the money to Selden, no other person being near at the time.—Messrs. Williams and Webb's cash-keeper, when put into the witness box, swore that the prisoner had never handed over to him the sum mentioned in the charge; as it was his duty when he received it. To this direct evidence, other circumstances of a criminatory nature were added. It was shown that Selden evinced a desire to quit his situation on the day after he received the money; that he had previously left a humble for a more elegant lodging; that he had, since resigning his employment, been living at a somewhat expensive rate; that, when sent for, he forwarded an impertinent refusal to see his late employers; and finally, it was inferred that he supported his extravagancies out of the proceeds of the frauds committed on his employers.

While this evidence was accumulating, the unfortunate young man seemed overwhelmed with shame. By the time it was concluded, his frame trembled violently with agitation; he became ashy pale; and when asked what defence he had to make to the accusation, he was unable to speak. His silence was construed into a reservation of his defence for another tribunal, and he was forthwith *committed* to Newgate, to take his trial at the ensuing session of the Central Criminal Court.

When George Selden told Mrs. Cooper and her daughter they would most likely hear of him in the newspapers, he little thought how soon and how fatally that likelihood would become realized. The morning after his commitment, the woman of the house in which the Coopers lived, entered their room [illegible] agitation, clinging with [illegible] newspaper containing a report of her former lodger's examination. The shock which the news communicated to Bessie was terrible. She sunk upon her mother's neck, uttering cries of grief, that were for a time heart-rending. When the violence of her sorrow had somewhat abated, she sat down in a chair, rocking backward and forward, her hands clasped over her knees, in apparent stupor—a picture of mute despair.

It is a characteristic of some women, that, while they evince in the ordinary affairs of existence the most timid and retiring temperament, they are capable, in circumstances of difficulty and danger, of invincible energy. It was thus with Bessie Cooper.—Instead of stupor (of which she exhibited outward signs), she was employed in deep thought. A conviction, which, though totally unsupported, was still a conviction, assured her of George's innocence, and added a strength of resolve and determination of manner quite new to her character. She rose from her seat as if from a sleep, and taking up the newspaper, read the report with the utmost attention.

"With all his faults and flightiness," said Mrs. Cooper, "I cannot believe him guilty. Your father has often trusted him with all he possessed in the world without a suspicion."

The landlady, hitherto a silent actor in the distressing scene, here put in her testimony to the punctuality of her late lodger's payments; a test of morality deemed by London lodging-house keepers perfectly infallible.

That day Bessie Cooper did not attend at Mr. Webb's private house as usual to instruct his children; but, accompanied by her mother, went to his place of business. She entered his counting-house alone.—Mr. Webb received her with great surprise, but with a melancholy expression of kindness, which showed how deeply he sympathised with her sufferings. At the same time he was struck with the calm firmness of her manner. She stated her errand without circumlocution: she wished an order to be procured to see the culprit in Newgate.

As may be expected, Mr. Webb was astonished at this request. The young woman's manner, so earnest, almost dignified, forbade the supposition that the wish arose from a mere girlish desire to see and converse with a lover. He inquired her reason for so strange a request.

"Because, sir, I know he is innocent," was the reply.

"Indeed! I am sure I need not say how happy I should be if any fresh facts could be brought to light to stem the strong current of evidence which has set in against him."

"I have no such facts," replied Bessie, "but I have known him from childhood; we grew, were brought up together, and"——here her utterance was choked by rising tears; "and I am convinced he is incapable of what is charged to him. I wish to see him, to learn the exact circumstances of the transaction concerning which he is suspected."

There was something so rational and business-like in all this, that Mr. Webb immediately sent to the sitting alderman for the required order, and Bessie and her mother were soon on their way to the gloomy mansion of crime.

They entered the prison, and were ushered by the turnkey into a narrow passage, one side of which consisted of strong and closely-placed iron bars, the other of a dead wall. Behind the bars there was a small yard, with a door leading into a kind of cell at the extremity of it. Selden, who had hardly recovered from the shock of his commitment, saw with amazement who had come to console him in his affliction: he covered his face with his hands and wept like a child.

Bessie, knowing how much depended upon firmness and an unclouded brain, entreated him to be calm. She then questioned him minutely about the transactions of the day on which the money he was accused of embezzling was paid. She implored him to tax his memory to the utmost, so as to tell her everything that happened on that morning. He could, however, recollect nothing which tended in the least degree to unravel the mystery; for Bessie, with a woman's confiding faith, never for one instant assumed his guilt.

"The most trifling incident," she said, "might afford some clue. Did you serve no customer that morning, or receive payment of any other account?"

"All I can remember is, that Sir Charles Fox's butler came to complain of a mistake I had made in his invoice; that he left it to be corrected, and that I afterwards made out a new one, having lost the original."

No gleam of hope entered Bessie's mind from these words. She dared not stay to converse on any other subject, for had she done so, her energies would have forsaken her. But it was terrible, when they would have shaken hands, to find the iron bars impeded even the poor consolation of that simple act; and in leaving the prison, Bessie was obliged to lean heavily on her mother for support.

It was not long before she again presented herself to Mr. Webb; she had a new favor to ask, a stranger one even than the first; it was to be allowed to see the cash-keeper and his entries for the day upon which George's accusation was founded. Mr. Webb assented at once.

"I know you already," he remarked, "for a ready and clever accountant, and will give you every possible assistance. Johnson," he continued, calling aloud, "come here, and bring your daily cash-book."

The cashier appeared. The book was handed to Bessie, who turned to the account in which the transactions of the day named in the indictment of George for embezzlement was recorded. Item by item she read over the various entries. At last she saw that a sum precisely the same in amount as that for which her lover was incarcerated for stealing, was placed to the account of Sir Charles Fox, whom George had before mentioned. She instantly asked the cashier whether Sir Charles Fox's account had been recently sent in.

The clerk replied in the negative.

"Then," said Bessie, "I entreat you to send one immediately."

Though Mr. Webb and the clerk were at a loss to conceive the object of applying to Sir Charles Fox, the request was complied with. While the clerk was gone on this errand, Bessie's agitation and suspense became almost insupportable. Firmly persuaded of Selden's innocence of everything but of contempt for, and carelessness in, his duties, she had a strong presentiment that the error he committed would be cleared up by the step now taken. Still she was not without her fears, and those fears were to be confirmed or banished by the result of the clerk's mission. She saw him enter the shop on his return. As he opened the glass door of the counting-house, she darted her eyes upon him, as if her whole fate were written in his countenance. But she learned of nothing there. The cashier was a rigid man of business, and his face was a blank. "The fact is," he said to Mr. Webb, "there is some mistake. We have credited Sir Charles Fox with thirty pounds fifteen and fourpence, which he declares he has never paid."

A short chain of thought darted through Bessie's brain. Its results caused her to murmur, "he is saved," and to faint in her chair.

Had not her mother been by, poor Bessie would have been left to her fate, for Mr. Webb's whole attention was otherwise absorbed. Mr. Williams was called in; cash books, journals, and ledgers were turned over, entries traced; and before Bessie recovered her senses, the whole thing was cleared up. Selden was innocent. The truth is, he had received money from one customer and placed it to the account of another, during one of his poetical fits of abstraction. This fully showed how his name got placed to a receipt for money which he seemed not to have accounted for. Further inquiries were made, and it was found that he had saved out of his wages, the money so improvidently spent in fine lodgings and fine clothes. It happened that the grand jury were then sitting; all these new facts were sworn before them; they ignored the bill, and George Selden was restored to liberty.

About two months after these events, a newly married couple were seated in Mr. Webb's private office, attentively listening to what that gentleman was saying.

"Not long ago," he said, addressing himself to the bridegroom, "you heard my advice with impatience, almost contempt, because you then looked upon me as a mere mechanical man of business. That you may be more attentive to what I shall now say, and that you may know it is possible for a tradesman to be unremitting in his duties, and, at the same time, employ his leisure with success in literature, let me now inform you that the 'Alpha,' whom you were pleased, as I have heard, to patronise with your approbation, is no other than myself. You have already been taught by her who, happily for you, is now your companion for life, the superior value of common sense and practical acquirements, over what goes by the name, oftener than it deserves it, of 'genius.' To her you owe all your happiness."

George Selden, for he was one of the persons addressed, tried to speak, but tearful emotions prevented him. He firmly clasped the willing hand of his wife, and looked towards her to speak for him. But her heart, also, was full. They both wept tears of happiness. Mr. Webb, but for a strong effort, would have exhibited some emotion, but turned it off by asking what had become of the tragedy? George owned, without the smallest appearance of regret, that he had burnt it.

That evening there was a grand supper in the shop, prepared under the superintendence of Mrs. Cooper, who had been installed as housekeeper to the establishment. Her daughter, now Mrs. Selden, had had the privilege of inviting any person she pleased; and besides all the men and their female friends belonging to the house, Mr. Williams, Mr. Webb, and Bessie's pupils, graced the soiree with their presence.

The last I heard of George Selden was, that he is a partner in the firm of Williams and Company, and a livery-man of the city of London. Though he did not wholly abandon literature, he never, that I could ascertain, published a line of poetry. His most popular works are entitled, "An Essay on Foreign Exchanges," and a pamphlet on "Colonial Produce."

THE DYING DAUGHTER

TO HER MOTHER.

Mother! when these unsteady lines
Thy long averted eyes shall see,
This hand that writes, this heart that pines,
Will cold, quite cold, and tranquil be.
That guilty child, so long disowned,
Can then, blest thought! no more offend!
And shouldst thou deem my crimes atoned,
O deign my orphan to befriend—

That orphan, who, with trembling hand,
To thee will give my dying prayer;
Canst thou my dying prayer withstand,
And from my child withhold thy care?
O raise the veil which hides her cheek,
Nor start her mother's face to see—
But let her look thy love bespeak,
For once that face was dear to thee.

Gaze on—and thou'lt perchance forget
The long, the mournful lapse of years,
Thy couch with tears of anguish wet,
And e'en the guilt which caused those tears,
And in my pure and artless child,
Thou'lt think her mother meets thy view,
Such as she was when life first smiled,
And guilt by name alone she knew.

Ah! then I see thee o'er her charms
A look of fond affection cast;
I see thee clasp her in thine arms,
And in the present lose the past.
But soon the dear illusion flies;
The sad reality returns;
My crimes again to memory rise,
And ah! in vain my orphan mourns.

Till suddenly some keen remorse,
Some deep regret her claims shall aid,
For wrath that held too long its course,
For words of peace too long delayed,
For pardon (most, alas! denied,
When pardon might have snatched from shame,)
And kindness, had thou kindness tried,
Had checked my guilt, and saved my fame.

And then thou'lt wish, as I do now,
Thy hand my humble bed had smoothed,
Wiped the still moisture off my brow,
And all the wants of sickness soothed.
For oh! the means to soothe my pain,
My poverty has still denied,
And thou wilt wish, ah! wish in vain,
Thy riches had those means supplied.

Thou'lt wish, with keen repentance wrung,
I'd closed my eyes upon thy breast—
Expiring, while thy faltering tongue,
Pardon in kindest tones expressed.
O, sounds which I must never hear!
Through years of woe my fond desire!
O, mother! spite of all most dear,
Must I, unblest by thee, expire?

Thy love alone I call to mind,
And all thy past disdain forget,
Each keen reproach, each frown unkind,
That crushed my hopes when last we met.
But when I saw that angry brow,
Both health and youth were still my own.
Oh, mother! couldst thou see me now,
Thou wouldst not have the heart to frown!

But see! my orphan's cheek displays
Both youth and health's carnation dyes,
Such as, on mine, in happier days,
So fondly charmed thy partial eyes;
Grief o'er her bloom a veil now draws,
Grief her loved parent's pangs to see,
And when thou think'st upon the cause,
That paleness will have charms for thee.

And thou wilt fondly press that cheek,
Bid happiness its bloom restore;
And thus in tenderest accents speak,
"Sweet orphan, thou shalt mourn no more."
But wilt thou thus indulgent be?
Oh! am I not by hope beguiled?
The long, long anger shown to me,
Say, will it not pursue my child?
And must she suffer for my crime?
Ah! no; forbid it, gracious Heaven!
And grant, O grant! in thy good time,
That she be loved, and I forgiven!

TRAVELLING ALONE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE TAILOR'S APPRENTICE."

"Isn't it too much!" ejaculated Mrs. Austin, tossing a note from her which she had just opened and read, while her face expressed strongly both disappointment and vexation. "Here I've waited for more than a week for company to New York, and now Mr. Barker, who was to have taken me under his care, has gone off without me. It is really too bad, and I am dying to get home."

"Has Mr. Barker really gone without you?" asked Mrs. Martier, a friend with whom Mrs. Austin had been spending a short time in Philadelphia. "How in the world has that happened?"

"Here's a note from him, in which he says that just as the line was about starting this morning, he received intelligence from home which made it necessary that he should leave instantly. He expresses regret, and all that—but he might have staid another day as easily as not, I am sure. What matter could a day have made in any case?"

"It might have been of great consequence to him, Mrs. Austin. But he is gone, now, and it can't be helped. It is said to be a bad wind that blows nobody good. I shall have your company for a few days longer. So, I need not complain."

"Yes, but Mrs. Martier, I am, as I said, *dying* to get home. You know how badly I want to see my husband and children."

"Another opportunity will no doubt offer in a few days."

"There isn't a bit of certainty in that. Even if there should be a chance, something will turn up, as it has this time, to disappoint me."

"You can go alone, then, if the worst comes to the worst."

"Go alone!" exclaimed Mrs. Austin, in profound surprise.

"Certainly. And why not?" returned the friend.

"Go alone! I'm astonished to hear you say so."

"Ladies often go alone between this city and New York."

"Not *ladies*, certainly. No lady would think of taking such a journey without an escort."

"Yes, ladies!" returned Mrs. Martier.

"Who, pray, would do so imprudent a thing?"

"I have done so more than once."

"You! I'm astonished!" The expression of Mrs. Austin's countenance showed that she spoke truly.

"Certainly."

"And were you not annoyed and insulted by vulgar and impudent people?"

"Never. Alone, upon the deck or in the cabin of a steamboat, I have been as politely treated by strangers as in a friend's drawing-room; and far more so than in many public assemblies, surrounded by the *elite* and the fashionable."

"Incredible!"

"Yet true, nevertheless. Why, even carping, snarling, ill-natured English travellers, have recorded the fact as honorable to the people of this country, that a lady may travel in the United States from Maine to Louisiana, unattended by a male friend, and never once be insulted in a stage, on a steamboat, or in a rail road car."

At this stage of the conversation, Mr. Martier, the husband of the last speaker, came in.

"What do you think, dear?" said his wife. "Mrs. Austin is afraid to travel between here and New York, alone."

"Afraid? And why so, Mrs. Austin?"

"I should be liable to insult."

"O no! I've travelled a good deal in my time, and have yet to see the first instance of a lady being insulted. A woman is as secure from insult in a rail road car, or steamboat, as in her own parlor. The attention paid to ladies who are travelling alone, is proverbial. On board of steamboats, they are particularly attended to by the captain. In rail road cars, the conductor looks to their comfort, and sees that no one annoys them; and a 'lone lady' in a stage coach, is under the especial care of each male passenger, and all vie in shewing her courteous attentions. But let me relate a single incident which came under my own eye.

"A few years ago, I had business in Ohio. In returning, I came home by the way of Pittsburg. On leaving that city early one morning, I found that my fellow-passengers were two in number. From their conversation, I discovered that I had, as companions for my journey, two of the most vulgar, obscene, blasphemous men, it had ever been my lot to meet. Their conversation was licentious, their language coarse and filthy, and nearly every other word was an oath, an imprecation, or some startling appeal to the Great Ruler above, that really made my flesh creep. Occasionally a word was addressed to me. I never replied beyond a mere monosyllable, for I was too much disgusted with their language to be even civil to them. From the time we started till we got to Greensburg, which was several hours, they talked incessantly,—and I am sure, that during that time, there were not uttered five consecutive words that could have been spoke in a lady's presence, without grossly offending her. By this time, I had learned from their conversation that one was a merchant from Alabama, and the other a planter from Mississippi. This fact surprised me. Is it possible, I said to myself, that men moving in the society of merchants and planters, can really be so lost to all decency and virtue as these men appear to be?

"At Greensburg, much to my regret, a lady way-passenger took her seat in the stage. 'Here comes trouble now,' I said to myself. 'Of course, it will not be ten minutes before this lady is grossly insulted by their offensive language, and I cannot sit by in silence. If they insult her I must interfere, and in all probability get a bowie knife into me for my pains.'

"Thus thought I, as the most vulgar and obscene of my two fellow-passengers took his seat beside the lady in quite a familiar style, though with a degree of respect and gentlemanly deportment that I could not help noticing with surprise. The driver spoke to his horses, and away we rolled again, I expecting every moment to be called upon to interfere for the protection of the lady. But no such unpleasant necessity occurred. From the moment the lady entered the stage, my companions were changed men. They uttered no word, nor made any allusion that might not have been spoken in a drawing-room. To her, their attentions were kind and respectful, actually putting my frigid politeness to the blush. At every stopping place, one or the other would volunteer to hand a glass of water, or procure her some choice fruit; and this not to show off, as any one could have seen, but from, as it appeared, a habit of treating ladies, at all times, with attention and respectful consideration. For four hours our lady passenger remained with us, and during that time not once did the two men forget themselves. When the stage stopped at the village to which she was going, one of them took her bandbox in his hand, and waited upon her to her residence, which stood at some distance from the stage office. Upon all this I looked with silent surprise. I could hardly believe it possible that men could act perfectly in two characters so opposite. I was no less surprised, when we again took our seats in the coach, to hear the man who had just waited upon the lady home, compose himself for his ride with a foul expression falling from his tongue, in the most natural way possible. From that moment, both resumed their old character, which was continued for several hours, when a little girl, about eleven years old, was placed in the coach to go ten miles. Her presence changed them instantly. Not an indelicate word was uttered, nor an oath sworn while she remained with us. On the contrary, the subjects of conversation were changed, and much of it directed to the child, from whom one of them drew, ingeniously, a history of herself and an account of her school companions. When she left us, the old character was resumed. And these alternations continued throughout the journey."

"This, Mrs. Austin, is a strong but true instance of the respect and attention paid to females when travelling alone in this country. If even in a stage-coach their feelings and character are so much respected, how less liable are they to insult in the cabin of a steamboat, or in the commodious rail-road car?"

But Mrs. Austin could not be convinced. Day after day, however, passed away, and she could get no escort. And finally, she became so impatient to get home, that she actually ventured upon the perils of a journey, unattended, between the cities of Philadelphia and New York. Mr. Martier took the passage for her, attended her over to Camden, saw to her baggage, and procured her a pleasant seat in the cars. When he bade her good-by, her hand trembled and she looked pale and uneasy. He could hardly help smiling in her face at her weakness and timidity.

"All aboard," was soon uttered, and away she went, feeling as much like a cat in a strange garret as well could be, considering the difference of relation between a lady and a cat, and a rail-road car and an attic. Before and behind her sat gentlemen from whom she expected every moment to receive some insult. But after riding some twenty miles, she began to breathe more freely, as one of them once or twice during that time addressed a few polite words to her, and seemed quite disposed to regard her lone condition, and relieve its embarrassments as much as possible. After passing Bordentown, this individual resumed his attention, though with that reserved politeness which marked him as a gentleman. Mrs. Austin was a woman of education and intelligence; the remarks in answer to his, soon enabled him to appreciate her, and so to choose his subjects of conversation as to draw her out and enable her to take a fair part in the conversation. This she soon did, and so much interested did she became, that she forgot all attending disagreeable things, and looked up with surprise when the cars stopped at Amboy.

In descending from the cars, the gentleman who had been conversing with her, assisted her, and then gave her his arm and politely attended her to the boat. The remainder of the journey was passed in a most agreeable manner. The stranger had two or three very gentlemanly and intelligent friends who joined him on the boat and these were informally introduced to Mrs. Austin, around whom they gathered, charmed with her conversation, and in their turn delighting her with theirs.

When the boat touched the wharf, at New York, the lady's husband stepped on board, and received his wife, with a polite bow and smile upon her gentlemanly volunteer-attendant.

"And so you have really accomplished this most unheard-of task," Mr. Austin said, smiling.—"Most thankful am I to receive you safe and sound from the perils of your journey. Who ever heard before of a lady travelling alone between New York and Philadelphia? But you had an escort I recollect. Who in the world introduced you to Governer ——?"

"Governor ——!" exclaimed the lady in surprise. "Was that Governor ——!"

"Certainly it was! Who put you under his charge?"

"No one. He sat near me in the cars, and seeing that I was alone, volunteered the most polite attentions. But I never could have believed that Governor ——— would have paid attentions to a lady travelling alone."

"Governor ——— is a man of too much good sense to see anything disreputable in a lady's sometimes taking a journey unattended by a male friend, and too much observation and knowledge of people to mistake the character of any one he may happen to meet even in a rail-road car. But welcome home again. Another time I shall not consent to you going to any place on a visit from which you are afraid to return, even unattended by Governor ——!"

The May-Day of Drumallis;

OR,

A TALE OF THE PRESS-GANG.

BY DR. McHENRY.

Chapter I.

Thank Heaven! that miserable niggardliness of time, preached by the wisdom-mongers of the modern utilitarian school of economists, which would render life a wearisome scene of "all work and no play" to that most deserving portion of society whose hands have to perform its principal labours, has not yet, at least in Ireland, succeeded in abolishing all those cheering anniversary pastimes in which our ancestors delighted. On Hallow-Eve the village boys still cause the streets and the highways to ring with unrestrained and boisterous mirth, while the gleesome noise of even the most rustic maidens, within doors, over their swimming apples, or burning nuts, proclaims, that for that evening, labour has ceased to oppress the children of toil, and the cares of life to annoy even the haunts of penury. Christmas has its athletic games for the robust peasant of the plain, and its relaxing festivities for the more delicate but not less toil-tired citizen of the town.

But it is the season of spring which chiefly inspires joyousness. Easter-Monday has been for ages a day of rampant idleness, and forgetfulness of care, in which young hearts rejoice in unison with the dawn of nature; and the first of May, in the rural districts, throughout all Ireland, awakens a universal manifestation of delight in the advanced loveliness and geniality of the season, and, according to immemorial custom, calls forth the merry groupes, to gambols on the green, or dances round the Maypole.

If, even in this age of economy, the calculators of the money-value of hours and minutes, have not been able very sensibly to diminish the ardour with which our younger classes rush from labour to enjoyment on those favourite holidays, it will be readily supposed that sixty years ago, when utilitarianism was in comparative infancy, they had done still less to check the joyous excitements felt at those periods of annual pastime.

It was on the first of May, 1778, that an assemblage of the younger and gayer classes of the population of Larne and its vicinity, met in the field of Drumallis, near the sea-coast, a short distance to the eastward of the town, in order, according to the ancient custom of the country, to celebrate the day which their ancestors in the age of Druidism, had dedicated to the great luminary whose invigorating rays did then, as they do still, call forth the peculiar beauty, and inspire the peculiar joyousness of the blooming season.

The field of Drumallis is situated in the centre of one of the loveliest landscapes in nature. But I shall defer further notice of it at present, that I may introduce to the reader an object still more lovely—the beautiful Rose Gilbert. She was the only child of a farmer in comfortable circumstances. Her mother had died in her infancy, and her father had remained a widower, "never," as he often said, "having seen the woman whom he thought worthy to fill the place of Ellen Tweed," that having been the maiden name of his deceased wife. The affections of John Gilbert, indeed, after the death of his wife, became so entirely concentrated on his little Rose, that he could command none to place on any other object. To nurse and watch over this beloved child, he employed a good-hearted, somewhat elderly maiden cousin, named Jenny Heddles, whom he placed over his household affairs, and whose managing and orderly house-wifery, and affectionate attention to Rose, were indeed such as to leave him no cause to wish for a connubial helpmate.

Jenny was, in truth, so doatingly fond of Rose, that she considered her safety and comfort as the most important matters to be cared for in this world. If little Rose cut her finger, or struck her head against a table, Jenny was in a bustle of consternation for days together, and would for years make the time of the accident a date from which to calculate other occurrences. This over-fondness of father and nurse, was attended with indulgences which threatened to spoil both the temper and the constitution of Rose. But she possessed from nature a soundness of frame and a happiness of temper, which defied the enervating effects of pampering kindness, and prevented over-ready compliances with childish wishes from engendering impatience or imperiousness of mind. It is true that during her childhood and early girlhood, she was occasionally self-willed and stubborn, on which occasions, although her father would sometimes reprimand her, Jenny Heddles would always soothe her, and when practicable, would comply with her wishes. When Rose, however, became able to bring reflection to the aid of her naturally good disposition, she saw the evils of indulging irritable feelings, and the ungraciousness of giving pain to such a tender father and affectionate nurse. It is true, that as she dawned into womanhood, some traces of her girlish self-willedness were still traceable in the vivacity, wildness, and fearlessness of her manner, which, however, being regulated and restrained by the dictics of strong good sense, never ran to excess, and instead of being offensive, only imparted a slight tinge of eccentricity, which her natural gracefulness converted into a personal charm.

Such was Rose Gilbert, when, at the age of seventeen, she became the inspirer of many a young man's dream of connubial happiness. Jenny Heddles was at first proud of the conquests she saw her favourite making. But this feeling soon became mixed with considerable solicitude; for Jenny, knew, from experience, the dangerous softness which, at the first opening into womanhood, seizes the female heart; and, in proportion as the society of Rose became courted, the vigilance of Jenny increased, and was sometimes exerted, as Rose thought, with unnecessary anxiety and watchfulness.

Among the many competitors for the heart of Rose, there were two young men who surpassed the rest in the fervour and assiduity of their attentions. One was an industrious and thriving shop-keeper of Larne, who had contrived to ingratiate himself into the favour of Mr. Gilbert. The other was the son of a small farmer residing in Gilbert's immediate neighbourhood, who had the advantage of being a great favourite of Rose herself. The name of the first was Andrew Parker, and of the latter William Hunter.

By both of these young men the friendship of Jenny Heddles was anxiously courted, as she was naturally supposed to possess great influence over the mind of Rose. Jenny had a habit of which Parker eagerly availed himself—of using snuff—and she was very fond of having it perfumed with bergamot. Parker, aware of her predilection for this nasal luxury, scarcely permitted a week to pass without bestowing her a fresh supply. He went even further in the display of his friendship, having, on her forty-seventh birth-day, which he affected to consider her thirty-sixth, presented her with a handsome silver snuff-box replenished with her favourite stimulus.

William Hunter, on his part, did not court the good-will of Jenny by such splendid gifts; but he was, from a feeling of real, and, if it may be so called, instinctive attachment, exceedingly attentive to her. She was the relative of Rose, of whose infancy she had been the affectionate nurse and tender guardian, and was still the devoted friend and motherly protector of her blooming youth. This was enough to make Hunter love her with the devotion of a son, a feeling which spontaneously manifested itself in a thousand unstudied instances of respectful behaviour and zealous attention. This constant readiness to please and serve her, was not lost on Jenny, who, although she was well aware of Hunter's strong attachment to Rose, and had sagacity enough to ascribe to it the chief share of his respect for herself, could not resist the natural notion that some of it was owing to her own merit. On the whole, Hunter's unaffected attentions towards her, gained more of her favours than all the sweet-scented gifts of Parker, aided even by the handsome offering of the silver snuff-box.

Nor was Hunter entirely out of favor with Mr. Gilbert, who respected him as a well-conducted young man, the son of an honest although not wealthy neighbor. He objected to him indeed as a suitor for Rose, but it was solely on account of his unsettled prospects in life. Hunter, aware of this, endeavored to amend these prospects by commencing a trade in the products of the country, which he occasionally conveyed to Scotland for a market. These trips across the channel, together with his frequently engaging in fishing excursions, gave to his air and manner something of a sea-faring character, to which he had latterly added by adopting, in a great measure, the dress of a sailor. This he was induced to do, not only from the suggestions of his own fancy, but because Rose expressed her partiality for such a costume.

Of Rose's preference for Hunter, Parker was well aware, and was exceedingly jealous. But his superior wealth, the decided favour of Mr. Gilbert, and the powerful influence of Jenny Heddles, which he believed he had secured, inspired him with hopes which induced him to persevere in his suit.

Matters were in this state when sometime about the middle of April 1778, the parties met at a country ball, where from their first seeing each other, the rivals did not seem to be on the most courteous terms. Rose was also that evening in the humour of indulging her inclination to bestow her company on whom she pleased, rather than of practising her usual policy of sharing it with all alike. She seemed to avoid even proximity with Parker, and whenever he addressed her, she answered him with a coldness and brevity which he could not but feel offensive, especially as she permitted Hunter to engross her society, both in conversation and in dancing, during almost the whole evening.

Parker's mortification could not be concealed, and being audibly noticed by several of the company, it became inflamed to a degree almost unendurable; and his friend Jenny Heddles being present, to her he was at length constrained to complain.

"I know not how I have offended Miss Gilbert," said he; "but she has certainly taken some umbrage at me, for she has scarcely been civil to me since I entered the room."

"In what has she been uncivil?" asked Jenny.

"By her repulsive answers, whenever I spoke to her," said Parker.

"You must be mistaken!" returned Jenny. "Rose is never repulsive. What did she say?"

"She scarcely spoke at all," he replied; "but turned hastily from me to converse with that young fellow Hunter. Three times to-night, I have asked her to dance. Her answer was always the same—'she was engaged'—and engaged too with the same Hunter."

"Engaged to dance with William Hunter!" retorted Jenny. "There can be no harm in that. Why, Mr. Parker, she is engaged to be married to him, and instead of being only his partner in a dance, will in less than a month, be his bride."

Parker heard no more. He stood silent a few moments, as if stupified; then hurried from the apartment in a fever of malignant feelings, and spent the night planning schemes for the humiliation of Hunter and the disappointment of his bridal hopes.

Chapter II.

It has been stated in the preceding chapter, that "on the first of May, 1778, an assemblage of the younger and gayer portion of the population of Larne and its vicinity, met on the field of Drumallis, to celebrate, according to the custom of their ancestors, the day dedicated to the great luminary whose vivifying influence produces the genial season." We then deferred further notice of this field, which forms the centre of some of the most lovely scenery in nature, because we wished to give precedence to the description of even a more lovely object—the beautiful Rose Gilbert. A word or two may now be spared to Drumallis. It is a field of velvet softness and the deepest verdure, lying midway between the town of Larne and the sea-shore, a short distance from the entrance of Larne harbour. The view from it is at once magnificent, picturesque, and soothing.

To the eastward, far away over the channel, the blue hills of Scotland bound the horizon, relieved in front by the great "Craig of Ailsa," and the nearer objects of the two visible of the nine Maidens, with their twin light-houses rising trimly and gracefully, from their rocky foundations amidst the wild and wasteful ocean. Towards the north, Plada light-house, Cantire point and the Cliffs of Jura, guide the eye through the outlet of the channel into the Atlantic ocean; while, just at hand, stretching southerly and forming the eastern border of Larne's lovely lough, the fertile fields of Island Magee sweetly contrast with the ocean scenes, and the rich hills and lawns of Maugheymorne, forming the western boundary of the lough, delight the eye, and convey to the mind the agreeable ideas of peace, plenty and human comfort. In front of these Maugheymorne hills, the most extensive lime works in Europe, and the numerous vessels waiting to be freighted with the fertilizing mineral, or sailing to and fro upon the smooth surface of the land-locked waters, impart a liveliness to the scenery, and awaken pleasing conceptions of social industry and prosperity, which are strengthened when, turning to the westward, the spectator sees the busy town itself spreading before him, with its churches and seminaries, its vast flour mills, and extensive bleach greens, backed, at various distances, by gradually rising table-lands terminating in the abrupt and bold mountainous height of Agnew's hill—the whole furnishing a prospect, which, while it is sublimely picturesque, is, for rural and civic variety, probably unequalled in the British Islands.

The reader will indulge the introduction here, of the following stanzas written, a few years ago, by the narrator of this tale, when recalling to mind, in a distant land, the beloved scenes thus described, amidst which he first knew existence.

THE VALE OF MY BIRTH,

How dear to my soul is the memory of days
That I carelessly passed in the vale of my birth;
The loveliest vale which the glad sun surveys,
As he fondly looks down on this beautiful earth!
Some clime-vaunted vale of the East may disclose
More brilliance of nature, more splendor of art,
But the charms which in Larne's lovely valley repose,
Have a spell more impressively dear to my heart.

Where, endeared by lawns, meadows and hills ever green,
The bark-studded lake in its brightness expands,
And Curran's old castle, in midst of the scene,
Of ages long vanished a monument stands;
How oft have I wandered, when visions of youth
Flashed bright on my spirit, like glimpses of Heaven!
When in friendship was faith, and in love there was truth,
And my heart to the scene was devotedly given.

When advancing afar o'er the Scottish blue hills,
The smiles of the morning would gladden that vale,
How oft I've enjoyed, by the flower-margined rills,
The heart-cheering fragrance that freighted each gale!
And I've gazed while the sky-enthroned queen of the night
Diffused her soft radiance on all things around,
Till I fondly imagined the picturesque light
Was alone in that balm-breathing vale to be found!

Oh! those were the days when I felt as if life
Was a scene of enjoyment that never would end,
For as yet unfulfilled hope, nor embittering strife,
Had taught me how sorrow the bosom could rend;
Ambition had not led my footsteps astray,
Though her young aspirations oft swelled in my breast;
Unknown to contention I pass'd all the day,
And at night with light spirits betook me to rest.

Such at this day is the scenery around the field of Drumallis. The field itself is venerable for the remains of a very ancient monastery, which at the time of the events that form the subject of this narrative, existed more extensively than at present. There is still to be seen, however, what is supposed to have been the garden of the monks—an oblong quadrangular space of ground of about an acre in extent, marked out by a fine colonade of tall trees, many of which are yet flourishing in hoary vigour, upon a broad, verdant embankment, which on all sides bounds this favorite spot of ancient piety and modern mirth.

On the first of May before mentioned, a few yards from the eastern end of this quadrangular space, was erected a towering May-pole, fantastically decorated with flowers and ribbons of various colours. At the foot of this May-pole was constructed a frame of wicker-work, resembling an arm chair, the seat of which was covered with turf, brightly green with the freshly-springing grass. It was elevated about three feet from the ground, and was ascended by four steps, covered also with verdant turf. This was the rustic throne of the Queen of May, and the maid chosen on this occasion, to represent that character, was the beautiful Rose Gilbert.

The sports and entertainments of a May day celebration in Ireland, may vary according to the taste and fancy of those who take a lead in the arrangements, or in conducting the amusements, except in two particulars, which long continued custom has rendered essential to the character of the occasion—these are, the erection of a decorated May-pole, and the election of a "Queen of May." In former times there was a third particular, considered equally essential, namely, the recitation or chanting of an ode or song, prepared by some local bard for the occasion. But in our prosaic age, this most intellectual portion of the entertainments is generally omitted, no doubt from the difficulty of finding a rural rhymer capable of producing any thing acceptable to the managers of the day. At the coronation of Rose Gilbert, however, the following verses were produced, and chanted according to ancient form, in alternate portions, by two male and two female voices.

MALE VOICES.

Ye maids and swains who here repair,
In rural mirth to spend the day;
Of all our nymphs divinely fair,
Say, who shall reign the Queen of May?
Though numerous beauties grace our train,
One only can this honor gain.

FEMALE VOICES.

There is a maid amidst our band,
Whose mind with every grace is stored;
Whose homage shall from all command,
Whose pleasure shall to all afford:
Whose form, with every charm combined,
Is only equalled by her mind.

There is a maid whose feeling heart
With genial sympathy is warm,
Whose innocence sweet shall joy impart,
And every mindful bosom charm.
She with each grace of form and soul,
Deserves to reign without control.

MALE VOICES.

We know her by her winning smile,
And noble dignity of mien;
So filled all our hearts the while,
And form her for the Rural Queen.
Then haste the fragrant crown prepare,
And place it on the peerless fair.

Here a youth—we may suppose that it was William Hunter—led Rose to the throne, where, as soon as she was seated, a maiden, whose name we cannot now even conjecture, placed the crown on her head and sang:

Now let your hearts our Queen proclaim,
And tell that Rose is her name!

ALL THE SINGERS THEN JOIN IN CHORUS.

Hail, Rose! hail! so justly crowned,
Fair sovereign of the vernal scene!
Long shall our songs thy praise resound,
O'er Antrim's hills and valleys green;
While youths and maids repeat the strains,
And joy proclaims that Rose reigns!

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon, when, after a rustic repast taken on the field, the amusements which had been suspended were recommenced, and assumed a more miscellaneous character, the observances peculiar to the day being ended. Many small parties were now dispersed over the field engaged in such sports as chance or taste dictated. At what, however, might be called the head quarters of the scene—the vicinity of the May-pole and the throne of the May Queen, the most numerous party still remained under the eye of their rural sovereign.—Among these, it need scarcely be said, was William Hunter. He was engaged with a party of dancers, when a detachment of eight men from the press-gang of the tender Hynde, then lying in Larne harbor, appeared on the scene, accompanied by their commander Captain Greaves. These men took their station among the spectators of the dance, without any apparent design to interrupt the tranquility and enjoyments of the day; and, as Hunter had no suspicion of their visit having any reference to him, he paid no attention to their presence; and the dancing and other sports continued, for a time to proceed as usual.

Rose Gilbert, however, soon had her suspicion excited of some mischief being intended, by observing from her seat under the May-pole, Captain Greaves frequently directing his looks towards Hunter. When the latter, therefore, approached her in the course of the dance, she whispered to him her fears, and entreated him to withdraw unobservedly from the scene. He promised to comply, but he soon found that to do so was impossible, for Captain Greaves approached and requested him to walk aside. Hunter excused himself for not complying, by stating his unwillingness to break up the dancing party.

"Then I must compel you," said Captain Greaves; "for good seamen like you are at present much wanted in his Majesty's service."

"I am not a seaman, Captain Greaves, as you well know," replied Hunter.

"We will discuss that question on board of the tender, if you please," said the Captain. "So, Mr. Hunter, come along. Refusal is useless. You see I have means to enforce my command." So saying he made a signal for his men to approach and seize Hunter.

That instant Rose rushed from her seat and snatched a pistol from the belt of the Captain.

"I am armed, and I am determined he shall not go with you!" she exclaimed, with the fire of irrepressible energy flashing from her beautiful eyes, as the astonished Captain turned round and beheld her presenting the formidable weapon in a line with his heart. "I shall fire this instant into your breast," she continued, "if you do not order your men to withdraw."

A loud and simultaneous shout of applause burst from the numerous spectators. The press-gang party paused in evident alarm, while Hunter, excited by the exploit of his beloved Rose, seized the sword of the bewildered Captain, and with a loud cheer waved it triumphantly in the air. The effect was electrical. The press-gang were assailed by more than four times their number of resolute young men, who soon found weapons in the branches of the trees that grew around them. Two of the press-gang fired their pistols with the view probably of intimidating the assailants, for no person was injured by the discharge. The others, more wisely, withheld their fire, but retreated in a guarded and defensive attitude. The two that had fired soon surrendered their arms, and were permitted to depart.

"Your men do not advance," said Rose. "They do not obey you, Captain Greaves. But I insist that you obey me—for I am commander on this field—and leave us to our amusements, by deferring your kidnapping designs till a more convenient season."

"I will obey you, Miss Gilbert," replied the Captain. "Your authority here is indisputable, and is merited by your heroism, which has saved this young man from a trip to the navy. For your sake, seaman or no seaman, neither he nor any friends of yours shall ever again be molested by me."

"On that condition I return your sword," said Hunter.

"And I return your pistol," said Rose, "on condition that you will never again interrupt the sports of a May day."

"I agree to the condition, and shall hold it inviolable," returned the Captain. "And now, Mr. Hunter, I hope that both you and your fair defender, will forgive what is past and receive me on the list of your friends."

"With all my heart," said Hunter, while Rose nodded assent.

"Before I leave you," observed the Captain, "I must prove my good will by giving you a caution.—Beware of Andrew Parker. It was his management that brought me here!"

"I thank you," said Hunter, "and will attend to your caution. I am aware of the object of his treachery!"

The Captain and his men then left the field, to the great satisfaction of all present, and equally to his own.

In about a week afterwards, Rose became the bride of William Hunter, and Parker's hopes of separating them were thus extinguished for ever. That unhappy young man, unable to bear the weight of public odium brought upon him by this day's transaction, soon broke up his establishment in Larne, and disappeared from its vicinity. To what quarter of the world he fled from the disgrace he had incurred in that pleasant town, none of its worthy inhabitants have been able to inform the writer of this narrative, although many of them, in this year of grace, 1844, are yet alive who remember the occurrence of its leading incidents.

The Heiress's Revenge.

BY MRS. ABDY.

A young, handsome, and richly dressed lady was sitting in one of those splendid apartments which are called "saloons" in poetry, and "drawing-rooms" in prose; her foot rested on an exquisitely embroidered ottoman, and her arm on a purple satin sofa cushion; opposite to her was a *dame de compagnie*, a smiling, lady-like, middle-aged person, unimpeachably and characteristically attired in a dove-colored silk dress, and a blond cap, trimmed with white ribbons. Two footmen at a little distance were employed in arranging a table with that variety of substantial refreshments which, when partaken of at the hour of luncheon, enables young ladies so prettily to plead guilty at dinner to the charge of living on love, air, or learning, according to the phraseology of the accuser. It was a scene of plenty, but not of peace; a frown was on the young lady's brow, and a tear was in her eye; no one could have addressed her with the Chinese salutation, "Felicity is painted on your countenance," she might rather be supposed to sit for the purpose of illustrating the proverb—"All is not gold that glitters;" flattery would have said that she looked very pensive; truth, that she looked very cross.—Now, the grand evil which darkened this young lady's horoscope, was one which admitted of no remedy—she did not belong to the magic circle of the aristocracy; and although her wealth permitted her occasionally to step within it, she knew and felt that she was considered as an intruder. Her father had been a grocer, her grand-father a pin-maker; and she would have freely surrendered all the wealth that she inherited, as the only daughter of an only son, could she by so doing have changed places with any of the "penniless dames with a long pedigree," whose swan-like throats and falling shoulders embellished the "portraits of the female aristocracy."

Now, although there was no positive cure for Miss Garston's affliction, a partial alleviation of it might be attained; she might wed a scion of nobility, and thereby be raised in name and precedence to the station of her husband; but Miss Garston was prudent, and did not like the prospect of being the neglected wife of a spendthrift or gamester; she had also warm affections, and had determined never to marry *except* for love. At length she became introduced to Lord Alfred Harleigh, the handsome and accomplished younger son of the Marquis of Delfield. She invited him to her house; he waltzed, rode, and flirted with her rather more than young men ought to waltz, ride, and flirt, who mean nothing by their attentions; but he was not a systematic lady-killer, and had not the slightest idea of the mischief he was doing to the heiress and preparing for himself by his thoughtless gallantry. The preceding evening Miss Garston had been present at a large assembly, where she knew Lord Alfred was expected to attend; she had wandered into the conservatory, and was concealed by a stand of geraniums and a profusion of gigantic myrtles; she heard Lord Alfred's voice speaking to a favorite friend, her own name was mentioned; she might have come forth from her retreat and welcomed her admirer, but instead of doing so, she bent down her head still lower, to avoid discovery, and the artificial flowers that garlanded her brow mingled with the natural ones around her. Lord Alfred's friend rallied him on his devotion to the rich heiress, and asked him, in a phrase which would once have been considered inelegant, but which now is of general acceptation, when the match was to "come off." Lord Alfred replied by an indignant burst of wonder, that he could be supposed capable of sullying the dignity of his ancient house by contemplating such a mésalliance; and then dropped his dignity, became playful, said that the lady would, doubtless, in remembrance of her grand-father, make an exorbitant demand for *pin*-money, but that she must certainly inherit abundance of sugar from her father's stores, wherewith to sweeten the matrimonial cup; he added several other puns equally trite, poor, and pointless, but they were quite suited to the nature of his friend's comprehension, who encouraged him to proceed by vociferous bursts of laughter. Perhaps my readers may be disposed to be severe on Lord Alfred's flippancy and want of feeling, and I am not going to defend him; but let me just ask them whether they are prepared, themselves, to say that they never spoke of an acquaintance in terms of careless, laughing raillery, which, if overheard by that person, would ensure his or her lasting displeasure, although uttered without the slightest spark of ill-will or malice? Happy is it for all of us, that even those we like and esteem are not always secreted under myrtle trees to hear our comments! Miss Garston was mortified and enraged; she was wounded in the tenderest of her feelings—love and pride. Had Lord Alfred defamed her character, or censured her temper, she thought she could better have borne it than the light-cutting satire in which he alluded to her plebeian extraction, and the words of Junius recurred to her mind—"Injuries we may, and do forgive; but insults so debase the mind below its own level, that nothing but revenge can satisfy it."

Miss Garston retired early from the assembly; and arose the next morning in the state of nervous dissatisfaction that I have endeavored to describe. Mrs. Allison now addressed her in the usual cut and dried form of speaking to cross young ladies—"I am afraid, my dear Miss Garston, you are not quite well this morning!" and her young friend returned to her the cut and dried answer, "I am very well in health, but my spirits are sadly depressed."

"Dear Miss Garston," replied Mrs. Allison, "who has so many sources of happiness as yourself!" and as she spoke her eye glanced on the two tall footmen who re-entered the room, like the slaves of Aladdin's lamp, bearing a reinforcement of silver dishes to the table.

"I meet with ingratitude," replied Miss Garston, sentimentally, "where I had hoped to have inspired contrary feelings."

"You are a little nervous this morning," said the confidante, looking amiably arch; "Lord Alfred Harleigh's morning call will restore your spirits."

She had touched a tender chord; Miss Garston's colour mounted, and her eyes flashed fire.

"I have ordered myself to be denied to Lord Alfred in future," she said.

Mrs. Allison said nothing; she thought some love-quarrel had taken place, and determined, in her secret mind, that it would be adjusted on the receipt of the first pale-pink note or bouquet of green-house flowers from the offending admirer. Mrs. Allison was well-born, well-bred, and a slenderly jointured widow; she liked the large stipend she received from Miss Garston, and the luxuries of her house and table, and she was quite willing to endure the frequent contradictions and ill-humor of her "dear young friend" as a trifling drawback to these advantages.—Miss Garston, however, was not ill-humoured on the present occasion, for she wanted some one to whom she could confide her troubles, and she informed Mrs. Allison of the whole of Lord Alfred's crimes and misdemeanours. The proverb crossed Mrs. Allison's mind—"Listeners hear no good of themselves;" but she did not give it utterance.

"Lord Alfred is quite unworthy your thoughts," she replied; "he is one of a large family, and there are three lives between him and his elder brother; you may command half a dozen better matches before the end of the season; a connection with him could never have been a desirable one in a prudential point of view, and all love for him must of course be banished from your mind by his insufferable conduct."

"Love him!" repeated the heiress; "I detest and despise him; I shall never be easy till I am amply revenged on him."

"Unless I am much mistaken," said Mrs. Allison, "you will shortly enjoy the revenge you wish; Lord Alfred, I am certain, is a marrying man, and if he resolves only to seek an alliance among the aristocracy, he will plunge himself into poverty and distress, for it is not likely that he will have the good fortune to meet with the rare union of rank and riches in a wife."

"That would be no consolation to me at all," said Miss Garston, gloomily, to the great disappointment of Mrs. Allison, who had expected that her last speech would be a telling point; "I shall never be easy till I see Lord Alfred united to a woman whose connections are still more plebeian than my own, and who does not possess a hundred pounds to gild her degradation."

"That is not very likely to happen," said Mrs. Allison; "what motive could he have to marry a portionless girl of obscure family, when he objected to ally himself to a rich one merely on account of her want of birth?"

"Lawyers say," replied Miss Garston, "'prove to us the deed, and we will find out the motive.'"

Mrs. Allison was about to ask, "But how will you manage to bring about the deed that you talk of proving?" but she checked herself in time; she felt that it was not in accordance with her vocation to bandy repartees with her patroness.

"Perhaps after all," she said, "Lord Alfred is fettered by the plans and schemes of his mother and sister, to marry him to his cousin, Lady Adela Sefton."

"Not at all," replied Miss Garston; "I was speaking of the affair to a friend of the family only a week ago; Lady Adela, as a child, had always testified the warmest affection for her cousin, but her father died when she was only twelve years old, bequeathing to her an immense property, and nominating his only brother as her guardian; this brother had a son a few years older than Lady Adela, and felt earnestly desirous that an union might, at a future time, be effected between his son and niece, consequently, he deemed it desirable to remove his ward from the vicinity of her other relations, and the family have resided abroad for ten years. Lady Adela for some time kept up a correspondence with the Ladies Harriet and Esther Harleigh, but it gradually died away, and as, since her majority, which took place a year ago, she has not attempted to renew her intercourse with them, their pride has received an alarm, and they are as indisposed to seek her society as their brother has always been, who has been prejudiced against her by the reports he has heard, from those who have seen her abroad, of her affected and artificial manners."

"Lord Alfred's mother and sisters are terribly haughty," observed Mrs. Allison, secure that she was on the safe side when abusing the family of the renegade admirer.

"Yes," replied the heiress; "I have not forgotten the cold and distant manner in which they repelled my wish to be introduced to them."

"Well," resumed Mrs. Allison, "you will soon, I hope, receive your promised visit from your charming school friend, Lord Glanallan's daughter; you

"I have no fear, dear Miss Garston, that the aristocracy will desert you while you are enabled to entertain them in so splendid a manner."

There was something in this speech that grated on the ear of Miss Garston, and she quitted the table, and betook herself again to the sofa, exclaiming that she was the most unhappy being in the world, and that nobody understood her or sympathized with her. Mrs. Allison could not enter into the mystery of her young friend's unhappiness; she was engaged in the discussion of an exquisite ragout, and considered it a balm to all the cares of life; nor must my readers censure Mrs. Allison too severely. I remember a question was once proposed in company, "Who is the happiest of men?" and the cleverest person in the room decided—"He who has the best cook!" Now, the *dame de compagnie* was not at all clever, and must therefore be excused for thinking that the wounds of the heart might easily be healed by the magic of *vol au vents, soufflees*, and *fricandeaux*.—The luncheon was removed; the carriage came to the door, and Miss Garston enquired if her milliner had sent home a pink satin mantilla which she had promised her should be finished in time for her morning drive. The answer was in the negative; and, although trades-people's promises, as all ladies know, are as likely to be a subject of laughter to Jove as "lovers' perjuries," and although Miss Garston's wardrobes were teeming with every imaginable variety of wraps, from the furred cloak of January to the lace scarf of July, she yet thought proper to be violently aggrieved at her disappointment, and to declare that "she was destined to be ill-treated, and that the day was sure to prove full of calamities."—Miss Garston's idea was not quite so ridiculous as it appears at first reading; let any one of us receive, for instance, a letter by the general post, containing bad tidings, and a succession of little annoyances will be certain to haunt us through the day; harp-strings will break, the wrong books will come from the library, and the wrong people send cards of invitation or notes of refusal; bores will bestow their tediousness on us in an unmercifully elongated morning visit; the lap-dog will throw down a china vase, and the cat will commit petty larceny on the gold fish. Perhaps philosophers may say that these events might take place on any other occasion, but that when, like Miss Edgeworth's Rosamond, we are predetermined to endure a "day of misfortunes," we busy ourselves in looking out for them; be it so, I have nothing to do with the reason, I am only asserting the fact. A part of these annoyances was in store for Miss Garston; a morning visitor was announced; he was not a bore, however, but a handsome young man, whom she particularly wished to see. Captain Malcolm had just come from Scotland, where he had been staying with the family of Miss Glenallan. Now, Miss Garston had been at a finishing school with the Honourable Miss Glenallan; and as, even in her girlhood, she had a great passion for aristocratic connexions, she had plied the noble young lady with presents and flatteries, which were very graciously received. Miss Glenallan had an only brother, who completely engrossed the affections of her father. Lord Glenallan's estates were small, but his personal property was large; and, under the plea that the latter would be required to supply the defects of the former, he unhesitatingly announced his intention of leaving all his wealth to his son, deeming his daughter amply provided for by a showy education, and her maternal five thousand pounds. Consequently, Miss Glenallan was well disposed, when she returned to Scotland, to correspond with Miss Garston, and to continue to receive expensive presents from her; and it had been a long standing promise that, when Miss Garston took a house in a fashionable square, and mingled with the gaieties of the world, she should receive the honour of entertaining her aristocratic friend during the three months of a London Spring. Miss Garston had boasted of this expected visit to Lord Alfred, and delighted herself with the idea that her friend would now be a star of considerable magnitude in the world. Miss Glenallan had lost her brother about a year ago, but, alas! the alteration which that loss had worked on the prospects of the young lady augured ill for the continuation of her school intimacy. The next heir to the estates was an unprincipled *roue*, with whom Lord Glenallan was not on terms; and his daughter was, therefore, the declared heiress of his large personal property, and suddenly became an object of vast importance in his eyes; he told her that "she must not commit herself by making her first *entree* into London society under the auspices of a *parvenue* like Miss Garston, but that she should visit the metropolis next year in becoming style, and with a proper *chaperon*," and the young lady dutifully acquiesced, and wrote a letter to the dear friend of her youth, declining her invitation now and forever. This letter Captain Malcolm delivered to Miss Garston; it was written in a cold, brief style! and it was quite evident that the head of the writer was somewhat turned by her sudden elevation in the scale of society, and that she felt disposed to signify to her school friend her desire that they might be "better strangers."

Miss Garston knit her brow, folded up the letter without a comment, and gave the Captain an unmistakeable hint to depart, by observing, that "the tramping of her horses without showed that they were unusually impatient that morning." Miss Garston sighed heavily during the drive, and Mrs. Allison did not venture to address her, but occupied herself in thinking how delightfully easy the springs of the carriage were hung. Alas! disappointment and mortification rendered the equipage as uneasy as an Irish jaunting car to its fair owner.

The carriage had been ordered to the house of Mrs. Philipson, a celebrated artificial florist, who, strange to say, was thought to be as ingenious and clever as if she had been French instead of English. Miss Garston had issued cards for a *fete*, and she was desirous that her rooms should be hung with wreaths of flowers, which were to be constructed in a novel manner under her own direction. Another minor disappointment awaited her. Mrs. Philipson was not at home, but she was expected in a few minutes, and Miss Garston condescendingly suffered herself to be shown into a neat front drawing-room, to await her return. A minute had scarcely elapsed before the keys of a piano, in the back drawing-room, were touched with that light, caressing brilliancy, which shows the ability of a performer at the first instant it greets the ear; a sweet symphony was then played, and a ballad sung in an exquisite voice, and in the purest taste. A difficult Italian air followed—the science of the singer was perfection. Miss Garston possessed no voice, to her great regret, for Lord Alfred Harleigh was a passionate admirer of singing: but her judgment was good, and it had been fostered by the instruction of the best masters, and the habit of hearing the best performers; she was quite aware that the singing in question was either professional, or well deserved to be so, and she could not resist the temptation of opening the folding-doors. An elegant girl rose from the piano; her bonnet was thrown on a chair by her side, and her beautiful chestnut ringlets waved over a countenance of surpassing loveliness.

Miss Garston hastily apologized for her intrusion, and withdrew; and the fair stranger, as if to show that she did not resent it, regaled the ears of her auditors with another exquisite song. Miss Garston was convinced that some forthcoming star in the musical world had engaged lodgings at Mrs. Philipson's, and felt very desirous to procure the aid of her talents for her proposed *fete*; for, since her double disappointment in love and friendship, she seemed to have become more than ever desirous of astonishing the world by the magnificence of her entertainment; accordingly she despatched Mrs. Allison down stairs, with the view of obtaining necessary information from one of the officiating priestesses employed in twining garlands and arranging bouquets; and in a little while she returned, bearing with her the tidings that the singing beauty was only a niece of Mrs. Philipson's, that her father was a tradesman in the city, that she had just left a situation where she lived as governess, and that, till she succeeded in procuring another, she was in the habit of paying frequent visits to her aunt for the advantage of practising on her piano. Miss Garston made no commentary on this intelligence, but merely observed that she had waited quite long enough for Mrs. Philipson; wrote a few lines in pencil, which she desired might be given to her on her return, and then re-ascended the carriage; she did not speak during her drive home, and passed the evening in reading "The Lady of Lyons, or Love and Pride."

The next morning was a repetition, in its first few hours, of the one preceding it. Miss Garston rose late, and was out of spirits and out of humour; the liveried slaves of the lamp did their bidding, bringing in divers covered silver dishes at two o'clock, and the *dame de compagnie* smiled, soothed, and flattered as usual.

"Pray, Mrs. Allison," asked Miss Garston, suddenly, "did you ever read the Lady of Lyons?"

Mrs. Allison replied in the affirmative, in that fearless, self-complacent tone which a person adopts who feels conscious that they are asserting a fact on which they can bear to be questioned and cross-questioned; the truth was, that she was fully aware that it was the duty of a *confidante* to be "mad in white linen" whenever her principal was "mad in white satin;" and as Miss Garston had been deeply absorbed in the study of "The Lady of Lyons" the preceding night, she had made it a point to be as deeply absorbed in it during the early part of that morning; and having so recently "read up" to the subject, she was fully qualified to discuss it in all its bearings.

"What do you think of the story?" said Miss Garston. "Did not the haughty Lady of Lyons deserve to suffer humiliation?"

"It is a very clever story for a play," returned Mrs. Allison; "but it is not very likely, I think, that such a scheme could be carried into execution in real life."

"And pray, why not?" asked Miss Garston, in an irritable tone of voice.

And Mrs. Allison took refuge from the displeasure of her patroness in the convenient, although rather hackneyed confession of ignorance—"I'm sure I don't know."

"How severely Lord Alfred Harleigh would be mortified," said Miss Garston, "were he to be entrapped into a marriage with a person of low birth!"

"Very severely, indeed," replied Mrs. Allison, who felt that she could not do wrong in assenting to this truism.

"I have written to Mrs. Philipson," pursued Miss Garston, "desiring her to be with me at three to take my directions about the wreaths, and to bring her niece with her."

"Indeed," said Mrs. Allison, "that is just like your kindness, dear Miss Garston; I dare say you mean to patronize this poor girl, and to procure some delightful situation for her."

"I hope it will be *delightful*," said Miss Garston, with a half smile, "for I purpose that for the present she shall reside in my own family."

The countenance of the *dame de compagnie* changed; destruction seemed to impend over all her highly prized enjoyments; the establishment of an heiress can no more bear two humble companions than the earth can bear two suns.

"My dear Miss Garston," she exclaimed, "are you in your senses—is that low-born girl fit to accompany you into society? I did not tell you all the particulars yesterday, because it was not fit to trouble you with such vulgar communications; but her name is Hannah Wilkins, and her father keeps a little haberdasher's shop somewhere in Whitechapel, and her mother works upon lace."

"All this has no effect upon me," said the heiress, laughing; "but rather increases my wish to have her with me. Why did you not tell me these circumstances yesterday, Mrs. Allison? You are really very entertaining."

All the entertainment, however, was on the side of Miss Garston. Mrs. Allison looked at her patroness equally in sorrow and in anger.

"However," pursued Miss Garston, "her residence will not, I dare say, be long in my house, and it shall interfere with none of your privileges, my good Mrs. Allison; you are too necessary to my comfort to be slighted by me, and you will not, I hope, refuse to accept this mark of my esteem."

Miss Garston, as she spoke, drew a valuable diamond ring from her finger, and slipped it on that of her companion. There certainly must be a secret power in diamonds to communicate some of their own brilliancy to the eyes of those who receive them: Mrs. Allison's dull grey eyes actually sparkled as she returned thanks to her "dear young friend" with unwonted energy.

"Do you not think," said Miss Garston, "that Lord Alfred Harleigh, who is such an admirer of beauty, and such a connoisseur in music, would be greatly struck with Miss Wilkins's person and talents? She is certainly very lovely."

"Decidedly so," answered Mrs. Allison, whose position in the front drawing-room had only enabled her to see the shoulder, and one of the long ringlets of that young lady on the preceding day. "Lord Alfred cannot fail to admire her."

"May not his admiration lead to the offer of his hand and heart?" asked Miss Garston.

"Dear me! no," exclaimed the *dame de compagnie*, surprised into sincerity by the *outre* supposition.—"Lord Alfred would, of course, immediately learn her connections and situation in life; and as pride is his decided characteristic, his love would soon take flight."

"Do you not imagine, however," said Miss Garston, "that even Lord Alfred Harleigh might behold a young lady with favor who was introduced to him as the heiress of Lord Glenallan?"

Mrs. Allison could not restrain an exclamation of horror, even though she felt the pressure of her ring upon her finger, and beheld the sparkle of the diamonds. She was not a woman of decided abilities or strong principles, but she was neither weak nor wicked: she saw the folly and liability to detection of such a plot, and she recoiled from the criminality of it.

"My dear Miss Garston," she said, clasping her hands, "do pray give up such an idea; you can never carry your plan into execution; it will certainly fail."

"Never," said Miss Garston; "I have a foreboding of success that I feel cannot deceive me."

"But success," persisted Mrs. Allison, "would be worse than failure. The whole truth of course must be discovered after the marriage, and then what opinion would the world form of you?"

"A woman who wishes for revenge," returned Miss Garston, "cares very little about the opinion of the world."

Mrs. Allison was quite perplexed for an answer: all the conventional pleas and arguments in her vocabulary seemed poor and inefficient to stem the mighty torrent of her patroness's fierce resentment. Luckily at that moment the door opened, and a servant announced that Mrs. Philipson had been shown into Miss Garston's boudoir, at the same time ushering into the drawing-room a nameless and veiled young lady, whom Mrs. Allison had no difficulty in concluding to be the phenomenon of the preceding day. Mrs. Allison gladly embraced the opportunity of entering into conversation with Miss Wilkins, earnestly hoping to find that there might be somewhat of *gaucherie*, shyness, or flippancy in her manner which would disqualify her from acting up to the character of the Honourable Miss Glenallan. But she was doomed to be disappointed. In the same way that Miss Wilkins discovered her musical proficiency merely by a rapid prelude on the keys of the instrument, she evinced her lady-like propriety of demeanour, even in the observations that she made upon the common topics of the day. When she became rather more familiar, she delivered her opinion on some new publications lying on the table, in a manner which showed that she had read much and miscellaneously; and when, at length, she threw back her veil, and discovered a countenance beautiful enough to create a sensation at Almacks, Mrs. Allison could not but confess that any Scottish or English noble might be proud of such a daughter, and could only cling to the hope that the good feeling and good sense, conspicuous in every word uttered by the fair young governess, would induce her to shrink from the idea of being a party to the scheme of imposition devised by Miss Garston. In about an hour the stranger was summoned to the conference in the boudoir: half an hour more elapsed; Miss Wilkins and her aunt departed, and Miss Garston entered the room with a triumphant smile, which struck a chill to the heart of Mrs. Allison, and exclaimed—

"In a few days I expect to receive my long-anticipated visit from Miss Glenallan!"

It was the day of Miss Garston's *fete*. Lord Alfred Harleigh was accosted in Regent street, by a lounger of fashion:

"Shall I meet you at Miss Garston's to-night?" asked the latter.

"I hardly know what to say," replied Lord Alfred, "at one time I fancied myself very high in the good graces of Miss Garston, in fact higher than I wished to be, but latterly she has been quite cold and cruel to me, ordering herself to be denied to me more than once, when I was convinced she was at home. Yesterday, however, I received a most gracious smile from her in Kensington Gardens, and an intimation that she hoped I had not forgotten my engagement for to-night; therefore I suppose I must drop in for half an hour, especially as I hear that a young lady is staying on a visit with her, who is a most accomplished singer."

Lord Alfred Harleigh entered Miss Garston's splendid suite of rooms; they were brilliant with company and colored lamps, and Mrs. Philipson had outdone herself in the wreaths of flowers that adorned them, but the great centre of attraction was the music-room. Thither Lord Alfred bent his steps, directed by the rich, sweet tones of a melodious voice, which an enraptured amateur by his side remarked —"was almost enough to comfort one for the marriage of Sontag." He gained his way to the side of the piano; the beauty of the lady's face at least equalled that of her voice: she concluded her song; he was on the point of advancing towards her, forgetting all the forms of society in his eagerness to pour forth his tribute of admiration, but Miss Garston saved him from the solecism he was about to commit, by taking the hand of the fair songstress in her own, and saying—

"Permit me to introduce Lord Alfred Harleigh to my intimate friend, the Honourable Miss Glenallan."

Lord Alfred scarcely left the side of Miss Glenallan that evening, except for a happy *tete a tete* of a quarter of an hour with Miss Garston, who told him that he must come very often in the morning to practise duets with her friend, and further delighted him with an account of Lord Glenallan's high descent and splendid establishment, and enlarged upon the sweetness and excellence of disposition which Miss Glenallan had exhibited, even from her earliest girlhood.—Lord Alfred, instead of limiting his stay to half an hour, protracted it till colored lamps and champagne had been superseded by sunshine and strong coffee, and till he had feasted his eyes on the unfaded lilies and roses of Miss Glenallan's complexion, and qualified himself to say with Lord Byron—

"I never knew but one (the stars withdrawn)
Whose bloom could after dancing dare be dawn!"

Some weeks elapsed; Lord Alfred Harleigh was the devoted slave of Hannah Wilkins; his mother and sisters were anxious for an introduction to the beautiful and high-born young heiress, whom they considered a most desirable connection for him; and Miss Garston had the long-coveted and long-withheld honor of welcoming to her mansion the haughty Marchioness of Delfield, and the dignified ladies Harriet and Esther Harleigh; she exulted in thinking on the motives which had procured her this reluctant attention from them, and anticipated with delight their disappointment and vexation when fully awakened to the horrors of the connection she was providing for them. Miss Garston now thought it high time that the *denouement* of the tragic-comedy should take place; she spoke to Miss Glenallan on the subject,—the latter acknowledged her affection for Lord Alfred.

"I am, however," she said, "an impostor; I am not the individual Lord Alfred believes me to be; ah! how can I expect happiness from an union with him if that union can only be gained by preserving in a blameable deception?"

Miss Garston was not at all disconcerted by this speech; she considered the scruples of her *protegee* only words, of course, plausibly enough arguing that if the young lady had felt any conscientious horror of the scheme, she would not so easily have been persuaded to become an actress in it. Miss Garston next addressed herself to Lord Alfred—

"My dear young friend," she said, "has confessed to me her devoted attention to you, but I fear that difficulties encompass you. Lord Glenallan is mercenary as well as ambitious; the latter feeling would be fully gratified by an alliance with a family distinguished as your own, but he has repeatedly told his daughter that he would never sanction her union except with one possessing equal wealth with herself. You must have recourse to a private marriage; I will venture to predict that you will very quickly obtain Lord Glenallan's forgiveness."

Lord Alfred strongly objected to this plan; the pride which Mrs. Allison had justly enough mentioned as his decided characteristic was wounded, and he declared his resolution never to enter any family clandestinely. Miss Garston expostulated, soothed, and argued. Lord Alfred hesitated; the man who deliberates is as surely lost as the woman who does the same, and in a short time he gave his consent to a private marriage, provided Miss Garston would ensure that of Miss Glenallan.

Miss Garston could not help smiling, when Lord Alfred left her, at the idea of the actual position of the family which he had so magnanimously declared "he could not endure to enter clandestinely." She had felt, some days ago, a strong inclination to recreate herself with the sight of the plebeian parents of Hannah Wilkins; and she knew that she might indulge her wish without danger of discovery, since they were not aware of the existence of such a being as herself, merely believing that their daughter was staying on a protracted visit at the house of her aunt, Mrs. Philipson. Accordingly, having obtained from Mrs. Philipson an exact description of the street in which Mr. Wilkins pursued his vocation as a haberdasher, Miss Garston set out on a journey of discovery to that place; her stately coachman looked horrified at the neighborhood to which she directed him, and her milk-white steeds seemed indignantly to paw the plebeian ground which they were compelled to traverse! Miss Garston desired that her carriage might stop at the end of the narrow street where stood the paternal mansion of the future Lady Alfred Harleigh, and alighting from it, pursued her way on foot, strictly forbidding either of her two tall footmen to follow her; she had not, however, calculated on the length of the street, neither had she calculated on the sensation which would be produced in the locality by her blonde veil, pink-satin mantilla, swansdown boa, and white silk parasol. A group of children in the middle of the street stood to look at her in such amaze that they would have inevitably have been run over by a gig, had not the young doctor who drove it voluntarily reined in his horse, that he might himself enjoy a good view of the splendid incognita; a porter who came behind her, carrying a deal box, actually stepped outside the pavement instead of uttering the usual "By your leave," which is followed by a heavy blow as quickly as the report of a gun follows the flash. Two men smoking on a bench before a public-house removed the pipes from their mouths that they might utter some audible, but not particularly refined commendations of her personal appearance; and a policeman quietly crossed the way, that he might give her, if necessary, that protection which the possessor of a showy person and a showy dress united, is very likely to require in a narrow street in Whitechapel. Miss Garston felt relieved when she entered the little dark shop, where old Wilkins was at that moment engaged in selling an ounce of brown packing thread to a woman who had a baby placed before her on the counter, and held the key of the house in her hand. The ignoble customer was soon despatched, and Miss Garston, while asking for gloves, muslin, and ribbon in succession, contrived to make her quick eye thoroughly acquainted with the whole bearing of the establishment; she ascertained, to her great satisfaction, that old Wilkins was vulgar, mean, and servile; that he performed the whole duties of the shop in person, and that every speech he uttered was guilty of that misdemeanour in pronunciation which Mrs. Ramsbottom denominates "exasperating the H." Miss Garston also cast her eye into the parlour behind the shop, the door of which was open, and beheld a sight which which gave her intense gratification; an atrociously fat woman in a red linen gown was industriously working a lace collar, while a dingy, under-sized servant girl was laying the cloth for dinner on a small round table. Miss Garston was not near enough to detect the defects of the table-cloth, but she had the pleasure of ascertaining the presence of a tin pepper-castor, and a pewter pot! With what complacency did she recall the intelligent mind and manly address of her own father, the slender figure and "silk attire" of her mother, and the town and country house, handsome carriage, and establishment of clever and skilful servants which had always been hers since the first period of her recollection. "Lord Alfred," she indignantly soliloquised, "has spoken with contempt of my family and my early habits; perhaps he may find those of Hannah Wilkins rather inferior to them."

She dropped her purchases into her embroidered satin reticule, paid the price of them, two sovereigns, which was received with more delight by old Wilkins than a draft of two hundred pounds would have elicited in Regent Street, and then pursued her way down the street, followed by the eyes of a mixed crowd of admirers, to which were added those of old Wilkins, who stood at the door with his mouth wide open, and a half terror-struck, half triumphant expression of countenance, such as a young merchant in the Arabian Night's Entertainments might be supposed to wear, when a veiled beauty from the seraglio of the Sultan has come incog to the Bazaar, to make a selection from his choicest silver stuffs, leaving behind her a purse of gold pieces in part payment. Miss Garston desired her coachman to drive back to a civilized locality; she called on two ladies of title, visited the Diorama, a conservatory of rare plants, and an exhibition of fine pictures, but nothing did she behold that inspired her with such delight as the sight of the future father and mother-in-law of the fastidious and exclusive Lord Alfred Harleigh.

Lord Alfred had requested a private interview with Miss Glenallan: he was shown into the boudoir which Miss Garston had allotted to her during her visit; he spoke of love, he spoke of a private marriage. Miss Glenallan wept bitterly. Lord Alfred renewed his protestations; she was silent.

"Only tell me," he warmly exclaimed, "that you object to my attentions, and you shall no longer be oppressed by them."

"These tears are not tears of aversion," said Miss Glenallan, withdrawing her handkerchief.

"Then," replied Lord Alfred, "they flow from fear of your father's displeasure; ah! do not doubt that if he values your happiness, he will soon learn to esteem one who will make it the study of his life to promote it."

"Such is not the cause of my grief," said Miss Glenallan; "Lord Alfred you behold an impostor in me; I am not what I seem to be, I am not the daughter of Lord Glenallan."

Lord Alfred looked on her with wondering incredulity.

"Impossible," he said, "Miss Garston has known you long; she repeatedly mentioned you to me before I saw you; surely you could not impose on one who was familiar with Miss Glenallan from her childhood."

"No," replied Miss Glenallan, "the imposition has been originated by herself; I was the party to it, and you were intended to be the victim. Miss Garston was wounded and hurt by some satirical observations on her family, which you made without being aware that she was within hearing; she imagined that her vengeance might be best wreaked on you by betraying you into a secret marriage with a girl of low origin, who might be introduced to you as a person of rank and fortune. I fell in her way; she was pleased with my appearance; she suggested her scheme to me, and I had not the strength to resist the temptation."

A pause ensued.

"Do you command me to leave you?" said Lord Alfred.

"Can you need any command to do so?" asked Miss Glenallan, in astonishment; "do you not detest me for my deception, and despise me from my low birth?"

"Your deception was culpable," replied Lord Alfred, "but it is evident that you sincerely and deeply repent it, and your penitence has been evinced by your voluntary disclosures of circumstances which I should otherwise never have known until united to you. In respect to your birth, I might once have thought it an objection, but since I have known what it is to love I have ceased to be proud; your elegance of mind and person must ennoble all connected with you; they may receive honor from you, but under no circumstances could they give it to you. I cannot be happy without you; I renew my entreaties to you that you will become mine; say but one word in reply, I ask no tedious recapitulation of the past, no painful allusions to it—a simple monosyllable of consent will suffice for me."

"Then," said Miss Glenallan, a bright beam of sunshine sparkling through her tears, "I cannot be so unkind as to withhold it; but it will be necessary that I should make many allusions to the past, although I hope and believe they will not be of a painful nature. Have you patience to hear a long story?"

Lord Alfred promised attention, and his interview with Miss Glenallan was extended to a duration of two hours; at the end of that time he quitted her presence, looking as joyful and triumphant as if he were engaged to be married to a princess of the blood-royal, and Miss Glenallan proceeded to the boudoir of her patroness."

"I have accepted the hand of Lord Alfred Harleigh," said she, with a brilliant smile of happiness; "no particulars respecting the marriage have yet been arranged, but he has gone to acquaint his family with his engagement to me, and tells me that he is sure they will be delighted at the intelligence."

Miss Garston told her she was rejoiced that all was so satisfactorily settled, and inwardly ejaculated, "Artful hypocrite, her conscientious misgivings must have been all feigned; no doubt she is delighted at the success of her deception, but I think she will enjoy no enviable lot as the despised, insulted wife of a needy nobleman." The next morning Lord Alfred drove up to the door in his curricle, and preferred a petition that Miss Glenallan might accompany him home in it, as his mother and sisters were most anxious to welcome her. She agreed to his request, and in about an hour a note from her was delivered to Miss Garston, saying that she should feel obliged to her if, in the course of her morning ride, she would call on the Marchioness of Delfield, as there was a reason that made all the family desirous of her presence. Miss Garston gaily showed the note to Mrs. Allison.

"So," she exclaimed, "my triumph has begun; these haughty dames are anxious to obtain the assistance of one on whom they once looked down with disdain, to give their son and brother clandestine possession of the hand of an high-born heiress; well, they shall be gratified, a special license shall be procured, and at the earliest period they suggest, shall the ceremony be performed in my own drawing-room, and I will fill the station of bridesmaid to Hannah Wilkins. After this kindness on my part, the bridegroom's mother and sisters can scarcely refuse to accompany me on a short excursion, and I will have the pleasure of introducing them to their new relations in Whitechapel."

"My dear Miss Garston," exclaimed the panic-stricken Mrs. Allison, "how can you speak so terribly? the whole town will be talking of your vindictive disposition—the newspapers will get hold of the story."

"Of course they will," replied Miss Garston, "and I will take care that every caricaturist and lampoon-writer in London, shall partake of their enlightenment."

"What a shocking thing it is," soliloquized the *dame de compagnie*, as she tied on her bonnet, "that people should be so violent; it is high time to get out of her house, and I am glad to think that I have arranged for a pleasant new situation. However, I may as well accompany her now to Lady Delfield's; of course the *denouement* of this sad business will not take place before the marriage."

Mrs. Allison, however, was destined to find herself mistaken in her calculation.

When the ladies entered the drawing-room at the Marquis of Delfield's, the company assembled there were all grouped as if for a tableau. Lady Delfield sat on a sofa, her arm encircling the waist of Miss Glenallan; Lord Alfred on an ottoman at their feet, was regarding them with heartfelt delight; the Ladies Harriet and Esther were placed at a little distance with netting in their hands, which they were not employed upon, and the Marquis sat at a table with an open book before him, which he was not reading.—Miss Garston was very coldly received, in fact Miss Glenallan was the only person who addressed her. "I have deemed it my duty, Miss Garston," said she, "to make a full and free confession to this honourable family of the deception I have practised on them."—Miss Garston started with amazement: had her young friend been of Scottish origin, she would have concluded that she had "cast the glamour" over the honourable family with whom she sat so familiarly domesticated. Was it to be accounted for by anything short of a spell of enchantment, that the haughty Marchioness of Delfield, after listening to "a free and full confession" of the scheme to ensnare her son, should encircle with her aristocratic arm the ignoble waist of the daughter of a Whitechapel haberdasher? Miss Glenallan continued—"All that now remains to me, Miss Garston, is to make a confession to you. I am not, as you are well aware, the Honourable Miss Glenallan, but I have something to impart which will astonish you—I am not Hannah Wilkins!"

"Who, then are you?" gasped the horror-struck heiress, feeling as if herself and all surrounding her were turning into marble statues.

"You are well acquainted," said the fair stranger, "with the name of Adela Sefton, and with her unfortunate estrangement from the society of her beloved relations. I was induced to cease my correspondence with my cousins, from listening to malicious representations concerning them, which I afterwards found were circulated by a foe, who employed equal pains to prejudice them against me. When I came of age, I removed from the house of my uncle, which had long been unpleasant to me, and left Italy in company with a family of friends to whom I had been for some years strongly attached. I resided with them for a twelvemonth in Derbyshire, and during that time never attempted to renew my acquaintance with my cousins, although deeply desirous of doing so. At length I visited London with my friends; I heard, a few days after my arrival that the faithful and worthy housekeeper who had lived in my father's family till the time of his death, had attained much celebrity as a fashionable florist. I was anxious to see and converse with Mrs Phillipson, and not finding her at home when I called, I sat down to amuse myself at the piano till she returned. She received my visit with much delight; and after we had conversed for a time, she showed me a pencilled note which had been left for her by Miss Garston, and smilingly observed that a high honor had been conferred on her that morning, in having been supposed to possess a niece of my personal appearance. It appeared that her niece, Hannah Wilkins, was in the frequent habit of coming to her house and practising on the piano, and that she had been there two hours ago; but as her exit and my entrance were both made by the private door, it is not surprising that the young woman in the shop, hearing the sound of the piano, and probably not very critically scanning the style of the performance, should conclude that Miss Wilkins was still seated at the instrument. When I saw the note in which Miss Garston expressed a wish to see Mrs. Phillipson's niece the next day with her aunt, I could not help feeling a great desire to accept the invitation; report had informed me that my cousin, Lord Alfred Harleigh, was paying attention to the lady in question, and I was anxious to be a personal judge of her attractions. Imagine my surprise when, instead of being requested, as I had surmised, to sing a ballad or bravura, I was entreated to assume the character of the Honourable Miss Glenallan, for the purpose of entrapping Lord Alfred into a marriage. I do not think I did right in acceding to this proposition; my conscience reproached me at the time, and is not quite easy even now; but, be it remembered that both the name and fortune to which I laid claim, were inferior to those to which I possessed a legal right, and that it was my firm resolution to reveal my deception as soon as Lord Alfred offered me his hand. All prospered according to my wishes; I was so completely altered in person since the days of my childhood, that I was not recognized by any of my relations, and I had the pleasure of winning their unsolicited affections. You have been the means, Miss Garston, however unwillingly, of bestowing on me much happiness; I will not, therefore, upbraid you for the part you have acted, but will merely caution you for your own sake to conquer your resentful disposition, and for the future, if you find your pride hurt or your feelings wounded in your passage through life, to refrain from laying those vindictive plans for the ruin of those who have offended you, which, sooner or later, are sure to recoil to 'plague the inventor.'"

Lady Adela Sefton ceased speaking, and the Marquis, who had been for some time revolving a sententious lecture to Miss Garston on the evils of revenge and the advantages of repentance, was on the point of opening his lips to deliver it, when he was prevented by Miss Garston's adoption of the usual refuge of passionate and mortified ladies, a violent fit of hysterics. The usual means were employed for her restoration; Mrs. Allison then suggested that home would be the best place for her, and she was assisted into the splendid carriage, the luxuriantly easy springs of which seemed on that occasion to resemble the machinery of the rack to her. Nor did she derive much consolation from the kind offices of her *dame de compagnie*; as soon as she arrived at home, Mrs. Allison told her that, foreseeing the very unpleasant position in which her late plot would place herself and all connected with her, she had accepted the situation of companion to a dowager of quality, and intended to remove to her new residence that very evening.

Thus "left and abandoned of her velvet friends," Miss Garston was consigned entirely to the companionship of her own thoughts—melancholy and unsatisfactory associates. She removed into the country, and secluded herself from all society, but she was anxious, like Cowper, to peep at the world "through the loop-holes of retreat" by means of the newspapers, and they teemed with the story of her malice and her mortification. In fact, it was perfectly impossible that the affair should be kept a secret, so many people had been introduced to Lady Adela Sefton as Miss Glenallan, that it was quite necessary they should receive an explanation of the mystery of her "alias."

Besides, the Dowager with whom Mrs. Allison resided, had a great taste for scandal, and the *dame de compagnie* enjoyed an unwonted popularity in relating to successive coteries of titled gossips every particular of the faults, follies, and artifices of her late patroness. I wish I could say that Miss Garston evinced any signs of salutary penitence for her conduct, but I fear that she lamented the failure of her scheme more than the formation of it; she is, however, as disappointed and miserable as the most rigid distributor of poetical or prosaic justice could wish her to be, and she affords a melancholy proof of the inability of youth, beauty, and wealth to confer happiness, when the heart is haunted by that worst and most tormenting of feelings—the desire of revenge on our fellow-creatures for the fancied, or even real injuries that we have received at their hands.

THE MOSS ROSE.

The angel of flowers one day
Beneath a rose-tree sleeping lay,
That spirit, to whom charge is given
To bathe young buds in the dews of Heaven.

Awaking from his light repose,
The angel whispered to the rose—
"For the sweet shade thou giv'st to me,
Ask what thou wilt, 'tis granted thee!"

"Then," said the rose, with deepen'd glow,
"On me another grace bestow."
The spirit paused in silent thought—
What was there the flower had not?

'Twas but a moment—o'er the rose
A veil of moss the angel throws;
And robed in Nature's simplest weed,
Could there a flower that rose exceed?

LOVE, HOME, AND NATIVE LAND.

When o'er the silent deep we rove,
  More fondly then our thoughts will stray
To those we leave,—to those we love,
  Whose prayers pursue our watery way.
When in the lonely midnight hour,
  The sailor takes his watchful stand,
His heart then feels the holiest power
  Of love, and home, and native land.

In vain may tropic climes display
  Their glittering shores—their gorgeous shells,
Though bright birds wing their dazzling way
  And glorious flowers adorn the dells.
Though nature there prolific pours
  The treasures of her magic hand,
The eye—but not the heart adores;
  The heart still beats for native land.

A GHOST STORY.

A TALE OF NEW ORLEANS.

FOUNDED UPON FACTS.

BY MELANCTHON.

He who has not remained in New Orleans during the season at which it is visited by the frightful epidemic that yearly depopulates it, can form but a faint idea of the scene then presented. The busy clatter of omnibuses, carriages, and drays, is now heard no more, and nothing is to be seen in the deserted streets, save here and there a hearse or a wagon, as it solemnly wends its way to the grave, with some victims to the malady. Occasionally, however, a more philanthropic member of the human family may be seen, as he glides hurriedly along to the relief of the sufferers—but without this the gloomy silence is uninterrupted.

For the benefit of those who have never been here at such a time, I will endeavour to depict the frightful scene as it is presented, and leave the imagination of the reader to fill up the blank space in my disconnected description with any thing that it can conceive possible in such a scene, for I believe nothing can be presented to the mind more horrible than the reality itself.

It is August—the scorching sun is now in his meridian splendour, and his unimpeded rays beat down between the narrow streets and the cramped alleys of the city, volatizing, by its heat, its putrid matter, and setting at liberty the stench of its choked gutters, its filthy warehouses—the floors of many of which are but a continuation of layers of molasses, salt and grease—join in the fumes, and render the atmosphere of the city insupportable to the old inhabitants themselves, who have lived in it, and become in a measure accustomed to it. The powdered dust of the streets is continually kept stirred up, and moves about as the wheel of a dray or an omnibus carries it. The heat of the pavements and the stones of the streets at noonday is insupportable, and the inhabitants are hurried along, as the scorching heat contained within them is imparted to the feet. There is not the slightest breeze stirring, and consequently the life-destroying stench stagnates in the streets and the alleys. That this tends to produce disease, does not appear strange, when we take into consideration the immense volume of fresh air necessary to sustain the life of a man, for a single hour; but there is another cause for epidemics, which is seldom considered—and, if at all, it is only spoken of in derision. I am in hopes, however, that the time will come, when the cause of contagious diseases will be more carefully sought for, and I am persuaded that when the time arrives, and old prejudices are cast aside, that the advocates of the doctrine I am an humble supporter of, will at least have an impartial hearing, if they do not succeed in establishing their opinion. From a great many facts of the same nature as the one I shall here relate—all of which have come under my own observation—I have been led to believe that the mind has a great influence over all the functions of the body, and in many cases where contagious diseases prove so fatal, I believe it to be in a great measure owing to sympathy of fear.

It is considered by most of the inhabitants of New Orleans, an inevitable decree—a standing dispensation of Divine Providence—that this city shall annually be visited by the yellow fever. In August it generally makes its appearance,—all are upon the fearful look out for it,—it is the fatal signal for them to hasten from the city. A case of congestive or bilious fever happens in the hospital—it is rumored in the street—the second person who hears it reports it to have been two—and the number increases as the report circulates. Consternation now spreads with the rapidity of the electric shock—all rush together—and every means of conveyance is brought into requisition, to conduct the frightened inhabitants to some distant place, where they imagine themselves entirely out of its influence, and exult in their security. The busy hum of the city gradually subsides—one by one the houses are closed—the clatter of omnibuses, drays and carriages is hushed—the vessels one by one vanish from the shores, and the steamboats put off, as though death were inevitable should they stay a longer time than that necessary for them to raise steam.

At the time I speak of, the yellow fever was raging with all it's violence—every person had left that could possibly get away—(this was confined to the majority, who became frightened upon the occurrence of the first case)—for there were many persons who remained from different motives,—some were influenced by circumstances over which they had no control, and were forced to stay; others because they were not so much frightened as the majority, and not a few upon this occasion remained for the philanthropic design of relieving the sufferings of the sick; when many of the disciples of Hippocrates had become panic-stricken and left, now that they should have been found battling against the monster of disease, with all the boldness of their master, of whose art they were very unworthy representatives. No one was to be met with in the city, whose mind did not appear to be fixed upon the horrors of the scene around him; the gloomy silence of the streets was scarce interrupted, and the closed houses, within contained either the dead or the dying. So great was the mortality upon this occasion, that numbers had to be put promiscuously in a common box, and removed from their houses in carts to the pits, into which they were all thrown together.

Under such trying circumstances, it is astonishing to observe what calmness pervades the gentler sex. It appears to have been appointed by Divine Omnipotence that they should be the ministering angels of comfort to man in his misfortune and distress. I have at such times observed the care-worn appearance of the wife as she has affectionately bent over the sick couch of her husband, and administered to his helplessness, when every person else had from fear forsaken him. I have observed the deep sympathetic feeling of the mother for her child, and the sister for her brother, and have found them administering comfort and relief in the sick chamber of an unfortunate fellow being, when men with all their boasted moral courage have shunned them in fear of endangering their own health.

The scene to which I would here "hold up the mirror" occurred in one of that uninterrupted line of brick buildings on Camp street. There was a very respectable family living in the second story of the house wherein our scene is laid—in one of the rooms of which I must "in imagination" take the reader. It was about ten o'clock at night. In the room was presented a heart-rending scene indeed.—There lay in the middle of the floor, upon a table overspread with sheets, the body of a youth in the bloom of manhood. The candles upon the table burned brightly, and shed their pale lustre about the apartment. A smile rested upon the fixed features of the young man, whose calm countenance spoke of the good honest heart that once beat within him; his face did not present the haggard appearance of one who had suffered much from long sickness—and had he have been otherwise habited, he would have appeared as one who slept. Upon a couch near by lay his mother, with all the symptoms of the fever upon her. Her husband, overcome with excessive grief and fatigue, rested his head upon the couch. A younger daughter sat near her mother, her face bathed in tears; she held her mother's hand, and anxiously gazed upon her, hopefully anticipating a change for the better; whilst the eldest daughter quickly moved about the room, waiting upon the physician, who was talking to her, when a knock was heard at the room door. She ran to open it, and a gentleman came in with two young ladies. The two latter welcomed the eldest daughter with a kiss, and she bade the three be seated—not, however, before they enquired how her mother was getting. I shall here name these three persons to prevent confusion. They were young Mr. Williamson and his two sisters. The young man went once more to look upon the rigid face of his friend. He stood by the table scarce a minute, when he confusedly left it, and going to one of his sisters, whispered to her.

I would now have the reader follow me to the lower story of the same building. It was a fancy store. Upon the counters lay the muslins, the shawls, the scarfs, the laces, and the ribbons, all in confusion, as the clerk had left them, the evening he was taken with the malady. Little thought he that it would be the last time he would handle them. He now lay a corpse in the counting-room of the back part of the store. There were three men here sitting up with the body. The only one of the three, who has anything to do in this narrative, was a young man of about twenty. He had listened attentively to the accounts given by the other two of ghosts and hobgoblins, and of the astonishing things that they have (according to tradition) been known to do at different periods of time. The whole catalogue of absurd, ridiculous tales were here related, and the young man set by, utterly astonished. He said nothing, but would occasionally slyly glance behind him, to see if his dead companion had not left the table. The two elder men narrated tale after tale, until the young man's mind became worked up to such a pitch of absurdity and extravagance, that the least sudden fright at that time would perhaps have destroyed his reason for ever.

The theme changed, and the conversation became more lively. When the clock struck twelve, the young man yawned, got up, took up a candle, lit it, and ascended to the story above. He slept in one of a suite of rooms in the second story, which had previously been let out by the landlord to lawyers, doctors, and private gentlemen. Below stairs, the two men, with whom we first find him, had been giving a complete history of these rooms. No. 10—the one he now occupied—had, previous to his taking it, been rented by a very curious gentleman, (as they represented him) "of whom no one knew anything." He kept it for some time, and so seldom was he seen, that the occupants in the next room did not know him. He was so mysterious in all that he did, no one knew where he came from, where he boarded, or what his profession was, and would not have believed that any one lived in that room, had they not upon several occasions, as the clock would strike twelve, distinctly heard the bolt of the lock fly back, the door open, and slam again almost instantaneously. This alarmed several, and they left the rooms in consequence. One night the door was found open, and a light burning in the room. This attracted the attention of other lodgers in the rooms, and some of them ventured to the door to look in.—When they did so, to their utter horror and amazement, there lay the mysterious gentleman murdered in his bed,—a dagger was clenched in his hand, and the bed-clothes and the floor streamed with blood.—Since that, the room has always been "haunted," and no one will go in it.

Now, although this story was told in the fore part of the evening, it made a deep and lasting impression upon the young man, and the lively turn of the conversation afterwards only tended to allay the credulous feelings that were to ruin him. Going up the steps to his room, an old cat crossed before him, and it immediately occurred to him that this was one of the old women's "worst signs." The story told him below stairs of the room he occupied, occurred to his mind, and he concluded to go into No. 11 to rest for that night. Carefully looking about, he went in—his heart beat quick, and cold chills ran through his veins, as he carefully searched about the room, to convince himself there was nothing in it. This done, he locked the door, and after having carefully adjusted the key, that nothing might enter through the key-hole, (for this the old women tell us is not unfrequently done) he blew out the light and went to bed. But in spite of all his efforts to banish from his mind the "thoughts of supernatural things," the tales to which he listened below stairs with so much terror, now rushed before the vision of his mind; and he imagined that he could see the frightful characters just as they were represented.

What should he do? he covered his head and endeavored to fall asleep, but he imagined he could see the murdered man standing by his bed and the dagger clenched in his hand,—he feared to uncover his head to look at him, and he feared to stir else the ghost should stab him. Reflecting as he lay in this situation, it appeared to him that he was—notwithstanding his precaution—in room No. 10, and he could see the blood running about the floor. His breathing became short, and the sheet prevented him from catching the fresh air—he found that he must change his position or suffocate; and, with a powerful exertion, he thrust the bed clothes from him, sat up erect and glared wildly about the room; his reason had entirely left him, and he imagined he could see the ghost of the murdered man rush from his side, and endeavor to hide itself with some clothes in the opposite corner. He suddenly sprung from the bed and rending the frame of the musquito bar in pieces, he seized one piece of the frame and rushed at the Phantom of his imagination: it eluded him, and his attempts to destroy it were futile. The ghost appeared to spring behind him, and, with the dagger still drawn above his head, threatened his destruction. Going to the door he found that he could not unlock it; as quick as thought, he seized one of the heavy andirons in the fire-place, and, rushing back furiously to the door, he split it in two; still the Phantom pursued him, and when he attempted to strike it with the piece of frame which he still grasped in his hand, it only glided out of his reach and looked more horrible.—There was a passage angling off to the east of these rooms, which communicated with the hall occupied by the family, to whom we were first introduced. I must again conduct the reader to them, not, however, before introducing another person who has joined the family since we left them. Mr. Chauncey Smith was one of those young gentlemen who know not what it is to be serious, and who consider melancholic men as nonentities, which is no doubt as near as we can arrive at their true value in society—full of liveliness. Master Chauncey wore a natural smile upon his countenance, which always proved an effectual antidote to seriousness and melancholy wherever he went; he was one of those open-hearted, good-natured persons who are calculated to please every one. Mr. Chauncey's good sense would not permit him to be frightened from his friends in distress, and he remained in the city during the sickly season to administer to the relief of the suffering. He came in the room just after we had left it, to glance at the scene on the ground floor of the same house. He had not been in the sick chamber long before the doctor pronounced the lady much better, and Master Chauncey proposed to the girls and his friend, Mr. Williamson, that they should remove to the adjoining room and chat; this was accordingly done, and the doctor, with the gentleman of the house, remained by the couch of the sick person. It was impossible for the young folks, now alone, to hold a serious face long, for Master Chauncey glanced tenderly at Miss Leanora, who returned it with a meaning smile, and a signal, which was understood and interpreted by Master Chauncey, that they should commence their jokes on the balance of the company. The time flew rapidly with them, whilst on the contrary it crept slowly and tediously with those in the room adjoining. The young people were in as high glee as the nature of the case (or decorum) would admit of, when their merriment was interrupted by the sudden appearance of the maniac. They had heard the tremendous crash of the falling door, and scarce had time to wonder what it could be, when the maniac came rushing furiously along the passage, threatening the Phantom of his deluded imagination with deadly imprecations if it did not leave him. He knew not what he did, or whither he went; coming to the door, where the body of the young man lay, he rushed in backwards with a piercing shriek. The young people in the apartment adjoining ran in, much frightened, to see what was the matter—the sick lady sprang from her couch, and the young man, supposed to be dead, was observed to open his eyes for a moment, and move one of his arms from under the shroud; all present were seized with the utmost consternation,—the youngest sister fainted and fell to the floor—the doctor and Chauncey seized the maniac, to prevent him injuring any one in the room, for he imagined that they were all linked together to assist the ghost to destroy him, and he banged away in all directions with the piece of frame, to the serious injury of the doctor, who endeavored to hold his arms; for Chauncey, in assisting to capture the maniac, had his arm dislocated, but he was richly rewarded for this injury as the sequel will show. The mother of the young man, after having discovered life in her son, forgot her own infirmity, and was now busily administering (with the assistance of her husband) all the restoratives to him that the house afforded. His appearance was soon changed from the dead, to the living. Returning life becoming more apparent, he was placed upon the couch his mother had just left. The Misses Williamsons were attentively engaged about Miss Leanora, restoring her to consciousness, and the scene in a moment shifted; the excessive grief of the family was in a second turned into the greatest joy; but the poor maniac became more furious, and it was with the greatest difficulty that the piece of frame could be taken from him. Seeing the number around him who he imagined were linked together to destroy him, he foamed with rage, and his eyes gave sufficient indications in their wild, unmeaning expression that his reason had entirely left him. It was proposed to remove him back to his room, but he would not stir in that direction, and when they attempted to force him he screamed horribly. The doctor found that nothing would quiet him; his hands were bound together and he was placed upon the sofa in the parlor. Aroused by the noise below stairs, one of the men came up and was drawn to the maniac by his cries. It was not long before the man detected the cause of his young friend's derangement, and he wept bitterly. The maniac became still more furious, when he looked upon the man who had been instrumental in his disease, who he appeared to recognize. The doctor gave orders that all should remove to the outer room, with the exception of some one to watch the unfortunate sufferer, and the stranger then narrated the probable cause, (which we find true,) of the young man's derangement. Mr. Williamson was left to watch over the maniac. The doctor, with the balance of the company, returned back to the room of our first scene; the corpse had spoken during the time they were absent, and said he was much better; the lady was as well apparently as she ever was, and Miss Leanora was brought too, but there sat the good-hearted Chauncey without a murmur, supporting his dislocated arm; the doctor advanced to know what was the matter with him, and he very calmly told him that he had dislocated his arm in trying to capture the maniac. The doctor, with the assistance of one of the young ladies, removed his coat, and the arm was set, and now comes Master Chauncey's reward, which he considered ample for the pain he had endured. The doctor called for some linen to bind the arm, and put it in a sling, when Leanora got up and gave him her handkerchief, and flew to a drawer in the bureau for bandages: they were soon obtained, and she helped to apply them. The pain was relieved when Leanora assisted, and Chauncey impassionately kissed her for her kindness. What remains to be told is this, the person supposed to have been dead came to life, and is now living—the lady entirely recovered from her illness, but the poor, unfortunate young man lingered with his fit until that night a week succeeding, when, at 12 o'clock, he expired: the horrid symptoms of his insanity remaining with him to the last. This is one of the many facts going to show the powerful influence of "mind over matter." The case of the young man supposed to be dead, was one of the numerous order of cases of suspended animation, in which life is apparently extinct, but the outward signs of life only are suspended, whilst the vital spark or the principal of vitality still holds its earthly tenement. The noise of the maniac being so sudden and so loud, and in consequence so powerfully agitating that delicately constructed and highly susceptible organism of the ear, so easily affected by the least sound—this noise conveyed to the "drum," causing loud and quickly successive pulsations there, and being from thence as instantly transmitted to the sensorium, was sufficient stimulus to call forth all the energies of the mind, and to arouse the patient from his lethargic sleep. The sudden noise, no doubt, saved one more from being added to the long list of persons who, we have ample reason to believe, have been buried alive. The astonishment, and at the same time the pleasing emotions that were naturally excited in the mind of the mother, to behold again the face of her son upon whom she doted, beam with the intelligence of returning life, brought with it such a transport of hope and joy, that the symptoms of her disease (which were, perhaps, brought on from excessive grief from her son,) entirely left her, and she recovered. With this and a number of other facts equally strong and true, I cannot see why the attention of the medical faculty is not more stimulated towards the investigation of the laws by which the mind operates upon, and influences disease in the body. I believe, in contagious infections, a great many cases occur in which there is no internal derangement other than that produced by the mind.—Considering this curious matter in this light, I think that when an epidemic makes its fearful appearance amongst us, that "Quarantine" laws and other acts of the city authorities of this nature, should be carefully avoided, as acts only calculated to heighten fear, which is the great channel through which the disease circulates, and instead of fathers deserting their children—children their parents, and friends shunning one another, that we should be bound more closely together in the bonds of brotherhood, or by the great chain which unites us in one family, making the interest of one the interest of the whole, that all our energies should be directed towards the relief of the suffering with a good and willing heart—that a universal philanthropy should beat in every bosom, and all paltry nominal distinction between us be cast aside, that we may unite "en masse" to relieve the suffering, and allay the malady, be the causes what they may.

Written for the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

A STORM.

The morning dawn was beautiful and bright,
  The sun in splendor rolled up heaven's steep,
Pouring on earth his rich benignant light,
  And nature's face was calm as beauty's sleep.

But what is there that dims the noon-day sun,
  And clothes the heavens in black, as 'twere a pall?
See! vivid streaks of fire bright blazing run
  Athwart the sky, and darting earthward fall.

Peal after peal upon the startled ear,
  Reverberating back from hill to hill,
The thunder rolls; then less'ning till we hear
  No more; and fearful is the calm and still.

A breath of air relieves the dread suspense,
  And by its spiral motion soon we learn
It is the dreaded whirlwind, and from whence
  It breathes its force, surcharged at every turn.

The wheeling clouds in wild commotion pass,
  Like marshalled warriors to the charge repair,
And dash their fury on the sullen mass,
  And whirl the fragments through the blackened air.

The lofty oak that stood the tempest shock
  For years, is twisted like a withe, and thrown
Prostrate upon the earth; and scarce the rock
  On its firm basis, claims the seat its own.

How feeble then, O man! your boasted strength!
  Where is your dignity, your scornful brow,
Your stately strut with step of measured length?
  I fancy all are unavailing now.

It dies away—and hearts beat free and glad;
  And faces brighten up again—'tis o'er—
And eyes meet eyes again, that late were sad;
  And heaven and earth are quiet as before. E. P.

Taking a Newspaper.

"A pleasant day this, neighbor Gaskill," said one farmer to another, coming into the barn of the latter, who was engaged in separating the chaff from his wheat crop, by means of a fan.

"Very fine day, friend Alton. Any news?" returned the individual addressed.

"No, nothing of importance, I believe. I have called over to see if you wont join Carpenter and myself in taking the paper this year. The price is two dollars; but, by taking three copies, we can get the whole for five—which is, you see, something of a saving. One dollar and sixty-six cents is dog cheap for the Courier."

"Nothing is cheap that you don't want," returned Gaskill, in a positive tone. "I don't believe in newspapers. I never heard of their doing any good. If an old stray one happens to get into our house, my gals are crazy after it, and nothing can be got out of them until it is read through. They wouldn't be good for a cent if a paper came every week. And, besides, dollars aint picked up in every corn hill."

"But think, neighbor Gaskill, how much information you girls would get, if they had a fresh newspaper every week, filled with all the latest intelligence. The time they would spend in reading it would be nothing to what they would gain."

"And what would they gain, I wonder? Get their heads filled with nonsense and love stories. Look at Sally Black. Isn't she a fine specimen of one of your newspaper reading gals? Not worth to her father three pumpkin seeds. I remember well enough when she was one of the most promising little bodies about here. But her father was fool enough to take a newspaper. Any one could soon see a change in Sally. She began to spruce up and look smart. First came a bow on her Sunday bonnet, and then gloves to go to meeting in. After that she must be sent off to school again, and that at the very time when she had begun to be worth something about home. And now she has got a forty piano; and a fellow comes every week to teach her music."

"Then you wont join us, neighbor?" Mr. Alton said, avoiding a useless reply to Gaskill.

O, no. That I will not. Money thrown away on newspapers is worse than wasted. I never heard of their doing any good. The time spent in reading a newspaper every week, would be enough to raise a hundred bushels of potatoes. Your Courier, in my opinion, is a dear bargain at any price."

Mr. Alton changed the subject, and soon after left neighbor Gaskill to his own fancies. A wise man was found willing to make one of the proposed club, and by them the five dollars were sent on, and the papers procured.

One day, about two months afterwards, they met, as they had done frequently during the intermediate time.

"Have you sold your wheat yet?" asked Mr. Alton.

"Yes. I sold it day before yesterday."

"How much did you get for it?"

"Eighty-five."

"No more?"

"I don't know that I had any right to expect more. Wheat hasn't been above that for two months past."

"But it is above that now."

"How do you know?"

"Why, I thought every one knew that the price had advanced to ninety-two cents! To whom did you sell?"

"To Wakeful, the store-keeper in R——. He met me day before yesterday, and asked me if I had sold my crop yet. I said I had not. He then offered to take it at eighty-five cents, the market price, and I said he might as well have it, as there was, doubtless, little chance of its raising. Yesterday he sent over his wagons and took it away."

"That was hardly fair in Wakeful. He knew prices had advanced. He came to me, also, and offered to buy my crop at eighty-five. But, I had just received my newspaper, in which I saw, by the prices current, that, in consequence of accounts from Europe of a short crop, grain had gone up. I asked him ninety-two, which, after some little higgling, he was quite willing to give."

"Did he pay you ninety-two cents?" exclaimed Gaskill, in surprise and chagrin.

"He certainly did."

"Too bad! too bad! No better than downright cheating to take such shameful advantage of a man's ignorance."

"Certainly. Wakeful cannot be justified in his conduct," replied Mr. Alton. "It is not right for one man to take advantage of another man's ignorance, and get his goods for less than they are worth. But, does not any man deserve thus to suffer, who remains wilfully ignorant, in a world where he knows there are always enough standing ready to avail of his ignorance. Had you been willing to expend one dollar and sixty-six cents for the use of a newspaper for a whole year, you would have saved, in the single item of your wheat crop alone, fourteen dollars. Just think of that! Wakeful takes the newspapers, and watches them closely. He knows every week, the exact state of the market, and is always prepared to make good bargains out of you, and some dozen others around here, who have not wit enough to provide themselves with the only sure avenues of information on all subjects—the newspapers."

"Have you sold your potatoes yet?" asked Gaskill, with some concern in his voice.

"O, no. Not yet. Wakeful has been making me offers for the last ten days. But, from the prices they are bringing in Philadelphia, I am well satisfied they must go above thirty cents here."

"Above thirty! Why, I sold to Wakeful for twenty-six cents."

"And a great dunce you were; if I must speak so plainly, neighbor Gaskill. It's only yesterday that he offered me twenty-nine cents for four hundred bushels. But I declined. And I was right. They are worth thirty-one to-day: and at that price I am going to sell."

"Isn't it too bad!" ejaculated the mortified farmer, walking backwards and forwards impatiently.—"There are twenty-five dollars literally sunk in the sea. That Wakeful has cheated me most outrageously"——

"And all because you were too close to spend one dollar and sixty-six cents for a newspaper. I should call that saving at the spicket and letting out at the bung-hole, neighbor Gaskill."

"I should think it was, indeed. This very day I'll send off money for the paper. And if any one gets a head of me again, he'll have to be wide awake, I can tell him."

"Have you heard about Sally Black?" Mr. Alton said, after a brief silence.

"No. What of her?"

"She leaves home to-morrow, for R——."

"Indeed! What for?"

"Her father takes the papers you know?"

"Yes."

"And has given her a good education?"

"So they say. But I never could see that it had done any thing for her, except to make her good for nothing."

"Not quite so bad as that, friend Gaskill. But to proceed. Two weeks ago, Mr. Black saw an advertisement in the paper for a young lady to teach music, and some other branches, in a Seminary at R——. He showed it to Sally, and she asked him to ride over and see about it. He did so, and then returned for Sally, and went back again. The Trustees of the Seminary liked her very much, and engaged her at a salary of four hundred dollars a year. To-morrow she goes to take charge of her classes."

"You cannot, surely, be in earnest!" farmer Gaskill said, with a look of profound astonishment.

"It is every word true," replied Mr. Alton. "And now, you will hardly say that newspapers are *dear* at any price, or that the reading of them has spoiled Sally Black."

Gaskill looked upon the ground for many minutes. Then raising his head, he half ejaculated, with a sigh:

"If I haven't been a most confounded fool, I have come plaguey near it! But I'll be a fool no longer. I'll subscribe for two newspapers to-morrow—see if I don't!"

MARRYING A GENIUS.

BY MISS MARY ORNE.

"I will not say I hate talented women, but I will say I fear them. I would never marry a genius. I want to be comfortable, and, in order to be comfortable, I want my own way; and these wise women are sure to interfere. Yes, begging your pardon, dearest Aunt Mary, I shall eschew literature in its concrete form."

Thus spake Horace Simmons to his good Aunt Mary Evans, who, he often said, had but two faults—one was, she was an old maid; the other, she was a "*Blue;*" consequently, in his opinion, though she made him and all her friends happy, she could not have made a husband happy.

"Seriously, aunty, dear, do you think you could live happily with a husband?"

"I am rather inclined, Horace, to let the wilful man have his way, and not answer your question, for I have the disadvantage of reasoning a priori. But, really, I do not flatter myself that I have talent enough to make a husband miserable, and I hope I have not the disposition."

"I know, aunt, you would not willingly make any one unhappy; but tell me whence comes the prejudice against talented women? It must have a foundation."

"I think I can tell you, Horace. In the first place, many duties devolve upon a wife. Too often, wearying labor and wearying care are hers, and any absorbing pursuit, be it literature or fashionable dissipation, interferes with the performance of these duties, and, consequently, interferes with the comfort of the husband and family. Another reason—men of much will and little talent are often united to women of genius. Their wisdom is a rebuke to the folly of their husbands, and is resented as such. A woman's of a high order of genius will attend to all the duties of her position, as far as possible, and, if the cultivation of literature occasions the injury and discomfort of her family, she will cheerfully resign her tastes to their happiness. I am of opinion, that the highest earthly felicity must result from an union between two highly gifted and cultivated individuals, even though the wife were equally gifted, equally educated with her husband. Those ladies who neglect their duties to read novels, have generally the smallest possible claim to be considered literary women, or women of genius."

"Well, aunt, I presume you are right, but I am not yet in the mood for marrying a genius," and the accomplished Horace Simmons took up his hat.

"You must e'en make the journey of life as you will," said his aunt; and a tear came unbidden into her fine eye.

Horace caught his aunt's hand. "Dearest Aunt Mary, why do you weep? Have I wounded you by my foolish remarks? I dare say they were foolish. But, to speak truly, I have no more respect for the 'corporate Ishmaelism,' called matrimony, than you have."

Horace had answered to what he supposed was his aunt's thought. He concluded she despised marriage because she did not marry. Her answer undeceived him.

"Nay, Horace, you wrong me. It is this very feeling of yours which I deplore. You would respect marriage, were the deepest and holiest in your being living at this moment. Nay, *you do respect* God's most sacred institution. It is only the false which you condemn. Shall I tell you, my own Horace, (for, ever since your mother's death, I have considered you mine,) shall I tell you I am *married*? Yes, united in soul to one whom I can meet no more on earth. Think it not strange that your words grate harshly on my heart."

Horace looked at his aunt wildly and inquiringly, as he leaned against the wall for support.

"Do not misapprehend me, my dear nephew. I do not mean that I am married in the sight of men. But I was, years since, betrothed to one of the noblest beings ever given to earth. He left me, six years since, to travel in the East. His vessel has never been heard from. His memory is sacred to me. Our union remains the same, because all that made it union—the soul—is immortal. He did not fear the little learning and wisdom of your poor aunt. He loved me, Horace, deeper than the passions and fancies of a day, which consume in their own unhallowed fire."

Horace Simmons was deeply moved. He loved his gentle and gifted aunt truly. She was worthy of the affection of her friends, and she possessed it. Their love for her was little short of idolatry. Horace had never asked why his aunt remained unmarried, but took it for granted that her books and her pen were her idols. The gay and thoughtless young man saw not the great fact, that the fountain of love within made her the richly endowed one that she was. She loved knowledge—she loved beauty—she loved love, and those in whom these were most fully incarnated, were her most precious friends. She did not repudiate the sensible life, nor was she clogged with it.

After her irreparable loss, she solaced herself, as best she might, in literature and philosophy. Daily she would say, in her heart—"I will study this or read that, because *he* loved it. I will cultivate all the faculties of my soul, that I may be more worthy of *him*—that our union may be more perfect." She had exquisite happiness in the thought that her beloved was ever with her, witnessing her efforts after the good and the true. She loved her nephew, and, though she saw in him a want of development that sometimes gave her a keen pang, still she *trusted*. She said—"God will finish His work, and, though this young creature may and must be perfected through suffering, such is the will of the Highest, and I will not murmur."

After this interview, Horace bent his steps toward his home, to the house of his guardian, Mr. Gordon. He was a clerk in Mr. Gordon's store, and lived happily in his family—for they well knew that he had a fortune of twenty thousand dollars in his guardian's possession. Mr. Gordon had two daughters—Harriet and Eliza. Harriet was a decided flirt, and this secured Horace against her. Eliza was quiet, domestic, and dignified. Her pride was "hid in the store rooms with her jams and jars," and shone in the beautiful worsted work that graced her ottomans and lamp mats. She was ever kind and attentive to Simmons. She gave him the strongest coffee and the hottest roll, and the sweetest butter. She wrought him the most elegant slippers. She saved the newspaper for him carefully in her work basket. Propinquity has made many a marriage—(I use the word marriage here by courtesy, as we call a mean fellow a gentleman because he wears the garb.) Simmons had committed himself with Miss Eliza, and had discovered a sad deficit of talent, before this conversation with his aunt. Hence his animadversions on genius, which were more to satisfy his own mind with the lot that he had chosen, or rather got entangled in, than his real convictions.

"After all," said he to himself, "if I cannot converse on all subjects with my wife, she will make my home comfortable, and let me have my own way."

Simmons had yet to learn that the stupid and uneducated are more often wilful and opinionative than any others. But he was pledged, and chose to keep the letter of his pledge, amid doubts of his ability to keep the spirit of it. He wedded Eliza Gordon. She congratulated herself that she had a nice house to superintend, and plenty of time to work worsted. Her husband was sure of a housekeeper, if not a companion. Truly, he was more favored than the man who gets neither.

A year from his wedding day, and a select company of friends and relatives were assembled at the home of his Aunt Mary. Let us look in upon them. Mary Evans is standing with her hand in that of a dark, not beautiful, but exceedingly interesting looking man; and the clergyman and the book are there also. Has she forgotten the "bridal of her soul?" Can she, the good and gifted, give herself to another, when she had said "I am married?" No, no. Her betrothed has returned, not from another world, but from China. He had been wrecked, and escaped, and had passed through many chances and changes; but Mary was his, and he was hers.

A year more, and Horace sat in his Aunt Mary's boudoir.

"Is it possible, dearest Aunt Mary, that you have written that beautiful book, and given dear uncle Marsden that sweet boy in the cradle, and cared for all else, as I know you have? Why, even Eliza, who never reads, has read the book, and she declares you wrote it on purpose to make me a better husband; and I added, 'and you a better wife.'"

"And you were both right," said Mrs. M.

"Oh, aunt, I wish to Heaven you had married first, then I should have known that a woman with a soul could make her husband happy."

"Horace, I shall preach you a sermon on contentment. Our unions are such as we are fitted for. When the world is worthy of something higher, it will be given. Do not complain of the inevitable. Your wife has read one book. Read to her—read with her. Unlock the treasures of her soul, as far as may be. Do not complain of her, dear Horace, till you have done your part. I have little sympathy with complaining husbands, or wives. Let them do all they can to make life tolerable."

Mrs. Marsden looked at her nephew. The tears were coursing down his cheeks.

"I see how it is, aunt. I have what I am fitted for, and I shall never be fitted for aught higher or better. The deepest, the holiest of my nature, will never be unsealed. I shall go to the grave a *failure*."

"If you are sure, my dear child, that this is your fate, bear it like a man. I am content to fail when I have done all I can. See that you do all in your power for yourself and Eliza. There are many successful failures in the moral world. You have lived to know the *difference* between a slip-shod novel-reader and a woman of genius. Perhaps your experience may yet be recorded for the benefit of those who fear or hate women of talent."

Simmons left his aunt and returned home, determined to do his part towards his wife's redemption. He found her with what he internally denominated "that infernal and everlasting worsted work."

"Eliza," said he, kindly, "Aunt Mary has sent you 'Home,' by Miss Bremer. Shall I read to you this evening?"

"Thank you," said Eliza; "I am puzzling over a new pattern, and I can't attend to reading and work at the same time. And pretty soon Charles will be awake, and he is not over fond of reading any more than most troublesome children of a year old."

Horace bit his lip, and swallowed a half formed malediction, and betook himself to his reading. He made effort after effort, with like success. His wife had so much to do. She was so attentive to his *comfort*, that she had no time to make him *happy*. She was an "excellent wife." She made pickles and preserves of a peculiar flavor. She always burned the coffee herself, and put it in a box, and shut it close, to be sure that none of the poison, alias *goodness*, should escape by exposure. Washing, ironing, baking, baby—all were duly attended to. She could trust no one with the oversight of her work. She wanted her house in order, and she was miserable unless it was so. The only solace of this hard working woman was worsted work. Oh! if men knew the glory of a superb pattern of worsted, the delight of the delicate shading of many beautiful colors, and the lustre of the linen thread and the brilliant beads, added to the most approved pattern, they would never sigh for military glory. But this happiness they never share with their wives. We might whisper to some bachelors, that girls and wives have been known to get as much absorbed in this fascinating employment as Mrs. Austin in Goethe, Mrs. Somerville in Astronomy, etc., and as little to the comfort of their lords. Had Mrs. Simmons loved her husband, she would have sacrificed her own wishes at times; she would have learned for the sake of her love. But she was fixed in very quiet indifference. Not that she

tiality toward Aunt Mary was not ever pleasant to her. She liked not talking, thinking and writing women. She could not see why married men should be attracted toward such women. Why could not Mrs. Marsden and Mrs. Little, and all those selfish literary women, talk to her as well as her husband? And why were these women so very attractive to gentlemen? These were questions that she answered in her own way, and to her deep dissatisfaction.

Time rolled on. Simmons loved his boy, and prized his wife's good qualities. His wife was his housekeeper—Aunt Mary his friend, his guardian angel. His boy was his idol. Horace Simmons cultivated his talents as well as one can who stands alone, and he was not wholly alone. Mrs. Marsden understood him. The world would have been sad, indeed, without her. Daily did he thank God for the gift of this friend, who sustained such a relation to him, that envious tongues could say naught against his communion with her. No lot is wholly evil. Everywhere, in the desert's gloom, in the prison's despair, amid the discords of an unhappy home, man finds some blessings, if he can but see and reckon them. To the loving, happiness comes unbidden. The indifferent and unloving seek it—at times they find the treasure. Simmons and his wife could hardly be said to be unhappy. They were busy, each in his and her own way. He was a man of principle, too good-natured and too lazy to quarrel. But the end of married life, joint happiness and usefulness, was far from being answered.

* * * * * *

Ten years from Simmons' wedding day, and Mrs. Marsden sat by his side in his elegant parlor. Three beautiful children, a son and two little daughters, surrounded him. He was weeping bitterly—most bitterly.

"O! Aunt Mary," said he, passionately, "I never valued my wife, whilst she lived, as I ought. She has often told me that I never would appreciate her till she was dead, and now I feel the truth of her words. She was such a careful mother. She kept my house so quiet, so nice, so orderly. What shall I do without her? Who will care for these dear children like a mother?"

"Let Charles stay at Mr. Wyndham's school, where he is so happy. Mary, Anna, and you, my own Horace, shall come to me. I will love you, care for you, do all I can to make you happy."

Horace embraced his aunt—his mother—and said—"Oh that all women were like you, wise and kind."

Time fled. Men advised Simmons to wed one of the many young ladies of his acquaintance. "No," said he. "Aunt Mary has taught me 'not to follow a giddy girl, but, with religious, ennobling passion, a woman with all that is serene, good and beautiful in her soul.' And certainly the bereaved father of a family must feel that care, and not love, belongs to him."

Simmons saw few women but his aunt and her friends. The teacher of his little daughters was pleasant to him, because she was kind and gentle to them. She often spent an evening with Mrs. Marsden, and Horace read to them; and though he sometimes felt a little vexed that she did not appreciate the tales and poems he read from their favorite books, yet he liked her gentle manners much, and he found her ever ready with thoughts upon any subject which he introduced. One evening, he read the "Village School Mistress" to the beautiful girl, but she had no word of praise for his favorite story. She only blushed, because, as he supposed, she, too, was a school mistress.

"Miss Crawford," said Simmons, rather bitterly, "I wish your taste ever corresponded with mine. I thought, when I first became acquainted with you, that I had found a second Aunt Mary; but Aunt Mary can appreciate a good story."

"And Jane Crawford can write one," said Mrs. Marsden, "for she wrote the 'Village School Mistress,' and the other tales you have been admiring for weeks; and she wrote them amid arduous duties, because she knew you took pleasure in such tales."

A year from this time, when Horace Simmons and Jane Crawford had become really acquainted, they stood together at the altar; and he answered truly when he said he took her for his wedded *wife*. Sacred, forever sacred, be that word—so full of all beautiful and blissful meaning.

Horace Simmons found his home as well appointed, and all material things as well cared for, as if spirit culture had been neglected. His wife often said—"There is time for all things." Her books, her work, her pen, her children, (they were hers because they were his whom she loved,) all had her attention as they deserved. Simmons sought to triumph in the world of mind with a glad heart. He knew that he was understood, appreciated, loved. The glad eye and smile of his wife welcomed all his new thoughts. His rough wisdom was polished by her taste. The sterling gold of his character shone all the brighter in the mild and beautiful light of her genius. They studied, read, wrote, and worked together—for many were the cares and labors that the loving husband learned to share and lighten.

At Aunt Mary's last visit, she found them in the library. Horace had [illegible] and copying, polishing and beautifying his work.

"Are you not jealous of her ability?" said Mrs. M. Jane looked sweetly in her husband's face, as he twined his finger in one of her rich dark curls. He said to his aunt—

"Thank Heaven, I do not hate or fear women of genius."

[From Peterson's National Magazine for September.]

THE LAST WILL.

BY MRS. MARY V. SPENCER.

It was a dark and dismal night, and the rain poured down in torrents. The wind whistled around the corners, or shrieked among the chimneys; the street lamps flared dim; and even the watchman deserted his post and shrank into a sheltered corner.

In an old, rickety tenement, in one of the narrowest lanes of London, sat a young couple with their only child. The mother was still young, scarcely eighteen indeed, but of unusual beauty, though sorrow had already begun to make inroads on that fine countenance. Her husband was some years older, with a face of much character, though not of decided beauty; but the lines around the mouth, and the care-worn expression of the brow, showed that he had already warred with misfortune. In fine contrast to his face was the placid expression of the child's countenance, as it lay in its mother's lap, with the light of the lamp falling shaded across it. A smile was on its face as it slept. It seemed as if an angel looked out from it.

Suddenly a knock was heard at the door. The man gazed around on the bare and desolate apartment, and did not stir. The wife seemed to read his thoughts.

"Go, dear James," said she. "What matters our poor accommodations?" and she tried to smile. "Perhaps it is a bearer of good news; surely no one else would come out on such a night as this. How the wind drives against the panes!"

The husband advanced to the door, and opening it, a man in livery delivered him a note. At sight of the green and gold of the man's dress, he started back, but the servant, leaving the missive in his hand, was gone instantly.

"It's from my father's steward," said the husband, with an excited voice, as he broke the seal.

"God be praised!" said the wife; "he has relented. I knew he would. Oh! we shall yet see happy days," and she burst into tears. Her husband's agitation was scarcely less than her own, for his hand trembled violently as he held the note to the lamp.

His wife eagerly perused his countenance, and she seemed to gather hope as he read. At length he looked up.

"I must go, dearest," were his words. "My father is not expected to live over the night. He relents, for he has sent for me. God bless you, Mary, and our child," and a large tear rolled heavily down his cheek.

"I thank thee, Heavenly Father," said the wife, clasping her hands and lifting her swimming eyes on high, "my prayers have been heard. Oh! my sweet babe, thou shalt no longer want," and she clasped the sleeping cherub in convulsive joy to her bosom.

The husband dashed the tears hastily from his eyes, kissed the mother and her child fervently, and snatching up his hat and cloak, was rushing from the room.

"I will sit up for you, love," said the wife.

The husband gave her a look of unutterable fondness, and stepped out into the storm. It was raining fiercely, and, at intervals, the thunder shook the sky, an unusual occurrence at that season of the year.—While he is making his way on foot, against the driving tempest, to his father's princely mansion, let us hurry over the events which had reduced him and a lovely wife to penury.

Sir James Hengist was descended from one of those ancient families of England, which had been great while the Normans were still landless, and many of which still remain among the gentry of Cheshire and Lincolnshire, looking down with contempt on the new nobility. In the course of generations, however, the family had become poor, and Sir James, to rebuild its fortunes, had married a lady of great wealth in the city. Lady Hengist was as good as she was rich, and won all hearts in her exalted station. She lived to see her only son attain the age of twenty, and then died regretted by all, and by none seemingly more than by her husband.

Lady Hengist had a niece, the daughter of a favorite step-brother, whom she had educated from a child, and whose union with her son had been a favorite project. She had long secretly entertained this idea, and what then was her gratification when she beheld a passion growing up for each other in the young people's bosoms! Her niece was, at this time, but fifteen, yet already ripening into womanhood, and one of the most beautiful and accomplished of her sex. Sir James appeared to enter into his wife's plans, and no obstacle was placed in the way of the lovers, so that for nearly a year their lives passed away in that brightest of all dreams, a first love sanctioned by friends.

But Lady Hengist had been scarcely three months in her grave before a marked change came over Sir James, in his demeanor to his son. He was continually reproving the young man, who no longer could do anything to please him, and, being a high-spirited youth, the heir was at length driven from the paternal roof by this constant annoyance. Toward the lovely Mary Crawford, however, the conduct of Sir James had been unchanged, even when she ventured to expostulate with him, as she sometimes did, in behalf of his son. There were those, indeed, who said he had interested motives in this, and the truth of their suspicions became apparent after the son had sought a home elsewhere. Mary was now sixteen, in the full maturity of early English beauty; and Sir James, overlooking his tacit consent that his son should marry her, and, forgetting the noble-hearted woman whom he had lately followed to the grave, determined to make her his wife. He was still in the prime of life, and might have succeeded with others scarcely less beautiful than Mary. But her heart was already another's, and she turned away in disgust from his addresses. It was sometime before she was aware of his intentions, for she would not believe he could be guilty of such baseness, but when his attentions grew so marked as to become the kitchen gossip, she could no longer shut her eyes to them. She made no effort now to conceal her repugnance. But Sir James was not to be foiled. In his youth he had been a man of gallantry, and still piqued himself on his power over the sex. But he tried every art in vain. At length, however, it became impossible for her to remain any longer under his roof, and she would have left it before, only that she knew not where to go, and besides she had indulged a hope that by remaining she might bring about a reconciliation between her lover and his father.

The young heir had been, for some time, aware of his father's designs, and had urged Mary to elope with him, but as long as a hope of reconciliation remained she had refused. Now, however, there was no alternative. Hengist House was no more a place for her; and without a relative in the world to whom she could appeal, the orphan had no other resort but to throw herself into her lover's arms. Accordingly the young couple were married. And now began their sorrows.

The rage of Sir James, on hearing of this union, almost killed him. His passions were always violent, but they now seemed fiendish. He swore that he would disinherit his son, and immediately cut off the allowance he had hitherto allowed his heir. The appeals of the offenders were in vain. The father was inexorable. He wished to see them starve to death, he said, and then he could surrender life willingly. The letters which Mary, unknown to her husband, wrote almost daily, were returned unopened. Every one who might have otherwise assisted them, was turned against them by the powerful influence of the angry father, and in less than three months, the young heir found himself literally starving in the heart of London. His education, however, had not been neglected, and he sought among the booksellers for employment, determined not to give up in despair. For a long time he was unsuccessful, but finally found a paltry job, on which he managed to live, until his wife presented him with a lovely babe. After this, all means of regular subsistence deserted him. Yet he struggled on, endeavoring, when in the presence of his wife, to keep up a cheerful countenance, and almost consoled for his unavailing struggles during the day, by her sweet welcome and the smile of his babe at evening. But as winter approached, and his last guinea vanished, the iron began to enter into his soul. Several times he made abortive attempts to soften his father; and his wife also secretly tried for aid in the same quarter, but in vain. For more than a week they had now subsisted on their credit at a green grocer's shop, but this could not last long, and the almost distracted husband knew not where to turn, when, unexpectedly, this note arrived from his father.

His heart was full of high hopes, mingled with sorrowful feelings, as he hurried through the tempest. The knowledge that his only parent was on his death-bed awoke all the associations of childhood, bringing back the days when his father doted on him. The subsequent harshness of his parent was forgotten; and, with the glad hope that he was going to receive and bestow forgiveness, the son proceeded almost breathless to his early home.

The massive doors swung open at his knock, the well-known servant ushered him deferentially through the hall, a whispered consultation was held at the sick man's door, and then he was desired to enter.

With a palpitating heart he had waited during the delay, and now he rushed in, all eagerness to be reconciled to his dying parent. He saw nothing but the form supported on pillows, and the pale face of the invalid, and in an instant he was on his knees beside the bed and had clasped the sick man's hand in his, while tears gushed from him like rain; for in that moment, with the recollections of childhood had come back all its softness. But the hand was rudely jerked back, and a scornful laugh met his ear.

"Ha! ha!—you have come, thinking I am about to make you my heir," began the sick man, "have you? And so you begin playing your part in this way! I have sent for you for another reason, as you shall learn, you villain."

The young heir started to his feet. He could scarcely believe his ears. Could those brutal words, that scornful laugh proceed from a dying man, and that man his parent? He stared incredulously at those around, and then at the face of the invalid; but though he read pity on the former, hate distorted the latter. Again his parent laughed sneeringly.

"So you came here thinking I was about making you my heir, *eh*? Did your wife and child, sir, come along, to exult in my halls before I am cold?"

"Father—father—" said the young man, imploringly, as yet bewildered by this strange scene.

"Don't call me father, you unnatural child," said the invalid, half rising in bed, and shaking his clenched hands. "You have brought me to this—you have, you rascal. But I'll have my revenge. You shall starve, sir, starve—I hoped to live to see it—but I'll make it certain."

"Sir James," said the son, "I will go rather than to stay to hear these things. And may God forgive me and you for all that is wrong between us."

"Dare you, sir, talk of God forgiving you, you villain," shouted the sick man, almost foaming with passion, while the alarmed attendants, not daring to interfere, stood trembling, looking from father to son. "I told you he'll let you starve, and you can't help it. I'll make it sure. Yes! and I'll live to see it!" he exclaimed with a horrible oath. "I won't die—it's all a lie of the doctors. You and your paramour shall beg before my face, you shall—"

"Say what you will of me, but forbear my wife," exclaimed the young man, with flashing eyes, "here I stay no longer," and he moved towards the door.—But three or four servants interposed.

"Keep him in," fiercely exclaimed the invalid, "make him stay till the will is read and signed. He shall see it all," and again there was a horrible oath.

"I pray you, sir," said the conveyancer, now advancing, for the young man had not seen him before, "consider the place," he added, imploringly, as he saw the son about to knock down the servants who opposed his path: "it shall be hastened as much as possible if you will only hear it," he whispered.

The young heir, bitterly as he had been reviled, would not make his father's dying room the scene of a brawl, so he bowed at this expostulation, and, folding his arms haughtily on his bosom, prepared to hear the will. A look of bitter triumph passed over the sick man's face: it seemed as if his passions had transformed him into a fiend.

"Proceed, sir," he said, nodding to the conveyancer.

The man unrolled his parchment and began repeating the formal language of the deed, and as clause after clause was read depriving the young man of his just rights, the eyes of the invalid gloated over the agony he knew he was inflicting on his victim. The son, in spite of every exertion, felt that his feelings were betraying themselves in the convulsive twitches of his face. How could he look unconcerned when his last hopes were being crushed, and he saw inevitable beggary before his wife and babe, with the horrors of a jail, in prospect, for himself? But he closed his mouth firmly, choked back his emotions, and gazed sternly on the man of the law, ashamed that the lookers-on should perceive his emotion.

When the conveyancer had finished the deed, he advanced to the bed-side with it, two servants carrying a small table, on which were writing materials.

"Give me a pen, quick, quick," said the invalid, rising unsupported in bed.

The conveyancer hastened to obey, the parchment was spread out, and the pen was in the invalid's hand.

"Do you see this, sir?" he said, casting a look of triumphant malice at his son, and he placed the pen to the skin.

The storm, all this while, had been increasing in fury, and vivid flashes of electricity had begun of late even to penetrate through the closed shutters and heavy drapery of the windows. Just at this instant a peal was heard, stunning every one in the room, which seemed filled with a blinding light. Several fell to the floor in fright, and the whole house appeared to rock. For a second there was a breathless silence, and then the conveyancer spoke:

"Father in Heaven!" he exclaimed, in a tone of horror, and, advancing to the bed, he added, solemnly, "Sir James is dead!"

They rushed to his side and found it was indeed so. The lightning had run down the wall at the head of the bed, and, in a second, the soul of the baronet was in eternity. The parchment was shrivelled and black; while the pen, knocked three feet from the hand, lay burning on the rich counterpane.

A silence of horror chained every tongue. The death of the invalid, at that instant, seemed like a stroke of Providence.

At length the conveyancer turned to the son, and, grasping his hand, said—

"As there is no will, Sir James, you are the sole heir. And from the bottom of my heart, I congratulate you."

There is no happier woman now than the young Lady Hengist, for she is blest with a husband who adores her, and surrounded with a family of lovely children, who inherit the beauty and virtues of their parents.

THE BEREAVED.

BY AMELIA.

The moon within our casement beams,
  Our blue-eyed babe hath crept to sleep,
And I have left it to its dreams,
  Amid the shadows deep,
To muse beside the silver tide
Whose waves are rippling at thy side.

It is a still and lovely spot
  Where they have laid thee down to rest,
The white rose and forget-me-not
  Bloom sweetly on thy breast,
And birds, and streams with liquid lull
Have made the stillness beautiful.

And softly through the forest-bars
  Light lovely shapes, on glossy plumes,
Float ever in, like winged stars,
  Amid the purpling glooms;
Their sweet songs, borne from tree to tree,
  Thrill the light leaves with melody.

Alas! the very path I trace,
  In happier hours, thy footsteps made;
This spot was once thy resting-place;
  Within the silent shade,
Thy white hand trained the fragrant bough
That drops its blossoms o'er me now.

'Twas here at eve we used to rove,
  'Twas here I breathed my whispered vows,
And sealed them on thy lips, my love,
  Beneath the apple boughs.
Our hearts had melted into one,
But Death undid what Love had done.

Alas! too deep a weight of thought
  Had filled thy heart in youth's sweet hour;
It seemed with love and bliss o'erfraught,
  As fleeting passion-flower
Unfolding 'neath a southern sky,
To blossom soon, and soon to die.

Yet in these calm and blooming bowers
  I seem to see thee still,
Thy breath seems floating over the flowers,
  Thy whisper on the hill;
The clear, faint starlight, and the sea
Are whispering to my heart of thee.

No more thy smiles my heart rejoice—
  Yet still I start to meet thine eye,
And call upon the low, sweet voice
  That gives me no reply—
And list within my silent door
For the light feet that come no more.

THE FORGED NOTE.

BY S. B. BECKETT,

AUTHOR OF THE "JEWESS OF CAIRO," "THE MYSTERIOUS WEDDING, ETC., ETC.

"I have played," said Maltravers, "and I know the temptation. I dare not play now. I love the excitement, but I have been humbled at the debasement; it is a moral drunkenness that is worse than the physical."—[*Ernest Maltravers.*

Chapter I.

A STAGE AND THE ACTOR.

Mobile is rather a pleasant place, during its habitable season. Its populace, thrown together from every State in the Union, and from every country out of the Union, are almost of necessity sociable, hearty—hale fellows well met. A great place for cotton bales and conflagrations is Mobile; also, for oysters, odd-fellowship, and "orange-grove" speculations. Mobile is not without its specimens of taste and architecture. Its costly *churches* show that the people are not altogether irreligious—its magnificent *drinking-houses* evidence that they are not altogether pious. A merry, bustling, driving, thrilling place is Mobile—*releasing*, of course, is had to it as it appears during the business season, for in summer a sleeping volcano could scarcely be more quiet. The merchants go hurrying about as if propelled by steam, the negro draymen go rumbling through the streets, whistling, laughing, and singing, the loafers and candidates for the calaboose contrive to appear very busy doing nothing—and even the steamboats, as every hour they come drawing into the piers, with their fiery lungs puffing and panting, as if fatigued by their long journeys from the interior, seem to be quickened with the spirit of activity that presides over the city! Yes, and verily! a happy-go-lucky, merry, devil-may-care sort of a place is Mobile.

But now and anon *yellow Jack* breaks in upon its unwary inhabitants, and then there is trouble.—Aye, trouble, trouble, trouble! Wailing and despair, such as the mother knows when she sees her first-born struggling in its death-grasp; such as the fond husband knows when the blooming wife of his bosom lies before him writhing under the paralyzing stroke of the destroyer; such as the helpless child knows, when his parent falls, stricken by an arrow from the unerring archer. In vain do the hapless citizens flee to their darkened rooms, barricade their doors, and bar up their passage-ways. Bolts and bars are of no avail—and the silence of Death reigns in the proud mansion, as beneath the lowly roof. His step is noiseless, but his blows are certain. While the sky is blue and beautiful, while the sun shines on the plain and the valley, while the trees are green, and the summer flowers bursting into life, he is on his rounds, the deadly yellow Jack. He touches the shoulder of the trembling wight in the street, and says—*Come!* He confronts the brave man and the strong, face to face, and cries—*Away!* He lifts the hood of the meek sister of charity, and mutters—*Follow!* And all must obey. Onward they go, pell-mell, the old and the young, the weak and the strong, the withered and the lovely, the simple and the wise—pellmell to the charnel house, and are gathered into the garner of Death, till the receptacles overrun, and a cry goes forth—"Room for the dead!" Such is Mobile.

It has almost become a proverb that a person partakes more or less of the characteristics of the place in which he resides. Such was the case with Trescot Blackmer, a young Mobilean, who will occupy a conspicuous place in this veritable history. Blackmer was tall, well-made, and powerful in frame, and possessed an eye and a forehead that spoke of intellect. He had the requisites for becoming a leader among mankind, but his parents had been too indulgent in his education, and the fallow ground of his mind gradually became overrun with briars, thistles and rank springing weeds—with, nevertheless, here and there brilliant-hued and fragrant blossoms, such as flourished not in the hot-beds of education. In short, he was like the city in which he dwelt, a compound of every thing. The worst feature in his character was his passion for the gaming-table. This amounted almost to a monomania in him, and hence arose the perils and troubles that, in his early career, rolled upon him, wave after wave, as the goaded billow of the tempest-ridden main roll in upon some unfortunate wreck on a lee shore. But we will not anticipate.

Chapter II.

A FIELD AND A FLOWER.

Spring Hill, which bears the relative position to Mobile that Harlaem bears to New York—that of a summer retreat, is a pleasant place, especially when the magnolias are putting forth their great, white, fragrant flowers, and the bloom of the catalpa, the orange, and the multiflora scents the air. How green, how luxuriant, how flowery, appear the woods and fields at such a time! how peaceful the white cottages, embowered in shrubbery, how blithe the singing birds, how balmy the atmosphere, how blue the sky, how glorious the sunshine. Nature then laughs at her own fantastic freaks, and if you listen, you may hear her laugh ringing through the wide old woods, and along the winding streamlets. Indeed is Spring Hill a paradise of a place, along in April and May, and Spring Hill is, for the present, the abiding place of the heroine of my tale, Gertrude M'Neal. She, too, partakes of certain characteristics of the place in which she resides—she is calm, retiring, beautiful as the first blushes of morning:

——"Like a soft landscape of mild earth,
Where all is harmony, and calm, and quiet—
Luxuriant, budding, cheerful without mirth."

Gertrude was not a Psyche in figure, being rather too full for the Grecian standard of symmetrical perfection. Neither were her features strictly regular, still they were possessed of a hidden charm, which drew all hearts towards her. Whence this arose, whether from the provocative pouting of a pair of cherry lips, or from the liquid brilliancy of her large, black eyes, which looked into one's very soul, eloquent of love, or from a complexion wherein the lily contended with the rose—or from the good nature which these combined charms shadowed forth, it would be difficult to define.

Gertrude was an orphan. Her father and mother both died while she was in her infancy, leaving her the sole possessor of an immense estate, real and personal. Her education, however, had not been neglected. An accomplished and pious maiden aunt, by the name of Ormond, had attended to it most faithfully. At present, Gertrude resided with her uncle—Col. Edward Ormond—in one of the prettiest cottages in Spring Hill.

If you have surmised, gentle reader, that Trescot Blackmer was the accepted suitor of this lovely demoiselle, you are in error. That they were on terms of intimacy, however, must be allowed; and to give you an idea how far this intimacy extended, it were as well, perhaps, to introduce you to a scene that took place in her uncle's back parlor, just after she had been taking a morning ride on horseback with the young man.

It was a superb apartment, that parlour, with its quaint and costly furniture, its fine paintings, (sweet landscapes of repose and sunshine,) and its rich silken window-hangings, through which the mellow day beam now stole with subdued influence, reflecting a rosy tint on every object within; and if you are fond of flowers, it were as well to mention a beautiful boquet that stood on the marble centre-table, among a profusion of engravings and richly-embossed annuals, gathered from the garden and placed there by Gertrude. The apartment was a fit place for dreams of love and happiness. However, it is with the tenants of the room, more particularly, with whom we have to do. Gertrude, as I have before observed, had just been riding her pony, in a race with Blackmer, and the excitement had quickened her spirits—had given a fresh glow to her cheeks.

On entering the room, she went dancing up to the piano, threw off her riding-hat—a straw one, with a wreath of golden oats—and seating herself, began singing to a lively air, stanzas as follows:

SONG.

The sun is ushering in the day,
Then up for a merry race—away!
Away to the prairie broad and green,
  E'er the timid wild fawn quits his lair,
While the grass is bent with the dew drops' sheen,
  And the bright verbena scents the air.
Ha! the sky is clear, and the breeze is mild,
Then up, and away for the prairie wild.

Away! there is life in such a ride!
Mark how your courser's hoof is dyed
With the strawberry's crimson juice, and hark!
  Those ringing notes, so round and clear—
'Tis the merry song of the prairie lark,
  As he warbles it out to his nestlings dear;
Gay life is around us on every hand—
O, where is the like of the prairie land?

The song finished, she turned to Blackmer, who stood by her, absorbed in a brown study.

"How now, Sir Cavalier," said she, jocosely, "hast no words of commendation to bestow upon my song?"

"Commendation—ah!—yes!—I was thinking—that is—I like the song prodigiously—but—"

"Ah—yes—but! Sir knight, one would think thy wits had taken French leave of thee, this morning."

"Gertrude," said he, earnestly, advancing nearer and taking her hand—but here Col. Ormond, attracted by the music, entered the room, and the important avowal was nipped in the bud.

Time flew apace—autumn had taken the place of summer; still, from some cause or other, Blackmer had not yet finished the speech begun on that morning, although many opportunities had offered of so doing. The truth is, a more powerful mistress than love even—the excitement of the gaming-table—ruled him. Day after day, or rather night after night, had he been absorbed in the infatuating excitement. Latterly, he had lost large sums of money; but this only increased his thirst for play—and the effect of his constant watches began to be apparent in his countenance. Gertrude saw that something was wrong with him, and at times her heart was sorrowful; yet nothing had transpired, deemed of sufficient importance to break up the intimacy subsisting between them.

Chapter III.

A FAIR PROSPECT CLOUDED.

The blow had fallen at last. Trescot Blackmer paced his room, in a mingled fit of desperation and despair. His hair was matted and in disorder, his eye blood-shot, his cheek pale and haggard. He was a ruined man. All night had he watched at the faro-table. It had been a night of storm—wind, rain, thunder, and lightning. But the crash of the thunder-bolt, the roar of the great rain, the hollow voice of the winds—what were they to him? His every sense had been intensely concentered in the all-absorbing game, which resulted in the loss of all his property.

The morning was dawning in splendor—the birds without were carrolling their gladness, and nature, refreshed by the warm rain, was robed in smiles—but midnight was on the soul of the gambler. His eyes were at last opened, and as he walked the floor, despair kept dodging before him, mocking him with grim and distorted visions of the future. A pair of highly-polished pistols, lay on the untumbled bed, where he had thrown them on his entrance, and thitherward he occasionally turned a furtive glance. At length, the image of Gertrude M'Neal, the modest, the retired, the injured Gertrude, like some seraphic vision, glided before his mind's eye, and his countenance brightened.

"Why should I repine in poverty?" exclaimed he, with bitter emphasis. "Gertrude has wealth—houses, and stores, and stock in bank; and I am no reader of the heart if she does not love me! She *thinks* me wealthy, too: a little manœuvering and devotion may do it. And then, I bring not a heart to her untouched by affection. I am in want—this cursed propensity for gambling—why should I not win her, swear out of the gaming hall, and in the enjoyments of domestic life, forget my past follies and weakness? Why"—but here conscience tugged at a poser, for Blackmer was not altogether debased—conscience whispered, "Would'st link the fortunes of a young and confiding girl with those of a broken-down gambler?" He swallowed the bitter reflection, however, in a tumbler of wine, and visions of connubial bliss, all the brighter for the clouds that had just threatened his path, opened a fair future before him.

He imbued his face in cold cream, to obliterate the traces of his midnight revel, arranged his toilet, and calling for his horse, or that which had been his, started for Spring Hill. But, good reader, let us, on the invisible steeds of imagination, dash on before him, and reconnoitre.

Chapter IV.

A WORM AT THE HEART OF THE FLOWER.

Gertrude M'Neal was wandering amidst the retired walks of her uncle's garden, where the transparent green of the China trees shielded her from the sun. There was a cast of thoughtful melancholy on her countenance; she felt neglected, for of late she had seen very little of Blackmer. She hears the distant gate swing, followed by advancing footsteps, and her heart beats quick. Still he cometh not. It is Col. Ormond.

"Gertrude," said he, drawing near, "you seem fond of retirement of late. I have been in search of you these ten minutes."

The fair girl looked up inquiringly.

"I have something of importance to communicate, my dear niece, respecting a young gentleman who, I believe, has at times shown a sort of partiality for you," continued he; "I refer to Blackmer."

"Any communication from my uncle, I am bound to listen to with respect," replied Gertrude, making an effort to cloak her feelings.

"My niece's happiness has always been one of my chief studies, and perhaps it may not be considered obtrusive on my part, when I express the hope that the intimacy alluded to has had nothing in it of an extraordinary nature—that is—you understand me."

Gertrude turned pale as the chiselled marble, for though no positive declaration of attachment had ever passed between them, a thousand little attentions, trifling in themselves, but when viewed through the medium of affection, of vast importance, led her to look upon Blackmer as *the one* destined to share her future fortunes.

"I see how it is," said Ormond, without giving her a chance for reply—"I am sorry that matters have progressed so far—but thank Heaven! it is not too late yet—the young man is wholly unworthy of you—you must discard him!"

"Dear uncle"——

"Yes, Gertrude, if you value your lasting happiness, you will forget him—discard his acquaintance once and forever. He is a gambler—given up body and soul to the excitement of play—has thrown away his all. I blush to own it, Gertrude, but, unperceived by him, I myself saw the sacrifice—and such infatuation never did I see before. Sum after sum he staked and lost, till he had no more. Then followed his plantation, negroes, houses and horses; he even proposed, when all was gone, to stake his own body! In vain his friends tried to persuade him from thus rushing headlong to ruin—they only received abuse and insult for their pains. But when all was gone, consciousness came, and he left the room in despair. No doubt his fertile genius will lead him to look to you to mend his shattered fortunes; but the thought of your marrying such a man makes me shudder. There would be no safety for you. A single night might see your fortune scattered to the winds, as a night has seen his."

Gertrude acknowledged the necessity, and promised, as well as her choking utterance would admit, to break off all acquaintance with him—never to see him more!

Let us now return to the personage to whom this colloquy had reference. Mounted on his high-mettled steed, all unconscious of the reception that awaits him, he is pursuing his way towards Spring Hill. The road is level, the rain has laid the dust, the re-invigorated trees are putting forth new shoots, the bright-winged orioles are glancing through the forest aisles, and the glorious sunshine enlivens the varied landscape. It is no time for despondency, even with the habitual misanthrope. A half hour's gallop brings him to the village, and giving his horse in charge of the servant at the hotel, he bends his elastic steps towards the cottage of Col. Ormond.

The servant who obeyed his summons, but half opened the door, and to his enquiries respecting Gertrude, replied that she was indisposed, and had given orders that no one should be admitted.

"Tell her that Mr. Blackmer waits her pleasure," said our hero, biting his lip.

"And he is de wery genman ob all that she 'spressly indicate mus not be admitted under any prewarication whatsomeber."

Blackmer did not raise his riding whip to chastise the black for his insolence. Had the communication been couched in the most delicate language, it would have been the same with him—all that appealed to his understanding, was the humiliating fact that he had been denied admittance to the house. Had Gertrude been informed of his ruin?—If so, would she not see through the motive of his present call?—Words will not express the depth of his mortification. Mechanically he turned away and sought the hotel; and throwing himself upon his horse, left the animal to pursue his own course, and more than once came near being tumbled out of the saddle.

It is said a drowning man will catch at a straw—hope at length threw a straw in his way, and he grasped it with passionate energy.

"I will *brave* the worst," he exclaimed aloud—"The ban of ex-communication can scarcely extend to any note I may choose to write her."

Encouraged by the thought, he assumed the reins, and spurring his steed into a gallop, soon arrived at his hotel. Leave we him there, and return to the lone and lovely Gertrude.

She is sitting at the open window in the little back parlor heretofore described. Her long, glossy locks, which have escaped from comb and bandeau, are hanging in disarray over her rounded shoulder and snowy bosom—but of this she is unconscious. Fitfully the saucy zephyr, dallying with the pendant masses of multiflora and jessamine hanging about the casement, shakes down a shower of fragrant leaves upon her, but she heeds them not. Before her, opening out under the green waving China trees and broad-leafed catalpas, is spread a wilderness of bloom and blossoms: but her gaze is vacant, and on her eyelash, a tear-drop flashes and twinkles to a truant sunbeam, like a molten diamond. Calm and cool settles down the evening; the pilgrim of day is sinking to his rest without an attendant cloud, lone as a forsaken monarch—lone as Gertrude M'Neal. The faint and far-off low of home-returning cattle falls musically on the ear—the hum of the swift-winged bee is vividly distinct; every object partakes of the serenity and repose of evening, but Gertrude. Her heart is open to but one idea: the withering consciousness that she had cast off forever, the being in whom her whole heart's pure affections were concentrated. She had heard his well-known step approach the door—had heard her own name upon his lips, and the servant's taunting reply—she had listened to his dilatory and irregular footsteps as he retreated—and her heart was ready to break.

Gertrude was at length aroused from the stupor which enchained her, by the entrance of a servant. He brought a note superscribed in the well-known hand-writing of Blackmer. She broke the seal, and read a declaration of attachment, couched in most passionate and glowing language, and picturing scenes of domestic happiness which she alone had the power to transform to reality. The note wound up by conjuring her to let no *idle report*, or caprice of the moment, *decide* against him.

Gertrude's resolution wavered—the decision was almost too much for her. But principle at length triumphed. She returned an answer, discarding the gambler forever.

Chapter V.

A FATAL PLUNGE.

The following day, Blackmer received the missive which decided his fate. Long did he gaze at the cherished hand-writing, and scarcely could he realize the import of the lines. "Forever!" there was a sound in the word, as he abstractedly repeated it, which smote on his heart, like a death-pang. He dared not face the future—yet the black, dread, gloomy pictures of futurity, in spite of him, would fight their way into his soul.

What must he do for a livelihood?—whither should he go? Something must be done, and done immediately; but having never had occasion to take the first step towards earning his own living, he was utterly at a loss how to proceed. To delve and toil, day after day, over moth-eaten and greasy ledgers like some of the pale clerks at the warehouses, or among the cotton-bales on the piers, or to figure in a subordinate capacity, on board some of the steamboats—such seemed his only alternatives—but was he competent for either of these stations?

The more he pondered, the darker his prospect seemed to grow. He owed his landlord, his tailor, and his servant. At last, as if to escape from thought, he rushed into the street, but the demon still dogged him. The night had set in with tempest, but of this he was hardly aware. On he hurried, almost the only person exposed to the inclement weather, while the wind moaned amid the walled labyrinths of the city, and the torrent rain swept around him as if all the "windows of heaven" were open. Presently, the brilliant light of a gas lamp, flashing on the swollen water course and streaming side-walk, induced him to raise his eyes, and he found himself in front of the gambling hall where he had lost his property. Mechanically he turned in. The shouts of Bacchanalian song and laughter, emanated from a side room—There was wormwood in levity; he stopped his ears, and hurried on to the faro room. Here all was hushed as the tomb—not a sound, save the click of the counters, the rattle of the dice, or the shuffling of the cards, broke the spell. The gambler has no time for jollity.

Blackmer's former cronies eyed him furtively, as he entered; they knew that he had been *plucked*, and therefore would be a borrower rather than a lender for the *future*; still, more from habit than owing to any feeling of courtesy, they made room for him at the table.

Long did the ruined man watch the game—hours—for to the gamester there is a sort of fascination even in noting the freaks of fortune, although he may have no immediate interest therein; and for the while his perplexities were almost forgotten. At length he imagined, what many a ruined gambler had imagined before him, that he had discovered a turn in the game by which he would be sure of winning. But how should he obtain the wherewithal to make the trial? During his progress in gambling, he had had considerable experience in *writing notes*—which notes were generally discounted at a ruinous per centage—and his first thought was to try to make a raise in this way; but would his name now pass? His evil genius, of late always at hand, suggested that he might *borrow a name* which would produce the specific, and that his winnings from a few turns of the cards would immediately make all right again. He drew off from the table, and stole out of the apartment, and on his return produced a note for $500, purporting to have been drawn by a well known house in the city, which he had no difficulty in disposing of.

It hardly need be said that the certain method of winning, which he had hit upon, proved rather to be a certain way of losing. One hundred dollars was staked and lost;—he became excited. Another hundred followed;—he grew desperate; and the balance went at a single stake! The loss made him perfectly frantic; and drawing a bowie knife from his bosom, and striking a pile of ivory counters before him with such force as to sever them down to the table, he swore that he had been cheated, and that he would have revenge. Pistols were immediately produced, and knives drawn; and the fracas ended in his being turned into the street.

His cup was now come to the dregs. His first thought was to end his troubles with his existence, at once; but the idea of future retribution came upon him, and he threw his bowie knife and pistol into the river. Justice would be hard upon him so soon as the news of the forgery got abroad. He was in a dilemma as to what course to follow; when, seeing a steamer firing up at one of the piers, he got on board, and at daylight was dashing down the bay, on his way to New Orleans.

Chapter VI.

A STAR AMIDST THE CLOUDS.

It need scarcely be said that Blackmer's forgery was soon discovered and bruited about the city.—Gertrude M'Neal received the intelligence from her uncle. At first she would not believe, but the proof was too strong long to admit of doubt.

"But, my dear uncle, his *necessities* might have driven to it," said she.

"Don't commiserate the villain on that score, Gertrude," rejoined the Colonel; "he forged only to lose at the faro table. The money has gone, and so has he, no one knows whither."

Gertrude cared not to hear more. Her uncle departed, and she commenced pacing the room, a prey to the keenest anguish. At length a cheering thought seemed to strike her, and her countenance brightened. "I will do it!" she exclaimed; and immediately left the room.

On the afternoon of the day following that of the discovery of the forgery, Mr. Ostrander, the principal of the house by which the spurious paper purported to have been drawn, was surprised by a visit from a young female—a circumstance the like of which seldom transpired in the smoky region over which he presided. A cottage straw and green veil concealed her features, and whether they were fair or ugly, could not be decided; but if a form of faultless proportions, and a voice whose low, timid tones created a strange flutter about the heart, was indicative of loveliness, she must have been a perfect Hebe.

"Is this Mr. Ostrander?" inquired the fair incognito.

"It is, madam, at your service."

"I believe there was a forgery committed in your name, yesterday," said the lady, drawing further into the counting-room, as if to screen herself from the inquisitive gaze of a young clerk who was writing near.

"Yes—I—I—think we discovered something of the kind."

"You may be surprised, sir, at the request I am about to make, coming as it does from one who is, and must remain, a perfect stranger to you; but oh, sir, I trust you will grant it. I came here to implore you to assume that fatal note as genuine, and have brought with me money sufficient to make you whole should you do so."

The merchant leaned forward and contracted his eyebrows, as if he did not fully comprehend her.

"Take upon myself a forgery!" said he. "Are you aware, young lady, of what you ask? I am fearful!"——

"O, do not deny me!" interrupted the demoiselle. "I know it is an improper request; but, by complying, you may save the good name of a once proud family from an indelible stain—you may save a talented young man from utter ruin."

"Extraordinary! extraordinary!" ejaculated Ostrander, thoughtfully; "but I suppose you must have strong reasons for asking it, and it would, perhaps, be ungracious for me to demur to the proposition, more especially as I shall not be the loser."

"Many thanks," replied the lady; "but, one other tax on your generosity. You may perceive by the course I have adopted, that secrecy has been thought very essential in this matter."

"Say no more, madam; I shall consider my honor concerned in keeping the transaction to myself."

The lady held out her hand—which was small and delicate as alabaster—in recognition of the kindness, then drew from her reticule a bundle of bank notes, and handed them to the man of cotton bales; and, having ascertained that the sum was correct, left the store.

Ostrander had an irrepressible curiosity to know more about his mysterious visitor; so, substituting a straw hat for his sleek beaver, and a thin frock for his sappy suit, he sallied out to follow her.

The lady hurried on from one street to another, always taking the most retired, until at length she came to an enclosure just out of the city, where a slave with a couple of horses was in waiting. The negro helped her into one of the saddles, and taking the other himself, they set off at a hand gallop, and were soon out of sight.

"A very pretty adventure, by *Jupiter*!" exclaimed the merchant, turning on his heel; and, wrapped in a brown study, he took the nearest route back to his counting room.

Immediately on his arrival at his place of business, he despatched his confidential clerk in pursuit of the individual who was in possession of the forged paper, with a check to pay it, and orders neither to ask or answer any questions concerning the reason of the payment. In the course of half an hour the clerk returned with the note, and the merchant immediately committed it to the flames.

About a week after this, as Ostrander was standing in the door-way of his ware-room, a negro came dashing up, on a blood-horse, whose faultless proportions and spirited carriage attracted the admiration of every person in the street. Like the wild steed of the Ukraine, the animal

"Looked as though the speed of thought
Were in his limbs."

Dismounting, and securing him to a post in front of the building, the rider presented the merchant with a billet, and immediately hurried away *a pied*. Ostrander broke the seal, and read as follows:—

"Kind Sir—Please accept the animal in charge of the bearer, as a token of gratitude from the stranger you so generously aided in the matter of the forged note, and further oblige by making no inquiries."

The reader need hardly be informed that the lady actress in these scenes was no other than Gertrude M'Neal. She had her reward. The satisfaction of having taken a principal step towards relieving the name of her lost and ruined lover from obloquy, tended to allay the keenness of her disappointment; and she gradually became placid, but still pensive—like a sweet landscape after gale and tempest have swept over it, and left the willows drooping, the forest oaks in disarray, and the wild flowers with their faces in the grass; while yet

"The terrors of the midnight dream
Still shake the winding, silver stream,
And fill its waves with sadness."

Chapter VII.

CORNED BEEF AND CABBAGE.

Turn we again to Blackmer. Gloomy indeed were his reflections as the boat dashed onward towards Lake Ponchartrain. All night he sat on the hurricane deck, and often did he cast a longing look at the water that foamed and sparkled in the wake of the boat. His thoughts at length reverted to his mother, and her dying advice to him, and courage at once sprang into his heart to return—and, dropping on his knees, he fervently prayed Heaven to aid him in so doing. On arising, he felt a calmness of spirits to which he had long been a stranger,—hope told him that he might yet live to be respected and happy.

On the morning of the second day, the steamer came alongside the pier at the end of the Ponchartrain rail-road; and, jumping into one of the cars, in the course of half an hour Blackmer found himself amidst the confusion and bustle of the "Crescent City." The trackless forest, the arid desert, are not more solitary to the friendless and companionless wanderer, than are the teeming thoroughfares of a strange city; and while wandering about, at a loss as to what course he should pursue, all his recent despondency returned upon him.

He had made a resolve that he would scarcely rest, day or night, till he had accumulated a sufficient sum to refund the money he had obtained by the forgery. He would turn his hand to anything—would be a subordinate clerk, a porter, a steamboat hand even, if it would only enable him to accomplish something towards this object. But all sorts of business seemed to be overdone—everybody seemed to shun him. The storekeepers and the steamboat captains turned away from his applications with suspicious looks, and the shipping officers, abashed by his genteel appearance and urbanity, informed him that he was of too slight frame for their purposes. No course seemed left him at last, but to beg or starve; and towards night, weary and hungry, he stood leaning against one of the lamp-posts, on the levee, when a rough-looking sailor came reeling up to him.

"Hollos, shipmate," exclaimed the old tar, "what the deuce is to pay, that you have come to anchor there in mid-channel? Shiver my topsails! but you look as if you had just been spoken to by the Flying Dutchman—or had been kept on short allowance for the matter of a month's voyage or so. Get underway, my hearty, and let's have a cruise together."

Blackmer seemed half inclined to go, but hesitated.

"Up anchor, man, and get under sail," persisted the jolly fellow.

"If I had the change, my first object would be to get me a supper," replied Blackmer. "I parted with my last half dollar in paying the rail-road fare from the Lake to the city, this morning."

"No rhino!" exclaimed Jack—"not a shot in the locker! Stove in my bulwarks! if you ain't just the chap I've been cruising for."

"You want ballast, too—your top-hamper is too heavy for your tonnage," continued he, as Blackmer staggered towards him, almost overcome by his kindness, though so roughly manifested.

"Scant of provisions! that's what I call the worst predicament that may come upon a man. I've seen some rough times in my time, I may say. I recollect I felt rather quearish like when my old flame, Lizzy Spriggs, cut adrift from my wake, and took up with a beggarly bargeman; I had a fit of the Newfoundland vapours, too, when I got jagged in a d—d French hole of a calaboose, where they didn't give us nothing to eat but a brown, blasted article they called *pain**—and rightly named it was, as my jaws would have testified—and where all we got to drink was a beggarly stuff they called *leau*;† may I be keel hauled if it didn't look and taste like ditch water. Perhaps they would have called it *Water-leau*, only they didn't like the sound. But I never knowed what it was really to suffer till I got cast away on the Madagascar Reef, and we got short of provisions. Lord love you! it makes me feel keen set to think of it! Let's bear down on some of these beggarly parley-voos, and lay in stores."

Blackmer gladly acceded, for he had eaten nothing during the whole day.

They soon came to a restaurant, and the sailor hailed as he entered—

"Hollos! old vooly-voo-kick-shins-sharp-raisons, give us beef-steaks, rum and onions for six, and apple-sauce gimcrackeries to match—and bear a hand about it, or dash my vis! but I'll"——

"Oui sair, tout suit," replied Monsieur, with a complaisant smile, accustomed to the ways of the sailors, and generally reckoning for their rough language in the bill.

The articles called for soon made their appearance on the table, and Blackmer commenced operations on the steaks as though he were eating for a wager. His mandibles had been doing great execution for about fifteen minutes, without cessation, when Jack, who in the meantime had confined his attentions almost exclusively to the black bottle, thrust it towards him, exclaiming—

"Gadso! my hearty—you go at it like a shark among a school of rudder-fish—take a sweetener!"

Our hero turned him out half a tumbler, and hurriedly drank it off, and was proceeding to a renewed attack on the beef and onions, when the jolly tar drew away the plate, with a look of astonishment, exclaiming—

"Heave short there, my hearty, you are loaded down to your hoods already, and if you take in more cargo you'll be too deep to swim in anything like rough weather. A man as has been on short allowance should mind how he stows away his grub. Come—hurrah! now for a cruise."

Blackmer arose reluctantly from the table. But he had already eaten more than was consistent with prudence, and his head spun around so that he would have fallen but for the assistance of his new friend.

The latter seemed to look upon himself as the originator of the mischief.

"Douse my glims!" said he, "couldn't an old salt like myself keep a better look-out to leeward?—You're among the breakers already; we must get you into a snug harbor instanter. Where away shall we lay our course?"

"I am a stranger in the city," was the reply; "but leave me here, I shall be well enough in a few minutes."

"Leave you here! Gadzookers! it shall never be said that Ben Rawson ever forsook a ship-mate in distress. Come along with me; I am second-mate of the good ship Trenton, of Bath, away down east—by good luck our men have run away, so that we have plenty of spare bunks."

They accordingly sought the vessel, and Blackmer found comfortable quarters for the night. He arose betimes in the morning, in much better health and spirits than on the evening previous, and after agitating the matter over awhile, came to the conclusion to reveal his situation to the captain of the ship, and to ask his assistance. The captain, who possessed more than an ordinary share of the milk of human kindness in his heart, commiserated his destitute condition, and being satisfied from his personal appearance and address that he was a young man of no ordinary character, engaged him at good wages to take an account of the cargo then discharging. This duty was so well performed, and our hero proved himself so good a companion, that his patron became quite attached to him, and at last proposed that he should take a voyage to Europe, as clerk of the ship.

Blackmer gladly accepted a proposal which would put him out of the way of pursuit, and, in due time, the vessel, having loaded with cotton, sailed on her voyage.

The winter passed by, wearily enough for Gertrude; and Col. Ormond, wishing to draw off her mind from every thing that might serve as a memento of her discarded lover, proposed that she should accompany him in a visit to his plantation near the town of Selma, some three hundred miles up the Alabama river. Gertrude readily consented to go, and a bright day in May saw them on board a steam packet, sailing up the broad stream.

There is a magical influence in the rush of a powerful steamer, enlivening to one's spirits, especially on such a river as the Alabama—a river which, for untamed and luxuriant scenery, is scarcely surpassed by any in our country. The lofty bluff, draped with massy, flowering vines, the intricate forest crowding to the water's edge, the tufted cane-brake, through which no living thing but the lithe snake can penetrate, the emerald-green islet, and an ever-winding channel are the characteristics of this noble stream. And the influence of the scene was not lost upon Gertrude.

In due time they arrived at Selma, and Gertrude and her uncle retired to his plantation house. The calm beauty of the place delighted her, and she soon became contented, and, we might say, happy.

There was a vague presentiment in her heart, that she was yet destined to share her fortunes with Blackmer in life—but the summer, autumn, and winter, successively passed away, and naught was heard of him. Still, this presentiment, dim and and far-off as it was, induced her to reject several offers of marriage, when no objection could be named against the suitors, either as to personal appearance or character. But heart-rending intelligence was in store for her.

At that time the Creek Indians were engaged in hostilities against the whites, and daily came accounts of their fiendish cruelties perpetrated upon the weak, the defenceless, the young and beautiful. It was rumored that a white man was among them urging them on in the work of murder and rapine, and one of the scouts sent out to watch the motions of the savages, who had known Trescot Blackmer at Mobile, declared that this coadjutor with the savages was no other than our old friend, whom we last left on his way to Europe!

Gertrude heard these rumors, but was altogether incredulous. Conviction, however, came at last.

Early one morning, a courier dashed into the village, from the seat of conflict. His panting horse seemed ready to sink with fatigue, and he himself, in his haggard countenance and soiled apparel, bore the marks of a long and weary ride. He stopped at Col. Ormond's door. He brought the astounding intelligence that the town of Roanoke had been attacked by the savages and entirely burnt, and that the inhabitants had been destroyed, almost to an individual—himself and two others, a woman and her child, being all that had escaped.

The savages had been led on by a white man, whose name, it was ascertained, was Blackmer, and from the description given of his person, there could be no doubt as to his identity with the ruined gallant of Mobile.

Gertrude herself received an account of the desperate affair from the lips of their weary guest. He recounted all the particulars—the onset of the savages, the glare of the conflagration, the shrieks of mothers and children, the desperate deeds of fathers and sons, the yells of the painted Indians, as they flitted to and fro in the red light of the burning houses, like fiends from the infernal pit, and their wild exultation over their helpless victims. Could she believe that her lost lover, once the pride of the circle in which he had moved, had become so lost to every feeling of humanity as to incite to such deeds of hellish cruelty? But how disbelieve?

Overflowing with conflicting emotions, she left the room, and wandered out among the embowered walks of the garden, in hopes of calming her turbulent spirits.

She had seated herself on a rustic bench, at the foot of a shady locust, whose bending boughs, in concert with the feathery foliage of a cluster of acacias, screened her from observation, when a rustling among the leaves caused her to start, and, looking up, her eye met the keen gaze of the very person who was in her thoughts—the lost, the recreant Blackmer. His apparel was worn, and soiled with many a stain—perhaps of the blood of innocence—his hair long and matted, his beard unshaven, and his eyes bloodshot. Gertrude, in whose imagination the pictures of the recent savage outrage were vividly present, was about to flee in terror from him, but he bent upon her such an imploring look, that she was constrained to pause.

"Gertrude!" said he.

Pale as death, the trembling girl bent her fearful gaze upon him—but there was a fascination in his eye—she could not go.

"Gertrude," said he, "I have at length obtained long-sought interview, but in sorry plight——"

"Oh, leave me! leave me!" burst from the lips of the frightened girl; "I cannot talk with one whose hands are scarcely now free from the stains of innocent blood!"

"What!" exclaimed he, "can you believe such a horrid tale? Then, indeed, am I wretched, and the world for me in future will be but a hell."

"Can you deny it?" ejaculated Gertrude. "Your accuser—he who saw you in the midst of the savages at the burning of Roanoke, is now in the house; I have just been listening to a recital of the terrors and cruelties of that wild night—and you were named as one of the chief leaders in the fiendish massacre. Oh, Trescot! Trescot! the clotted blood still on you clothing but too plainly authenticates his relation!"

"It is useless to say that appearances are strongly against me," replied Blackmer, "but so far from having innocent blood to answer for, I am the avenger of innocence—the stains you see are of the life blood of the savage myrmidons. They were about to bury their knives in the bosoms of two helpless females who had escaped from Roanoke—a mother and daughter—when I came upon them. The sight lent more than human strength to my arm. That mother and child are in in safety, and the fiends who were about taking their lives, will never more raise the scalping knife. If, Gertrude, you will give me a hearing, I believe I can explain away present appearances."

Gertrude still hesitated—but her interest in the young man prevailed.

"You doubtless heard of my delinquencies at Mobile, after I had written you and received your answer, discarding my suit. On that fatal night, I committed forgery—forged a note and lost the money raised thereon, at the gaming-table; and, to escape the penalties of the law, fled to New Orleans. I cannot describe to you the horror I felt when a full consciousness of the crime I had committed came upon me, but it resulted in a determination that I would abjure gaming for ever, and win my way back to the station I had forfeited, if perseverance and economy would accomplish this object.—Soon after my arrival at New Orleans, I entered as clerk on board of a ship, and in this capacity went to Europe, and from thence to New York, where I entered the counting-room of a firm who owned a large amount of goods brought by the ship, at a high salary; the captain having been pleased to express to them his appreciation of the manner in which I had conducted myself during the voyage. My first grand object now, was to hoard my earnings until I had obtained enough to pay the amount of my forgery. In a year's time, having realized enough for that purpose, I set out for the South; but in passing through the Creek country, the mail coach in which I was passenger, was fired upon by the Indians. A fellow-traveller was killed by the shots, but the driver and myself fell uninjured into the hands of the savages.

"We were stripped of everything we possessed, bound hand and foot, and given into the custody of the squaws of the tribe, as we supposed, to be put to death with torture at a more convenient opportunity. But there was one inducement for me to try to escape, if no more—that fatal note! As the only means of accomplishing this, I endeavored to ingratiate myself into the good-will of the Indians, and feigned to be very zealous for their welfare. My plan succeeded so far as to divest me of my bonds, but still I was watched by jealous eyes.

"The premeditated attack upon Roanoke, was kept a secret from me; otherwise I would have hazarded everything to have put its unconscious inhabitants on their guard. I was, however, taken to the scene of butchery and death, and hence probably the story of my having participated in those horrid excesses, originated.

"Amidst the confusion of the attack, I contrived to escape, and Providence afterwards put me in the way of rescuing the two females I told you of, from the savages. Have I convinced you Gertrude—or has one mis-step in my life prejudiced you against me forever?"

Gertrude's heart was almost too full for utterance. She saw there had been no endeavor to gloss over his misdeeds—she was satisfied that his character had been traduced, even at a time when he had risked his life against fearful odds, to rescue the helpless. Misfortune had only brought into play the better qualities of his heart, and all her fond affections and sympathies towards him were renewedly awakened.

"O, what can be done?" she at length exclaimed fixing her large, black, tearful eyes upon him. "You must flee hence—away, Trescot, this moment! They are going to offer a reward for your head, and under the present state of excitement and prejudice against you, it would be considered doing God service to take your life. Hasten! conceal yourself instantly. How can I—how can I contrive to hide you?"

Blackmer's face brightened, although but now informed that his life hung, as it were, on a hair. He perceived that Gertrude M'Neal still loved him, and there was elysium in the conviction.

"Gertrude—dear Gertrude!" said he, "you do then believe me innocent! And the anxiety you show for my welfare—O! could I but hope that I possessed a place in your affections, I should look upon this as the happiest moment of my existence, although surrounded as I am, by imminent dangers. Gertrude say but that you will think kindly of me hereafter. One word from those lips—but, penniless and an outcast as I am, how can I expect"——

"For mercy's sake—for my sake! Trescot, talk not thus," interrupted the weeping girl. "Do not tamper with your life. Leave this place—leave the country—hide yourself—even now the avengers of blood may be upon your track—fly!"

"Fly without anything to hope for—with nothing to live for!" persisted Blackmer. "One word will nerve me for a thousand perils! One word and I go. May I hope that for one year you will remain single?"

Gertrude extended to him her trembling hand, and hid her face on his shoulder—"I promise anything—everything, if you will but fly; for a year—for ever, dear Trescot. Never will I wed but with your consent—I am yours. Now, if you prize my love, go. Fly on the wings of the wind to the North Country, until you can establish your innocence by proofs.—Go—O do go instantly!"

Still she withdrew not her hand from his, so inconsistent were the workings of her better judgment with her inclinations.

Blackmer imprinted an impassioned kiss upon her lips—"a long, long kiss—a kiss of youth and love," to which she made no resistance. Reluctantly he then turned to go, but she still clung to him.

"O, what will become of me, should you fall into the hands of your enemies? Remember, Trescot"——

Here the sound of approaching footsteps caught the young lady's ear; she started and relinquished his hand. One gentle embrace, and the tall form of her lover was hid in the thicket of shrubbery—when, for the sake of rendering his retreat more secure, Gertrude turned into the main walk to meet the person advancing. It was her uncle, on his way apparently to the cottages of the slaves, which were situated just without the garden.

"Ah! Gertrude, it was you then whose tread I heard—I thought it was some one of heavier frame. Your eyes betray you—you have been weeping—you must not let your commiserations for the unfortunates of Roanoke, overset your reason."

"Dear uncle, do you believe all the stranger has said in regard to Trescot Blackmer?"

"Believe it!" exclaimed the colonel with some asperity—"I am sorry to hear you ask the question—I thought you had got over that weakness."

"Weakness! uncle—is it weakness to hold a man innocent before he has been proved guilty? I am convinced that Blackmer has been wronged in this matter."

"Pho, pho, Gertrude—it is idle to talk thus.—Accept my arm and let me wait upon you into the house."

"Uncle Ormond," said she, with emphasis, "beware that you take no part in the proceedings against Blackmer—he is innocent," and without waiting for a reply she dodged by him, and sought the retirement of her own chamber—there to remain in the most torturing suspense, fearing to hear every moment that her lover had been taken.

At the dinner table Gertrude's anxiety, which she endeavored in vain to conceal, was again noticed by the colonel, and thinking of it in connection with the conversation he had had with her in the garden, he began to suspect that she had received intelligence from Blackmer of a more definite character than had come to his knowledge. But by what means could this have been brought about? There was a mystery to be solved somewhere; of this the colonel was satisfied.

When he arose from the table, he informed her that he was about to leave home for two or three days, and expressed a hope to see her more composed and in better spirits on his return.

This announcement brought the crimson to Gertrude's brow in a moment, for she was convinced that Blackmer's safety or peril was concerned in her uncle's movements; and her anxiety was increased to the highest pitch when she learned that several of the most trusty slaves on the plantation, were to accompany him. Had he received intelligence that Blackmer was in the neighborhood? Her heart fainted within her at the thought. What could be done? At length she came almost to a determination to inform him of the interview which she had had with her lover, and the story the latter had then told in reference to his connection with the savages, but she dreaded lest the colonel should not give credence to the story. While she was hesitating as to the best policy to pursue, Ormond and his followers mounted their horses and rode off.

There was now no remedy, and all that remained to Gertrude was to suffer the pangs of suspense till the return of the party.

Chapter IX.

"WO WORTH THE CHASE."

Colonel Ormond, followed by his trusty servants, and a hound of keen scent, which had been used to trail runaway negroes, started off briskly on the road towards Roanoke. After travelling some five or six miles, the hound stopped at the turning off of a by-path, and began to bay.

"Aha! Cora," said Ormond, "you have got on the wrong scent; it is no runaway negro that we are after now," and he put his horn to his mouth (a bullock's horn, such as is used in that part of the country by hunters, to call their dogs together), and blew a blast that echoed far through the forest. But in vain he summoned the dog. Cora could not be drawn away from the scent; and at length, impressed with the belief, from the pertinacity of the animal, that something of consequence might transpire, worth a few hours' delay, he concluded to follow her.

They accordingly struck off into the forest, whose dense foliage, impenetrable to the rays of the sun, created eternal twilight. The dog trotted on, snuffing the trail, hither and yon and athwart, leading them such a circuitous route, that more than once Ormond's patience was at its lowest ebb.

Sometimes the luxuriant wild grape, the flowering smoke vine, and masses of nameless twining and fibrous creepers, clinging from tree to tree, and from bough to bough, opposed a complete barrier to their progress, and was the occasion of a wide detour.—Then again an impenetrable cane brake would interrupt their path—anon a swampy jungle of the wild honey-suckle, a sluggish water-course, or a tangled gully, obliging them to dismount and lead their horses. Wilder and yet more wild grew the wilderness, and to appearance mortal footstep had never invaded its gloomy precincts before.

Col. Ormond would have turned back, but while revolving over in his mind Gertrude's confident asseverations as to Blackmer's innocence, he began to have vague suspicions that that personage, whose capture, it is hardly necessary to say, was the object of the expedition, was in the neighborhood, and possibly they might be now on his track; and the bare harboring of such an idea, was a sufficient motive to push him on. But at length they came to an apparently impassable swamp, and here the dog, for the first time, was at fault. At their approach, a company of water-moccasins* ran hissing into the tall reeds, and this circumstance convinced Ormond that no individual was harboring near.

The Colonel began to think they had had a long and rough ride for their pains, when Cora sprang upon a fallen tree, and with a loud bark, indicating that she had again struck the trail, started forward. Ormond and his followers could not cross the track on horseback, so securing their cattle to the trees, and seizing their fire-arms, they set forward on foot.

The dog, in the meantime, had got out of sight, but they hurried on in the direction they supposed she had taken, till suddenly her loud baying notified them as to her whereabouts, and assured them she had made a discovery.

But Ormond was again doomed to disappointment. The dog stood at the edge of a lofty bluff, the bank of one of the main river's tributaries, and so steep was it, and so deep the water, that it would be next to impossible for a person to cross at that point.

It was as wild a spot as imagination could conceive. The stream here took a sudden bend, and the current—during the spring freshets, perchance—had so undermined the bank, that many of the great trees had fallen from their upright position, and, still secured to the earth above by their tough roots, hung pendant with all their leafy honors, far over the deep, turbid water that flowed beneath. In the rear, the swamp oak and ash stood in thick array, like sable mourners, with their long beards of moss sweeping the ground, and patches of splendid canes trembled to an eternal current of pestilential miasma that swept from the impenetrable depths of the swamp.

Cora still continued to waken the echoes far and near with her loud baying, and several times she attempted to go down on the trunk of one of the huge trees depending from the bank, but it was too steep for her. This led the Colonel to suppose that the object of their pursuit, whoever he might be, was concealed in its luxuriant boughs; a more effectual place of concealment, indeed, could not have been selected. But how to ascertain for a certainty was the question.

The party scattered themselves up and down the bank, and climbed into the boughs of the neighboring trees on every hand, but the massy foliage of the pendant oak was impervious to their sight. Ormond, determined not to give up the chase, was about giving directions for one of the slaves to go to the nearest house, which was some miles off, for an axe, when lo! a coat tail dropped below one of the limbs of the tree. A wild shout of exultation burst from the negroes, and the Colonel called upon the owner of the coat-tail, whoever he might be, to give himself up to their custody. Echo only answered. What was to be done? Ormond was at a stand. The concealed individual was protected from their fire-arms, by the gnarled boughs of the oak, and the negroes were afraid to venture down, lest they should be fired upon.

After many ineffectual plans and traverses, Ormond at length, by mounting into the uppermost [illegible] tree, succeeded in obtaining a view of the tacit hermit of the oak. It was no other than the unfortunate Blackmer, who had wandered hither with the intention of *following down* the stream to the main river, where he was in hopes of obtaining a conveyance by steamboat, to Mobile, which seemed to be the safest course left him.

The Colonel, whose mind was entirely under the influence of the horrid recitals he had heard from the man of Roanoke, was gratified beyond measure in thus recognizing the individual whom he considered as chief leader in those outrages, and whose capture had been the object of the expedition. He was ripe for summary proceedings, and could scarcely restrain his exultation.

"Aha! vile murderer," exclaimed he, "have I found you, and so soon? Surrender yourself at once, or I'll drive a ball through your heart."

Blackmer turned about and sat upright on the bough.

"Colonel Ormond," said he, "I warn you to beware what you do. If you fire, you may kill an innocent man. For Heaven's sake, be not so *rash*—for your niece's sake, hold your hand."

"Miscreant!" shouted Ormond, exasperated to the highest pitch, "dare you speak of her after what has passed? Surrender instantly, or, by ——, I fire!"

"Ormond, we were once friends," returned Blackmer, dejectedly; "do not heap injury upon one who for month's past has been the brunt of misfortune. Appearances were against me, and I sought to conceal myself from an infuriated populace till I could prove my innocence, and for that reason alone am I here. If you wish to see another happy day, I conjure you to leave me to myself."

"Ha! ha! ha!—And was this the compassion you showed towards the helpless sufferers of Penuchi?" cried Ormond, in a tone of derision, at the same time levelling his rifle. "I give you but a moment to come to terms. Surrender!—I never miss my aim!"

"Fire, then, and bring sorrow forever on your household. Time will show that I am innocent of the crimes with which I am charged, and the stings of remorse"——

The sharp crack of Ormond's rifle clipped the words on the tongue of the unfortunate man, and his lifeless body dropped with an ominous plunge, that reverberated with vivid distinctness through the surrounding woods, into the deep, sullen water below.

The negroes ran to the edge of the bank, and with outstretched necks and wondering eyes, stood watching for the reappearance of the body on the surface of the stream; but the bubbles ceased, and the water flowed on undisturbed. Many minutes did they listen, but a silence, deep and breathless, reigned through the sleeping forest, and not a ripple on the *lethe* flood below disturbed the spell.

It seemed as if the blacks dreaded to move, excepting so far as to edge towards each other—and even the Colonel himself was not altogether devoid of a sort of mysterious faintness of heart.

The forest aisles, by this time, began to grow dusk with the coming night, and Ormond gave orders to return; but the weight of gloom which oppressed the party was by no means lessened, when, on looking back, they saw a huge buzzard gyrating slowly on broad wing, over the place where poor Blackmer had fallen.

The tramp back through the woods was indeed a lonely one. By good luck they found the horses, ere the utter darkness which characterized the night came on—after which, their only course was to let the animals follow their own instinct. The hill-fox barked, and the screech-owl hooted far through the impenetrable blackness of the spectre woods; the venomous snake hissed, and the *ignis fatuus*, or jack o'lantern, moved to and fro over the murky surface of the morasses—and after floundering about till after midnight, heartily glad were they to heave in sight of the plantation house.

Chapter X.

RETRIBUTION.

When Ormond arrived at the house, he was surprised, and indeed somewhat alarmed, to find Gertrude still up. On hearing the tramp of the horses, she came running to the door to meet him, with her hair in disarray and cheek flushed.

"O, I am so glad you have returned!" cried she, eagerly, "he is innocent! he is innocent! as I told you he was. Here are the woman and her daughter in the house, whom he saved from the savages at the risk of his life."

"Who is innocent?" queried the Colonel, while a cold chill struck to his heart from apprehension.

"Why, Vincent Blackmer, to be sure. Come in—come into the house, and hear her tell the story—how, single-handed and alone, he rushed upon the three Indians, and"—

Here Gertrude stopped, for her uncle suddenly became pale as death, and caught hold of the door-post, as if his strength had left him. The excited girl bent a keen, inquisitive glance upon him—a fearful look, as if she would pry into his innermost soul—then turned towards the trembling slaves, who still stood, holding their horses, in the light that streamed from the open door.

"Where is he?" she at length demanded, with an emphasis that amounted almost to a shriek.

No answer was returned.

A moment she stood, like the chiselled marble, then clapped her hands over her eyes, as if to shut out some dread image. Suddenly the blood gushed from her lips and nostrils, and she fell backwards upon the floor of the entry.

The whole house was immediately in an uproar. The servants ran to and fro, not knowing what to do; and he, who should have directed them, was almost as much stupefied as the senseless girl in his arms.

At length, the woman of Roanoke, alarmed by the cries of distress, came out. She had of late looked upon too many scenes of suffering to be disconcerted—and she ordered Gertrude to be taken at once to her own room, and laid on the bed. Long did the heart-stricken girl remain in a swoon, giving no signs of life, except by the deep sobs that now and then heaved her snowy bosom—every one of which caused the crimson blood to ooze with renewed violence from her lips, saturating the bosom of her dress, and the white counterpane. Pale and death-like,

> ——"she lay,
> As fair a thing as e'er was formed of clay."

She revived at last, but it was only to swoon away again as soon as consciousness came—until reason forsook its throne. For weeks she remained thus, sometimes raving of her lost lover, and heaping fearful imprecations upon the authors of his death—and, at other times, docile and happy under some pleasing hallucination—the fever, all the while, seeming neither to increase nor abate. But, by and by, when the cooler weather of autumn set in, the natural strength of her constitution triumphed, and phrensy ceased. Still, memory seemed gone, or the past forgotten. Her mind was like the waters of the ocean, after a hurricane, windless, waveless—blank, dread and solitary. Like Byron's imaginary Haidee,

> "She looked on many a face with vacant eye,
> On many a token without knowing what,
> She saw them watch her without knowing why,
> And recked not who around her pillow sat;
> Not speechless, though she spoke not—not a sigh
> Relieved her thoughts; dull silence and quick chat
> Were tried in vain by those who served—she gave
> No sign, save breath, of having left the grave."

The unfortunate girl continued gradually to gain strength and consciousness, but she was not the Gertrude M'Neal that had once been the sunlight of all about her. She never, by word, look, or action, referred to the catastrophe that had blighted her dreams of happiness, but avoided all contact with her fellow-mortals, and for days would scarcely utter a syllable. And yet her heart must needs have something to lavish all its overflowing sympathies upon, and she turned for objects of affection among the wonders of nature. She looked to the wide-armed tree, under whose shade the ruminating cattle reclined; to the winding stream; to the bird soaring aloft on triumphant wing in the blue heaven; to the radiant sunset—and seemed to glean strength and instruction, for her countenance became serene. She shuddered when the wind swept by on rushing wings, and the monarchs of the wood fought the storm; and whispered strange words with the multitudes that hung about her window. Every thing in nature, aside from mankind—even the simplest flowret that opened its bell amidst the fern of the prairie, or the least insect that tried its gossamer wing in the sunbeam, were objects of her tender solicitude. Indeed, it might almost be said with truth, that she was in a semi-deranged state of mind.

In the mean time, Gertrude was not the only afflicted person in the house—for most keenly did her uncle feel the pangs of remorse for having been so hasty with his rifle. The ominous *plunge* of the lifeless body continually echoed in his ear—and often did the words of the hunted man: "take my life and you bring lasting sorrow upon your household," recur to his memory, and stir up his innermost soul.

Ormond was a stern, proud man, and he cared not to discover to those around him the workings of his heart. He still looked to the cultivation of his plantation as in his brighter days, yet he avoided the race-course, the gaming-table, and ever other haunt of amusement and dissipation, and his emaciated form and pale countenance gave evidence of the worm that was continually gnawing within. At times, he was sunk in the most profound melancholy, and during Gertrude's illness, whenever her phrensied ravings fell on his ear, he would start up and leave the house, whether in storm or sunshine, in darkness or day, and wander off, no one knew whither. Once, however, he was seen by some hunters, just at nightfall, sitting on a decayed tree, near the lonely spot where Blackmer had fallen.

His friends in vain endeavored to rouse him—and at length, on the opening of Spring, his family physician being satisfied that both he and his niece would find an early grave, unless some means were found to check their melancholy, insisted that they should take a summer's tour in the North. Ormond readily consented, and as for Gertrude, she was passive as a dove.

Change of scene—who has not heard of its efficacy in bringing relief to the sick, the weary, and the heart-broken? Gertrude and her uncle set off on their journey, and a month afterwards, when they arrived at the beautiful town of Cleaveland, on Lake Erie, an acquaintance would hardly have recognized in our heroine, the pale and half-deranged creature of Selma. Contact with busy life, and with the wild, the lone and beautiful of Nature, had done wonders in improving her. The whirl and flurry of Mobile and New Orleans, the broad Mississippi, rolling on with its myriads of fleet steamers, like the pathway of an ocean through the continent, the swelling hills and pastoral quiet of the Ohio, the wide-waving wheat fields, green meadows, and fragrant clover patches, that stretched away up the slopes and vallies on either hand of the Portsmouth Canal, had each, in turn, served to attract her interest, and arouse her dormant enthusiasm; and while gazing on the blue and boundless expanse of Lake Erie—the first extensive sheet of water she had ever seen—she was all admiration and delight.

But Niagara, whither they were tending, was still ahead, and Gertrude had long looked forward with impatience to the moment that should bring her in sight of the rushing waters. The time soon arrived; her heart thumped against her side, and her limbs trembled, as she neared their roar, and no sooner had her uncle secured rooms at the Eagle Hotel, than dragging him with her, she hurried away.

They passed over the bridge that spans the rapids, and following the beaten track through the brave old woods of Goat Island, suddenly found themselves on the edge of the *American* fall. Gertrude meant to have shouted and exulted in the roar of the waters, but the fountains of thought and speech were dried up before the majesty of the scene—she was dumb. She seated herself upon the trunk of a gnarled birch that leaned out over the abyss, and was lost in a fit of abstraction. The water leaped, the water plunged—down, down, into the unfathomable vortex; the solid rock trembled, and the mists went up, tortured and writhing, to the sky. Presently her gaze became still more *fixed*—for, on a sudden, the figure of a man sprung to view far below, on a projecting crag. At first, Gertrude doubted that she saw aright, but rubbing her eyes, she became satisfied that it was a bona fide specimen of the genius homo. But how was it possible for him to get to that apparently dangerous position? A cold sweat began to creep from her pores. She imagined the form bore a resemblance to that of her lost lover—and the longer she looked, the more close did the likeness become. She convulsively grasped the birch upon which she sat, and leaned out over the abyss to get a better view. The distance was considerable, and owing to the spray that momentarily concealed the man, the view was imperfect; yet every turn and gesture of the figure, were those of Blackmer.

Gertrude at length turned to her uncle; his eyes had been rivited on the same object; he was deadly pale—his thoughts had evidently been the same as her own. When she looked again, the figure had disappeared.

"Strange!" muttered Ormond, abstractedly: "it must have been a hallucination, however. I was in hope I had got over such things!"

Gertrude forbore to interrupt his soliloquy; she knew that any talk in relation to the apparition, would but tend to awaken harrowing reflections in the bosom of her uncle.

Ormond at length drew his niece away, with the remark that they had as yet seen but a small portion of the cataract, and they silently wended their way round to the great Horse Shoe Fall. A sight of the stupendous prospect, banished every other thought than those connected with it from Gertrude's mind. They were alone. In a fit of soothing melancholy, she leaned against a tree, and gazed on the tumultuous scene—the waters jostling and dancing to the dizzy verge, whence, in one vast transparent green mass, they fell headlong into the gulf of mist and shadow. A pillar of a cloud thence went up to the heavens, and a rainbow in the declining sun spanned it from side to side. She felt the earth shake beneath her, and the trees, in the windless atmosphere—the cedars that crowd to the brink of the torrent, finding sustenance in the fissures of the cliff, were tremulous as the aspen. Gertrude looked, almost with the expectation of seeing the whirling mass diminish. But on it rushed, as if an ocean had broken loose, seeming rather to increase than lessen.

Some sixty or seventy feet from the shore, as is known to those who have visited Niagara, stands a tall monument, on a solitary rock, built for the purpose of bettering the view of the falls. This is connected with Goat Island by a rustic bridge. Thither Gertrude at length resorted, but she was not yet satisfied. Seeing two or three heavy sticks of timber extending thence to a projecting rock at the very edge of the fall, which looked as though they had been intended for the string pieces of a bridge, she prevailed upon her uncle, who knew that her nerve was equal to any emergency, to accompany her out. The scene made her hold her breath. The water rushed by on each side of the precarious standing-place like lightning; and down it plunged, flashing, seething, and culminating—and rebounding half way up the fall, as if trying to climb back again! A gulph of fluctuating shadow, mist, and tempest lay beneath, in which the great black rocks seemed to be bounding up, and hither, and athwart, as if struggling to escape the merciless element. Gertrude, all enthusiasm, burst forth in the language of "Childe Harold"—

> ——"How profound
> The gulf! and how the giant element
> From rock to rock leaps with delirious bound,
> Crushing the cliffs, which, downward worn and rent
> With its fierce footsteps, yield in chasms a vent
> To the broad column which rolls on, and shows
> Like the deep fountain of an infant sea,
> Torn from the bed of mountains, by the throes
> Of a new world. * * * * Look back!
> Lo, where it comes, like an eternity,
> As if to sweep down all things in its track!"

Having satisfied her curiosity, she was about turning away, when her eye caught the upturned face of the figure she had seen beneath the falls on the other side of the island. The individual was far down among the trees and crags. His eye was fixed on her in apparent admiration; and although the mists that momentarily passed between her and him, disturbed her vision, she could but perceive that the lineaments of his countenance were those of her former suitor, except, perhaps, that they were rather thin. Gertrude knew that Blackmer had been shot by her uncle; it is not to be wondered at, therefore, that in the trepidation which the remarkable resemblance produced on her nerves, she came near losing her balance, and being precipitated into the wild vortex beneath.

Her uncle grasped her with nervous agitation. He, too, had seen the upturned face—seen it but for a moment, when the figure was lost among the rocks.

"Merciful Providence!" he exclaimed, "am I never to be freed from these strange visitations!" and he clasped his hands, and bowed his head in a paroxysm of agony.

The place where they stood, required calm nerves to make it one of safety. Sensible of this, Colonel Ormond and his niece retraced their steps to the green declivity of the island. The sun sank, and the shades of evening settled over the forest paths; the rainbow departed, and of a leaden hue became the spiral pillar of cloud; still they remained lost in gloomy abstraction, until, at length, the condensing moisture, dropping from the trees, induced them to seek their hotel.

After supper, Ormond sent his servant to inquire if any person of the description they had seen beneath the falls, was tarrying at either of the hotels. These inquiries were unsuccessful. One of the underlings, indeed, believed that a person of the name of Kidder, who had resided at the hotel on the British side of the river, with his sick father, would, in some respects answer to the description, but he had seen nothing of the person in question for several days, and thought he had left the neighborhood.

On the following morning, as soon as breakfast was over, Gertrude hurried her uncle away again to the falls. It had been planned that they should visit the British side, that forenoon, in company with several other individuals of both sexes. They accordingly sought the ferry—descending to the bed of the river by means of a spiral stair-case—and were set over. A regiment of Scotch Highlanders were *en bivouac* on the opposite side, and their glittering plaids and kilts, plumed bonnets and scarfs, glancing along the cliffs, and through the trees, were admirably in keeping with the romantic scenery of the place.

Sauntering leisurely along towards the Table Rock, they at length arrived in front of a small inn, from which a jolly Hibernian sallied out, greeting them with true Irish loquacity.

"Walk in, leddies—this way, jintlemin. Yez'll go underneath the falls for sure: the half is not sain till yees go below the fall."

Most of the party demurred—but Gertrude wanted no importunity, and it would have been useless for her uncle to object. Accordingly, having prepared themselves with oil cloth dresses, to protect them from the spray, they descended by a rickety staircase to the bed of the river, accompanied by an Indian guide.

A scene of frightful sublimity here presented itself. It seemed as if the whole mass, cliffs, cataract and all, were caving in upon them. The vast crags of the Table Rock, upwards of a hundred feet in height, depended far over their heads, and formed one section of the arch through which they were to enter. A breath might detach some of the loose masses to crush them. The other section of the portal to the terraqueous cavern was formed by the curve of the massive waters, which came thundering down, as it were, from the clouds, enveloping them in a whirlwind of foam and spray. A false step might consign them to the fuming vortex.

Still they pushed on, struggling and stumbling till they arrived at the *termination rock*—the ne plus ultra of the watery cavern. The roar here was perfectly deafening. The solid rock vibrated with the dissonance—and the whirling waters seemed ready to turn in upon them and whelm them forever. They remained here till their guide became impatient.

In returning, when about half way to the mouth of the cavern, they encountered another party, and suddenly Gertrude shrieked and fell. The pale, green light reflected through the falling sheet, had revealed to her the strange personage she had seen the day before, and bewildered by the deluging spray, she fancied, for the moment, that it was in reality Blackmer. Her cry, however, was not heard—had a park of a hundred artillery been discharged there at once, the sound would scarcely have been distinguished amidst the thundering din and turmoil of the place; and the guide, lifting her up, aided her to the open air, where she soon recovered—so that no one but herself knew of the surprise she had met with.

It need hardly be said that, upon calm reflection, Gertrude was satisfied that she was in error in regard to the person she had thus encountered, still the likeness, so striking, conjured up painful reminiscences, and she was taciturn and dull for the remainder of the day.

Col. Ormond and his niece remained about a fortnight at Niagara, during which time, Gertrude spent many a pleasant hour in wandering about the Falls, sketching the magnificent scenes in the neighborhood, and penning her thoughts in her journal, but neither she or her uncle saw anything more of the stranger who had so disturbed their equanimity.—Boston was the next place at which the Colonel proposed tarrying—follow we our travellers *en route* thither.

They tarried a day at Auburn, lingered awhile about Geneva and its placid lake, turned out of their way to look at the romantic Falls of Trenton, dropped in among the butterfly belles and gallibles at Saratoga, sailed on to Albany, and thence across the country to the metropolis of New England. They had become acquainted with two or three fashionable families while at Niagara, and through their means were introduced into society at Boston; and Gertrude soon found herself amidst a whirl of amusements, surrounded by admirers.

Chapter XII.

STRANGE MUTATIONS.

A grand fete was to be given by one of the most fashionable ladies of the city, and everybody was on tiptoe with expectation—that is to say, everybody who dwelt within the magic circle of the *beau monde*—concerning the all-important matter of invitations. We may not be able to throw much light on this head, but would be willing to depose that there were all sorts of Smiths and *Johnsons* on the docket—and of every grade of beauty; the pretty, the lovely, the tall, the short, the *full*, the fairy-like—graceful Carolines, lovely Isabellas, haughty Margarets, modest Louisas, and thoughtful Marys—belles, blondes, and brunettes. Of one fact we are assured, namely, that the fair Alabamian (as Gertrude was called) and her uncle were to be numbered among the guests.

It came at last, the evening of the much-talked-of ball, and those who had been *slighted*, became satisfied of the fact, and set about plotting revenge, and those who had been acknowledged Brahmins of the right caste, the recipients of *invites*, betook themselves to cold cream, cologne water, carmine, pomatum, and poudres de Paris, as the case might be, and thence to the theatre of glory.

That metropolitan fete was a magnificent affair—wealth could not make it more so; taste could not add to the blandishments of the occasion. The house seemed a fairy palace. Brilliant was the array of beaming countenances, wavy curls, floral crowns, snowy plumes, flashing gems and floating drapery, under the blazing chandeliers of that magnificent hall, that burst upon the view as the doors were thrown open; soft and silvery were the strains warbled from the orchestra, seeming rather to be inweaved with the atmosphere of the place than to emanate from any particular point, and how gracefully did the etherial forms move to and fro, to its cadences, in the undulating waltz or the intricate quadrille.

Some betook themselves to the dance, some to cards, some to the music room, some to schemes of matrimony, and not a few matches, for good or for evil, were the result of that night's festivities—all were busy, bustling and happy. All did I say? An exception must be made. One there was among the glittering throng, who—although to appearance amused with what was going on about him—held aloof from the medly. There was something in the countenance and demeanor of this individual which made him the subject of frequent remark. High and pale was his forehead, over which the slightly curled locks of his raven hair fell in profusion. Searching was the glance of his dark eye, and there was a cast of care on his countenance, as he moved among the young and happy creatures about him, which seemed to indicate that he had been accustomed to powerful emotions. Were it possible for a countenance to embody thought, his would have been read as saying—

"Revel on, fair creatures—enjoy yourselves while you may, for life has sorrows as well as pleasures—sorrows swift to overtake, and strong to bow down the careless and happy."

No one seemed to know or have fellowship with him. He was evidently a stranger. The interest among some of the young ladies, in regard to him, at length, became so great, that to satisfy their curiosity, they appealed to the lady of the mansion.

The gentleman bore the name of Kidder, Sangerman Kidder, and he was "rich as a salt or silver mine—having lately come into possession of an immense fortune."

This information, of course, did not diminish the interest felt for the proud stranger.

"Sangerman Kidder," exclaimed a sprightly, talkative miss; "what a name! and yet there is a—a—euphony in it I like—it is so odd too; I don't know that I should have any objection to changing mine for it."

"I think it a noble name," said a blue-eyed, retiring Hebe, casting a furtive glance towards the object of remark. "Don't you think him very handsome?"

"Not exactly handsome, Cally," was the reply—"but he looks as if he could sway it with a high hand wherever he chose."

"He is handsome enough; but *handsome is that handsome does*, is my motto," said a third, a plain young lady, whose accepted suitor had a sandy head, a freckled face, a hump back, and half a million, to render him interesting. "For my part, I think beauty of small account. Nobody knows him, and he appears so distant and gloomy, I should be afraid he had been a pirate, a robber, or something as bad."

Meanwhile the stranger, seeing their askant glances directed towards himself, sauntered away into the music room, and stationing himself where he could without interruption, hear the singing (which happened to be excellent) gave himself up to its influence.

Col. Ormond and his niece arrived late at the ball, having been detained at home by a friend from the South. Gertrude immediately became the centre of attraction, and was besieged by a crowd of fawning and flattering admirers, all eager to ingratiate themselves into her favor. However, she disliked such adulation, and was glad at length to escape to the company of a young lady—by the name of Caroline Marvel—with whom she had formed an intimacy.

"What a relief!" said she; "you cannot think how I have been harassed."

"How can you say so?" queried her friend; "Is it not gratifying to be looked up to and admired as you are?"

"What, Cally, you turned flatterer!"

"I did not mean to flatter."

"Well then, in answer, I would say, give me the devotion of one true, honest bachelor, even if he have nothing more than his heart and hand to boast, in preference to all their unmeaning flatteries."

"You are somewhat severe upon our Boston exquisites. N'importe; have you seen the stranger, the lion of the evening—if not, come along directly. He is so lordly and solitary, he would just suit your taste—such an odd name as he goes by, too, Sangerman Kidder—did you ever hear the like?"

" 'What's in a name?' " said Gertrude, suffering herself to be led away.

They sought the music room, the stranger was gone—the card tables, he was not of the players—and were about giving over the search, supposing that he had left the house—when, pressing Gertrude's arm, Miss Marvel whispered, "Yonder he stands, leaning against the pillar of the orchestra."

Gertrude turned, and her eye became fixed on the stranger with the most intense earnestness. The blood flickered over her brow like distant lightning on a summer's evening cloud. It seemed as though a sudden and all absorbing terror had come upon her. She at length advanced a few paces towards the solitary being. "It is he! it is he!" she exclaimed, and fell senseless into the arms of her companion.

Immediately there was an end to singing and dancing, and the hall became a scene of wild commotion. Fierce glances were cast towards the stranger by the young bloods, the misses shrieked, the mothers stood aghast, and those who had not been at hand were clamorous to know the cause of the tumult.

Mr. Sangerman Kidder, however, perceiving only that a young lady had fainted, and owing to some unaccountable negligence, was likely to suffer for want of proper attention, hastened to her assistance. The crowd gave way before him as though he had been stricken with the plague spot, but every eye was intent on watching his motions. Wonder upon wonder! His arms became stiffened as it were with palsy, while in the act of extending them to help sustain the fair Alabamian, and his pale features assumed a still more ashy hue. A single exclamation, uttered in a low, deep voice that thrilled the nerves of all within hearing, told the keenness of his surprise.

"Gertrude! Merciful Heaven! can it be."

But the strange individual was evidently not one who cared to discover the workings of his heart to everybody. As if by an almost superhuman effort, he cloaked his feelings, and the same thoughtful melancholy reigned on his features as before, while he proceeded to bear the inanimate Gertrude to a sofa.

The behaviour of Col. Ormond was no less astonishing than that of Gertrude and the stranger. He had been engaged at a game of billiards in a distant room of the mansion, but hearing that his niece had fainted, now hastened forward. His eyes seemed ready to start from their sockets on seeing Gertrude's companion, and he put up his hand as if to shut out some dread image. He quickly recovered, however and bowing, but with averted eyes to the individual who had been the cause of all the excitement, took Gertrude, who had partially recovered, by the arm, and beckoned him to follow.

No sooner had they departed than a tempest of exclamations and inquiries burst forth. Choice food was there for the gossips; and many were the knowing surmises, ominous looks and expressive shakes of the head in all quarters of the hall. Who were these strangers? Where did they come from? Who could say that they were any better than they should be?

All that could be ascertained for a certainty was, that they were all in the dark respecting them.—However, most patient reader, *most patient*, if you have followed us along in this veritable history we suspect that you do not stand in need of enlightening in this respect. If you do, all we have to say is, that the proud stranger was in reality our old acquaintance, Trescot Blackmer. How can this be? would then be the natural inquiry—we saw him fall and sink into the tributary of the Alabama. A few words will explain the mystery.

When Col. Ormond discharged his rifle at Blackmer, the ball glanced from the limb of the tree upon which the hunted man sat, and did him no injury.—The colonel's aim, perhaps, was not so steady as though he had been shooting at a partridge. It immediately occurred to Blackmer that he might yet save himself by feigning death, dropping from the tree, and swimming to the shore. He did so, and favored by the coming shades of evening and the turbid state of the stream, escaped to the bank without being perceived; where, among the dwarf willows, he found a most effectual place of concealment, till Ormond and his followers had departed.

As soon as night had fairly set in, he left this covert, and after many perils and almost overpowering fatigue, arrived at Charleston, in South Carolina.—Thence he took passage for Boston, near which place resided an uncle, of whom he had often heard his relatives speak, but whom he had never seen. He found this uncle, whose name was Sangerman Kidder, living at the beautiful village of * * * *, on the sea coast, surrounded by all the appliances which wealth can produce; and upon making himself known, was most cordially received.

Mr. Kidder was one of your eccentric, but warm-hearted, old bachelors—rich as Crœsus, and liberal as rich. Our hero was the first of his relations that he had seen or heard from for twenty years, and he—the son of a once almost idolized sister—was looked upon as an object worthy of every thing short of adoration, and favors the most lavish were heaped upon him.

But the mutations in the history of Blackmer were not yet at an end. A short time after, he became an inmate of his uncle's mansion, the old gentleman was attacked with a violent fever, resulting from exposure during a sudden shower while abroad on a shooting excursion, which, after a run of some ten or twelve days, left him in a most debilitated state.—As soon as he had gained sufficient strength to bear the fatigues of journeying, travel was recommended by his physician, and, in company with our hero, he made the tour of the lakes, and visited Niagara. At the latter place, for the sake of retirement, he put up at the hotel on the British side of the cataract, which is not so much frequented as the public houses on the American side. It need hardly be said that it was in reality Blackmer, whom Gertrude and her uncle had seen about the Falls. Old Mr. Kidder derived no benefit from journeying. A day or two after the arrival of Col. Ormond and his niece at Niagara, he left for home, and by the time of his arrival at his mansion, he was so far gone that he had to take to his bed, from which he never again arose. Upon his demise, Blackmer, being his nearest relative, became his sole heir; coupled, however, with the condition that he should assume the name of the deceased in lieu of his own; and, in short, our hero became at once a man of wealth and Sangerman Kidder, Esq.

As soon as the estate was settled, Blackmer began to think of a trip to the South. He first forwarded a letter to our old acquaintance, Mr. Ostrander, enclosing a draft for one thousand dollars, on the Bank of Mobile—requesting the merchant to hunt up the holder of the forged paper, pay him the amount of its face and interest, and appropriate the balance as a remuneration for the trouble incident to these proceedings. This draft, it is hardly necessary to say, was returned, with the information that the note had been paid, and a detail of the circumstances connected therewith.

Who but Gertrude could be the *young lady* spoken of in the missive as the individual who had supplied the funds for the payment? There was elysium in the thought; it was proof that he had been loved from the beginning—and the conviction tended to enhance his affection for her in a ten-fold proportion if such a thing were possible. He immediately forwarded a letter to a friend in Selma, making inquiries concerning her. After nearly a month's suspense, an answer was returned, stating that Gertrude had become deranged, and had been sent away to Pass Christian—a village on Lake Pontchartrain—for the benefit of the sea air, &c.

Our hero at once determined to go, himself in quest of Gertrude, and, with this purpose in view, had come up to Boston, with the intention of taking passage to New Orleans. The ship was not quite ready, and, time hanging heavily on his hands, he accepted an invitation to the ball, which had been sent him at the instance of a friend. What followed is already made known to the reader.

Blackmer, or Kidder, as we shall now call him, at once became the accepted suitor of Gertrude, and an early day was fixed for their marriage.

Chapter XIII.

THE CONSUMMATION.

"This also will pass away," was the motto which one of the wise rulers of olden time chose for his signet ring. Laconic and simple as it seems, there is no aphorism extant that contains more hidden meaning. It tells us in our mirthful hours to be moderate, for they abide not. It prompts us when care and sorrow assail, to look forward to brighter prospects. It may be called to mind with profit under every vicissitude in life; and little need is there of artificial device to remind us of it. It is inscribed on the oak as on the wild flower of a day, on the mountain peak as on the sand hills of the desert, on the diamond as on the frozen dew-drop. We, good reader, have seen its truth exemplified in the breaking away of the clouds and gloom that once hung over the fortunes of our hero and heroine.

The month that was to intervene before the marriage *passed away*—the happy day arrived. The wedding took place at the late residence of Kidder's uncle—in future to be his own residence. This was a brave, old-fashioned mansion, with protruding wings, porticoes, and deeply embayed windows, and might have reminded a wanderer from the mother-land of some of the picturesque halls of Queen Anne's time. It stood amidst a cluster of venerable oaks, under the shade of which the green grass was smooth as velvet. Orchards, grain fields and meadow lands, irregularly interspersed with forest scenery, were spread over the undulating hills in the rear, while in front the rocky barriers of the ocean—here and there studded with a gigantic tree that had braved the storms of centuries—and the waste of waters, blue and boundless, finish the prospect.

The hour for the ceremony arrived. It was at the close of one of those mellow, hazy days that characterize the harvest month in New England. The mild heavens were rosy with the setting sun, and the broad waters lay calm as a cliff-embosomed lake, while far along the horizon a snowy sail or two became apparent in the slant day beam. The stirless fruit trees bent to the ground, under their autumn drowers, and the golden grain fields wherein the reapers had been all day at work, waved not to a zephyr. There was a delicious balminess in the atmosphere—every thing breathed of Arcadian quiet and peace, and the serene and mild countenance of Gertrude, suffused with never so slight a blush, told that her heart was at rest in consonance, with the objects of inanimate nature.

There was no ostentatious display on the occasion—the ceremonies were such as are usually attendant upon a country wedding, with appliances becoming the wealth and position of the bride and bridegroom. The hall of the old mansion was filled to overflowing. There were the hale farmers of the neighborhood and their buxom helpmates, the young bachelors, and the stout, healthy, and happy misses, in snowy gowns and pink sashes—rejoicing in a general invitation, for Gertrude had so willed it.

The modest, retiring Hebe, Miss Marvel, mentioned as Gertrude's companion at the ball, and a young student at law, who had made some advances towards winning her favor, officiated in the character of bridesmaid and groomsman on the occasion. A feast followed the performance of the ceremony, and the evening passed most happily to all.

* * * * *

It is now something more than three years since Gertrude became Mrs. Sangerman Kidder. Col. Ormond has returned to the South; Kidder employs himself in literary pursuits, and Gertrude has enough to occupy her attention in training up a young urchin, the miniature likeness of herself, who has just begun to grow mischievous.

As a good antidote to gloomy anticipations, we should all do well to recollect the saying of Sir Thomas More—

"If evils come not—then our fears are vain:
And if they do—fear but augments the pain."

THE SONG OF DEATH

BY H. KELLAR PEARRETTS

On my pale steed, with the lightning's speed,
 I travel o'er mountain and vale;
My quiver well fill'd at my back is slung,
My bow in my hand is tightly strung;
None may the force of my dart impede,
Or turn it aside from the mark decreed:
And I stop not to tell why I did the deed,
 But I laugh as the friends bewail.

O, a merry time in every clime,
 I have as I journey along:
'Midst the bright ey'd and joyous, the grave and gay,
Uninvited, unwished for, I find my way;
In the song of pleasure I cheerfully chime;
As the mirth increases I "bide my time,"
And strike at those who, proud in their prime,
 Feel never so healthy and strong.

On the boisterous seas I sit at mine ease,
 Awaiting the storm king's power;
The thunders may roar, and lightnings flash,
Wave upon wave o'er the frail bark may dash;
The thoughts of me *only* brings men to their knees;
From the terrified group I pick whom I please,
Sparing those who most willingly wait my decrees,
 For it is not yet their hour.

In flood, fire and fray, by night and by day,
 For victims I eagerly look;
When rivers spread wide as the vasty deep—
When the red flames wake from the midnight sleep—
When the sword grows dim in the bloody strife—
When rapine and murderous war are rife—
When brother strikes deep at a brother's life—
 And blood flows free as a brook;

In the hurricane's blast my seeds are cast,
 With a firm and skilful hand;
'Mid earthquakes and famine I gather my grain;
'Mid plague and pestilence bind it amain;
And tho' at my labors the world stands aghast,
Much fearing the future by knowing the past;
Still no rest I'll know whilst victims last,
 And my powers are at command.

The thunder-bolt I can call from the sky,
 And I never command in vain;
Quick as the light it flies through the air,
Nor feeble, nor aged, nor young doth it spare;
Nor piercing shriek, nor the faintest sigh,
Give note of the slightest agony;
But the senseless form, and the dull, glazed eye,
 To the heart speak loud and plain.

In the palace of kings I fold my wings,
 Whilst I lay the crowned head low;
Through the land is heard the notes of grief;
All mingle their woes, but the space is brief
Indeed, of the gloom which my presence brings,
For the thoughts of an empty throne soon flings
A ray of light o'er the sable things,
 Which so lately told of woe.

The poor man's cot lays full in my route,
 And here I do riot free;
Here hunger and cold, and many an ill,
Stop the beating heart, and the life-blood chill;
A rude box, and a grave in some lonely spot,
Is all that is left of what was, but is not,
And the name, and the place, are soon forgot,
 In the world's variety.

And thus I ride, in my power and pride,
 The weary wide world through;
Mankind is my foe, no distinction I know,
But strike indiscriminately all as I go;
This trust the Creator to me did confide,
I'll never betray it, or turn me aside—
Tho' Christians may fear me, and sceptics deride,
 As long as I've work to do.

Washington City, 1851.

RABEQUISTA;

OR, ANNA THE SHEPHERDESS.

A PORTUGUESE TALE OF REAL LIFE.

On a dark night of last winter, there was a wedding ball in a certain village near the foot of the Mountain Estrella. The wedding-dinner was over at two o'clock in the afternoon; and from that hour till midnight, the clattering dance of wooden shoes had been almost incessant. During all this time, the merriment had been kept alive by liberal supplies of green wine, by love, and by a fiddle, the never-failing guest and companion of every merry-meeting in all the hamlets of this neighborhood. The fiddler, who possessed nothing in the world but a musical ear, (for which we do not know how much per centage he paid out of the hoses of industry,) had been one of the numerous candidates for the bride; but having been supplanted by the pecuniary charms of his happy rival, he was here on this occasion—no unhappy man either, but in good humor with his ill-fortune. A philosophical fiddler, he had not only had the courage to attend the marriage ceremony without concealing himself behind one of the church-pillars and rushing forth at the critical moment with a romantic cry of despair, to the dismay of the assembly, but he had helped to twine the arches of pine-boughs for the passage of the triumphant couple. At dinner he had filled repeated bumpers to the health of both, and also of a tawny rustic lass who happened to sit next to him; and all the evening afterwards, and all the night, he animated, by his quaint old minuets, and his inexhaustible store of old-fashioned tunes, the fun of the dancers, male and female, of that economical club, whose vagaries were superbly illuminated by four classical iron lamps, stuck against four newly-whitewashed walls.

such even in the country—did not fail to set down his gratuitous perseverance to a lurking desire of putting off, as long as he could, the fatal moment when the company should disperse, and the doors of his ungrateful fair one exclude him from her presence. Others merely supposed that his zeal was inspired by a newly awakened fancy for another pair of bright eyes, and that he was naturally unwilling to quit a scene where the lady of his thoughts saw him playing *the first fiddle*. As to us, without rejecting or admitting either of these opinions, we think it more orthodox to believe, that his pure self-love, as an artist, is a sufficient explanation. Paganini, in the theatre at Paris, or on the stage of the opera-house in London, was not a greater personage than our poor fiddler, in a farm-house of the Estrella mountain.

During one of those brief intervals of the ball, when the din of music and feet ceased, only to give play to the much more uproarious clamor of conversation, our hero, whom we shall call Baptist, found his opportunity of insinuating a sly compliment into the ear of her to whom his looks had already been still more eloquent; a smile, and a modest look of pleased acknowledgment, gave him fresh force for a second attack; he dared to whisper the word *love*; he saw her blush, and once more he saw her smile; he ventured to seize a pretty little hand of this damsel fifteen years old, and from the moment of that endured audacity, he considered his felicity certain. He asks her name, *Anna*; her condition, *single*; her residence, *another farm-house*, distance about half a league, in a locality that he is unacquainted with; but which she describes so minutely, that it is evident his visits there will be acceptable: "In our house," adds Anna, "there live only mother and myself. My mother keeps house; I tend our flock on the mountain in the day time, and at night work with my mother. Sometimes we sit together at our hearth with nothing new to say to one another, which is dull; now and then we have the company of some young women, who live about a quarter of a league from us; I came with two of them to-day, and we are to return together. But for them I should have missed this wedding; and that would have been a pity."

The dancing was renewed; Baptist surpassed himself, if that were possible. The fiddle seemed animated with all the fire, all the brilliant freshness of a newly rising passion. It imparted more life, more ecstacy to the dancers; and Anna, every time that the mazy whirl brought her near to the musician, showed by a look, a movement, an air, that she felt something more than gratitude for the performer.—The bow of Cupid, to use the phraseology of the poetico-arcadian schools, never twanged off more sharp and quick arrows than did the bow of a fiddle on this night. The bridegroom, fearing that the transport might not subside before sunrise, availed himself of a momentary pause to call Baptist apart into the garden, and there, after some trifling apologetical preamble, with which Baptist would have willingly dispensed, gave him to understand, in as few words as his embarrassment and the sense of his discourtesy would permit, that it was time to close the entertainment, and for the guests to retire. Baptist, who, like all happy lovers, had kept wholly out of view the fact, that such pleasure must have an end, and in whom (trust the hearts of youth) the thought of his first love, now hopeless, was already partially eclipsed by the radiant image of his new star—Baptist stood undecided for an instant whether he should obey the master of the house, thanking him for his good cheer, or break the fiddle about his ears. A visit to the cellar, to which the host sagaciously invited him, gave him time to recover his temper; and, thanks to a copious draught that prepared him for the journey, the inward strife that had arisen between the two spirits that contend for mastery in the human breast, terminated in the victory of the good angel. During this absence of the life and soul of the party, the greater number of the guests disappeared: and Anna, urged by her companions to withdraw, and persuaded, as were the rest, that Baptist would not come back, sadly set out on her way home.

Returning to the room, and finding it deserted by her who alone had filled it, Baptist wished his host good-night. Hardness of heart is not the vice of the truly happy. The bridegroom accompanied him a few steps beyond the threshold, and laughingly told him, in a key sufficiently loud to ensure his being overheard by his wife, that the beauteous Anna, the flower and envy of the night, was the best tender of flocks in the district; that she had a good fortune; excellent hands for the spindle, and a voice for singing that charmed all who heard her; that he therefore advised him to cultivate the good graces of the mother, for that he well knew the girl would think herself fortunate to be able to warble her youth away with such an accompaniment:

> Oh, life of my life!
> Who can show me your fellow
> At fiddle or fife
> On the mountain Estrella?

And with this he bade him farewell—but not before he had further explained, what Baptist had already known above two hours, that the house was situate at the top of a winding steep, between hills; that by day two great oak trees, standing close together on the right of the road, would show him that he was near the place; and that at night he would be led to it by the bleating of numerous goats folded in the pen, so that there could be no risk of going astray among those wilds. The night was still dark. Baptist at first, though his mind was all abroad, took the melancholy road that led to his home. But what was he to do there? Sleep? who ever slept on the first night of a new love-fever? To lie awake and sigh? that is better and more poetically done on the open stage of nature. To transcribe from the tablets of his heart an account of his sensations and wishes in a letter? Anna probably cannot read; and he himself, satisfied with his talent as a musical artist, never felt any ambition to accumulate knowledge. Baptist does not know how to write. All such of my readers as have passed through the paradise of youth will readily divine, without my telling them, whither the steps of Baptist led him against the bent of his wiser intention. As full of wine and passion as an elegy of Propertius, with his fiddle under his arm, and his Anna in his heart, and with as good speed as the obscurity of the hour, and the ruggedness and strangeness of the way permit, there he goes, entreating the solitude to favor his blind search of the temple of his divinity, and already, in spirit, making the tour of those walls which he fancies he discovers in every white stone that he discerns before him.

And what a wretched gratification is he seeking! He will not see her—no, he will not hear her voice. At such an untimely season of the night, he will not, even through some compassionate crack in the door, have his eyes fascinated by the flickering gleam of a lamp lighted by that very hand which so lately trembled in his own. She herself will not know to-morrow that he has been keeping watch near her, and surrounding her dreams with his love. No sign will remain to reveal to her the devotion with which he will have been kissing, as a pilgrim kisses a reliquary, the insensible walls that enclose the talisman of his existence! When she shall arise and go forth with Aurora, placid and rosy like her, and, like her, hailed with delight by everything that beholds her, not a vestige of his kisses will be left on the stones of her house, on the threshold of her door; not one of all the sighs that night shall have gathered in its lap will be felt with the morning breezes as they sigh among the foliage. No—but he will have enjoyed, in three or four hours of careful vigil, whole ages of felicity. It is even possible that something of reality may be mingled with his delicious reveries: it may chance that, while with ear applied to a casement, and breath suspended, he interrogates the silence of the sleeping house, some audible sound, some word addressed by the daughter to her mother, some rustling of the mattress, stuffed with the straw of Indian corn, will aid his fancy to picture the interior of that Eden, and to perceive, as it were, through his ears, the position, the attitude, the expression, the thoughts, of the most beautiful of slumberers. He will, at least, hear the bleatings of her goats hard by; and, if the stars be not utterly hostile to his hopes, he may, in the morning, hiding himself where he cannot be discovered, watch her as she passes with her flock, blithely treading the dew in her little slippers of orange-tree wood, her distaff stuck in her girdle, a shade of soft anxiety setting off the sweetest smile that ever dawned from under the broad flap of a large black hat; and, perhaps, he might hear that chant of the mountain, and now, more than ever, the song for *him*, sent forth to the echoes by the most bewitching voice of the *Beira-alta*—

> Oh, life of my life!
> Who can show me your fellow
> At fiddle or fife
> On the mountain Estrella?

As these fancies thickened upon him, Baptist, who was absolutely carried away with them, and was every moment quickening his pace, less attentive to the road than to the stars, with which true lovers have always an indefinable sympathy, suffered himself to be hurried on, he hardly knew whither, till he suddenly remembered—what none but a lover would have forgotten for a moment—that he ought to examine, by the notices which he had been warned to take heed of, whether he was on his right course or not. He stopped, he doubted, he was about to turn back, when lo! he observed, on the side of the path, certain trees, which might very possibly be the two oak-trees: he flies towards them; they are the very same; and that is the exact site—a site as familiar to him, now that he views it for the first time, as if he had been born there. He accelerates his speed—his heart leaps as if it wished to get there before him—the sandy and barren soil of the steep seems to him a gentle declivity, matted with rose-leaves; and, to crown his success, he hears the bleat of a lamb close by: he who hears the lamb cannot be far off from the shepherdess. He rushes towards the spot where so tender a greeting invites him. He already discovers the withies of the fold—he almost touches them. All at once the ground gives way under him, and he finds himself at the bottom of a pit-fall. Astounded with the shock, though he had lighted on his feet, with his fiddle safe under his arm, he at first imagined that some evil witch had laid this wicked trap for him; and he now called to mind that an old woman at the wedding had very constantly eyed him with an expression of countenance of no good augury:—but after his first confusion was a little allayed, he perceived that he was in one of those deep holes which it is the custom to excavate on the mountain to catch wolves. These holes are made wider at bottom than at top, so as to make it impossible for the prisoner to escape; the mouth is lightly covered with a few slender boughs, which, yielding to the pressure of any weight, lets it fall through, and being elastic, resume their deceitful appearance: as a lure to the beast of prey at night, it is usual to place behind this masked abyss, and within a strong fence of hurdles, a kid or a lamb, whose cries for the dam entice its enemy to certain destruction. The hopelessness of evasion from such a den, for the rest of the night, was evident to poor Baptist. He tried to accommodate himself to his situation. He had not room to console himself, as men incarcerated are wont to do, by pacing to and fro to give life to his imprecations. He laid himself down in the pit to meditate on the abode of his love, which he had left above him in the land of the living. Nature makes but little difference between dreams and the visionary cogitations of lovers.

Baptist was now half musing, half sleeping, when he heard the treacherous roof of his den giving way again, and immediately afterwards down plumped some heavy substance. He jumped up in consternation—Who is there?—no answer. With hair on end, head dripping with cold sweat, and tongue tied with terror, he crouched hard against a side of the pit, and endeavored with eyes fixed in stupid amazement, to make out the companion of his misfortune:—and lo, a wolf, a great wolf, an immense wolf! He sees his eyes glaring like lamps, and that ferocious light shows, or seems to show, two rows of perfectly white teeth, with the formidable tusks; a sight sufficient to disconcert, not only one fiddler, but a whole philharmonical society. Without defence, or means of flight, or chance of succor, and watching the steady and gradually emboldened attention with which his adversary measured him, he was attempting in his agony to shrink into the very earth that immured him, when an involuntary touch of one of the strings of his fiddle caused it to sound—the animal was startled and recoiled two steps, which he had at last slowly and with a long pause between each made towards the musician. Baptist, therefore, suspecting that there may be some occult centrifugal virtue in the art of Orpheus, draws his fiddlestick with a tremulous hand across the bow. It is no the wolf's turn to shrink; he cowers as if he would bury himself in the ground; the rage in his eyes is subdued; he turns away his head; he manifests his fears by a thousand signs. Baptist, gathering courage from his enemy's cowardice, without further preparatory tuning, flings him off a waltz, and, observing that the first effect of his instrument is in no wise diminished, overpowers him with an inundation of notes, in tune and out of tune, enough to rive the entrails of the earth. It was a genuine scene, worthy of the opera in the Rua dos Condes. Minuets, gavottes, country-dances, waltzes, cotillons, jigs, and rigadoons, succeeded one another without break or transition, and with a rapidity, a prodigality, that was marvellous; while now and then he wrenched his eyes off his crouching adversary to look up at the aperture for the glimpse of day, to which alone he could trust for his deliverance. But that night had sworn to last at least fifty hours, for the poor fiddler. The centrifugal charm of his violin appeared to have as much influence on Aurora as on the wolf; keeping them both aloof. The perspiration which his fears had at first drawn, was now streaming down him from sheer fatigue. His arm, before so laboriously exercised at the ball, was beginning to fail him, when at last the gleams of day peered through the false trellis-work over his head; and soon afterwards, steps, voices, and laughter, were distinguishable near the cavern. The shepherds who had laid the trap were coming to see if they had caught anything; and wondering at the strange subterranean music, they hastened towards it with a thousand wild conjectures. Having removed the boughs that covered the mouth of the pit, they looked down, eager to learn what this extraordinary revel could be. Baptist, fearing to lose, by one moment's intermission of his music, the safety he had won at so much cost, answered them in stuttering prose, fiddling all the while, and huddling two or three words into every note—

"Pit of terror—Night of horror—How I tremble!"

entreating to be quickly released, and intimating that he would tell them all about it presently. A ladder was the first thing to be procured; one was immediately found in the nearest farm-house, the inmates of which, as anxious as their neighbors to gratify their curiosity, came running with the rest to witness such an unexampled sight. The pit was surrounded with people of both sexes. The ladder was hardly fixed, when Baptist clambered up as fast as he possibly could, without the use of his hands—for he was still fiddling—till he reached the top, more dead than alive. Scarcely had he found himself amid kindly human faces, and in the light of one of the loveliest mornings that ever shone on the Estrella, when, laying down his fiddle to make the sign of the cross, he discovered at his side his own Anna. Hers was the ladder that had saved him; hers the neighboring farm house; and the soft scarlet kerchief of cotton, that was instantly offered to him to wipe his forhead, was taken from her own neck.

He was conducted to her house, (it was possibly only because it was the nearest at hand,) and placed by the hearth, where mother and daughter vied with each other in making him comfortable, and, after serving him with a good breakfast, and giving him a thousand unequivocal proofs of their benevolence, they left him to take five or six hours of delicious repose on a well-filled and well-smoothed palliasse of Indian-corn straw.

In less than three months after that breakfast, Baptist was the husband of Anna. The artist who had figured so brilliantly at other people's wedding-parties, performed prodigies at his own. The wolf, which Baptist and Anna would not suffer to be destroyed, was carefully secured, and, being of a tamable age at the time of his capture, is now a part of the family, and is kept in better condition than ever wolf was kept before. The friendly evening gatherings at this farm-house are celebrated in the district; and all the neighbors hope and trust that the harmony which reigns there will never be interrupted—that, in the mutual relation of husband and wife, and of mother and son-in-law, the fiddle will never be out of tune.

THE TRUE FRIEND.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"I believe I am one of the best friends he has. But, if he doesn't change a good deal, I shall have to cut his acquaintance," said a young man, named Ellis, pettishly. He was speaking to a group of two or three persons.

"So shall I," was replied by one of the company. "His manner, at times, is really insufferable."

"What is there in Gordon's manner so very peculiar?" asked another of the group, who had listened for some time in silence to sundry vague allegations against an absent friend. This individual's name was Carver.

"Enough to make him a very unpleasant companion at times. Have you ever differed in opinion with him?"

"Yes."

"Didn't he insult you before you were done talking?"

"No."

"Can you say as much?" addressing another of the company.

"No."

"How did he insult you?" asked Mr. Carver.

"By his words and manner. The first were rude, and the latter was anything but the manner of a gentleman. Have you never observed this marked defect in his character?"

"I certainly have noticed that he is sometimes very unfortunate in the choice of his words while engaged in argument, and that his way of expressing himself is not always as guarded as it should be."

"Humph! I should think not. The fact is, he is downright insulting."

"O no, gentlemen."

"Yes he is. He has insulted me over and over again, until I am out of all patience with him," replied Ellis.

"Insulted you over and over again!" said Carver. "That is strange! No man should ever insult me deliberately more than once. I wonder that you suffered him to repeat the outrage. An insult, of course, is in the intention of the person who offers it."

"I don't pretend to say that Gordon meant to insult me."

"Then it was not really an insult; for that must come from the will. It must be a deliberate act intended to give offence. You daily charge that upon him?"

"O no. But still his manner of speaking, and the words themselves that he utters, are often exceedingly unbecoming, and calculated to outrage the feelings of almost any one. For instance, it was only last evening that in conversing with him he said, with a slight curl of the lip—'You don't know what you are talking about!' Now I call that downright rudeness."

"So do I," returned Mr. Carver. "But do you think Gordon intended to be rude?"

"I am sure I don't know. I should hope not."

"Don't let your feelings carry you away. Are you not very certain that he was innocent of any such an intention?"

"Perhaps he was, but then there is no excuse for such conduct. It is easy enough to be a gentleman."

"Not so easy, perhaps, as you may think. Every one has something about him that offends more or less certain persons who come in contact with him, yet all the while he is perfectly unconscious of the fact, and innocent of any intention to offend. And yet this rough corner on his character may be one of the deformities of self-love, to which his partial eyes are blind. We should let our charity for each other stand upon a broad basis."

"That is, should tolerate what is wrong in others."

"We should tolerate it far enough to give us the power to aid others in its removal—not tolerate it by calling evil good. Suppose, now, you were to get angry with Gordon, because he suffered himself, in the warmth of an unguarded moment, to speak with seeming discourteousness—do you think that would help him to correct his fault of character?"

"I don't know that it would. But I cannot exactly see what I have to do with helping him to correct his faults; let him correct them himself.—Let him learn to be a gentleman if he expects to associate with gentlemen."

"So say I," was warmly responded by another of the company; "for one, I see no reason for tolerating such conduct. If a man doesn't know how to treat people, with whom he is allowed to associate, with common civility, he ought to be dropped. And I for one shall drop Mr. Gordon, if he doesn't take plagued good care of himself."

The individual against whom such severe things were said, was a young man who had graduated a year or two previously at Harvard University, with distinguished honors. He possessed many good qualities, but had all the faults so bitterly complained of by the persons just introduced. He was opinionated, and pertinacious in adhering to his opinions.—But what was worse, he forgot, in the warmth with which he maintained his own views, to respect the views of others. Therefore, it was a common thing for him to treat with a sort of contempt what others advanced in opposition to any favorite theory of science or philosophy that he held. It mattered little whether the opponent were a man of his own age or a man twenty years his senior. He treated one just as he did the other.

To balance this, were sincerity and a willingness to make sacrifices for the good of others. The defects in his character were marked, and so were the good qualities. Of both he seemed unconscious. No one had ever made free to tell him his faults, and as he was not aware that he possessed the particular fault complained of, he could not correct it.

Not long after the conversation given above had taken place, Mr. Carver fell in with Ellis, the young man who had expressed himself most warmly against Gordon. After a few general observations, the latter said—

"You remember what passed the last time I met you?"

"Yes."

"I have met Gordon since."

"Have you?"

"Yes. And it was as much as I could do to keep from insulting him. His manner was outrageous.—If it hadn't been that there were ladies present, I don't know what I might have been tempted to do."

"You are wrong," was Mr. Carver's serious reply, "in permitting yourself for a moment to think of doing anything so highly improper. Why not rather go at once to Gordon, and tell him in a friendly way that, although he may not be aware of it, his manner is at times not pleasant, and that if he would endeavor to correct it, he would make himself much more agreeable to his friends."

"That is, humbly beg him to treat me with common civility. Oh, no. I hav'nt come to that yet. If he isn't a gentleman, he shouldn't be permitted to associate with gentlemen. I don't ask any one to tolerate me; to make sacrifices of feeling in favor of my boorishness."

"No. But it is barely possible that you may have peculiarities of character that are not always the most agreeable to your friends."

"Me! What do you mean, Mr. Carver?" The blood mounted to the young man's face.

"Simply what I have said. We are none of us perfect. One sins against his fellow in this way and another in that. We should all of us, therefore, be indulgent towards the faults of others, that are not violations of moral law."

"But what have you to bring against me, Mr. Carver?"

The young man's wounded self-love would not permit him to see any thing but the insinuation that he was not perfect.

"I didn't think you could bear to be told of a fault."

"Why not?"

"The mere intimation, on my part, that you are not perfect, has disturbed you deeply."

"Oh, yes I could. If you have anything to say, speak out plainly."

"And you will promise not to be offended?"

"Certainly."

"Very well. You never were at college?"

"No."

"But Gordon has passed through Harvard University."

"Yes, and I don't see that it has made anything wonderful of him. It hasn't given him common sense, nor a common perception of truth."

"The fact that he has been to college and you not, doesn't give you the right to offer him an indignity."

"Mr. Carver, that is rather a singular remark."

"No doubt it seems so, for the reason that you are perhaps as unconscious of having been rude to Gordon, as he is of having been rude to you."

"I rude to Gordon, or to any one? Impossible!"

"Not at all. Both you and I may, under certain excitements, be led to say or do a rude thing almost unconsciously."

The young man shook his head.

"Let me specify, then," said Mr Carver. "A few weeks ago I was present when, in conversation with Gordon, you made this remark. 'I never saw a college-bred man in my life, who had not about him a degree of self-sufficiency, or arrogance, that made his society only tolerable.' Do you remember having said so?"

"Yes, very well. And I meant to say it."

"Because you were conversing with a college-bred man, and meant to offer him an insult. Was that it?"

"Why, no, not exactly. I did not wish to insult him."

"Although you meant to hit him very hard."

"Yes, I certainly did."

"Reverse the matter, or rather change positions, and think how you would have felt had you been in his place. Do you think you would have treated the matter as coolly as he did?"

"I don't know that I would."

"Mr. Ellis—the fact is, I must say plainly that I think you have done a much more offensive thing to him than he has ever done to you."

"But he provoked me to it."

"Innocently; but you insulted him deliberately."

"No; don't say that."

"You thought about what you were doing."

Partially; but I was led away by an impulse. If I had reflected, I hardly think I would have said what I did."

"I am glad to find you so ready to see an error. Is it not possible, that if you were to speak as plainly to Gordon as I have spoken to you, he would be as quick to perceive his offensive peculiarity?"

"I hardly think he would."

"Why not?"

"Oh, he is self-sufficient and proud. He do wrong! Oh, no; that idea could not be entertained for a moment. I should not like to be the one to tell him of a fault."

"Because you think he would get angry, and take your kind effort as an insult."

"I certainly do."

"I must give you credit for one thing, at least."

"What is that?"

"The disposition to think the worst of your friends."

The young man felt much annoyed at this. His face colored and when he attempted to reply, his lip quivered. He was conscious that the charge was not without foundation; and the idea that another should bring it home to him, wounded his pride and disturbed his feelings.

"So you see, that even you are not without your fault," coolly remarked Mr. Carver, the moral force and consistency of whose character enabled him to speak to all his friends with great freedom.

"And you are not at all backward in telling me of them."

"How much better that I should speak to you of your faults. I might talk about them to others, but could that do you any good?"

"Certainly not."

"And you would think me very much to blame if I were to do so."

"I should, most assuredly, very much to blame. No man ought to talk about his neighbors disparagingly, unless he is guilty of some moral declension. It can do no good, and must do harm."

"The matter is clear enough, I perceive, when your good name is at stake. But you forgot this very sensible view when our friend Gordon was concerned."

Another flush passed over the young man's face. At first he felt angry and could with difficulty refrain from uttering a harsh reply. But he rallied his better feelings by a strong effort, and kept silence until he could speak as became him.

"You talk very plain sometimes, Mr. Carver," he said, forcing a smile.

"Isn't it always best to be frank and honest with our friends?"

"I suppose it is if we can be so."

"I have been perfectly frank with you, and I hardly think you are offended with me."

"Oh, no—no. Certainly not."

"I suppose you act with similar frankness towards Gordon. I have heard you say that you were one of his best friends."

"I cannot do it."

"Why?"

"I am sure he would not take it kindly."

"You are too positive. It is my opinion, that if some one would speak to him in the right spirit, and show him how offensive his manner often is, he would be very thankful for the hint, and strive to reform himself."

"He would never bear it. I know him too well."

"You do?"

"Yes. He is puffed up with his good opinion of himself. So much so that he would instantly fling aside any one who would presume to point out a fault."

"He has many good qualities."

"Oh, yes. With all the unpleasant features about him, I like him in many things."

"Are you anxious to give up his friendship?"

"Oh, not if I can retain both it and my self-respect."

"If it were not for his very unpleasant manners at times, he would be a general favorite."

"Yes. No one would be more liked."

"Then, it seems to me, that some one ought to go to him and plainly tell him his fault."

"It might, or it might not do good."

"Still inclined, I see, to think the worst."

"I can't help it."

"Because you are—— But I won't speak any plainer to you at this time."

"Oh, yes—speak out."

"Oh, it is not worth while. I shall have to go to Gordon, I see. You are all quick enough to notice the faults of your acquaintances and ready enough to complain of them, but how few of you have the moral courage to go forward and seek in a right spirit the correction of those faults. But here comes Gordon now. There can be no better time for an interview on this unpleasant subject than the present."

"Oh, no. Don't say anything about it now for the world," quickly replied the young man.

"Why not?"

"I don't care about his knowing that I made any complaint of him."

But Mr. Carver was not going to let him draw back from meeting the issue. Gordon came up at the moment and stopped with a pleasant salutation for his two friends.

"You seemed to be in grave converse just now, or I should judge so from the expression of your faces," he said.

"And so we were," replied Mr. Carver.

"What was the great and mighty subject?"

"Yourself."

"Me?"

"Yes."

"What have I done to cause a conversation about me to affect any of my friends so seriously?"

The companion of Carver, looked at him imploringly.

"I have heard a sad account of you," said Carver.

"What have I been doing?"

"Offending against the good laws by which social intercourse is conducted."

"I have?"

"Yes, and the complaints against you are loud."

The countenance of Gordon, which before was smiling, now changed into a serious expression.

"Are you really in earnest?" he asked.

"I certainly am; and if I had not met you now, should have called upon you at my earliest leisure."

"Who accuses me?"

"Here is one of your accusers," was promptly replied; and Carver looked at Ellis, who turned pale, and seemed very much confused. He made out to stammer forth—

"I—I—don't—know—that I accused Mr. Gordon of anything. I—I—only objected to—to his manner of speaking sometimes."

"Is there anything offensive in my manner of speaking, Mr. Ellis? If there is, tell me at once what it is, and I will try to correct it. I shall not be offended, but really obliged to you."

"Spoken like a man, and just as I knew it would be," returned Carver, in an animated tone.

"But this is all a mystery, gentlemen. You allege something serious against me, and keep me in the dark as to its nature. Will you explain yourselves at once?"

"Its nothing of any consequence," remarked the weak minded Ellis.

"I think it is of consequence and so did you just now," was the rebuking reply of Carver.

"Am I accused of any crime?" asked Gordon.

"Only against good manners."

"Is that all. Well, I stand almost ready to plead guilty even before the specific charge is made, for I am well aware that I am not faultless. But let the axe fall, and if it take off my very head I will not murmur. In what way have I sinned?"

"In this," replied Mr. Carver. "You have not been generally courteous while engaged in animated conversation, especially if a difference of opinion arose. Your manner, and sometimes your language, is felt to be rude."

"Indeed!" ejaculated Gordon, dropping his eyes to the ground and standing for some moments deeply abstracted. At length he said:

"This may all be so and doubtless is, but I am utterly unconscious of it. For having called my attention to it, I am very greatly obliged to you. I feel deeply mortified to think that I could have so grossly violated one of the cardinal virtues of social life. But are you sure I have offended seriously?"

"I have heard several young men, Mr. Ellis here among others, complain bitterly of your offensive manner, especially while in argument. And I myself have noticed that your manner is often lightly sneering when an opinion opposite to some favorite one of your own is advanced. This cannot but give offence. In the eyes of gentlemen it is almost unpardonable."

"From my heart I thank you for what you have said," returned the young man. "I will endeavor to correct what is complained of as to no more to injure the feelings of others. I would like to talk more about this now, but I was hurrying to fulfil an engagement when I came up and cannot stop a moment longer. So good-day, both of you. We will talk more about this hereafter."

And then Gordon hurried away, and left Mr. Carver and his companion alone.

"What do you think of Gordon, now?" asked the former.

Ellis tossed his head, and replied in a slightly contemptuous tone—

"He talks fair."

"And what is more, will act fair."

"We shall see."

And they did see. From that time, Gordon was very much changed. In conversation he was guarded, and was rarely betrayed into the rudeness of which so much complaint had been made.

I am sorry to have to record that the young man who had been most bitter in his complaints against the "college-bred" Gordon, never could forgive either him or Mr. Carver fully. Can the reader understand the reason?

In this rather imperfect sketch the writer has not succeeded in bringing out to his own satisfaction all that was in his mind on the subject discussed. But he hopes enough will be seen to point a moral, if not very richly adorn a tale. To all who complain of offensive peculiarities in their friends, he would suggest the propriety of imitating Mr. Carver in a frank avowal of the truth. In nine cases out of ten, it will be found that such a course will do good. We do not give to others half the credit they deserve for honest intentions and a generous desire to make themselves agreeable. Very few men are offensive from design, but generally as from some defect of character. A true friend will always seek to help another in the correction of his defects, rather than be angry with him or meet an unintentional rudeness by a deliberate insult.

"BRING BACK MY FLOWERS."

A child sat by a limpid stream,
And gazed upon the tide beneath,
Upon her cheek was joy's bright beam,
And on her brow, a blooming wreath;
Her lap was filled with blushing flowers,
And as the clear brook babbled by,
She scatter'd down the rosy showers,
With many a wild and joyous cry,
And laughed to see the mingling tide,
Upon its onward progress glide.

And time flew on—and flower by flower
Was cast upon the sunny stream,
But when the shades of eve did low'r,
She woke up from her blissful dream.
"Bring back my flowers," she wildly cried;
"Bring back the flowers I flung to thee;"
But echo's voice alone replied,
As danced the streamlet down the lea;
And still amid night's gloomy hours,
In vain she cried—"Bring back my flowers."

Oh, maiden! who on time's swift stream,
Dost daily see thy moments flee,
In this poor child's delusive dream,
An emblem thou may'st find of thee!
Each moment is a perfumed rose,
Into thy hand by mercy given,
That thou its fragrance might dispose,
And let its incense rise to Heaven;
Else, when death's shadow o'er thee lowers,
Thy heart will wail—"Bring back my flowers!"

CHRIST STILLING THE TEMPEST.

"But the ship was now in the midst of the sea, tossed with waves; for the wind was contrary."—St. Matt. xiv. 24.

Fear was within the tossing bark,
When stormy winds grew loud;
And waves came rolling high and dark,
And the tall mast was bow'd.

And men stood breathless in their dread,
And baffled in their skill—
But one was there, who rose and said
To the wild sea, "Be still!"

And the wild wind ceased—it ceased!—that word
Passed through the gloomy sky!
The troubled billows knew their Lord,
And sank beneath his eye.

And slumber settled on the deep,
And silence on the blast,
As when the righteous falls asleep,
When death's fierce throes are past.

Thou that didst rule the angry hour,
And tame the tempest's mood—
Oh! send thy spirit forth in power
O'er our dark souls to brood!

Thou that didst bow the billow's pride,
Thy mandates to fulfil—
Speak, speak to passion's raging tide,
Speak and say—"Peace, be still!"

ONCE TOO OFTEN;

OR,

The Realities of a Coquette.

BY THE BARONESS DE CALABRELLA.

Doringcourt Park was situated in the rich and fertile county of Worcester; it was extensive and highly cultivated, and within its precincts, embedded in a wood, stood a red brick mansion, with its massive stone cornices, corbels and dressings—its deep bay windows and gable roofs. This mansion had been, for some centuries, in the hands of the Nugents—the great county family, whose ancestral honors might be traced back to the Normans, and whose arms may yet be decyphered in the blazonry of the Bayeux tapestry. Some hundred and fifty years ago, the inhabitant of this mansion was a solitary lady—a Lady Clara Nugent—whose mode of life and character formed a frequent subject for conversation and conjecture amongst the surrounding gentry. Of the personal appearance of Lady Clara, it may be enough to say, that her age was doubtful—her usual aspect sombre, and that she might have been supposed past the meridian of life; but, at times, when a smile of benevolence, an expression of content, beamed on her faultless features, giving life and brightness to her eyes, she seemed scarcely to have numbered thirty summers. Esteemed and courted by a populous neighborhood, she lived in great retirement; or, if she sought fellowship with any, it was with the poor and humble. Her village school was never neglected, and her most cheerful hours appeared to be those passed in the instruction of youth. In short, her beneficence was extended to all her poorer neighbors, among whom she was regarded with all the affection her bounties merited.

When she first came to reside at Doringcourt (for the property had only devolved on her by the death of two elder sisters, neither of whom had resided on the estate since their childhood), she was said to have received proposals from several gentlemen possessing fine estates in the country, but her determination never to marry was expressed with so much firmness, that it was considered irrevocable.

Early one summer's morning, the people in the village of Doringcourt were surprised to hear that Lady Clara had given orders for her travelling-carriage to be got ready. Twelve years uninterrupted residence at the Park, had induced them to fancy she could never leave it; but Lady Clara was going, without saying whether her absence would be long or short, nor to what spot she was proceeding. She made every arrangement for the continuance of her charities, and left instructions with the clergyman and her own steward, for the fulfilment of these plans.

Never could there have been a stronger proof of the inadequate value we are apt to set upon present blessings, than the aspect of Doringcourt village long after Lady Clara's departure. It was not merely the tribute of tears shed, as her carriage rolled rapidly through the assembled crowd, but a more lasting one in the overwhelming sorrow which seemed to paralyze their exertions. She whose counsel taught prudence and forethought—she whose smile of approval gladdened their hearts—she whose ready sympathy soothed the sorrows and dried the tears of the afflicted—she whose bountiful and judicious gifts took from the industrious the sting of failure—she was gone from them; her charities, her establishments were to be kept up, but the spirit which animated and rendered these things doubly precious, no longer dwelt among them.

After some weeks absence, Lady Clara returned almost as suddenly and unexpectedly as she had gone; but she returned not alone. She was accompanied by a young man who called her aunt, and on whom she lavished the greatest kindness. Whatever Captain Mortimer desired, was to be instantly procured. Whatever he did, seemed right in the eyes of Lady Clara; and, in truth, a mind like hers could not have had a fairer field for the indulgence of its tenderest sympathies. The young soldier's noble brow and honest bearing furnished him with a passport to every heart. He was in very bad health—five years' service on a West Indian station had robbed his cheek of its sunny brightness, and, in some degree, dimmed the lustre of his eye; and a low intermittent fever had prostrated, to almost childish weakness, his manly form.

Lady Clara tended and soothed him in his hours of pain and debility, and assumed a gaiety foreign to her disposition, when his spirits would bear it. At the close of a day, during which he had been unusually ill and depressed, she said—

"My dear Harry, why will you not confide in me? Why not avow the cause of a grief which may not be, as you think, without remedy?"

"Oh, yes, it is but too remediless," replied he; "but you have a right to my confidence, and shall not ask for it twice.

"Two years ago, I became ardently attached to the daughter of General Sir George Dormer, and had every reason to suppose my affections returned.—Eliza Dormer was beautiful and much admired: at times this admiration, which seemed pleasing to her, alarmed my tenderness, and, more than once, I ventured to tell her that her manner rather attracted than repelled, a mode of dalliance which I thought cruel to me. On these occasions Eliza would assure me that attentions were forced upon her—that her father's situation exposed her to them—that she could not be uncivil to any guest at the Government House: and, if not convinced by her arguments, I was overpowered by her bright and sunny smile, as she added—'you know, Harry, that I love only you.'

"Sir Charles Dormer was recalled to England, and, as Eliza would not cancel the promise she had exacted from me, of concealing our attachment from her father, I was forced to see her leave the island, and trust to her assurance that, ere I could obtain leave to join them in England, all should be acknowledged by her, and that she doubted not her father's consent would follow. 'At this moment,' said she, 'he is overwhelmed with public affairs, his mind is harrassed, his temper soured by a recall which he thinks unjust, and believe me, Harry, it were to risk our future happiness to apply to him at present.'—Perhaps, in this instance, my own reason took part with her arguments, but I bitterly reproached myself for having consented to the previous concealment.

"I saw them embark, and instantly applied for leave. Of the difficulties thrown in my way, you can best judge, for nothing short of your persevering kindness could have overcome them. But, during these negotiations, my health became affected by the climate, and my unceasing anxiety about Eliza brought on that cruel attack of fever from which, under your good nursing, I am but progressing towards recovery.

"Had you not been at Liverpool to meet me, hardly should I have desired to be carried on shore, so completely had illness prostrated all my energies.—From my agent, to whom I immediately applied on landing, I received two letters from Eliza, but they were not calculated to comfort me, for she persisted in the imprudence we should commit in acknowledging our attachment. This morning, I have received another, through the same channel, for I have not given her my address, not knowing whether you might not pursue your original intention of making a tour. This letter is, I think, more satisfactory than the former ones. She entreats me to make no attempt to visit her, and says she is leaving home with her father on a round of visits, and mentions among others that she is to spend some days at the Palace at Worcester."

While Captain Mortimer had been speaking, Lady Clara had remained silent, but evidently much agitated, at the conclusion of his recital, she said—

"Harry, the story of your grief has much affected me—it arises from a serious cause. Eliza Dormer is a coquette, and better link your fate with an envenomed reptile than with such a being: let us hope that she may not be irreversably one, for then would your sorrows be without avail. She may be but misled by youthful folly, and counsel may amend her. The Bishop of Worcester and his lady are well known to me, I will call on them, and invite Sir Charles and his daughter here. If I find, after a diligent search into her character, that her heart is sufficiently healthy to ally it safely with yours, I will do my utmost to obtain her father's consent; but if it be cankered by that loathsome vice of coquetry, not only would I sooner follow to your grave than advance your marriage, but I will endeavor by every means to prevent it."

"My dear aunt, I must have done Eliza injustice, believe me, she is no coquette. What have I said to make you think so ill of her?"

"Alas! Harry, your description has left no doubt on my mind that hers is tainted by the germs of that dangerous vice; but let us hope that it may be but tainted, and not thoroughly diseased. I will go to Worcester to-morrow, pay my visit, and if I find Sir Charles Dormer, to whom my family are well known, I will invite him to visit Daringcourt ere he leaves Worcestershire."

Lady Clara was not one to promise and not perform, and early the next day she was on her way to Worcester. Her invitation to Daringcourt met with an immediate assent, and was fixed for that day week; their stay, Sir Charles said, could be but short, as they were expecting friends at home within a fortnight. Not a word was said of Captain Mortimer, and Lady Clara insisted on her nephew not apprising Eliza of his being resident there. She wished to judge of her conduct under surprise at meeting him.

"You might, and I doubt not, would be easily deceived," said she; "but I shall not be so: every turn of her countenance, every word she may utter; her very silence will enable me to detect the extent to which she may be a coquette."

On the appointed day, Sir Charles and Miss Dormer arrived, and Lady Clara watched the latter most assiduously. On first seeing Captain Mortimer, which her hostess took care should not be under the restraint of her father's presence, she turned so pale, and was so violently agitated, that Lady Clara mentally exclaimed—"He is not indifferent to her, and all may be well." On first perceiving him she had started forward, but remembering Lady Clara's presence, stopped, trembling and irresolute. Harry, who was still feeble, and walked with some difficulty, caught her hands, and after a few indistinct words, said—

"Dear Eliza, my aunt knows all, I have told her of our mutual attachment."

"Oh, how imprudent!" exclaimed Eliza; "but you will not, madam: you will not, I trust, betray me to my father!"

"We will talk of that another time," answered Lady Clara; "for the present your secret, though an unwise and undutiful one, is safe;" and with these words she left them together.

Sir Charles Dormer's meeting with Captain Mortimer was most cordial; he evidently harboured no suspicion of the existing attachment. At dinner a large party assembled; for Lady Clara had purposely invited all the gay young men of which the neighborhood could boast. Eliza passed that day's ordeal without incurring the slightest censure from her hostess, who was too just not to perceive the difficult position in which she was placed, and that if she permitted her attention to be partly engrossed by some of the visitors, it might be the better to conceal her real feelings from her father.

Lady Clara took an early opportunity of conversing with Sir Charles Dormer, spoke flatteringly of his daughter's appearance and manner, and then begged to claim the privilege of an old friend of the family, and enquire if any alliance was on the tapis for Miss Dormer.

"That, madam," replied Sir Charles, "is an inquiry somewhat difficult to answer. A marriage was settled for her before she could well have chosen for herself, and my word pledged to an old brother officer to bestow her hand on his son, should I find their characters not too dissimilar. Eliza was left in ignorance of this treaty, but on meeting the young man (whose name is Denham), she appeared so pleased with him, that I acquainted her with the promise I had made his father. Would you believe it, Lady Clara, from that hour her conduct changed; she took every opportunity of avoiding him, and received the attention of any one in preference. At one moment I suspected her of liking your nephew, but since we returned to England others seem equally to have attracted her; and as I never mean to force my child's inclinations, I can only hope that Denham's excellent character and amiable disposition may in the end prevail."

Lady Clara's fears became strengthened; but she said as carelessly as she could—

"And so Miss Dormer's liking for my nephew was only transient; but had it been otherwise, Sir Charles, and there had been a mutual attachment, would the alliance have displeased you?"

"Certainly not, Lady Clara; I should have been sorry, as I shall be in any case, if my word to my old friend remains unfulfilled; but I know no one of whom I think more highly than of Harry Mortimer."

Lady Clara's next business was with Miss Dormer, who she invited to come and work with her in her private sitting-room. As soon as both ladies were engaged, Lady Clara observed—

"I have been speaking to your father of you, Miss Dormer."

"Oh! you have not betrayed us!" exclaimed Eliza.

Lady Clara related all that had passed, reproaching her warmly, yet not harshly, for the levity and coquetry her conduct had displayed.

Deeply affected, Eliza Dormer sunk on her knees and entreated Lady Clara to counsel, to protect and advise her.

"I am young, I am weak," she said; "no mother's counsel ever fell on my ear; till this hour I never thought my conduct could bear such an interpretation; for, in the midst of all my follies, my love for Harry was omnipotent, and henceforth I will strive to appear worthy of his."

Lady Clara raised the weeping supplicant as she said—

"May I find it so, and then it shall be my business to promote your marriage; but as a protection against yourself, I enjoin you to relate to Harry the substance of our conversation—the conviction your past conduct had forced on me, and the determination you have made of acting more circumspectly for the future. Your father dines out, and this evening I will make you and Harry acquainted with a tale which will force you both to loathe, as I do, the name of a coquette."

Faithful to her promise, Lady Clara repaired with her young guests to her private sitting-room, where she was sure of no interruption.

"You have often asked me, Harry," she began, "why I supposed myself so well able to discover of what a coquette is capable. Alas! alas! who should know better than myself? for I was a finished, a heartless coquette. Happiness in its brightest form wooed me; I was beloved by one on whom I doated, but the deadly sin of coquetry was too strongly interwoven in my nature. You, Henry, must, I almost fancy, remember some of the incidents I am about to relate, for your early years were passed with us, and though my poor sister was not your mother, never did any one perform a mother's duties more conscientiously than my dear Mary did to her husband's motherless boy; and when, at that husband's early death, your uncles would have relieved her from the charge, she begged you might remain with her till you were ten years old. You must surely remember Chaworth Castle, its turretted walls, its moats, its fastnesses?

"But to proceed with my tale, I was the youngest of three sisters; we were left orphans at an early age. My eldest sister died very young, and when Mary married your father (then a widower), I was consigned by my guardian to her care. I loved her tenderly, and save on one point, her wish was my law; but vain were all her tender admonitions against my besetting sin. Not to be admired by all, not to be singled out from the crowd, was a position too painful to be endured, and no sooner did a new face appear than every art was used, every effort was made by me, to attract attention—but, once secured, the charm was gone—conquest was my aim, its preservation I cared not for. I was in the very zenith of this disgraceful occupation, when your father's sudden death for a time arrested me. I really shared my poor sister's affliction: happy would it have been had the retirement into which it forced me been productive of more salutary effects. Mary, ever thoughtful for others, would not hear of this seclusion being prolonged beyond the period of my mourning. At first, I resisted her wish that I should again go out; but my entreaties to remain with her became fainter on hearing that one of the stewards appointed at the approaching races was a young, rich and handsome nobleman. It was not in nature—at least, not in my wicked nature, to leave the field open to my former rivals, and fully armed for the conquest, I departed with my chaperon, for the races. I had not been long in the grand stand when the stewards came up; one of them I recognized as an old admirer, the other was a perfect stranger. For the first time in my life, my manner was confused—I felt a timidity quite foreign to my character; and when the stranger addressed me, my voice trembled in giving the simple answer his question required.—The whole time I remained on the course, this feeling never left me, and during the drive home I scarcely spoke. On my return, my sister observed my agitated and reserved manner.

"'My beloved Clara,' said she, 'how selfish has my sorrow made me; I have allowed you to share my seclusion so long, that the first scene of gaiety is too much for your nerves, but this must not continue,' and turning to my companion she added, 'dear Mrs. Chisholme, I depend on you to take Clara to the ball this evening.'

"I made a faint resistance to this proposal, but my sister would hear of no excuse, and by the time my chaperon returned to conduct me thither, I had conquered my unusual nervousness, and was again myself. My toilette that evening occupied more of my attention than it had ever before done; and when my sister, with a burst of affection, pressed me fondly to her heart, and called me her beautiful Clara, I again trembled from gratified feeling.

"On entering the ball-room, the two stewards advanced to meet us, and the young and handsome stranger of the morning asked permission to lead me to the dance, which had been delayed till my arrival. That evening completed the infatuation of the morning, and, seating myself on Mary's bed, who was awake on my return, I told her that I trusted, for my sake, that she would not deny admittance to Lord Ernest Malvers when he called next day.

"'Assuredly not, my loved Clara,' replied that gentle sister, 'if you really are anxious to see him; but, dear one, you must not enlist me in your victimizing plans: they are unworthy of you, and——'

"'Oh! say no more, Mary,' cried I; 'see Lord Ernest, and then tell me if he is likely to be the victim of any woman.'

"And Mary did see Lord Ernest; day after day he came, and my very nature seemed changed. I lived but in his sight, and even the civilities of other men were sickening to me.

"The summer passed away like a dream; the autumn tints had already clothed the fine old trees in the park. Our walks, our rides were curtailed in length, but by a bright and cheerful wood fire, our evenings glided on in peace and happiness. One night, Ernest had been reading to us portions of Shakspeare's plays.

"'What a conception of mental agony must that man have had,' said Ernest, 'ere he could have portrayed Othello's first doubt of his wife!'

"'By-the-bye, Ernest,' said I, 'you have no jealousy in your disposition, I think.'

"'Rather,' replied he, 'I have no suspicion; to me it would be impossible to suspect the woman I loved—for, suspecting, I should cease to love.'

"'Then you will never be jealous of me!' I asked, as my hand rested in his.

"'Of you, Clara! Jealous of my affianced wife!

No, no, not even were an *Iago* to come between us. You have taught me to love you fondly, and therefore must I trust you fully. None but yourself could break the bonds of love and trust you have forged.'

"Half laughing, I answered, 'Shall I try?' Mary frowned, and saying it was late, arose, and passing her arm through mine, bid Ernest good night.

"As soon as we were alone, my sister lectured me for the silly speech I had just made. My besetting sin was once more roused, and fearlessly I replied—

"'Not so silly as you may think, Mary. I have for some time perceived how very sure Ernest feels; I must give him some alarm, or we shall, even before marriage, sink into absolute listlessness.'

"Greatly alarmed for my happiness, my sister warmly and tenderly expostulated against my folly, but in vain.

"Will it be believed, that from that hour my former arts were again resorted to? Just at that time, two visitors, Lord Beauvoir and his brother, Mr. Lister, came to pass some time with us, and I devoted myself to the task of captivating both. Ernest was so provokingly calm under my first outbreak, that I was piqued into a continuance of my folly.

"'Your sister's guests engross much of your attention, my dear Clara,' at length he observed; 'and I am jealous of the time you feel it right to give them.'

"Fool that I was! this very speech, so kind, so confiding, which should have made me blush at my treachery, seemed to inspirit me to do worse. Ernest had pronounced the word 'jealous,' he said he was jealous of the time I gave; but he must also be jealous of me or my triumph would not be complete; and, in defiance of my sister's remonstrances, I rushed headlong into the vortex of folly I had planned. One night Ernest had besought me to sing, and I had made a thousand silly excuses, when Mr. Lister, ignorant of the subject of our discourse, for we were standing apart, came up, and with one of his blandest smiles, entreated me to try some manuscript music which had just been sent him by a professional friend. I was about to refuse—my first impulse was good: I had been listening to Ernest for ten minutes, and something of his noble nature had infused itself into my mind—but my evil genius prevailed. What a crowning triumph this would be!—now he must be jealous—now he must be miserable. I beheld him in imagination at my feet, beseeching me to restore him to my favour: such an opportunity might not again occur, and taking off my gloves, I walked deliberately to the piano-forte, and was soon engaged in decyphering a sweet and plaintive melody. Once I looked up to see if Ernest was listening, but he was not within my sight, and though I began to tremble a little at what I had done, I proceeded to the end of the air. On quitting the instrument, I perceived Lord Beauvoir reading, my sister was bending over her embroidery frame; I could not be mistaken—a tear fell on it—and Lord Ernest was no where in the room. Half frantic, I rushed into the vestibule, and was told that Lord Ernest had gone out to walk. I ran as fast as my trembling limbs would permit to the terrace, where we had so often walked together, and in the temple where the first words of love had passed our lips—where our truth had been plighted—I beheld Ernest. His hat was off, his face was buried in his hands, his arms resting on the table before which he was seated. I sprang forward, and ere he was aware of my approach, was on my knees imploring him to forgive me. He raised his head and looked at me with a look of such intense pity, that I became speechless with shame and contrition.

"'Clara,' said he, 'what is all this? One of us must be under some strange delusion—explain to me what it all means. You, who I left a short time since directing your attentions to Mr. Lister, hastening to fulfil his slightly expressed wish, though the same wish had been refused when urged by me—are now here in a position unbecoming a woman. For God's sake, Clara, speak the truth; tell me if you have found that it is on Mr. Lister, and not on me, that your happiness depends. The discovery will be a bitter one; but be candid, and fear not; I will be your friend, though I may never be more.'

"Every word Ernest uttered was a dagger in my heart. Did he really talk of giving me up to another? Oh! the very thought was torture. I clung to his knees, I adjured him to hear me; I protested that I cared for no one but him—but that I had wanted to make him jealous.

"He started as though an adder had stung him. Never shall I forget his colourless face as he said—

"'Great God! can it be possible that such an unworthy, wicked thought existed in the heart I so fondly worshipped?'

"He seemed literally choked with emotion. The sight of his anguish was too much for me, and I fainted. On recovering my senses, I found myself on a sofa in my sister's dressing-room; that dear sister and Ernest were bending over me; the latter still deadly pale. On my attempting to speak, he raised my hand to his lips, and said, very gently—

"'Clara, for your sake and mine, do not, I entreat, agitate yourself. Now that I see you restored to animation, I can leave you: to-night we had best give to reflection, to-morrow we will talk.'

"I grasped his hand and tried to retain him; but, bidding my sister good-night, he left the room.

"During many hours of that eventful night, did Mary try to soothe and comfort me.

"'Oh, he is hurt—he is angry with me; had you but seen the look he bent on me just before I lost my senses, you would not wonder at my anguish.'

"Towards midnight, worn out by crying, I fell asleep; but Ernest's words, 'Is it on Mr. Lister that your happiness depends?' rung in my ears, and with a painful shriek I awoke. Thus passed the night, and in the morning I was too feverish to rise. My sister told me that after I had left the drawing-room the preceding evening, Lord Beauvior had received an express, summoning him and his brother to their mother's death-bed, and that they had left the castle without loss of time. This was a great relief to me, how could I have met them? besides, I had fancied that some dreadful scene might ensue between Ernest and Mr. Lister, if the latter continued to pay me those attentions my manner had drawn on me. In the afternoon, I was able to leave my couch, and my sister led me into her dressing-room, where Ernest was awaiting me. I could but cast myself on his breast, and weep in utter helplessness.

"'My beloved Clara,' said Ernest, 'calm yourself I entreat: a few words will suffice for all we need ever say on this subject. You have thoughtlessly made a silly, forgive me, a wicked trial of your power; this time you have found it triumph over my better reason, or I should not now be here; but beware of venturing on a second trial, for remember that I, loving you above all earthly beings, tell you, that it *would sever us for ever!*'

"For some days I could not recover from this scene. I fancied that Ernest's manner betrayed more of pity than of love. He was called away suddenly, and his daily letters formed my world; not one phrase, not one line, but made me feel his worth, and often did I ask myself how I could have gained the affection of such a noble heart? His absence had been caused by the return of a widowed cousin from India, who, with her baby, was shipwrecked off the Isle of Wight. No lives were lost, but the vessel sank, and every article of property went to the bottom; all Mrs. Murray's papers, her Cashmeres, her pearls, which were of great value, and which her straitened circumstances rendered doubly so, were engulphed. Ernest spoke constantly of his cousin, of the deep sorrows with which she had been visited, and of her noble and high-minded sentiments; he hoped, he said, that we should be friends—he was sure I must like her. At first, I felt disposed to do so, but the reiteration of her good qualities awoke some of my bad ones, till at length Ernest's praises of another became wormwood to my vanity, and I resolved on his return, which was daily expected, to show him by my manner that I was hurt by his warm commendations of his cousin. When he did return, the joy of again beholding him, drove, for a time, all other thoughts from my mind. But ere he had been with us long, his frequent mention of Mrs. Murray piqued me; and when he spoke of her, I either turned away, or hinted at some unworthy motive having, perhaps, prompted a line of conduct which he represented as perfect. One day he uttered something which my ill-disposed mind construed into a desire to hold his cousin up as an example to me, and this was an offence which neither my love nor my pride could tolerate. I spoke harshly and unguardedly. Ernest, who had not intended to offend, made no concession, and, but for my dear sister's interposition, we should have quarrelled seriously. She, who was candour and truth itself, could have no suspicion of the hidden deformities of my mind; and when she assured Ernest that it was my great affection which rendered me so sensitive, she dreamed not that the besetting sin of my youth was again rife within me. Her good offices dispersed the threatening storm—but from that hour I resolved once more to make trial of my power, and force Ernest to expiate his offence. What! should I, the reigning beauty, the flattered idol of a little world, his own betrothed one too, be told to take pattern by a Mrs. Murray—by a woman whose name had never been heard of—whose beauty had never formed the dream of poet or painter! Forbid it vanity! Forbid it coquetry! In vain a remembrance of the scene which followed on my former trial recurred. I would be guarded. I would not give him any real cause for umbrage, but once more I would see him harrassed with doubt and jealousy.

"My sister—my noble sister, I dared not trust with my plan, and alone I could not execute it with effect. You, Harry, were selected as my innocent agent."

Captain Mortimer started—Lady Clara did not notice it, but continued—

"One morning, when all was prepared, I affected to have some business in the village, and requested Ernest to employ himself in my absence in answering a letter I had received from his cousin. 'It will send you the letter by Harry,' said I."

Lady Clara paused.

"Oh, I remember it all, now," exclaimed Harry; "it all becomes present before my sight. You gave me a letter to take into the library; you bid me, on some pretence, entice Lord Ernest to the window; you also desired me not to say you were in the house, but as soon as he opened the letter, to come softly and hold back the curtain in front of the window, that you might see him reading it. But dear Lady Clara—" and both her auditors rushed to her assistance—"you are ill—your hands are cold as marble. Oh! what have I said to affect you thus?"

It was some moments ere Lady Clara could speak; but when sufficiently recovered to do so, she replied,

"You have only continued a relation my courage failed under."

"Do not distress yourself by adding another word," entreated both Captain Mortimer and Miss Dormer.

"Oh! yes," exclaimed Lady Clara, "the self-sacrifice shall be complete, and may the lesson not be thrown away. The letter I gave you to deliver to Ernest was not the one he expected, but one which I had cunningly and infamously fabricated as if addressed to me by some favoured admirer. No sooner was it out of my hand, than I became terrified at what I had done; but it was too late to retract, and nerving myself with all the courage I could assume, to watch the effect of my unworthy stratagem, I stole softly into the room where my sister was sitting—sat down by her, and, as a sort of refuge from my fears, leaned myself against her shoulder. The curtain was soon slowly raised, and I beheld Ernest standing at the window, with the letter open in his hand. My heart beat tumultuously—my head grew giddy—the idea of treating it as a jest passed over my mind, and I burst into a loud laugh, which my discordant feelings rendered hoarse and frightful.—Ernest suddenly turned, cast one withering look on me, and vanished. That look proclaimed that the *second trial had, indeed, severed us for ever!*"

* * * * *

Early on a bright autumn morning, a travelling carriage was seen rapidly traversing the sweep in front of Deringcourt. There was a bustle of servants, and the usual flutter attendant on a departure for a journey. Shortly a lady of grave aspect appears, leaning on the arm of a gentleman, who hands her into the carriage. She is followed by a lady much younger, in whose eyes there sits an expression of serene happiness, directed apparently towards a sleeping infant who has just been placed beside her in the carriage. The whole party are now seated—the postilions spring to their horses—there is a cracking of whips, and a murmur of voices from the domestics, who gather at the doors and windows to make their respectful adieus, and, amidst prayers and blessings, the carriage departs.

It is Lady Clara Nugent, who leaves Deringcourt Park for a journey into Germany. She is accompanied by her nephew and his wife; and it is already whispered in the neighbourhood that her godson, Ernest Mortimer, the sleeping infant, is to be heir of Deringcourt.

WHO SHALL HAVE HIM?

OR,

THE UNMARRIED PREACHER.

BY MRS. SARAH H. HAYES.

"The doings of the Lord," said Deacon Murphy, as he walked to church one Sabbath morning, with a newly-arrived resident of their flourishing town—"Verily the doings of the Lord are marvellous in our eyes. Twelve months since, I should not have hesitated to denominate that man a madman who had predicted the change which has taken place with respect to religion among us; we seemed sunk in the gall of bitterness, and the bonds of iniquity—but now, praise be to God, the moving of His spirit is visible among these dry bones."

"I am pleased to hear so favourable a report of your village," said Mr. Liston. "As the father of a growing family, I am rejoiced that my children can enjoy the privilege of worshipping their Creator among His followers. But it appears your community has not always borne this character;—to what do you ascribe the great and happy change which has taken place?"

"To the presence of a real servant of the Lord," said Mrs. Murphy, speaking before her husband could open his lips—"to the presence of a man who is, in deed and truth, a Christian. Our old parson, Mr. Black, had entirely worn out among us. I really think the man was destitute of experimental religion; his notions were so old-fashioned, nothing seemed to prosper in his hands, and with his helpless wife and family, I must consider his removal from our parish a blessing."

"And who is the Brainerd or Swartz you have among you now?" said Mr. Liston, in a tone of surprise. "I was totally unacquainted with his high reputation."

"He is a young man," said the Deacon, "who has been with us but a few months: but in that short space of time you can form no conception of the awakening on the subject of religion. Girls, who before thought of nothing but how to laugh, to talk, or sing, seem now to be earnestly enquiring the way of salvation, and women who have hitherto occupied their precious time in a round of giddy amusements, now appear to be examining into the doctrines of Grace as taught in the Gospel. Our Dorcas Society and Bible Association have both been revived—the flourishing state of the Bible Class and Sabbath School, exceed our most sanguine expectations, and praise be to God, I have no complaint to make of the state of religion in our highly-favoured place."

To this panegyric, Mr. Liston made no reply—but walked on with heightened interest and curiosity, to the small, neat country church. It was already more than half filled, and as group after group gathered in, he looked with wonder (and after so glowing a description of their zeal in the good cause, we may say with admiration also,) on the many young and lovely females who crowded the pews. He noticed, too, that the countenance of each wore the appearance of placid seriousness so becoming the sanctuary of the Most High—and now, when all were seated, a deep and holy quiet seemed to pervade the whole congregation; it was the interval of repose which usually takes place before the commencement of the services, and which appears so peculiarly fitted for the laying aside of every worldly care—the stilling of each beating heart, and which should be employed by all to the utmost of their ability, in endeavouring to prepare in every breast a resting-place for the Heavenly Dove which seems brooding among them.

At length the second Sabbath bell pealed forth its glad summons, and immediately after, the Preacher entered, and proceeding up the aisle with measured but graceful tread, ascended the pulpit. He was young, with a tall elastic form, dark intelligent eyes, and a high, pale forehead, shadowed by a mass of sullen black hair; his voice was deep and sonorous, and his gestures rapid, but graceful; and when he commenced his address, every lovely eye seemed bent upon him with thrilling and expectant interest. Mr. Liston, too, had wrought himself into a perfect fit of enthusiasm—but he listened in vain for the strains of impassioned eloquence which he expected would greet his ear. The young minister appeared to feel himself a watchman upon the Tower of Zion, and he spoke well, very well—he told his people of their duties to God and man—expressed his pleasure at the attention given to religious subjects among them,—exhorted those who had recently joined themselves to the people of the Lord, to fight the good fight, and hold fast to the faith; and gliding rapidly over the conclusion, dismissed them with a fervent but common-place prayer, for their temporal and spiritual welfare.

Mr. Liston's feeling at this moment was one of extreme disappointment—he had listened, but in vain, for any thing new or inspiring—any thing which could entitle him (the speaker) to the high character for eloquence he appeared to sustain. But he consoled himself immediately with the idea that this sermon was perhaps inferior to the generality.—"The young man," said he, mentally, has doubtless spoken under some disadvantages. I will not judge him hastily." But he was soon obliged to change this opinion, by the audible encomiums from many fair lips, which reached his wondering ears as he threaded the aisle. "Beautiful!" "glorious!" "divine!" were echoed on all sides, and the old Deacon's wife's hearty "He out-did himself to-day," induced the Yankee Mr. Liston to shrewdly suspect the amiable divine owed his popularity to something else than his preaching.

Mrs. Davenport was a widow lady in rather slender circumstances, inhabiting, with six marriageable daughters, a small house in the outskirts of the village of N——. Notwithstanding her income, however, she had always managed to keep up appearances; and as five of her daughters, it was supposed, had been hopefully converted under the ministry of the new Preacher, Mr. Sorley, and as they were devoted to works of charity, and employed a great portion of their time in relieving the poor, and attending Church, they happened at this time to be great favourites among the good people of N——.

We will now take a peep into their little parlour, on a warm July afternoon, some weeks after the commencement of our story. Mrs. Davenport herself was seated at a table in the centre of the room, busily engaged in cutting out some coarse work, and talking very rapidly upon some subject apparently altogether foreign to her employment. The young ladies were grouped around, each engaged at some work of charity and self-denial, with the exception of one, who was idly stationed at the venetian blind, though for what purpose does not at present appear.

"Ma, do stop talking one moment," said the elder, Miss Susan; "for I wish to speak about something important, and that is just this: when I finish this jacket, the idiot may do without clothes for me, and I verily believe it is useless for me to try any longer, for the last time Mr. Sorley was here, he was vastly more attentive to Alice than to any one of us."

"Well, child," said the old lady, earnestly, and with surprise; "would it not be a sufficient matter of rejoicing, if we could even succeed in getting him for your sister?"

Now Alice was next to the youngest, and by far the prettiest of the whole family. She was a regular attendant at preaching—had professed to experience a change of heart—and, to do her justice, had never harbored the idea of making a conquest of the young Minister; there were so many candidates in the field, she had never dreamed of being able to make an impression; therefore, her sister's remark took her quite by surprise; and the blush, having its origin in delight, which mounted to her very temples, had scarcely time to subside, before the young lady who was stationed at the window, called out—

"There, he has just come out of Liston's, and is crossing the street, and he is coming *here* as sure as the world!"

"Now, girls," cried Mrs. Davenport, as she moved to the door to admit him, "be very much engaged at your work, and as you know you cannot *all* have him, why endeavor to set your sister Alice *off* to the best possible advantage."

Agreeably to this command, the head of each young lady was immediately bent to the work upon her lap, and Mr. Sorley was in the very midst of them before they were at all aware of his approach, when he was recognised by a unanimous cry of delighted surprise.

"As pleasantly and profitably employed as ever, my dear young ladies, I see," said he with a smile of animated pleasure, as he entered.

"We can do but little, sir," said Miss Susan, as she eagerly offered him a chair, "but that little is done very cheerfully. I have, however, just been telling our dear Alice that she has exerted herself almost too much to-day; she looks weary."

"I trust not weary of well doing, Miss Alice," said Mr. Sorley, with considerable archness; "but," added he quickly, still addressing her to whom his attention was thus called, "the first consideration should be our own health; and I should be sorry to see any one of my fair charge injure themselves even by their devotion to the interests of the poor."

"It would be difficult for us to become weary of well doing, my dear sir," returned Mrs. Davenport, smiling, "if we look to our pastor for an example; the exertions he makes for the spiritual benefit of all are notorious; and my advice to his flock would be, to press forward as their shepherd leads."

"You overrate my endeavors, madam," said the young Minister, striving to speak with composure, yet coloring with embarrassment at this flattery.

"Oh, not at all; not at all!" cried all the young ladies, in one breath.

"We never knew," continued the mother, "what it was to enjoy religious privileges till you came among us; look at the flourishing state of all our institutions—at the number who have come out from the people of the world, and proclaimed themselves on the side of the Lord—look at the situation of things now, and what they were six months since, and you must acknowledge, my dear sir, we do not overrate your abilities."

"You should give the glory to God, Mrs. Davenport," returned Mr. Sorley, in a tone of slight displeasure, "not to one unworthy as myself. I am far from taking the credit of any thing which has been done; for I very well know that 'Paul may plant, and Apollos water, but God alone can give the increase.'"

"I admire humility," replied the lady; but instantly perceiving that enough had been said upon the subject at present, she skilfully shifted her ground, and mentioned a case of distress which had lately come under their notice, and in which her daughters felt great interest.

"It is an old man," said she, "employed as a wood-cutter, who was so unfortunate some time since as to have one of his limbs broken by the falling of a tree; his wife is extremely helpless, and they are burthened with a large family; among others, a wretched idiot, for whom Susan has been employed in making a jacket. We have done all we can to assist them, but I think the old man will scarcely recover, and I fear, although living under the very sound of the gospel, his soul is in worse than heathen darkness."

"It will afford me great pleasure," cried Mr. Sorley, whose sympathies were strongly awakened, "to call and converse with him; and I certainly feel that I have been greatly deficient in this respect. It is the imperative duty of a Pastor, to make extensive inquiries as to the spiritual state of the afflicted and needy, in his immediate vicinity, and this I have totally neglected."

"You have been so short a time among us, my dear sir," said Miss Susan, earnestly, "and have already been so fully occupied, that we are really beginning to fear your labors are almost too much for you. It is impossible you could so early learn the situation of all the poor in the neighborhood, and I beg you will not reproach yourself on this account."

At this rhapsody, Mr. Sorley smiled, but made no reply; he imagined he despised flattery—but the draughts daily and hourly presented for him to drain, were so large, that it was impossible for him to avoid swallowing a small portion, and insensibly it had its effect. He learned to listen with composure to what had at first shocked his pure, pious, and humble mind; and when, after a lengthened visit, he rose to depart, it was with a considerably more elevated opinion of his own importance, and in company with Miss Alice, who volunteered to direct him, he set out to the wood-cutter's hovel.

"I think I managed to admiration, to-day, girls," said Mrs. Davenport, as the door closed on their retreating figures. "He listens now a good deal more complacently to his own praises, than he did when he *first* came to N——, but I can tell you it requires some tact to flatter a man of discernment, and this I must say I think we all possess in an eminent degree."

"If Alice only plays her card well," said Miss Lizzy, who, being extremely homely, and, moreover, next in age to Miss Susan, had no thought for herself; "If Alice only plays her card well, I really think she may yet be Mrs. Sorley; for to tell the truth, she is very pretty, and he appears vastly more pleased with her than with any of us."

And thus for hours would this amiable mother and daughters continue to speculate, and form plans for the future; for their views were wholly selfish; and although they could converse fluently upon religious subjects, being altogether destitute of vital piety, their whole aim appeared to be, to do their alms before men; and by these and other means equally insincere and hypocritical, to bring about a desired end. Yet in this they were not singular—it is a common plea that the object in view justifies the means; and if that object is the advancement of their own interests, how few pause to enquire whose progress in the cause of Christianity may be retarded by the course they pursue. Mr. Sorley was simple and unsophisticated, wholly unlearned in the arts of the people of the world, and when he came to N——, entirely devoted to the cause of his Master. He was conscious, however, after some months' residence there, that this heavenly peace of mind was fast departing. He felt more anxious to please, more satisfaction at his own doings, and his thoughts more frequently reverted to himself than was wont, yet he could assign no cause for the apparent change—it was impossible that it could be flattery, for the praises to which he hourly listened were but the promptings of unfeigned love, and although they sometimes embarrassed him, their motives were so pure that he could not censure.

Ah! had he possessed the fabled mirror, with what horror and affright would he have shrunk from that "hideous sight, a naked, human heart!"

"Mamma," cried Caroline Allan, as she came in from church one Sabbath, and advanced to the mirror—"Mamma, did not Mr. Sorley look handsome to-day! I really," continued she, taking off her bonnet and arranging her shining curls, "I really have a serious notion of joining the church."

Now Mrs. Allan herself had been for several years a member in very good standing; she went regularly to meeting, and as she was very wealthy, and at the head of the ton, contributed liberally to every charitable subscription presented to her; therefore nobody presumed to censure any thing in her conduct, with the exception of her excessive indolence, and as the Sabbath in question was excessively hot, and she was seated in her easy chair, busily engaged in fanning herself, she must be excused for merely laughing at her daughter's remark, and replying:

"I hope you will join some day, my dear, but I trust from a better motive."

"A better motive!" echoed Cornelia, who, as she was the prettiest girl in N——, and an only and spoiled child, chose to consider every thing she undertook as perfectly proper. "I could not possibly have a better motive—half the girls have already joined on this very account; and pray, mamma, as a member of church, do not let me hear any insinuations from you."

"You are a sad girl, Cornelia," said Mrs. Allan, fanning herself more violently.

"I am serious, I declare mamma," returned the young beauty, laughing; "I hear there is a company with several fine officers attached to it, about taking possession of the old fort,—if this report is correct, well and good, I shall remain as I am; but if it should prove unfounded, you may depend upon my becoming serious; I will not be the only black sheep in the flock, and you shall see I will yet bear off the palm, and win the heart of Mr. Sorley."

"Cornelia," said Mrs. Allan, now seriously displeased, "Mr. Sorley is an entire stranger to you; we were ignorant of his existence, until his arrival among us, and he has always resided at a great distance; he may, for all you know, be engaged—do not be so silly."

"Mamma, mamma, have mercy; do, do not breathe such a thing," cried Cornelia, interrupting her, and assuming, at the same time, an attitude of so much alarm and affright, that, to avoid participating in her mirth, Mrs. Allan was obliged to get up and leave the room. And perhaps it was well for Cornelia Allan that she had not earlier resolved to play the hypocrite—for on the next Sabbath, Mr. Sorley acquainted his congregation that for the two following Sabbaths they were to expect no preaching. This notice as it was entirely unexpected, of course occasioned some surprise; and many of his fair and zealous members felt that it would be almost impossible to spare him, even for this length of time—but as he appeared anxious to re-visit his native place, and as no reasonable excuse for denying his request could be alleged, he prepared for his departure, amid the fondest professions of regard, and accompanied by the kindest wishes of his numerous friends. And we will not say how many fair and tearful eyes watched, as it lessened in the distance, the coach that contained his cherished form—and how slowly rolled around those three weary weeks, and how often did many a being, famed for her gentleness, feel disposed to chide the laggard time.

"How much we miss him," groaned Miss Susan Davenport.

"Yes," cried Cornelia Allan, to whom this sentence was addressed, almost laughing in her face; "and," added she, running her hand lightly over the piano, "how applicable to your case is that beautiful line in Bishop Heber's address to his wife—'I miss thy kind approving eye, thy meek, attentive ear,' for I understand your quarters was a favorite resort of our young minister."

At this remark, Miss Davenport did her utmost, without succeeding to get up a simper, and a blush, and heartily despising the conceit she affected to ridicule; Cornelia again touched the keys with some skill, and sang, with considerable archness—

"Ah! souls that well might soar above,
To earth will fondly cling;
And build their hopes on human love,
That false and fragile thing."

But at length the wished-for period arrived, when the expecting congregation were to hail the return of their beloved pastor; and we will not enumerate the many youthful hearts which fluttered at the pleasing anticipation, nor say how often the dial-plates of the clocks, in that particular neighborhood, were consulted on the memorable afternoon: but, true to its time, the state coach did at length wind into town.

Mr. Sorley really had arrived, and, to the utter horror and consternation of half the population of N——, accompanied by a young and lovely wife!! Even his old hostess, whose three unmarried daughters had recently connected themselves with the church, and who had hastened forward, the first to welcome him, in the surprise and agony of the moment, raised her hand in the face of the stranger, and started back in pitiable astonishment, as he introduced her—and before one half hour, the news had spread like wildfire over the village, and gathering in its onward course, "left clamour and dismay behind." Many, however, affected to disbelieve it, they could not credit what would thus utterly, and at once, crush every hope, demolish every air-built castle, and leave them tormented by the conflicting emotions of anger, mortification, and disappointment; but on the following day, which was Sabbath, the audience, who had crowded the church to overflowing, many of them for the purpose of gratifying their curiosity, found the report confirmed by proof strong as holy writ.

Their preacher, alas! no longer unmarried, entered, with a young and elegant female leaning upon his arm, and with all a husband's pride, he escorted the timid stranger to a seat, before proceeding to occupy his own elevated station. That day, Mr. Sorley really did outdo himself. What it was that inspired him, we know not; whether he felt with peculiar force the awful responsibility attached to his high calling, or considered that he had hitherto been remiss in not exerting to their utmost his slumbering powers, we cannot say; but, as it was, he poured forth from a lip, where "sleeping thunders seemed to lie," sublime and beautiful truths, in words of thrilling, burning eloquence. Yet the look of kindling interest, which it had always been his pleasure to note in the countenance of the female portion of his audience, was wanting. The listlessness and inattention, too apparent, surprised and grieved him—and on recurring to the fact in the solitude of his own chamber, he failed not to attribute it to the novel presence of a gay company of young officers and soldiers, who graced many of the pews—for the military had really arrived during his absence, taken possession of the old fort in the neighborhood, and in time to prevent the becoming seriousness of Cornelia Allan, who had been escorted to church by the handsome young captain, and, as it chanced to be on the very day of the first appearance of the minister's bride, we will not say with how much ill-concealed exultation she looked around on the disappointed faces of her numerous acquaintances.

"I have just been thinking, my love," said Mr. Sorley, to his gentle wife, some months afterwards, as they were seated alone in their quiet parlor—"I have just been thinking of the wonderful change which has taken place in the village since the arrival of the military. Before they came among us, you can scarcely conceive the attention paid to religious subjects. So great a blessing seemed to follow my labors, so crowded were our now empty pews, and so highly complimented was I on my poor endeavors, that I feel, and, with the Psalmist, I may say, 'My feet had well nigh slipped.' Now our young people appear to have put every thing serious far from them. They think of nothing but gaiety and amusement.—I must confess, I did hope better things of them, particularly the Miss Davenports, they engaged with *so much fervor* in every good work—but, Oh! what a falling *off is there!*"

"We can do nothing, my beloved, but pity and pray for them," returned the young wife, raising her dewy eyes to the face of her husband, with an expression of so much tenderness, that, although he had loved her from childhood, he felt he had until that moment never fully appreciated the Christian sweetness of her disposition. But she added no more, for she was aware of the extent of female influence, and would not pain him by the disclosure of a discovery which her woman's penetration had enabled her to make, but from which she knew the mind of her husband would instinctively recoil, viz: that he owed his popularity, not to the sterling goodness of his character, nor the zeal and fervor with which he preached the words of truth and soberness, but to the simple fact of his being an UNMARRIED PREACHER.

THE OLD MAID.

BY MRS. AMELIA B. WELBY.

Why sits she thus in solitude? her heart
Seems melting in her eye's delicious blue,—
And as it heaves, her ripe lips lie apart,
As if to let its heavy throbbings through;
In her dark eye a depth of softness swells,
Deeper than that her careless girlhood wore;
And her cheek crimsons with the hue that tells
The rich, fair fruit is ripened to the core.

It is her thirtieth birthday! with a sigh
Her soul hath turned from youth's luxuriant bowers,
And her heart taken up the last sweet tie
That measured out its links of golden hours!
She feels her inmost soul within her stir,
With thoughts too wild and passionate to speak;
Yet her full heart—its own interpreter—
Translates itself in silence on her cheek.

Joy's opening buds, affection's glowing flowers,
Once lightly sprang within her beaming track;
Oh, life was beautiful in those lost hours!
And yet she does not wish to wander back!
No! she but loves in loneliness to think
On pleasures past, though never more to be:
Hope links her to the future—but the link
That binds her to the past—is Memory!

From her lone path she never turns aside,
Though passionate worshippers before her fall;
Like some pure planet in her lonely pride,
She seems to soar and beam above them all!
Not that her heart is cold! emotions new
And fresher flowers, are with her heart-strings knit;
And sweetly mournful pleasures wander through
Her virgin soul, and softly ruffle it.

For she hath lived with heart and soul alive
To all that makes life beautiful and fair;
Sweet thoughts, like honey-bees, have made their hive
Of her soft bosom-cell, and cluster there;—
Yet life is not to her what it hath been—
Her soul hath learned to look beyond its gloss,—
And now she hovers, like a star, between
Her deeds of love—her Saviour on the Cross!

Beneath the cares of earth she does not bow,
Though she hath oft-times drained its bitter cup,
But ever wanders on with heaven-ward brow,
And eyes whose lovely lids are lifted up!
She feels that in that lovelier, happier sphere,
Her bosom yet will, bird-like, find its mate,
And all the joys it found so blissful here,
Within that spirit-realm perpetuate.

Yet, sometimes o'er her trembling heart-strings thrill
Soft sighs, for raptures it hath ne'er enjoyed,—
And then she dreams of love, and strives to fill
With wild and passionate thoughts the craving void.
And thus she wanders on—half sad, half blest—
Without a mate for the pure, lonely heart,
That, yearning, throbs within her virgin breast,
Never to find its lovely counterpart!

THE STOLEN CHILD.

A THRILLING STORY.

It was towards the commencement of the month of December, 1830, that I was going down the Mississippi in the steamboat Feliciana. We had arrived in the neighborhood of Hopefield, Hampstead county, when one of our paddles struck against a sawyer,* and was broken to pieces. We were obliged in consequence to cast anchor before the town.

Hopefield is a small town on the west bank of the river, about six hundred miles from New Orleans, and five hundred below the junction of the Ohio and Mississippi. It consisted, at the time of which I speak, of about fifteen houses, two of which were taverns and shops of the usual kind found in such places—their stock in trade consisting of a cask or two of whiskey, a couple of dozen knives and forks, a few coloured handkerchiefs, some earthenware, lead, powder, and the like. Our party was composed of ten ladies, the same number of young men, and several elderly gentlemen. Nothing appears so desirable, during a long voyage in a river steamboat, as a stroll upon shore; and, as there was nothing to be done at Hopefield, the proposal of one of our number to take a ramble in the forest, was met with unqualified approbation by all the young men. We equipped ourselves each with a rifle, and a bottle of wine or brandy, to keep the vapors of the swamps out of our stomachs; the son of one of the tavern-keepers, who offered himself as a guide, was loaded with a mighty ham and a bag of biscuits, which we procured from the steamboat; and, thus provided, we sallied forth on our expedition, attended by the good wishes of the ladies, who accompanied us a few hundred yards into the wood, and then left us to pursue our march.

I have often had occasion to notice, that the first entrance into one of our vast American forests, is apt to reduce the greatest talker to silence. In the present instance I found the truth of this remark fully confirmed. Whether it was the subdued half-light of the luxuriant wilderness through which we were passing, the solemn stillness, only broken by the rustling of the dead leaves under our feet, or the colossal dimensions of the mighty trees, that rose like so many giants around us, that wrought upon the imagination, I cannot say; but it is certain that my companions, who were mostly from the Northern States, and had never before been beyond Albany or the Saratoga Springs, became at once silent, and almost sad. The leaves of the cotton-tree, that giant of the South-Western forests, had already assumed the tawny hues of latter Autumn; only here and there a streak of sunbeam, breaking through the canopy of branches that spread over our heads, brought out the last tints of green now fast fading away, and threw a strange sparkling ray, a bar of light, across our path. Here was a magnolia with its snow-white blossoms, or a catalpa with its long cucumber-shaped fruit, amongst which the bright-hued red birds and paroquets glanced and flittered.

We walked for some time through the forest, amused more than once by the proceedings of two young clerks from Boston, who saw a wild animal in every thicket, and repeatedly levelled their guns at some bear or panther, which turned out to be neither more nor less than a bush or tree-stump. They pestered our guide with all sorts of simple questions, which he, with a true backwoodsman's indifference, left for the most part unanswered. After about an hour, we found ourselves on the borders of a long and tolerably wide swamp, formed by the overflowings of the river, and which stretched for some five miles from north to south, with a broad patch of clear bright-green water in the centre. The western bank was covered with a thick growth of palmettoes, the favourite cover of deer, bears, and even panthers, and this cover we resolved to beat. We divided ourselves into two parties, the first of which, consisting of the New Englanders, and accompanied by the guide, was to go round the northern extremity of the swamp, while we were to take a southerly direction, and both to meet behind the marsh, on a certain path which led through a thicket of wild plum-trees and acacias. Our guide's instructions were not the clearest, and the landmarks he gave us were only intelligible to a thorough backwoodsman: but as too many questions would probably have puzzled him, without making matters clearer to us, we set off, trusting to our eyes and ears, and to the pocket-compasses with which several of us were provided.

After another hour's walk, during which we had seen nothing but wild pigeons and squirrels, and a few moccasin snakes warming themselves in the sun-beams, which latter, on our approach, drew hastily back under the heaps of dry leaves, we arrived at the southern extremity of the swamp. Proceeding a short distance westward, we then took a northerly direction, along the edge of the palmetto field, with the marsh upon our right hand. It was a sort of cane-brake we were passing through, firm footing, and with grass up to our knees; the shore of the swamp or lake was overgrown with lofty cedars, shooting out of water four or five feet deep, which reflected their circular crowns. The broad streak of water looked like a huge band of satin, and the slightest motion of the leaves was immediately perceptible in the mirror beneath them. From time to time, the least possible breeze rustled through the trees, and curled the water with a tiny ripple. The water itself was of the brightest emerald-green; and the forest of palmetto stems that grew along the edge, was reflected in it like myriads of swords and lances. In the small creeks and inlets, flocks of swans, pelicans, and wild geese, were sunning themselves, and pluming their feathers for their winter flight. They allowed us to come within a score of paces of them, and then flew away with a rushing, whirring noise.

We had been for some time plodding patiently along, when our attention was suddenly attracted by a slow but continued rustling amongst the palmettoes. Something was evidently cautiously approaching us, but whether panther, stag or bear, we could not tell—probably the last. We gave a glance at our rifles, cocked them, and pressed a few paces forward amongst the canes; when suddenly a bound and a crashing noise, which grew rapidly more distant, warned us that the animal had taken the alarm. One of our companions, who had as yet never seen a bear-hunt, ran forward as fast as the palmettoes would allow him, and was soon out of sight. Unfortunately we had no dogs, and after half an hour's fruitless beating about, during which we started another animal, within sight or shot of which we were unable to get, we became convinced that we should have to meet our friends empty-handed. It was now time to proceed to the place of rendezvous, on the further side of the palmetto field, which was about half a mile wide. The man who had gone after the bear, had rejoined us, and from him we learned that the brake was bordered on the western side by a dense thicket of wild-plum, apple and acacia trees, through which there was not the least sign of a path. On arriving there, we saw that his account was a correct one; and, to add to our difficulties, the nature of the ground in our front now changed, and the cane-brake sunk down into a sort of swampy bottom, extending to the northern extremity of the lake. Our situation was an embarrassing one. Before us, an impassable swamp; to our right, water; to our left, an impenetrable thicket; and four hours of the eight that had been allotted to us already elapsed. There seemed nothing to be done but to retrace our steps; but, before doing so, we resolved to make a last effort to find a path. To this end we separated, taking different directions, and for nearly half an hour we wandered through the thicket, amongst bushes and brambles, tearing and scratching ourselves to no purpose. At last, when I for one was about to abandon the search in despair, a loud hurrah gave notice that the path was found. We were soon all grouped around the lucky discoverer; but to our considerable disappointment, instead of finding him at the entrance of the wished-for road, we beheld him gravely contemplating a cow, which was cropping the grass quite undisturbed by our approach. Nevertheless, this was no bad find, if we could only ascertain whether it was a stray cow that had wandered far from its home, or a beast of regular habits that passed each night in its master's cow-house. An Ohioman solved the question, by pointing out that the animal had evidently been milked that morning; and as we were debating how we should induce Brindle to proceed in the direction of its domicile, he settled that difficulty also, by firing off his rifle so close to the beast's tail, that the bullet carried off a patch of hair, and grazed the skin. The cow gave a tremendous spring, and rushed through a thicket, as if a score of wolves had been at its heels. We followed, and the brute led us to a tolerably good path through the wilderness, which we had thought impenetrable. It was doubtless the path that was to take us to the appointed place of meeting; and we now slackened our pace, and followed the cow's trail more leisurely. We had proceeded about a mile, when a strong light in the distance made us aware that we were coming to a clearing; and on arriving at the place, we found several maize fields enclosed by hedges, and a log-house, the smoking chimney of which bespoke the presence of inhabitants.

The dwelling was pleasantly situated on a gentle slope, roofed with clapboards, and having stables and other out-houses in its rear, such as one usually finds in backwood settlements of the more comfortable kind. Peach trees were trailed against the house, in front of which stood some groups of papaws. The whole place had a rural and agreeable aspect.

We were scarcely within the hedge that surrounded the domain, when a brace of bull-dogs rushed upon us with open jaws. We were keeping off the furious brutes with some difficulty, when a man came out of the barn, and, upon seeing us, again entered it. After a few moments, he appeared for a second time, in company with two negroes, who were leading by the horns the very same cow which we had so unceremoniously compelled to become our guide. We greeted the man with a "good morning;" but he made no answer, merely gazing hard at us with a cold sullen look. He was a tall, broad-shouldered, powerful man, with an expressive, but extraordinarily sad, gloomy, and almost repulsive countenance. There was a restless excitement of manner about him, which struck us at the very first glance.

"A fine morning," said I, approaching the stranger.

No answer. The man was holding the cow by one horn, and staring at the tail, from which a drop or two of blood was falling.

"How far is it from here to Hopefield?" asked I.

"Far enough for you never to get there, if it is you who've been drivin' my cow," was the threatening reply.

"And if we had driven your cow," said I, "you would surely not take it amiss? It was a mere accident."

"Such accidents don't often happen. People don't shoot cows, if they haven't a mind to eat other folk's beef."

"You do not suppose," said the Ohioman, "that we should wish to hurt your cow—we, who have no other intention but to shoot a few turkeys for the voyage. We are passengers by the Feliciana—one of our paddles is broken, and that is the reason that our boat is at anchor in front of Hopefield, and that we are here."

This circumstantial explanation seemed to produce little effect on the backwoodsman. He made no reply. We walked towards the house, and on stepping in, found a woman there, who scarcely looked at us, or seemed aware of our entrance. There was the same appearance of hard grief upon her countenance, that we had remarked in the man; only with the difference, that the expression was less morose and fierce, but on the other hand more mournful.

"Can we have something to eat?" said I to the woman.

"We don't keep a tavern," was the answer.

"The other party cannot be far off," said one of my companions. "We will give them a sign of our whereabout." And so saying, he passed out at the door and walked a few paces in the direction of a cotton field.

"Stop!" cried the backwoodsman, suddenly, placing himself before him. "Not a step further shall you go, till you satisfy me who you are, and where from."

"Who and where from?" replied our comrade, a young doctor of medicine from Tennessee. "That is what you nor any other man shall know who asks after such a fashion. If I'm not mistaken we are in a free country." And as he spoke he fired off his rifle.

The report of the piece was echoed so magnificently from the deep forests which surrounded the plantation that my other companions raised their guns to their shoulders, with the intention of firing also. I made them a sign in time to prevent it. Although there could hardly be any real danger to be apprehended, it appeared to me advisable to hold ourselves prepared for whatever might happen. The next moment a shot was heard—the answer to our signal.

"Keep yourself quiet," said I to the backwoodsman, "our companions and their guide will soon be here. As to your cow, you can hardly have so little common sense as to suppose that five travellers would shoot a beast that must be perfectly useless to them."

As I left off speaking, there emerged from the forest our other detachment and the guide, the latter carrying two fat turkeys. He greeted the backwoodsman as an old acquaintance, but with a degree of sympathy and compassion in the tone of his salutation, which contrasted strangely with his usual rough, dry manner.

"Well, Mr. Clarke," said he, "heard nothing yet? I am sorry for it—very sorry."

The backwoodsman made no reply, but his rigid sturdy mien softened, and his eyes, as I thought, glistened with moisture.

"Mistress Clarke," said our guide to the woman, who was standing at the house-door, "these gentlemen here wish for a snack. They're plenty of every thing, if you'll be so good as to cook it."

The woman stood without making any reply; the man was equally silent. There was a sort of stubborn, surly manner about them, which I had never witnessed in backwoods-people.

"Well," said the doctor, "we need expect nothing here. We are only losing time. Let us sit down on a tree-trunk, and eat our ham and biscuits."

The guide made us a significant sign, and then stepping up to the woman, spoke to her in a low and urgent tone. She did not, however, utter a word.

"Mistress," said the doctor, "something must have happened to you or your family, to put you so out of sorts. We are strangers, but we are not without feelings. Tell us what is wrong. There may be means of helping you."

The man looked up; the woman shook her head.

"What is it that troubles you?" said I, approaching her. "Speak out. Help often comes when least expected."

The woman made no answer, but stepped up to our guide, took a turkey and the ham from him, and went into the house. We followed, sat down at the table, and produced our bottles. The backwoodsman placed glasses before us. We pressed him to join us, but he obstinately declined our invitation, and we at last became weary of wasting good words on him. Our party consisted as before mentioned, of ten persons; two bottles were soon emptied; and we were beginning to get somewhat merry whilst talking over our morning's ramble, when our host suddenly got up from his seat in the chimney corner, and approached the table.

"Genmen," said he, "you mus'n't think me uncivil if I tell you plainly that I can have no noise made in my house. It an't a house to larf in—that it an't, by G—!" And having so spoken he resumed his seat, leant his head upon both hands, and relapsed into his previous state of gloomy reverie.

"We ask pardon," said we; "but really we had no idea that our cheerfulness would annoy you."

The man made no reply, and half an hour passed away in whisperings and conjectures. At the end of that time, a negro girl came in to spread the table for our meal.

After much entreaty, our host and hostess were prevailed on to sit down with us. The former took a glass of brandy, and emptied it at a draught. We filled it again; he drank it off, and it was again replenished. After the third glass, a deep sigh escaped him. The cordial had evidently revived him.

"Genmen," said he, "you will have thought me rough and stubborn enough, when I met you as you had been huntin' my cow; but I see now who I have to do with. But may I be shot myself, if, whenever [illegible] I don't send a bullet through his body; and I'll be warrant it shall hinder his stealin' [illegible] are children."

"Steal children!" repeated I. "Has one of your negroes been stolen?"

"One of my niggers, man! My son; my only son! Her child!" continued he, pointing to his wife. "Our boy, the only one remaining to us out of five, whom the fever carried off before our eyes. As bold and smart a boy as any in the back woods! Here we set ourselves down in the wilderness, worked day and night, went through toil and danger, hunger and thirst, heat and cold. And for what? Here we are alone, deserted, childless; with nothin' left for us but to pray and cry, curse and groan. No help; all in vain. I shall go out of my mind, I expect. If he were dead—if he were lyin' under the hillock yonder beside his brothers, I would say nothin'. *He gave*, and He has a right to take away! But, Almighty God!"—And the man uttered a cry so frightful, so heart-rending, that the knives and forks fell from our hands, and a number of negro women and children came rushing in to see what was the matter. We gazed at him in silence.

"God only knows," continued he, and his head sank upon his breast; then, suddenly starting up, he drank off glass after glass of brandy, as fast as he could pour it out.

"And how and when did this terrible theft occur?" asked we.

"The woman can tell you about it," was the answer.

The woman had left the table, and now sat sobbing and weeping upon the bed. It was really a heart-breaking scene. The doctor got up and led her to the table. We waited till she became [illegible] composed, anxiously expecting her account of [illegible] a horrible calamity.

"It was four weeks yesterday," she began; "Mister Clark was in the forest; I was in the fields, looking after the people, who were gathering in the maize. I had been there some time, and by the sun it was already pretty near eleven; but it was so fine a morning as ever was seen on the Mississippi, and the niggers don't work well if there's not somebody to look after them—so I remained. At last it was time to get the people's dinner ready, and I left the field. I don't know what it was, but I had scarcely turned towards the house, when it seemed as if somebody called to me to run as fast as I could; a sort of fear and uneasiness came over me, and I ran all the way to the house. When I got there I saw little Cesy, our black boy, sitting on the threshold, and playing all alone. I thought nothing of this, but went into the kitchen, without suspecting anything wrong. As I was turning about amongst the pots and kettles, I thought suddenly of my Dougal. I threw down what I had in my hand, and ran to the door. Cesy came to meet me: "Missi," said he, "Dougal is gone."

"Dougal is gone!" cried I. "Where is he gone to, Cesy?"

"Don't know," said Cesy; "gone away with a man on horseback."

"With a man on horseback!" said I. "In God's name where can he be gone to! What does all this mean, Cesy?"

"Don't know," said Cesy.

"And who was the man? Did he go willingly?"

"No! he didn't go willingly!" said Cesy. "but the man got off his horse, put Dougal upon it, and then jumped up behind him, and rode away."

"And you don't know the man?"

"No, missi!"

"Think again, Cesy," cried I; "for God's sake remember. Don't you know the man?"

"No," said the child, "I don't know him."

"Didn't you see what he looked like? Was he black or white?"

"I don't know," said Cesy, crying; "he had a red flannel shirt over his face!"

"Was it neighbor Syms; or Banks, or Meddling, or Barnes?"

"No!" whined Henry.

"Gracious God!" cried I. "What is this? What has become of my poor child!" I ran backwards and forwards into the forest, through the fields. I called out. I looked everywhere. At last I ran to where the people were at work, and fetched Cesy's mother. I thought she would be able to make him tell something more about my child. She ran to the house with me, promised him cakes, new clothes, every thing in the world; but he could tell nothing more than he had already told me. At last Mister Clarke came."

Here the woman paused, and looked at her husband.

"When I came home," continued the latter, "the woman was nearly distracted; and I saw directly that some great misfortune had happened. But I should never have guessed what it really was. When she told me, I said, to comfort her, that one of the neighbors must have taken the child away, though I didn't think it myself; for none of the neighbors would have allowed themselves such a freedom with my only child. I shouldn't have thanked 'em for it, I can tell you. I called Cesy, and asked him again what the [illegible] was like: if he had a blue or a black coat? He said it was blue. 'What sort of a horse?' 'A brown one.' 'What road had he taken?' 'That road,' answered the boy, pointing to the swamp. I sent all my niggers, men, women and children, round to the neighbors, to seek for the child, and tell them what had happened. I myself followed the path that the robber had taken, and found hoof-prints upon it. I tracked them to the creek, but there I lost the trail. The man might have got into a boat, with his horse and the child, and perhaps crossed the Mississippi, or perhaps gone down the stream. Who could tell where he would land? It might be ten, twenty, fifty, or a hundred miles lower down. I was terribly frightened, and I rode on to Hopefield. There nothing had been seen or heard of my child; but all the men got on their horses to help me to find him. The neighbors came also, and we sought about for a whole day and night. No trace nor track was to be found. Nobody had seen either the child nor the man who had carried him off. We beat the woods for thirty miles round my house, crossed the Mississippi, went up as far as Memphis, and down to Helena and the Yazoo river; nothing was to be seen or heard.

"We came back as we went out, empty-handed and discouraged. When I got home, I found the whole county assembled at my house. Again we set out; again we searched the forest through; every hollow tree, every bush and thicket, was looked into. Of bears, stags and panthers, there were plenty, but no signs of my boy. On the sixth day I came home again, but my home was become hateful to me—everything vexed and disgusted me. My clothes and skin were torn off by the thorns and briars; my very bones ached; but I didn't feel it. It was nothing to what I suffered in my mind.

"On the second day after my return, I was lying heart and body sick in bed, when one of the neighbors came in, and told me that he had just seen, at Hopefield, a man from Muller county, who told him that a stranger had been seen on the road to New Madrid, whose description answered to that which Cesy had given of the child-stealer. It was a man with a blue coat and a brown horse, and a child upon his saddle. I forgot my sickness and my sore bones, bought a new horse—for I had ridden mine nearly to death—and set out directly, rode day and night, three hundred miles, to New Madrid; and when I arrived there, sure enough I found the man who had been described to me, and a child with him. But it was not my child! The man belonged to New Madrid, and had been on a journey with his son into Muller county.

"I don't know how I got home again. Some people found me near Hopefield, and brought me to my house. I had a fever, and was raving for ten days, and during that time the neighbors advertised the thing in all the papers in Tennessee, Arkansas, Mississippi, and Louisiana. We had ridden altogether thousands of miles, but it was no use. No!" continued he, with a deep groan; "if my child had died of a fever, if he had fallen in with a bear or panther, and been killed, it would be bitter, bitter sorrow—he was my last child. But, merciful God—stolen! My son, my poor child stolen!"

And the man cried aloud, sprang from his seat, and wrung his hands and wept like an infant. Even his wife had not shown such utter agony of grief.

"When I go to work," continued he, after a pause, "my little Dougal seems to stand before me, and my hands fall to my sides, as stiff and heavy as though they were lead. I look round, but no Dougal is there. When I go to bed, I put his bed beside mine, and call him, but no one answers. Sleeping or waking, my poor boy is always before me. Would to God I were dead! I have cursed and sworn, prayed and supplicated, wept and groaned, but all—all in vain!"

I have seen many persons suffering from distress of mind, but never did I meet with one whose sorrow was so violent and overpowering as that of this backwoodsman. We did our utmost to console him, and to inspire him with new hope, but he was inconsolable; his eyes were fixed, he had fallen into a sort of apathy, and I doubt if he even heard what was said to him. We ourselves were so affected, that our words seemed to choke us. Time passed, however; it was impossible for us to remain any longer, nor could we have done any good by so doing. We shook the unfortunate couple by the hand, promised to do all in our power to learn something of the child's fate, and took our departure.

It was six weeks after the time above referred to, that I found myself compelled by business to make a journey to Natchez. I had often thought of poor Clarke's misfortune, and, in conjunction with my friends, had done all in my power to discover the villain who had robbed him of his child. Hitherto, all our endeavors had been fruitless. The facts were circulated in every newspaper, were matter of conversation at every tea-table in the country, rewards were offered, researches made, but not the smallest trace of the boy or his stealer was to be found.

It was a bright January afternoon when I landed at Natchez. In company with some acquaintance, I was ascending the little hill between the lower and upper town, when we heard an unusual noise and bustle; and on reaching the summit, we saw a crowd assembled before the door of Justice Bonner's house. Upon going to see what was the matter, we found the mob consisted of the better class of people in Natchez, both women and men, but especially the former. Every face wore an expression of interest and anxiety; and, upon making inquiry, we learned that the child-stealer had been at length discovered, or rather, that a man had been taken up on strong suspicion of his having stolen Mr. Clarke's son, of Hampstead county. I was heartily rejoiced at the news, and endeavored to press forward through the throng, in hopes of hearing some particulars; but the crowd was so dense that it was impossible to get through. I stood there for nearly two hours, the concourse all the while increasing, none stirring from the places they occupied, while every adjoining window was filled with eager, anxious faces.

At last the door opened, and the prisoner, guarded by two constables, and followed by the sheriff, came out of the house, and took the direction of the town prison. "That is he!" whispered the women to one another, with pale faces and trembling voices, clasping their children tighter, as though fearful they would be snatched from them. The countenance of the culprit was the most repulsive I had ever seen—a mixture of brutal obstinacy and low cunning, with a sort of sneering, grinning expression. His small green-gray eyes were fixed upon the ground; but as he passed through the lane opened by the crowd, he from time to time partially raised them, and threw sidelong and malicious glances at the bystanders. He was rather above the middle height, his complexion of a dirty grayish color, his cheeks hollow, his lips remarkably thick and coarse, his whole appearance in the highest degree wild and disgusting. His dress consisted of an old worn-out blue frock, trousers of the same color, a high-crowned shabby hat, and tattered shoes. The impression which his appearance made might be read in the pale faces of the spectators. They gazed after him with a sort of hopeless look as he walked away. "If that is the man who stole the child," murmured several, "there is no hope. The boy is lost!" I extricated myself from the throng, and hastened to Justice Bonner, with whom I was acquainted, and who gave me the following particulars.

About four weeks after our excursion in the neighborhood of Hopefield, Clarke had received a letter, signed Thomas Tully, and stamped with the Natchez postmark. The contents were to the effect that his child was still living; that the writer of the letter knew where he was, and that if Mr. Clarke would enclose a fifty dollar bank note in his answer, he should receive further information. On receipt of the said sum, the writer said he would indicate a place to which Mrs. Clarke might repair, unaccompanied, and there, upon payment of two hundred dollars more, the child should be delivered up.

Upon receiving this letter, the unfortunate father consulted with his friends and neighbors; and, by their advice, he wrote immediately to the Post Master at Natchez, informing him of the circumstance, and requesting that the person who applied for his answer might be detained. Four days afterwards, a man came to the window of the Post Office, and inquired if there was any letter to the address of Thomas Tully. The Post Master pretended to be searching for the letter amongst a pile of others, and meanwhile a constable, who was in attendance, went round and captured the applicant. Upon the examination of the latter, it appeared that he was an Irishman, who had some time previously been hanging about Natchez, and had endeavored to establish a school there. As he, however, had been unable to give any satisfactory account of himself, of where he came from, or what he had been doing up to that time; and as his manner and appearance were moreover in the highest degree suspicious and repulsive, he had not succeeded in his plan, and the few parents who sent their children to him had speedily withdrawn them. He was known at Natchez by the name of Thomas Tully, nor did he now deny that that was his name, or that he had sent the letter, which was written in a practised schoolmaster-like hand. It was further elicited that he was perfectly acquainted with the paths and roads between Natchez and Hopefield, and in the neighborhood of those two places, as well as with the swamps, creeks, and rivers there adjacent. He was fully committed, till such time as the father of the stolen child should be made acquainted with the result of the examination.

In five days Clarke arrived with the negro boy Cæsar. The whole town showed the greatest sympathy with the poor man's misfortune: the lawyers offered him their services free of charge, and a second examination of the prisoner took place. Everything possible was done to induce the latter to confess what had become of the child; but to all questions he opposed an obstinate silence. The negro boy did not recognise him. At last he declared that he knew nothing of the stolen child, and that he had only written the letter in the hope of extorting money from the father. Hardly, however, had this been written down, when he turned to Clarke, with an infernal grin upon his countenance, and said—"You have persecuted and hunted me like a wild beast, but I will make you yet more wretched than you are able to make me." He then proceeded to inform him of a certain place where he would find his child's clothes.

Clarke immediately set out with a constable to the indicated spot, found the clothes as he had been told he would do, and returned to Natchez. The accused was again put to the bar, and said, after frequently contradicting himself, that the child was still alive, but that, if they kept him longer in prison, it would inevitably die of hunger. Nothing could persuade him to say where the boy was, or to give one syllable of further explanation.

Meantime the Quarter Sessions commenced, and the prisoner was brought up for trial. An immense concourse of persons had assembled to witness the proceedings in this remarkable case. Everything was done to induce the accused to confess, but all in vain. Promises of free pardon, and offers of reward, were made to him, if he told where the child was; but the man maintained an obstinate silence. He at last again changed his story, retracted his previous declaration as to his knowledge of where the boy was, said he had found the clothes, which he had recognized by the descriptions that had been everywhere advertised, and that it was that which had put it into his head to write to the father, in hopes of making his profit by so doing. In the absence of witnesses, although there was strong suspicion, there could be no proof of his having committed the crime in question. In America, circumstantial evidence is always received with extreme caution and reluctance; and even the fact of the child's clothes having been found in the place the prisoner had pointed out, was insufficient to induce the jury to find the latter guilty of the capital charge brought against him. Many of the lawyers, indeed, were of opinion that the man's last story was true, that he had found the clothes, and, being a desperate character, and in needy circumstances, had written the letter for purposes of extortion. Of this offence only was he found guilty, and condemned, as a vagrant and impostor, to a few months' imprisonment. By the American laws no severer punishment could be awarded. This one, however, was far from satisfying the public. There was something so infernal in the malignant sneer of the culprit, in the joy with which he contemplated the sufferings of the bereaved father, and the anxiety of the numerous friends of the latter, that a shudder of horror and disgust had frequently run through the court during the trial. Even the coolest and most practised lawyers had not been free from this emotion, and they declared that they had never witnessed such obduracy.

The inhabitants of Natchez, especially of the upper town, are, generally speaking, a highly intelligent and respectable class of people; but upon this occasion they lost all patience and self-control, and proceeded to an extreme measure, which only the peculiar circumstances of the case could in any degree justify. Without previous notice, they assembled in large numbers upon the night of the 31st of January, with a firm determination to correct for once the mildness of the laws, and to take the punishment of the criminal into their own hands. They opened the prison, brought out the culprit, and after tying him up, a number of stout negroes proceeded to flog him with whips of bullock's hide.

For a long time the man bore his punishment with extraordinary fortitude, and remained obstinately silent when questions were put to him concerning the stolen child. At last, however, he could bear the pain no longer, and promised a full confession. He named a house on the banks of the Mississippi, some fifty miles from Natchez, the owner of which, he said, knew where the child was to be found.

The Sheriff had, of course, not been present at these Lynch-law proceedings, of which he was not aware till they were over, but of which he probably in secret did not entirely disapprove. No sooner, however, was he told of the confession that had been extorted from the prisoner, than he set off at once in the middle of the night, accompanied by Clarke, for the house that had been pointed out. They arrived there at noon on the following day, and found it inhabited by a respectable family, who had heard of the child having been stolen, but beyond that knew nothing of the matter. The mere suspicion of participation in such a crime, seemed in the highest degree painful and offensive to them. It was soon made evident that the prisoner had invented the story, in order to procure a cessation of his punishment the previous night.

The fatigues and constant disappointments that poor Clarke had endured, had worn him out, and at last again stretched him on a bed of sickness. His life was for a long time despaired of, but he finally recovered, and shortly afterwards the term of imprisonment to which the child-stealer (for the public persisted in considering Tully) had been condemned, expired. There was no pretext for detaining him, and he was set at liberty. Clarke was advised to endeavor to obtain from him, by money and good treatment, some information concerning the child. Both father and mother threw themselves at the man's feet, implored him to name his own reward, but he tell them what had become of their son.

"You have flogged and imprisoned me," replied the man, with one of his malicious grins; "you would have hung me if you could; you have done all in your power to make me miserable. It is now my turn."

And he obstinately refused to say a word on the subject of the lost child. He left the town, accompanied by Clarke, who clung to him like his shadow, in the constant hope that he would at last make a revelation. They crossed the Mississippi together, and on arriving behind Concordia, the bereaved father once more besought Tully to tell him what had become of his son, swearing that, if he did not do so, he would dog him day and night, but that he should never escape alive out of his hands. The man asked how long he would give him. "Six-and-thirty hours" was the reply. Tully walked on for some time beside Clarke and his wife, apparently deep in thought. On a sudden he sprang upon the backwoodsman, snatched a pistol from his belt, and aimed it at his head. The weapon missed fire. Tully saw that his murderous attempt had failed, and apprehensive doubtless of the punishment that it would entail, he leaped, without a moment's hesitation, into the deepest part of a creek by which they were walking. He sunk immediately, the water closed over his head, and he did not once reappear. His body was found a couple of hours afterwards, but no trace was ever discovered of the Stolen Child.*

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* Various particulars of the above incident may be found in the Mississippi newspapers of the years 1822-8.

"OTHO AND CORRELLO."

The balmy breeze of the Grecian Archipelago was wafting its sweetness over the beautiful isle of Scio, which seemed to repose with quiet on the bosom of this glassy sea of isles, while the Turkish sabre devastated the noble land of Greece; and while the inhabitants of this favourite isle fancied themselves secure from the horrors of war, the Turks, with all that barbarity which characterises their nation, invaded their peaceful homes of the Sciotes, and at once massacred them in a savage manner.

It was about a month previous to this direful catastrophe, that my story commences. In one of the most beautiful bowers of this Arcadian land, on one of the richly decorated seats peculiar to these bowers, sat a female, who seemed to her youthful companion the loveliest maid of Scio; and truly, the sparkling of her large dark eyes, the luxuriance of her raven curls, contrasted with the pearly teeth adorning her really finely formed mouth, together with the rosy brunette complexion, were allurements sufficient to win the admiration, if not the ardent love, of many a heart more tried in Cupid's snares, than the youthful Otho, for it was no other, holding a *tete-a-tete* with Corrello. Otho, though humble in birth and fortune, was blest with as brilliant an intellect, as daring a spirit, as ever animated a Grecian breast. While Corrello, adorned with the highest mental as well as personal endowments, seemed fitted to link her destiny with that of Otho. The tale of love was already breathed into her ear, and an observer might have noticed with what a beating fondness she confided to his care her heart; and a promise to be his, was whispered in the softest accents: but, is there no cloud hovering over this scene, destined soon to burst upon the unconscious lovers with relentless fury?

Como, a wealthy and influential citizen of Scio, has too felt the charms of Corrello—his head, though not frosted over with age, and though no furrow courses his cheek, yet he is void of charms sufficient to captivate the beautiful Corrello; and though he could lay down the wealth of a Crœsus at the feet of Corrello, yet her faith, her heart's first warm and ardent love is plighted, and he is almost in despair—but ambition, which often sacrifices the dearest interests of mankind, (and how often too is that sacrifice the heart's first offering?) is destined almost to crush the hopes of Corrello. Her father, though ever vigilant to attain the happiness of his beloved child, was ambitious that she should become mistress of the extensive domains and coffers of gold possessed by Como, for the purpose of displaying her extraordinary beauty to the greatest advantage, the father of Corrello announced to her his intention of giving a large feast, at which she should appear in all that refulgence of beauty which jewels and the most splendid array might secure.

We will pass over the few intervening evenings before the arrival of the anticipated brilliant festival. The elegantly carved walls of the splendid mansion of Corrello's father were already decorated with myrtle, laurel, or the most fragrant roses, the thrilling music of the harps, employed for the occasion, sounded merrily from room to room. The halls were already crowded when Corrello, leaning on the arm of her ambitious father, made her appearance; but what a spectacle was here to mar the joy of her young heart—her father having concealed from her his intention of making this her bridal eve, by joining her to the hated Como. The sight of a Priest in his official robes, with the book ready opened to unite them in that accursed wedlock, was too much for her delicate frame. After sinking in a swoon upon the nearest sofa, the company were employed in each one administering cordials to restore her—they succeeded in restoring her to life, and placed her by the side of Como, before the Priest—but hark! the sound of the war-cry and the tramp of horses is heard at a distance. With a vehemence of manner, and a courage of spirit unequalled by any guest at the festival, Otho rushed forward, and seizing Corrello in his arms, cried out to the astounded company—

"Escape—escape for your lives: the Turks are upon us!"

It may easily be imagined that the crowd dispersed in the greatest consternation; soon to be overtaken and massacred in the most brutal manner.

Otho, having provided in a neighbouring isle a retreat for his beloved Corrello and himself, escaped unharmed from the massacre, and while others were struggling in the quiet moonlight, for their lives, a little boat might have been discovered wending its way with the two lovers, to another and a happier clime.

The only dark spot in the memory of Corrello was the murder of her father, but Otho soothed her sorrows by his faithful love, and she was once again comparatively happy.

MY MOTHER.*

"That love was mine, but it hath flown,
And I am left on earth alone."

Alone on earth, and desolate indeed,
Amid a world of social joys and ties;
Alone, depressed, a bruised and trembling reed,
A famished mind, where minds no dainties feed,
Assigned to breathe to vacancy my sighs;
A tie is rent, which had existed long,
By close communion rendered doubly strong.

My dear companion constantly thou wert,
More near since fate had frowned, than when she smiled;
What joy thy coming footsteps could impart!
Their sound was music, thrilling to my heart.
When doomed to darkness sat thy lonely child,
Thou wert life's sunshine, thou my all on earth,
A ray to bless me ever since my birth.

Successive years thy tenderness beheld,
Thy kind attentions, thy untiring zeal,
Full many a sorrow from my heart expelled;
How much thy love in faithfulness excelled,
How keenly all my sorrows couldst thou feel.
That love is lost, for ever lost to me;
One silver lock is all remains of thee.

Oft when disease had darkly veiled me round,
And thou with transient illness near me lay,
I've heard thee breathe, what joy was in the sound,
And how my heart with gratitude would bound,
That thou wert not transformed to lifeless clay.
Oh! I was blest that thou wert still alive,
Though the stern messenger might soon arrive.

What varied feelings would my mind engage,
When thou wouldst read, while I was listening near,
Some favourite hymn; or from the sacred page,
In accents weak and tremulous with age,
'Tis sweet, but oh! so soon to part I fear.
That tongue which moves so oft to cheer my mind,
Must soon, alas! to silence be consigned.

Thought would intrude, but oh! the dreaded blow
Is struck, is past, and scathed I sit alone,
Recalling images to soothe my woe;
Then round my room a searching glance bestow;
But mother, precious mother! thou art flown.
My eye unconscious seeks thy favorite chair,
But all is solitude and silence there.

Oh, could the heart its deep-toned feelings speak,
Could language its intense emotions tell,
Descriptions adequate how would I seek;
But oh, 'tis poor, 'tis impotent and weak,
When chords too strong for boldest tropes impel,
'Tis then the big convulsive sigh is heaved,
A short relief to filial love bereaved.

Pensive I lay me down, when darkness reigns,
Invoking sleep, where last I saw thee lie;
Here I beheld thee, weak, oppressed with pains,
'Till wasting sickness broke thy mortal chains,
And in this spot was breathed life's latest sigh;
Here thou wert laid, when vestured for the grave,
Here thy cold forehead my last kiss I gave.

There is a charm which seems to bind me here;
A sacredness that cannot be expressed;
The couch, the pillow, all to me are dear
Mementos of affection so sincere;
Where thou wert waiting the sweet hour of rest,
'Twas good to see thee, patient and resigned;
Such meek serenity possess'd thy mind.

Since that event, have weary months passed by,
And still my loss is equally severe;
Upward how oft I lift a longing eye,
And wish the hour of sweet release were nigh,
To join my mother in a purer sphere,
Where the freed spirit meets its kindred bands,
Back to its source led by Jehovah's hands.

Father in Heaven! I thank Thy holy name,
Who didst that life preserve so many years;
I own the hand from whence the blessing came,
And since my mother Thou hast pleased to claim,
Meekly may I submit, and dry my tears.
Oh, may my soul take hold on Thee in prayer,
And find its resting place to centre there!

To sacred peace this restless mind transform,
Great Parent, whom I love, and whose I am;
Oh, grant me friends with feelings kind and warm,
Shield my defenceless heart from every storm;
Temper the wind as to the new-shorn lamb;
Unite my soul to Thee, no more to roam,
'Till Thy good pleasure shall conduct it home.

MARY.

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* Composed by an afflicted lady, who has been for the last twenty-five years deprived of the use of her eyes, and most of the time has been unable to walk. In consequence of her loss of sight, she is under the necessity of committing her compositions to memory, until some friend may find it convenient to [illegible] Under such circumstances, the loss of this dear mother, [illegible]

"CHANGE OF SCENE."

BY MRS. A. M. F. ANNAN.

Chapter I.

"Your case is by no means singular, Mr. Clayton, though, I admit, the malady is not very common to persons so young as yourself. You say you are twenty three?"

"But a few months wanting of it."

"I have but one prescription for you, sir, and that is, change of scene."

"Why, doctor, it is change of scene that will be the death of me. I left college at nineteen, graduated, and since then have been changing scene as often as a shifter in a theatre. I have been at every place of resort in the country, from the extreme north to the extreme south; at as many as four or five watering places in one season."

"And what did you do there?"

"What other people did at such places, of course. I ate and drank, and walked, and danced, and played billiards, and all that. Then, during the winters, I have made visits to the different cities."

"And in them what did you do?"

"Pshaw, doctor, no quizzing!—what other young men in my position usually do; I saw all the lions, and was introduced to all the reigning belles; received and accepted invitations, and so forth."

"It appears to me that such a course *does* not differ materially from what you pursue at home."

"Why, on consideration, I believe not materially, as you say. One street is pretty much like some other streets, one theatre like another theatre; one fashionable dinner or soiree like the rest; and, as to the ladies, I have found pretty much of a family likeness amongst them all—the same style of dress, manners, and accomplishments; some more or less one thing, some another. For the past winter, I made up my mind to stay at home, and to confess the truth, doctor, as you always seemed to pay very little attention to my complaints, I consulted one of your professional brethren about my headaches and lassitude. His advice was that I should try all sorts of gymnastic exercises, but one soon tires of such things. It seems to me a very brute kind of life, that of living merely for the preservation of health."

"Did you ever vary your pursuits by study?"

"Not perseveringly enough to make it a habit. I did commence reading law a year or two ago at my father's suggestion, but only got through a few volumes of Blackstone. I am no bookworm, and I must have some incentive to study with profit. At college I had that of taking an honor; here I have none. I am beyond the necessity of following a profession, and I have abundance of scholarship to pass creditably in society. I wish, doctor, you would decide that a trip to Europe is indispensable to me, and persuade my father of it."

"I cannot do that, Mr. Clayton; under present circumstances, a trip to Europe would be of no benefit to you whatever. But change of scene is necessary, notwithstanding. I shall probably, however, see your father and give him my opinion of your case. If he decide to send you thither, I will accommodate you so far as to offer no objection."

Dr. L. smiled somewhat sarcastically as the slight though elegant figure of the young *ennuye* disappeared from his office. "And this is the consequence of being the son and heir of a rich man," thought he; "thank Heaven, I was not one!—it is unaccountable to me how a man like Judge Clayton, an active, energetic, enterprising man, with abundance of shrewdness, and with so much industry as to discharge the duties of a responsible office, notwithstanding his ample fortune; that such a man should be so blind as to risk the destruction of his only child by his prodigality of indulgence. He has some reason for his fondness though; the young fellow has many good points, too many to be thrown away, if it can be helped. He is modest, quite *free from* any profligate habits and inclinations, which is remarkable, considering his associations, and he by no means lacks ability. I shall certainly call on the Judge about it; he is an old friend, and I cannot conscientiously remain silent when I see his son so nearly ruined by mere idleness."

Chapter II.

A few days after his consultation with the doctor, young Clayton entered his father's library. The Judge was busied in looking over bundles of papers, and, laying aside a few sheets which he had unfolded, he said—

"I wish, Harry, you would sit down and copy these articles for me."

"Certainly, sir, if you can wait awhile. Just now I feel somewhat indisposed; with a slight headache," he added, fearing the expression was too ambiguous.

"It grieves me to see that your indispositions have become so frequent of late, Harry," remarked the old gentleman, gravely; "and I am still more grieved to say that it is at a time when uninterrupted health is more necessary to you than it has ever been in your life."

"Why so, sir?" asked the young man, looking surprised.

Judge Clayton hesitated before he answered the question, and then, looking gravely into the youth's face, he returned—

"You consider yourself, Harry, the son of a man of wealth?"

"Certainly, father," Harry replied, and, as the judge preserved his grave and expressive silence, he proceeded: "I hope, I trust, my dear sir, that the difficulties and disturbances of the times, which have brought misfortune to so many, have not, in any measure, been disastrous to you!"

"If you hope that for my sake, Harry, I thank you; if for your own, I pity you. Imagine the worst, and endeavor to reconcile yourself to the necessity of relying upon your own exertions for support in the time to come."

The judge evidently expected an outbreak of feeling on the part of the young man, but was mistaken. He replied calmly, after a moment's reflection, "Is it indeed so serious?—believe me, sir, it is for your sake that I am chiefly concerned. If you can retain sufficient to secure the comforts to which you have been accustomed, I shall hold the labor required for my own maintenance light work, indeed, and shall engage in it much more cheerfully than you can believe."

"You are a fine fellow, after all, Harry," said the old gentleman, shaking his son's hand with a brightening countenance; "you have taken a load from my mind already; don't ask any particulars just now, but reflect upon my communication till to-morrow."

"'Change of scene' enough even to satisfy the doctor," was the thought of Harry; "I shall get at his prescription without any effort of my own." He retired to his own room to cogitate upon his new position, and a much sounder sleep that night was the effect of the excitement, than he had usually enjoyed after an opera, or an oyster-supper.

He left his bed the next morning much before his common hour, and repaired to talk with his father, who was habitually an early riser. "Astir already, Harry?—I am glad to see it," said the judge; "you have, no doubt, deliberated upon our conversation of last night?"

"I have, sir, seriously!"

"And the result?"

"Is a self-conviction of how sadly I have neglected and misused the advantages which your kindness has always held out to me. I must now submit to the penalty, and I feel all the anxiety of having nothing definite to rely upon, now that your allowance will be unavoidably withdrawn. Apart from this consideration I have nothing to depress me, for I am satisfied that useful employment will be beneficial to me, both in body and mind. I have concluded to resume, or rather to commence, the study of law, if it meet your approbation."

"It does, decidedly; it is the course I should have pointed out to you. But one point must first be settled. It will take you at least two years before you will be prepared for practice, and perhaps much longer before you get any. How are you to live all this time? You remember how anxious I was when you left college that you should read under my direction; I should still be happy to be your preceptor, though you must first know exactly how you will be situated. My peculiar circumstances require me to give up this house and go to lodgings; and, if I take you with me, they will have to be what you will consider very humble ones. Such as they may be, you will be welcome to share them with me; I am willing to submit to much privation for your sake."

"But you shall not, my dear sir, if I can help it.—What a reproach would it be to me to be regarded as an idle, helpless young fellow, depending for subsistence upon the slender means which, without such a burthen, would be a comfortable provision for his father! I could not think of it, though, as yet, I confess I cannot clearly see any means which will enable me to avoid it. Can you counsel me?"

"Thank you, thank you, my dear boy, for your considerateness. I know of but one resource likely to be available to you, and that is, taking a school in the country, while you pursue your own studies. A large number of the most distinguished lawyers in the country have prepared themselves for their profession in that way. I really think you would make a capital schoolmaster. You have an excellent temper, and your acquirements, owing to your ambition at college, would render you quite competent to conduct a school of the better class. But, if you cannot obtain that, an humbler one would, at least, afford you enough to pay your boarding. As to your wardrobe, I will myself occasionally furnish you with a suit of clothes. I shall be able to do it, and will with pleasure."

"The very plan for me, sir; that is, if I can obtain both the school and instruction for myself in the same place. But where would I be likely to find such a one? for that I must depend on your assistance, for, to my shame I now confess it, I always, in travelling, proceeded as if with my eyes shut, observing nothing, and making no acquaintances that could be of any service to me."

"Luckily, my course has been different, and I think I can make a favorable arrangement for you. In the mean time, feel yourself perfectly easy where you are, as your associates have none of them any reason to suspect a change in my affairs."

At the expiration of a fortnight, Judge Clayton called Harry into his library. "My inquiries have been successful," said he, laying his hand upon an open letter, though without presenting it. "I have just received this from one of my most chosen friends, an old college chum, of whom you have heard me speak—Wallace Malcolm. I wrote to him about our peculiar situation, and, in reply, he kindly offers to aid us in our projects. He will superintend your reading quite as well as I could do it myself. He is one of the ablest lawyers in the whole range of my knowledge, notwithstanding he has always declined attaching himself to a city bar. He says he has no doubt he can immediately find you a school, and, as he is a man of influence, he will hardly fail. The village of A., in which he resides, is a delightful little place—quiet, healthful, and beautifully located, with a circle of select society, and no inducement to dissipation nor expense; in short, exactly what will suit a young man in your circumstances. Mr. Malcolm urges me to send you on immediately, and I see no reason for my delay."

Chapter III.

The close of another week saw our hero deposited at a snug inn of the little county town. The day of his arrival was Saturday, and he was anxious to go immediately in quest of his father's friend, but, in making inquiries as to his residence, he ascertained that Mr. Malcolm was absent, attending a neighboring court, and so he had to restrain his impatience till Monday.

The next morning the village population went to church, and Henry went too. He had always been accustomed to going to church once every Sabbath—a habit enforced by his father, but though it was ostensibly to hear the renowned D. D.'s of a city's sanctuaries, he could not have recollected that he ever listened to a sermon throughout. To-day he heard every word. The preacher was a young man, of scarcely more than his own years, and while, after a recognizance of this fact, his attention was commanded by a strain of chaste and impressive eloquence, he was assailed irresistibly with a humiliating sense of his own mental inferiority. The theme, too, was one suited to his present frame of mind—the uses and misapplication of the gifts of Providence, time, wealth and talents; and in carrying away with him a more vivid description of the higher objects for which they were bestowed, than the mere gratification of the senses, and even the intellect, Harry was already benefitted by his "change of scene."

The crowd principally passed from the church door to the main street of the village, but Clayton, in traversing it on his way back from his lodgings, had occasionally caught a glimpse of a more rural and inviting road, and toward it he now turned. The day was a glowing, balmy one in the prime of May, and he strolled leisurely along, pausing sometimes to look into the flourishing gardens on each side of him, which were fragrant with lilacs and the latest bloom of the apple-trees, and were already beginning to flaunt in tulips, peonies, and irises. Occasionally he had heard the patting of a light foot close behind him, and at length he looked back. A faultlessly smooth white dress and a tasteful new bonnet met his glance. He walked so slowly that any industrious pedestrian would have been excusable in attempting to pass him, and their fair wearer did so. He now caught a view of a face redolent with the utmost sweetness, freshness, and brightness of seventeen, and after he had had full opportunity to remark the elasticity of her figure, which was small, but firmer and more rounded than is usual to girlhood, and to admire the graceful carriage of her head and shoulders, the thought struck him, "the lady must think me a lazy lounger to allow her to outstrip me." Accordingly, he crossed the narrow lane, and was soon pacing step for step with her on the opposite side. Then, in the expressive phraseology of the western minstrel, "he looked at her, and she looked at him," and then both looked straight before them. To any one troubled at the same time with curiosity and *mauvaise honte*, such a walk is peculiarly trying, and, much to his own surprise, Harry felt both. Not so the lady. She stepped along as composedly as a fashionable belle, daily accustomed to the gaze of hundreds, and when, before they parted at the door of his inn, he essayed another encounter of the eyes, she received it with the benevolent serenity of an amiable matron of forty.—There was no one at hand of whom he could have asked the natural questions concerning her, and, even if there had been, it is likely that the rules of aristocratic etiquette would have prevented his taking advantage of it; so he trusted to time to satisfy him.

The next day, at what he supposed was a seasonable hour for country visiting, Harry set out to call on Mr. Malcolm, whose residence was at one end of the village. He had never before seen so small a "cottage of gentility." Overhung by trees, and half buried in blossoming shrubbery, it might have reminded him of a bird's nest, a bee-hive, a flower basket, something pretty and picturesque, to which nothing but pleasant associations could have been attached. He learned that Mr. Malcolm had returned, and was shown into a library of confined limits, but surrounded on all sides, from the floor to the ceiling, by a solid wall of books. Its proprietor sat at a table covered with green baize, and, while receiving the letter of introduction, he regarded the young stranger from beneath a pair of broad, heavy eyebrows, with a look of the most formidable keenness. He was a tall, spare man, advanced in life, and of, what Harry pronounced to himself, "a decidedly General Jackson air and aspect." After glancing over the letter, he remarked, "I am glad, Mr Clayton, to welcome you so soon. Your promptness in complying with my proposition is an evidence to me that you do not shrink from the new course which has been marked out for you. The life of study and labor before you is very different from that you have hitherto experienced; but I hope you will have the wisdom to avail yourself of its advantages, and the manliness to submit cheerfully to its privations. I expected to obtain for you the situation of assistant in our academy, but I found the principal unwilling to entrust the office to one unpracticed in its duties. I therefore was forced to accept for you that of a teacher in one of the public schools. It is certainly an humbler vocation, but I hope you will not object to it."

"By no means, sir; that is, if the salary will be sufficient for my expenses in your village."

"*Amply* sufficient, for your necessary expenses here will be extremely moderate. As to your studies with me, you will, no doubt, wish to commence them as soon as you are settled at your new occupation.—You will then find me at your service. In the mean time, I shall arrange your order of reading."

A few inquiries on the part of Mr. Malcolm, and our hero arose to take leave, but when he had reached the entrance door, his attention was arrested by a snatch of the most bird-like music he had ever heard from a human voice. Glancing toward an open window, through which it seemed to proceed, he beheld the fair partner of his yesterday's walk, on a latticed veranda, and under what circumstances, think you, gentle reader?—daintily attired, and attitudinizing for a tableau in elegant idleness, or at some classical occupation, as she should have been for the embellishment of our story, and for the captivation of her refined observer? no, indeed! She was dressed in a simple wrapper of light chintz, and a little black silk apron, and employed in arranging the dinner-table; smoothing its snow-white cloth, and disposing its shining plates, knives, and spoons with the most housewifery precision. Harry had stopped short in the middle of a sentence, and could not recollect how he had intended to finish it, when he caught the piercing glance of Mr. Malcolm fixed upon his face.

"Excuse my forgetfulness, Mr. Clayton," said the old gentleman; "I should have invited you to dine with me; I shall be happy if you will stay."

Harry declined confusedly, and made a precipitate retreat.

"Has Mr. Malcolm any family?" he asked of his landlady, on returning to his lodgings.

"None but a daughter—have you not heard of her? Amy Malcolm, the belle of the whole country."

Homely as it was, she had left a very charming picture in his memory, with her buoyant movements, and with the sunshine, broken here and there by the curtains of vines which surrounded her, glancing down upon the smooth bands of her dark hair, and her complexion rendered dazzlingly pure and brilliant by the summer air and her gentle exercise.

After a few weeks' trial of his new scheme of life, Harry wrote to his father, minutely and gaily reporting his progress. He described himself as devoting the calm hours of early morning to the studies arranged for him by Mr. Malcolm, and then as he sat daily in the common school of the village, mending pens, criticising blotted copy-books, fingering greasy slates, and thumbing dog-eared primers. "The evenings," he added, "I give up to social engagements, though much of the intercourse to which I have been admitted, I cannot yet style recreation. You will, perhaps, not be surprised to know, though *I* was, that in this remote district there is really a circle, not only refined, but of high mental cultivation; people who, secluded from the excitement and frivolities of a city life, have devoted their retirement to diversified attainment, to whom the jargon of a city idler is an unknown tongue, and among whom I seldom present myself without a twinge of shame or regret for my own wasted opportunities. Yet I do not despair of yet reaching their level."

Concerning his farther pursuits, we shall steal a few passages from his diary.

"Monday.—Finished the day in the enjoyment of listening to — —'s voice and guitar." (Which two blanks, *par parenthèse*, meant Amy Malcolm.) "Her music is wonderful in its expression and melody, and, considering her very slight advantages of instruction, must be the result of real genius for the art. And how graceful she looks at her different instruments!—but then she is graceful at every thing."

"Tuesday.—My learned preceptor has his weak points, notwithstanding his stateliness. This morning found him indulging in a fit of irritability, and wreaking a scolding on his fair daughter—the old sinner!—and how sweetly she softened his evil mood!—mixed him a glass of lemonade, brushed his hair, and showed him another pair of those interminable stockings she has been knitting for him. I should have no objections to being coaxed out of an ill-humor in that way myself."

"Wednesday.—In discussing some point in mathematics with Mr. M., could not recall what I once knew, and would have made a mortifying blunder, had not A. helped me out. She is not called accomplished, perhaps, because she knows nothing of the routine of the boarding-schools; but every day she surprises me with some new evidence of a thorough education. Her father has been her instructor, and he has a supreme contempt for any thing superficial. The result is a thinking woman, with perfect simplicity and modesty of character."

"Thursday.—It is surprising that our young ladies do not more generally practice gardening as an exercise healthful, graceful, and peculiarly suited to their wants. — — has an enthusiasm for it. Spent half an hour in assisting her to tie up vines, and reset shrubbery, and became very much interested in the employment."

"Friday.—A little sore throat still, and had to beg a piece of flannel. Got a nice, soft, white strip from — —, which, I dare say, will soon cure me."

"Saturday.—Felt inclined to wish, with some of the school children, that it was always Saturday—question if any of the boys enjoyed their weekly holiday as much as did their master. In the afternoon, joined a party on a pic-nic excursion. As usual, — — was 'the star of the goodly companie.' She seems to have fascinated the whole community, old as well as young, and no wonder!—where else can be found, in an equal degree, manners so gay and gentle, and frank and kind!—how securely she preserves the admiration and esteem of all the young fellows around her, and that without coquetry or design!—danced with her twice, notwithstanding the competition, and how she *does dance!* Terpsichore might well be jealous."

"Sunday.—Heard, as usual, an admirable sermon. By-the-by, that young clergyman is exceedingly winning in his manners, as well as commanding through his intellectual gifts. Should like to know what he had to say to — —, when he hurried to shake hands with her in the aisle, and to talk with so impressive a countenance. No doubt, though, it was about the Sunday-school, in which she is so very devoted. Asked her, but she only smiled, and would not tell. Walked home with her, by the round about way, and reminded her of our first encounter on the same road. Presumed she must have thought I behaved very awkwardly, and she did not contradict me. Shall I ever excel in my profession as that fine-looking young man does in the pulpit? I fear not."

Such entries had found their way into our hero's diary for three or four months, when, one day, on his presenting himself in Mr. Malcolm's library for a book, the old gentleman remarked, with a keen glance of his quick gray eyes, which always imported more than his words—

"I am afraid you are becoming too much of a ladies' man, Mr. Clayton, to continue a very close student."

"You are mistaken, sir," replied Harry, coloring; "I spend no time with any lady, except Miss Malcolm."

"And why do you spend so much with her?—I am interested to know."

"Because, sir," returned Harry, divining that an evasion would be a desperate expedient; "because I love her."

"Humph! your candor with me is commendable, but I hope you have not been equally explicit toward Amy?"

"I have not, sir," answered Harry, proudly; "I am not now able to offer my hand, with honor, to any lady, and, until I shall be so, no one shall hear from me such an avowal."

"That's right, that's right," returned Mr. Malcolm, cordially; "I did not suspect you of any want of proper spirit on that subject, but feared that the impatience natural to youth might have got the start of your better judgment. I observed your increasing attachment to her society, and thought it my duty to speak to you about it, not on her account, but your own; for, as a faithful friend to you, I could not passively see you running yourself into a silly love scrape. How silly it would be to make her your object, you may judge, when you know that, from the sentiments which have been instilled into her, she would never think of receiving the addresses of any man who has not attained a more than common elevation of mental and moral character, and who has not, besides, a prospect of distinction in his profession, whatever that may be. You are just beginning the ascent, and, before you achieve it, your predilection for her may be supplanted by a succession of others. But whether in that I prove correct or not, you will then, at least, thank me for having spoken so plainly to you. Now, that you are on your guard, we will let the subject drop between us. The [illegible] of my house is still yours, as heretofore, and I shall feel perfect confidence of your acting with a manly prudence."

Chapter IV.

The term of the student's probation had expired, and, in the intellectual looking lawyer who emerged from the court-house, after the triumphant termination of his first cause, it would have been difficult to recognise the languid, listless young exquisite, whom we introduced previous to his being thrown upon his own resources. Harry Clayton was the centre of observation that day. He had much improved in appearance. His form, through regular habits and vigorous exercise, had expanded to full and masculine proportions, and his face, not, indeed, "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," but elevated in its expression by the healthful action of an expanded mind, seemed to be formed of nobler lineaments.

His case was an important one, involving a beautiful and valuable estate, which lay a short distance from the village, and the possession of which depended upon a contested will. It had been placed in his hands by Mr. Malcolm, as agent of the deceased owner, in full security of his success, and his speech was pronounced one of the ablest remembered at a bar, where, before then, master spirits had striven. The veterans of the profession gathered around him, offering congratulations on the impression he had made, and even his opponents accorded him honor for the signal talent and courtesy with which he had accomplished their defeat. Before reaching his room, he had received proffers of business to an extent seldom accumulated in the first year. But all this success, inspiriting as it was, fell short of imparting the pleasure he received from the grasp of the hand and the grateful smile of his old preceptor.

"You may now safely give up your school, and hang out a sign, my dear fellow," said he.

There was so much kindly interest in his manner, that Harry was encouraged to ask, which, however, he did with some trepidation—

"And when may I think of Amy?"

"Your father's sentiments must decide that," replied Mr. Malcolm, with his accustomed gravity.

"I design writing to him immediately—he will be anxious to know how my *debut* passed off."

"Then do not forget to tell him how proud I am of my pupil, and that he has equal reason to rejoice in his son."

For fear, however, that it should be forgotten, Mr. Malcolm made it the subject of a letter to Judge Clayton, from himself.

The estate to which we have alluded, as the object of our hero's first legal effort, and which bore the name of Leaston, was, as we have said, but a short distance—half a mile or so—from A. It was an extensive and rich domain of field and wood, adorned by a mansion of such elegance of design and solidity of construction, as is rarely seen among the ever-changing structures of our change-loving country.—It had been erected several years before by an English gentleman of taste and fortune, who had been allured by the beauty of the scenery to establish himself as a resident of the neighborhood. But soon tiring of agricultural amusements and natural panoramas, which he could only enjoy at the expense of the domestic luxuries to which he had been accustomed, he had abandoned them, for a time indefinite, and died without having returned. Now that the ownership was decided, the whole property was to be offered for sale, for the benefit of its several heirs; and as its beautiful groves and shrubberies had been a favorite resort to the young people of the town, ever since the house was vacated, much interest was felt as to the hands into which it would fall; the more so that its estimated value placed it, in a great measure, beyond the competition of provincial fortune.

Mr. Malcolm, as superintendent of the estate, had granted to a poor, sickly widow, a *protegé* of his daughter, the occupancy of a small edifice, which had been intended for a porter's lodge. Thither, one evening, when her father was absent at a neighboring village, in company with young Clayton, Amy had walked alone, on one of her regular visits of kindness. She found the object of her care in great concern about the proposed sale.

"What will become of me then, Miss Amy?" she said; "they'll have to be great grandees that can afford to buy and live in the big house, and such as them wouldn't like to have a poor woman, half the time so lame with the rheumatiz 'that she can't 'tend to the gate,' limping about their nice little fancy building here. How I do wish that some fine, rich gentleman, that would just happen to suit you, would come along and buy it, and bring you into it!—don't you, Miss Amy?"

"I should be very willing to come out to Leaston," returned Amy, smiling; "but there is no probability of any fine rich gentleman suiting me."

"Well, it's a great pity that some that would suit you don't happen to be rich enough," responded the widow; and while Amy was unconsciously blushing at this simple remark, a handsome old gentleman, with gold spectacles and a very thick walking stick, stepped up to the door.

"I wish to go through the [illegible] the mansion house, my good woman," said he; "is there any one who can attend me?"

The widow was greatly flustered. "Johnny had gone to town for salt and molasses, and little Sally had gone into the woods after the cow, and she herself was so lame that she could not budge a foot. Couldn't the gentleman please to wait awhile?"

But the gentleman thought the afternoon too far advanced for delay, and asked if he could not have the keys, and be allowed to go over the premises alone.

This, however, was contrary to orders, and Amy came forward and offered her services.

The old gentleman, whose address was marked by much cheerfulness and urbanity, entered readily into conversation with his fair guide, occasionally casting a glance of admiration at her light figure, as she tripped along at his side. "I came into your village a few hours ago," said he, "and not finding the friend, whom it was my business to visit, at home, I concluded to walk hither, as an agreeable way of passing the time. It is a good many years since I saw this structure, but I have always remembered it as one of the finest specimens of domestic architecture to be seen on this side of the Atlantic. We have here, generally, too little money, and too little time for a proper study of the subject to excel in tasteful and commodious habitations. Have there been any applicants yet for the purchase of this property, can you tell me?"

"I think not, sir. My father, however, can give you any information you desire concerning it; he is the agent of the owners," replied Amy.

"Ah! are you the daughter of Wallace Malcolm?" he asked.

"I am, sir. Are you acquainted with my father?"

The old gentleman fixed his eyes for some moments upon her lovely and genial countenance, without answering, and, observing the colour to deepen in her cheeks at his gaze, he returned, as if well pleased with his scrutiny, "I beg pardon, my dear young lady, I had not taken a good look at you before; I have known Mr. Malcolm for many years. I inquired for him in the village, and understood that he was not at home. At what time shall I be able to see him?"

"This evening, sir. I shall expect his return in an hour or two. He was called away by some business relating to this property—he and a gentleman who managed a recent suit for him, concerning its proprietorship."

"I have heard of it. Clayton is the name of the young man you refer to, is it not?—Harry Clayton—I knew him before he came into the country—an idle, helpless, money-spending youngster. The case must have been a very clear one, or the lawyers on the opposite side very great ninnies, if he could have it decided in his favor."

"I beg pardon, Sir," said Amy, warmly, "his opponents were men of acknowledged ability; and if the character of Mr. Clayton was, in the city, such as you represent it, an entire transformation must have taken place on his coming amongst us. My father, whose student he was, is not very tolerant of such traits as you have attributed to him, and not easily deceived with regard to them, and he has the highest opinion of Mr. Clayton's talents, intelligence and industry."

"Indeed! His father would, no doubt, be glad to be satisfied of that. He used to fear, and with good reason, that his son would turn out to be very little credit to him."

"Perhaps his father was to blame for it," observed Amy.

"Perhaps he was," returned the old gentleman, glancing around the walls of the spacious library, and catching a cobweb on his cane.

"There is a very beautiful view from here," said Amy, passing into an alcove, and opening a large casement, which afforded egress to the grounds.

"Yes, indeed, it is altogether charming, and this little nook is quite the cosiest part of the whole edifice," answered the stranger; "now, if I were a resident here, this should be my especial lounging place. I would have the deepest of chairs, and the softest of footstools brought into it; a book-stand placed just there, to form a partial barrier between me and the main room; a picture, so good that I would not tire of it through a whole season, should hang on either wall, and some choice flowers should be arranged outside on this little portico; and then I could take my seat, and look at the sun setting behind your village steeple, in perfect luxury. It would be the very place for an old fellow like myself, wouldn't it?"

"But a few days since I heard it coveted by a young gentleman for his father," said Amy, smiling.

"He must have been a very unsophisticated young gentleman," remarked the stranger; "the fashion of acknowledging fathers seems to be considered obsolete among young men, generally, now-a-days." Amy forbore to reply that the one alluded to was Harry Clayton.

The visiter now being satisfied with his tour over the premises, Amy returned the keys to the lodge, and repaired homeward, attended by her new acquaintance, who had proposed accompanying her.—He accepted, without hesitancy, her invitation to enter the house and wait for her father; and, conversing with increasing cordiality, he seated himself at door of the little parlor, which opened upon a vine-covered porch.

In less than an hour, Mr. Malcolm drove up to the farther side of the house, unperceived, and, advancing toward the front, stopped, with some surprise, to witness a scene which seemed to afford abundance of entertainment to its several actors. Amy was within at her piano, playing, *con amore*, a lively air, while a number of children, who had been attracted into the yard by her music, nothing unusual, indeed, were attempting the evolutions of a country dance on one of the grass-plots. The old gentleman was directing their movements with his cane, from the porch, and calling the figures with great spirit:—"Down the middle, Curly-head and Pigeon-toes—now right and left with Poppy-cheeks and Chatter-box!" all of which, and similar appellations, the children enjoyed amazingly.

Mr. Malcolm beckoned to Harry, who had remained behind to unpack some books from the buggy, and a single glance sufficed for him. He hastened forward, much to the astonishment of Amy, with extended hands, and a joyful exclamation of "Is it possible!—my father!" The old gentleman was no other than Judge Clayton.

They spent the evening together, the old friends and their children. Whilst Amy presided at the little tea-table with her own womanly grace, and sang to her guitar with her own inimitable sweetness, the judge watched her so intently, yet so fondly, that Harry felt his cause to be in perfect safety from him. Then, while the old gentlemen were employed in reminiscences of their college days, the young people sat in the moonlight on the little porch, talking less, and in lower tones than was their wont. Harry's long kept secret was "told in his eyes," and Amy feared to raise hers to his face, in her new consciousness of the relation which had been growing between them.

At length Judge Clayton arose to withdraw, and Harry offered him his arm at the gate. He accepted it long enough to whisper—

"I can get along very well without you. Go back, go back, my dear boy, and pop the question before you let me see you again. She is a little darling—exactly what I want for a daughter; I have come all this journey to satisfy myself as to your choice.—There is her white dress still at the door—make some excuse to go back—yes, I have forgotten my stick, go back and get it."

"And supposing she refuse me?" said Harry.

"No danger, no danger—I've been watching you both."

Harry did go back, and imagine the result, dear reader, to be all that he wished.

Chapter V.

The wedding took place in the following autumn, and Judge Clayton insisted upon a visit to himself as their bridal trip. He received them at a pleasant boarding-house, where he had made preparations for their entertainment. The morning after their arrival, he presented to his son a well filled pocket-book, the contents of which, he remarked, he had been saving for the occasion. Harry thanked him in terms commensurate with the sacrifice, through which, he presumed the kindness was rendered, and observed that, as Mr. Malcolm had offered him a home in the cottage, he would make use of part of the gift to add some modern embellishments to its interior.

"Stop, stop," said the Judge, as Harry was hastening away; "before you go to make your purchases, I wish you to look over this paper," and he unfolded a professional looking document. It was a title, signed by Henry Clayton, senior, securing to Henry Clayton, junior, the possession of the Loudon estate, with the sole reservation of "the western alcove of the library."

He dropped the paper in amazement. "I cannot understand this, my dear sir," said he.

"Can you not?" said the old gentleman, "then I'll let you into the mystery. It was all a sham about my loss of fortune—I deceived you to make a man of you. You were going to ruin so fast, that I saw if I did not separate you at once from your idle companions, and furnish you with some employment for your mind, your existence would become a burthen to yourself, and your character a reproach to me. You understand now?"

"I do, my dear sir, and thank you!—but this paper?"

"Well, when I saw you, I was so well satisfied with the result of my experiment, that I purchased the property which you and Amy seemed to admire so highly, and I now offer it as a token of my affection for both."

"My dear father!"

"I did intend adding a clause, making the possession conditional on your persevering in a life of usefulness, but I have the confidence in you to believe that you will proceed to perfect the course which you have so commendably entered upon."

"I trust I shall merit your confidence, that I shall pursue from principle what I commenced through apparent necessity. But did Mr. Malcolm know of your plan?"

"Certainly. I told him all before I consigned you to his tutelage."

"And Amy?"

"Not a word; her father is too much the man of honor to betray what was entrusted to himself alone."

"Then, I must go and tell her."

"Do so, and you must call on Dr. L., who, I confess, first suggested the propriety of the measure I adopted; for, in my blind partiality, I should, no doubt, otherwise, have gone on still longer in my system of unwarrantable indulgence."

"I remember now. I bored him with my complaints, and he strenuously insisted upon 'change of scene.' As the doctor is a nice casuist, I must ask him how he could reconcile so flagrant a deception with the laws of morality."

"He will tell you that 'desperate diseases require desperate remedies,' that your case was beyond the reach of common means, and, as your question might apply to myself also, my answer is, that of two evils I chose the less."

MORGAN.

A TALE OF SEVENTY-FIVE.

BY J. AUSTIN SPERRY.

A paragraph has lately been going the rounds, to use the phraseology of the daily papers, to the effect, that "the remains of Gen. Morgan, the distinguished Revolutionary hero, repose in a church-yard in the town of Winchester, Virginia, without a stone or an inscription to preserve them from insult." Now, with proper deference to the source from whence the concoctor of this paragraph obtained his information, we beg leave to advance our belief that the grave is marked by both a stone and an inscription; for we have, at this moment, a distinct recollection of having, no great while since, clambered over the dilapidated wall of the church-yard in question, and of having found, in the south-eastern corner of it, beneath the shadow of a very ancient, but still lusty-looking locust tree, a cracked and time-darkened marble slab, bearing the inscription, perfectly legible, "Major General Daniel Morgan, departed this life," &c., with an appropriate panegyric of his valor and patriotism, and the eminent services which he rendered to his country during the war of the Revolution. The following is the inscription, copied literally from the time-honored tomb-stone:

MAJOR GENERAL DANIEL MORGAN,
DEPARTED THIS LIFE
ON JULY THE 6TH, 1802,
IN THE 67TH YEAR OF HIS AGE.
PATRIOTISM AND VALOUR WERE THE
PROMINENT FEATURES OF HIS CHARACTER;
AND
THE HONORABLE SERVICES HE RENDERED
TO HIS COUNTRY
DURING THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR
CROWNED HIM WITH GLORY, AND WILL
REMAIN IN THE HEARTS OF HIS
COUNTRYMEN
A PERPETUAL MONUMENT
TO HIS
MEMORY.

The tomb is an humble one, it is true, and the decay and neglect with which it is surrounded, speak not much for the boasted patriotism and chivalry of the sons of the Old Dominion; yet it may be added, in some sort of extenuation, that there are attached to this crumbling relic, associations of so hallowed a nature, that it would seem very sacrilege to molest it. Did we approach it with the irreverent thought of repair, the spirit of the past which guards it, would bid us pause, and as we gazed, with reverential awe, upon the honored stone, which his fellow soldiers' hands—for a remnant of the gallant band who shared his captivity at Quebec, were present with tearful eyes and swelling hearts, to take part in the solemn occasion of his interment—placed above the brave old hero's resting place, we should perhaps wonder that even merciless Time himself should have the temerity to deface it with his ruinous touch.

The place is not often visited. The tall grass springs gracefully and silently there, bowing proudly to the passing breeze, as if conscious of its safety from the tramp of the intruder in that lonely burial place; while the old stone church, with its shattered windows and mouldering door-frames, its cracked walls and leaky roof, stands among the ghostly sepulchres as solemnly desolate, (though in looking back through the lapse of a few gone years, it seems but yesterday that its paved isles rang with the foot-falls of the little flock who came up with their heart offerings to the living God,) as if the Spirit of Solitude had been its tenant for the last century. And here reposes the valorous Morgan—his lowly resting place unregarded, almost forgotten, by the busy multitude, who enjoy blessings which he expended the vigor of his manhood to secure.

Perhaps Virginians merit the reproach which the paragraph quoted at the commencement was intended to convey; but we should be glad if we could attribute their neglect to other causes than a lack of that grateful regard to which Morgan's memory is entitled. It would be but generous to suppose that a feeling of reverence, a sacred respect, restrains them from disturbing the crumbling sepulchre which contains his ashes. The pomp and magnificence of a proud monument are too often only an evidence of great and selfish ambition; but in the plain, humble stone, inscribed to the memory of Morgan, you behold nothing but what reminds you of the stern simplicity which characterised our Revolutionary sires—plain, honest, virtuous men, who fought, not for glory and a gilded grave, but for freedom and the rights of man, and were content that, as a reward for the perils and toils they underwent, they could leave to their children "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." If there were such a thing as resisting the devouring touch of Time—if the tomb of Morgan could be preserved as it is—we would say, *let it stand*; no fitter memento can be placed above him. But this cannot be. It must be rebuilt, or there will soon be, in truth, neither "stone nor inscription" to designate the spot.

In earlier days, we spent many an hour by the hearth of a sturdy patriot, who bore arms with Morgan, in the "times which tried men's souls," and listened with no unwilling ear to his narrations of—

> "Hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach,"

one of which we shall here chronicle, as near as memory serves, in his own words. A little group of us were seated in thoughtful silence, by a cheerful fire, in the old man's hospitable mansion, on a cold November day; the wind was howling fiercely without, and there was, perhaps, something in the incessant rattling which the little bullets of hail kept up against the window panes, which reminded him of the stirring scenes of his youth. He laid his hand upon my shoulder, his usual mode of announcing that he was in the vein for "fighting his battles o'er again," and commenced as follows:

"This time forty years ago, and in pretty much such weather, I was traversing the bleak forests of Maine, in company with eleven hundred half-starved and half-frozen, but iron-hearted men. It was in the expedition against Quebec, in the year '75, under Arnold, who, traitor as he afterwards proved, showed himself to be, on that occasion, both a brave man and a skilful soldier. I have passed through many severe campaigns, but the dangers and difficulties of them all were exceeded by the horrors of that expedition. We looked lightly upon the first hardships which assailed us, and plodded merrily and bravely onward, for we had been pretty well used to rough weather, rough work, and rough fare; but when we reached the Highlands, where we encountered the commencement of a northern winter, and were short of provisions too, our troubles began in earnest. The stoutest of us quailed a little then, for it is not so slight a thing to contemplate death, when it comes with starvation in a wilderness, and a winding sheet of snow, as it is to face it on the field of battle.

"I was in the van-guard, led by Morgan, and formed by three rifle companies, one of which was composed of his own picked men from this place; and truer marksmen and braver or better souls, never pulled trigger on a foe. There were six of us in the corps who had from boyhood ever been inseparable companions. Three of us were right-handed and three left-handed men. We messed together, fought together, shared the same prison in Quebec, and returned here to our homes together when our captivity expired. We were all descendants of the good old German settlers of Pennsylvania, and had emigrated to this State, about the same time that Morgan came here from New Jersey. We were called the 'Dutch Mess,' and were always foremost on duty, and the last to shrink from danger, and shared no little of the Captain's confidence—(he was only a Captain then.) He was by no means unapproachable by the men on account of higher rank—indeed, I have heard it said that he was more familiar with those in the ranks than became his station. That, however, is not a question that I am going to discuss here. I have often heard him say that if he had a regiment of such men as his 'Dutch Mess' was composed of, he could storm Tophet and take the D—l himself.

"As I was saying, our troubles commenced in the Highlands. The surface of the country offered obstacle enough, even if the weather had not been inclement, to have deterred any but men, whose wrongs had made them desperate. We were compelled to hew our own way through thickets which seemed almost interminable, and our clothing, which was but too scant under any circumstances, was literally torn from our backs by the brambles. Sometimes we were hours wading through morasses and swamps, covered with a thin crust of ice, which cut and bruised our flesh as we broke through it, in a manner that was excruciatingly painful—it was like rushing upon the naked points of bayonets. At other times, we climbed precipices, breasted impetuous torrents, and leapt yawning chasms—becoming, at length, so exhausted with fatigue and hunger, that we could scarce drag our lengths along.

"Many incidents, deeply distressing, occurred during the expedition, but the remembrance of one day's scenes, particularly, haunted me with painful vividness for years afterward. It was somewhere about the first of November, I think; the last of our provisions had been divided the day before, and we were told to shift for ourselves. We were astir at early dawn, making preparations to move forward—but it was with heavy hearts and drooping spirits that we contemplated the prospect of that day's tedious march, for we were in nearly a starving condition. All the dogs belonging to the detachment had been killed and eaten, but one, which belonged to a tall, melancholy-looking young rifleman, named Davis.—This one had been spared at the tearful entreaties of its master, who seemed as much attached to the poor creature as if it had been a human being. But this morning the men decreed that the dog must die. Davis remonstrated valiantly, but finding all his efforts to save his faithful companion vain, finally consented; stipulating, however, for the privilege of killing the animal himself. 'If it must be done,' said he, 'I want it done decently. Here, Ralph!' The dog, who was dozing among the leaves at a little distance, roused up at the familiar sound, stretched his gaunt limbs, shook his half-famished sides, and as if he thought it his duty to look cheerful, though he did not feel so, approached capering and frisking, and crouched at his master's feet. Davis regarded him silently for a few moments—then said, hardly able to speak for emotion—

"'It's hard to part, old Ralph; but your time's come, that's certain; and I don't know, after all, but it will be a mercy to put you out of your misery, for you're starving, like the rest of us.' He knelt down by the dog, and laying his hand upon his neck, continued, 'Say, my old dog, can you die like a soldier?'

"The dog seemed to have sufficient sagacity to comprehend, from his master's altered tone and manner, something of his impending doom, for he raised his eyes imploringly, and uttered a long, low, mournful whine. Davis drew his knife, averted his face, and with one blow plunged it to Ralph's heart; then rose, and walked away to weep.

"The dog was soon cut up, roasted, and devoured, but Davis, though almost perished from want of food and fatigue, refused to touch a morsel. Nor could we of the Dutch mess swallow our portion after the affecting scene we had witnessed, notwithstanding the ridicule we incurred by our squeamishness, as it was called. We were sorely pressed, though, before the day was over, and, for *myself*, I heartily wished I had taken a bite of old Ralph. The mess was reduced to the necessity of dividing an old shoe, which, difficult of mastication as it was, sufficed to keep life in us.

"But poor Davis did not long survive his old companion. His health, for months previous, had been precarious, and the men prophesied, days before, that he would never reach Canada. This day ended his troubles. I was by his side once during the afternoon, and spoke a few words of encouragement to him. I wanted him to be placed upon the sick list; but he persisted that he was not more unwell than usual; yet I could see that he was staggering forward only by the greatest exertion.

"'I am sorry,' said he, anxious to divert the conversation from himself, 'that it was my hand that gave old Ralph his death-blow. I don't think I ought to have done it. But, then, if I hadn't, I should have hated the man that did, and I didn't want to hate any man for what couldn't be helped. I didn't want him kept in misery, either. He's been a faithful dog to me ever since I was a child. We grew up together, and my friends forsook me, but old Ralph was always at my side. He seemed to know my griefs, and tried to console me with his affectionate capering. Many a time when I have thought there was nothing to bind me to the world, and that I might as well die, I've felt it my duty to live just to protect and feed that dog—and now I'm his murderer!'

"The tears streamed from his eyes as he spoke, and the men laughed at his weakness, and said he was no soldier; but *I* respected his feelings, for I knew there was not a braver man in the corps, nor one that would risk more to serve a friend. I said all that I could to console him under the circumstances, and when I left him, I felt very much like crying myself. I had a foreboding that he could not hold out much longer, and his sad tones were all the while ringing in my ears.

"We halted earlier than usual that day, having reached a large morass, which it would have been impossible to cross before night closed in. The spot upon which we encamped was a bit of rising ground, with, upon one hand, the morass, and upon the other a narrow glen, through which a small, swift stream dashed foaming along its rocky bed. Poor Davis sunk upon the ground immediately upon halting, and in fifteen minutes afterwards was a corpse. We were ordered to bury him in the glen, and a sad place it was—dark, cold, and shadowy—a fit abode for the lonely dead. We hewed out a rough coffin for him, and buried him there in that solitary vale, far from home, and far from human habitations. A short prayer was breathed over his remains, and the toil-worn, emaciated, and ghastly-looking companions of his wearying march gathered silently around his grave, like spectres in the gloom of evening; while the deep moan of the wind through the sombre pines, whose branches arched above us, mingling with the of the turbid stream beneath, and now and then the slow and solemn roll of the drum, rising upon the blast, formed a requiem so unearthly, and melancholy, that every living soul of us shook with an indescribable fear.

"This was the only occasion on which I ever harbored a doubt of Morgan's courage. The dusk was setting in, and I had withdrawn to some distance from the group that surrounded the grave. I was leaning against a pine, watching the dim and shadowy figures of the soldiers stealing, in quiet and sorrowful squads, back to the camp, when I was startled by a voice near me, which pronounced several times, in slow and measured accents, 'The valley of the shadow of death!' I turned, and beheld Morgan. There was just enough of daylight left to enable me to distinguish that his features were blanched, his eyes fixed in the direction of the grave, and his frame agitated, as if under the influence of fear. Surprise, for the moment, mastered the feeling of dread that had crept over me. Here was a man, whose valour was the boast of the country, unmanned by a blast of wind above a soldier's grave in the wilderness. I had heard him before express a horror of death, and say, in a jesting manner, 'he could wish to live forever;' and as I saw him quaking there, and called these things to mind, I was tempted to believe him a miserable coward. I was convinced of my mistake, however, by his subsequent gallant conduct on more than one occasion; and when I reflected more upon this strange inconsistency in his character, what I had then thought cowardice became one of the surest evidences of true bravery. Some men have gained a reputation by recklessness: incapable of forethought, they rush fearlessly into danger, and only tremble when they have met the shock, and are awakened to the reality of its terrors. But the genuine test is, where a man, fully aware of the extent of the emergency, proves himself equal to it. Such a man was Morgan. He dreaded death, yet, at the call of his country, he faced it unmoved and undaunted. He was never known to flinch or waver in the hour of battle.

"We were now among the mountains which divide Maine from Canada; and though we were subsisting almost entirely upon *roots*, and what little game we could take, we were buoyed up with the prospect of speedily reaching our journey's end. When we finally reached the sources of the Chaudiere, and beheld the first Canadian hut, with a wreath of blue smoke rising gracefully from its clay-plastered chimney, and the spot of cultivated ground surrounding it, I cannot describe to you the uncontrollable expression of joy which burst from our little band. You could not conceive the delight with which we hailed it, without having traversed, as we did, those dreary wilds for weeks, oppressed with hunger and fatigue, without beholding a human dwelling, or meeting with a single trace of the existence of civilized men. We were kindly received by the Canadians, who cheerfully furnished us with what provisions they could spare from their little stocks. After a short halt, we pushed on, refreshed and invigorated, until we reached Point Levy, opposite Quebec. The night before we arrived at this place, the Dutch mess was seated around a cheerful fire, talking over the incidents of the expedition, when Morgan came and called me aside.

"'Peter L——, I am going to see an old friend,' said he; 'get your rifle and keep me company.'

"I did so. We passed the guard, and found a Canadian boy waiting to guide us. We walked several miles through woods and fields, and at last came to a small cottage, with lights gleaming from the windows; and our ears were greeted with the sound of voices and laughter within, which ceased upon our knocking at the door. After some delay, we were admitted into a large, roughly-furnished, but clean and comfortable apartment. A cheerful-looking woman was seated near the fire, with a book in her hand, from which she appeared to have been reading to the grey-haired man who, with a pipe in his mouth, occupied a bench opposite her. Several girls and lads, of various ages, were standing about the room, in positions which indicated that they had been interrupted in some childish game. When Morgan entered, the old man rose, looked intently at him a few moments, with an expression of astonishment—then rushing forward, seized him by the hand, and exclaimed—'It *is* Daniel, really!' Wringing his hand with the cordiality of an old friend, he led him forward and presented him to his wife.

"'Nelly, dear, an old friend, Daniel Morgan. But to what chance do we owe the pleasure of this unexpected visit? Come, these are all my boys and girls, don't mind them, but explain. Came on with the rebels, eh?'

"'Exactly so,' replied Morgan, 'to have a bout with your red-coat neighbours across the river, and as you were so near our route, I could not pass without giving you a call.'

"A couple of seats were placed before the fire for us; the whiskey bottle was set out, and we became a convivial party. Morgan chatted of old times with the old gentleman, whom it seemed he had met many years before in the Jerseys. For myself, I soon became quite familiar with the young folks, who gathered around me, and whom I entertained with a history of what was going on in the States. There were five of them—three girls and two boys. The eldest was a beautiful creature of about twenty, with a rich, healthful complexion, large blue laughing eyes, and light ringlets, which fell in graceful confusion about her snowy neck. She was animated and intelligent, and possessed that greatest of all charms in a female—modesty.

"We were very plain people in those days, with but little of foolish romance in our composition. I had left, moreover, a wife and three children at home, and of course had long given up the wild dreams of youth for the sober realities of life, so that you will scarcely charge it to the partiality of an enamoured fancy, when I assert that a lovelier being than Fanny Rea was not to be found between the St. Lawrence and the Gulf of Mexico. She was graceful as a fawn, and the beautiful symmetry of her form, the ivory neck melting into the exquisitely rounded shoulders, with all her girlish charms swelling like the fresh petals of an opening rose, into the maturity of womanhood—these were well calculated to fire a young heart with the wild emotions of passion; but she possessed other qualities, which, even in the few hours I spent with her, endeared her to me as a daughter. There was something so inexpressibly sweet in the tone of her voice—something so engaging in her artless vivacity, the playful simplicity of her manners, and the purity of her thoughts—and the smile which dimpled her rosy mouth was so warm and sunny, that it was impossible not to love her.

"The two sisters of Fanny Rea were giddy romps, of apparently sixteen and eighteen, and the two masters Rea, who were the youngest of the party, were stout lads of fourteen or fifteen. With this little group I sat chatting until near midnight. The dame had retired, and Morgan and Rea were talking, smoking, and sipping their whiskey. The boy, who had served as a guide, had been left, during this while, to amuse himself; and in casting his eyes about the room, he had spied an old flute, lying upon one of the window sills. This he eyed, for sometime, so wistfully, that one of the girls, noticing it, asked him if he could play. He replied in the affirmative; she reached him the instrument, and he immediately struck up a lively air. The Captain, who was, by this time, a little warm from the effects of the 'old rye,' dropped his pipe, sprang to his feet, and proposed a dance.

"'Come, John,' said he to the old man, 'we danced a jig to that tune twenty-five years ago—you had a light foot then—come, let us see how much of your suppleness you retain.'

"'None at all,' replied Rea; 'I am unhinged with the rheumatism. But there are enough of my boys and girls to help you through a figure.'

"'If you are lame, we can't compel you to duty, of course,' rejoined the Captain; then turning to Fanny, he took her hand, and led her out upon the floor, adding to me as he did so—'Get your partner, Peter L——, and we'll show John what mettle there is in a merry *rebel's* heel after a two months' tramp.'

"I led out the next oldest daughter, and the two boys paired off, leaving the youngest girl alone.

"'And what am I to do for a partner?' cried she, with a burst of childish laughter. Here the little musician pointed with his instrument to the opposite side of the room, and said significantly—

"'As there is no chance for your getting a rebel, you had better try for a red coat.'

"The boy's gesture and words startled the girls, and Morgan and myself followed with our eyes the direction he was pointing. The door of a small closet, standing partially open, revealed to us a glimpse of a British uniform within it, and while Morgan's sword flew from its scabbard, I rushed to the corner where my rifle was leaning. Fanny uttered a scream, sprung to the closet, secured the door, and stood determinedly before it—her beautiful lip quivering with alarm, and her blue eyes, swimming with tears, fixed imploringly on the Captain. Morgan's brow grew dark, and turning to Rea, who sat unmoved with his pipe in his mouth, he said, sternly—

"'John, I little suspected you of being a tory.'

"'Nor am I,' he replied, warmly. 'I am not able to bear arms; and if I were, I have a large family, whose claims upon me for protection would compel me, in this place, to be neutral. My oldest boy, and he is a noble fellow, is at this moment with Montgomery, fighting for the States.'

"'Then, why are English soldiers concealed in your house, and I, who came to it on a friendly visit, unwarned of the danger?'

"'There is but one, and he, like yourself, is an unbidden, though I cannot say, unwelcome guest. He came to-night, ignorant, until I informed him, that Arnold's forces were in the neighborhood. We heard the knock at the door—we suspected you were Americans, and to prevent an unhappy collision, I prevailed upon him to bestow himself in that closet.'

"'You could not doubt,' continued Morgan, 'that your guest, even though he were a red coat, would be sacred from my hand.'

"'How could I know it was you who knocked?'

answered the old man,—then looking archly at his daughter, he added: 'the fact is, Fanny there, like a good patriot, has been carrying war into the British camp, and the red coat is her prisoner. She captured him though, I believe, before you Southerners thought of commencing hostilities.'

"'Oh! I understand,' returned the Captain, good humoredly, returning his sword to its sheath; and then addressing the girl, whose face was now suffused with a blush, he continued, "and I suppose he is so well reconciled to his captivity that there is little danger of his attempting an escape. Let him out a while on parole, Fanny, and perhaps we may be able to make up our set for the dance. You can closet him again when we get through, and if he proves refractory, you can put matrimonial fetters on him.'

"Fanny dashed the tears from her eyes, smiled, and opening the closet door, the object of the parley, a young British officer, stepped forth.

"'Captain Hilliard—Captain Morgan,' said Fanny. The Englishman bowed stiffly, but Morgan advanced, and extending his hand, said, in his blunt way—

"'I never give my hand to a coward, young man, and I'll take your face for assurance that you are not one, though you *did* hide from a couple of ragged rebels.'

"The Englishman did not relish the allusion. 'Sir,' he returned, receiving the proffered hand coldly, 'you may one day find a stronger assurance of it in my steel.'

"'Edward!' exclaimed the girl, laying her fingers reproachfully on her lip.

"The lover immediately checked the indignation which was flashing from his eye, and added, carelessly—

"'The terms of the truce you have entered into with our good host, Captain Morgan, makes us friends at least for the night. We may have occasion, soon enough, in the course of our respective duties, to try each other's mettle.'

"'I hope such an occasion may never occur,' replied Morgan, 'for I already feel a father's interest in my little partner here, and I should be sorry to destroy all her bright hopes at a blow.'

"'At a blow! ha! ha!' laughed the Englishman, as he took the place assigned him in the dance with the youngest of the girls. 'Well, if you are as good at fighting as you are at boasting, we shall no doubt have some hot work, before we send your army crippled home again.'

"'No doubt,' grumbled Morgan, a little nettled by the youth's derisive tone. 'The music, boy—we are ready.'

"The dance commenced; and I cannot but laugh, even now, to think what a contrast we, in our tattered and dirty apparel, made by the side of the graceful young Englishman, in his unsoiled and splendid uniform. Notwithstanding, we kept it up sorrily for an hour, and would probably have danced till day-light, had not our music broke down—the boy having blown himself, as he expressed it, 'altogether out of breath.'

"At a hint from the old gentleman, the girls now retired, Morgan having taken the liberty to kiss them all round before they went, and the Englishman being playfully repulsed in an attempt to exercise the same privilege upon the lips of Fanny. We then drew ourselves around the table, upon which the bottle stood, and spent an hour longer, drinking healths, and cracking jokes. As the night wore, the Captains became acquainted, and better pleased with each other, and their sarcastic thrusts were changed to soldierly compliments, and expressions of kindly regard. At length, as it was getting well on to morning, I gave Morgan a hint that it was time to be getting back to camp.

"'So it is,' said he, raising his glass; 'here, John Rea, here's to your young guest and future son-in-law—I believe he is a man of some soul, and will one day learn to respect the cause in which we fight.'

"'He *does* already,' responded Rea. 'I have convinced him that the States are right, and'——

"'Then, why don't he fight for them?' interrupted Morgan.

"'I am no American,' interposed the youth—'Would you have me brand myself as a traitor. No, no, Captain Morgan; I hope you have a better opinion of me. Though I may not altogether approve of the acts of our Government, yet as a loyal Englishman, I hold that I am bound to fight for my country right or wrong.'

"'There is reason in what you say, and my question was unthinking,' said Morgan. '*I* am the last man who would tempt you to desert; for if there is one creature I despise above all others, it is a *traitor*. Still, I should think it a disagreeable task to fight, when one is conscious that his cause is wrong.'

"'Perhaps our worthy friend a little misrepresented me,' returned the Englishman, 'when he asserted that I was convinced the Colonies were right. I admit they have cause for complaint, yet I think that their grievances might be adjusted without a resort to bloodshed, and that they are by no means justifiable in their rebellion.'

"'I might convince you of the contrary, if I had time to argue,' Morgan rejoined—and continued after a pause: 'I am glad, at least, we have your sympathy, though your Sovereign claims your duty. It is not often we meet with one born in affluence across the water, with friends and money to stick a commission in his pocket, without having to earn it by hard service in an humble capacity, who is willing, or sufficiently free from prejudice, to view our wrongs impartially.'

"'*I* was not born in affluence,' returned the Englishman, 'and I did earn my commission by the drudgery of the ranks. I cannot say, though, that my epaulette has made me a whit happier than when, a light-hearted lad, I drove a market-wagon to Manchester.'

"'I honor you the more,' exclaimed Morgan, grasping his hand warmly, 'that you have gained your rank by your own merits. I have been a wagoner myself.'

"He paused, and an expression of sadness came over his frank features as he resumed—

"'You have a soldier's arm and a soldier's heart, Hilliard, and I tremble at the thought of meeting you in the field.'

"'Captain Morgan surely jests,' said the other, in a tone of surprise, as he surveyed the patriot's powerful frame. 'I think I should have but small advantage in a personal contest with you; and even were the odds double in my favor, you are not the man, if I may judge upon so slight an acquaintance, who would shrink from the encounter.'

"'You misunderstand me. I tremble not for myself, but for you. Day does not succeed night more surely than death to the British officer who faces a Virginia rifle.'

"'You vaunt largely of your skill,' remarked Hilliard, with somewhat of incredulity in his tone.

"'Not idly, however, as you shall see, if you choose to witness a trial of it.'

"Hilliard assented, and Morgan, taking the bottle from the table, we all proceeded to the area in front of the cottage. The bottle, with the cork nicely balanced upon the mouth of it, was placed upon a log, with a light beside it. Morgan then took my rifle, stepped off fifty paces and fired. The cork was carried away by the ball, while the bottle remained unmoved. A burst of admiration escaped the Englishman's lips, and the Captain, handing me back the rifle, said—

"'Now, Peter L., you may try your hand.'

"'Very well,' said I, 'I will *snuff the candle*.'

"I need not give you a description of the feat—you have doubtless seen it performed. Suffice it to say, I did it, to the no small amazement of the young Englishman.

"'What do you think of those shots?' asked Morgan.

"'I never saw any to equal them,' was the response.

"'You see, then, I have good reason for hoping we shall never meet on the day of battle.'

"'Pshaw!' ejaculated the Englishman, contemptuously, 'I do not know, Captain Morgan, whether you suppose me to be a poltroon, that you make such an appeal to my fears; but you may rest assured that fifty of your rifles, levelled at his breast, would not deter Edward Hilliard from the performance of his duty.'

"'I believe it, and I honor you for the spirit,' said Morgan, taking his hand. 'I meant not to offend you; for the sake of John Rea and his gentle daughter, I would be your friend. Farewell, young man—farewell; John, give my regards to the wife and children. If fortune does not desert me, I will see you again.'

"And after a warm shake of the hand all round, and a 'God speed us in the good cause,' from the old man, we wended our way back to the camp.

"The next day we reached Point Levy, opposite Quebec. The British, having been notified of our approach, by the miscarriage of a letter from Arnold to Gen. Schuyler, had removed all means of conveyance from this side the river, and made active preparation for the defence of the place. What followed, as a matter of history, is familiar to you all.

"One morning, about the middle of December, some time after we had been joined by Montgomery, (who, as you will remember, had taken Montreal, and had been repulsed in an attack upon Quebec,) the Virginia rifle corps were stationed in a stone house some distance from the town, when a small party of the enemy came out under cover of a huge bank of snow and ice, and planted a small piece of ordnance within about eighty or a hundred yards of us. The first intimation we had of this movement, was a ball which entered the window, took off the post of a bed upon which Morgan was at that moment sitting, in earnest conversation with a junior officer, and passed through a door upon the opposite side of the house.

"'Boys!' exclaimed the Captain, starting up, and noting through the window how matters stood, 'that gun must be silenced, or we shall have the house about our ears in ten minutes.'

"The Dutch mess, as usual, were first at the window. The three right-handed men were stationed upon one side, and the three left-handed men upon the other, so as to be able to load and fire in the most rapid succession. By this time, the enemy's piece was re-loaded, and directed point blank at the window. A soldier issued from behind the snow-bank with a lighted match; but, before he could reach the gun, which was only a few paces out from their cover, the first rifle of the mess had carried the Captain's compliments, and he measured his length upon the ground. Another, and another followed, each sharing the same fate. Still they seemed undaunted in the accomplishment of their object, and another, and yet another, rushed to the same death. Five of the mess had discharged their rifles, and each had the satisfaction of seeing his man fall. The next shot was mine. In an instant I brought my piece to rest, and was glancing my eye along the barrel for a sight of the next victim. But there was a few moments' delay. No more, it seemed, were willing to expose their lives to such unerring aims. At length a sixth man made his appearance—evidently venturing with the greatest reluctance. I waited for him to make another step, but he halted, and I perceived that several bayonets were thrust at him from behind the snow-bank, to urge him on. He wavered, and then, overcome with fear, sprang back, despite of all opposition to his return.

"The next who ventured was a young officer, and a feeling of the most deathly horror crept to my heart at the sight of him, for I recognized our young acquaintance of the Canadian cottage, Captain Hilliard. It is said of the rapidity of thought, that a dream, which seems to be of many hours' duration, is in reality but the work of a single moment; and so it was with me on this occasion. Although I was afterward assured that he sprang toward the gun with the quick bound of a hunted deer, it appeared to me that he moved with the most singular deliberation, even with a slow and measured step, so painfully active was my mind, and so many contending emotions were rushing through it. Not only all the incidents of the night at the cottage passed in review before me, but I thought of the consequences of the death I was about to inflict—of the sorrow of old John Rea, and the anguish of his beautiful daughter: busy imagination even depicted Morgan brushing a tear from his ingenuous features. A film passed before my eyes as I fired, and lowering my piece, I brushed the tears away, and strained my sight towards the place, in the endeavor to distinguish among the corpses around the gun, that of the young Captain. At that moment I was pushed roughly aside by my companions, and a hiss of scorn fell upon my ear. Had I, then, missed him? A strange, almost absurd hope agitated me, and I held my breath a moment in suspense. But, if my aim had proved untrue, how did he disappear, and that, too, without firing the gun? I turned with an interrogatory look to Morgan, who was standing by, watching the proceedings. A smile, which others might have interpreted of scorn, but in reality, of satisfaction, was playing about his lips, which he vainly endeavored to suppress.

"'You have disgraced the Dutch mess, Peter,' said he; 'you have lost your reputation as a shot.'

"The thrill of inward delight I felt at those words, was ample recompense for the loss; an oppressive weight was raised from my heart, and I breathed free once more. It was true, I had missed him. My ball had, strangely enough, struck the match from his hand, and he had sprung back to the snow-bank. It seemed he had only returned for another match, however, and he endeavored to issue forth again; but he was forcibly detained by the hands of his comrades. About ten minutes now elapsed, when we had the satisfaction of seeing the party, who had abandoned their loaded gun, retreating to the city. The mess sallied out, and brought the deserted piece in triumph to our quarters. It was afterwards used to advantage against the enemy.

"Several days after this incident, towards sundown, while I was picketed before the house, Morgan came in from head quarters. He appeared to be agitated, and as he passed me, he remarked—

"'Peter L., if you had aimed at that young fellow's heart, instead of his hand, you would have saved him the mortification of dying by a halter, as well as your own reputation for sharp-shooting.'

"He passed out again soon after, and I had no opportunity of enquiring what he alluded to. When I was relieved, I entered the house, and being almost worn out with the fatigues of the previous night, threw myself on the floor to sleep. I awoke about nine o'clock, and found the mess in close confab about a strange interview between the Captain and a girl in a blue cloak. She was so closely muffled, none of them had seen her face. Morgan, they said, had seemed much moved, and as they passed out together, was heard to observe, 'There was little hope, yet he would risk his life for her sake.' I made no remark, and stretched myself again upon the floor—but I had my thoughts about the matter, and could not sleep. Near midnight, my companions were all snoring around me, when I heard some one challenged by the sentry at the door. I raised myself on my elbow to listen, and the next moment, Morgan, entering, came directly to me.

sions had been divided the day before, and we were

"'Up, Peter, and come with me,' he said.

"I arose, and followed him in silence. He took the direction of the river, and a walk of about twenty minutes brought us to its steep banks. Here was a small hut, which we entered, and found sitting by the fire an old woman, with thin and wrinkled features. She raised her head and nodded as we entered, and stretching out her skinny arms, drew a couple of small seats near the hearth, and motioned us to be seated.

"'Not come yet?' asked Morgan.

"'Nay,' replied the woman, in a voice so mild as to astonish me—for I had been unfavorably prepossessed by her appearance—'Nay, Captain, it has scarce been an hour since you both left, and such errands are not done quickly.'

"This was all mystery to me, though I suspected that our visit here must have some connexion with the fate of young Hilliard. I knew by the expression of Morgan's face, when we started, that he was in no very communicative mood; and, much as my curiosity was excited, I refrained from questioning him.

"We seated ourselves by the old lady's side, and Morgan, taking up a stake which lay upon the hearth, commenced poking the fire in silence. After thus occupying himself some minutes, he turned to the old lady, and said—

"'Are you not very lonely here, good mother?'

"'Ay, ay—lonely enough, but not altogether deserted,' and she drew from a little box, by her side, a tattered Bible: 'I have this to comfort me.'

"Morgan was silent again; and the old lady carefully replacing the Bible, commenced fumbling her bony fingers, as if absorbed in some mental calculation. When she had finished, she sighed deeply, and said, 'It's just thirty months next Friday since my poor husband was murdered.'

"'Murdered!' enquired the Captain; 'how was that?'

"'Why,' said she, 'a villain named Simms Hilliard, a miserable vagabond—whose life he had once saved, while they were fishing on the river, and who had eaten many a meal in this house, when he could get a morsel nowhere else—waylaid him one night, when he was coming home from the city, and stabbed him to the heart for the few pieces of gold he had about him.'

"'Simms Hilliard!' exclaimed the Captain; 'he is the very man we want to catch, to-night!'

"'Ay, ay—I knew he would not be suffered to go long unpunished. Was it him that wronged the poor girl?'

"'O no, mother; she is an innocent child. A young soldier, very dear to her, has been taken, and condemned to be hung. He has been mistaken, it seems, for the Simms Hilliard you speak of, who joined the American army at Fort Chambly, and deserted at Montreal—murdering a fellow-soldier in cold blood, before he left, and conveying to the English information which had nigh proved fatal to Montgomery. The price of his treason, it is said, was a captaincy in Carleton's army. The young man who is now under sentence of death admits that he is the only Captain Hilliard in Carleton's troops, but denies that he ever was in the American army. He was taken on the other side of the river, by a party of our men, while returning from a visit to the young lady who was here with me, and who is his betrothed. He has been identified by a whole corps, and also by Montgomery and several of his officers, as Simms Hilliard, the deserter and murderer; so that, if he is not the man, there must be a remarkable resemblance between them—and the only way in which he can be saved, is by bringing the real Simms Hilliard to justice. Now, I have some intelligence which leads me to believe that Hilliard never received a commission for his treachery, and that he never even joined the British army, but that he is keeping a tavern in Quebec. If such be the case, I am going to take him this night, or die in the attempt.'

"He had scarce uttered the last words, when Fanny Ros entered the hut. She was wrapped closely in a blue cloak, and attended by one of her little brothers. As she nodded to me in recognition, I perceived that her face was pale, and her eyes swollen, as with weeping. Morgan arose, took her hand kindly, and asked, 'Have you learned the countersign?' She whispered something in his ear, and he replied, 'Well, cheer up, Fanny; I hope all may be well.' Then turning to the old woman, he continued,—'Now, good mother, the bundle;—let's have it.'

"'There it is, behind the door,' said she, 'and Heaven speed you!'

"Morgan caught up the bundle, and drew me with him behind a screen, formed by a tattered coverlet hung up in one end of the little apartment. Here he unrolled the bundle, which contained a couple of disguises, and, following his directions, I was in a few moments transformed, as well as himself, into a Canadian fisherman. We left the hut, and were soon at the gates of the city of Quebec. Through Morgan's admirable management we were admitted. He was detained some moments in conversation with the corporal of the guard, and I apprehended some difficulty; but we were finally suffered to pass on. Morgan leading the way, we penetrated the town, and met a solitary reveller, reeling to his lodgings, from whom we managed to obtain a direction to the sign of the 'Three Horns,' of which Hilliard was landlord. We reached the tavern, knocked for some time at the door, and were at length admitted by a sleepy Irish boy.

the slow and solemn call of the drum

"'Where is the landlord?' enquired Morgan, abruptly, closing the door behind us, when we had entered.

"'In bed,' was the drowsy response.

"'Rouse him up, and send him hither, quickly.'

"The boy departed to obey, manifesting his displeasure at our unseasonable interruption of his slumbers by a muttered oath. We waited not many minutes for the appearance of the person we sought; and when he came into the room, so striking was his resemblance to the young English captain, that at first sight I could scarcely realize the fact, that they were not one and the same person. A more deliberate survey of his features, however, showed a sinister and stupidly malignant expression, which would have distinguished him from any other being under the sun.

"'How are you Simms!' said Morgan, slapping him familiarly on the shoulder.

"'How are you?' returned the fellow, with an air of shyness.

"'You don't know me, Simms? Well, I know you; and, hark ye!'—and as Morgan spoke, he drew a pistol and deliberately cocked it—'I want your agreeable company in a short walk to-night. Be particular not to forget, as we go along, that the first word you speak to a living soul, without I bid ye, will be your last. Utter but a syllable above your breath, and your knavish brains shall leak out through a bullet hole.'

"The fellow stood petrified with fear and astonishment. Ere he had time to recover his astonished senses, we each of us thrust an arm through his and led him unresisting from the house, retracing our steps towards the gate through which we had entered. On reaching it, we found several of the guard collected around it, in some commotion. Happily for us, the object of their attention was without, and we quite reached the gate, which was just then slowly swinging back upon its hinges, without being observed. To pass, however, without exciting suspicion, would have been impossible; for the reluctant steps of the trembling wretch we forced along would have betrayed us. To make our situation still more critical, who should appear from without, panting, as from a recent chase, but the young British captain, himself!

"'The d—l!' exclaimed Morgan, 'he has taken French leave of his hangman. But one of the two is as good as the same, they say. To your heels—for your life, Peter!'

"As he spoke, he dexterously lifted the landlord of the 'Three Horns,' from his feet; shouldered him; darted through the gateway, and ran so swiftly, notwithstanding his awkward burden, that I, who followed, could scarcely keep pace with him. The guard must have been very dilatory, or very stupid, for we had gained nearly thirty yards before they sent a leaden messenger after us. The ball whistled by my ears in such fearful vicinity as to assure me that we were not yet beyond the reach of danger, and I sprang on with accelerated speed. In another instant we were saluted by a volley from three muskets, and Morgan's burden fell heavily from his shoulder to the hard snow. As I stepped over him, I saw by the faint moonlight, which was streaming occasionally from the broken clouds, the blood gushing from his mouth, and his features contorted in the agony of death. A ball had pierced his heart.

"We reached the hut, where we found Fanny awaiting our return, with feverish anxiety. It is useless for me to attempt to portray the grateful delight with which she received the tidings of her lover's safety. We left her under the protection of the lone old woman for the night, and, having laid aside our disguise, returned to our quarters. The next day we were busy making preparations for an attack upon the city, and though Hilliard's escape was discovered, in the excitement of more weighty matters, it created but little surprise. He had effected his escape through the carelessness of his guard.

"On the morning of the remarkable 31st of December, we attempted to carry the city by storm. Of the events of that day—of the death of the gallant Montgomery—of the intrepid conduct of Morgan and his Virginia Riflemen, and of the melancholy result of the action, you are doubtless well informed from history. That night, the Dutch mess were resting in the dungeons of Quebec. It was about two weeks afterwards that I received, in prison, a kind visit from Captain Hilliard, and his lady,—the beautiful Fanny Ros. Morgan, who was then on parole, had danced at their wedding."

TIME ENOUGH YET.

BY CAROLINE ORNE.

"Procrastination is the thief of time."
[Young's Night Thoughts.

It was ten o'clock in the morning, and Robert Melmood, with a pamphlet in his hand, was reclining indolently upon a sofa in his dressing-chamber, when a servant entered and told him that there was a lady below, who wished to speak with him. He half rose from his recumbent posture with a yawn, and said in an enquiring tone—

"A lady—who can she be?"

"Your aunt Ellis," said a middle-aged woman, stepping into the apartment.

"What can have brought you here so early in the morning?" said he, advancing to take the hand which she held out to him.

"Early do you call it?" said she. "Why I have come twenty miles in a chaise this morning, and ate my breakfast before I left home."

"And I am just going to take mine, as you see, and as you must certainly be ready for another by this time, you must join me."

"By no means—I ate heartily at six o'clock, and shall need nothing more till I dine."

"But you must know that I don't dine at twelve as country people do."

"I presume not; but I expect to dine at Mrs. Hart's, where I shall board during my stay in town, and she is old-fashioned, like myself. Ah, I see your countenance brightens. You imagined I was so inconsiderate as to suppose a young man keeping bachelor's hall, would like to be encumbered with an old aunt from the country. There, don't attempt to deny that you would esteem it an encumbrance, and now I will answer the question you asked when I first entered the room, and tell you what brought me here. The truth is, Robert, I have, of late, suffered much anxiety on your account. I am told that you have given up all thoughts of studying a profession, and that you have made no attempt to engage in any kind of business."

"As to a profession," he replied, "there is time enough yet for that. I have been out of college only a year, and am only twenty-three years old."

"It is true you have idled away only one year, which is, I am afraid, only preliminary to wasting more. You know what your father thought upon the subject, and though he did not exact a promise from you that you would study a profession, he earnestly requested it."

"I know that he did, and though, as he left me a large fortune, I could see no reason for the request, I for some time, fully intended to comply with it, but somehow there was always something to prevent me."

"I am sorry to say it, Robert, but that something which you complain of was your own idle, procrastinating disposition. If you set about it immediately, however, there is, as you say, time enough yet."

"O, aunt, if you only knew how hateful only the thought of it is."

"Well, the next best thing which you can do towards realizing your late father's wishes, will be to engage in some mercantile pursuit."

"The thought of which is more hateful still. My income is amply sufficient for my maintenance, and why should I not indulge——"

"In idleness," said his aunt, finishing the sentence for him. "I am afraid that it has already become a habit; for I find that though there are a dozen or more pamphlets and magazines lying upon the table, the leaves of not one of them are cut. Since you have made up your mind to live on the income of your property, I hope it is safe?"

"O, yes, perfectly. It is all in the hands of Blakeney, who is one of the richest merchants in the country."

"What security have you?"

"His note."

"Nothing more?"

"I want nothing more."

"What if he should fail?"

"There is not the least danger."

"On the contrary, I think there is the greatest danger, for I have been informed that this Mr. Blakeney is in the habit of engaging in large speculations, and I believe all who do are in danger of failure. I should therefore advise you to lose no time in having your property well secured."

"There is no danger; but to gratify you, I will see about it soon."

"Why not see about it to-day?"

"I will, if I should feel in the right mood."

"That you are not sure to do—so exchange that gay dressing gown for a coat of sober black, and set out immediately. I will wait in the parlor till you are ready."

"Now, aunt, in sober truth, I have a headache, and cannot venture out in this blazing sun. I give you my word that I will call on Mr. Blakeney this evening."

"And I give you my word, that I will wait in the parlor till you are ready, if it should be till to-morrow morning."

"That good aunt of mine has a will of her own," he muttered to himself, when she had left the chamber. At the same time he rang the bell in order to summon a servant to assist him to dress.

"I should have been ashamed to be so long dressing, even on my wedding day," said Mrs. Ellis, when her nephew joined her in the parlor. "I have been waiting more than an hour."

"I assure you, aunt," he replied, "that I am quite exhausted with the haste I have made. I have not exerted myself so much for these six months."

They now commenced their walk towards Mr. Blakeney's. On their way, they met several dashing young men of Melmond's acquaintance, who looked not a little surprised to see a woman on his arm, who was neither young nor handsome, and who showed, by her air that she resided in the country. The sidelong glance he gave his aunt, accompanied by an expressive wink, conveyed to them in a manner sufficiently intelligible, how fully sensible he was of the ludicrous effect produced by the juxtaposition of so elegant a personage as himself, and a middle-aged, plainly-dressed woman, inclining to embonpoint, whose demeanor so unequivocally evinced her rusticity. They soon arrived at their place of destination. Melmond enquired for Mr. Blakeney, and was informed that he had left home to be absent a week. He breathed more freely, for the business which had been to him as a lion in his path, was removed to a greater distance. He even might not have to attend to it at all, as his only inducement to undertake it was the importunity of his aunt, from which he would soon be released, as she would be obliged to leave the city before Mr. Blakeney's return. He found, however, that he was not likely to come off as easily as he had anticipated, as previous to her departure, she did not fail to extort a promise from him that he would attend to the business under consideration, the first opportunity.

A few evenings afterwards, he attended a large party, the first he had honored with his presence for some time, as he had of late decidedly began to prefer the delicious indolence of reclining on the sofa and watching the smoke of his cigar, as it curled itself in fantastic wreathes above his head, to the exertion which was necessary to appear in society.—There were few, if any of the young men, moving in the same circle, who could compare with him in elegance of person, and none, when he seriously set himself about it, who could dress with so much taste. The air of languor, which his extreme indolence seldom permitted him to shake off, was by many considered the perfection of grace, and not a few were at great pains to veil an excitable temperament, under an affectation of apathy in order that they might resemble him. When he arrived at the mansion of Mrs. Waldo, the lady who gave the party, he found he had a rival in a young gentleman by the name of Parkman, who was the son of a rich West India Planter. After finishing his studies at the University of Oxford, in England, he had spent several years in travelling on the Continent, and was now sojourning in the city, where most of his mother's relatives resided.

Melmond and Parkman formed a perfect contrast to each other. Melmond was considerably above the middle size, and possessed a form of great elegance. His skin was of almost feminine fairness, and his light brown hair clustered round his forehead and temples in large wavy curls. A handsome and rather full mouth disclosed teeth of unrivalled beauty when he spoke or smiled, and his hands were as white and delicate as a lady's. Parkman was full three inches shorter, and had a form of the most exact symmetry. His complexion was pale, though of a hue perfectly healthful, and his intellectual though not high forehead was shaded with numberless glossy jet-black curls. Eyes large and brilliant, and of the same dark hue as his hair, imparted animation to a countenance, over which the faultless and bust-like features might otherwise have diffused an air of too much repose.

Nor was Parkman the only new star to give brilliancy to Mrs. Waldo's party. Cecilia Laurens, heiress to a splendid fortune, whose entrance into society had been retarded by the decease of both her parents, was, incomparably, the most beautiful girl present. An unsullied complexion, where mantled the rich hues of health; dark, starry eyes, beaming with softened light beneath the shade of their long black lashes, a lovely mouth, at the corners of which hovered the softest of dimples whenever she smiled, might have been deemed minor advantages, when compared with the naivete and indescribable grace of her manners, and the charm of her voice, which thrilled upon the ear with the dulcet sweetness of midnight music.

At sight of her, Melmond was aroused from his habitual indolence. He sought an introduction, entered into an animated conversation with her, and was as much pleased with himself as with her, when he found that his mind contained a store of really good ideas, which had long lain as useless as the miser's gold. For half an hour he had sustained with her a conversation delightfully piquant, when his old feeling of listlessness came creeping upon him as stealthily as the shadow creeps upon the sun-dial. With difficulty he suppressed a yawn, and it was with sensations of real pleasure that he recollected that he had already engrossed her attention as long as etiquette would permit. His energies were, however, again roused when he found that Parkman had taken his station by her side, and was evidently fully sensible of her fascinations. The party of Mrs. Waldo was only the prelude to a series of brilliant fêtes and soirees. Melmond and Parkman attended them all, and Miss Laurens was seldom absent. Among the many admirers who knelt at her shrine, Parkman was the most earnest and assiduous, except at intervals, when the jealousy of Melmond was roused by fear of his success. Cecilia Laurens, who was entirely free from the vice of coquetry, had not yet mixed enough in society to acquire the art of concealing her feelings farther than what was prompted by a naturally sensitive and delicate mind. It was easy, therefore, for those who felt interested enough to watch her deportment, to perceive that Melmond was the person most likely to win her preference. The case would undoubtedly have been different could she have had the opportunity to observe them when freed from the restraints imposed by society—could she have followed each to his own apartment, and beheld the one lazily lounging on a sofa with a cigar in his mouth, the other assiduously engaged in striving to acquire a knowledge of that science which, according to the opinion of Burke, "*does* more to quicken and invigorate the understanding than all other kinds of human learning put together."

Melmond soon became aware that his star was in the ascendant, in spite of the almost equally handsome and far more intellectual Parkman. This, at first, by awakening his pride, gave an impulse to his energies. He became more earnest and marked in his attentions to Cecilia, so much so, that the impression became general that he was already, or would soon be, an accepted lover. While the affair wore this aspect, a young man of Melmond's acquaintance, by the name of Sheldon, called at his room. The conversation turned upon Cecilia Laurens, and they both concurred in the opinion, that she was a very lovely girl.

"What hinders you," said Sheldon, "from proposing at once? There is not the least doubt but that you would be accepted."

"I intend to," was Melmond's reply; "but there is time enough yet."

"But why not immediately? With such a rival as Parkman, although you are, at present, evidently the favorite, I should make haste to secure the prize."

"I see no necessity for hurrying," said Melmond. "As you say, it is plain to see that she prefers me to Parkman, so that I may just as well let the matter rest as it is till opportunity presents for me to introduce it naturally and gracefully."

"That would do, if you knew she had made up her mind decidedly in your favour, which I am well assured she has not. Parkman is a man who improves upon acquaintance, and Cecilia possesses a mind fully capable of appreciating his superior attainments as well as his highly cultivated taste."

"With all his superior attainments and cultivated taste," said Melmond, in a tone that showed he was somewhat irritated, "I am not afraid of him."

"Nor would you have reason to be," said Sheldon, "if—I may as well say it as not—if you did not suffer all your good qualities to be hidden by the rust of indolence. Excuse me, Melmond, for if I were not your friend I would not risk your displeasure by speaking thus plainly. You have the privilege of calling on Miss Laurens. Take my advice and permit not another day to pass before you offer her your hand."

"Well, upon the whole, it may be best," replied Melmond; "I will think about it."

Melmond reflected on what his friend had said, after his departure, but could see no reason why he should be in a hurry. Sheldon had admitted that Cecilia appeared to regard him with more partiality than either of her other admirers, not even excepting Parkman, and when he viewed his handsome person in the mirror he thought she would not be likely to change her mind.

About three weeks after the conversation with Melmond and Sheldon, Cecilia was sitting alone with Mrs. Tileston, her aunt, with whom she resided. Cecilia's spirits were evidently depressed, and they had both been silent for a long time.

"It appears to me," said Mrs. Tileston, abruptly breaking the silence, "that Robert Melmond is a trifler. One hour he is all assiduity and attention to you, the next, to all appearances, perfectly apathetic; and, to confess the truth, I am not well pleased to have my niece always ready with her best curtesy and sweetest smile for one who may, or who may not deign to notice her."

Cecilia blushed deeply, but made no reply.

"My remarks occasioned you pain," said her aunt. "I trust your affections are not yet so far engaged as to blind you to what is due to yourself. I forbore to mention the subject until I was convinced that he had no object in view beyond the selfish vanity of his triumphing over those who would scorn to be guilty of similar meanness. He now, I suppose, considers himself secure, for he has, of late, very much abated in his attentions to you."

Of the truth of this last remark, Cecilia, on several occasions, had been painfully conscious, but neither of them thought of attributing it to the true cause. How, indeed, could they imagine that a young man of his age could be so completely under the dominion of indolence as to cause what usually proves the most engrossing of all passions, to yield to its power?

Mrs. Tileston forbore to point out the superior delicacy perceptible in the earnest, yet quiet attention of Parkman, as what she had said of Melmond, had, she imagined, prepared the mind of Cecilia to make the discovery herself. The same evening the parties were all brought together at one of the most splendid fetes of the season. Melmond was very late, and when he arrived Cecilia was engaged in conversation with Parkman.

"Will nothing wake you up, Melmond?" said Sheldon, addressing him in a low but earnest voice. "Don't you see that Parkman is rapidly gaining ground in Miss Laurens' favor?"

"Am I to be frightened if she speak to any person but myself?" said Melmond.

"Certainly not; but there are few ladies who like to be neglected, or who like to wait week after week to see whether a gentleman intends to offer himself or not. If you really have serious views with regard to her I advise you to trifle no longer."

"I see no cause for alarm," replied Melmond. "I always find Miss Laurens quite ready to receive any attention I feel disposed to bestow on her."

That it might be apparent that his boast was not a vain one, he walked up to the spot where she was and made her a careless bow. She acknowledged it by one so cold and distant that it was impossible for him not to perceive a change in her appearance.—She immediately directed her attention to some fine engravings which represented several delicious views in Italy with which Parkman was familiar, the peculiar beauties of which he was, with much enthusiasm, pointing out to to the notice of Mrs. Tileston and several other ladies, who had not, like him, been favored with a view of the original scenes.

"What did I tell you?" said Sheldon, when he again had opportunity to speak to Melmond apart.

"She is a little capricious," he replied, "but I have nothing to fear."

In this he was mistaken. The remarks of her aunt had awakened Cecelia's pride, and as the sentiments with which she regarded Melmond had not yet settled down into that absorbing passion which alike veils the faults of its object and the excellencies of every rival claimant, her mind was in a situation to be influenced by the peculiar charm of Parkman's conversation and manners. That evening settled Melmond's fate. The weight had been thrown into the hitherto wavering balance, and it had preponderated in Parkman's favor. In a little more than a week, he was Cecelia's accepted lover. Melmond, who had felt for her as lively a regard as it was possible for one so incorrigibly indolent and thoroughly selfish to feel for any person but himself, deeply regretted that he had not taken Sheldon's advice. What added poignancy to his regret was, that in addition to her beauty, and many amiable qualities, she was in possession of a fortune of at least fifty thousand dollars. He had seldom, if ever, been so painfully agitated as when he was first apprised of Parkman's success; but the acuteness of his feelings was rapidly subsiding under the sedative influence of a cigar, when it occurred to him that he had never fulfilled the promise he made his aunt Ellis in reference to obtaining better security to his property.

"I will," said he to himself, "certainly call on Mr. Blakeney the first thing I do in the morning.—We can talk the matter over, if we do no more; and as he always has been esteemed an honorable man, I dare say he will tell me, if he thinks all is not right."

He had just come to this consolatory conclusion, when his old friend, Sheldon, entered the apartment. There was that kind of melancholy gravity in his countenance and demeanor which seemed to indicate that he was the bearer of evil tidings.

"Is not the principal part of your property in the hands of Blakeney?" he enquired.

"It is," replied Melmond; "and just before you came in, I was thinking I should take the advice which a careful aunt of mine came twenty miles before breakfast to give me, and obtain more substantial security for it than I have at present."

"It is too late," said Sheldon; "he has failed for an immense sum, and will not, it is said, pay a cent on a dollar."

Melmond started to his feet, dashed his cigar behind the grate, and clasped his hands together with the action of one who was for the moment, at least, thoroughly aroused from his habitual supineness.

"Are you sure of what you tell me?" he at length asked.

"I am. I would not call on you till I had fully ascertained its truth."

"I am a beggar, then."

"What, with your health and strength?" said Sheldon, "and with, I doubt not, half a dozen talents done up in a napkin, which will come to light, if you only take the pains to hunt for them?"

"I can do nothing," replied Melmond, in a voice of despair. "Health and strength are of no more consequence to me than they would be to a child."

"You are altogether mistaken," said Sheldon. I should not wonder if this change in your fortune should ultimately prove conducive to your happiness; for, to make use of the remark of a writer, who has made human nature a study, I think your indolence is rather the *vis inertiæ* that often attends genius, than the ordinary listlessness or aversion to labor, that marks little minds. Did you not, at one time, have thoughts of studying law?"

"I did. It was my father's wish that I should, but I have kept delaying it, with the idea that there was time enough yet. On the contrary, it is now too late."

Sheldon, before he left him, did his best to convince him that it is never too late to make proper exertions. Imaginary obstacles had melted away before the arguments of his friend, only to give place to those which were real. Upon investigation, he found that all the property he could command in the world, would barely suffice to pay his debts, leaving him entirely without the means of subsistence, during the long period it would take for him to acquire a profession. He was alone prevented from sinking into despair by the unavoidable exertion required by the change in his circumstances, for as it was impossible for him to any longer support his present establishment, he was obliged to offer the costly furniture for sale, and give up the magnificent suite of apartments where he had, for two years, lived in the ease and splendor of an Eastern prince. His task was at length completed, and he sat down by the fire in his dressing-chamber, in the only remaining chair, to spend his last evening previous to occupying more humble lodgings. The naked floor, which had been covered by a Turkey carpet of the most gorgeous hues, and the bare walls, despoiled of their mirrors and richly tinted pictures, either from the pencils of the old masters, or ably executed copies, gave a desolate aspect to the apartment, and tended to deepen the gloom of his mind. In the morning he was to remove to a cheap boarding-house, and even there he could not long remain, unless he could find some employment for many of those hours which ought to be devoted to relaxation or repose. Through the friendly interference of Sheldon, he gained admission into the office of one of the most eminent lawyers in the city. Much to his own surprise, he soon began to feel confidence in himself, and to experience a great accession of spirits, while his energy ever seemed to be in proportion to the necessary exertion demanded for the accomplishment of whatever object he had in view. Compelled to withdraw from the society of the fashionable and gay, he never saw Cecelia Laurens except at church. Her beauty and grace seemed, if possible, to increase every time he beheld her, and he could not help wondering at the apathy with which he had regarded her, as long as she seemed attainable. Yet it was doubtless better as it was, so he tried to make himself think, as the demands on his time and attention were too engrossing to suffer them to be diverted to any other object. He heard nothing from Mrs. Ellis, his aunt, and he forbore to apprize her of the loss of his property, as it could only give her pain, and would, he was afraid, draw from her a severe lecture for neglecting to fulfil his promise to her. He little knew with what earnest solicitude she regarded him, or he would not have imagined that she remained ignorant of what had happened. She was delighted to find, now that necessity had thrown him upon his own resources, that he improved them with a diligence and vigor of which she had thought him wholly incapable. But, for the present, she determined not to extend to him a helping hand. She felt that it would be injudicious to throw in his way any alleviation, before his habits of industry were established, as it might cause him to relax his exertions.

Melmond soon found that the rugged path he had chosen, abounded in sunny nooks and flowery recesses, which, as they generally greeted him unexpectedly, afforded the keener enjoyment. Yet he still pressed forward towards the glittering "pinnacles of fame" that rose in the distance, even while he bathed his brow in the sunshine, and plucked the flowers at his feet. While his fancy and imagination were kindled by the eloquence of the declaimer, his emulation was excited by the assiduous labor and perseverance of those who excelled in the severer and less showy branches of the profession he had chosen. The deeper he drank of the waters of Helicon, the sweeter they were to his taste.

When he felt confident that he had fully conquered his habits of indolence, he wrote to his aunt Ellis. He mentioned his loss of property as a fortunate circumstance, as he had, he said, enjoyed more real happiness since he had been employed, than during the whole of the time he spent in idleness.

"I rise early," he added, "study hard all day, and post books, by which I earn enough to pay my board, in the evening. I find exercise in walking from the office to my boarding house, which I purposely selected nearly a mile distant."

His aunt immediately answered his letter, and while she encouraged him to persevere, she forbore to upbraid him for his negligence in not attending to her advice. After she had concluded her letter, she felt a strong desire to add by way of postscript, that if he at any time found himself in want of money, to apply to her. Upon reflection, however, she forbore, and hastily enclosing a small sum, she sealed her letter, lest the temptation of offering her assistance, should grow too strong to be resisted. In one year from the time he commenced his forensic studies, she paid him a visit, and found him so earnest and devoted a student, that she was convinced that nothing would tempt him to relapse into his former idle habits. Though he made no complaint relative to his pecuniary embarrassments, she believed that she might now safely take measures to render him efficient aid. Before parting with him, she exacted from him a promise to spend Christmas with her, which was then near at hand.

On Christmas morning, Melmond rose long before sunrise, and put on what a year previous had been a fashionable and very elegant dress suit of black, and by the time the sun was fairly above the horizon, he was seated in a sleigh, passing swiftly over the hard beaten snow-path, to the merry jingle of bells. His aunt had told him that she should delay her breakfast for him one hour. He arrived exactly in season, for by the time he had divested himself of his overcoat, and held his somewhat benumbed hands to the fire till he felt the blood tingle his fingers, the hot coffee was diffusing its fragrance through the apartment, and various edibles, prepared in the nicest manner, under the immediate superintendence of Mrs. Ellis, were smoking on the board. He perceived that the table was laid for three, and just as they were ready to seat themselves, a fair blue-eyed girl, her complexion brightened with a color delicate as the rose-tint that tinges the snowy cloud, with a profusion of pale gold hair, entered the apartment. Mrs. Ellis introduced her by the name of Clara Mervyn, and gave Melmond to understand that she was the daughter of a particular and very estimable friend.

Several persons of both sexes, near Melmond's age, had been invited to partake of the dinner, which embraced all the essentials of a true Christmas dinner, to which were added a variety of dainties of a lighter and more delicate kind, which did great credit to the culinary skill of Mrs. Ellis and her assistants. It was the first holiday Melmond had spent since the loss of his property, and he could not help comparing the zest with which he entered into its simple enjoyments, to the apathy with which he formerly witnessed the most exciting amusements, frequently purchased at great expense.

The ensuing morning, when he was ready to leave, his aunt put a letter into his hand, directed to himself. On opening it, after his return home, he found that it contained a sum of money sufficient to defray all necessary expenses for a number of months, much good advice, and a closely written page, from which the following is an extract:

"A short time before your father's decease, being afraid that you would not have the energy and perseverance to study a profession, he placed in my care a certain sum, to be held in trust for your benefit, in case of any unfortunate change in your fortune. This sum, at the rate of six per cent interest, will, I find on computation, amount to about ten thousand dollars by the time you have completed your studies, provided you are not obliged to appropriate any part of it previous to that time. I should have informed you of this the moment I heard of your loss, had I not thought it best for you to have nothing to depend on but your own exertions. The result has, I think, proved that I was right. You have shown yourself equal to conquering greater difficulties than you will again be likely to meet, should your health continue good. Go on and prosper. I would just mention that Clara Mervyn will for some time remain with me. She is a very amiable girl, and has received the right kind of education. She has, moreover, recently received a present of twenty thousand dollars from an uncle, who is a bachelor, and has lately returned from a sojourn of eight or ten years in China, where he accumulated a large fortune."

This allusion to Clara Mervyn, who had been the principal theme of his musings during his drive home, gave him a secret pleasure for which he could not account, as he had long since concluded in his own mind, that it would be impossible for a person who had ever known and admired Cecelia Laurens, to regard any other lady with sentiments warmer than those of friendship. When he came to draw a comparison between them, he could see no reason why jet-black eyes should be considered lovelier than those which in color resembled a sunny sky in June, nor why raven tresses should be more beautiful than golden ones. Neither, on reflection, did he think that regular features were at all necessary to render a countenance perfectly agreeable. On the contrary, he thought it rather detracted from a certain piquancy which threw an indescribable charm over the countenance of Clara. If common report had always said that Cecelia was amiable, his aunt, in whom he had much greater confidence than in common report, had told him that Clara was likewise amiable. What then prevented her from being equal, if not superior, to Miss Laurens?

As spring advanced, he began to feel impatient that his aunt, who now wrote to him regularly, did not invite him to spend a day with her, now that the fields began to look green, and the trees were almost ready to bloom. She could not help knowing that the country must be particularly refreshing at such a season, to one who had for so long a time been pent up in the close and noisy city. He had a great mind to go without an invitation, but he did not, and at length his aunt invited him to come some early day in June, as Clara, who had been absent a number of weeks, would then be with her.

After this visit, he never entertained a doubt but that Clara was superior to Cecelia, and though he refrained from making any formal declaration of his passion, each felt sure of the other's regard. It was not until he had for some time been admitted as a member of the bar, and there was a prospect of his taking a high stand among his brother practitioners, that he became her acknowledged suitor.

THE

NAMELESS GRAVE.

A Tale of Mount Auburn.

BY EDWARD WEBSTER.

There is no lovelier spot in the world for the repose of the dead, or one more calculated, by the calm majesty of nature, to soothe the troubled spirits of the living, than the cemetery of Mount Auburn, in the vicinity of Boston. Away from the smoke, and dust, and tumult of the city, and surrounded by influences that tend to tranquilize the stormy passions, and to call forth the purer and holier emotions of the human heart, no one can visit it without reflecting upon the vanity of human greatness, and feeling a keener sense of the mutability of all earthly things. The silent but awful admonition of the sleeping multitude, brings home the solemn truth with greater weight, that urge on the car of life which way we will, the grave must be its goal at last. Accompanied by a female friend, who was making the tour of the eastern cities, in the fall of 18—, I visited this lovely spot. Some relatives in the city, who were well acquainted with the location of the ground, as well as with all the interesting places connected with our Revolutionary history, and who had pointed out to us, during our frequent rambles, many spots familiar to us in story, but which we had never seen, were our companions. The day was a delightful one, and we felt a relief as we left behind the dense atmosphere of a crowd, and inhaled the purer breezes of the country air. We wandered round the grounds for several hours, examining the monuments erected by the living, as last tokens of respect and love to departed friends.

"Here," said our city friends, as they led us to a plain grey slab, "is a grave that has caused much speculation, and excited a great deal of curiosity. It bears no name or date. The person was supposed to have been a lady, but no one knows from whence she was brought, or who she was. The initials upon the stone do not correspond with the name registered upon the books of the corporation, and the inference is that she has been buried under an assumed name. The authorities say that a person in appearance about thirty years of age, but pale and wan as if deep grief was preying at his heart, came one day to the office and purchased a spot for a grave. He only said that the body should be brought next day at two o'clock. At the hour appointed, a hearse drove up to the entrance of the ground, accompanied by a single carriage, containing the gentleman alone who had purchased the grave. It had been prepared as directed, by the laborers connected with the ground, and after the body had been deposited in its last resting place, this tablet, which a carman brought from the city, was placed over it. The gentleman gazed upon the proceedings with folded arms and lip compressed, that told plainly the agony he felt; but no tear bedewed his cheek—no groan escaped his breast. When the last green turf had been replaced around the slab, and the workmen were gathering their implements to depart, he started as if a sudden pang shot through his heart, and exclaimed: 'Oh, God! what more is left for me on earth.' Then recovering himself with quivering lip, he said to the men who had filled the grave, 'I thank you, gentlemen, for your aid;' and giving them a sovereign in addition to their fee, he waved an adieu wildly with his hand, entered the carriage hastily, and drove away. No one that we know of has seen him since, and the mystery of this grave will probably remain unsolved; but the story circulates among the young, that it is the resting place of some one who fell a victim at the shrine of love; and lovers, as they meet around it, renew their solemn pledges to each other, and breathe an inward prayer that their affections may have a happier issue."

We read the inscription upon the stone. It was a simple verse, but full of sentiment:

"She lived unknown, and few could know
When Mary ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and oh!
The difference to me!"

Various comments were made upon the subject by our party, and after having sufficiently indulged our curiosity, and hazarded our speculations, we turned away. As we were departing, a man of gentlemanly appearance approached us. He was at the period of life that might almost be called old age, but with weather-beaten countenance, and iron-like frame, that showed his life had been spent amidst scenes of activity and danger. He enquired if we could inform him where a grave was to be found which, by the description, we knew to be the one we had just left. We pointed it out to him. He approached it, and as his eye rested upon the stone,

"Poor broken heart," he said, "your partner sleeps in the bosom of a Western prairie, but your spirits, I trust, have met in Heaven."

We asked him if he knew the history of "The Nameless Grave."

"I learned it from the lips of him who laid her here," he replied, "and I myself closed his eyes in the Western wilderness, far away from the home of his fathers."

We requested him to relate the story to us, telling him of the many speculations indulged in by those who visited the spot, and our desire to know its history.

"I am wearied with rambling," the stranger rejoined, "and if you have an hour to spare, we will rest ourselves in the shade of this old oak, whilst I tell you all I know respecting it. In doing so, it will be necessary first to give you something of my own history, and the manner of my acquaintance with the individual who related the circumstances.

"I am a New Englander by birth, and was originally a clerk in the establishment of one of our distinguished Boston merchants, long since dead. Being faithful to my employer, and winning the confidence of the mercantile community with whom he dealt, I entered early into business as a shipper on my own account. Although possessing little more than an unsullied reputation, by careful attention to business I was rapidly amassing a fortune, when the embargo previous to the commencement of the last war, and the subsequent disasters to our commerce, blighted all my expectations, and reduced me to bankruptcy. My old employer, from his own pecuniary embarrassment, was unable to afford me aid, although he would willingly have done so, had it been in his power. So, giving up the hope of repairing my shattered fortunes there, I bade farewell to my native city, and started for the West.

"All the Western States, except a narrow belt along the chain of the Great Lakes, was a wilderness, and inhabited by Indians, for the most part hostile to Americans. I engaged in the fur trade, and have continued in it up to the present time. As the Western States began to fill with emigrants, the trade advanced in the same direction, until an expedition has lately extended beyond the Rocky Mountains; but it is now almost broken up by a foreign Company, that wields a mighty moneyed power, prejudices the natives against us, and by an unequal competition drives us from our just rights, and the soil of our own territory. A few seasons since, our company were making preparations for more extensive operations than we had made before; the unusual success of the previous expedition having furnished us with the means of doing so. Men were enlisted, ammunition and stores laid in for a long and hazardous excursion. As we were about setting out, an individual accosted us, and asked permission to join the expedition. He was noble in his appearance, and in the prime of life; but deep melancholy was upon his brow, and an occasional wildness would gleam from his eye, that told us reason was half unsettled from its throne. He asked no pay, he said; he only wished to engage in some exciting employment, to drive away mad thoughts; and he beat his clenched fist against his brow, uttering an involuntary groan. We told him our complement of men was full, but as he wished to join, we would furnish him with arms and provision like the rest; that in return he should occasionally aid us in making purchases of the Indians and resident trappers, and if necessary lend his services as a soldier. He readily assented to the conditions, and set out with us. Our expedition was a long and dangerous one. We travelled over the Rocky Mountains to the head waters of the Columbia, where American traders had rarely been before. But the Indians were prejudiced against us by the agents of the British Company, and several times manifested a hostile spirit; but the strength of our party, and the cautiousness of all our movements, gave them no opportunity for surprising us. The individual who joined us was a most efficient member of our party, [illegible] dangerous enterprise was set on foot in which he was not the first to volunteer. He seemed wearied of life, and cared not how soon he might be relieved of its burden. A mystery hung about him that our party strove to penetrate in vain. He talked but little, and never revealed his name to any one; but still he was kind and generous; and the deep sorrow that seemed eating at his heart, won the friendship and sympathy of all. And whenever 'The Stranger,' as he was called, happened to be mentioned, the wild, boisterous recklessness of the hardy backwoodsmen would soften down, and they would speak of him in tones of unwonted sadness.

"We had finished our trading operations about the commencement of Autumn, and had commenced our return march with our heavy wagons loaded with packages of buffalo robes and beaver skins, and other peltries. We had conducted all our movements with the greatest caution, and got far back in safety towards the settlements. For some days previous, however, we had observed straggling Indians hanging about our line of march, seeming to observe our movements. We avoided the woods, keeping as much as possible upon the open prairie. One day's march more would have brought us within the protection of the American outposts, and aware that the enemy (for we had no doubt that one was hovering around) would attack us that night if at all, we formed our baggage wagons into a circle, placed packages of buffalo skins within, as a protection against bullets, and having gathered forage from the prairie for our horses, we placed vigilant sentinels upon all sides, and laid down upon our arms. The night had nearly passed, and the first faint streakings of the dawn were making their appearance in the east, when an onset was commenced by the savage foe. Quick as lightning we were upon foot, dealing death upon them from within our camp.

"The Indians evidently did not anticipate so ready a reception, and after two or three desperate attempts to break into our enclosure, they retired, dragging away their dead and wounded. Their being so fire within our camp, the enemy could only see to shoot by the uncertain flashes of the guns; and as we were protected by a breastwork impenetrable to a musket ball, only two or three of our men were wounded and some of our horses killed. Within eighty yards of us, a portion of the prairie was overgrown with weeds and high grass, in which the Indians concealed themselves as it grew light, and from which they kept up a scattering fire upon our camp. We attempted to dislodge them by shooting at the places from whence the smoke arose, but a breeze that was blowing transversely across the place so dispersed it, as to render our aim uncertain; and, what was worse, our ammunition began to fail, for we had bartered away more than we had been aware of in our summer's traffic. It was therefore determined not to fire unless sure of our mark, and consequently the firing almost ceased on our part.—The day wore on until it became evident that the enemy intended to hold their position until nightfall, and then, under the cover of darkness, attempt to carry our camp.

"'They must be dislodged in some way before night,' said an old hunter, 'or our scalps will not keep their places another day. We must make an assault upon them and drive them from their skulking place. Some of us will fall no doubt; but it is better so than all to stay here and be shot down like dogs.'

"A consultation was held as to the best way of making the assault. We were all armed with rifles, and had no bayonets, a weapon almost indispensable for an attack of the kind we meditated; but there seemed no alternative, and we resolved to make the attempt. It was agreed upon to reserve our fire until the enemy could be seen; and then, after the first discharge, to meet them with their own weapon, the hatchet. All preparations had been completed, and we were about to sally forth, when the stranger offered to set the grass on fire in which the Indians were concealed. All stopped short, and looked at him in surprise. We, who had seen before the headlong fury of the flame driven by the wind over the dry and withered grass of the prairie, knew full well, if it was practicable, that the enemy would be scattered like the leaves of the forest before the blasts of Autumn; but the utter madness of the attempt made the stoutest heart shrink back; for though certain death awaited some of us if we made an onset in a body, yet each rather chose to run his chance of life, where probably a majority might escape unharmed, than to rush alone and single-handed upon inevitable death. We pointed out to him the madness of the attempt.

"'I comprehend the danger perfectly,' he said, 'and am prepared to meet it. If we make an onset in a body, more lives than one will be sacrificed, with a less prospect of success. You all have something to live and to hope for;—my dreams of earthly happiness are done, and I have long desired to find quiet—in the grave. If by sacrificing my life I can ensure the safety of you all, I would wrap the winding sheet about me as cheerfully as the drapery of a couch.'

"We endeavored to dissuade him from the undertaking, for we loved him like a brother, and all would willingly have encountered any danger in common, rather than by his destruction to be ensured of the safety of the whole party; but he remained steadfast to his purpose.

"'Do you all endeavor to cover me as much as possible by your fire: for though I do not expect to escape, yet if I do not succeed in setting the grass on fire, my life will be thrown away, and you remain in the same peril as before. Besides,' he added, 'I had rather not have my body mutilated by the Indian knife.'

"We held our breath in suspense as he rushed forth from the enclosure waving his flaming torch above his head. The enemy seemed to comprehend the movement in an instant, for a half suppressed yell broke forth from their hiding place, followed by a general discharge. Still he kept on, apparently unharmed, to within a dozen paces of the spot where he intended to apply the match, and then staggering a step or two, fell forward to the earth. An Indian sprang from his hiding place, and brandishing his scalping knife above his head, rushed toward him—but he had scarcely left his covert when a discharge of rifles from our men pierced him with half a dozen balls, and bounding into the air with a yell, he fell headlong by the side of his prostrate foe. His sudden fall seemed to stagger the Indians for a moment; and at that time our hero raised himself upon his feet, drew his hands across his brow, as if to clear his vision, and then waving his torch again for an instant, sped on, and dashed it into the dry and withered grass.

"Quick as lightning, the flames leaped up, swayed back and forward for an instant, with an uncertain motion, and then swept off over the prairie with the speed of the wind. The savages gave forth a yell of mingled rage and disappointment, and when the smoke cleared away, were seen with scorched and half-naked bodies making off across the plain. Several of our party went out to meet the returning hero, and brought him into the camp.

"'I have received my death wound,' he observed, 'but I am not sorry. You have treated me with kindness, and I leave you all my blessing. You have more than once manifested a desire to learn the story of my life. I will tell it to you now—but first try to stop the flow of blood for a time, that it may not rob me of my breath before you have heard me out. The wound is here,' he continued, laying his hand upon his breast.

"We removed the clothing from the place. The blood was flowing freely from the wound, and it was plain that though his life might be prolonged for a few hours, his mortal race was well nigh run. All the aid that could be, was afforded to the sufferer.—We staunched the blood as well as we were able; gave him some water, which he desired, and placing him upon a couch, formed from dry grass of the prairie, overspread with a buffalo robe, he began the story of his life.

* * * * * *

"My father was a farmer of considerable property in England, and held a life-lease of a productive and valuable farm. I was his only son. It was his intention to rear me to the same occupation, and until fifteen years of age, I lived at home. Our landlord, a man of enlightened and liberal views himself, believing that an enlightened tenantry were happier amongst themselves, and more profitable to the proprietor, exerted himself to afford the means of education to the children, and to diffuse general knowledge amongst them as much as possible.

"From my first commencement as a pupil, an earnest desire to acquire an education took possession of my mind, and in a very few years I became master of all the branches taught in the common school. I then solicited my father's permission to attend a grammar school kept in a neighboring village, for the purpose of acquiring the rudiments of a classical education. He refused me for a long time, saying my education was sufficient for the station I was designed to fill; but at length, finding my heart set upon it, he yielded his consent. That was a joyful day to me; and a vision of future greatness danced before my eyes and mingled with my dreams.

"With the humble wardrobe of a peasant's son, I set out to place myself under the instruction of a clergyman, who had charge of the sons of the gentlemen residing in the vicinity, preparing themselves for college. It was a new thing to have the son of a yeoman mingling with them in the higher branches of learning, and they looked upon me with no favor; but the instructor, a man of honor and liberality, would not permit them to treat me with the rudeness they desired.

"After undergoing a satisfactory examination, I entered upon my studies, and in a short time, notwithstanding the contempt with which my classmates had regarded me at first, I stood before them all. In two years time, I was prepared to enter college. It was no very difficult task, after having obtained my father's consent to enter the grammar school, to prevail upon him to let me pursue my studies, backed as I was by the recommendation of my teacher.

"'But,' said he, 'I see plain enough it will spoil you for a farmer, and I fear the little I have saved by toil, will be squandered by you in endeavoring to keep up the appearance of a gentleman.'

"His scruples, however, being overcome at last, I entered upon my collegiate course. It is unnecessary to dwell upon this portion of my life. My means were not sufficient to enable me to mingle much in the expensive pleasures of my fellow students, and as a compensation, I applied myself more diligently to my studies. At the end of the course it proved no loss—for it resulted with us as it ever will: that those who spend most time in idleness and dissipation, hold the lowest place in the rank of scholars.

"After having obtained a degree, I determined to enter upon the study of the law, and went to the metropolis for that purpose. There was at that time a distinguished lawyer practising in the English courts, who, by superior powers of mind and indefatigable exertions, had raised himself from obscurity as low as mine. He had been knighted by George the Fourth, and had held under him an important post in the British Cabinet. I made application to him, and showed my credentials from the University. He questioned me with vigorous severity, and being satisfied, consented to my studying with him.

"It was stipulated that after the first year, a small salary should be allowed me in addition to his instruction, for various services he might wish me to perform. Though in many respects a man of fine feelings, ambition had become his God; the pursuit of fame and the enrollment of his name amongst the aristocracy of the realm, the all-absorbing purpose of his soul. He had bent all the energies of his nature, and made all the prospects of earthly happiness subservient to the attainment of this end. He had married the younger daughter of a nobleman of distinguished family but decayed fortune, and though her dowry was small, her connection was in every respect honorable and herself worthy of his love.—Nevertheless his own success as a professional man, aided by the liberal salaries he had received in several lucrative public offices, yielded him in the course of a few years, a handsome private fortune. His wife possessed all the traits a man could hope or expect to find in woman: kind, benevolent, and pure: and during her life exerted an influence over him like that of a guardian spirit. I need not say he loved her with devoted tenderness—but she died during her period of greatest usefulness, leaving him a widower with a daughter two years old.

"After the shock of his bereavement had passed away, he seemed to renew his favorite pursuit with increased intensity, and the end of his ambitious views were centred in his child. He attended most carefully to her education, and she was every way worthy of his care. She was not the most beautiful girl I have ever seen, but sufficiently so to attract attention at first sight; and her fascinating manners, intellectual and moral excellence, won the admiration and love of all who made her acquaintance. I was in my twenty-second year when I commenced the study of the law, and she at that time was nearly seventeen.

"It happened that I called at the residence of Sir John Temple, for that was her father's name, to settle some preliminaries upon the morning of my entrance as a student in his office, and was shown in by a servant: who, saying that his master would be in soon, left me alone in the drawing-room. Whilst waiting there, his daughter came in. She evidently did not know that any one was present, for she was bearing a vase of flowers; her bonnet was thrown carelessly back, and her rich and flowing tresses were waving loosely about her snow-white neck.—She was somewhat confused at first, but recovering herself, and placing the vase upon the marble mantel-piece, she saluted me, and removing her bonnet, took a seat. I told her I had called to see Sir John. She replied that he was in his library; that she had heard the servant announce my name, and supposed I had been shown up. I answered that the servant said he was engaged for a short time, but would soon be down. We conversed for a few moments before Sir John came in.

"I had mingled very little in society, and had but few opportunities of conversing with females of rank and education, but I had formed for myself an ideal image of womanly grace, and I felt in that short time, that all my imaginings were more than realized in her. Sir John coming in, interrupted our conversation, and his daughter, for from a personal resemblance I was convinced that she was such, immediately retired.

"The preliminaries were soon arranged, and I entered upon the long and trying study of the law. For a year or two I was called but rarely from my duties in the office, but as I began to master the mysteries of the profession, I was occasionally employed to execute important legal transactions; and as a consequence, sometimes consulted Sir John at his own house. His daughter had in the meantime completed her education, and was mistress of her father's mansion. I was necessarily thrown into her society, and I need not say that she made a deep impression upon my mind. [illegible] habits and business did not permit him to mingle much in fashionable society, and the retiring and reflective mind of the daughter induced her to follow his example in this respect. Still, an heiress and daughter of so distinguished a man could not remain unknown; and many schemes were set on foot by fortune-hunters to obtain the prize. Sir John imagining his daughter's happiness would be secured, and his own ambitious views realized by obtaining for her a name and rank, looked to gaining a titled suitor to her hand. Oh! how fatally, as many fathers have done before, did he mistake the happiness of his child!

"There was a young nobleman, by the name of Alfred ———, who graduated in the same class with myself. He was a wild and reckless student whilst he was in college: of little moral principle, and often conducted himself so disgracefully, that, had it not been for family influences, he would have been expelled. Immediately after his college course was ended, being allowed free reins by the death of his father, and the acquisition of the paternal estate, he, in a short time, by gaming and other extravagancies, deeply embarrassed his pecuniary affairs.

"Finding at length that he had almost irretrievably ruined his fortunes, he suddenly pretended reform, dismissed his worthless associates, and looked around for the purpose of relieving his embarrassments by a matrimonial alliance. The daughter of the eminent barrister, Sir John Temple, was regarded as affording an excellent opportunity for that purpose; for, although his wealth was large, common report had magnified it, and the known ambition of the father, he was convinced, would second his suit. Accordingly he opened a negotiation with Sir John, who overcame his scruples of moral delinquencies by testimonials of reform—for, with ambitious fathers, titles cover a multitude of sins—and obtained his consent to address his daughter. This having been accomplished, he waited upon her with the greatest confidence of success, and offered himself a suitor for her hand. His character was not unknown to her, and he was the last one whose addresses she would have favored; consequently, although she endeavored to do so without wounding his pride, she firmly declined his offer.

"Chagrined beyond measure by his unexpected repulse, he resolved to gain his end or be revenged. He waited upon her father, reported his ill success, and declared that some villain unknown to them had stolen her affections. Sir John, naturally irritable, and soured in his disposition by a recent defeat in the acquisition of some political honor on which he had set his heart, was exasperated against his daughter. He pledged the nobleman that she should become his wife—and returning home in a state of excitement, he accused her of receiving the addresses of some suitor without his knowledge; at the same time forbidding her to see him, whoever he might be, and commanding her to receive as a suitor the nobleman she had so lately refused.

"She denied the accusation alleged against her, and plead with tears, by the love he bore her mother, not to compel her to receive the addresses of a man whose moral character she detested—declaring that she had rather endure a life of poverty and want, and lie down alone in an unhonored grave, than to tread the marble halls of wealth, the wife of a libertine and a wretch.

"Her father was softened by the appeal, and promised to give her time to reflect. Meanwhile, my probation as a law student was rapidly drawing to a close. My calls at Sir John's house on professional business became more frequent, and I was happy in finding an excuse for doing so; for though I had not even made the confession to myself, his lovely daughter had made a deep impression upon my mind.—Strange as it may seem, Sir John had never suspected such might be the result, and I was permitted to mingle in the society of his daughter frequently, although it might easily have been seen that it was at the hazard of both her peace and my own. But I was a student, of no family, and poor; she the daughter of a man high in the estimation of all distinguished men—and, viewing the disparity between us, he did not dream it would be forgotten by his young and ardent child.

"The season passed away, and at the sitting of the court I was admitted to the bar. Sir John was deeply engaged in another political contest, and having confidence in my legal knowledge, he entrusted to me the management of an important suit, with the advantage of its fees in case of a successful termination. Most laboriously did I prepare myself for the trial, knowing well that success at the outset is all important to a prosperous professional career. The opposing counsel, when they learned who was to manage the suit, did not make even the usual preparations, thinking a young practitioner could easily be led astray, and confounded, amidst the intricacies of the law; consequently they were thrown completely off their guard, and the result was a signal triumph on my part. I now considered my career as fairly begun, for two more cases were put into my hands before leaving the court; and in high spirits I called upon Sir John. He was not at home, but his daughter [illegible] and congratulated me upon my success. I was gratified that she was sufficiently interested to learn the result so soon: and taking courage from the circumstance, without thinking to consult her father, as I ought to have done first, I unhesitatingly declared my love, entreating her not to think me presumptive, but to give me hope, upon the achievement of professional eminence, to obtain a return of her affections. She was greatly agitated at my declaration, confessed the deep impression I had made upon her heart, but told me of her father's determination to marry her to the nobleman of whom we have spoken before.

"'My God!' I exclaimed, 'will he consign you over to such a wretch?'

"'I will never consent,' she answered. 'I have told my father I had rather die. Although I am pledged to receive the addresses of no one but him, yet I will live single for your sake.' And she raised her eyes to mine with a look of confidence and affection, that thrilled my inmost soul, and impelled me irresistibly to clasp her to my heart.

"At that instant Sir John entered the room. A sudden suspicion, that I was the cause of Count Alfred's rejection, flashed across his mind like lightning, and his face was pale with rage.

"'Daughter! to your room!' he said; and she hastened away, overcome with confusion.

"'And now, young man, this is the way you have repaid my kindness! You have entered my house, and like a viper stung the bosom that warmed you into life! This accounts for her dislike to my choice of Count Alfred, but I swear he shall have her now, or I'll banish her from my house forever.'

"I plead with him—plead as I would not have done for my own life. I deprecated his anger, not on my own account, but hers. God knows, if it had been for me alone, I would have given him taunt for taunt. He forbade me his house. I rented an office immediately, and commenced the practice of my profession. Although I executed faithfully whatever was entrusted to my care, and though my business slowly increased, yet my anxiety of mind for the fate of Mary Temple, did not permit me to take that active position necessary to ensure success. Rumor began to be rife that Count Alfred was to be married soon to the daughter of Sir John Temple; and driven almost to madness, I bribed a servant of the family to convey a letter to her. I besought her to tell me truly if the rumor of her union with the Count was unfounded. He brought back an answer the next day, stating that her father had endeavored to coerce her into the hated match, but though she would willingly undergo almost any suffering to gratify him, in this she felt she could never yield. The letter was blotted with tears, and closed by pledging eternal faithfulness to me. I wrote again, begging an interview with her, and sent it back by the servant. As chance would have it, Count Alfred came round the corner of the street just as the servant was leaving my office, and suspecting some plot, passed him unseen, where, waiting till the menial came up, he took him into a private room in a hotel near by, and partly by promises, and partly by threats, obtained possession of the letter. Then bidding him wait below until he called, he melted the wax before the grate, opened and read the epistle; then sealing it anew, he called the servant, and giving him a sovereign, bade him when he returned with an answer to call again. The servant did as directed; and after the Count had read this as he had done the former one, he sent it on to me. Mary stated in her letter that she had yielded, with many doubts of its propriety, to my request; that she would see me once more, since our parting had been so sudden, at a bower in her father's garden, that night, at twelve, and then she must bid me farewell, perhaps forever. In the mean time, Count Alfred called upon Sir John, and revealed to him the secret of our meeting, inventing a falsehood to cover the meanness by which he had obtained his information, and declaring that we were frequently in the habit of meeting clandestinely.

"'If what you say is true,' Sir John replied, in a passion, 'she shall never enter my halls again. I will disown her before the world, and cut her off with a shilling!'

"'You will be convinced to-night,' rejoined the Count.

"We met at the hour appointed. The calm, full moon was shining through the lattice-work of the bower, her silver rays glistening in the dew-drops that sparkled like so many diamonds amidst the foliage of grape and honeysuckle that twined around it, as I pressed the maiden to my heart, forgetful of every thing but the bliss of the moment. It was a tearful meeting on her part. The thought of the risk of reputation that she ran, and the disobedience of her father's mandate, preyed upon her mind. We were engaged in a whispered consultation, and vows of eternal constancy to each other, when two shadows passed before the entrance to the bower, and looking up, we beheld Sir John and Count Alfred standing before us. The rays of the moon fell directly upon their faces. That of the Count was lit up with a smile of gratified malice; that of Sir John was calm and pale, but the quivering lip and flashing eye betokened the tempest in his soul.

"'Take her!' he said to me, 'but take her with a father's curse! And now begone!—you must not trespass again upon my grounds.'

"'Oh spare me, father!' exclaimed the daughter, sinking upon her knees before him, 'it is my first transgression.'

"'Whom does she call?' enquired Sir John. 'Her father? I am not her father. She is a stranger within my gates. Here, James,' he called to a porter who was attending him, 'thrust these intruders without the portal of the garden.'

"I entreated him to spare his child—declared the fault was mine, and pledged myself to relinquish all my hopes—but it was in vain; Sir John was inexorable. Count Alfred himself approached to bear her out, but I placed myself before him, and drawing a dagger that I happened to have about my person, I bade him approach at his peril. Although armed himself, he shrunk back like a cowed hound, for he was as much a coward as he was a villain.

"But it was useless to linger, and lifting the inanimate form of the lovely girl—for she had fainted—in my arms, I bore her through the portal, which was locked after us. I carried her to a public house which was near at hand, by no means a reputable one; but I thought not of that, for she was in a death-like swoon, and my only thought was to call her back to life. A cordial soon restored her, and she enquired hastily what had been done, and where she was. I told her all.

"'I must see my father in the morning,' she said; 'but if he refuses to recognize me as his daughter?—Oh God! where will this matter end?'

"I persuaded her to rest, adding that I would call upon her father in the morning, and hoped that all might yet be well. She became more calm, and sunk to rest upon the sofa where she had been placed. Nature was completely exhausted—but the working of her countenance showed plainly that her mind was ill at ease. I watched by her couch until the dawn, when she awoke. She seemed a moment lost, but soon collecting her thoughts, she arose and said—

"'I must go home; surely my father cannot be so cruel as to cast me off.'

"I persuaded her to remain until I had first gone and seen Sir John, and having provided her with some refreshments, I hastened away. I rang at his door, and received for answer that he was not at home. I tried to bribe the servant to admit me, but it was in vain; and, with heavy heart, I returned to announce my ill-success.

"'I will go myself,' said she; 'it is not possible that admittance will be denied to me.' And putting on her bonnet, she left the inn.

"My mind was too much agitated to permit me to rest; so leaving the inn after her, I passed down an adjoining street, until I came to a position where I could watch the door of her father's house unseen. From there, I saw her ring. A strange servant answered the summons, and after staring at her for some time in affected wonder, told her that Sir John had gone into the country. She attempted to pass in, but he thrust her back, and shut the door in her face. She tried to open it, but it was locked, and then sitting down on the steps, she gave way to an agony of despair. Persons going by gazed at her, some with curiosity, and some with pity, for they thought her insane. The sight maddened me, and rushing to the spot—

"'Mary,' I said, 'this is no place for you; it is plain that your unfeeling father has cast you off, and on my account. Would to God I had died before bringing this calamity upon your head.'

"'Do not reproach yourself as the cause,' she replied, 'nor make yourself unhappy for another's fault. Count Alfred is the one who has done it all. He is the wretch who has shut a father's house against his child.'

"'Come, then,' I said, 'and whilst Heaven spares my life, you shall not want. I will toil day and night, and esteem it happiness, if I but receive your smile as a reward.'

"We turned from her father's mansion, never to go back. With difficulty I obtained a boarding-place for her in a respectable private family, for the rumor went abroad that I had ruined the lovely daughter of Sir John Temple, and that her father had disowned her in consequence. Rakes and libertines called me a brave fellow, but all honorable men regarded me with indignation. Mary was unwilling to become my wife, fearing it would make the estrangement between her and her father irremediable. Her clothes and jewels had been sent on the following day to the inn where I had carried her at first, but no message accompanied them. She attempted to see her father several times, and wrote many letters, protesting her innocence of the accusation, but all in vain.

"The reports that went abroad prejudicial to my character, ruined my prospects of success in my profession, and clients that had begun to crowd to my office, fell off one by one, until absolute want began to stare me in the face. Many sad consultations were held between Mary and myself, and at length, when all hopes of reconciliation with her friends were at an end, she consented to become my wife, and embark with me for America. The marriage ceremony was solemnly performed by a clergyman of our mother church, and being duly attested, was published to remove the stain that rested upon her character in public estimation. Then, having written a last epistle to her father, in which she sought his forgiveness for any undutiful step she might have taken, we collected the little property remaining to us, and embarked. With tearful eyes we beheld the white cliffs of our native land receding from our view, until all we had held dear in early life sunk below the horizon's verge. But we were left to each other, and we felt that was the greatest happiness of all.

"Eight weeks from the time we left England, our vessel entered the harbor of New York, and moored by one of the wharves on East River. I hastened on shore to seek employment, for my funds were beginning to run low. Bitter disappointment was in store for me; for notwithstanding my professional skill and the long term of study in my native country, I could not be permitted to practice in the higher American courts until I became a citizen, and that required a residence of five years. I next tried to get employment in a mercantile establishment, but the city was crowded with young men from the country, wishing to exchange the quiet labors of agriculture for the dusty and tedious road of commercial life; and moreover the rascalities that had lately been perpetrated by swindlers from the Old World, caused the mercantile community to regard all foreigners with suspicion. I went back to the vessel unsuccessful, and we disembarked. I rented a small, comfortable house, and managed to pay the rent for two quarters as it came due, but after that we were obliged to change our residence for a couple of rooms in a large building, inhabited by the poorer classes of citizens. Unable to find employment in any business adapted to my abilities and education, I was driven at last to work as a common laborer in the street. Even in this I was unable to find steady employment, and all I could earn in addition to what Mary received from the proceeds of her needle, were scarcely sufficient to furnish the necessaries of life.

"During the long and dreary winter that succeeded, we were obliged to sell one by one the few valuable articles of furniture, &c., that remained to us, until finally my law library, which I had retained until the last, was disposed of for half its value, to save us from hunger and from cold. Thus we passed a year. Mary was always cheerful, and in the deepest hours of my despondency, when adversity seemed closing around with darker folds, her soothing words would quiet my troubled spirit, and inspire me with fresh hope. Yet I could not but note the paleness of her cheek, and a consciousness that sorrow and privation were gnawing at her heart, almost drove me mad. We had no news from home, and as spring came on we resolved to leave New York, and try our fortunes in some of the manufacturing villages of New England. We had proceeded on our way as far as Boston, when the want of funds and the illness of my wife compelled me to stop; and there, in a strange city, penniless and without a friend, we were left in the open street. I obtained a miserable room, and removed our scanty furniture therein. We had not even a crust to eat, and in despair I rushed into the street, and wandered over the city. As I passed up one of the avenues, I encountered a crowd of men engaged elevating the heavy pillars of some building, and almost unconsciously I joined the group. The workmen had spirits furnished for their use, and as they passed around the fatal beverage, I drank deep and madly; and as the shades of evening fell, I crossed the miserable threshold of my sojourning place—for I will not call it home—a drunkard. The cup of my wife's misery was then full. She sank upon the bed, and for the first time gave way to a paroxysm of agony and despair. When I recovered myself in the morning, shame and repentance took possession of my mind. I swore upon my knees beside her bed, that, come what might, I would never touch the fatal cup again; and then hastened out to obtain food and medical attendance for my wife. It happened that the first physician I called upon was a humane man, and when he had heard my story, procured me the necessary articles of food and medicine and went with me. Every provision was made for her comfort, and the physician departed, promising to call again next day. A New York paper that he had in his hat happened to fall out unperceived, and was left upon the floor when he went away.—Glancing over it, my eye fell upon the list of advertised letters, in which were two directed to my wife. I instantly wrote to the postmaster to have them forwarded, and, on the second day after, they came to hand. They were sealed with black, and directed with a strange hand, but bore the impress of her father's arms. I hastily broke the seals and read them to her. The first was written by an attorney, who said he was doing it at the dictation of her father on his dying bed. That Count Alfred, having been injured fatally by a fall from his horse, had, in a moment of remorse, confessed the villainous agency he had in alienating Sir John and his child. That Sir John had hence concluded he had done both her and me deep wrong, for which he asked our forgiveness, and bestowed upon us his parting blessing.—That he had made us joint heirs of all his property, and desired us to return immediately and enjoy it. A postscript was added by the attorney, stating that Sir John died soon after the letter was finished. The other was a bill of exchange on New York for a thousand pounds. Mary wept long and bitterly at her father's loss, for despite of his harshness, she loved him with all the fervor of a generous heart; but the recollections of his forgiveness and parting blessing restored her tranquility of spirit. I obtained a discount of the bill at one of the Boston banks, and had her conveyed immediately to as comfortable a place as could be obtained in the city, and the physician who first called upon her, and who was eminent in his profession, continued his attendance; but it was all too late. Consumption, the fiend that never looses his grasp, had fastened upon her, and in six short months laid her to rest in the quiet slumbers of the grave. But her last days were sad to her only at the thought of my bereavement, and she cheered me with the hope of a happier meeting in another world. She sank to rest calmly as the summer sun to its setting, with the certainty of rising another day. I buried her alone in Mount Auburn, under a plain grey slab that bears only the initials of her name, and a simple verse. The name registered upon the books is an assumed one, and none knows the history of her resting place but ourselves. Near the close of her life, she requested the attendance of a legal adviser, acquainted with both American and English law, and in a will which I was desired to open after her death, I was left sole heir to all her father's estates. But I could not receive them; life was bereft of enjoyment, and earth of peace. I bestowed all as a donation upon charitable institutions of my native country, and started for the West. The rest you know already."

His voice faltered as he approached the end of his narrative, and as he ceased speaking, he moved his lips in silent prayer——breathed one sad sigh, and died. Our men were gathered around his couch in breathless attention, their rough natures were completely overcome, and weather-beaten cheeks that had been strangers to a tear for fifty years, received the falling drops like rain. We buried "the stranger" in the bosom of the prairie—fired a parting salute over his grave, for we felt that we were paying honors to a hero who had saved our lives at the expense of his own; then, driving our wagons over his last resting place to keep the Indians from finding and mutilating his remains, we turned away with saddened hearts.

THE ENGLISH COTTAGE.

BY WILLIAM DEAN.

On the brow of yon hill is a neat rural cot,
Whose latch you may lift without fear,
Though its owners partake of obscurity's lot,
True happiness says, "I dwell here."

Then stay your researches for a moment or two,
To contemplate this rustic retreat;
Wherever you turn, you will find something new,
Though 'tis not of grandeur the seat.

What a well-managed garden surrounds the abode!
With what care all its stores are disposed!
Observe on the side that lies nearest the road,
By a neat quickset hedge 'tis enclosed.

The external part of this plain little pile
Attracts every passenger's sight;
And the ivy which climbs in a negligent style,
Has equalled the thatch in its height.

The walls of the cot are a delicate white,
The floor a smooth pavement is made,
On a shelf in the corner, the Christian's delight,
That treasure, the Bible, is laid.

Partly furnished with wicker, and partly with oak,
The tables reflect every face;
And if neatness and taste you desire to invoke,
Resort to this sweet little place.

When the evening comes on, round a cheerful wood fire,
You the happy young circle may see;
The rosy-faced prattlers expecting their sire,
All anxious to sit on his knee.

Soon the mother appears in her dark russet gown,
With a countenance calm and serene;
And seldom or never gives place to a frown,
The sure index of comfort within.

Having stirred up the embers, and swept up the hearth,
The kettle is placed on the fire,
And sweetly amused by her little one's mirth,
She feels but one further desire.

This soon is obtained, for the father draws nigh,
And the youngsters enjoy the fond kiss;
All of whom now most anxiously vie,
To add to the cottager's bliss.

After talking awhile of the Saviour's great love,
And perusing their Bibles with care,
They present their devotions to Jesus above,
In humble thanksgiving and prayer.

Thus with consciences cleansed from guilt and from sin,
They calmly retire to their rest;
Protected without, and true comfort within,
These cottagers surely are blest.

Pennsgrove, Pa.

SONG OF THE DYING POET.

BY EDWARD J. PORTER.

This is thy latest song, my lute,
  Yet ere its last wild breathings swell,
Ere its lone murmuring tones are mute,
  I fain would breathe a fond farewell.
Companion of my earlier hours,
  I leave thee, not without a sigh,
Though withered be the blushing flowers
  I've crowned thee with in days gone by!

From thee my boyhood's spirit learned
  A joy that thou alone could'st fling,
When o'er thy frame the song-wreath burned,
  And softness floated from each string.
In vain even then the world put on
  Those frowns that hovered round my way;
I swept thy strings—the shades were gone,
  Dispelled by joy's bright morn-ate ray!

Thou'st breathed of love, and rapture came,
  So fraught with passion's breath, that all
The senses, wrapt in living flame,
  Were held the while in pleasing thrall.
Thou'st whispered to my soul of bliss,
  And all was tranquil as the waves,
When winds are hushed, and moonbeams kiss
  The gems that sleep in ocean's caves.

Thou'st sung to me in manhood's day,
  When sorrow's voice would breathe despair;
Thou'st chased the wearying thoughts away,
  That else a withering shade would wear.
Then well may I, with tear-filled eyes,
  Companion of my soul! lay by
The frame that lent its sympathies,
  The strings that charmed with every sigh.

No more, sweet lute! wilt thou bestow
  The raptures once so all thy own;
The hand that wakes thee, falters now,
  Its pulses all will soon be flown;
And the lone heart, that thou hast taught
  To glow beneath thy gentle spell,
Will soon be hushed; and calm each thought:
  Lute of my younger years, farewell!

Summerville, S. C., 1848.

The Dangers of Coquetry

A SPANISH STORY.

BY THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

There dwelt not a fairer lady in all Castile than Donna Maria d'Alfarache, and although many asserted that she was somewhat too well assured of this fact, it was, nevertheless, an undisputed one, even the envious among her acquaintance, and they were not few, admitting it. Her family, too, was descended from a long race of proud hidalgos—many were the suitors for the hand of Donna Maria, who, notwithstanding that she liberally accorded smiles to all, refused to give a preference to any, alleging that he to whom she could confide her destiny had not yet appeared. In vain did each plead his own suit, and as vainly did her father dwell on the high rank, large possessions, and ancient lineage of the separate pretenders, urging her to select one of them for his son-in-law. The fair Donna Maria refused to yield up her liberty, and dealt her smiles so impartially to each, that hope lingered in the breasts of all. In truth, hers was so pleasant a state of life that she felt in no hurry to change it, or sacrifice general admiration and homage for individual love. Having lost her mother while yet in her infancy, she had been placed under the care of Donna Lucretzia Santiago, an aged maiden, of high family, but of fallen fortunes, who exerted the double *rôle of gouvernante* and duenna. Donna Lucretzia was a woman of a kind nature, but of weak understanding: who, pleased with her position in the family of Don Alfonso d'Alfarache, in which she enjoyed the advantages of a liberal stipend, a luxuriously-served table, and undisturbed siestas, thought only of securing the continuance of these comforts, and imagined no better mode of effecting this point than that of yielding a ready assent to the wishes of her employer, and a careful avoidance of thwarting those of his daughter. The result may easily be guessed. Donna Maria soon acquired an unbounded influence over her *gouvernante*, who by turns flattered and coaxed, instead of directing and counselling her pupil. A smile could persuade, or a frown convince the weak-minded Donna Lucretzia of the necessity, if not the prudence, of any measure desired by the young and capricious beauty, who, doted on by her father, and spoilt by her preceptress, exercised a power never yielded with impunity to persons of her youth and inexperience. At length a person appeared, who, though no aspirant for her hand, excited a much more lively interest in her heart than did any of the suitors who had so assiduously sought to please her. Don Guzman d'Izguerdo, a grandee of Spain, of great wealth, and said to be descended from no less a personage than Ruy Diaz de Bivar, so celebrated as the Cid, was deemed one of the proudest as well as the noblest men in Spain. He had been previously wedded to a lady of rare beauty and merit, who had died in giving birth to a son; and so great was his grief for her loss that, although six years had elapsed since the sad event, he had never been tempted to break through the resolution he had formed during the first months of his bereavement, of never again entering the pale of wedlock. This determination had become known, and was often commented on in the families of those hidalgo's who would willingly have given him one of their daughters to fill the place of his departed wife. Some declared that Don Guzman could know no second love, while others maintained that, despairing to find so peerless a beauty as her whose loss he still deplored, he had abandoned the notion of giving her a successor, or of placing a step-mother over his son. Donna Maria had heard these reports, and they excited no common interest in her mind. The vanity of which she possessed no ordinary share, whispered that it would be a triumph worthy of her beauty, to efface the remembrance of his lost lady from his heart; and she impatiently longed to behold Don Guzman, in order to achieve the conquest she meditated. The opportunity was presented at a visit to the house of a neighbouring nobleman, to whom Don Guzman was nearly allied. The grave beauty of his countenance, the stately and well-proportioned figure, to which his proud bearing lent additional dignity, and the melancholy expression of his dark and lustrous eyes, joined to the reserve and coldness of his manner, made an impression on Donna Maria, which had hitherto never been effected by any of the gay and flattering hidalgos who courted her smiles. Unlike them, Don Guzman seemed scarcely conscious of her presence, and while all other eyes turned with admiring gaze on the conscious beauty, he stood apart, nor sought to approach her. This unusual indifference mortified and piqued her; she became restless and anxious to attract his notice, and in proportion to the difficulty of the task became her desire to accomplish it. What! was it to be borne, that she who had hitherto won all hearts should now seek in vain to conquer the stern one of the proud and haughty Don Guzman? This question she more than once asked herself, as her eyes rested on his stately form and lofty brow; and she vowed that she would leave no effort untried to attract and vanquish his indifference. Actuated by this resolve, Donna Maria approached the side of the apartment where Don Guzman stood, and entered into conversation with an old lady who was seated near him. But, although he must have seen, as well as heard her, so close was her vicinity, he still appeared as regardless of her presence as before; and, unable to conceal her mortification, she moved on, and entered a gallery into which the room she had left opened through arcades, supported by marble columns. She had reached a spot in it parallel to the one where Don Guzman stood, when she heard, through the open arch, her own name pronounced by the old lady with whom she had been conversing.

"So you do not admire her?" said the lady.

"I hardly observed her, senora," was the answer.

"Yet Donna Maria stood close to you for some time."

"I was not conscious of her presence."

"How strange! for she is the most admired of all the young senoras far and near."

No answer being made to this remark, proved how little the subject of it interested Don Guzman; and Donna Maria, vexed and angry, retired to the privacy of her chamber, there to reflect on the strange indifference of this the only man who had ever previously resisted her charms.

On leaving her room, some hours after, she encountered a beautiful boy, returning with his attendant from a walk. She paused to address him, and, on inquiry, discovered that he was the son of Don Guzman d'Izguerda. The child, pleased at being noticed, abated the shyness peculiar to him, and the bribe of a few *bon bons*, and two or three interviews in her apartment, established between him and Donna Maria, not only a perfect familiarity, but so great an attachment that his attendant found some difficulty in separating him from his new friend.

As might naturally be expected, the boy spoke to his father of the beautiful senora who was so kind to him; extolled her goodness; and declared he loved her better than any one, except papa. This praise, though coming from one so dear to him, nevertheless failed to awaken any interest towards the object of it in the breast of Don Guzman d'Izguerda. Conscious of the remarkable beauty of his son, he thought it only natural that any or every lady must be attracted towards him, and deigned not even to inquire the name of the child's especial favourite.

A few days after, Donna Maria encountered Don Guzman in one of the galleries of the castle, walking with his little son; and no sooner did the child catch a view of her, than he let go his father's hand, and rushed eagerly to her side, grasping her robe so roughly, in his anxiety to embrace her, that he tore the delicate and costly lace that adorned it.

The joy of Donna Maria at the meeting seemed no less sincere than that of the boy, who half suffocated her with kisses; and never, perhaps, had she looked more lovely than at that moment, when her cheeks suffused with blushes, and her beautiful ringlets, disordered by his rough contact, she paid no more attention to the huge rents he had occasioned in her fine lace, than did the child himself.

Not so with Donna Lucretzia Santiago, who cried out—

"Forbear, forbear, young senor! See you not that you have torn to pieces a trimming of as fine point as ever left Alençon? Ah! senora, you care not what mischief he does, so infatuated are you by him."

Not a word of this speech was lost on Don Guzman d'Izguerda, whose eyes became riveted on the beautiful girl before him; and who, having approached, bowed profoundly while apologising for the ardour of his son, and for its consequences on the drapery and fine lace of Donna Maria. The gracious smile, so seldom seen on his lips, and which displayed a set of the finest teeth imaginable, lent a new attraction to his handsome face; and Donna Maria acknowledged to herself that she had never previously beheld one so perfectly to her taste.

It was, perhaps, this conviction that gave an unusual softness to her lustrous eyes, as they half-timidly met his, while she assured him, that the damage done to her lace was easily repaired, and of not the least importance.

"Easily repaired, indeed," reiterated Donna Lucretzia; "why, there is not a hand in all Castile that could mend it properly; but Heaven knows that if the young senor tore all the lace that Donna Maria has—and no senora in Spain, save our good lady the Queen, has more—she would not mind it a bit. It was only ten days ago that he—"

"Silence, good Donna Lucretzia," interrupted Donna Maria; "you must not reveal the secrets of my chamber."

"Come, my son," said Don Guzman d'Izguerda; "you must no longer detain the senora;" and he took the boy's hand.

"No, I will not leave her," answered the child; and he clung more closely to her than before.

"What! will you not come with me?" asked Don Guzman. "Surely you will not let papa go away alone?"

"You may stay with us, and hold her other hand," said the boy, "but I will not leave her."

This speech made Donna Maria blush a more rosy red, and led to another smile from Don Guzman, while it drew from Donna Lucretzia the sage remark, that the young senor must not fancy that because *he* was a privileged person with the senora, others would be permitted to take such liberties.

"But I *will* put papa's hand in hers," said the child, as if to vex Donna Lucretzia, who was no favourite of his; and, suiting the action to the word, he seized the hand of Donna Maria, drew from it the glove, and placed it in that of his father; who, though he held it but an instant, was sensible of a slight electric shock from its contact, and, moreover, had, even in that brief space of time, observed that he had never beheld a more beautiful one.

"You must not, young senor, thus violate etiquette and propriety," said Donna Lucretzia, with some asperity, to the laughing boy.

"I crave your pardon, senora," replied Don Guzman. "My son has not yet learned the politeness due to ladies; when he is older he will be more respectful."

The child felt that some reproof was meant him by Donna Lucretzia, and, amused to it, he turned angrily to her, and said,

"I will make papa love pretty Donna Maria as well as I do, that I will; and make her love him, too."

The cheeks of Donna Maria became again suffused with blushes, while her eyes were cast down, the long lashes that veiled them half shading those rosy cheeks to which they lent additional beauty.

Don Guzman felt at that moment as if his son's threat of compelling him to love Donna Maria would not be a very difficult task to accomplish; and half wished that the portion of it which related to her being made to love him, could be as easily achieved. And this was the cold stern man who had determined never to love again, and who, until the last quarter of an hour, had believed that he could adhere to his resolution!

"You will love her, won't you, papa?" said the child.

"He may well deem himself happy who is permitted to love Donna Maria d'Alfarache," answered Don Guzman, bowing lowly to the lady, who raised her snowy eyelids, and half met his gaze. "But I intrude; pardon me for forgetting that I was doing so. Come, my son!" said Don Guzman.

"You will go with your father, will you not, dear Guzman?" whispered Donna Maria.

"I want to stay with you always," replied the boy.

"But to please me you will go with your papa!" resumed Donna Maria, as she bent and imprinted a kiss on his brow.

And the child at once gave his hand to Don Guzman, saying,

"You know I always do what you wish."

Don Guzman thought that never before had his name sounded so sweetly as when pronounced by Donna Maria; and he envied his son the kiss bestowed on his forehead by those beautiful lips which uttered it. Donna Maria moved away, or he could not have torn the child from the spot; but, truth to say, the [illegible] was the father; and when the boy turned again to catch the last view of her receding figure, Don Guzman checked him not, for he had more pleasure in marking the graceful movements of the beautiful Donna Maria than had the child, because more capable of appreciating them.

No longer had the senora reason to complain that her attractions produced not as great an effect on Don Guzman d'Iaguerdo, as on the host of admirers who had hitherto sought her hand. Yet there were moments when the memory of that lovely and gentle being whom he had lost, would rise up as if to dispute the empire of his heart with its new enslaver; and he would reproach himself that he could forget her who was sleeping in her early grave, or love another. But then would his child's affection for Donna Maria and her's for him, recur to his mind; and he would soothe his conscience by the notion that his attachment to Donna Maria originated not in selfishness, but owed its birth even less to her charms, rare as he acknowledged them to be, than to her love to his motherless boy, the son of his long-mourned wife.

Donna Maria, awed by the grave and dignified deportment of Don Guzman, as well as by the reserve of his manner, imposed a restraint on her natural levity and spirit of coquetry until she believed that her influence over his heart was too firmly established to be shaken by the faults of her character, even were they bared to his view. She, therefore, continued to maintain the *decorous* reserve she had adopted to captivate him, until, to her great joy, his proposals for her hand were made in due form. Now it was, that sure of her prize, her high sense of its value began daily to diminish, and the tender lover, of whose heart she felt certain, appeared far less interesting in her *eyes* than the proud hidalgo who had, in the commencement of their acquaintance, passed her charms unnoticed. Nevertheless, she still admitted his vast superiority over all her former admirers, and loved him as well as a coquette can love aught save self.

Don Guzman d'Iaguerdo being now the affianced husband of Donna Maria d'Alfarache, it became necessary for him to return to the castle to prepare for the reception of its future mistress. She, too, was to accompany her father and Donna Lucretzia to her paternal home, to arrange her nuptial dresses, and pressed so anxiously that Don Guzman's boy should be left with her, that the fond father who had never previously been separated from his son, consented to comply with her request.

The parting of the lovers was a tender one; but the sight of his castle recalled so vividly the image of his beloved wife to Don Guzman's recollection, that he almost wondered how he could have so far banished her from his mind, as to have not only loved, but arranged to wed another. Every chamber was so pregnant with associations of past happiness, and fond regrets, that the dead chased for awhile the living from his thoughts. It seemed like a sacrilege to put away those objects, appropriated to, and used by, his first love, in order to make way for others for her successor; and there were moments when he wished that he had not broken through his resolution of never wedding again. Now that Donna Maria was no longer present with her irresistible beauty to captivate, and her sweet accents to soothe, those attractions seemed to fade away; while memory had none of those thoughts to dwell on, created by sympathy of feeling, and communion of tastes and opinions, which form the strongest links in the chain of affection, when parted from the loved object. He tried in vain to recall her sentiments on any of the subjects on which they had conversed, but could remember nothing but beaming eyes and sweet smiles, with a tacit assent to all he said; and these, however delightful when present, cease to satisfy when absent.

Not so were his recollections of her who had gone down to her early grave while in the zenith of her beauty. Her calm reflecting mind, her deep sympathy in all his tastes and feelings, that mild pensiveness, as far removed from gloomy melancholy as from heartless gayety; and those long and frequent interchanges of thought which had cemented their union, and rendered every recollection of it inexpressibly dear to his heart, now returned with revived old and tender associations to chase the image of Donna Maria from his heart; and never, perhaps, was his lost wife more fondly remembered, than while he felt he had gone too far to recede in giving her a successor. My boy, at least, will find happiness in the new union I am about to form, thought Don Guzman, for he passionately loves Donna Maria, and she dotes on him. And this reflection was the most consolatory to him who, a few days before, longed for the completion of those nuptials from which, were it now in his power, consistently with honour, he would have willingly withdrawn.

But such is man! Ever desirous of some imagined good, which loses its value when the hour of attainment becomes certain. A month rolled away before Don Guzman left his castle to seek that of his future father-in-law. It had been arranged that the marriage should be celebrated the day after his arrival and a vast concourse of the friends of both parties were to be assembled on the occasion. Previous to leaving home he took from his breast the miniature of his lost wife, with the long ringlet of raven hair that accompanied it, and which had never been removed since her death, with the intention of depositing both in his *escritoire*; but when he looked on that beautiful and gentle face, with its soft and pleading eyes, his tears dimmed the crystal that covered it, and he had not resolution enough to part from it.

Change of scene produced its usual effect. The power of association was broken, and Don Guzman began to think less of the dead, as he receded from the scenes with which the memory of the departed was identified. The sight of the lovely Donna Maria, more blooming than when he had left her, again awakened a new interest in his breast; and although he admitted to himself, that he would have preferred seeing her cheek a shade paler, as proof that his absence had been felt, he nevertheless could not resist admiring its bright tint, which heightened the affect of her dark and lustrous eyes.

The castle of d'Alfarache was filled with guests come to do honour to the marriage, and a more beautiful bride or a more noble looking bridegroom were seldom seen, than Donna Maria and Don Guzman, as they knelt before the altar to receive the nuptial benediction. All was festivity and rejoicing; and as the new-made husband gazed on his lovely consort, sparkling in jewels, and attired in a dress that displayed to great advantage the symmetrical beauty of her graceful person, he wondered how, a few days previously, he could have regretted the union now completed. Don Guzman found his child so elated and occupied by a magnificent costume presented to him for the occasion of the wedding, that he had little time to devote to his father, who, to say the truth, was so far engrossed by his fair bride, that for the first few days after his marriage, he thought of little else.

It happened, however, one day, that while the boy sat by his sire, Don Alfonso d'Alfarache observed, that he was glad to hear his kinsman was so much recovered as to be able to leave his chamber. "Don Miguel d'Alcantaras is a brave and accomplished hidalgo," said he, addressing Don Guzman; "and will, I hope, my son, win your esteem."

"I like Don Miguel," interrupted the child, "for he gave me my pretty dog; and Donna Maria likes him too; don't you, mother? And poor Don Miguel is very unhappy, and sighs, and has tears in his *eyes* whenever he speaks to Donna Maria; and Donna Lucretzia was angry when I said so, and told me I must never say anything about it."

Don Guzman looked at his bride, and beheld with no less surprise than pain, that she blushed deeply; and appeared very much confused.

"You know not what you say, young senor," observed Donna Lucretzia. "I only told you that children should not speak until they were spoken to."

"But I *do* know what I say," resumed the boy, angrily; "and poor Don Miguel *did* weep when he told mama that he should *die* soon, he was so wretched."

Donna Maria's cheeks changed from crimson to a death-like paleness, as her eyes bent beneath the stern and haughty glance of her husband; and Donna Lucretzia betrayed an agitation which she vainly sought to conceal. Don Alfonso d'Alfarache, who was very deaf, heard not the child's words, and noticed not the change that had taken place in the countenances of the bride, bridegroom and duenna,—Don Guzman left the chamber; his mind a prey to emotions as new as they were painful; for jealousy, for the first time in his life, made its baleful influence felt in his breast. His was a nature so sensitive, proud and delicate, that the bare notion that the woman affianced to him could listen to the vows of another, even though she sanctioned them not, inflicted a deep wound; and how otherwise than that had she listened to such vows, could he interpret the words of his artless child? Yes, it was plain, that during his absence, in those hours which he believed had been devoted to fond thoughts, and regrets for him, Donna Maria had permitted another to sigh, nay, to weep, and talk of soon dying. Don Guzman, unwilling to meet his bride while undergoing the first violence of the new passion that tortured him, retired into an orange-grove at a short distance from the castle, and throwing himself on the grass, sought, but, alas! for a long time in vain, to recover the self-control he felt to be so essential to the maintenance of his dignity in the present trying emergency.—While reflecting on the painful position in which he found himself, he heard the sound of his child's voice speaking to his attendant as they walked in a pleasure ground, only separated from the orange-grove by a myrtle hedge, which effectually concealed him from their view.

"I will not do as naughty Donna Lucretzia tells me," said the boy; "she is always so cross and unkind;" and the child sobbed. "She says I must never tell papa any thing about Don Miguel; and she scolded me so, because I said that he sighed, and had tears in his eyes when he spoke to Donna Maria."

Don Guzman writhed as he heard the innocent child reveal to his domestic what had inflicted such pain on himself, and experienced a sense of deep humiliation as the impression, which such a communication must make on the servant's mind, flashed on his own.

"And Donna Maria does not love me now as well as she did at first," resumed the boy, "and when papa was away, she liked much better to listen and speak to Don Miguel than to me; and when I said so, she was angry, and so was Donna Lucretzia."

Every word that his son spoke confirmed the suspicions of Don Guzman. What, then, had he been lured into an attachment by the wiles of an artful coquette; and had the child on whom he doated been made the medium to dupe him into an engagement, which, had he not been assured of Donna Maria's love for the boy, he never would have formed. It was not to be borne. No; he would avenge the injury inflicted on his honour and peace, however terrible the result might prove to himself or others. If guilt attached not to the acquaintance of Donna Maria and Don Miguel, why should the duenna chide his son for naming him? But even if no actual guilt had been committed, had he not proof in the words of his innocent child that, in his own absence, his betrothed bride had shown a marked preference for the society of Don Miguel; and was not this fact alone enough to justify his anger against her? While, then, painful thoughts were passing in his mind, Donna Maria was in deep consultation with Donna Lucretzia, how best to evade the displeasure of Don Guzman, which, from his clouded brow as he left the chamber, they *dreaded* having incurred.

"I warned you, Donna Maria," said the duenna, "not to encourage the attentions of Don Miguel. I foresaw that no good could result from it, and you see that what I feared has come to pass."

"What do you call encouragement?" demanded Donna Maria. "Did I not command him to speak to me no more of his passion? Did I not remind him, over and over again, that I was the affianced wife of Don Guzman?"

"That may be," replied Donna Lucretzia, "but why, in the commencement, did you walk and talk so much with him; and when he first spoke of love, why did you not avoid his presence?"

"Because I had not the heart to condemn him to despair without endeavouring to soothe the ill-fated passion I could neither sanction nor reciprocate."

"You should have been more reserved, more dignified at first, Donna Maria, and then Don Miguel would not have presumed to confess his passion to you, who were affianced to another. Ah! when I was young, I was so dignified that few would have had the presumption to love, or the temerity to make me a declaration."

"Perhaps it was not your dignity alone that precluded such declarations," said Donna Maria pertly, looking with complacency at the reflection of her own image in the mirror before which she stood; and which, truth to say, offered a striking contrast to that of the withered old maiden beside her. "But what is now to be done? Don Miguel will appear at dinner to-day, and his impassioned glances at me, as well as his extreme dejection, will confirm the suspicions unhappily excited in Don Guzman's breast by the prattle of his son. How tiresome children are!"

"Ay, so I have often told you, and how dangerous too; but you would not listen to me."

"A thought strikes me," said Donna Maria. "I will go out on the terrace, when Don Miguel will be sure to see me from his window, and will, as surely, join me. I will tell him what has occurred, and I will entreat him not to appear at dinner, or if he does, not to look at me, or betray any symptoms of dejection."

"But are you aware, Donna Maria, that this very interview, should Don Guzman discover it, may, by confirming his doubts, destroy forever your happiness with him? and should he not detect it, consider that by such a confidential communication with Don Miguel, you place yourself in his power, and give him an encouragement still more dangerous than hitherto."

"You object to everything I propose," replied Donna Maria, angrily; "yet suggest nothing yourself. But the die is cast; I will seek this interview, which shall positively be the last. You look incredulous; but I swear it shall be so, and, for the result, I must leave it to chance."

Donna Lucretzia shook her head disapprovingly, and would have again counselled the wilful Donna Maria against the measure she intended to take; but the proud and spoilt beauty abruptly quitted her presence, and, in a short time after, was on the terrace, where, as she had anticipated, she was quickly joined by Don Miguel.

It happened that the orange-grove, where Don Guzman lay reclined, brooding over his cause for anger, adjoined a pleasure-ground, with which the terrace communicated by flights of steps; near the bottom of the last of which, a fountain cast up its crystal waters towards the azure sky, cooling the sultry air. This spot had been a favourite one with Donna Maria, and often, during the last month, had she frequented it with Don Miguel. To it she now proceeded, accompanied by him, and eagerly watched by her husband, who could plainly see her, and her companion, and who jealously noted the impassioned gestures of Don Miguel. While they still conversed, Don Guzman's son, perceiving them, broke from his attendant, and followed by his favourite dog, the gift of Don Miguel, joined his step-mother, who, fearful of the child's repeating what might be said, bade farewell to her admirer, and ascended to the terrace, leaving Don Miguel behind.

Don Guzman marked, with jealous rage, his bride turn to bestow a parting glance on Don Miguel, while he, lifting his hat from his brow, stood gazing on her, as if he could not tare himself from the spot. Phrenzied by the sight, the enraged husband only waited until every one, save Don Miguel, had left the pleasure-ground; when, rushing from his place of concealment, he drew his sword, and defied his supposed rival to instant combat. When Don Miguel would have spoken, he reproached him with want of courage; nay, threw his glove in his face, which so enraged the other, that he, too, drew his rapier.—They fought desperately, each animated by a burning hatred, until both fell, bathed in blood, and mortally wounded. When discovered, Don Miguel had ceased to live; and his adversary was dying. He was borne to the castle, when Donna Maria, frantic with horror and grief at the terrible consequence of her levity, threw herself at his feet, and implored the pardon his lips could no longer utter. He breathed his last in a few minutes after, his dying eyes fixed on his child. . . . . . Donna Maria retired to a convent dedicated to our Lady, on Monte Serrado, so celebrated for the piety of its sisterhood, where she passed the remainder of her days, in penitence and prayer, and died at an advanced age, venerated and beloved by all in the convent.

CLARICE DEVEREUX.

BY MRS. MICHEL.

Nature had nowhere been more lavish of her favours, than on the small, but surpassingly beauteous domain, belonging to the family of Devereux.

It was a lovely evening in the month of June; the sun had scarce sunk beneath the horizon, when seated under a wide-spreading oak, in silence enjoying this scene of summer brightness, was one whose remains of beauty told, that that form had once been the cynosure of all eyes; brighter, alas! and better days had been hers, but deep sorrow had been there; the gaze of melancholy told she had quaffed the cup of misery to its dregs!

At her feet was seated a bright form, which could scarce have seen sixteen summers, whose arch look and buoyant laugh told she had yet to learn the harsh lesson of worldly wisdom—that wisdom which can alone be taught by painful experience! The world to her was a scene of happiness, and her flow of uncontrolled spirits at times appeared as if they would overpower so fragile a frame, and snap the slender cord that bound her to existence. Each smile of joy, each sally of mirth, told that the spirit within was at peace with God and man, that nought but content and happiness reigned within that bosom!

Her raven hair formed a striking contrast to the snowy whiteness of her skin, and the jetty lash added deeper expression to the full and brilliant eye, "so dark, so deep, so beautifully blue;" but on her cheek, alas! there dwelt that tint of red, which, ever wearing an unearthly appearance, suddenly mantles it, and as suddenly disappears, too truly telling the bitter tale, that death will early snatch its victim from the trials and miseries of a cold and heartless world!

The mother turned and looked upon her lovely child, and a glance of anxiety replaced the gaze of sorrow.

"No shawl! no cloak! Clarice, my own child, how is this?—for my sake, for your poor mother's sake, cherish your health."

"Forgive me, mother," said the girl, as she threw herself upon the neck of Lady Devereux, and again and again kissed her cheek; then suddenly rising, bounded over the lawn, and returned muffled in a cloak, and carrying in her hand a shawl, which she threw over the shoulders of her mother.

"Look! yonder comes old Mary," she exclaimed, "poor thing! she can scarce walk! I will go and fetch her." Saying which, she again crossed the lawn, and aided the decrepid woman in finding a seat.

With painful anxiety Lady Devereux's eye would watch every movement of her child, and now, as she followed her light step, and smiled upon that act of kindness, she sighed to think that she could not for ever keep her thus happy, thus free from anxiety and care.

Why should the sunshine of happiness ever forsake that breast? why should that step lose its lightness, that voice its tones of joy, that eye its flash of mirth, that smile its brightness? Oh! why should the

"Glow of early thought decline in feeling's dull decay?"

Clarice was again seated at her mother's feet.

"The idea even of your marriage makes me miserable, my child; when you are gone, I shall be a lone and wretched woman; but, indeed, I have overcome my selfishness, and you shall, ere long, be a useful and ornamental member of society. Your life must not be spent by the fireside of your old mother; indeed, I am no longer the selfish being you have hitherto known; and yet I fear——"

"I would you were, my mother," replied Clarice, interrupting her; "for I will not leave you for all this world can offer."

"But, Clarice, you may soon think otherwise," said Lady Devereux, smiling.

"Oh! my dear, dear mother, how can you speak thus! indeed, you know not how few there are whom I could ever love."

"Time, my child, will tell us all; but the dew is heavy, you shall no longer stay without. I have most bitter reasons to dread the blasts of night!"

Sir Edward and Lady Devereux had mourned the death of no less than three children, who, ere attaining the age of maturity, had been carried off by that most deceitful and insidious of all diseases, consumption!

It was no wonder, therefore, that the only remaining link of their affection should have been loved with an almost painful intensity. Fate decreed that the father should never behold the ripening beauties of his child, for at an early age death deprived Clarice of her father, and the heart-broken mother directed every thought and feeling to the happiness of the only being who now cheered her widowed heart, and blessed her existence. Clarice deeply loved her mother, and strove to realise her most darling hopes; their disparity of age seemed forgotten; the thoughts, the hopes, the fears of mother and daughter grew as it were together, and became the same.

Clarice entered life the admired of all who beheld her beauty, the esteemed of all who knew her worth! There was that poetry about her nature, that brightness of romance about her every thought and feeling, that is as seldom understood by the heart of man, but, when understood, is ever most highly appreciated, which, elevating the object of his affections far above the common level of her sex, more truly approximates her to that spirit of virtue, grace and beauty, for which he ever sighs, and which has been the minister of the most worldly philosopher's daydreams. Nor is it a vain tale that such bright beings love with greater intensity, and are loved with greater devotion, than those whose feelings are cast in nature's ordinary mould; their happiness is greater, and, alas! so is their misery; for their very sensitiveness teaches them to weep with the wretched, and rejoice with the happy. By such natures is the cup of misery most deeply quaffed, their golden dreams are ever broken; their fond desire for true and eternal love; the fresh and lovely feelings of devotion, "run to waste, and water but the desert!"—or, chilled by the ingratitude of man, break the bursting heart, which finds no solace but in religion, no rest but in the grave!

Clarice had attained her seventeenth year, ere thoughts of her marriage had entered the mind of either mother or daughter.

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The eve was dark and louring, rain fell in torrents, though the dryness of the ground told that it had but just commenced, and a break in the clouds gave hope that it would be of no long continuance.

A horseman, muffled in a cloak, sought shelter in a cottage, in the lovely neighborhood of ——. His tall and well-proportioned form, his mild and polished manner, bespoke nobility of birth. He started, on entering, to behold the figure of a surpassingly beauteous girl kneeling by the bedside of a dying woman. Her raven locks had strayed from the cheek to the shoulder, whilst her small hand clasped a Bible, from which she had evidently been reading to the invalid.

The stranger paused, as if to gaze upon the bright scene before him—of beauty heightened by the act of piety! The voice of an elder woman offering him a chair, broke his reverie; Clarice turned round to ascertain to whom the offer had been made, and on beholding the form of the stranger she arose, slightly blushing.

"I greatly fear," he said, "I have interrupted your work of charity, fair lady; but let me assure you that I am not so hardened by the world's vanities, as to take no delight in witnessing acts of piety."

"You have in no way interrupted us," she replied, "in fact, my task was over ere you entered; but the rain has ceased, and I have other work ere night closes."

Then turning, she addressed the invalid, and bowing to the stranger, quitted the hut. She had scarcely departed, when an impatient, "Who is she?" burst from his lips, and deeper and deeper grew the interest with which he questioned them concerning Clarice; but the extent of their information consisted in praising and blessing their angel, as by the poor of the village she was oft denominated.

He left the hut, and was soon joined by one whose dress betokened the soldier.

"Does not your sister, Lady Devereux, reside in this neighbourhood, Desmond?" said the stranger, after a pause of some minutes, "and her lovely daughter?"

"Yes," replied Desmond; "my sister, Lady Devereux, resides in this neighbourhood; and a lovelier or a better being exists not than Clarice Devereux; though, I fear, that both her beauty and her worth are soon to be sadly thrown away."

"How?" anxiously exclaimed the other, his heart sickening at even the idea that the intelligence conveyed.

"First, then, let me know why Lord Clifford is so deeply interested in the fate of Clarice Devereux?"

"The tale first," he replied, "and perhaps my reasons afterwards."

"Well, well, be it so," resumed Desmond. "You must know, then, that scarce eight months have elapsed, since I was called from England by military duties. Clarice, just then seventeen, cared for none, and no one seemed likely to satisfy the overflowing feelings of her young heart. Her mother seriously spoke to me of her daughter's marriage, as in case of her decease, Clarice would become an houseless orphan, the property being entailed on my elder brother, who is not on terms with Lady Devereux. My wandering life precludes my ever having a home to offer my niece, and Clarice, my sister said, was too weak in health, and too attractive in person, to be alone, exposed, at so early an age, to the trials and miseries of such a world. Lady Devereux, becoming nervous from long suffering and solitude, fancied her own health was on the decline, and that ere long she might be numbered with the dead. On my return, I learn that Clarice is engaged to the only man I despise, as well as dislike. Without heart or principle, or, in fact, aught that ennobles the character of our sex, he will soon replace her smiles of joy by the tear of misery. They tell me, also, that she cares not for this Sir Charles Everard, but having vainly sought the being of her dreams, one whose devotion she could appreciate, and to whom she could unrestrainedly offer every fond feeling of her young and pure mind, she forsakes the cherished hope, thus satisfying herself that this world contains not the intense love she had sighed for; that nought but heartlessness and vanity is to be found in this vale of tears! My sister seems quite fooled by the man, who pretends to worship her daughter, and has promised never to separate Clarice and her mother. The deed, I fear, is well nigh done; no power of mine can now remedy the evil; but poor, poor Clarice, from my heart I pity!"

Lord Clifford spoke not—his heart was full, but ere they parted, it was agreed that on the morrow, Colonel Desmond should conduct Lord Clifford to the house of Lady Devereux. Ah! wherefore does man thus blindly seek temptation? which too often terminates in the irremediable misery of the only being he loves.

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The marriage was over. The honey-moon was past, and the health of Clarice was fast declining from the dissipation of London, into the midst of which her husband, ambitious to be himself known amongst the highest circles, and determined to make his wife's charms the passport, has cast her. She soon became the reigning beauty, and the desires of the selfish baronet were amply gratified. The season was scarce over, when the physicians shook their head at Lady Everard's state of debility, and insisted upon her leaving England for the more salubrious air of sunny Italy. With his usual indifference the husband consented, and, as his duties kept him in town, Clarice departed, accompanied only by her mother.

The feelings of Clifford towards Lady Everard had daily become more rooted and strengthened; honour bade him shun her too fast fascinating society, as he could not but perceive that she preferred him to the many that offered incense at this shrine of beauty; but when chance threw them together, he seemed absorbed in her every word and action, and with the care of a mother, would forbid her encountering the air of night, or would shield her chest from its deadly influence; and when, amid the dance, the low short cough distressed her fragile frame, he would gaze upon her with a depth of melancholy that told he too clearly beheld the finger of death upon that brow of marble; and then he would sigh and turn away, as if fearful lest that gaze might have been perceived by her all-seeing eye!

But the eye is keen when love is in the heart; and Clarice reflected with delight upon the *heartfelt* conduct of Lord Clifford, which lost nought of its value, by being compared to the vain and foolish bearing of those who surrounded her. All was cold, save *his* kindness; "all vanity and vexation of spirit," save his society. She looked upon him, as a being superior to the common herd—as one who reflected and suffered, whilst others grew cold and hardened; and who possessed those intense feelings of love and devotion which she had imagined dwelt not in the heart of any Lord of the creation.

His manner was of that species which, by its captivating softness, deeply penetrates the inmost recess of woman's heart, and even engages the affections of that being to whom its homage is offered. There was a sweetness in his smile—a *deep* tone in his voice, which is ever endearing to woman's fond and wretched spirit.

Clarice had never repressed any feeling towards Lord Clifford. Assured of her own strength—scorning the idea of danger, she had never endeavored to subdue the growing evil, when alone it was to be subdued!

"Why," she would reason to herself, "may not Lord Clifford be even as a brother to me? Why should I deprive myself of my kindest friend, my sagest counsellor? Why should not real friendship exist between us?" Alas! vain philosopher, thou leanest on a broken reed! 'Tis ever thus we deceive our hearts, ever too willing to be deceived. 'Tis ever thus we gloss over our feelings—banish the fatal truth from our minds, until sin or misery, too late, bids us, with severity, check the smallest beginning of evil—with deep scrutiny examine the inmost feelings of our deceitful hearts, and with rapidity fly from the scene of danger!

The woman who loves her husband is ever safe; but she who does not must oft be beset by severe temptation, and, oh! who can say she will stand the trying hour?

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'Tis Italy—bright Italy! In solitude Clarice gazes from her casement upon a scene of surpassing beauty; her cheek has lost its bloom; her eye its brightness; her work lies untouched; her book unopened; her flowers die of neglect, and as she kneels in prayer one image stands between her soul and heaven! One form too dearly and too madly loved!—Alas! she now felt how little her selfish husband had ever shared her fond and wretched heart! Her days of true happiness have past—her hours of pure joy have fled! But *he* (for he had followed her)—*he*—approaches, her color mantles her cheek, the smile plays around her mouth, and happiness beams in every feature! Alas! how delusive. Absorbed in the ecstasy of the present, she forgets the evil and wretchedness such love must bring, and, for a while, even conscience sleeps!

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The sun's last rays gild a room which clearly demonstrates by its elegance and comfort, that the hand of woman had been there! The eve is soft and lovely! The balmy breath of summer plays o'er a couch where lies reclined the form of one, whose unconfined tresses hang in luxurious profusion around her shoulders, and whose dim eye tells the tale of suffering. But in her glance can be read that he who bends o'er her is dearer than existence itself, that for his sake she could endure all! The long concealed tale of *love* and of *misery* has been told—she has listened to the voice of the charmer, who now watches every change of her illness, anticipates every desire of her mind. The tale of passion has been told, and the wretched woman now greedily devours those tones, breathing nought but that love which had so long burned within her breast!

"Do you love me, Clarice?" said Walter, as he smoothed her pillow. She answered not, but gazed upon his manly brow, and that gaze was sufficient!

"Bless you! God bless you, mine own!" he replied.

A God bless you—that oft rung in her ears when he was by; that to her was sweeter than any earthly melody! Who has not felt that? What woman has not cherished in her heart the loved one's deep solemn "God bless you," even amid long years of misery and of absence? Woman alone knows how deeply one unkind expression, or one affectionate regard may for ever influence her destiny!

A violent fall from her horse had brought on fever, and confined Lady Everard to her couch. At night the half-distracted mother never left her daughter's side, but during the day was obliged to seek that rest which her enfeebled frame so much required.

Lord Clifford was one whose early hopes and aspirations had been blasted by the world; and who seemed to cling to *her* affection as his only, his last remaining hope of earthly happiness; and oft as he had loved, or fancied he loved, he never loved as now! Nought but her attachment could dispel his hours of darkness and gloom; nought but her smile restore him to happiness!

The religion that had so adorned the youthful character of Clarice, was not sufficient to resist such a temptation. Ah! woman too late learns how true, how great must be that sense of piety that will uphold her in the hour of trial,—that will snatch her undefiled from the burning furnace! Religion alone can save her, when all combines to work her fall!—Nor can the strength of her piety be known until tried by severe temptation. The religion that teaches youth to do good, to practice charity, to solace the wretched, to attend the ordinances of its God, to love the Gospel of its Saviour, is oft too weak to stand against the temptation of the world, or be overcome in the hour of trial. 'Tis easier to do good than to avoid evil—'tis easier to practice the virtues that our hearts are not averse to, than to give up the evil that we love! Tell the young artless girl that the religion which taught her infancy to pray, and her youth to practice goodness, unless it strengthens with her strength, and grows with her growth, will nought avail her when love guides her mind, or passion blinds her reason, and deceitful man appeals to the loving heart!

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The sound of music and of revelry rent the air;—mirth and laughter echoed through the spacious halls! Every countenance beamed with joy, and every mind seemed engaged in the soul-stirring scene.—Every eye was directed to one spot, and curiosity was depicted on every face.

"Who is she?" said a lisping dandy to his companion.

"I would I knew," said the other; "for by my faith I ne'er gazed upon a lovelier form."

"And her *tournure* is exquisite," said the first.

"This unknown beauty will drive me mad," said the young Lord de Careney. "Come, let's to our fair hostess, maybap she can enlighten our minds!"

The trio departed, but ere reaching the young Duchess de ——, stopped on meeting one whose *distingue* appearance placed him far above his fellows.

"Clifford," said De Careney, "you can, perhaps, satisfy our curiosity; who is yonder lovely creature, who, angel-like, has dropped from heaven, to teach our French belles the difference between dress and grace, paint and beauty?"

"Lady Everard," he coolly replied, "the daughter of the late Sir Edward Devereux;" and passing on, stationed himself at a door, where, unperceived, he could watch the dance. A superficial observer might have said, he was deeply plunged in meditation, but it required no very strict scrutiny to discover that his eye followed every movement of the being, whose beauty caused so much inquiry; that he watched every word she uttered; and once their eyes met with an expression that spoke but of deep misery and deep devotion!

Lord Clifford sighed and turned away, and no where amid the festive scene was he to be found.

She heard that sigh—she watched his departure, and darkness to her impassioned eye overspread the brilliant apartment as his loved form vanished! Yet she laughed and talked, she smiled, and danced, as if a wretched feeling, or a sinful love had never gained entrance into that broken heart, that devoted spirit!

Clarice, on this night, looked her loveliest. Her hair formed a striking contrast to the wreath of white roses that encircled her brow; the full blue was unusually bright; the whiteness of her brow dazzling—Alas! as unearthly and as exquisite was the tint which so clearly, even amid revelry and mirth, told the tale of death.

The dance has ceased, and all had flown into another apartment; to listen to some famous singers.—Clarice alone refused to move: one moment and she was alone.

"You are tired," said a voice behind her.

"No, no," she replied. "But I am faint, and I would breathe the fresh air." They sought the garden.

"Walter, Walter," she exclaimed, "my heart is bursting! Where, how, can all this end?"

"*Be mine*," he replied, "and, forsaking the world, we will live for each other!"

"Oh! my mother, my poor dear mother, I cannot break her heart; you know not the extent of her affection towards me, and did she but know one tenth part of her child's transgression, her lone and widowed heart would break."

The moon shone fully o'er her face; he turned and gazed upon it; emotion had choked her utterance, and tears sparkled in her eye.

"Clarice, Clarice, my own loved Clarice, you are young, the world is all before you! Felicity must await you. Oh! wherefore do you speak thus to your wretched Walter, whose every feeling is turned to bitterness, every hope blasted, and who clings to love as his remaining all of earthly happiness.

"Happiness!" she, with bitterness exclaimed;—"and where can I look for happiness? I love thee better than life itself, and fate has forever divided us! Even at this parting for a few short days, my heart bleeds. Oh! what shall I do when we part, perhaps never to meet again?"

He pressed her to his bosom, and imprinted a kiss upon her forehead.

"Oh! Clarice, why did we not sooner meet, or never meet at all?"

"Alas! why?" she sighed, and then resumed; "You know not, Walter, all I now suffer, or how I valued my conscious feelings of purity—how I cherished my virtue; and now, when I reflect, I feel that I am a sinful woman; perhaps, in the sight of heaven, no better than the worst of my sex; my brain is maddened, and I feel as if my senses were forsaking me! May God forgive me!"

"And this, this is all my devilish work," he exclaimed. "Oh, ought I not to be accursed for thus blasting the feelings of such a heart! Wretch as I am, forgive me, Clarice, forgive me!"

"Speak not thus, Walter—think what, what should I be without thee?"

"A happy being," he replied; "for, though ignorant of that rapture of love, still, absence of misery is in another species of happiness!"

"No! no! thou art all the world to me—all else is insipid and cold; thou hast taught me the power of love; thou didst first teach me the deep feelings this breast contained! Oh! Walter, Walter how can I live without thee?"

She sunk upon his breast, and Lord Clifford felt there was no sacrifice too great for him to make that could conduce to her happiness.

"Clarice, my own blessed Clarice, let me solemnly ask thee whether any sacrifice on my part, any act of mine, can alleviate thy misery. Even separation for ever, though it be the death-knell to all my feelings and hopes of happiness, shall be endured! for my existence is thine; and though the deprivation of thy love will tear from me the last, the only thing I now cherish on earth, still be it so; I care not, so long as 'tis for thy welfare, and this too wretched heart be blotted! Let me but feel that even by the sacrifice of all I love dearest on earth, I have contributed to thy happiness, and I shall die content: and then I shall no longer cling to this world of shadows, death——"

"Oh! do not talk of death, Walter," she interrupted him, "'tis I should talk upon such a subject, with so many examples before me; may I not——"

"Hush, Clarice," he said and with energy exclaimed, "God grant the same grave may cover us!"

* * * * * *

The festive scene had passed away! Clarice leant upon her hand over a table, where the wreath of roses and the dress of gaiety lay neglected. By a small lamp, she was attentively perusing the Book of God; absorbed in thought, she raised her head, and again her eye fell upon the Sacred Word! Repose had in vain been courted; but sleepless nights were no novelty to the frame of Clarice. Approaching a couch upon which the moon's rays were brilliantly reflected, and sinking upon her knees, she invoked that God who is never deaf to the cry of faith! She wrestled in spirit—she strove with her Maker in anguish of heart—again and again she fell upon her knees, and again and again prayed to her Saviour and her God! Violent sobs at length relieved her overloaded bosom, and rising from her knees, she unclosed her desk, and wrote as follows:—

"You will open this, Walter, when we are parted for ever! when this guilty yet loving heart looks to Heaven alone for support—to the grave alone for rest!

"My brain is burning—my heart is breaking—and I feel as if my spirit would forsake its earthly tabernacle ere I could commit to paper the last few lines that you will ever receive from the wretched, heart-broken Clarice! from one whom you have too dearly loved, and will, I fear, love for ever! I have prayed to heaven for guidance. Walter, I have given myself over to the mercy of the Most High! My spirit has breathed in prayer: I rise from the throne of Grace, in the presumptuous hope that He will deign, in such an hour, to guide the pen of even such a wretch as I am! I write that which I feel will break this bursting heart. I bid thee—Walter, I who have so fondly hung upon thy every look, so madly devoured thy every word,—I, who love thee better than existence's self, and would rather in wretchedness and poverty be thine, than amid happiness and affluence, the wife of a monarch! Yes, Walter, I bid thee—I ask thee—to leave me for ever! for ever! 'Tis a cold, a harsh, a bitter sound! but it must be! Walter, we are parted, and for ever! The spell is broken! I tear thee from my soul, and vow to lay the fragments of my broken heart before the throne of mercy and forgiveness, to be by His atoning blood purified and cleansed, ere death doth snatch me from this world of sin and misery! We are nothing to each other! I ne'er shall behold that loved form more!

"My God, my God, support me through this agonizing task, not from fear of the world's sneers, nor from any minor feeling do I thus act; think'st thou to gain the approving smiles of a vicious world I could agonize myself, and the being to whom I love better than self! Believe me, religion alone thus forcibly strengthens its unworthy votary to fly temptation! To fly ere we irretrievably fall, ere guilt has for ever chained us as its victims! Before that fatal illness, Walter, the sound of affection was never heard between us, though looks and acts too clearly spoke to our senses; but since that period, since thou didst nurse me with a mother's care, the words of passion and of love have passed between us, and we have existed but for each other! The bright dream is past! and I am a lone and wretched being! I scarce can bid thee forget me, Walter, I feel it impossible that such love as thine should forget! but I bid thee pray for me, pray for me, whilst life inhabits this weak frame, and when I am gone, visit the spot where I lie, and pray, pray for our re-union hereafter. Pray that Heaven may forgive our sin, that God may forget our iniquity. Pray that my repentance may be sincere! And now, for the last time, I will call thee mine own, own love—my dear, dearest Walter—my first, my last, my only love! farewell! a long farewell! Farewell for ever! CLARICE."

The deed was done; even then she felt that they *had* parted! The letter was sealed, directed, and the desk secured. Nothing could now turn that noble mind from its magnanimous resolve. Again she knelt, and poured out her spirit in thanksgiving. The tears of misery soon exhausted her feeble frame, and sleep betrizarted that spirit, over which angels had kept watch, and the King of Heaven in mercy smiled upon the repentant sinner.

Clifford would, of course, appear to bid them "adieu" ere departing—'twas then she determined to place in his hands the letter.

* * * * * *

Three hours had elapsed since the dawn of day, and Lady Devereux, seated by the couch of her child, watched her slumbers.

"Clarice," said the mother, as she awoke, "your uncle, Colonel Desmond, has just arrived from England; rise, and dress, my child, that you may be able to see him on his return."

"Return!" said Clarice, "where is he gone?"

"To Lord Clifford's," said Lady Devereux, "who has so much to hear from Symes about England and his English friends, that he has deferred his departure until to-morrow."

"I shall be delighted to see my uncle," said Clarice, "but what brings him here?"

"Is it not natural," said Lady Devereux, "that he should pass his leisure in the society of his sister and niece?"

It was true—Colonel Desmond had arrived—but wherefore? To communicate to his sister the sudden death of Sir Charles Everard! He wished the event to be immediately broken to Clarice, but Lady Devereux loudly protested against the measure, as she wished nothing to be done until Dr. May had been consulted, fearing that so great a shock might bring on a relapse.

"But supposing your physician agree with you, Emma," said Colonel Desmond, "when is Clarice to be told of her husband's death?"

"When her strength is greater," replied Lady Devereux.

"How is it then that she was allowed only last night to attend a ball?"

"It is the opinion of Dr. May that mind has a great deal to do with the illness of my child, and he has recommended my allowing her to mix in society, and wishes me, by every means, to divert her mind."

To Lord Clifford the intelligence of that man's death, whom he scarcely knew, and had ever despised, conveyed but one thought, one idea: the season of mourning over, Clarice was—*his for ever!* New existence seemed to diffuse itself through his frame! joy danced within him! his future life would be a scene of happiness! he was no longer a lone and wretched being with nothing to look forward to, with every past hope blasted.

* * * * * *

The eve was calm—scarce a breath stirred—all nature seemed to foretel some coming storm. The sun was setting in unusual glory, when Clarice, complying with the request of Lord Clifford, had sallied forth: they sought a spot where, far from the "cruel of the cold," they might breathe their last vows.—After ascending some rocky and undulating ground, they reached a large rock, by which was a curious cave, the lower part of which was filled with water. Weeping willows and other trees of equal beauty appeared to mourn around the melancholy spot, and the stillness of death was there! An unearthly feeling of cold issued from the cave, and the frame of Clarice quivered as she sat on the water's edge.

"You are cold—Clarice, you are ill."

"'Tis nothing, nothing," she replied, nearly choked by a short and painful cough.

"Indeed, indeed, you are not well," said Walter; "for the last few hours I have seen it; tell me what you feel."

"Nothing but a cough, from which I have so often suffered, and which, therefore, can be of no moment."

The father of Lord Clifford had, through Colonel Desmond, sent a verbal message to his son, to beg his immediate return to England, on account of some private business. He had also received a letter to the same effect; but the verbal message rendered non-compliance with the mandate impossible. His sanguine hopes and feelings of happiness soon vanished, as the time drew near that was to separate them for an indefinite period, perhaps for ever! *For*, as this fatal hour approaches, the heart of man ever sinks within him, and—

"Howe'er we promise, hope, believe,—there breathes despair."

"We part, Clarice, perhaps for ever!" said Walter.

She spoke not, but tears of agony told how deep were her sufferings.

"Oh! to think," she at last faltered, "that the voice I so much love, the gaze I more than love, may, ere to-morrow's sun is set, be lost to me for ever!"

The wretched woman leant upon his shoulder, and, in anguish wept.

"You talk to me of happiness!" she wildly exclaimed; "of the cares, of the pleasure that may engross my existence—alas! alas! too well, you know, Walter, that I have but one source of happiness amongst the things of this life—where—oh, where, but to that heaven, whose laws I have spurned, dare I look now for solace?"

Man, who ne'er sheds a tear at the world's joys and griefs, and who ever scorns to display his inward suffering among the giddy crowd, is overcome, as he listens to the accents of misery wrung from the heart of the only being he loves,—as he gazes upon the young and lovely woman whose hopes and happiness he has for ever blasted!

Lord Clifford bent his head upon his hand, and wept from agony of spirit—aye, wept as a child might weep! Rising, he leant against a rock, upon which their initials were engraved."

"There, Clarice," he said, "may our love be as indelible as those letters! But hark! it thunders! we must away! Let us part—let us here part—alone, and far from the gaze of man! We must here part—I must here leave you; grief, such as ours, brooks not the vulgar gaze. I have arranged all; ere ten minutes have elapsed, my trusty Enrico will await you a few yards hence, and conduct you to your home."

His arm was passed round her waist, she placed a letter in his hands, and falteringly, said—"Read it, when we are parted."

"May God in Heaven bless and forgive you, Clarice," he replied; but ere another word had issued from his lips, with one piercing shriek she sank within his arms. Again and again was that dear form pressed to his bosom, whilst upon that forehead was imprinted the kiss of intense affection. The lurid lightning now shot across the cave and was succeeded by peals of thunder. Rain fell in torrents; the storm raged; darkness covered the face of the earth; the lightning became dazzlingly vivid, the thunder drew awfully near.

Clarice, almost senseless, clung to her protector; his fears that she might suffer, and his consequent agony of mind was indescribable. His coat was thrown off and cast over her. Rain soon drenched them to the skin; and the cold air of night struck with force upon the weak chest of Clarice. He felt her quiver in his grasp, and his feelings became insupportable.

At last, a faint light gave hopes of shelter, and the exhausted Walter hastened towards the cottage from whence the glimmer issued. Admission was soon gained, and every care bestowed upon the now senseless form of Clarice, for oft had the inhabitants of this very cottage partaken of her bounty, and blessed her kindness.

She had watched by the sick couch of the very girl, who now in sorrow knelt beside her, even as she had administered to the illness of the poor woman, by whose bed-side the artless and happy Clarice Devereux first encountered that glance which had such an effect upon her future destiny.

Amid the darkness of the night and violence of the storm, it was evident that Walter had lost his way. He now distractedly hung over her lifeless form, using every method to restore animation.

She was ere long restored to feeling, but a raging fever succeeded, which soon brought on delirium.—The midnight hour had passed, and medical aid at length arrived—the poor girl whom Clarice had, in sickness succoured, ran to the abode of Lady Devereux.

Walter never left her, and, amid her most incoherent wanderings, she ever recognised him; it was he who strove to warm her lifeless form; it was he who now sat with maddened gaze, and listened to the ravings of the only being he loved on earth;—'twas he who held the cool draught to her burning lips, and slaked her deadly thirst; 'twas his gaze alone she met as she looked around for earthly aid; 'twas his voice alone she recognised; 'twas his tones alone that conveyed any meaning to her wandering mind.

At last she slept, and Walter knelt in thanksgiving to Heaven. But the sound of a carriage approached—it stopped at the door, and the distracted mother rushed into the cottage.

Two hours elapsed, and Clarice awoke in perfect possession of her senses; and, recognising her mother, said—

"I feel I am dying; I know it, I feel it here—(placing her hand upon her heart.) May God bless and protect thee when I am gone, my own dear affectionate mother! Mother, bless thy child!"

Afterwards, she slowly muttered, "Yes, I have deeply sinned, but God has been gracious, and I have repented;" and, turning to Lady Devereux, said aloud, "Mother, forgive, forgive thy child, for she has sinned against thee!"

"I have nothing to forgive," sobbed the wretched mother; "you are too good for this world, too good for me. Oh, God! spare her, spare her, or let me perish likewise!"

"Kiss me, my mother, ere I die," but Lady Devereux had swooned, and was removed to another part of the cottage.

Clarice watched every movement, and on seeing that her mother was gradually recovering, she turned to him who had never quitted her side.

"Kneel and pray, Walter," she said solemnly; and the wretched man who in spirit had prayed ever since he beheld her danger, knelt by her bed-side.

Lady Devereux approached and knelt also.

"Oh! that I could feel that I sin not in loving thee!" she said, turning to Walter.

"Thou dost not, thou dost not, my child, my child," exclaimed the mother.

"Oh, that I could think so! I should die a happier being!" and then, as if a thought flashed across her brain, she whispered in her mother's ear.

"Yes, yes, my child, and you may love freely and without sin," replied Lady Devereux.

Clarice was silent—the murmur of prayer never left her lips, and Lady Devereux and Lord Clifford knelt by her side.

She slept no more; her spirit, absorbed in prayer, seemed dead to every earthly object, a low "pray for me," once escaped her lips, and again she was silent.

The dawn of day now faintly appeared in the east; the breeze of morn was fresh and balmy,—the stillness of death pervaded the cottage.

With knit brow, and lips compressed with agony, the wretched Walter watched the first dawn of that day which he felt might prove the most miserable on earth. He saw there was no future for him in the world—with *her* would vanish all his hopes of happiness. The deep agony of such moments, the inexpressible bitterness of such feelings, baffle the power of human pen.

By those, that deepest feel, is ill express'd,
The indistinctness of the suffering breast;
No words suffice the secret soul to show,
For truth denies all eloquence to woe.

For a few moments he had quitted the room that contained all he had loved upon earth, imagining that his absence for a short time might be a relief; but anxiety, as long as she was out of sight, nearly maddened his brain, and he soon returned to the chamber of sickness.

Preparations had commenced for removing Clarice to her mother's house, so favorable had been her last two hours.

The sun was rising in universal splendor, and she requested to be removed to the window, that she might watch its rising beams. Her features brightened as she gazed upon this scene of glory. She clasped within hers, the hands of Walter and her mother, and in silence gazed upon the orb of day.

After a few minutes, she faintly said—"Live, my mother—live, Walter, to the glory of God, forgetting the world and its vanities;—serve Him! serve Him!" She appeared exhausted, but showed no symptom of suffering, save the cough, which was frequent and distressing. Her hand burned—her cheek was flushed—her eye unusually bright—a holy calm overspread her features—a smile played around her mouth, and a few unintelligible words issued from her lips. Walter started up, and wildly looked upon her. Her lips moved as if in prayer—her gaze was fixed upon the sky—she stirred not—he could bear no more; and in agony of spirit pronounced the name "Clarice." His existence—his more than existence depended upon the answer. She turned—thank God! she lived!—"Heaven bless you both!" she feebly uttered. "Remember my last, my dying request." A solemn reply in the affirmative issued from the lips of each, and all again was still.

An eloquent pressure of the hand—a slight dimness in the eye, again caused the heart of Walter to die within him. With distended eye-balls, he, in madness, watched every movement. Another pressure of the hand—the jaw fell! A wild, unearthly shriek, from the inmost recesses of the mother's heart, rang through the cottage. He rose—he gazed, and wildly pressed that hand to his lips;—he gazed again, and called aloud upon "that vainly echoed name."

He threw himself upon that still lovely form—he clasped the corpse of Clarice Everard! Her spirit had fled to the God who gave it, to adorn "a brighter mansion and a better world."

MET AND PARTED.

BY JOS. INGLES MATTHIAS.

AUTHOR OF "[illegible]," "[illegible]," ETC. ETC.

Chapter I.

THE MAID OF HONOR.

The clustering jewelry of night never twinkled on a fairer scene—a living picture of such exquisite beauty, replete alike in soft surpassing loveliness and dazzling splendor. It was twilight in the gardens of the royal palace of Francis I., and the dim voluptuous light half shrouded the scented shrubbery, as it bowed to kiss the sweet brow of the dying zephyr fluttering in the embrace of night. The pleasant trilling of the feathered day-choir was hushed, and naught was there of sound save the heavy breathings of a fair young creature leaning over the Parian balustrade of a silent fountain, with one tiny white hand pushing back the long dark hair flowing from a brow of almost ashen paleness, and the other clasping the fretted marble railing with nigh convulsive earnestness. I have said that the young girl was fair—but the weak syllable doth not convey a tithe of that exceeding beauty which was ere long destined to bewitch the feelings of even England's licentious monarch. But now her face grew darksome from impatience, and her small foot beat pettishly on the stone floor, as if it fain would hasten on the coming of some anticipated object. Suddenly the clear chime of the tower clock tolled out the hour; echoing most musically through the dense foliage of the garden, it died in broken murmurs amid the far off hills.

"Eight—eight!" whispered the young girl, and her voice was full of tremor—"So late! Indeed—so late! If he meant to play the laggard with me, I'll e'en be even with him—cost what it may! I'll prove no apt subject for a slow-paced interview, and he shall rue it, else am I no woman. Ah! there—'tis his step—a tread among the million! Percy! Percy!" she cried with a low quiver of tumultuous joy in her voice, as she sprang forth from the shadows of the shrubbery, and stood revealed in the broad promenade.

"A truant! By our loves, Percy, an errant truant!" exclaimed the young girl, as the richly attired figure of a tall and comely court cavalier rushed from the thick copsewood, and caught her eagerly to his bosom.

"Be merciful, sweet Anne!" replied the youth, and his voice was low and musical—"be merciful—nay, be just. The king would have it that I should join him in the hunt, and so I could not say nay. By our blessed Lady! but 'tis a merry sight to see these nervous Frenchmen lagging with sheer intimidation when the shrill bay of hound and scent of flying hart invites them on. Oh! for the blithe hunters of merry England!"

"And her blithe dames, too—ha! is it so, Percy? Hast tired so soon of Anne? Well—well! thou art free to go!" and the young girl started from the bosom on which her fair head had rested, whilst a bright tear came peering through its dark lash, and her voice grew tremulous with emotion.

"No—no! Not that, Anne—not that! Never will I leave these shores of France till thou goest with me! I spoke but of the chase—the wild, glorious chase. Our own broad parks and proud old oaks—tall elms, far-spreading beeches, and scented hollies; our crouching deer, and even the tiny, sly burrowing rabbit; our dense groves, where the ancient Druids might have held their orgies, with the solemn brow of nature all around. And the cheery sound of the unleashed hounds, sporting wildly mid the green glades and tall fern; the beautiful falcon, perched upon its lady's finger, and it jesses ringing sweet music as they trotted merrily along. They were thoughts akin to these that made me wish for England"—

"And not the bright eyes of Catharine's court?" interrupted the young girl, with a bright smile playing round her rosy lips—half jest, and half in earnest.

"They were bright, indeed, sweet Anne," he replied, bending fondly over her, till their dark tresses mingled, "could they out-vie the tell tale harbingers of love that even now are glistening with the tear-drop of imaginary wrong."

"You say not this to lull me, Percy—be sure of it! There are many tales abroad here in this licentious court—tales that redound naught to thy credit—tales of ill requitted love, and heartless sacrifices"—

"Tell tale!—Sweet Anne, this is cruel—unjust. Ha! there's a step in yon pavilion!" suddenly whispered the young noble, as he drew the trembling girl beneath the darker foliage shadow.

"Pray God! it be not the king!" murmured Anne, as she crept close to the side of her companion till both arms were twined around his bending neck, and her face buried in his jewelled vest—"If it be he, I am lost—undone!"

"Nay, *fear not*, Anne! Where he great England's king himself, he would not dare to do thee harm, and Percy thy espouser!" and the noble gently lifting her from his bosom, unsheathed his glittering rapier, and would have rushed into the pavilion; but not the young girl wildly caught his arm, and bade him pause.

"Stir not, Percy! on thy life, stir not!" she said. "The queen thinks me in my own quiet chamber, for I plead sickness to meet thee here, and if I am discovered the foul tongue of slander will bruit to the world!"

And even as she spoke, a loud strain of music came floating from the festal halls, and the light laugh of buxome dame and high-toned jest of flattering courtier were heard, as the festive revellers descended to the gardens, and mingled in its many labyrinths.—Anne quickly caught the sound of footsteps approaching their concealment, and with a shudder crouched down behind the seared trunk of a large tree, trembling like an aspen. The echoing footsteps of the intruders grew nearer, and the heart of the young girl throbbed still more wildly. Suddenly the moon broke through a mass of fleecy clouds that had half hidden her bright beams, and piercing down an open space through the leafy canopy, shone full upon the lovers. With a short, stifled cry of terror, Anne sprang quickly into the deeper shade. Her companion forced back the crimson blossoms of a creeping vine that twined around an alcove by his side, and the young girl darted into the flowery recess.—The young noble gently laid his hands upon the lower limbs of the densely foliaged tree, and with a light spring vaulting among its branches, his concealment was perfect.

Near and still nearer came the noisy revellers, crushing the dew-sprinkled greensward beneath them as they approached, until at last they stood beneath the foliage that hid the noble. With a burst of enthusiastic delight, one young creature pointed out the beauties of the creeping vine, and the fluttering heart of Anne grew more tremulous, her low breathings came in broken gasps, and a misty film gathered beneath the intensity of her gaze.

"Oh! what a sweet spot!" broke forth from the midst of the gay assembly—"look! how jealously yon creeping vine doth play the sentinel to that charming grotto!"

"My life on it!" exclaimed another, "but we could find some stray, love-seeking troubador lurking amid its fragrant labyrinths!"

"Dare you be the first to enter, Count?" asked the first speaker of a gentleman at her side.

"Ay," he replied, "right willingly, madam."

"What!" said she, laughing, "even if the spot be guarded by some anxious dragon?"

"Yes, madam—even then."

"Without axe, or mail, or lance, or holy relic?"

"Still then!"

"Or scarf, woven by thy lady-love?"

"Yes!"

"Then thou wert most rash—nay, unthinking, and not fitted to be knight of mine! I'll none of thee, Count! Why, thou wouldst be vanquished in sheer want of common prudence!"

"Nathless, Sir Count," cried another lady—"thou might as well rouse up the jealous beast—so, I'll beg of thee to enter!"

"I am more than beholden to thee, lady," replied the gentleman, in a mincing tone, in mockery of that supercilious gallantry, so much in vogue—"and will forthwith obey!"

"Not so—not so!" cried a voice from the foliage above them, and the form of young Percy sprang lightly to the greensward, and stood a barrier to the grotto. "Stand back, Sir Count! You enter not here!"

A loud laugh followed the sudden appearance of Percy, from the group assembled, and the lady who had spoken before cried out, laughing all the while with right true glee—

"There—there! Said I not so, Sir Count? By our Holy Mother! but this dragon hath a goodly shape! Maybe he guardeth some light-o'-heart for himself—if it be so, he is a most selfish beast, and will need repressing! Go on, Sir Count—go on!"

Again the somewhat intimidated Count made a feint to pass, but the young Percy stepped promptly forth, and bade him pause, in no very courtly terms.

"It is impossible, Sir Count, that you should pass—and if you be a true gentleman you will not seek to meddle where you are not concerned!"

"Oh, ho!" again laughed the blithesome lady—"'tis a courteous dragon that will make peace at all. Profit by it, Sir Count—I prithee, profit by it! Let him not show his teeth, or he may frighten the wits from us poor women!

"'Oh! what a goodly outside falsehood hath!'

"There, now—I'll give you something better to do than plaguing a poor dragon. Come with me—come!" and then her shrill musical laugh rang out again, making a thousand echoes on the night wind, until she paused for very want of breath.

"Even as you wish, lady," answered the Count—"though, in sober truth, it be something new here in this Court of France, for any, save the King himself, to make restrictive laws within the royal gardens. It shall be looked to!"

"As soon as may be!" impatiently replied young Percy, "as soon as may be! I will answer to the King in person."

Fearing lest a quarrel might come of such argument, the ladies moved slowly from the door, and Lady Francine De Marc, she who had tempted the fuming Count to enter the flowery grotto, now tripped pleasantly to his side, and taking him by the arm, whispered, hurriedly—

"Tush, man—tush! Never speak of certainties again, for you are blind! It is the young and favored Englishman, Lord Percy; and he is as rash and hot-headed a youth as ever balanced a true rapier. Thou can'st get nothing from him—so content thyself."

"Not so—not so! I'll be even with him yet, or there is no valor in all France. Why, sweet Lady Francine, I trow you would have us bow to these presumptuous Englishmen, in mean submission to their every will, as if we were not lord and master of this fair soil."

"Which, I doubt me much, whether you truly be—but enough of this. If there be certainty at all, it is that Percy has some light dame concealed within the grotto—now who it is, I think I can divine.—What say you to a queen's maid?"

"Nothing, but that it be rank calumny!"

"We shall see, Sir Doubtful! Our fair sister Anne left the royal presence an hour ago to cure her headache. Methinks she might have chosen a more apt place than the damp greensward, with the heavy dew springling around. What think you, Sir Count?" and Lady Francine De Marc looked full in the face of her companion, and noted well the effect her playful bantering had upon his darkened countenance.

It had been hinted among the thousand rumors of the Court, that the Count d'Aubri, the young, gay, and gallant Count, had bowed in homage to the charms of the queen's beauteous maid of honor, Anne—and that his proffered love had been seemingly well thought of by the young Englishwoman, for she had avowed her preference for him in many light words of jest, which had been, more than once, set down for sober earnest. The Count, too, had boasted of his success, and in all the drinking bouts of the young noblemen, no name sounded from the flashing brim of Count d'Aubri's glass save that of "Anne." Lady Francine De Marc had probed his feelings, and the magic of her words spoke boldly out in the flushed face of the Count, and his vain strivings to restrain his rising anger. When they had gained the principal balcony which overlooked the gardens of the palace, Count d'Aubri proffered an apology and immediately withdrew.

Chapter II.

THE PLOT.

It was full two hours past midnight, ere the brilliant throng that crowded the vast receiving chambers had deserted their enchanted precincts. The loud bursts of boisterous mirth had sunk into the feeble spout for lagging retinues, and the dismal rumbling of the cumbrous vehicle that bore its tired inmate from the varied scene of exulting triumph or biting disappointment. The dull gleam of the waning night-orb flitted in grotesque shadows amid the manifold abutments, and grooved doorways, and arched recesses of the stupendous masonry, rendering them alive with countless forms, and then as quickly merging all in impenetrable gloom.

Pacing with rapid and impatient strides a paved corridor leading to the garden promenade, was the cloaked figure of a cavalier, his face shaded by a cluster of black plumes, bending from the front of a richly jewelled hat, that was drawn far down upon his forehead. He was booted and spurred, too, for his hasty strides gave out a shrill, ringing echo from the marble pavement, and the steel point of a rapier now and then glittered beneath the edging of his cloak.

"Hist! hist! Marie!" muttered the cavalier, and he suddenly paused in the centre of the corridor, as if some sound had caught his ear. "Hist! I say. Marie—girl—is it you?" he again repeated; but no answer came to his questioning, and he resumed his rapid gait with more impatience than before.

"In the fiend's name! why doth the girl tarry thus beyond the time. Ere long the unwelcome light of day will be upon us, and then—ha! Marie!" he suddenly exclaimed, as the girlish form of a soubrette came tripping lightly from the gardens with a shaded night-lamp hid 'neath the folds of some dark drapery that hung loosely from her head.

"Here! cavalier! Quick! for Heaven's sake!—The Queen is suddenly ill—a moment more, and the whole household will be astir!" she hurriedly repeated, in an almost breathless voice, whilst the cavalier drew from his bosom a small, neatly folded billet, and placed it in her hands.

"You have admittance to the Queen's chamber—say you not so?" asked the cavalier, and for a moment he drew back the shade from the flame of the lamp, so that the light fell full on the well-filled purse he hung across her arm. The same gleam displayed the frowning features of the cavalier—they were those of Count Claude D'Aubri.

"Yes," replied the soubrette; "what then?"

"You will drop this as if by accident—but so that it may draw the attention of the Queen, for whom it is intended. Choose well your time, and you will be successful."

"But—but if discovered? It may be treason, or what not, Sir Cavalier, and then the penalty would be the dungeons of the Inquisition, or maybe, the block, or"—and the girl's voice grew trembling, and her face blanched with fear.

"Fear nothing—you take not the slightest risk, and no harm can come of it!" quickly and impatiently answered her companion. "But should you be questioned how you came by the billet, then say you had it from the young Englishman, Percy, and was bid to deliver it to Mademoiselle Anne, the Queen's favorite Maid of Honor."

"Then—then, there is no treason?"

"Wilt be a fool?—I tell thee, no! Be cautious, and you have earned a fortune."

The echo of footsteps suddenly came from the entrance to the corridor, and D'Aubri drew the soubrette into a recess, as the low sound of voices came floating on the still air.

"Look, Percy!—the lights are moving from window to window, as if some commotion, sudden and unusual, had roused the household. What can it mean?"

"Nothing, love—the revel held long to-night, and it must be the palace attendants seeking their beds."

"God grant it may be so, Percy,—but I am nigh dead with fear! Would the morrow were come!—There was a world of meaning in the light words of Francine de Marc—she has ever stood between me and the favour of the Queen, and I do think she means me harm. Her majesty once hinted to me of our loves—I mean you and I, Percy—and then I had to blush and droop my head, for the serpent eyes of de Marc were bent upon me, and I could not help thinking she knew something of our meetings. So when I made no answer to the Queen, she laughed outright, and then reviled you as a debauchee, and worse—a betrayer!"

"Indeed—indeed! Did she so, Anne? Did she dare speak thus in the presence of her Majesty?"

"Yes—and more. She spoke of what it becomes not a young maiden to think of, and what I dare not tell."

"Well, sweet—mind her not! She did, indeed, well nigh frighten thee to death to-night, for when they had all gone, and I drew thee from the grotto, fainting, and cold, and pale, I thought thou wert dead. And so long did I chafe thy temples, and call thee back to life, with thy head buried in my bosom, like a sick child's, that I feared me thou would'st never revive."

"But I was frightened, Percy—indeed I was! I thought that flippant, odious Count would pass you, and then"—

"Hark, there! listen!" suddenly exclaimed Percy. "By Heaven! there is some one in the corridor!—Good night! God bless you, Anne! Good night!" and the young nobleman quickly flung open an entrance-door to the left, whilst Anne darted in, and flew along the lighted halls till she reached her own chamber.

"Now, then," said Percy, as he drew his rapier, "if it be an eaves-dropper, he suffers by this hand! Ho, there! lights this way!" he continued, as a number of the palace servants passed the corridor entrance with lighted torches. The men paused at the abrupt summons, and in an instant the long hall was illuminated from end to end. But no sign of human being was to be found secreted; a profound stillness reigned, interrupted only by the suppressed mirth of the men at the palpable perplexity of the disappointed Englishman. Percy rudely grasped a torch from the hands of one of the attendants, and peered into every corner and recess of the corridor, but nothing of life was visible. Still he doubted not the acuteness of his own senses—he could not be deceived as to the sound of a human voice!

"He must have escaped in the dark, Sir Cavalier!" said one of the men, with a low chuckle.

"There be no outlet, an' I know of it—so he e'en must have passed us as he entered, which I vow he did not!" said another, with sinister seriousness.

"If it be the devil, now!" repeated one in the background.

"The Saints protect us!" echoed another; "then he has dropped through the pavement."

"Silence, sirs!" shouted Percy, his face flushed with ill-concealed anger. "Dare you lie thus to the face of a gentleman? Do you take me for a fool, or worse, that I know not these licentious Courts of France abound in well-hidden door-traps, and sliding panels for guilt to refuge in? Begone—begone! or, by Heaven, I flay the whole of ye!"

With a stubborn murmur the men moved off, and again young Percy stood in the dim light that flickered from the half-hidden stars of heaven. It were bad enough that his interview with Anne had been listened to, but to thus open himself to the envious jeerings of the whole Court, was more than his proud spirit could brook—and so he paced the garden paths, muttering all the while like some chafed lion, till he reached one of the park gates, where, to his great surprise, he found a well-caparisoned steed fastened to the drooping limbs of an ancient oak, champing and pawing the earth, as if eager to snuff the fresh night wind at a full gallop.

"So, so!" said the young nobleman, "if this be fair dealing, I know naught of intrigue. Ha! the colors are those of Count Claude D'Aubri, who would feign

"Is it not natural," said Lady [illegible] have edged his way [illegible] Anne was trembling, half dead with fear. And now I do bethink me, he is in some way concerned with to-night's mysteries. There are footsteps, as I live, coming this way!" And Percy started back in the dull shadow of the trees, whilst Count Claude d'Aubri, with a loud and eager tread, appeared in the open glade, accompanied by a slight youth attired in the rich habit of a court page.

"You will fail in none of my instructions," said D'Aubri, as he loosened the reins of his steed from the tree bough, "and more particularly have a cautious eye on the movements of the soubrette, Marie."

"I'll be watchful as the lynx, Sir Count," replied the page; "for I do mistrust the girl Marie. She was the waiting-woman of the Queen's maid Anne, when she first came from the English Court, and I do think she will yet abide her allegiance."

"Well, she must be cared for!" was the answer of D'Aubri; "for she, too, overheard the parting interview of this hot-brained Englishman and his coy damsel. Now, then, adieu—and if inquiry is made, you will remember that the Count d'Aubri left Paris for Versailles an hour before midnight."

Saying this, d'Aubri gave a free rein to his horse, and in an instant was out of sight, whilst the page disappeared down the glade.

"Ha! ha!" laughed Percy, as he came out from his concealment, and waved his clenched fist after the receding horseman—"A courtly rat this! By Heaven! I gave not the dull-headed Frenchman credit for half so much brain! Go on, sir—go on! The meshes must be thickly strewed that can entrap a Percy! Ha, ha!—I like this—it grows spicy, and makes one blood tingle with the hope of action. Come on, rare tricksters! In defiance, and in the full face of the whole Court of France, I'll win thee yet, my sweet Anne—and wear thee too! So help me God!"

And with another mocking laugh, and his brave heart throbbing in the wild energy of his purpose, Percy wended his path back to the Palace.

Chapter III.
THE ACCUSATION.

The grey shadows of the morning were peeping from the East, and still the brightest star in the firmament of that proud Court, the sweet and gentle Anne, sat in the solitude of her own quiet chamber, with her young heart beating wildly between hope and fear. And yet it was more like a dream to her than aught else—for never before had the sweet sunshine of her life been dimmed by a single shadow—never before had she felt the bitter agony of *doubt*. She had poured forth the rich jewels of her heart at a hitherto strange altar, and her woman's soul trembled at the sacrifice. She felt that she was loved—she knew it—and yet she was *afraid!* The whole enthusiasm of her being was turned toward *him*, and she thought of him the more that she was forbid by the imperious sway of Court intrigue. And *he*—so true, so noble, so brave, and yet so gentle. The romance that he had woven in his own mind did not admit a particle of the cold ceremonies of courtly etiquette; he had loved to figure it as something apart from the world. A life with her he loved, of ardour and passion, and sunny hours, unclouded by regret, unchilled by reserve, but all boundless confidence and unrestrained affection. And who is there that has not dreamed so once?

As the bright beams of the day-god spread wider and brighter, Anne wondered much that none had been to summon her attendance upon the Queen or to hope her better from her sickness. Her fair head was bent down upon her hand as it rested on the crimson surface of a pile of velvet cushions, and her low breathings came as from one who stands in some eminent danger, made more appalling from uncertainty and darkness, and tottering between the slow-tongued voice of doubt, as it falters—"*stand!*"—or else, "*go on!*"

A low, hesitating knock echoed from the grooved panels of her chamber door, and with a quick start, she sprang to her feet.

"Come—come in!" she uttered, in a voice tremulous with emotion, and then added—"Who is it?"

"I—only me, Mademoiselle," replied the soubrette Marie, as she slowly opened the door, and, with a hesitating step, entered the apartment.

"A sweet morning, Marie—has the Queen risen? I have been well nigh dead with this torturous aching in my temples," and Anne pressed both hands tightly to her brow as she added: "or else I should have paid my respects. Did her Majesty rest well? There was some noise in the courts below during the night—and I feared me much they would disturb her."

A torrent of crimson mounted to the burning brow of the soubrette, and she stammered forth something to the purpose that the Queen had been unwell, and wished for her attendance immediately. The young girl promised a hasty compliance, and the soubrette withdrew.

Anne stood gazing after the retreating form of Marie, and then, when the closing door had once more left her alone, she sank down upon her knees, and prayed fervently—she felt that she was threatened, and she prayed for strength to abide her trials—she knew that the malignant shafts of envy would catch at the slightest web that closed around her, and she prayed that the treacherous toil might not circle *him*—that *he* might stand unscathed, while she bowed to the storm,—that *his* heart might overleap the adversities which surrounded them, and if it could be so she was content to suffer.

She rose to her feet refreshed and strengthened, and without a moment's more delay, hastened to obey the sudden summons of the Queen. As she passed through the saloon leading to the waiting-room of the Queen's apartments, she thought a coldness lurked in the manners of even those sycophantic Court gossips who were ever alike ready to fawn upon the favored, or tread upon the unfortunate. She missed with wonder those seeming anxious inquiries as to her night's repose; and the same lips that had always welcomed her with a smile, now passed her with a mocking curl.

Sickened at heart, poor Anne entered the Queen's presence—she had heard the sound of many voices in loud debate ere she entered the chamber, but her appearance, like some fearful spell, brought with it instant silence. An icy coldness pervaded the manners of each as they returned the usual salutations of the morning, and Anne, all alone amid so many souls that sought her ruin and disgrace, trembled like a child.

The Queen rose instantly to her feet, with ill-becoming haste, and cried out in a harsh tone, such as the poor girl had never heard from her before—

"So, Mademoiselle! you have come! These are rare times, indeed, when the majesty of France must abide the will of a tire-woman as to her presence, or not."

"Your Majesty!" exclaimed Anne, almost angrily, for there was much of taunting scorn in the Queen's words: "I understand you not! and never have I known a lacking of respect in this fair Court until the present moment!"

"Fair words!" repeated the Queen, now roused to unrestrained anger; "but know they avail you nothing here! Fair words, in truth! What, Mademoiselle, are our very Courts of France to be made a rendezvous for ingratitude and low intrigue"——

"Intrigue!" interrupted Anne, quickly; "intrigue! What means your Majesty?"

"Good Heaven defend us! That so much guilt should put on such a show of innocence, is most unnatural and outrageous. See here!" and the Queen drew from beneath the cushions that lay beside her, a small billet, stamped with the seal of the young Lord Percy. "You know this, Mademoiselle?" exclaimed the Queen, as a flush of crimson lit up the pale face of Anne; "you know this"—or else that tell-tale blush knows not the heart from which it sprang—Read, Lady Francine—pray read this precious billet!" and she handed the note to the Lady Francine de Marc who stood immediately beside her, and who, in a loud, clear tone, read aloud—

"*Sweet Anne*—To tarry longer here will be as death to our loves—we must away from this irksome Court, as hateful to you as to all who love truth and innocence, and in the quiet of some more happy spot, end our days in peace. The eyes of malicious envy are around us, all eager for our ruin—why then linger in the midst of so much treachery and deceit?

P."

The crimson flood had grown deeper and darker upon the brows of Anne, at every word the reader uttered—and now, when she had finished, and still stood with the billet held out triumphantly towards her, the swelling heart of the young girl broke forth in words—

"It is a vile forgery—my life, my soul on it!—What!—will your Majesty give credence to such an offspring of hate and envy? Indeed—indeed you know him not! for never could his noble spirit stoop to counsel wrong, even to his enemies. Why, your Majesty, it bears upon its very face the impress of a falsehood: for how came the billet in other hands than mine, if he had so directed it?" and at the thought of driving back the lowering clouds that hung around his name,—for she reckoned not of her own reputation as suffering too—a bright smile of earnestness lit up her beautiful countenance, that might have banished malice even from the heart of a fiend.

"Subterfuge!—subterfuge all, your Majesty!" exclaimed the Lady Francine de Marc, seeing that the Queen wavered in her mind as to Anne's guilt—"The maid Marie is here to prove its source—so there can be no doubt! Let her step forward."

The soubrette stood out from the throng of attendants, at the summons, pale and agitated.

"You received this billet from the young Englishman, Lord Percy—say you not so?" And Lady Francine bent her basilisk eyes full on the flushed face of the soubrette, as if to force the quivering falsehood from her lips.

"Stay, your Majesty!" exclaimed Anne, "in love of justice, I pray you pause. You see the girl hesitates—she answers not willingly. By our holy mother! the cankering lie that trembles in her untrue heart, dares not breathe its venom."

"Too warm—too warm by half!" said Lady Francine, in a mocking tone, and bending her head to the Queen's ear—"You see, most gracious lady, that our English sister fears the girl's answer."

"If she utters truth," interrupted Anne, whose quick ear had caught the words whispered to the Queen—"if she utters truth, I fear nothing!"

"In God's name, then!" said the Queen, "let the girl speak! What say you, mistress, from whose hands came the billet? Speak out, and mind it be the truth!" And turning to where Anne stood, the Queen said, "Will the girl's answer content you, madam?"

"I dare say it will, your Majesty," answered Anne, "for I cannot think the girl means ill of me, who has ever been a kind mistress."

The maid stood confounded—her eyes were bent down to her feet, and the crimson tinge came and fled from her face like the lights and shadows of a mirror trembling in the sunlight.

"If it be—if it be the truth then"—stammered the girl—"why"——

"If it be aught else than the truth, girl," exclaimed the Queen, angrily, for the maid's hesitation had turned the tide of feeling in her naturally kind heart to the side of her favourite—"if it be aught else, I say, by heaven, the blessed light of day shall be closed upon thee for life!"

"Then—then—it was"——

"Who—who, girl?" exclaimed Lady Francine De Marc, stepping from the side of the Queen, and grasping the maid rudely by the arm, her eyes flashing, and her whole being grown desperate in the intense excitement of the moment.

"Justice!—shame!" was echoed from the throng, and Anne, darting quickly forward, caught up from the floor a woven purse, which had fallen from the clothes of the soubrette at the instant Lady Francine had grasped her arm.

"Look—look, your Majesty! if these be not the colors of the Count d'Aubri, there's no truth in heaven!" And Anne held up the purse to the gaze of the whole company. "Now if the billet came not from the same source"——

"It did!" gasped the soubrette—"it was given me by the Count d'Aubri, who bade me say it came from my young Lord Percy!"

"Thank heaven for that!" murmured Anne, "his name is yet bright and clear as the sun's light! I am indeed content, your Majesty, the truth has triumphed! This same Count d'Aubri has long been a disregarded suitor of my unworthy favors, and thinking my Lord Percy stood in his way, he has no doubt planned this most odious plot to ruin his rival—if he be so at all!"

At the instant the young girl ceased speaking, a loud cry of "Treason—treason!" rose from the palace garden, and Anne, springing to a window that overlooked the courts below, saw a mass of human beings swaying to and fro towards a centre, where, quick as thought, her glance singled out the tall plume of Lord Percy. A hundred blades were glittering in the sunlight, but above them all flashed the bright rapier of the English nobleman—it sank—and when it rose again, was darkened by a crimson stream of dripping blood! Then rose a scream—so wild—so thrilling—so intensely piercing,—that the whole passionate multitude beneath was lulled to a fearful, death-like silence—a shriek which seemed to echo a whole life's agony, concentrated in one awful moment!

Anne lay senseless in the arms of the Queen!

Our tale ere this hath run its allotted course. The brighter side of that mysterious picture, Love, has been held towards us; but now, when gloom, and doubt, and insincerity cast their shadows like a deep pall upon the fair surface of our painting, 'tis time to pause. Revenge was satisfied—but its triumphant echo was the dying moan of Feeling!

They had met—Percy and d'Aubri—but the hot passions of the Englishman had goaded him to words of insult, which met with defiance from his opponent. They fought—and life was the forfeit of the Frenchman's treachery.

The tribunal of justice and the laws demanded atonement—so the victor's wreathing laurels were gathered in the prison cell. It was a brief detainment, though—for when the shades of night had covered up the earth, an angel form had come to cheer his heart's deep solitude, and, by the mighty talisman of power, to fling apart the stubborn bars that held him captive. A steed, strong-limbed and well caparisoned, stood champing the forest's marge, to bear the prisoner to a sea-port town—and thence to England!

So this was the parting interview of Anne and the young nobleman—there were vows, and prayers, and protestations of fidelity,—and bitter tears and choking sobs—but why need we linger here—they were all spoken—all *forgotten!* It was a dream, that while they slumbered in its phantasy, took all the gorgeous hues of endless happiness and bliss—but years had fled, and waking time had come. It was the last earthly meeting of Lord Percy and Anne Boleyn.

THE VEILED LADY;

OR, WHO CAN SHE BE?

BY NED BUNTLINE.

"While the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow,
Every thing of moving kind
Varies with the veering wind;
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous constancy?"—Joanna Baillie.

"Up! thy charmed armor don,
Thou'lt need it ere the night be gone!"—Drake.

"Dulce, will you go to the masquerade ball, to-night?" said I to my lesser-half, on a bright evening during the gayest part of the "carnival season," in Cuba.

"No, my amor," answered she; "I am ill this evening; don't go out to-night, but stay by my side, and let your cheering presence save a doctor's fee."

"Madame, you know that I had made up my mind to go out in my new caballero's dress: you are not very ill; and I shall be dull company for you if disappointment holds a berth in my mind. You had better consent to my going; I will return early."

"Do as you please, sir," she responded, poutingly; "but if you neglect me thus in the first year of our marriage, how shall I be treated when Time's shadow shall darken my brow, and dim the light of my eyes; when my spirits shall droop, and my beauty fade, before the wintry frosts of age?"

To shorten my yarn, reader, I rigged myself and went to the ball, my heart beating a "conscience-tattoo" against its casing all the way; for well I marked the soft reproach which my wife's full dark eye spoke when I left her side.

Having arrived at the ball-room, I mingled with the gay maskers, listened to the music, and in the sparkling wine-glass sought for excitement; yet that perpetual drum-stick of conscience kept thumping against the parchment-head of reflection, and I could not feel happy. Dressed as attractively as possible, I sought and danced with the fairest maidens in the throng; yet still, Thought, that nettle in life's garden, kept Joy in a distant offing, and Pleasure far in my wake.

I was about to give up the chase for enjoyment, and had dutifully made up my mind to return home and moor myself alongside of my little wife, when a fair hand was laid gently upon my arm, and a tremulous, musical voice asked me, in a whisper, to retire a little from the crowd. The hand was delicate, and seemed smaller even than my wife's; and the taper fingers were encircled by rings of rare value, such as could only be worn by the rich and the titled. The lady was closely veiled in black; yet I caught one glimpse of eye-light through the thick crape. In the blackness of a night-storm, I have seen the clouds for a moment open and permit a star to glance with supernatural brightness down on the agitated ocean; and even so fell that glance on me. The voice was one of those which, when it falls upon the ear, vibrates along every nerve until it reaches the heart-strings, where it echoes and re-echoes, till Memory "catches the tune," and too truly for it ever to pass from her grasp.

I followed the stranger's invitation; and as I gazed on the fairy form which flitted before me, I forgot my little invalid at home. The "mask" was but little if any larger than my wife; yet there was a fullness and elegance of figure, a grace and voluptuousness of motion in the former, which I had never observed in the latter. My wife had beautifully soft, glossy curls of jet, but they could never compare with the black tresses of twining silk, which hung nearly to the feet of my strange charmer.—When we had got clear of the throng, she again spoke:

"Are you a gentleman?—one on whom a lady may in all honor depend?"

I answered, that to the best of my knowledge and belief I was, and thought I might be depended upon.

"Would you risk your own life, or destroy that of another, for a lady, if her honor required, and her love would reward the act?"

"For one so fair, so angelic as yourself, I would risk more than life!"

A shudder seemed to pass through her form; her little feet stamped the tesselated floor impatiently; her fingers were clasped together until they were bloodless, as she continued:

"Have you ever loved?"

"I may have felt a school-boy's passion," I replied, with assumed indifference.

"Then you are not married?"

"I have been," was my reply. Even so deceitful is man; even so is woman often lost; for while he pours forth his flattering tale, she listens; listening, she loves—loving, she is lost.

Again she showed marks of impatience and excitement, as if some great trouble rested on her mind. This I pressed her to reveal to me, offering every aid in my power to defend her, or even to avenge past wrong. I besought her to have confidence in my affection, new-fledged though it was, and to test its strength, even as she might direct.—She faltered, hesitated for a moment, and then, requesting me to await her return, hastily left the ball-room.

"Now," thought I, "here is a scrape for a sober married man to get into! Perhaps she may be some beautiful syren, who has laid a trap to inveigle and rob, and perhaps to murder me! Shall I await her return?—or shall I fly the danger? But I am armed—why should I fear?"

I began also to think of my poor invalid wife; and these thoughts, coupled with my fear of betrayal, by the aid of a little more solitude, would have conquered me, and sent me home; but, at this critical moment, the "mask" returned, bearing in her hands a heavy black veil. She beckoned me to follow her into a neighboring street, where, in a moment, we stood beside a close-curtained volante, into which she sprang, I following her. She immediately enveloped my head in the veil which she had brought, cautioning me on my life not to attempt to remove it, unless at her request.

The carriage started off with speed; indeed, the driver seemed to be urging his horses to a rapid gallop. Our road was long; for even at this speed we must have ridden for two hours, some of the time over rough, rocky roads, and then along smoother ways, when at last the panting animals were brought to a stand.

Immediately thereafter I heard a creaking noise, as if a port-cullis were suddenly raised, or some old gate swung back on its unoiled hinges.

"Speak not a word, whatever you may hear; attempt not to raise the veil, or your life and mine may be the forfeit!" whispered my fair guide; and while she spoke I felt that she trembled from head to foot. Her hand was cold as ice, and her impetuous voice stifled and husky. Before we advanced from the carriage, she also made me vow by all the saints in Heaven, never to reveal what I might do or see in that night's adventure.

She then led me cautiously on, apparently through a large garden, for the cool night-breeze bore the perfume of orange, citron, pink, lemon and spice blossoms to my cheek. We soon arrived at another door, which creaked rustily as it opened before us; and then our way seemed up a winding stone staircase, through a passage so still, so solemnly silent, that it even echoed the light foot-fall of my companion, while my own heavy tread rang, like groans in a cavern, through the still, damp air.

Until now, the lady had not spoken since we had stepped from the volante; but, as we arrived at the top of the stairs, and passed into a warmer atmosphere, she whispered that the hour to test my courage and love had arrived. We stepped across a soft carpet, and she seated me on a yielding cushion. I could see nothing through the thick veil which she had thrown over my face, yet a kind of *blackishness* in the darkness before me, convinced me that I was in a lighted room. No sound could I hear, save the suppressed breathing of my trembling companion, and the beating of my own heart. After remaining for a moment on the ottoman, which shook from her nervousness, she again addressed me:

"You are armed with pistol and dagger?"

"I am," said I, inwardly praying that I might have no occasion to use them.

"You will please give me those weapons," said she.

"Ah!" thought I; "I am betrayed; and she asks my weapons of defence, that I may be made an easier prey! Let me ask," said I, "your reasons for this strange request?"

"A true lover never asks for *reasons* from one in whom he *confides*," answered the "mask," adding—"The business I have in hand for you has need of courage, calmness and prudence; but your weapons could avail you nothing. They will not be required." She shuddered as she spoke; adding quickly: "Such as they have already done too much!"

She paused a moment, and seemed to be schooling herself to some dreadful task. Again she addressed me:

"I have a tale to tell you, sir; no, not a tale, but some questions to ask. Had you an only sister, one who was young, fair, innocent, and ignorant of the world's wickedness, and thus unprepared to cope with vile art and deceitfulness; and should she meet with one who was in appearance all full of nobleness, purity, generosity, and true manliness; and, in her own full-heartedness, should she love him only as woman in nature's simplicity can love; and should he taking foul advantage of her affection for him, work her ruin, and having succeeded, then scornfully leave her without reparation, an outcast from even *his* bosom; a dark thing upon the world; unwilling to live, unprepared to die; and should she, in the hour when he spurned her, a dishonored thing, from his feet; even when she was pleading for the love and protection of one who with hellish art had wrought her ruin; should she in that dire moment of crowded miseries strike a poinard to his heart——"

"She would nobly do her duty!" cried I, excited to madness by the painful picture.

"Would you *aid* her in removing all the proof of crime?" continued the 'mask;' "would you assist that poor girl to place beneath the dark earth all that was earthly of her defiler?"

"I would! If thou art she, lead on. I am ready; ay, ready to do more! Would that my hand instead of thine had sent the recreant's soul to its hissing home! I love thee now better than before. True, thou hast been dishonored, but thou art avenged!"

"Be not too hasty, sir," said she; "let me sketch you one other picture, before I call on you for action. Again I will suppose you have an only sister. I will suppose her, with your full knowledge and consent, to have given her affections and her hand to one whom you believe to be noble, manly, and in every way calculated to make her know the true bliss of existence. She loves him, even near the bounds of this world's adoration; watches for his smile as the flower beaten down by the rain waits for the sunshine; sighs and droops when the clouds of sorrow cast their shadows over him; joys when his hopes brighten; ministers to every comfort, and seems a being as closely bound to him as light is to the diamond. Suppose that he to whom you have entrusted her, the innermost heart jewel of yourself, the bright corner of your domestic fire-side; imagine that he should grow cold and unmindful of her peace; that his love for her should fade; that her smile should fall upon him cold as moon-light on a funeral pall; that her voice should no longer be music to his ear, that he should seek for other smiles, and give to other ears the words which were alone her due; when you saw her drooping, fading, *dying*, beneath the shadow of his neglect, what would you do?"

"Slay him! by the Hand which made me! I would slay him as a dog that had bitten or a serpent that had stung me!"

Even as I spoke, I thought of my own deserted wife, and Conscience "took a pull at the halliards" at my heart, and wrung it to the very core. I felt as if I could have given a world, had it been mine to give, if I could be placed alongside the couch of my lonely bride; and I vowed in my soul never to grieve her again, should I return unharmed from the dreadful scenes of that night.

"Lady," said I, "if your first tale be, as I feel it is, true; if you have slain him who wrought your ruin, and have chosen me to aid you in your dreadful task, I pray you hasten the *deed*. Let there be no delay."

"Then follow me!" said she; "you need not follow far."

She led me on a few steps, into what I supposed to be another room; here she bade me to pause, and calm myself. I must acknowledge that I felt greatly agitated; but mastering all my self-possession and presence of mind, I prepared to cast aside the veil, at her bidding and determined not to shrink from the horrible duty which lay before me.

She lifted the veil from my head. A blaze of light forced me to close my eyes; and then I dared not open them. Imagination painted a scene before me which I feared to gaze upon. At last shame unclosed my eye-lids, and I gazed around. . . . . Surprise almost stunned me.

It could not be!——*yet so it was!* I stood within my own bed-room! The stranger raised her mask. My wife's large black eyes looked sorrowfully out upon me; she cast the long tresses of glossy hair from her head; and then appeared her own soft curling ringlets playing about her neck. She had fallen upon this plan to punish me for seeking pleasure at a time when she, by reason of sickness and suffering, could not enjoy it with me. She had indeed taught me a lesson of conjugal fidelity.

My own volante had driven me at full speed over half the city! I had been led through a back-gate and had traversed a part of my house which I had never before entered; and all through the contrivance of my witch of a wife! Borrowed jewels had disguised her hands; she had spoken in an altered voice beneath her mask; and I, had actually fallen in love with my own wife!

What a 'fix' for a married man to be in!

THE GOVERNESS.

BY CAROLINE ORNE.

One evening, as Doctor Winterson was sitting alone in his office, busily engaged in perusing a recent number of some medical work, a letter was put into his hand from an old class-mate by the name of Norman. It was now nearly thirty years since they bade each other farewell at the University, where each had been a successful student. During this time they had always maintained a friendly correspondence, though they had never met. Doctor Winterson, who was heir to no hereditary wealth, had a long and severe struggle with poverty, and did not find himself in a situation to conclude a matrimonial engagement into which he had entered while studying his profession, till he was upwards of thirty.—Norman, on the contrary, came into possession of a valuable estate by the decease of his father, soon after he left college, so that there was no obstacle to his marrying a beautiful girl, to whom he had been affianced since his boyhood. His object in addressing his friend on the present occasion, was to inquire if he could recommend some young lady, who would be a suitable governess for his two unmarried daughters, one of whom was fourteen, the other twelve—

His eldest son, he informed him, who was to inherit the greater portion of his wealth, was travelling in Europe, and his second son, Arthur, who a year previous had completed his studies at the University, was in the office of a celebrated lawyer four or five miles from home.

Doctor Winterson, after reading the letter, recalled to mind every young lady of his acquaintance, whose education fitted her for a governess, and whose situation, in a pecuniary point of view, would make such an employment desirable. He could only think of one, whose name was Ann Westbury. He immediately sought his wife, named the subject to her, and she agreed with him in thinking that Miss Westbury was well qualified for the station. It would likewise be a very desirable situation for her, as her father had recently met with several heavy losses, which had sunk the family from a state of affluence into one of decided poverty. He therefore called at Mr. Westbury's, found the family at home, and read to them Mr. Norman's letter. Mrs. Westbury was somewhat appalled at the distance being several hundred miles, but Ann, full of hope and energy, was delighted at the prospect of engaging in an employment which would be the means of bringing back to the roof-tree, many of its former comforts. Doctor Winterson answered his friend's letter by the next mail, informing him that he had engaged a young person by the name of Westbury, as governess for his daughters, and that she would, nothing in providence preventing, be at his house in about two weeks time.

Miss Westbury, who was unable to make any addition to her wardrobe, immediately commenced repairing it. Her cousin, however, an orphan and an heiress, whose name was Harriet Westbury, determined in her own mind to supply every deficiency from her own purse, and to give Ann and her parents an agreeable surprise by sending a well filled trunk just as she was ready to leave home. This she could do without difficulty, as the cousins were so nearly of a size that an article of dress made for one, would exactly fit the other. Three days, however, previous to the one appointed for her departure, from overworking and from the excitement produced on a somewhat nervous temperament at the idea of leaving home, and of the duties on which she expected to enter, Ann was seized with a violent fever. Doctor Winterson, who was immediately summoned in his professional capacity, was not without apprehension that the disease might terminate fatally, more on account of the restless and painful anxiety she manifested at the idea of being unable to fulfil an engagement which had promised to bring so much comfort to the family, than from its possessing any peculiar malignancy. He had just been to make her a visit and was musing upon what might prove the best means of allaying her excitement, when he met her cousin, Harriet Westbury. He mentioned the subject to her, and likewise dwelt with much regret on the disappointment of his friend, Mr. Norman.

"I have thought of a plan which will put all to rights," said Harriet, after a few minutes' reflection

"I should like to hear what it is," said the Doctor

"I will go to Mr. Norman's myself."

"Go yourself! Surely, you are not serious."

"I never was more so, in my life. I should like a change of scene—above all, some useful employment: for I have been dying of ennui ever since I left school. It is true that I don't need the compensation, and intend, therefore, to give every cent of it to Ann, who, the moment she gets well enough, can take my place. Such an arrangement will, I think, be more likely to quiet her than all the anodynes that were ever invented. But you may not think that I am qualified for the situation."

"As far as a knowledge of those branches of learning you will be required to teach, you certainly are, but the duties of a governess involve a great deal more."

"Certainly—I am fully aware of that. May I ask in what particular you think I shall be mostly likely to fail?"

"As I am both old and old-fashioned," he replied, "I will at the risk of being considered ungallant, confess that I think you will prove deficient in both patience and perseverance. Conscious wealth, too, may, without your being aware of it, cause you to assume an independence of manner not altogether proper in a governess, or which, at least, might not be well received by your employers."

"Doctor Winterson, I have more energy and perseverance than you think I have. Should the proposed plan please my cousin, I am determined to take her place, and I am likewise determined to acquit myself in such a manner, as will meet the approbation of those who employ me."

"Then I think you will succeed," he replied. "A person resolutely bent on performing a duty properly, seldom fails."

When Ann was made acquainted with her cousin's intention, she not only acquiesced, but as Harriet had imagined, gradually dismissed the subject from her mind, now that there was a prospect of her obtaining the situation, as soon as her health was re-established.

Harriet Westbury arrived at the mansion of Mr. Norman on the day appointed, about an hour before sunset. It was Saturday, and Arthur, according to custom, had come home, that he might spend the Sabbath with the family, who had all assembled in the parlor, as eager to see him as if he had been gone months, instead of a week.

Mr. Norman, who was about fifty, looked younger than he was, his complexion being fresh and healthful, and his black hair untouched by the frost of time. Though his manners were equally cordial and urbane, the lambent fire of his clear, grey eye, indicated the irascibility of his temper. Mrs. Norman was a stately and still beautiful woman, with regular features, while her whole countenance was rendered brilliant and animated by her fine black eyes, such as, according to the poet's song, sometimes hide their beams behind the Spanish mantilla. Her parents were, in truth, natives of Spain, and her large, lustrous eyes, her dark, but clear skin, and her graceful and queen-like carriage, were such as not unfrequently distinguish the daughters of that sunny land. The two daughters, who were to be her future pupils, were as totally unlike in personal appearance as in disposition. Heather, the eldest, had her mother's clear, dark complexion, and her father's keen, grey eye, and her features, though neither handsome nor regular, had a frank, agreeable expression. Ella was a beautiful, fairy-like creature, bearing no likeness to any other member of the family. Her father said she was the exact resemblance of his only sister, who died in childhood, and he thought with regret on the time when the sunny light of her soft blue eyes would be dimmed by those thoughts of sadness which maturer years ever bring even to the lightest and happiest heart. Arthur, who was a very fine-looking young man, had his father's handsome mouth, all his warmth and cordiality of manner, and a spice of his irascibility. In other respects, he was more like his mother; inheriting her fine black eyes, her dark, clear skin, and something of her natural grace and dignity of deportment.

It was the employment of only a few minutes for Harriet to note these individual traits, for as tea was nearly ready, she soon left the apartment to exchange her travelling dress for one more suitable to appear in at the tea table.

"How handsome our governess is," said Ella, the moment she had withdrawn. "I know I shall like her—don't you think you shall, Arthur?"

"I cannot form an opinion as soon as you," he replied, passing his hand caressingly over the light brown curls which clustered in rich profusion round her forehead.

"Ella thinks she shall like her because she has blue eyes and light hair, like her, I suppose," said Heather.

"O, no—it is not that, Heather. It is because she has such a calm, sweet look, and such a soft, gentle voice. And Arthur, did you mind how little and how white her hands are, and that her mouth is just like the one in the picture you admire so much?"

Arthur had minded all that had taken so strong a hold upon the imagination of Ella, for he delighted in whatever was beautiful. But his was the admiration of an artist. Viewing a fine picture, or statue, would have afforded him similar sensations of pleasure; for the idea that Harriet was his sisters' governess, effectually checked those sentiments with which he would have regarded so lovely a girl in a more exalted station. Mrs. Norman, with still higher notions of birth and rank, treated Harriet with a kind of benign condescension, not remarkably flattering to one who had been accustomed to rank with the first in the polished society of her native place. Mr. Norman, who cared less about what he considered were, at best, very unsubstantial distinctions, had made up his mind for Arthur, as a remedy for want of fortune, to marry an heiress. He had made no secret of this, his favorite scheme, and Arthur knew, that unless he should find some lady of wealth who would be willing to lay her riches at his feet, he should be obliged to earn a livelihood by toiling at his profession. This knowledge had hitherto served as a kind of armor to ward off those arrows from Love's quiver, which otherwise might have found him as susceptible as the young men of his acquaintance. From Harriet Westbury, the governess, there could, of course, be no danger, and precaution, which had been an ever watchful sentinel, was suffered to sleep. Mr. Norman was the first to perceive that there was danger. Though Arthur now found occasion to visit home twice and even thrice a week, instead, as formerly, only once, he had, as yet, never given himself the trouble to analyze the new set of feelings which were springing up in his bosom. He knew that Harriet was very beautiful, and very fascinating, but then was she not a poor governess? He could not, therefore, as the phrase is, be in love with her. Mr. Norman, as already mentioned, was more clear-sighted; and one evening, when Arthur, his thoughts full of the delightful ramble he had agreed to take with Harriet and his sisters, alighted from his horse at the head of a shady avenue which led to the spot where he expected to meet them, stepped from behind a tree, and in a stern voice told him he wished to have some conversation with him. As he at once saw that his father was in no mood to receive excuses, he assumed an attitude of attention, though his eyes would wander, now and then, to catch glimpses of some snowy drapery that gleamed through the openings of the distant shrubbery.

"My object in now addressing you," said his father, "is to advise you to give up the study of the law, and learn a trade."

Arthur's large flashing eyes opened wide with astonishment at the conclusion of his father's speech.

"Now, I dare say," resumed Mr. Norman, "you think I am joking."

"What else can I think?" replied Arthur.

"I will tell you, sir, I am not joking. I advise you seriously to learn a trade—a shoemaker's trade, for instance, for people are obliged to have shoes, though they may not be obliged to employ a lawyer."

"I don't know why that should be an argument for my abandoning the study of a profession which I chose in preference to undergoing the misery of idleness, rather than with the expectation of its proving a source of much gain."

"But affairs have now, it seems, assumed a different aspect. The question now is, not how you may escape the misery of idleness, but how you may earn your bread."

"I don't understand you, sir. Has anything happened?"

"Nothing that I know of, except that Mr. Arthur Norman seems to be in a fair way to win Miss Harriet Westbury, for a bride."

"I protest, sir," said Arthur, coloring, "I not only never attempted to win her for a bride, but I never thought of such a thing."

"How, sir," said his father, angrily, "are you villain enough to entertain dishonorable intentions towards a poor and friendless girl?"

"I am no such villain," replied Arthur. "That Harriet Westbury is a very lovely and fascinating girl, I confess. I will confess, also, that her charms have exercised great power over me; but till you presented the subject to me in a palpable form, I was not aware that I was standing upon such dangerous ground."

"The perceptions of the lady have been less vague, I apprehend. I should not wonder if she were in daily expectation of receiving a formal offer of marriage from you."

"O no, that cannot be," said Arthur. "Indeed, I don't think, were I to make her such an offer, that she would accept it."

"Were she a girl of real, sterling sense, she would not, but she is, doubtless, like other girls, and has her day-dreams of love in a cottage, without once considering that when poverty comes in at the door, love flies out at the window."

Mr. Norman was mistaken in his opinion respecting Harriet, for she had no expectation of receiving an offer of marriage from his son. By several casual remarks made by the latter, in the course of a conversation on the subject of marriage, she found that his views fully concurred with his father's, and that he felt himself obliged, if he married at all, to select a person for a wife who would bring him wealth.—She knew, likewise, that he had thoroughly imbibed the aristocratic sentiments inculcated by his mother, so that he would not be likely to entertain any serious thoughts of marrying a person who filled what he considered so humble a station. From the time she had been able to form an opinion as regarded his sentiments, she had determined not to inform him or any member of the family, under what circumstances she had undertaken her present task. She was not so blind as to be unable to see that he derived pleasure from her society, nor could she forbear observing with what ill-disguised uneasiness Mr. Norman, and subsequently Mrs. Norman—who, at first, put more faith in her son's unyielding pride—regarded every mark of civility he bestowed on her, however trivial. This, at times, though she felt that it was reprehensible, afforded her a kind of mischievous pleasure; for she knew it would have been their most earnest wish to promote a match between her and their son, had they known that she was not only an heiress, but connected with people with whom even the exclusive Mrs. Norman would be proud to associate.

The conversation with his father, caused Arthur to examine the state of his heart, which resulted in the firm persuasion that Harriet Westbury was exactly the person to make him happy. Still, he shrunk from the idea of marrying a portionless girl; for although he felt that he had the talent to rise to eminence in his profession, would it not, he asked himself, be a species of desecration, to make talent the means of earning his daily bread? This question was asked, not without certain misgivings, whether he possessed the energy and perseverance necessary to turn his education and talents to such a practical use. He finally determined, as the most prudent course, to exile himself from home as much as possible, restricting himself to one weekly visit, and then to sedulously guard every word and every look in his intercourse with Miss Westbury. All this self-communion was the work only of a few minutes, and as soon as he had adopted the above formed resolution, he went in search of her and his sisters, that he might apologize for breaking his engagement. Ella, who saw him coming, ran to meet him, and considering it to be the safer way, he requested her to be the bearer of his apology to Miss Westbury, and then hastily turned away from her in the midst of her half playful, half earnest upbraidings. His mother, who from the window saw that it was not his intention to call at the house, was in season to intercept his retreat.

"My son," said she, "will you not give me a few minutes of your time? I wish to have some conversation with you."

"I am in haste now," he replied; "will not another time do as well?"

"No; the subject is of moment, and ought not to be deferred—but a few words may suffice. I wish to warn you against the arts of the governess. She is evidently using every effort to inveigle you into offering her your hand."

"You are mistaken, mother. Harriet Westbury is incapable of what you lay to her charge. Her intercourse with me has uniformly been marked with a reserve approaching, I have sometimes thought, to dignity."

"Poor girl," said Mrs. Norman, her lip curling slightly, with a somewhat scornful smile, "I should be gratified to know, whether her dignity is derived from wealth or exalted station."

"From neither, I presume, but from self-respect and conscious worth. Pardon me when I tell you that my views have changed with regard to certain particulars, within the last half hour. By making use of my own understanding, instead of leaning on that of others, I have come to the conclusion that real worth is dependent on neither wealth nor rank, and were it not that I have learnt too well, and enjoyed too long the many comforts derived from a judicious use of wealth, to be able to dispense with them, I would prefer to marry Harriet Westbury before any lady I ever saw. But do not knit your brows, my mother, for even were she willing to accept me, which I much doubt, I would not condemn her to the miseries of unmitigated poverty, which must be her lot were her fate united to mine."

"Really, Arthur Norman, I should imagine that you had been learning heroism and high-flown sentiment from plays and romances. You have placed the governess on a pedestal, and to carry out your romantic views, have nothing to do, but to worship in silence. But let me assure you, that if you dare to breathe a word of your foolish passion to its object, I will never again regard you as a son."

Saying thus, she turned from him, and with a proud and stately air walked towards the house.—Arthur, though he might have received advice, or yielded to entreaty, was not of a spirit to brook dictation. There was another consideration, likewise. The merit of the resolution he had taken, of avoiding Harriet, would now be attributed, by his mother, to her influence rather than to his own discretion and self-control, which was by no means gratifying to his feelings of pride and independence. The moment, therefore, that he parted with his mother, he would have sought Harriet and confessed his passion, had not the spectre, Poverty, still presented itself before him, and restrained his impetuosity.

Mrs. Norman, not content with warning her son, as soon as Harriet had returned from her walk, took her into her chamber and threatened her with instant dismissal, if she attempted to walk, ride, or even converse with him. Harriet very quietly, and without the least appearance of anger, promised to acquiesce, and even proposed remaining in her room whenever he came home.

Mrs. Norman fixed upon her, her keen, flashing eyes.

"Such entire, unresisting submission," said she, "I do not like. You over-act your part."

"I am not acting a part, Madam," replied Harriet, with kindling resentment. "I came here in the quality of a governess, with no other design or wish, than to discharge my duties faithfully. Whenever I fail to do so, I am ready to leave at any moment."

"I accuse you of neither incapacity nor unfaithfulness; but there is madness in the idea, that a son of mine, in whose veins flows some of the noblest blood of Spain, should be in danger of yielding to the fascinations of one so infinitely beneath him."

Harriet, who with some effort suppressed her rising anger, contented herself with assuring her that she should religiously adhere to her promise, and then requested leave to retire to her own apartment.

Time passed on, and Arthur restricted himself to one weekly visit. Harriet, true to her promise, studiously avoided him. But the obvious care with which she shunned him, only served to give a more rapid development and greater intensity to the passion he was laboring to check. At length his feelings obtained the mastery over his discretion, and as he found it impossible to obtain an interview with her, he wrote to her in language that showed the sincerity and fervor of his passion; but while he implored her to consent to be his, he was generous enough to

must unavoidably be her lot, unless he were able to gain that high stand in his profession, which, while it binds round the brow the wreath of fame, lays the golden gifts of Plutus at the feet. This letter he confided to the care of Ella, who promised to give it to Harriet when no other person was present. After carefully perusing it, she decided to accept his proposal. As long as she suspected that he considered wealth and high connexions of greater importance than personal worth, though she could not view his many noble and brilliant qualities with indifference, she kept a vigilant guard over her heart, determined not to yield its affections to one, who might feel degraded as well as flattered by the unsolicited gift.

She had spread a sheet of paper before her, and dipped her pen into the ink, with the intention of answering the letter, when Ella ran breathlessly into the apartment, saying that a gentleman, who had just arrived in a splendid carriage, was in the parlor, and wished to see her. Harriet cast her eye out at the window as she passed, and instantly knew that the carriage and horses belonged to her maternal uncle, whose name was Lansing, and who had, for several years, been a distinguished member of Congress.—Mr. and Mrs. Norman, who were present, were somewhat surprised, that a person of so much distinction as Mr. Lansing should be so very glad to see a governess.

"I thought," said Mr. Lansing, addressing Harriet, "that, by this time, you might be weary of your employment, and have, therefore, come a few miles out of my way, to offer you a conveyance home."

The surprise of Mr. Norman and his wife, was not diminished by his addressing her in this manner; nor by the reply of Harriet, who said she would embrace the opportunity to return with pleasure, if her employers would consent to release her.

"We certainly shall not compel you to stay," said Mrs. Norman, "but I should think that we offer a very generous compensation for the comparatively light duties attached to your situation."

"The compensation *is generous*," said Mr. Lansing, "but as that is no object to my niece, possessed as she is of an ample fortune, the restraint which she must unavoidably be subjected to, may be somewhat irksome."

"Did I rightly understand you?" enquired Mr. Norman. "Did you say that Miss Westbury is in possession of an ample fortune?"

"I did, and presumed that you were aware of the fact." Then, turning to Harriet, said, "you have not then explained to Mr. and Mrs. Norman, under what circumstances you undertook your present engagement?"

"I have not," she replied, "for as the nature of our reciprocal obligations could in no wise be affected by such an explanation, I considered it unnecessary."

"I will, by your leave, explain them myself, then," said he, "for as you were actuated by motives of philanthropy towards your cousin, who will now be able to take the place, which she could not, were it filled by another, I think there is nothing which need be concealed."

When he had finished his explanation, Mrs. Norman rose and took Harriet's hand.

"I would," said she, "ask you to forgive certain things I said to you a few weeks since, did I not think you to blame for concealing what Mr. Lansing has just made known to us, and thus suffer those deep-rooted principles, or you may call them prejudices, if you prefer—as regards the distinctions of society to take alarm, which education has taught me ought not to be violated. As it is, let us all agree to suffer the waters of oblivion to cover whatever has been unpleasant in our past intercourse."

Harriet expressed her willingness to accede to this proposal, and Mrs. Norman, who had now nothing to fear on account of her son, appeared so amiable and fascinating, that Harriet could hardly believe that she was the same stately and haughty lady, who always when in good humor, put on such an air of condescension whenever she deigned to notice her. The full tide of good fellowship already prevailed, when Arthur—no person having noticed his arrival—entered the apartment. He soon saw that the ice of his mother's dignity and reserve towards Harriet had melted away, but under the influence of what auspicious star, he was unable to conjecture. He soon, however, became one of the initiated, and that very evening Harriet Westbury, the governess, was his affianced bride.

THE DOOMED CAPTIVE.

BY THE LEYDON BARD.

Barr'd in the lonely cell he stood,
In thoughtful, melancholy mood,
With dark contracted brow;
A captive in a foreign land,
Imprisoned by a tyrant's hand,
Subdued by his supreme command,
So humble seemed he now.

Anon he paced the cold damp floor,
And glanced upon his prison door
At every passing sound;
The fatal hour was drawing nigh,
When he a traitor's death must die,
Condemned to lasting infamy—
In her foul fetters bound!

Yet flattering hope still lingered there,
As though to prompt his contrite prayer,
And bid his heart rejoice.
Mercy would hear his plaintive tone,
And from her sympathising throne
Descend to make his freedom known,
As her wise, happy choice.

"Where linger now the vaunting brave,
Who swore to snatch me from the grave?"
The grieving captive cried.
"Why come they not to set me free
From this dark dungeon's misery,
And trample down the proud decree
Which has my life denied?

"And have they then forgotten now
That fervent, consecrated vow,
First made in days gone by?
When at the solemn signal word,
They met to draw the slaught'ring sword,
And from each trembling lip was heard,
'Let us be free or die!'

"Was it for this I braved the foe,
When every friend had fallen low
Upon the battle-plains?
For dashing 'mid the carnage cloud,
Where death shots thundered long and loud,
Is my reward a felon's shroud—
My grave a felon's chains?

"Ah no—I dream—it cannot be;
They sleep, no more to pity me,
Beneath the conflict's flood.
Their bones now whiten every hill,
Their homes are desolate and still;
Whilst every brook and mountain rill
Flows crimson'd with their blood!

"Oh, liberty—resplendent flame!
What crimes, performed in thy pure name,
Have stain'd thy sacred shrine!
Bereft of thee I gladly fall,
A victim to the tyrant's thrall,
Despised, defamed, unwept by all—
Justice shall yet be mine!

"Life, thou art sweet—but still more dear
When freedom's languishing career
Hangs on thy final breath.
I proudly raised the shield anon,
And led the raging legions on;
Their doom was, soon to be undone,
And mine, a traitor's death!"

Hark! now the dismal signals ring!
With fierce and fearful echoing
The populace replies!
The hoary deep-toned prison bell
Peals forth its solemn startling knell;
He casts around a last farewell,
He kneels—he bows—he dies!

'Twas done—the fatal deed was past!
But dim'd eyes sighed, and tears fell fast,
For that young captive's fate.
Then pity struggled to reply
To his full just imploring cry,
And fain would lend her sympathy,
But, ah! 'twas heard too late.

Years in their silence roll'd away,
The culprit long forgotten lay,
In his forsaken grave;
'Till friendship's hand, amid the gloom,
Reared up a simple marble tomb,
With flowers that shed a sweet perfume
Around the captive brave.

One night as shrieked the howling storm,
A pale and spectral female form,
Was seen to linger by.
She knelt, and gazed upon the stone;
Long mourned the dear departed one;
Then traced this epitaph thereon:
"He died for Liberty!"

THE SILENT GIRL.

BY REV. SAMUEL GILMAN, OF CHARLESTON.

She seldom spoke; yet she imparted
Far more than language could;
So bird-like bright, and tender-hearted—
So natural and good!
Her air, her look, her rest, her actions
Were voice enough for her;
What needs a tongue, when those attractions
Our inmost hearts could stir?

She seldom talked; but uninvited,
Would cheer us with a song;
And oft her hands our ears delighted
Sweeping the keys along;
And oft, when converse round would languish,
Flagg'd or sunk'd, she read
Some tale of gladness, or of anguish,
And so our evening sped.

She seldom spoke, but she would listen,
With all the signs of soul;
Her cheek would change, her eye would glisten,
The sigh, the smile upstole.
Who did not understand, and love her,
With meaning thus o'erfraught?
Though silent as the sky above her,
Like that, she kindled thought.

Little she spake; but dear attentions
From her would ceaseless rise—
She check'd our wants by kind preventions—
She hush'd the children's cries.
And, twining, she would give her mother
A long and loving kiss,
The same to father, sister, brother,
All around, nor one would miss.

She seldom spoke! she speaks no longer—
She sleeps beneath yon rose;
'Tis well for us that ties no stronger
Awaken memory's woes,
Else oh! our hearts would sure be broken,
Already drained of tears,
If frequent tones, by her unspoken,
Still lingered in our ears.

HARD TO PLEASE;

OR,

SHE MUST BE PERFECT.

A TALE OF REAL LIFE.

It was the misfortune of my brother, Henry Calvert, to lose his wife, a most amiable and interesting woman, and as he had not come into the popular doctrine that the true way of proving affection for the first wife, is by instantly marrying a second, I was invited to take charge of his family. It consisted, beside himself, of two children: Charles of the age of eight, and Julia, some two years younger. Were I writing for *effect*, I should describe them as prodigies of beauty and goodness, but truth being my object, I shall not invest them with attributes to which they could lay no claim. Julia was a quiet, affectionate little girl, with a reasonable share of comeliness and good sense, and Charles was manly and intelligent, with an honesty and singleness of purpose that augured well for his success in life, but still—he was a boy. Politeness and good breeding do not come by nature, and if the observance of the common courtesies of life require such constant enforcement, what must it be with the conventional usages of polite society. "Hoc opus, hic labor est" (indulge me, learned reader, with a touch at the classics), and though such continuous drilling cannot but be wearisome to the flesh, yet doubtless it is beneficial to the spirit,—as it certainly was in my own case, since it kept me in one perpetual hymn of thanksgiving that the sphere of my exertions was not more extensive. Charles was probably neither better nor worse than most of his contemporaries. He blustered about in shoes no way remarkable for their small size or high polish, and his fondness for personal neatness could not, strictly speaking, be said to amount to a passion. Interested in the *auxiliaries* of education, rather than in the cause itself, he was an adept in the manufacture of lead bullets, red ink, and pounce, and gave practical proof of his belief in home industry, since his pockets were never free from choice *deposits* in the shape of old nails, black wax, and other pin boxes. "Let not grandeur hear with a disdainful smile" of these simple pleasures;—they at least were innocent, and life is made up of small occurrences. At all events, they contributed to *his* happiness, and his *smile* was always pleasant, with the exception, perhaps, of that particular period when dental science levied her tax upon him, when it could not be denied, that it was more *open* than becoming. This special point in early existence is the least interesting portion of childhood, and furnishes a clue to the singular fact why so *few* marry those they have known from infancy, since there is nothing so killing to sentiment and young romance, as an early vision of your would-be lover "a sitting on a rail," munching gingerbread, with a barn-door opening in his front teeth.

But to return to our hero. Years brought their usual changes:—in due time the kink got out of his back, the magic games of Hul-gul and Three Men Morris ceased to interest, and he could be induced to pay some trifling civilities to his sister, without invoking the parental mandate. His collegiate course was an honorable one, and when he graduated, with the highest honors of his Alma Mater, our pride was not a little gratified. He had grown up tall—"an excellent thing in" man; and though he could lay claim to no superior beauty, yet with his talents, his correct habits, and his frank and gentlemanly manners, he was a welcome guest in every circle. But, for who is not obnoxious to a but? he had his weaknesses. Possessed with a strong taste for reading, he had devoured every thing within his reach, and unfortunately the popular literature of the day had claimed a large share of his attention. The result was an unhappy one;—he was fastidious in his tastes, loathed everything that was dull and common-place, and was looking for a degree of perfection, at least in the female world, that never was and never could be realized.

The lumbering machinery of legal science, it was hoped, would act as a sedative upon his ardent imagination; but he passed through the initiatory studies, and entered upon its practical details, without its having any perceptible effect; and he would indite a sonnet upon the very heels of a case of trover, or concoct one of his most extravagant essays upon the back of that embodiment of dullness and tautology, a bill in Chancery. He was not, however, a mere idealist; he was fond of female society and frequented it, but none equalled the beau *ideal* of his imagination. One was too short, another too fat, and though occasionally he might meet with one who approximated reasonably near to his ideal standard of perfection, yet there was always some material objection; in short, he seemed in a fair way of remaining a bachelor for life, for the mere want of some perfect specimen of humanity upon whom to bestow the rich treasure of his affections.

It is one of the advantages of domestic life, that weaknesses of character stand little chance of becoming permanent from want of being properly exposed, and Master Charles's [illegible] was treated with a degree of [illegible] that would have angered a less amiable temper. His father, eminently rational and practical, had little sympathy with such refined absurdities, and was loud in his wishes that "he would settle in life," form a "*suitable* matrimonial connection," etc. etc.; phrases that were perfect gall and wormwood to his son's romantic ear, and which led to innumerable discussions.

"But," said I, one day, after a more than usually brisk debate—"if such uncommon beauty is essential to wedded life, what is to become of that vast army of ordinary women that we are surrounded with? Are they to remain mere useless drones in the body politic?"

"Why, you seem to forget the promise," said he, "there swims no goose so grey, etc., and intended expressly to comfort your sex. You must remember there is an equal number of my own of precisely the same description, who stand ready to appropriate them. But you women have no just views on this subject—you receive our devotion as a matter *of course*; whereas it is no small thing to offer to support, absolutely maintain a woman during her natural life, sick or well, just as it comes. Depend upon it, you have much to answer for on the score of ingratitude."

"Well, well,—the more merit then on your part, since you meet with so few returns; but self-imposed trials are not much entitled to sympathy. However, I admit that such disinterested goodness would be unaccountable and perfectly intolerable to a generous mind, were it not for a sort of equalizing process going on in the world. You believe in the doctrine of compensations. Is it nothing to have a person always at hand upon whom you can exercise your spleen with *perfect safety*? No being turned neck and heels out of doors, no being incarcerated in a gloomy prison, which you surely would be, if such conduct took place anywhere but at your own hearthstone. Answer me that."

"Come, my esteemed aunty, you are getting quite too ferocious. You are a lone woman, and have been treated very ill, in your day, I've no doubt, but let 'bygones be bygones.' What I say, is the same that I have said a thousand times before, that I shall never marry a plain woman; I couldn't love her, at least in that relation," he added, hastily, in compassion, doubtless, to the old puckered visage that was gazing at him; "and I shall never consent to 'sign, seal and deliver,' until I have seen some person more attractive than I have met with yet."

"Oh! very likely your time has not come yet, but mark my words, young man, you will never meet with such a being as your *fancy paints*, for the best of all possible reasons, that such an one never had an existence."

"Well, then there never will be a Mrs. Charles Calvert, that's all."

"Oh! what pre-eminent selfishness, such an agreeable creature as you are, and such an ineffable happiness as you could confer—the *only* thing is, it would be too much for any one. However, just recollect my words, you will not only marry a plain woman, but you will confess to me on your bended knees, the absurdity of your former notions."

"Never, never," said he gaily, "but enough for the present."

Poor Charles had no better success than the cynic of old who went about with a lighted lanthorn in the day-time in pursuit of an honest man, and yet so earnest was he in his delusion, that I verily believe he never took his daily walk without believing some angel face would beam upon his path, or leave the city without a secret expectation that in some sylvan nook or secluded dell, a cottage maid would burst upon his sight with the usual captivating accompaniments of gipsey-hat, sunny ringlets, and wild flowers.

It was during a temporary absence of his from town, that Julia received a letter from a former school-fellow, accepting her oft-repeated invitation to visit her. Miss Murray was the daughter of a retired country gentleman, and though a constant correspondence had been maintained between them as became a boarding-school friendship, yet circumstances had prevented their holding any more direct intercourse. The announcement was received with unfeigned delight, and Julia was never weary of the praises of her friend.

"I hope Charles will like her," she exclaimed, as she read for the twentieth time her letter; "and I am sure he will; but I should hope for a stronger feeling, were it not for his absurd vagaries as to personal beauty; but Mary, though sufficiently well-looking, is not beautiful, and would not be considered so, and has, moreover, none of the languishing graces of a heroine. Her education has been solid rather than showy, and the only accomplishment she possesses is that of music, and this, too, not in a way to please a fashionable ear, for she has none of that *screw-ing* style of singing, like blowing through a tube, so universal among modern performers."

Miss Murray arrived in a *few days*, as per order, and my first impressions were agreeable. She struck me as well-bred and lady-like, with no particular beauty of features, but with a refined and intellectual [illegible] been over-estimated—she was full of mind and energy, with great warmth and enthusiasm of character, but with an utter abhorrence of affectation in all its forms, and particularly that of false and sickly sentiment. Were I indicting a fancy sketch, instead of a veritable history, I should paint her to suit the taste of a certain class of my gentlemen readers (if I have any) as a gentle, dependent creature, formed only to love and be loved, and who would hang, as it were, about their necks all the days of their lives; but Miss Murray was none of these, for though no termagant and sufficiently feminine, she had her own opinions and could maintain them; and there was a point and originality in her remarks, that might have degenerated into satire, had it not been controlled and checked by a severe self-discipline. When I add the crowning grace of her character, a deep and habitual sense of her responsibilities as a rational and accountable being, our visitor is before you.

I was not a little curious to observe the effect she would produce upon "our nephew," and I was kept not long in suspense, for he reached home a few days after arrival. Her reception of him was frank and cordial, as one of whom she had often heard, and with none of that simpering consciousness which seems to say, "Oh! here's a beau—what will he think of me!" There was, therefore, little occasion for reserve, and they were soon conversing with the ease and familiarity of old acquaintances. Contrary to his usual practice, under the plea of unusual fatigue, Charles spent the remainder of the day and evening at home, and a merrier party never gathered round the social fireside. When the usual adieus for the night had been exchanged, he reseated himself, and seemed disposed for conversation.

"So Miss Murray has been with you a week?"

"Yes, and is to remain a fortnight longer."

"Indeed—I wonder Julia *did not* write me. My services might have been of some use to them."

"Why, in the first place we were ignorant of your whereabouts, and in the second we might have interrupted a delicious affair with some angel beauty, and received little thanks for our pains; and as to services, there is no want of those where Miss Murray is, to say nothing of Julia."

"Is there anybody in particular?"

"Oh no; but she is a very agreeable girl, as you perceive; pity she is not a little handsomer."

"Why, she is not strikingly otherwise, I am sure; and no one can know her, without considering it a matter of small consequence whether she is beautiful or not. She certainly is, as you say, uncommonly interesting. Oh! there's nothing like mind and talent, after all."

"Of course, *I* think so, but some persons, you know, have an antipathy to plain people, and can tolerate no one unless they are beautiful. But how long is it since you became so enamoured of good sense, and such every-day qualities"—since to-day noon?"

"Why, when did you ever hear me speak disparagingly of such qualities?"

"Never, perhaps, in terms; but this is not what I wish to say. We are all so delighted with Miss Murray, that we are anxious to retain her here.—Who do you think I have selected for her?"

"I cannot imagine."

"John Gray."

"Has he ever seen her?"

"No, he has been absent, but I want your co-operation. Do invite him here. I am sure she would just suit him; neither too handsome, nor too plain, but just right."

"Well, indeed, I believe I must decline the honor. I never have turned my attention to match-making, and I think I never shall. But why are you so solicitous for Mr. Gray's happiness?"

"I told you my reasons if you had attended to them; but I suppose you liked Mr. Gray; I am sure I once heard you say that you thought any woman's happiness would be safe with him."

"All that may be true, and still it may not be one of the duties of friendship to provide our friends with partners for life. Most people claim that privilege for themselves; and Miss Murray, too, she may not like to be so unceremoniously transferred to your favorite."

"Oh dear! I perceive *you* are in anything but a blessed frame to-night, so we will put an end to the whole matter. Mr. Gray shan't have Miss Murray, and Miss Murray shan't have Mr. Gray; each shall 'act conjunctly for himself;' that is, if you will let them."

It required no great penetration to discover what would be the result of all this so far as Charles was concerned; but it was not so easy to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion with respect to Miss Murray. It certainly would not have been surprising if a young girl, brought into constant proximity with an agreeable young man, and one too, who, do his best, could not conceal that he was getting desperately in love, should make the discovery that some people were vastly more interesting than others; but however this might be, Miss Murray had too much maidenly reserve and delicacy to voluntarily afford the slightest clue as to the estimation in which she held him.

Whoever wished to marry her, must ask her, and she would scarcely have been willing, even for the sake of securing that inestimable treasure (when a treasure at all) a husband, to follow the advice of a Reverend author, that if a lover hung back longer than was needful, "to throw yourself a fair enchanting object upon his generous protection."

However, spectacles and experience are not given for nothing, and old ladies often see and understand more than is suspected. There was a mighty shaking of hands one night previous to separating, in which Charles figured somewhat conspicuously, and when it came to Mr. Calvert, senior, he in the warmth and plenitude of his affection,—for the undeviating good temper and sprightliness of Miss Murray had completely won his heart—blundered forth something about adopting her as his second daughter.—Now it was an old man's speech, and nothing more; and yet Miss Murray must needs color and avert her face, and as to Master Charles, he seemed wholly absorbed in contemplating the toe of his boot, just as if he did not know before that it wanted a patch.

But while we young folks were thus enjoying ourselves, to our hearts' content, our happiness received a cruel interruption by the arrival one morning of a young Master Murray, charged with special instructions, from the home department, touching the return of our young friend. His reception was not particularly cordial, but conscious rectitude and self respect prevented him from feeling it the least. The dinner hour passed gloomily enough; an unwonted taciturnity prevailed, and poor brother and myself were at the expense of the whole conversation, sustained in a way I would fain trust that was not suggestive of second childhood and "garrulous old age." At tea it was not made better, and again we took the field, and by a series of rapid and brilliant manoeuvres succeeded, in some degree, in restoring the spirits of the party.

At length, like old King Cole, we called for some music; and Charles, for the first time, roused himself, handed Miss Murray to the piano, and prepared to do the needful. Now it was natural, at such a moment, when one young guest was so soon to leave us, that I should lay aside my knitting and look at her. I appeal to the reader if it were not so; and yet, innocent as a lamb as I was, and thinking of nothing at all, I saw, despite my failing vision, something that looked the least bit in the world like incipient love-making. Whatever it might portend, of this I am certain, that Charles, after giving a hasty search among the music, at length selected a song, and quietly calling her attention to the title, placed it, with some significance, before her. Now whether it was the sentiment which pleased him—

"Lady, farewell! but ere we part,
Accept my vows as true!"—

or whether it was the vignette, which represented a lover kneeling before his mistress, with his hand on his heart, placed somewhat lower and more central than physiologists usually assign it, I am unable to say. I only know that Miss Murray sang with less self-possession than usual, and that when she had finished it, she rose and left the instrument.

The next day Miss Murray left us, and the very spirit of dullness took possession of the family.—Charles seemed to make himself over to a sort of tender melancholy, which lasted several days; till finding it excited no particular solicitude, he very wisely concluded no longer to let concealment prey upon his vitals, but to come forth and "own the soft impeachment." A favorable moment soon occurred, and after considerable beating about the bush, which I was determined not to understand, he continued:

"Yes, Julia is, indeed, most fortunate in her choice of a friend. Ah! if she could only be persuaded to make us another visit."

"Perhaps you could persuade her," said I, carelessly.

"Do you think I could? Do you think I could?" said he, with much more animation than my remark seemed to call for. "Can you give me any hope?"

"Hope! for what? If it's a visit you mean, certainly. She is an obliging girl, and if she knew you had set your heart upon her spending another month with us, I dare say she would strain a point to accommodate you."

"But, then, if that visit was for life!"

"For life!" said I, laying down my work, and looking as if the idea had for the first time presented itself. "What do you mean?"

"Why, to ask her to become my wife, if I must put it in plain English. You seem wonderfully obtuse to-night!"

"Your wife! You are not serious!"

"Perfectly."

"Oh, impossible, impossible! What, you, with your romantic notions of exquisite perfection, marry a plain piece of flesh and blood like Miss Murray? I'm dreaming. Give me a pinch to wake me!"

"Why, in the first place," continued he, evidently nettled, "I do not agree to the truth of your remark that she is so plain; these things are mere matters of opinion. I never expected to go round with a pair of dividers and ascertain how near the woman I fancied approached to the Venus de Medici. And in the second place, if I've come to my senses, it ought rather to be a matter of congratulation than ridicule."

"Well it is, it is, I assure you; but you must allow for the disappointment of not having a perfect angel united to the family; for though *I* think Miss Murray is sufficiently well-looking, you must admit she is not much like those ethereal creations you have raved all your life about. I have seen many who had the advantage of her. How much you must have suffered in relinquishing your long-cherished notions! I declare, my heart bleeds for you."

"You may spare your pity, every bit of it;—but the next question is, shall I succeed?"

"That's for her to say, not me; but I did every thing for you in the way of commendation, while she was here. 'He may have his faults,' said I; 'undoubtedly he has, but they are all good, respectable faults,—he has no weaknesses of character, no romantic notions,—he is so eminently practical, and takes such common-sense views of life. It is really refreshing to meet with such a character!'"

"Oh, I've no doubt you did, and made me ridiculous enough; but there's one comfort, if you ruined my case, you will suffer nearly as much as I shall. But as all lovers say, anything is better than suspense. I shall leave to-morrow; if I am prospered, then you may exercise you wit *ad libitum*."

He was absent a week, and when he returned the bright smile which illumined his features as plainly assured me of the result of his 'mission' as did the two short words which he breathed into my ear as he bent over to give me his usual affectionate salutation.

"But the particulars," said I, when the usual hour had arrived for uninterrupted communing. "I've a right to know the love affairs in my *own* family."

"Well, my experience confirmed the truth of the remark respecting 'the course of true love,' but unfortunately my difficulties might all be classed under the head of ridiculous. I found Miss Murray in the midst of her family, rejoicing in the possession of some half dozen brothers, all younger than herself,—not fancy boys, but the genuine article, with turned-up noses and dirty fingers, and who manifested quite as much curiosity to learn the business of their visitor, in despite of family winks and private nudges, as was consistent with perfect good breeding. She seemed much embarrassed at meeting me, and so many times inquired particularly concerning your health, in apparent forgetfulness that the subject had been thoroughly exhausted, that I began to fear you were suffering from some secret malady, of which I had been kept in ignorance. The family, of course, were inclined to treat me with hospitality, but how to find an opportunity to declare the object of my visit, was the question. The truth is, never was poor mortal so troubled to give it even the semblance of sentiment. A morning call, with little pellet heads glancing in and out of the room, was no time; it was too cold for an evening stroll, and pitch dark into the bargain; and a ride over the frozen grounds would have been utterly inadmissible, so that I feared I should be absolutely driven to ask her to give me a private interview in another apartment, and without any circumlocution put the question—'Pray, will you marry me, dear Ally Croker?' However, 'where there's a will there's a way.' In due time I blundered forth something which she understood, and in due time she accepted me, and there's the entire history of the affair; and I can assure you, the whole scene and its accompaniments were as little in accordance with my preconceived notions on this subject as you can well imagine."

"You expected she would bury her head on your shoulder in a transport of gratitude, I suppose."

"If I did, I was disappointed. I believe she would as soon have thought of cutting it off—and I am not sure but I like her the better for it. As to any emotion she displayed, the deponent saith not."

"No doubt, every thing was 'virtuousest, wisest, discreetest, best,' and then there was the asking Pa and Ma."

"Yes! but it was much less embarrassing and awkward than I anticipated. It seemed the most natural thing in the world that I should ask them for their daughter; and knowing her as they did, they must have expected as a matter of course that I should fancy her; but it cost them a great effort to resign her. 'Why,' he said, and he grasped my hand warmly as he spoke, 'that she was the very joy of his heart,' and when I endeavored to express my sense of obligation for so priceless a treasure, his eyes moistened, and I am not sure but my own twinkled a little."

"But the time?—when is the happy moment?"

"Ah! there's the rub, I thought I was very good that I named no earlier period than next month; but will you believe me they would not listen to it before Spring, and Mary, too—she turned traitor and only laughed at my agonies. It was in vain that I entreated and implored, and expended eloquence enough to have immortalized me if it had only been in court or in Congress. I left nothing undone; I humbled myself upon my knees, I loaded her with reproaches, and her parents, till finding I could not be silenced, will you believe it, that she, the uncompromising advocate of liberty of speech and opposer of gag-law, went the unjustifiable length of putting her hand over my mouth. I think she did not get it away in a hurry! However," said he, pausing to recover breath, "our wooing was a most proper one, and I attended as strictly to the 'proprieties' as do dramatic authors to the 'unities.'"

"But," said he, after a brief silence, "it is not alone her unrivalled powers of conversation, or her delightful manners, that have won me—(here I am willing to abjure my former heresies, and admit that a fair outside is but of small consequence)—it is her strict religious principle, her noble and elevated views of duty for which I admire and love her, and would fain imitate her."

"Thank God," said I, much moved with the depth and earnestness of his manner, "and may He give you strength to do it."

"And now, my dear aunt, good night," said he, rising and affectionately kissing my cheek; "I believe I owe half my success to her love for you; but be that as it may, she's a dear good girl, and I wish she was here this minute."

Winter, tedious winter, at length passed away, and our hero was made happy by the possession of the lady of his love. The winding up was like all other similar occasions, the bride looked beautiful—(everybody looks handsome once—I wonder if I should?) the bridegroom tried hard to avoid the look of silliness, so universal in young connubial happiness, and the young Masters Murray, in imitation *of* their elders, squeezed out a few tears until the passing round the creature comforts rendered further sorrow utterly impossible.

And here we will leave them—Charles to rejoice that his eyes have been opened to discover, that there is "something than beauty dearer;" and both to realize, that life is made up of sunshine and sorrow, and that as we use or abuse it, it will be our happiness or our misery.

THE GAMBLER OUTWITTED.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

One day last Fall, a knot of two or three well-dressed men were standing on the levee at New Orleans, talking and looking about them somewhat curiously, as an attentive observer would have seen, though an inattentive one would have deemed them little more than idlers. Several flat boats were at the wharf near by them, the owners of which were engaged in landing their cargoes. Three or four of these were laden with flour.

"Do you see that fellow on the levee, just over the largest of those three flat boats?" said one of the men alluded to, speaking in an under tone.

"I do," was the reply.

"He's the owner."

"Yes, I think that's clear."

"Keep your eye on him."

"I'll try; and if he gets beyond me, he'll be smarter than I think him."

"Look sharp. While you are dogging him, I'll attend to the whereabouts of the other flat boat Captain, the sleepy one who is sitting upon one of his own barrels of flour. I'll make something out of him."

The third individual of this hopeful trio, had said nothing. Now he merely remarked, sententiously:

"Be wide awake, both of you. There's good game in the field. You may depend upon me being in at the death, and no mistake."

"We mustn't be seen too long together," remarked the first speaker.

"No. Let us go into the city and then separate. We can return in a little while."

As suggested, the three went into the city, and there parted from each other. That night they met in a private room at a tavern in an obscure quarter of the city.

"All right, Jackson?" asked one of them, as they drew up to a table on which were decanters and refreshments.

"All right. The flour is sold to Mark & Blair. Five hundred barrels at five dollars."

"And paid for?"

"No. It isn't all delivered yet."

"What is the owner's name?"

"Morgan."

"Where is he from?"

"Cincinnati."

"And puts up——"

"At Randall's, in —— street."

"He's rather green, I judge."

"Rather. I took supper at Randall's, and pumped out of him, after we left the table, all that I have told you. He says he will make a first rate trip, and clear at least four hundred dollars."

"He's not so sure of that!" was said ironically.

"No. Ha! ha! Not if I can get a fair chance at him; which I will, before he has his money in his pocket three hours. But, what have you done, Hamilton? How is your sleepy subject?"

"First rate. There's good plucking about him."

"The feathers will come easy?"

"Oh, yes—even without scalding."

"Who is the purchaser of his flour?"

"Old Garcia."

"Indeed! He's diddled him, then, out of at least half a dollar a barrel in the price."

"So I thought, when I learned who was doing his business for him. But it isn't the case—he got five and a 'bit' for it, and that's a tip-top price."

"How came that?"

"He stuck out, and the old fellow had to come to."

"When does the settlement take place?"

"In a day or two. Meantime, he has bills to the amount of five or six thousand dollars to collect for merchants up the river. It will be a week or ten days before he gets through."

"Where does he put up?"

"At the Planters'."

"Do your work on him slow, but surely, Hamilton. Remember, that, sometimes, these sleepy looking subjects are rather hard to manage."

"There'll be little difficulty with old Slack."

"Slack?"

"Yes. His name is Slack. This is his first trip down the river."

"And it will, no doubt, be his last."

"Perhaps it will." This was said with a sinister chuckle, in which the other two joined.

Enough may be gathered from the conversations already detailed, to enable the reader to guess pretty accurately as to the character and occupation of the three men introduced.

About a month previous to this time, a man named Morgan, who kept a small store in Cincinnati, came home from his business one evening, looking gloomy and dejected. This was noticed by the quick eye of his wife, who said to him—

"You look troubled, James. Has any thing gone wrong?"

At first the man did not reply. But his wife was not to be put off. She came and stood close by his side, and laying her hand upon his shoulder, said—

"You know, by past experience, that to tell me of all that disturbs your mind, will not make your burden any harder to bear."

"I know that, Eliza. I know that you have even more fortitude than I have," was replied. "But, you have your cares at home,—why should I compel you to share mine?"

"Business is not good?" Mrs. Morgan said, in answer to this, preferring to lead him on to speak of what she instinctively perceived to be the trouble, rather than argue with him the point advanced.

"I am sorry to say that it is not, Eliza. To-day, I have made a thorough investigation of my affairs, and find that I am two hundred dollars worse than nothing. This distresses me beyond measure. Mr. Talbot, who so generously set me up in business, and who has for the past year been so untiring in his good offices, will, at this rate, be the loser by me. I cannot bear the thought. I did hope, and I have struggled hard to realize this hope, that in the effort I have been making to get fairly on my feet again, I should be successful. Now, I despair."

"Do not utter, my dear husband, that word which should be stricken from our language. There is no such thing as despair to any human being who will keep on striving to the end. Rather say, confidently, 'If I fall, I will rise again,' for this is a truth which every man will experience, if he but keep steadily onward. Do not forget that One sits above the clouds, to guide the whirlwind and direct the storm, permitting them only to devastate just so far as purification is necessary."

"Eliza! I do despair!" the husband replied to this, with bitter emphasis. "Have I not been struggling for ten years with an honest purpose, and untiring industry, but struggling in vain? If, for a moment, I rise upon a wave, it is but to sink deeper the next moment. It is hard, very hard. Other men can get along—other men who think it no crime to cheat—but I, aiming in all things to do justice to my fellow men, find myself like a horse in a mill, again and again upon the spot from which I started. It is enough to make a man despair."

Finding her husband in such an unhappy mood, Mrs. Morgan said nothing in return, but let him murmur on until he had exhausted his complaints.—On the next morning he was in a calmer frame, but still much depressed.

"Something will turn up, James," said Mrs. Morgan. "It will not always be dark. I do not fear.—We have weathered many a gale, and will, I am sure, ride safely through all the storms of life."

"Perhaps so, Eliza. You are always full of hope, and it is, doubtless, much the best. But I cannot but be troubled when every thing around looks as gloomy as it now does. As to something turning up, that is pretty clear. I shall have to hand over everything to Mr. Talbot, who has been so kind to me, and have the satisfaction of knowing, that I have injured my benefactor. After all is realized that can be made out of my stock, there will be a deficit, as I before told you, of two hundred dollars, and that loss must fall, for the present, at least, upon Mr. Talbot."

"It cannot be as bad as that, James, surely," the wife said, betraying, in spite of herself, the real anxiety she felt.

"Yes, it is that bad, if not worse. I mean well. I strive to be honest in my dealings with all men; but, strange to tell, I am ever injuring, peculiarly, my best friends."

This was said with so much bitterness and despondency, that his wife did not venture to reply to it, lest her words should only have the effect to make him still more gloomy. She remained silent, and he showed no further inclination to converse.

On the next day, Morgan called in to see the individual he had mentioned as his friend.

"What ails you, Morgan, you look distressed?" remarked Mr. Talbot.

"And I really am," he replied.

"Why should you feel so, Morgan?"

"For the best of reasons. I cannot get along. I think there are not many who try harder than I do. But it's no use. I go backwards instead of forwards."

"What in the world does this mean? You seem to have given up all at once. Has any thing particular happened, that you are disturbed so deeply?"

"I have been making a thorough examination into my affairs."

"Well, what is the result?"

"I am at least two hundred dollars worse than nothing."

"Why, Morgan!"

"It is true," continued the man, emphatically, compressing his lips tightly, and looking Mr. Talbot steadily in the face.

"But how is it, Morgan?"

"I know but one reason."

"Name it."

"My expenses are greater than my profits. Business has been dull with me for some months. At this time, I am little more than making my rent."

"Humph!" ejaculated Talbot, and he cast his eyes upon the floor, and mused for some time.

"I wouldn't mind it so much," resumed Morgan, "if no one suffered but myself, I could bear to come down to the ground, if no one else were hurt by my fall. But I believe I am fated to injure every man who dares to become my friend."

"That is all folly, Morgan," Mr. Talbot interrupted him by saying. "No man should suffer himself to despond, for it is despondency that makes failure, while confidence is the forerunner of success."

"But what am I to do? There is one fact that cannot be got over by any degree of confidence. I am two hundred dollars worse than nothing. Will confidence remedy that?"

"It will."

"Don't trifle with me, Mr. Talbot. I feel too sensitive to bear any thing just now."

"I am not trifling—I am in earnest. Confidence is often the means of success. A man who desponds when he gets into difficulties, looks down, and sees nothing but the hard, uneven ground at his feet; but he in whom confidence is strong, looks up and around, and soon discovers new paths in which to walk.—Look up and around you, then. Think—but not of the desperate condition in which you find your affairs—that can avail nothing; think concerning the means of extrication from your present difficulties that may and will avail much. If your present business does not give you a support, connect something else with it, or change it entirely."

"But see, Mr. Talbot, the strait I am in. How can I change it, when I have nothing to change it upon? My stock of goods ought to be sold off at once before they are reduced still further, and the proceeds paid into your hands."

"When, according to your own statement, I should be the loser by some two hundred dollars."

"It is too true." This was said in a gloomy way.

"How much better, then, will it be for you to seek some new channel of operations, instead of giving up your present efforts. Morgan! you must be more of a man. A true man never desponds but for a very brief season. He has confidence in well-directed efforts, and will make them."

"It is very easy to talk, Mr. Talbot—but what can I do? I have thought, but thought returns like the dove, weary. It finds no rest for its feet."

"Suppose I think a little for you?"

"Do, for mercy sake! If you can think to any good purpose."

"Have you confidence in your clerk?"

"Yes."

"In his honesty and capability?"

"I have the fullest confidence in both."

"Do you think your business would suffer if you were absent a few weeks?"

"No."

"Very well. Then I think I can help you to an idea. Try a couple of boat loads of flour down the river."

"There are too many in that trade now."

"That is only an assumption. The flour is the thing. If you go down to New Orleans with flour, you can sell it, and clear something neat."

"Where is the flour to come from?"

"Don't throw difficulties in the way. Are you willing to try?"

"Certainly I am, if there is any use in it, and I can get a cargo."

"If there is any use in it! I am really out of patience with you, Morgan! But to come at once to the point. I have about five hundred barrels on hand, and if you will go with them to New Orleans, I will charge you four dollars a barrel, and you may get what you can."

"The last quotation was at four and three quarters, I believe."

"Yes, and that will pay you very well."

"Yes, it certainly will; and if you do not see cause to change your mind, I shall be glad to make the trip."

This was said with a brightening eye and a more cheerful tone of voice. Hope had revived. There was something tangible presented to his mind, and he grasped at it eagerly.

In about two weeks, Morgan parted from his family, and with two well-laden flat-boats, commenced his voyage towards the Crescent city. Without accident from "bar," "snag," or "sawyer," he arrived in New Orleans, the period of time in making the descent of the Ohio and Mississippi, being just that required for his boat to float down with the gliding current. Much to his gratification, he made a quick sale of his flour at five dollars, and received a good price for the lumber of which his flat boats were composed. Altogether, the clear profits of the trip were very near four hundred dollars, after all expenses were paid.

Morgan felt very much elated at the success of this transaction, and could not refrain from speaking of it to one of the boarders at the hotel, a very pleasant, affable man, who had shown him many little attentions, both at dinner and tea time, and who seemed not only inclined to converse with him, but to take a good deal of interest in his affairs. To this individual, he communicated freely, all the particulars of his business, and was gratified to find in a stranger one who could sympathize with him, and find pleasure in his success.

"Come, take something to drink," he said to this individual, after they had left the tea table, and smoked a cigar together.

"No objection," was the quiet reply, and the two went up to the bar and took a stiff glass of brandy together. They then sat down in the public parlor, and entered into a very friendly conversation.

"Cincinnati, I am told, is a very pleasant place," remarked the new acquaintance.

"It is, certainly. Have you never been up the river?"

"No. My business keeps me close in New Orleans. And, as I am a business man, I never like to be absent from my post."

"That is right. In what line of business are you engaged?"

There was a slight pause, and then—

"I keep a hardware store," was replied.

"You do? Where is your store?"

"At No. 96 ——— street."

"Well, I must call in before I leave the city, and make a few purchases in your line. I have a store in Cincinnati, and generally keep an assortment of nails, hinges, locks, etc."

"I shall be happy to see you," returned the friend a little coolly. Then, after a short pause, he said—

"Your trip, this time, has turned out very well, I think you told me?"

"O yes; it has netted me handsomely. It is the first I ever made, but it shall not be the last."

"The river trade is quite profitable."

"So I find."

"How much flour had you?"

"Five hundred barrels."

"So much!"

"Yes."

"It sold very well?"

"O yes. Five dollars is a very fair price."

"Who bought it?"

"Mark & Blair. A good house, I believe?"

"Why—yes—tolerably fair. But—have they settled your bills yet?"

"No"—with a look of alarm. "Don't you think them safe?"

"O yes, I suppose they are safe enough. But I would advise you, as a friend, to settle with them as early as convenient. I tell you, but it is in confidence, that, to my knowledge, they are pretty hard run just now. No danger, I am sure; still, as I feel a friendly interest in you, I would suggest a settlement of your accounts as early as possible."

"I am really indebted to you more than I can express," Morgan said, with warmth. "The first thing I do in the morning will be to see after a settlement of my bills. If I were to meet with any losses here, it would completely break me up. Every thing depends upon the successful termination of this adventure."

"Don't be alarmed. There is no particular danger. Only it is best to be fully on the safe side."

"That it is. And I will put myself there right early to-morrow morning."

At dinner time the next day, Morgan again met his new friend, whose name was Jackson, at the table. The latter managed to get a chair beside him.

"Well, how are you to-day?" said Jackson, with a frank familiarity that pleased Morgan.

"Bright as a new dollar," was replied.

"I am glad to hear it. All right, I suppose, with Mark & Blair?"

"O yes—thanks to your kind hint. I had all my bills arranged this morning, examined and settled by a check for twenty-five hundred dollars."

"Which you cashed, of course?"

"Of course. Bank bills, any day, before private checks, say I. O yes, I got their check cashed in ten minutes after I received it, and here are the bills safe enough," placing his hand upon the breast of his coat, over against the pocket that contained his pocket book. "I shall not leave for a day or two yet, as I have a number of purchases to make," he continued, "and but for your kind hint, for which I am greatly obliged to you, I should have left my money in the hands of Mark & Blair, and, perhaps, have lost it."

Jackson turned his head partly away to conceal the expression of his face. The pleasure which the communication just made, gave him, was so lively and so sinister, that he feared his companion might be roused into suspicion by it. As he did so, his eye glanced across the table. He perceived that an individual was looking at him, who, he had reasons for knowing, understood very well his character and profession. From that moment, he had less to say to Morgan, and before the latter had finished his meal, he arose from the table and left the dining room.

The individual, whose eye had disturbed Jackson, remarked the fact of his having left the table, to a person by his side.

"Yes; I observed him leave," was returned. "Do you know him?"

"I know who he is. Don't you?"

"No. Who, or what is he?"

"A villainous blackleg. A scoundrel, who has ruined more young men of our city, and fleeced more of the up-river folks, than any two of his abominable craft!"

"Indeed! I should never have suspected that beneath his open, bland countenance, was so black a heart."

"It is true, nevertheless."

"Do you think that is one of his companions with whom he has been chatting so closely?"

"No. You rarely see two of that trade very familiar in public. They ordinarily meet as perfect strangers, the more surely to act in concert when the time comes."

"He can't be a marked victim."

"Doubtless he is. Some man, probably, engaged in the river trade, who has just sold out, and has his pockets well lined with money."

"Some one should put him on his guard."

"Yes. It would be a charity to do so. But, one hates to meddle himself in these matters."

"True. But such a reluctance should be conquered in a case like this. A scoundrel should never be allowed to sacrifice an ignorant man, if a mere hint of the scoundrel's character will save him."

"True: but one don't like to be interfering in what is none of his business."

"It is every man's business to warn the unsuspecting of danger."

"Will you warn the stranger opposite?"

"H-h-em! I suppose, according to my own doctrine, I ought to do so. But it is a delicate matter to broach. And, after all, instead of a victim, he may be an accomplice in villainy."

"Exactly! And suppose it should so turn out? A man would feel pretty confoundedly queer, I'm thinking."

"So do I. Though, I am clearly of opinion, that it is every one's duty to warn the unsuspecting of danger, I also clearly believe, that in doing so, he should be very cautious that he does not wake up the wrong passenger."

"Upon the whole, I think we had better let this green one, if such he be, look out for himself. It may do him good to get his fingers burnt a little.—Any man who can be tempted to gamble, ought to pay a pretty severe penalty. Do you think a really honest-minded man would play at cards for money?"

"That's a pretty close question. Men who would resent an imputation of dishonesty with instant indignation, and, perhaps, shoot you for your trouble, play cards for money."

"I know that. But can such men reflect that it is not a high-minded, honest way of making money?—That, in gaming, there is no exchange of equivalents; no mutual good derived in the transaction. But as perfect an abstraction of money on the part of him who wins, as if he had picked his companion's pocket."

"I rather think your views of the matter too broad. I cannot assent to it. Persons who play cards do so freely, aware of the risks they run. If they win, it is all fair, and if they lose it is the same. I have known persons, who were not at all grasping, or money-loving, in their characters, who would play cards night after night, from the mere excitement of the thing, sometimes losing considerably, and sometimes winning. I do not call such dishonest men; but, rather, weak men."

"No doubt, there is a distinction to be made, such as you present; but, I cannot help thinking, that any man who is lured by a stranger into gaming, has in his mind a latent vein of dishonesty. He hopes to win, or he would not play. And I call that man dishonest in heart who desires to win money instead of earning it. To win money, is to take what belongs to another, without giving him something of equal value in return—and that, as I have said, *I call dishonest.*"

The other made no reply to this: and the conversation ceased.

When Morgan left the dinner table, which he did soon after his new friend had retired, he looked around in the bar-room and parlor for Jackson, and felt some what disappointed at not finding him. After smoking a cigar, he walked out, intending to purchase some goods for his store, and have them packed for shipping the next day. He had only walked half a square from the hotel, when Jackson met him, and, smiling blandly as he stopped, said—

"Ah, well—how are you now? I had particular business to attend to, and had to hurry from the table. Which way are you bound?"

"I have a few goods to buy, and wish to attend to it this afternoon. Your store is No. 20, I believe."

"Yes."

"I shall call in. I want two or three kegs of nails, and several other articles in your line."

There was a pause; then, with a slight hesitation in his manner, Jackson returned—

"I am sorry that I shall not be at the store this afternoon. I have engagements that necessarily keep me away. Can't you come in to-morrow morning as well. I wish to sell you our goods myself."

"O, yes, I suppose so."

"Ah, well. I am glad of that. You expect to be engaged all the afternoon?"

"Yes."

"I'll see you at supper time, I suppose?"

"If you are at the hotel."

"I shall be there. I am regular in my habits, and never miss a meal."

At tea time, Morgan was pleased to find his agreeable friend at his side. They strolled out together after supper, and walked for half an hour, during which time Morgan was highly pleased with the affability and intelligence of Jackson. They were passing down a rather obscure street, when the latter, pausing before quite a common-looking coffee house, said—

"Come, let us have something to drink."

"Not here?" objected Morgan.

"Why?"

"Isn't it rather a low place? I don't like its appearance."

"Come in and see. It's one of the most fashionable places in New Orleans."

"Why is it such a common looking concern, then?"

"It's kept by an eccentric genius, who has got rich in the business. He won't move, nor fit up the outside of his house. But within, every thing is costly and elegant, and the eating and drinking first rate."

The two men then entered. Jackson hadn't exaggerated in speaking of the interior arrangements of the house. The bar-room was spacious, and brilliantly lighted with more than a dozen gas lamps, that were multiplied almost infinitely by reflections from mirrors, that sent back the rays in all directions. The room was actually lined with mirrors. The bar itself was marble, and all the fixtures of the most showy and costly kind.

There were about twenty persons present. Some were drinking at the bar; others sitting at tables, comfortably discussing their liquor and newspapers, while others conversed in small groups, or sat apart, with eye intent upon all the movements within.

"Is No. 10 engaged?" asked Jackson, in a low tone, as he stood beside the bar.

"No."

"Then send Dick up in a few minutes."

"Yes, sir."

"Come! Let us get out of this public place into a quiet room to ourselves up stairs. I'm sure it will be more pleasant to you."

"Certainly, certainly."

"This drinking of good liquor, standing at a bar, or sitting at a table, in a crowded room, is, at best, a low, animal gratification. But, a social glass, with a friend, in a quiet room, is delightful."

"You are right," returned Morgan. "I, for one, never enjoyed drinking at a public bar."

This conversation, which took place after the two men had entered a small but elegantly furnished and brilliantly lighted room, was broken into by the entrance of Dick, the waiter, with his bow, and

"What will you take, gentlemen?"

"I'll take a stiff glass of hot whiskey punch!" said Jackson. "What will you have, friend Morgan?"

"The same."

"Two hot whiskey punches, good and strong, and half a dozen principes."

Dick vanished quickly. In a short time he reappeared with the smoking compound and cigars.—At the first sip of his glass, Morgan thought it tasted pretty strong—but this thought did not again cross his mind.

"Our friend below is unequalled in whiskey punch," said Jackson, filling his long glass a second time. "I never drink anything else here. Isn't it superb?"

"It is truly so."

"Did you ever taste anything like it?"

"No—never."

"I'll endorse that. Nobody ever has, except in this place."

In similar conversation about a quarter of an hour was spent, when Jackson had the satisfaction to perceive that the unequalled whiskey punch was doing its work on his intended victim, to his perfect satisfaction. The truth was, both the barkeeper and Dick the waiter understood the matter thoroughly, and had managed to get into the hands of Morgan a glass of punch of more than double strength.

We will not proceed farther in detail here. It is enough to say that Morgan was introduced to several of Jackson's friends during the evening, and, finally, induced to play. Half intoxicated, or, rather, half insane from drink, he was led on from one heavy stake to another, until, when he rose from the table, he had not one dollar left out of his twenty-five hundred. He had played at *poker* with Jackson and two others. His losses nearly sobered him, before he was completely ruined. As his mind grew clear, he perceived that he was playing with men who were perfectly at home in the matter, and who ventured large sums with startling promptness. Determined, if possible, to cause his fellow players to throw up their hands rather than venture so heavy a stake, he put down his last five hundred dollars, and asked to see their hands. Jackson doubled that, and repeated the oft-uttered sentence—"I'll see your hand." Morgan could venture no more—all was upon the table. The other two players seemed to be in the same condition, or afraid to risk anything farther. All the cards were shown. Jackson had three aces. He, of course, swept the board.

Instantly it flashed upon the mind of Morgan that he had been victimized by a regular black-leg. A feeling of angry desperation seized him. Springing, with a sudden impulse, to his feet, and bending over the table, with clenched teeth and hand, he exclaimed, in a loud voice,

"Infernal villain! Your cards were stacked."

The words were scarcely articulated, before poor Morgan fell backward, and struck heavily upon the floor. A blow from one of the party rendered him instantly helpless and insensible.

When Morgan's consciousness returned, he found himself lying on the floor, with his head under the table at which he had been playing cards, with such disastrous results. It was some minutes before he could set his mind in order sufficiently to obtain a realizing view of his condition. That was a moment of terrible agony in which the whole truth became presented vividly to his mind. His brain reeled, his bosom became oppressed with a feeling of suffocation. For a little while, it seemed as if life must become extinct every moment. To this succeeded a state of almost pulseless calmness, in which he thought distinctly of his wife and family—of his benefactor, whose money he had lost—of the consequences, to himself and all concerned with him, of his recent act of criminal folly.

"Madness!" he suddenly exclaimed, striking his hands against his forehead, and springing from the chair, into which he had dropped on rising from the floor, as these thoughts awoke into a wild tumult the elements of his mind. "What shall I do? Where shall I go? I am ruined forever. Oh, my poor wife! My poor children! My injured friend!"

Descending, now, with a quick step, to the bar, as a sudden thought of his betrayal crossed his mind, he stalked up to the person who attended there, and said, abruptly—

"I have been robbed!"

"Indeed!" was the only reply; while a cold, incredulous smile passed over the features of the man.

Three or four persons only were in the bar-room, as it was late. These, startled by the tone and words of Morgan, gathered round him.

"Robbed!" said one of them.

"Yes, by a cheating scoundrel, with stacked cards."

"Oh!" was uttered in a tone of indifference, that said—"Is that all?"—just as plainly as the words themselves.

"Do you know the man who came in with me this evening?"

"No," replied the bar-keeper, with a slight curl of the lip; "nor you either. If you are fool enough to play cards and lose your money, have sense enough to pocket your loss and say nothing about it. Don't come brawling here. We know nothing about these matters, and care less."

At this rebuff, Morgan turned hastily away and left the house, his mind as wildly agitated as the waters of a whirlpool. Walking hurriedly along, without thinking, or caring where he was going, he continued on until he suddenly paused beside the deep, dark aters of the Mississippi, that were rolling heavily wards towards the gulf. The crescent moon, and right company of stars, threw a faint light around, while their rays glittered upon the rippling surface of the river. No waking mortal was seen. Alone the distracted man stood, and looked down into the mysterious waters. Dark thoughts crossed his mind.

"Yes—yes," he murmured—"this buries all. Here the heart will grow still. I cannot go back. No—no—never! What! Meet my uncomplaining wife!—No! She will not chide me—she will only bid me hope. But I have cruelly wronged her, and cannot bear to look into her patient face. And he? Can I meet him? No—no—no! Never! Here all this may end. Here all had better end. So far in life I have injured every one who has loved me or befriended me. This shall be no more."

A sudden resolution to commit an act of self-destruction was about to be as suddenly taken, when there stole softly but clearly forth from the cabin of a boat lying near, a voice, singing a familiar song. The air was one which the lips of his wife had often warbled, and it brought up before his mind his home again, and his bosom swelled with new emotions—emotions of deep and yearning tenderness.

"Shall I forsake you now, dear ones?" he murmured, as his head sunk upon his bosom. "Shall I leave you alone and helpless in the world? I cannot—I must not! I will not!"

And turning from the river as he spoke, he took his way toward his hotel, where he passed the night, but not in sleep. On the next morning he looked about him in vain for his very kind friend. He did not make his appearance at the breakfast table. On enquiring for him at the bar, he could not make the bar-keeper understand who he meant.

"I'll find him at his store," he said, as he left the house. But the moment he uttered the sentence, it occurred to him that the store about which the man had talked, might only be a ruse to mislead him.—He, however, went to 50 —— street, and found that the house bearing that number was a dwelling instead of a hardware store. As he turned from it, his heart lying so heavy in his bosom that its pulsation was scarcely felt, he met Slack, the flat boat captain, to whom allusion was made at the opening of our story. They had become slightly acquainted, while unloading their flour at the levee.

"Good morning, Mr. Morgan! Why, my dear sir, what is the matter? Are you sick?" said Slack, speaking with surprise and concern.

"Yes—sick as death!" was the reply, while a shudder passed through the speaker's frame.

"Have you pain in the back or head?" This was asked with concern.

"No."

"Have you any pain?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"In my heart."

"Morgan,—what ails you? You look wild and strange."

"No wonder. I have been robbed."

"What?"

"I sold my flour for twenty-five hundred dollars; received a check for it yesterday, and now every dollar is gone."

The poor victim wrung his hands bitterly as he spoke.

"Gone! Where? How? Robbed, did you say?"

"Yes. Robbed by an infernal blackleg!"

"You haven't been playing?"

"I was wheedled by a specious fellow into the insane idea that he was a merchant here, and took a friendly interest in me. He enticed me into a den of thieves—made me half drunk, and then won all my money from me by stocking the cards. I know he must and did stock them. When he showed his hand, he had three aces and two kings."

"The scoundrel! But, can't you find him?"

"No. And if I did, what more could I do now than blow out his brains? And I don't see what particular good that will do me."

"Humph! This is a devil of a place!"

This was said half to himself, by Slack, who remembered, at the moment, that a certain pleasant gentleman at the Planters' Hotel had been very friendly with him, and had invited him to the theatre on the night before; an invitation that he would have accepted, had he felt well enough to go out.

"Haven't you any thing at all left?" he asked, after nearly ten minutes' silence, looking into Morgan's face with a feeling of commiseration, as he spoke.

"Not one dollar."

"I am really sorry for you. Have you no acquaintances here?"

"None. And if I had, I am sure I should not call to see them now."

"You will want money to pay your expenses here."

"Yes. But"——

"You must call on me. I feel really sorry for you. And as your misfortune has, in all probability, saved me from the snare that is doubtless set for my unwary steps, I shall claim the right to meet your expenses here, and pay your passage up the river. I will return in two or three days, and shall be glad of your company. In the mean time, look about for the villain who has betrayed you, and if you can find him, and can do no better, why"——and he cracked his finger and thumb, to imitate the click of a pistol lock.

"I am deeply indebted to you," returned Morgan, with earnestness;—"but I cannot think of going home."

"Why?"

"A friend loaned me money to go into business. I did not succeed. My expenses ate up both profits and capital, and I was unable to return to this kind friend the amount he had advanced me. But he did not reproach—he encouraged me; and still further to assist me, he sold me five hundred barrels of flour at the lowest rate, and sent me to this city. I sold it handsomely, and netted something like five hundred dollars. But the flour is not paid for—and how can I return?"

"A trying case, indeed. Have you a family?"

"Yes. A wife and several children."

"Then you must return, and brave all. No man has a right to forsake his family."

"I feel all that with great force. I love my family. My wife is deeply attached to me, and will neither chide nor complain. But, alas to what a condition my folly has reduced me! Ah! the thought almost drives me mad!"

"Who is your benefactor?"

"Mr. Talbot."

"Of Cincinnati?"

"Yes.

"I know him well. A more generous heart than his never beat in a man's bosom."

"True—true. But I have wronged that generous heart."

"I will see him myself. I will stop a day or two as I go up the river, and explain it all. He shall not think you regardless of him, or reckless of what he entrusted to your care."

"Thank you! Thank you! From my heart I thank you! I shall need your kind representations. But, even after all you can say, every thing will look black, and he cannot but justly reproach me."

Three days subsequent to this time, the three men, at first introduced to the reader, and whose profession, from their conduct and conversation, was so apparent, met one morning in a private room in the very house where Morgan had been fleeced.

"Nothing done yet, I suppose, Hamilton?" remarked one of them.

"No, Jackson. My sleepy subject is too dull to become inspired with even a desire to play."

The man addressed as Jackson, was very different in appearance to the one who had won Morgan's twenty-five hundred dollars. He had dark whiskers, and wore spectacles. Morgan's friend had neither.

"He has some six or seven thousand dollars, has he not?" was asked.

"Yes. That much, all told."

"And leaves in the Gazelle, this afternoon?"

"Yes, in company with your very particular friend, Morgan, who looks as if he had suffered from the seven plagues of Egypt."

"Ha! ha! He was easy to come over. I wish I could find his counterpart every day. I would retire from business in a twelve month."

"So would I. But this Slack must not escape us."

"No. We must give him chase."

"Shall we take passage in the Gazelle?" asked the third.

"I think we had better. I am sure that pigeon can be plucked."

"And must be."

About four o'clock on the afternoon of that day, Morgan, feeling almost as bad as a man on his way to the gallows, accompanied by Slack, went on board the Gazelle. In about half an hour, the steamboat was pushed off, and commenced her voyage up the river. There were nearly a hundred passengers.

For the first day or two, there was a general reserve, such as is felt among strangers. After that, a more sociable spirit began to prevail. The ladies favored the company in the cabin with music.—Dancing was then proposed, and the second evening spent in a manner agreeable to all—Morgan, perhaps, excepted, who could not be interested in any thing—his own unfortunate condition filling all his thoughts.

"Do you know," said Slack to him, during the morning of the third day, "that we've got the very kind gentleman on board who tried his hand on me in New Orleans, but without success."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes. I thought the voice of the man in the green coat, white vest, and scarlet cravat, had a sound familiar to my ear. And there was something in his manner that kept reminding me of some body I had seen."

"But why didn't you recognize him before?"

"This man wears spectacles."

"The other did not?"

"No. But it's an easy enough matter to put on glasses. He may not be the same. But I have my suspicions."

"You mean the man sitting at the table now?"

"Yes."

"What are they going to do? Cards, as I live! Cursed be the day I ever saw a card!"

"Cards, ha! Well! Let us look on and see what course things are going to take."

The two men stepped into the cabin, and drew near to the table at which four persons had commenced playing. The game seemed more for the sake of amusement than anything else. The stake was only a 'bit,' as it is called at the South—a twelve and a half cent piece. Nothing beyond this sum was put into the pool. After looking on for nearly an hour, Morgan and his friend went out upon the guards.

On the next morning, immediately after breakfast, the playing again commenced. Before dinner time the stakes were beginning to increase. A good many five dollar bills changed hands. Slack noticed that the individual he suspected did not join in playing, as he had done the day before. He observed him very closely, and began to doubt his identity with the very pleasant personage who had cultivated his acquaintance at the Planters' Hotel.

"I may be mistaken in that man," he remarked.

"Very possibly you are. But, do you know, I have felt strongly impressed for the last twenty-four hours, with the idea that the black whiskered, blue-spectacled man, who is playing at the table this morning, is the scoundrel whom I shall have cause to remember for many a day to come."

"Indeed!"

"Yes—but in disguise. These fellows readily change their appearances. Oh, if I was only sure of it, I would have his life, or my money!"

Morgan clenched his teeth, while his face expressed the murderous feelings he had uttered.

On the fourth day, Slack was asked by three or four different persons if he wouldn't take a hand, several tables having been formed, as the company generally were seeking to pass away time with cards, draughts, and chess. But he declined all invitations to play. At several of the tables, the stakes were getting high, and much money changed owners.

It was on the fifth morning that Slack, after having looked on for some time, went out of the cabin and stood musing upon the guards. While there, the individual who had excited his suspicions came up to him, and commenced a conversation on general topics, which gradually came down to the particular matter of steamboat conveyances, and the irksomeness of a two weeks' voyage on the river.

"Our friends inside are killing time, I see," he finally said.

"Yes," was the brief reply.

"And who can blame them?"

"No one, I suppose. Though I should call their manner of killing time rather dangerous."

"O no. I've been looking over, and playing myself ever since day before yesterday, and I haven't seen any sums of consequence lost and won. I have been as high as twenty dollars out of pocket, and then it has all come back again. There are none but gentlemen here, and the playing is only for amusement. There isn't a single one of your black-leg gentry on board."

"Are you sure?"

"O! yes. Positive. I believe I know nearly every passenger with the exception of three or four. Oh, no! Every thing is fair and honorable here. If I didn't think so, you wouldn't catch me fingering a card."

After saying this, the stranger stepped from the guards into the cabin, and in a little while took a hand at one of the tables. The captain of the boat came along, soon after, where Slack was standing.

"Your passengers seem to be enjoying themselves," remarked the latter.

"Yes, and some of them will do so, before they are done, to their sorrow, if I am not mistaken."

"Why so, captain?"

"I think there are some gentry aboard who would not tread my deck for an hour, if I was only certain that they were all I suspect them to be."

"I have my own suspicions on that subject!"

"Have you, indeed? Come with me, then, I would like to have a little chat with you," and the two walked away to the upper deck.

An hour afterwards, Morgan and Slack were sitting in the cabin, near one of the tables at which two men were playing at poker for trifling sums. One of them was the man whom Morgan had mentioned as having something about him that has excited his suspicions;—near the table, sat the individual who was suspected by Slack.

"Won't you take a hand, friend?" asked one of the players of this person.

"I don't care," he returned, rather indifferently. "But who'll take the other hand?"

"You will, wont you?" and the speaker looked at Slack.

"As you seem short-handed, I will do so, although I don't care much about playing," Slack returned. Morgan looked surprised, and whispered an objection in his friend's ear, which the latter did not seem to notice, but took his place at the table. A close observer might have seen, by the expression of the countenances of the three strangers to Slack, that they were not a little pleased at the fact of his having joined them.

Five cards were dealt to each of the players, and the ante determined. It was fifty cents each.

"The stakes are so small I'll go one dollar blind," said the first speaker.

"I'll see that and a dollar better," said Slack.

"I'll see that and go a V," said the third

"I'll see that and go an X," came promptly from the dealer.

His left hand man paused a moment, and then said—

"I won't see it," and threw up his hand.

"I'll see it," said Slack.

"And I'll go out," said the third hand.

"I call you." And Slack looked into the face of the dealer who sat opposite to him.

"I have three faces," was that individual's quiet remark.

"Then I'm beat," returned Slack, and so he was. The dealer pocketed the stakes, and then dealt out the cards again.

"Make your bets, gentlemen."

"Let's go a V at once. This is dull work," said Slack.

"No—no—don't!" whispered Morgan, who stood near, and began to feel very uneasy. But his companion paid no attention to his remark.

Each of the players now put a five dollar note into the pool. But minute detail is needless. A game at poker is quickly played. Game after game passed off, Slack sometimes winning, but oftener losing.—With each new game the stakes were increased. As the stakes became larger and larger, one and another became attracted to the table, until a number of spectators stood looking on, each one feeling more and more interested in the games, as they became of more and more importance. At last, the ante, as named by Slack, was one hundred dollars. Half smothered expressions of disapprobation escaped from several of the spectators. This game bid fair to hold on longer than any of the others. When five hundred dollars were named, two of the players threw up their hands, and left the field to Slack and the dealer. They were, as has been said, seated opposite to each other. Several thousand dollars were now upon the table.

"I'll see that and six hundred better," said Slack, laying six one hundred dollars bills upon the table.

"Ditto, and go you seven hundred." This was said with a confident air, and the money was thrown down.

"Too bad—too bad. He'll ruin him!" was whispered by two or three. The men who had thrown up their hands, continued to look on with eager interest.

"I'll see that, and put eight hundred on top of it," coolly returned Slack.

"Will you? Ah, well. Then I'll go you nine hundred, and see your hand."

"I'll go you a thousand more!" said Slack, his voice becoming husky and tremulous from excitement, throwing another thousand dollars upon the table, that now held over ten thousand dollars.

There was an exclamation of surprise and displeasure from the crowd that had gathered around. The way in which the card-player who was now engaged with Slack had conducted the game, and the boldness with which he played, awakened the suspicions of several that both he and his companions were of the regular profession. The captain and his clerk were among the spectators. The former seemed much excited. He was so nervous that he couldn't stand still for a moment. Poor Morgan was almost beside himself. He stood directly behind the chair of his friend, and looked on with intense interest.

"Madness!" he muttered between his teeth, as he saw the last venture of his friend go upon the table, from whence he was well satisfied it would never return to him.

"You are a bold player; but I think my hand will stand even that. I go you eleven hundred better," said the dealer.

"I'll see your hand. What have you got?" The voice of Slack was still more husky as he said this.

The individual whose hand he had asked to see, could not conceal the pleasure he felt. He knew that *his* hand must be the strongest at the table, and therefore he was satisfied that he should win. He paused a moment, glanced around at the company, and then, with a triumphant smile, exhibited *four aces* and a queen.

Morgan staggered back, and leaned, sick at heart, against a berth. But his friend, with a loud laugh, threw *five aces* upon the table, and then, in the twinkling of an eye, scraped the whole contents of the table into his hat, that had been held ready between his knees, and passed it to the captain, who clutched it with eager hands.

"*Stop!*" shouted the holder of the four aces, in a loud, angry voice, bending over towards Slack, and grappling at his throat.

"You infernal villain of a blackleg! I know you!" roared Slack in return, springing to his feet, and presenting a pistol, that *clicked* as the cold barrel was pressed against the cheek of his opponent.

But further contention was prevented by the entrance of four or five deck hands, who, at a signal from the captain, seized the three men, and pinioned their arms.

All was uproar and confusion in the cabin for many minutes. At length order was restored, and explanations made by the captain. He stated, that from many circumstances, he had been led to suspect as regular gamblers the three men who had just been treated so roughly, and that he had taken from two packs of cards the aces, and given five of them to the individual who had used them so well, in order to let them have a little payment in their own coin. He was now ready to try them by a jury of the passengers, and if he had wronged them, to suffer himself any penalty which that jury might award, after sitting, in turn, upon his case.

This seemed the fairest way to get at the truth of the matter, and so a jury was empannelled, and witnesses examined. First of all, Morgan, now beginning to open his eyes, and understand what was going on around him, was asked, at the request of the captain, who had heard his story and his suspicions from Slack, to tell his adventure in New Orleans, which he did with much feeling.

"Which of these men do you suspect?" asked one of the jurors.

Morgan pointed him out.

"Take off his spectacles," was peremptorily ordered.

"Now try if his whiskers are real or false."

The whiskers were soon lying upon the table.

"The very man!" exclaimed Morgan, striking his hands together, and springing up at least a foot from the cabin floor.

The eyes of Jackson, for so it was, fell to the floor, and his face flushed, confirming by his expression the accusation of Morgan. All were satisfied.

"Now let us have your particular friend unmasked, if he is here!" said the captain to Slack.

One of the trio was pointed out, and soon his appearance became greatly changed.

"I can swear to him!" was Slack's confident remark. "He was exceedingly kind and attentive to me while I was in New Orleans, and tried hard to get me into some of the dens of thieves with which the city abounds. But I was a little too cautious. For three days he has been trying to induce me to take a hand at cards, and at last he succeeded. But I reckon he won't want to try me again!"

"And the third—what of him?" was now asked. No one accused him, and he was released.

"Here are some ten or eleven thousand dollars—what shall be done with them?" asked the captain.

"Let justice be done, though the heavens should fall," replied a juror.

"How much did you stake?" said one, turning to Slack.

"Three thousand dollars."

"Let that be returned to him."

All agreed to the decision.

"And twenty-five hundred to this poor fellow, here, who has been robbed of his all."

"Right! right! Let it be done!" was the response.

Morgan looked wild and incredulous for a moment. Then bursting into tears, he dropped into a chair, and leaning his head upon a table, sobbed aloud, while his whole frame quivered.

"There are five thousand dollars left. What shall be done with these?"

"Give back to the unaccused party the amount of his stake, and divide the balance between the two gamblers. We have no right to make any other disposition of the money."

After some debate, this was approved, and the money apportioned accordingly.

"And now what shall be done with these gentlemen robbers?"

"Set them ashore!"

"Aye—aye—aye!" ran round the cabin.

"It shall be done," said the captain.

And it was done. As the boat, in which the two men, with their arms still bound, were placed, was about pushing off, the third person who had been suspected, sprang from the deck into it.

A loud shout greeted him as he did so. The Gazelle remained at rest until the small boat in which the gamblers had been landed returned, and then shot ahead under a heavy pressure of steam, leaving the companions in crime on a lonely shore, miles from any village or human habitation.

Morgan has not since had cause to visit New Orleans, and he has no desire to do so. The four hundred dollars cleared on his flour has given him a new start, and he is now doing well. But the story of his loss he has never related to Mr. Talbot, nor even to his wife. He has not the courage to do so.

MAN'S CONSTANCY.

BY JAMES M. LATTA.

In early life, when griefs were few,
  And hopes were bright, and joys sincere,
And early buds expanding grew,
  To fill with flowers the gladsome year;

I loved as youth can only love,
  A gay, glad creature of the spring;
And fondly in my bosom strove
  To shield from harm the gentle thing.

My morning worship, and the prayer
  At dewy eve, to her were given,
And every song that floated there,
  On wings of love went up to Heaven.

Sylph-like and fairy as the forms
  That come in love to guide the young;
And guard the opening buds from storms
  That round our path so oft are flung;

My Ellen lived the life and joy,
  The angel of that sunny hour,
When merges youth the blushing boy
  In manhood's fast-increasing power;

Ere yet a cloud, 'mid all the blue
  Of yonder bright ethereal sky,
Had dimmed the morning's golden hue,
  As zephyrs moved in fragrance by.

Nor thought of ill, nor thought of woe,
  Nor troubled dream that we must part,
Disturbed the ever peaceful flow
  Of love and bliss within the heart.

And yet amid these scenes of bliss,
  Upon my bosom resting there,
My drooping flower sought one last kiss,
  And all for me was dark despair.

So young, so fair, the angels came
  To bear to Heaven this precious flower,
In glittering robes, like golden rain,
  That fall at sunset's gorgeous hour;—

The music of whose circling band
  Swept o'er my soul full-toned and sweet,
While soaring upward to that land
  Where parted ones again shall meet.

Since then, for me the seasons bring
  No gladness with their cheerful day;
Nor song of bird, nor voice of spring,
  Awakes for me one joyous lay.

While withered hopes and flowers that lie
  Forever crushed within my breast;
Wake yearning for that home so high,
  Where now my sainted Ellen rests.

Sadsburyville, 1843.

"A Fine, Generous Fellow."

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

My friend Peyton was what is called "a fine, generous fellow." He valued money only as a means of obtaining what he desired, and was always ready to spend it with an acquaintance for mutual gratification. Of course, he was a general favorite.—Every one spoke well of him, and few hesitated to give his ears the benefit of their good opinion. I was first introduced to him when he was in the neighborhood of twenty-two years of age. Peyton was then a clerk in the receipt of six hundred dollars a year. He grasped my hand with an air of frankness and sincerity, that at once installed him in my good opinion. A little pleasure excursion was upon the tapis, and he insisted upon my joining it. I readily consented. There were five of us, and the expense to each, if borne mutually, would have been something like one dollar. Peyton managed every thing, even to paying the bills; and when I offered to repay him my proportion, he said—

"No, no!"—pushing back my hand—"nonsense!"

"Yes; but I must insist upon meeting my share of the expense."

"Not a word more. The bill's settled, and you needn't trouble your head about it," was his reply—and he seemed half offended when I still urged upon him to take my portion of the cost.

"What a fine, generous fellow Peyton is!" said one of the party to me, as we met on the next day.

"Did he also refuse to let you share in the expense of our excursion?" I asked.

"After what he said to you, I was afraid of offending him by proposing to do so."

"He certainly is generous—but, I think, to a fault, if I saw a fair specimen of his generosity, yesterday.

"We should be just, as well as generous."

"I never heard that he was not just."

"Nor I. But I think he was not just to himself. And I believe it will be found to appear in the end, that, if we are not just to ourselves, we will, somewhere in life, prove unjust to others. I think that his salary is not over twelve dollars a week. If he bore the whole expense of our pleasure excursion, it cost him within a fraction of half his earnings for a week. Had we all shared alike, it would not have been a serious matter to either of us."

"Oh! as to that, it is no very serious matter to him. He will never think of it."

"But, if he does so very frequently, he may *feel* it sooner or later," I replied.

"I'm sure I don't know any thing about that," was returned. "He is a generous fellow, and I cannot but like him. Indeed, every one likes him."

A few evenings afterwards, I met Peyton again.

"Come, let us have some oysters," he said.

I did not object. We went to an oyster house and ate and drank as much as our appetites craved. He paid the bill!

Some days afterwards, I fell in with him again, and, in order to retaliate a little, invited him to go and get some refreshments with me. He consented. When I put my hand in my pocket to pay for them, his hand went into his. But I was too quick for him. He seemed uneasy about it. He could feel pleased while giving, but it evidently worried him to be the recipient.

From that time, for some years, I was intimate with the young man. I found that he set no true value upon money. He spent it freely with every one; and every one spoke well of him. "What a generous, whole-souled fellow he is!" or "What a noble heart he has!" were the expressions constantly made in regard to him. While "Mean fellow!" "Miserly dog!" and other such epithets, were unsparingly used in speaking of a quiet, thoughtful young man, named *Merwin*, who was clerk with him in the same store. Merwin appeared to set an undue value upon money. He rarely indulged himself in any way, and it was with difficulty that he could ever be induced to join in any pleasures that involved expense. But, I always observed that when he did so, he was exact about paying his proportion.

About two years after my acquaintance with Peyton began, an incident let me deeper into the character and quality of his generosity. I called one day at the house of a poor widow woman who washed for me, to ask her to do me up some clothes, extra to the usual weekly washing. I thought she looked as if she were in trouble, about something, and said so to her.

"It's very hard, at best," she replied, "for a poor woman, with three or four children to provide for, to get along—especially if, like me, she has to depend upon washing and ironing for a living. But when so many neglect to pay her, regularly"——

"Neglect to pay their washerwoman!" I said, in a tone of surprise, interrupting her.

"O, yes. Many do that!"

"Who?"

Dashing young men who spend their money freely are too apt to neglect these little matters, as they call them."

"And do young men, for whom you work, really neglect to pay you?"

"Some do. There is at least fifteen dollars now owed to me, and I don't known which way to turn to get my last month's rent for my landlord, who has been after me three times this week already.—Mr. Peyton owes me ten dollars, and I can't"——

"Mr. Peyton? It can't be possible!"

"Yes, it is though. He used to be one of the most punctual young men I washed for. But, of late, he never has any money."

"He's a very generous-hearted young man."

"Yes, I know he is," she replied. "But something is wrong with him. He looks worried whenever I ask him for money: and sometimes speaks as if half angry with me for troubling him. There's Mr. Merwin—I wish all were like him. I have never yet taken home his clothes, that I didn't find the money waiting for me, exact to a cent. He counts every piece when he lays out his washing for me, and knows exactly what it will come to: and then, if he happens to be out, the change is always left with the chamber-maid. It's a pleasure to do any thing for him."

"He isn't liked, generally, as well as Mr. Peyton is," I said.

"Isn't he? It's strange!" the poor woman returned, innocently.

On the very next day, I saw Peyton riding out with an acquaintance in a buggy.

"Who paid for your ride, yesterday?" I said to the latter, with whom I was quite familiar, when next we met.

"Oh, Peyton, *of course*. He always pays, you know. He's a fine, generous fellow. I wish there were more like him."

"That you might ride out for nothing a little oftener, hey?"

My friend colored slightly.

"No, not that," he said. "But you know there is so much selfishness in the world; we hardly ever meet a man who is willing to make the slightest sacrifice for the good of others."

"True. And I suppose it is this very selfishness that makes us so warmly admire a man like Mr. Peyton, who is willing to gratify us at his own charge. It's a pleasant thing to ride out and see the country, but we are apt to think twice about the cost before we act once. But if some friend will only stand the expense, how generous and whole-souled we think him. It is the same in everything else.—We like the enjoyments, but can't afford the expense; and he is a generous, fine-hearted fellow, who will squander his money in order to gratify us. Isn't that it, my friend?" I said, slapping him on the shoulder.

He looked half convinced, and a little sheepish, to use an expressive Saxonism.

On the evening succeeding this day, Peyton sat alone in his room, his head leaning upon his hand, and his brow contracted. There was a tap at his door. "Come in." A poorly-clad, middle-aged woman entered. It was his washerwoman.

The lines on the young man's brow became deeper.

"Can't you let me have some money, Mr. Peyton? My landlord is pressing hard for his rent, and I cannot pay him until you pay me."

"Really, Mrs. Lee, it is impossible, just now; I am entirely out of money. But my salary will be due in three weeks, and then I will pay you the whole. You must make your landlord wait until that time. I am very sorry to put you to this trouble. But it will never happen again."

The young man really did feel sorry, and expressed it in his face as well as in the tones of his voice.

"Can't you let me have one or two dollars, Mr. Peyton, I am entirely out of money."

"It is impossible—I haven't a shilling left. But try and wait three weeks, and then it will all come to you in a lump, and do you a great deal more good than if you had it a dollar at a time."

Mrs. Lee retired slowly, and with a disappointed air. The young man sighed heavily as she closed the door after her. He had been too generous, and now he could not be just. The buggy in which he had driven out his friend on that day, had cost him his last two dollars—a sum which would have lightened the heart of his poor washerwoman.

"The fact is, my salary is too small," he said, rising and walking about his room uneasily. "It is not enough to support me. If the account were fully made up, tailor's bill, bootmaker's bill, and all, I dare say I should find myself at least three hundred dollars in debt."

Merwin received the same salary that he did, and was just three hundred dollars ahead. He dressed as well, owed no man a dollar, and was far happier. It is true, he was not called a "fine, generous fellow," by persons who took good care of their own money, while they were very willing to enjoy the good things of life at a friend's expense. But he did not mind this. The want of such a reputation did not disturb his mind very seriously.

After Mrs. Lee had been gone half an hour, Peyton's door was flung suddenly open, and a young man bounded in, and with extended hand came bustling up to him.

"Ah, Peyton, my fine fellow! how are you? how are you?" And he shook Peyton's hand quite vigorously.

"Hearty!—and how are you, Freeman?"

"Oh, gay as a lark. I have come to ask a favor of you."

"Name it."

"I want fifty dollars."

Peyton shrugged his shoulders.

"I must have it, my boy! I never yet knew you to desert a friend, and I don't believe you will do it now."

"Suppose I haven't fifty dollars?"

"You can borrow it for me. I only want it for a *few days*. You shall have it back on next Monday. Try for me, there's a generous fellow!"

"There's a generous fellow," was irresistible. It came home to Peyton in the right place. He forgot poor Mrs. Lee—his unpaid tailor's bill—and sundry other troublesome accounts.

"If I can get an advance of fifty dollars on my salary to-morrow, you shall have it."

"Thank you! thank you! I knew I shouldn't have to ask twice when I called upon Henry Peyton. It always does me good to grasp the hand of such a man as you are."

On the next day, an advance of fifty dollars was asked and obtained. This sum was loaned as promised. In two weeks, the individual who borrowed it was in New Orleans, from whence he had the best of reasons for not wishing to return to the north.—Of course, the generous Henry Peyton lost his money.

An increase of salary to a thousand dollars, only made him less careful of his money. Before, he lived as freely as if his income had been one-third above what it was; now, he increased his expenses in a like ratio. It was a pleasure to him to spend his money—not for himself alone, but among his friends.

It is no cause of wonder, that in being so generous to some, he was forced to be unjust to others. He was still behindhand with his poor old washerwoman—owed for boarding, clothes, hats, boots, and a dozen other matters—and was, in consequence, a good deal harrassed with duns. Still, he was called by some of his old cronies, "a fine, generous fellow." A few were rather colder in their expressions. He had borrowed money from them, and did not offer to return it; and he was such a generous-minded young man, that they felt a delicacy about calling his attention to it.

"Can you raise a couple of thousand dollars?" was asked him by a friend, when he was twenty-seven years old. "If you can, I know a first rate chance to get into business."

"Indeed! What is the nature of it?"

The friend told him all he knew, and he was satisfied that a better offering might never present itself. But, two thousand dollars were indispensable.

"Can't you borrow it?" suggested the friend.

"I will try."

"Try your best. You will never again have such an opportunity."

Peyton did try, but in vain. Those who could lend it to him, considered him "too good hearted a fellow," to trust with money; and he was forced to see that tide, which if he could have taken it at the flood, would have led him on to fortune, slowly and steadily receding.

To Merwin, the same offer was made. He had fifteen hundred dollars laid by, and easily procured the balance. No one was afraid to trust him with money.

"What a fool I have been!" was the mental exclamation of Peyton, when he learned that his fellow clerk had been able, with his own earnings, and a salary no larger than his own, to save enough to embrace the golden opportunity which he was forced to pass by. "They call Merwin *mean* and *selfish*—and I am called a *generous fellow*. That means, he has acted like a wise man, and I like a *fool*, I suppose. I know him better than they do. He is neither mean nor selfish, but careful and prudent, as I ought to have been. His mother is poor, and so is mine. Ah, me!" and the thought of his mother, caused him to clasp both hands against his forehead. "I believe two dollars of his salary have been sent weekly to his poor mother. But I have never helped mine a single cent. There is the mean man, and here is the generous one. Fool! fool! wretch! He has fifteen hundred dollars ahead, after having sent his mother one hundred dollars a year for five or six years, and I am over five hundred dollars in debt. A fine, generous fellow, truly!"

The mind of Peyton was, as it should be, disturbed to its very centre. His eyes were fairly opened, and he saw just where he stood, and what he was worth as a generous man.

"They have flattered my weakness," he *said*, bitterly, "to eat and drink, and ride at my expense. It was easy to say, 'how free-hearted he is,' so that I could hear them. A cheap way of enjoying the good things of life, verily! But the end has come to all this. I am just twenty-seven years old to-day. In five years more I shall be thirty-two. My salary is one thousand dollars. I pay one hundred and fifty dollars a year for boarding. One hundred and fifty more shall clothe me, and furnish all my spending money, which shall be precious little! One year from to-day, if I live, I will owe no man a dollar. My kind old mother, whom I have so long neglected, shall hear from me at once—ten dollars every month I dedicate to her. Come what will, nothing shall touch that. After I am clear *of debt*, I will save all above my necessary expenses, until I get one or two thousand dollars ahead, which shall be in five years. Then I will look *out* for a golden opportunity, such as Merwin has found. This agreement with myself I solemnly enter into, in the sight of heaven, and nothing shall tempt me to violate it."

"Are you going to ride out this afternoon, Peyton?" said a young friend, breaking in upon him at this moment.

"Yes, if you'll hire the buggy," was promptly returned.

"I can't afford that."

"Nor I either. How much is your salary?"

"Only a thousand."

"Just what mine is. If you can't, I am sure I cannot."

"Of course you ought to be the best judge. I knew you rode out almost every afternoon, and liked company."

"Yes, I have done so. But that's past. I have been a 'fine, generous fellow,' long enough to get in debt and mar my prospects for life, perhaps. But I am going to assume a new character. No doubt the very ones who have had so many rides, oyster suppers, and theatre tickets at my expense, will all at once discover that I am as mean and selfish as Merwin. But it's no great odds. I only wish I had been as truly noble and generous in the right quarters, as he has been."

"You are in a strange humor to-day."

"I am in a changed humor. That it is so very strange, I do not see—unless for me to think wisely is strange; and perhaps it is."

"Well, all I have to say is, that I, for one, do not blame you, even if I *do* lose a fine ride into the country now and then," was the frank response.

Peyton went to work in the matter of reform in right good earnest. But he found it hard work. Old habits and inclinations were very strong. Still he had some strength of mind, and he brought this into as vigorous exercise as it was possible for him to do, mainly with success, but sometimes with gentle lapses into self-indulgence. His mother lived in a neighboring town, and was in humble circumstances. She supported herself by keeping a shop for the sale of various little articles.

The old lady sat behind her counter one afternoon, sewing, and thinking of her only son.

"Ah, me!" she sighed, letting her hands fall wearily in her lap, "I thought Henry would have done something for himself long before this. But he is a wild, free-hearted boy, and I suppose spends *every* thing as he goes along, just as his father did before him. I'm afraid he will never do any thing for himself. It is a long time since he wrote home. Ah, me!"

And the mother lifted her work again, and strained her dimmed eyes over it.

"Here's a letter for you at last, Mother Peyton," said the well known voice of the postman, breaking in upon her just at this moment; "that boy of yours don't write home as often as he used to."

"A letter from Henry! ah, that is pleasant! dear boy! he doesn't forget his mother."

"No, one would think not," muttered the postman, as he walked away, "considering how often he writes to her."

With trembling hands Mrs. Peyton broke the seal. A bank bill crumpled in her fingers as she opened the letter. A portion of its contents were:

"DEAR MOTHER—I have had some very serious thoughts of late about my way of living. You know I never liked to be considered mean. This led me to be, what seemed to every body, very generous. Every body was pleased to eat, and drink, and ride at my expense; but no one seemed inclined to let me do the same at his expense. I have been getting a salary for six or seven years, and, for a part of that time, as much as a thousand dollars. I am ashamed to say that I have not a farthing laid by; nay, what is worse, I owe a good many little bills. But, dear mother, I think I have come fairly to my senses. I have come to a resolution not to spend a dollar foolishly. Thus far I have been able to keep my promise to myself, and by the help of heaven I mean to keep it to the end. My first thought, on seeing my folly, was of my shameful disregard to my mother's condition. In this letter are ten dollars. Every month you will receive from me a like sum—more, if you need it. As soon as I can lay by a couple of thousand dollars, I will look around for some means of entering into business; and as soon after as possible make such a provision for you, that your last days shall be spent in ease and comfort."

"God bless the dear boy!" exclaimed Mrs. Peyton, dropping the letter, while the tears gushed from her eyes. The happy mother wept long for joy. With her trembling hand, she wrote a reply, and urged him by the tenderest and most sacred considerations, to keep to his good resolutions.

At the end of a year, Peyton examined his affairs, and found himself freed from debt. But there were nearly one hundred dollars for which he could not account. He puzzled over it for one or two evenings, and made out over fifty dollars spent foolishly.

"No doubt the rest of it will have to be passed to that account," he said, at last, half angry with himself. "I'll have to watch closer than this. At the end of the next year, I'll not be in doubt about where a hundred dollars have gone."

It was but rarely, now, that you would hear the name of Peyton mentioned. Before, every body said he was a "fine, generous fellow." Every body praised him. Now he seemed to be forgotten, or esteemed of no consideration. He felt this. But he had started to accomplish a certain end, and he had sufficient strength of mind not to be driven from his course.

"Have you seen Peyton of late?" I asked, some two years after this change in his habits. I spoke to one of his old intimate associates.

"No, not for a month of Sundays," was his lightly spoken reply. "What a remarkable change has passed over him. Once, he used to be a fine, generous fellow—his heart was in his hand. But now he is as penurious as a miser, and even more selfish. He will neither give nor take. If you happen to be walking with him, and, after waiting as long as decency will permit to be asked to step in somewhere for refreshments, you propose something, he meets you with—No, I thank you! I am not dry, or hungry, as the case may be! It's downright savage—it is!"

"This is a specimen of the way in which the world estimates men!" I said to myself, after separating from the individual who complained thus of Peyton. "The world is wonderfully impartial in its judgement of men's conduct."

At the end of five years from the time Peyton reformed his loose habits, he had saved up and placed out at interest the sum of two thousand dollars; and this, after having sent to his mother, regularly, ten dollars every month during the whole period. The fact that he had saved so much, was not suspected by any. It was supposed that he had laid up some money, but no one thought he had over four or five hundred dollars.

"I wish you had about three thousand dollars," said Merwin to him, one day. Merwin's business had turned out well. In five years, he had cleared over twenty thousand dollars.

"Why?" asked Peyton.

"I know a first rate chance for you."

"Indeed. Where?"

"There is a very good business that has been fairly established, and is now languishing for want of a little capital. The man who has made it will take a partner if he can bring in three thousand dollars, which would make the whole concern easy, perfectly safe, and sure of success."

"It's more than I have," returned Peyton, in a voice that was slightly sad.

"So I supposed," Merwin said.

"Although such needn't have been the case, if I had acted as wisely as you, through life."

"It's never too late to mend our ways, you know."

"True. But a year mis-spent, is a whole year lost. No matter how hard we strive, we can never make it up. To the day of our death, there will be one year deficient in the sum of life's account."

"A just remark, no doubt. How much would every man save, if he would take good care of not only of his years, but of his weeks and days. The sum of life is made up of small aggregations."

"And so the sum of a man's fortune. A dollar mis-spent, is a dollar lost, and never can be regained. You say that it will require three thousand dollars to admit a partner into the business of which you just spoke?"

"Yes. Nothing less will do."

"I have but two thousand."

"Have you so much, Peyton?" Merwin said, with a brightening face.

"I have."

"Right glad am I to hear it. I only wish that I could furnish you with a thousand more. But it is out of my power entirely. Our business requires the use of every dollar we have; and it would not be just to my partner to draw so large a sum out for the purpose of assisting a friend in whom he can feel no interest."

"No, of course not. I neither ask nor expect it. I will wait a little longer. Something else will offer."

"But nothing so really advantageous as this. Let me see. I think I might get you five hundred dollars, if you could borrow as much more."

"That I cannot do. I never asked a favor of any one in my life."

"Though you have dispensed thousands."

"Foolishly, perhaps. But no matter. I will wait."

A week afterward, Peyton, who dismissed all thought of embracing the proposed offer of going into business, paid a visit to his mother. He had not seen her for a year. She was still cheerful, active, and retained her usual good health.

"I think it time you gave up this shop, mother," he said to her. "You are too old now to be working so closely. I've got something saved up for a rainy day, in case any thing should go wrong with me for a time. You'll give up this shop, won't you?"

"No, Henry: not yet. I am still able to help myself, and so long as I am able, I wish to do it. If you have saved any thing, you had better keep it until an opportunity for going into business offers."

"Such a chance has just presented itself. But I hadn't capital enough."

"How much have you saved?"

"Two thousand dollars."

"So much? How much is required?"

"Three thousand dollars."

"And you have but two?"

"That is all—though a friend did offer to get me five hundred more. But twenty-five hundred is not sufficient. There must be three thousand."

Mrs. Peyton made no reply. She sat a few minutes and then arose and went up stairs. In about ten minutes she came down, and approaching her son, with a warm glow of pleasure upon her face, placed a small roll in his hands, saying as she did so—

"There is all you need, my son. The money you sent me so regularly for the last five years, I have kept untouched for some such moment as this. I did not feel that I needed it. Take it back, and start fairly in the world. In a few more years I may need rest, as life draws nearer to a close. Then I trust you will be in circumstances so good that I needn't feel myself a burden to you."

"A burden? Dear mother! Do not speak of ever being a burden to me," the young man said, embracing his parent with tearful emotion. "No—no," and he pushed back her hand. "I cannot take that money. It is yours. I will not risk in business the little treasure you have saved up so carefully. I may not succeed. No—no!" and he still pushed back his mother's hand—"it is no use—I cannot—I *will* not take it!"

The roll of money fell to the floor.

"It is yours, Henry, not mine," urged the mother. "I did not stand in need of it."

"Your son owed you much more than that. He was wrong that he did not double the amount to you, in order to make up for former years of neglect. No—no—I tell you, mother, I cannot take your money. Nothing would tempt me to do it. I will wait a little longer. Other opportunities will soon offer."

It was in vain that Mrs. Peyton urged her son, until her distress of mind became so great that he was almost forced to receive the money she pushed upon him—although in doing so, it was with the intention of leaving it behind him when he returned to the city. But the deep satisfaction evinced by his mother, on his consenting to take it, was of a kind that he did not feel it would be right for him to do violence to. When he did return to the city, he could not find it in his heart to leave the money, just six hundred dollars, on the table in the little room where he slept, as he had at first resolved to do. He took it with him. But with the intention of investing it for her in some safe security.

When he again met Merwin, he was urged so strongly to make an effort to raise the capital requisite to become a partner in the business, that had been named to him, that, after some severe struggles with himself, he at last consented to use the money he had brought home with him. His friend loaned him four hundred dollars to make up the required sum.

The business succeeded beyond his expectations. In a few years he was able to marry, and live in a very comfortable style. He would hear none of the objections urged by his mother against living with him, but shut up her shop in spite of her remonstrances, and brought her to the city. No one who saw her during the remaining ten years of her life would have called her unhappy.

I know Peyton still. He is not now, by general reputation, "a fine, generous fellow." But, he is a good citizen, a good husband, and a good father; and was a good son while his mother lived with him. He has won the means of really benefitting others, and few are more willing than he is to do it, when it can be done in the right way. He is "generous" still—but wisely so.

THE WILL;

OR,

HOW MUCH DOES THAT MAKE!

BY ROBERT A. WEST.

Donald McDougal was the eldest son in a large family. He was early initiated into the mysteries of systematic penuriousness, so that the last latent spark of generosity which might have saved him from actual congelation was well nigh extinguished. In addition to the art of *keeping*, he was also favored with a complete practical education in the art of *obtaining* property, for he had been compelled to earn his bread before he ate it, even at the hands of his father. Mr. McDougal, senior, inculcated the maxims of covetousness under the reputable character of lessons of prudence. He instructed Donald in many practices of secret dishonesty, under the pretext that the world was now grown so deceitful and wicked, that no man was safe unless he determined to secure *himself*, by always acting as if it were plainly understood that each would cheat his neighbor wherever the opportunity occurred; and that the only disgrace was to do it with so little ingenuity as to be detected. Donald had often been told that nature was very moderate in her demands, and that she always resented any imposition upon her powers as an unwelcome burden; that excess in eating and drinking was the grand cause of disease, that if he would really enjoy life and enjoy it long, he must learn to abridge himself of all luxuries and nearly all comforts, and measure the supplies to all corporeal requirements by the sheer necessity of the case.

Nor was Donald without example as well as precept. His father embodied his whole code of maxims in his own conduct, and showed their full dimensions and spirit and beauty! There was no matter connected with dollars and cents in which he was not perfectly an adept, for he seemed to have an intuitive perception of the proper side of all "profit and loss" questions. He could calculate to the most remote and improbable consequences, and was as faithful in seizing as he was ingenious in the discovery of all chances of interest. Partly by indefatigable industry and partly by indefensible artifice, he had amassed a large fortune; though few would have so concluded from the house he inhabited, or the style in which he lived. At length his constitution yielded to the joint effects of starvation, care and age, and the old man died before he had learned this plain lesson—how to enjoy his property.

After his death, the will was read, and it was found, (greatly to Donald's chagrin and astonishment), that though all the property was left to his hopeful son, the old man had been so bent upon Donald's establishment in the principles and practice of prudence, that he forbade the property to be touched until his son had first realized a certain sum; he was then to take possession of both principal and interest. Mingled feelings now agitated the breast of Donald. At one moment he felt so enraged that he was disposed to revenge himself on the departed spirit of his father by squandering all his present property in enjoying himself and seeing the world; at another the sum to be hereafter realized and the result of his father's pains and labor, awakened a ray of hope in his almost desponding heart. He resolved to try. It needed little time or consolatory reflection to sooth him under the loss of such a parent; he shed no tears, partly because he was now enraged and partly because he cared less about his father than his father's property.

Donald McDougal, by the double influence of early precept and example, became a successful merchant. He enlarged the sphere of his father's business, was more exorbitant in his prices, more usurious in lending money, more devoted and laborious in his employment. In short he became a complete shark. He was covetousness personified. His dark eye glanced like lightning from under the thunder clouds of his knit eyebrow; his forehead was deeply wrinkled with furrows which anxious care had ploughed; his wan visage told a piteous tale of a famished stomach, while his aquiline nose, screwed mouth and protuberant chin, reminded one of—I cannot find an illustration worthy of the thing to be illustrated. He never married, for a family would be expensive; nor kept a servant, for he said it was the glory of man to be independent. He soon realized the sum required by his father's will, and took possession of all the property, which, in the course of seven years, had accumulated to a vast sum. But his acquisitions brought him no additional satisfaction beyond the inconsiderable pleasure of knowing that he possessed it. He dare not touch his property, for with every increase of it, came an increased desire still to accumulate.

The spare regimen which he had adopted, and considerable bodily fatigue, soon impaired his health; or perhaps a more powerful cause than either, was his deep, incessant solicitude, which, like a canker-worm at his heart, eat out the very vitals of all happiness and comfort. His eye lost its lustre and his nerves became a perfect barometer. Suspicion fixed her seat in his watchful eye and misery laid her rude fangs upon his heart. He had no rest by day, nor sleep by night. For some time he rejected the advice of friends and neighbors, who, knowing but little of the true cause and character of the complaint, entreated him early to take the opinion of an eminent physician. At length, however, he consented, but it was of no avail, and finding that to have a physician quartered upon him was very expensive, and never having had much confidence in the efficacy of the *materia medica*, he soon dismissed him without having derived any advantage from his attendance—for "Who can minister to a mind diseased?"'

He was now compelled to give up his business, which he disposed of to some advantage. He gathered in all his debts and called in such sums of money as were out at interest, for he had not the confidence or satisfaction in the entries upon his ledger, and stamped papers and parchments, that he knew he should feel when all his property was converted into hard cash. In the true spirit of a miser, and under the suspicion that he would soon be confined to his bed, he converted every thing he possessed into gold, selling even the house he occupied, reserving only a life tenancy at an easy rent, and the major part of his already scanty furniture.

His suspicions were soon realized. He became much enfeebled, and found it necessary to make a nurse the inmate of his dreary abode. And now the miser became truly wretched. The demons avarice, suspicion and despair, haunted him night and day.—He relished no food, nor derived spirit from any cordials. His intellect had evidently suffered prior to his confinement, but he had now frequent attacks of delirium. His conversation was at all times about his money, and he required his nurse fifty times a day to rattle the large tin boxes which contained his gold. If he dreamed, he would talk about his treasures, and often was heard to hold earnest conversation with some of those with whom he had formerly done business; more than once he awoke himself by struggles with some sprite of imagination who was wresting his wealth from him. In order to be fully assured that he had really lost nothing in such conflicts, he would often, at the dead of the night, have the whole contents of his cash-box counted over before him. The nurse, somewhat alarmed by his conversation and conduct, refused to stay with him, unless she had some female to bear her company; whereupon he mentioned his wish that Maria, a niece to whom he had always been partial, should be sent for, and she too became an inmate of his dwelling.

At length it was found necessary to inform him that his end was approaching, and that his will must be made. He reluctantly consented. Morton, a neighboring pettifogging attorney, was sent for, as McDougal had before employed him in two cases, on the prudent principle—"of two evils choose the least." Morton was a shrivelled up, shrewd little fellow, with a keen eye for the main chance, and not burdened with much tenderness of conscience. With a very scanty knowledge of law, he had managed to insinuate himself into a tolerably extensive and lucrative practice. But he had a ready insight into human nature, a considerable tact in seizing the reigning principle or passions of his employers, and the precise point for striking in with them, so as to accomplish his own purposes under pretence of personal and generous sacrifices for their advantage.—Blinding his clients with flatteries exactly suited to their different minds and habits and circumstances, he offended none, but greatly pleased everybody—and himself more than any other. His first business with McDougal cost him some address and produced him little profit, but he had his eye on the future.—In the second affair he was equally moderate in his charges, but hinted, since so mutable were human affairs, that a man of Mr. McDougal's property should have his will made. So long as business was effected and charges were small, they neither of them thought much of principal or character.

Morton came to make McDougal's will. He offered many kind inquiries and feigned very great concern to find his old and *generous* friend, the mere ruins of his former self. The nurse was seated by the bedside and Maria stood near, deeply affected at a sight she had never before beheld,—the final adjustment of temporary things—the prophecy and decree of what was to take place when her uncle should be no longer of this world. Morton sat down on the side of the bed, and made his knee serve as a writing desk. McDougal raised himself—the presence of the man of laws roused him from his torpor; his eyes shot out again, like spirits coming forth from sepulchres.

"Morton," said he, "the world's a cheat. I ought to have had a good round sum by this time, and should—but the world's a cheat."

"True," replied the lawyer, "and it must have been difficult and painful for a man of your principles, Mr. McDougal, to acquire a competency; but you know I was always ready to see you righted."

"You were, and I'll not forget it."

"Oh! thank you, Mr. McDougal," said Morton, with a graceful inclination of the head, "but you and I always settled with mutual satisfaction, I believe, sir?"

"Well, Morton, I have only a hundred and fifty thousand dollars to dispose of. I *must* leave it, I find, and my relations have the first claim. To each of my four brothers I leave fifteen thousand; to each of my sisters, twelve thousand; to my nephew Henry, two thousand; to my niece Maria, whom I have always loved——"

Here his feelings well nigh got the better of his feebleness—but, after a pause, he continued—

"I leave her fifteen thousand; and to nurse here, three hundred."

Maria hid her face in the folds of the bed curtains, and nurse turned aside and let the tear fall upon her sleeve.

"And now," said McDougal, who felt a cloud drawing over his intellect, and his memory refusing to do her office, "how much does that make?" And he put his hand to his head as if to cool his fevered brain.

The lawyer was subtle, and knew that this was the only time for him. He came with the purpose of making a *good thing of it*.

"Well, Mr. McDougal, after the expenses of your funeral there will be something left, perhaps a hundred dollars, or a hundred and fifty."

"Then," said McDougal, making a vigorous effort and feeling conscious that nature was failing *fast*—"Morton, you are welcome to the remainder; now read it and let me sign it."

Morton *read* just as McDougal had *dictated*, but the artful Judas had, in the case of the brothers, substituted in the writing "*hundreds*" for "*thousands*."

McDougal, with considerable effort, signed—just saw his niece and the nurse attest it—and expired. Relations and friends soon assembled at the tidings of his death; the will was read, and it was no difficult matter to divide the property.

But sorely did Morton suffer for his temerity and wickedness. Not unaccustomed to acts of fraud, his conscience long slept upon this *new* iniquity. That slumbering monitor was at length, however, awoke from its lethargy, and Morton *felt* its voice. Yet he long resisted its earnest remonstrances, until other ministers of warning were invoked to its assistance. He could not rest, for strange and dismal noises were heard in his house every night. Soon they seemed to proceed from the very closet where he kept his gold, as if it was poured out of one vessel into another—then portentously scattered up and down the room. More than once, when retiring to rest, he thought he heard some one following him up stairs. At length the very form of McDougal appeared at his bed-side, and turning aside the curtains, looked upon him with the very same ghastly paleness and piercing eye, and asked "*How much will that make?*"

Morton arose, dressed himself, and, lighting a small lamp, retired to his library and awaited the dawn of day, trembling and half resolved to restore the property, yet, half yielding to his covetousness and false shame which again got the better of his fears.

He was, however, yet to suffer farther tortures. Hastily despatching his matin meal, he departed for his office, to bury amidst his musty papers the uneasiness he could not otherwise overcome. Abruptly turning the corner of a neighboring street, he suddenly came upon two uncouth looking men, one of whom, the moment before Morton came in sight, had placed in the hands of the other, two or three small sums of money; startled by the lawyer's sudden appearance, he turned his face towards him, as he said—"*How much does that make?*" And Morton averted his eyes, turned pale, and hurried onwards.

The duties of his office, however, did not allay the feverish excitement under which he labored; and taking up a bundle of papers, he went down to the law courts to make some inquiries relative to his profession. Just as he entered, a witness was detailing some petty thefts to which he had been subjected by a dishonest clerk. He had mentioned several separate sums—

"Well, sir, and *how much does that make?*" asked the prisoner's counsel, having his eye directed to the door by which Morton had entered, for in his agitation he had closed it with a peculiar bang.

"*How much does that make?*" repeated the witness, whose attention was also drawn to Morton, and with his *eye* still fixed upon the now trembling lawyer, he added, with a leer, "I don't know exactly—but I *know them that does*."

There was a malicious titter in the court, and the spectators, following the direction of the witness's eye, also fixed their gaze on Morton.

He could bear it no longer. Seizing the handle of the door, he would at once have made his escape, but the force with which he had shut it, caused the door to *stick*. His exertions to open it only increased the confusion, and the presiding judge, with some asperity and in a loud voice, so as to recall attention to the proceedings, repeated the question—

"Answer, sir, HOW MUCH DOES THAT MAKE?"

This was enough. With a convulsive effort, Morton wrenched open the door, staggered to his office, wrote to the parties a confession of his fraud, restored the property, and left the country, taking with him this important lesson—that no dishonest gains can eventually prove of any advantage.

SELECT POEMS.

THE COTTAGE.

"My eyes make pictures when they're shut."—[Coleridge.

—A little cottage stands
Half hid in climbing green;
Spreading along the jagged eaves
And o'er the roof 'tis seen.

Before it are a few meek flowers,
Yet garden there is none;
But grass with flowers—as Art at first
His toil had there begun;

Then shamed by Nature, fled, and left
These flow'rets to her hand,
That hence to wild flowers changing seem,
Where 'mid the grass they stand.

A grandame at the open door
Sits knitting in the sun;
Who looks at her, need not be told
Of friends and kindred young and old,
That vanished one by one.

Bloom to her cheek returns no more,
And soon her smiles depart:
But he that sees no beauty there—
He hath none in his heart.

A little child is sitting near,
A white lamb by the child—
And surely it must be sweet love
Its eyes and lips are spelling o'er,
To read that grandame mild.

"Sweet Mary Malone."

There's a spell in the glance of sweet Mary Malone,
Whose charm no weak heart can defy;
And more precious by far than "philosopher's stone"
Is the diamond that gleams in her eye.
Like the pole star at night,
Clear, glist'ning, and bright,
That cheers and that guides the lost mariner home,
When out at sea,
Is that eye to me,
The bright, beaming, blue eye of Mary Malone;

Each poet has sung of his "Chloe" or "Chloris"—
Such heathenish names I disown:
The only fair goddess I love and adore is
My dear simple Mary Malone.
In form, or in face,
The goddess of grace,
Might, haply, excel her, I freely will own,—
But—that soft eye of blue,—
That bright eye of blue!—
She had not an eye like sweet Mary Malone!

How oft, mutely gazing, spell-bound I've remained,
On the light of thy beautiful face,
By its softening lustre allured—but restrained
By thy modest majestical grace!
Then thy dark, raven hair,—
Thy bosom so fair,—
Thy roses!—such never in gardens have blown:—
But—oh! that blue eye,
That loving blue eye!
'Twas *that* won my heart, my sweet Mary Malone.

---

brought the ſaid Writ and Re-

Ordered,

THE ORPHAN BOY.

BY J. D. FOSTER.

Chapter I.

> "The purest treasure mortal times afford,
> Is—spotless reputation; that away,
> Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay."
> [Shakspeare.

I hate to write a long introduction! and many readers, I know, dislike as much to read one. Therefore, with your permission, dear reader, we will proceed to tell our tale in a plain, straight-forward manner, without any of the metaphorical circumlocution generally employed by the "story tellers of the present day.

Eva Lincon was the daughter of an opulent merchant in the city of New York. She was an only child, and doated upon by both father and mother; and well might they feel proud of such a daughter: for she was beautiful as the poets fancy when they dream of love; and although she had been through the whole formula required for a "fashionable education," she was not in the common parlance of the day "a spoilt child"—for, proficient as nature had been with the exterior, the *mind* had not been neglected. And, with discriminating sense, she refused to be trammeled or confined by the opinions of her over-fastidious companions.

Her father was a very plain man, in manners and appearance. He had acquired his fortune (which was large) by assiduous industry, and a close economical management of business. He left the whole management of domestic affairs to his wife, who was very discreet in such matters, always looking well to her own interest, even if others suffered in consequence. She was the daughter of a wealthy man, but through the ignorance, perhaps, of the male sex, as regarded her qualifications, she had reached an age something beyond girlhood, before she was united in hymen's holy bands. She had married Mr. Lincon not for *love*, for this was a feeling that she had probably never experienced, but because it was an eligible match, and his only offer.

It could not be expected that one who had never loved, would possess much sympathy for another's dealings with the blind God. Nor did Mrs. Lincon, as the following conversation will show.

"Who was that visited you this morning?" asked she of her daughter, on the morning our tale commences.

"No one but Henry Grey."

"And why was he here?"

"I am sure I do not know—why does any one visit us?"

"To enjoy our society, and to form an acquaintance I suppose."

"Well, that was probably the occasion of his calls."

"But he comes very often."

"Not too often, mother!"

"Not to suit you, perhaps; but I had rather his were more like angels' visits."

"Why so, mother?—what harm has he done to you?"

"None that I know of—but I do not like him."

"But he is not to blame for your dislikes."

"That may be: but I can't comprehend what there is in him you see so inviting."

"Nothing more in him, mother, than in every respectable, honorable young man."

"But you have a preference?"

"Perhaps—who has not?"

"And because you have a foolish liking for this Grey, I must admire him too."

"I said not that, mother," replied Eva, calmly.

"But you do admire him."

"I have not said that I did."

"But actions speak louder than words. And, Eva, I do not, for your sake, and for the credit of the family, wish you to associate with him."

"Why not? Is he not of good standing, and admitted into the best society?"

"He was when he first came here: for he was well recommended by Doctor Mason, of Albany."

"He is some connection of the Doctor's—is he not?"

"So it was thought at first: but George Marvin says he is not."

"How does he know?"

"Why he has been living in Albany, with his sister, for some months past, and he says that he is a poor boy that the Doctor took out of charity, and no relation whatever."

"I cannot believe this story, mother, for you know that George owes Henry no good will, at least."

"Why, George is a gentleman, and will expose any one that pretends to be what they are not."

"But what difference can it make provided he is no connection of the Doctor? I cannot see."

"Why if he is not, he is an impostor; and has been admitted into society above his birth and standing."

"I cannot see it in this light; for you say he was recommended by the Doctor, as being a worthy young man."

"That may be, and still descended from the very dregs of society."

"But if this is the case, and he conducts himself in a gentlemanly manner, it ought not to be any disgrace to him."

"Why, Eva! I dare say that if his father and mother had both died in the poor-house, you would say it was no dishonor to him."

"So I should, mother, and think that he was worthy of more respect, having raised himself to his present standing by his own exertions."

"But, Eva," said her mother, solemnly, "would you marry him were this the case?"

"I should wait until I received proposals."

"But I do not wish to have him propose: for he is not a suitable match for you, even if his parentage were good."

"Why, mother?"

"Because he has only commenced his studies, and"——

"But you forget he is already practising."

"Well! that makes no difference—he is, as I said before, just commencing business, and having nothing to commence with, it must necessarily be some time, even if he has remarkable success, before he can be in a situation to support a woman in the style, in which you are used to living."

"It is because he is poor that you do not admire him, you would say?"

"That is one reason, Eva."

"But he is in the same condition that my father was when he commenced business."

"Your father was wealthy when I married him."

"That may be: but you would not have refused him had he been pennyless."

"*Yes I would*; and I advise you as a mother who feels for your welfare, to look well to your own interest. And as regards this report respecting Grey's parentage, if I find it to be true, I shall not receive his visits in future." Thus saying, she left the room.

Eva was surprised at the turn the conversation had taken; and although she doubted not but that her mother had spoken the sentiments of her heart, yet thought she, "My mother never loved! She must ever have been a stranger to that high and holy feeling—that ardent affection which invades my heart. Her cold calculations are not the language my feelings would dictate towards—but no! I will not be won unsought! I will not love to have my fondest hopes blasted by disappointment—and to feel that I am despised. But I care not for this silly story of George Marvin. Him *I have once refused*, and his mean mind could suggest no better revenge than thus to slander one who is far above him, in every thing but wealth—which is with me, but a secondary object."

Chapter II.

> "Men that make
> Envy, and crooked malice nourishment,
> Dare bite the best."
> * * * * * * *
> "'Tis a cruelty,
> To load a falling man.—[King Henry VIII.

Henry Grey was a young man of fine appearance, and commanding talent. His natural ability had been much improved by a course of studies under the direction of his friend and guardian, Dr. Mason. The doctor well knew that Henry was dependent upon his own exertions; and he doubted not but that with a good education he would, in time, win for himself a name and reputation which would be far more lasting and of more benefit than a princely fortune.

With this view he had, a few years before our story commences, written to a friend of his, an eminent member of the Bar in New York, to superintend the studies of his ward. And accordingly Henry had taken up his residence in that city.

He was immediately admitted into the most refined society, and attracted by the beauty, at first, of Eva, he was led to form an acquaintance with her, which resulted in a feeling of congenial attachment. And though neither had spoken of their passion but by bright glances, that told of love to eyes that looked love again: yet both felt certain that there was a reciprocal feeling existing between them.

Henry was admired by many for his ready wit, and playful, pleasing manner of conversation. I say by many, for there were some who envied him his good fortune; and among this number was George Marvin. He saw that his rival was greeted with evident pleasure, and his appearance welcomed with smiles, where he only received a cold, formal welcome. And when he proposed for the hand of Eva Lincon, and was refused, he cursed his more fortunate rival, as he considered Henry, and swore to be revenged.

But Henry cared not for him, nor his revenge; he knew that the wealth of George Marvin was all that he possessed, and had it not been for that, he would have been shunned, instead of courted: for he was gifted with but very little common sense, and was as unprincipled as he was ignorant.

But there are characters in every community who are always ready to retail slander, no matter from what source it originates. And it was so in this case. At first few believed the story industriously circulated by George Marvin. And he told, he said, only what he had heard; he did not vouch for the truth of the report. But

> "Rumor was the messenger
> Of defamation, and so swift that none
> Could be the first to tell an evil tale."

In this way it was whispered around, at first, that Henry Grey was no better than he should be. That he was not what he seemed. And it was finally boldly asserted by some that he had been taken from the "poor-house" by Doctor Mason, and who his parents were was never known. These reports caused quite a sensation among the aristocratic members of the community: for none could be admitted into their circles whose birth was not acknowledged to be of respectability, unless, forsooth, they possessed fortune, and then this was overlooked, or not enquired after. In this manner was Henry's reputation and standing injured in the estimation of many, before he was aware that there were any such reports in circulation. In fact, he was not aware of it until one day, George Marvin, wishing to see what effect it would have upon his victim, called at the office where he was employed, and asked in a friendly manner if he was to attend the party that evening.

"What party?" asked Henry.

"Why have not you been invited?"

"I do not know to what you refer."

"Why, Mrs. Lincon gives a splendid *fete* to-night, to which all the *elite* are invited."

"I have not heard of it."

"And you are not agoing to attend?"

"*Of course not.*"

"No! no! of course not, without an invitation: but why you have been overlooked, I cannot see."

"Nor do I care," said Henry, in a nonchalant manner.

"But I should care, for all the respectability are to be there."

"Then I am not respectable," said Henry.

"You are aware, then, of the reports, are you?"

"What reports? I have heard none."

"Concerning your——"

"My what?"

"Don't be excited—I should not have mentioned it, if I had supposed that I was telling any news."

"Well! well, what is it? out with it, man; nothing horrible, I hope."

"Oh! no! nothing for which you are to blame: only I have heard it said—in fact it is generally believed—that your parents were——"

"Were what? let me know: were what?"

"Were never known; in fact, that you are the offspring of——of——"

"Say no more, sir!" exclaimed Henry, "I have heard enough."

This was what George had wished, and a smile of satisfaction stole across his features, when he saw that the shot had taken effect.

Henry was surprised; this was something which he had never dreamed of as being derogatory to him. But he now saw at a glance what use would be made of the circumstance to complete his ruin in the estimation of those he held most dear. He, however, recovered his composure in a few moments, and said—

"I had not been informed of this before: and am indebted to you, sir."

"I am sorry," said George, "that I have wounded your feelings, for, believe me, I had no such intention. And I cannot doubt but what this is why Mrs. Lincon has neglected you. Give me leave to contradict this foolish report."

"No—I do not condescend to notice every idle rumor by those who prey upon the reputation of honorable men."

"But I am innocent of any intentions to injure you."

"I have accused none, nor shall I, but my business calls me away." So saying, he left the office.

George Marvin had done his worst: for this was a subject upon which Henry was particularly sensitive. That his birth was involved in mystery to all but himself and his guardian, he was aware; but he fondly hoped that upon this subject he would never be questioned; nor did he consider that he was responsible for any one's actions but his own. "But now," said he, "this must be trumpeted through the town by every retailer of scandal, as though on me devolved the responsibility of my parents' actions. But, dear, sainted mother, I can suffer nothing in comparison with thy sufferings, and I will not complain, though my fate is hard. But Eva! can she believe this slander? I know she does not. She is far above those simple, simpering ones, who view with horror those who cannot trace their origin back to some noble house, which, thank Heaven, I *can do*, if I would. But her mother must needs shew her consequence by looking above such *low born* ones as me. Well, I care not. In this country, every one is the maker of his own fortunes, and I will yet win a name by my own exertions, of which I can never be deprived by the subtle, slanderous tongue."

Chapter III.

> "Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that,
> And manage it against despairing thoughts."

The evening of the party came. The spacious rooms of Mr. Lincon's superb mansion were filled to overflowing with the beauty and talent of the city.

There was music, rich in sweet sounds; and the poetry of motion was shown in the giddy dance. All seemed to be joyous and happy. Yet there was one who sat sorrowfully apart, and would not mix with the gay throng. She who should have been the gayest of the gay, felt not, nor hardly noticed, that gay scene. She cast her eyes around the room—beauty, elegance, and wit, were on every side; but one was wanting. There was a vacancy in her heart that the adulation of flatterers could not fill. And, sighing, Eva Lincon wondered why *he* was not there.

"Come," said Mrs. Lincon, approaching her daughter, "you must dance the next set with George Marvin."

"I cannot dance to-night, mother."

"Cannot! you must. See, they are waiting for you now."

"Ah! Miss Lincon, you are looking superb to-night. Do you dance?" said George Marvin.

"I think not."

"You are not fond of the amusement?"

"Not very."

"Ah, Mrs. Lincon," said he, as the old lady approached. "Splendid party!—all the fashion of the city, I believe, are here. It goes beyond every thing of the kind this season."

"I intended it should," said the old lady.

"And it does. I have been wondering why Eva, here—I mean Miss Lincon—does not dance. But I forget; she is probably engaged to Mr. Grey?"

"Mr. Grey is not here."

"Not here! I thought he was a favorite of yours!"

"You thought wrong, then, for I did not invite him, *even*."

"Ah!" thought Eva, who overheard her mother's remark, "that, then, is the reason of his absence. But why should this be so? I will know the reason of this neglect."

So saying, she asked her mother, who just then came round—

"Why have you not sent Henry an invitation?"

"Because I did not desire his presence."

"But, mother—"

"I don't want to hear any of your 'buts!' He is not admitted into select circles now; and I shall not break through the established rules of etiquette, just because you have a foolish preference for some low-born impostor!"

Thus was Eva answered by her mother, who would have destroyed her own and her daughter's happiness, rather than to have had any of her aristocratic friends think that she demeaned herself by associating with any one as low in birth as report announced Henry Grey to be.

Eva wondered how her mother could be so regardless of her feelings; and, with a sorrowing heart, she soon retired to her own apartment, to muse in silence and alone.

In the mean time, Henry remained at home, deeply engaged in reading a manuscript which he had received some years before from Doctor Mason.

"Yes," said he, folding up the paper, "yes, Eva, you shall see this, at least, and be undeceived as regards me! For the rest, the unfeeling ones, I care not. And when you have read what my poor mother in her last days wrote for my benefit, I will venture to ask the richest boon that can to mortal man be given."

Chapter IV.

> "And that should teach us,
> There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
> Rough-hew them how we will."
> [*Julius Cæsar*.

When Henry again visited Eva, he was received by her with evident pleasure, but her mother scarcely deigned to speak with him. This Henry did not seem to notice, and she left the room.

"Eva," said he, as soon as her mother had retired, "it has been some time since I was so fortunate as to form an acquaintance with you; and subsequent events lead me to think that some history of myself may not be uninteresting."

"It would be very gratifying to me," said Eva.

"And reports, of late, derogatory to me and my parentage, I understand, have been in circulation.—Perhaps you may have heard them?"

"I have, but I did not believe them."

"Thank you! thank you!" said Henry. "I have one friend, then."

"You have many, I hope."

"I fear you hope against certainties. But, to my tale—if you will condescend to listen?"

"I shall hear you with pleasure."

"Some time since, Doctor Mason, who is a worthy man, and one whom I respect, informed me that many years previous he was called upon to visit a woman, who lay sick in a house near his residence. He found, when he arrived, a young woman, who had been there some four weeks. She was a stranger, but she had fallen among those who pitied the distresses of the unfortunate, and were ever ready to extend the hand of charity to those who were suffering. The sick woman was very low—already beyond the reach of medicine—and in a few days she died. The Doctor had taken some interest in her, and, at her decease, she was decently buried, at his expense. That woman was *my mother*! I can just recollect of following her remains to the grave—the last resting place of all! She was my last, my only friend—and the sorrow that my young heart then experienced, I hope you may never feel. I stood at the head of the grave, and silently watched the clods of earth, as one after another they fell upon the coffin. And when the task was done, the grave closed up, and my mother hidden forever from my sight, I turned away, and wept in agony! I had now no friends—no home—and I wished, ardently wished, that I had been buried with her.

"While thus I stood, absorbed in my grief, the Doctor came and took me by the hand, and in a kind manner tried to console me for the loss of my parent; and at last he persuaded me to accompany him home. And a home, indeed, his house has ever been to me. And the love which I bear him could be no greater were he my father.

"When he informed me of these circumstances, he gave me a manuscript written by my mother. I have read it, time and again, and if you will, I wish you to peruse it. I can say no more—for my feelings overcome me when I think upon this subject. Adieu for the present—I leave the story of my mother's wrongs with you."

Eva was much surprised at what she had heard, and she almost revered the old Doctor for his kindness towards her lover.

When she had composed her feelings, she took the paper which Henry had left, and read with interest the following:

"*To my son Henry:*

"For your benefit I employ the few remaining days allotted me here on earth, in writing a short account of myself and your father, whom you have not seen since you were two years of age.

"I was the daughter of obscure parents residing in England; for there all are obscure, who are not titled. My father was a good liver, although not wealthy; and upon me he doated, for I was an only child. My time passed pleasantly away, without any care or trouble to render me unhappy, until I was about sixteen years old. I then lost my mother, as you, my Henry, are about to lose me. And may God protect you, for you have no other protector! I deeply felt the loss of my parent; but the young are not naturally inclined to sorrow, and my grief soon wore away.

"It seemed as though my father's love for me increased after the death of my mother. And I cannot look back to our once happy home, even at this day, but the tear of sorrow will dim my eye.

"When I was nineteen, I became acquainted with James Grey, second and youngest son of Lord Grey, upon whose estate my father lived. He had been hunting, when he was caught in a severe shower, and sought shelter in our cottage. He was young—not more than twenty—and, as I thought, of remarkably good appearance. After our first interview, he frequently called at the cottage—and, Henry, *I loved him*, with pure, ardent love; and I have no doubt but that the feeling was reciprocal—for like an honourable man, as he assuredly was, he proposed marriage. I was aware of the great difference in our respective stations, and told him that his father would never consent to our union. Of this he too was well convinced. 'But,' said he, 'I am a younger brother, and have but little or nothing to expect from my father. I might, perhaps, by managing, marry an heiress, and live a splendid life of misery; which I will not do. I am determined to go to America, that land where all are on equal terms; where all can be lords if they will only strive for the prize. I shall there be shackled by no laws which bind a younger brother down—and I will win for myself a name and fame which will be lasting. Will you go with me? Say you will, and happy in that land of freedom we will live.'

"Thus urged by one I dearly loved, I referred him to my father; and in a short time we were privately married, my father being present at the ceremony.

"As was expected, Lord Grey heaped curses upon the head of his unworthy and undutiful son, as he was pleased to call him. He disowned him for ever, and refused to see him. But this we expected, and were therefore prepared for it. But there came a blow which I had not anticipated—and that was, the death of my father. Just as we were ready to embark for this country, he suddenly sickened and died. If I had felt sorrow for my mother's death, much more did I feel it now; for I was deprived of an only parent—he whom I had expected to accompany me to my new home in a distant land. But all my hopes were fled; and sorrowing, we bid farewell to our native land for ever. But I must hurry on to the conclusion, for I find my strength is hardly adequate to the task.

"When we arrived in New York, (where we first landed,) your father could not find business, as he had expected. In fact, America was not the *El Dorado* he had anticipated. He was a total stranger, unacquainted with the manners and customs of the people; and many were ready to say that he was an impostor. For nearly a year he procured no business—we in the mean time living upon what we had brought with us from England. But this was fast dwindling away, and what course to pursue we knew not.

"One day, when you, my son, were about two years old, your father informed me that he could close a bargain with an importing merchant, recently from England, on advantageous terms, if I would consent to his leaving me for a year—for he was to go to the West Indies as an agent. What could I do? In a strange land—with no friends—I could not bear to have him leave me even for a month.

"But something must be done; our means of support were fast growing less—and I was at last obliged to consent to his departure—and with many protestations of unalterable love, and promises to write often, he set sail. How long seemed the first month of his absence!—how desolate and cheerless was my home! But I had you for my comfort and solace.

"Mr. Smith, your father's employer, advanced money, which was left for my support while he was gone. He had been away about three months when I received his first letter. He was doing well, he wrote, for himself and employer. I wrote him back as cheerful a letter as I could, and waited impatiently for the end of the year, when I should again see my husband.

"Mr. Smith, in the mean time, was very accommodating, attending to all my affairs, and at every opportunity giving me news of my husband.

"Things had gone on in this way for more than half a year, when I received news that he was very sick. Oh, how I longed to see him!—to soothe him in his distress, and administer to his wants! But this privilege was denied me. Anxiously I waited to hear again from him. At length it came. Mr. Smith received a letter from some one there, saying that his agent, Mr. Grey, *was dead!*

"Oh, the agony of that moment! I cannot describe it! It seemed as though my brain was on fire, and I prayed long and fervently that I might die! I lost all recollection, and was, as I have since been informed, for weeks insane. A raging fever had deprived me of reason, and almost of life. But my constitution bore up under all my afflictions, and I slowly recovered, to feel anew my irreparable loss.

"During my long illness, Mr. Smith was very constant in his attentions towards me, anxious that I should want for nothing; and I thanked him for all his kindness—it was all I could do—all I had to give in return! And I besought him to furnish me, if possible, with something to do, whereby I might earn for myself a sustenance—for I was entirely dependent upon his goodness.

"He told me that I need not fear. I should never want while he lived—and for a time I was satisfied. Here, my son, is where I failed! I had not the energy to look about me and procure employment—and day after day passed away, without my considering how much I was indebted to Mr. Smith. But I was soon awakened from my dream, as it were, and made to feel the error of my ways.

"One day Mr. Smith, as was his usual custom, visited me, and after he had sat some time in silence, asked me what arrangements I had made for the future. I had made none. He presented a long bill of expenses which he had incurred on my account, and *demanded payment*. What could I do? I had no money, and he knew it;—he insisted upon his pay immediately, or he would say no more about the debt, and see that I was well provided with every comfort for the future, if I would *be his!*

"'I cannot,' I exclaimed, 'think of marrying again. My husband still lives in my remembrance, and—'

"'But,' said the old man, interrupting me, 'I do not ask you to marry me; I have one wife already.'

"I was surprised—amazed—at the villain's boldness, and I drove him from my presence. But he only smiled in scorn, as he left the house; 'for,' said he, 'you are in my power, and must be ruled by me.'

"This, then, was why he had been so kind!—this was why he had paid so much attention to me, and advanced me money, that at last he might ensnare and ruin me!

"That day, within an hour after he left the house, I took you by the hand, and bid a long farewell to my home, and to all earthly happiness. I wandered around, from place to place. At last I came to this city—found some kind friends, who employed me—and now, I cannot work, they are attending to me, and rendering me every assistance in their power.—God bless them for their kindness!

"Doctor Mason has called to see me;—he says I cannot live. Alas! I know it!—nor would I ask to, were it not for you, my son.

"I have informed the doctor who I am, and how I was reduced to my present situation. He says he will protect you as his own son. Thank God, I can now die in peace. And, Henry, heed my last prayer. Be virtuous, be honorable—and you will be happy.

"Enclosed you will find the certificate of my marriage with your father;—keep it; it may be of use to you at some future day. The doctor will give you these my last words when you arrive at years of discretion. That you may be happy is the last prayer of your dying mother,

"MARY ANN GREY."

Chapter V.

> "Marriage is a matter of more worth
> Than to be dealt with by attorneyship.
> For what is wedlock forced but hell,
> An age of discord and continual strife?
> Whereas the contrary bringeth forth bliss,
> And is a pattern of celestial peace."—[*King Henry V*.

When Eva finished reading this account of the sufferings of Henry's mother, her respect and love for him were increased; and she despised those who could wound the feelings of one who had suffered so much already. When Henry again visited her, he asked her if she had read the history of his patient and unfortunate mother.

"I have," replied Eva, "and with surprise."

"But why with surprise? You do not doubt the authenticity of it?"

"With surprise, that man could be so great a villain, and woman bear so much; for I never dreamed of doubting its truth. In fact, Henry, I could not doubt anything emanating from you or yours."

"Thank you, Eva! And I am not despised by you, because I was left an orphan at an early age, with no kind parents to watch over and guide me aright."

"I have never despised you, Henry."

"I know you have not—and I have come to offer you my hand and heart, which my ardent love prompts me to do. Will you accept the adoration of one who, though humble, adores you?"

Eva did not answer; and in a few moments Henry again asked—

"What means this silence? Am I rejected?—have I been deceived?—my affections trifled with? Answer, tell me it is not so!"

"It is not so, Henry! You have not been deceived in me, at least."

"And you will be mine! Thank you!" said he, seizing her hand; "thank you, my love, for this happiness!"

"Nay, Henry, I said not that; I——"

"Not that?"

"No! But for myself I would say it readily; but my parents—I fear they will not consent."

"Your mother, Eva, I know does not favor my suit; but your father, I have heard, is an honorable man. Surely he will not object?"

"I cannot say."

"I have your consent to apply to him?"

"You have."

"And I will do it immediately, for this suspense I cannot bear."

So saying, he left the lovely girl to seek her father. He found him in his counting room alone.

"I have come," said he, "to see you upon business of importance. Have you leisure to hear me now?"

"Yes, if it is anything urgent."

"It is, sir, of great importance to me, at least."

"Well, proceed; I am all attention."

"I have to request your consent to my marriage with your daughter."

"Ah! yes—your name is——"

"Henry Grey, sir."

"Yes, I recollect—my daughter, you say. Does she give her consent?"

"If otherwise, I of course should not have troubled you," said Henry, not liking the manner and enquiries of the old man.

"Yes, well, I will see. You are a lawyer?"

"I am."

"Your parents——"

"*Are dead.*"

"Ah yes—strange I did not remember. Well, call again to-morrow, and I will give you an answer."

"Good morning, sir."

And Henry left the office. He did not doubt but that the old man would grant his wishes; and he was comparatively a happy man.

That evening, Mr. Lincon, after tea, drew his chair near that of his daughter, and asked—

"Well, Eva, what do you suppose that young lawyer had to say to me to-day?"

"I don't know, I am sure."

"Don't know? Yes you do, for he said he had your consent."

"Her consent to what?" asked Mrs. Lincon.

"Why, he wants to marry her—that's all."

"But you did not give your consent."

"How do you know?"

"But did you?"

"You say I did not."

"Why, husband, do tell me. You are always trying to bother me."

"Well, then, I thought I would see you before I gave him any answer."

"You did right."

"Yes, I always do, don't I?"

"Yes, yes; but I shall object to this match entirely; for he is a low-born, poor, indigent fellow."

"No, mother, he is not!" said Eva, who could not bear to hear her lover thus slandered, even by her mother.

"Well, well, Eva," said her father, "your mother and I will settle this little affair. You are a party interested, you know."

Eva left the room, and the result of the conference was as usual in like cases—Mrs. Lincon persuading her husband, as she always did; and he, in the end, after some show of resistance, yielding to her wishes.

Accordingly, when Henry called the next day, to learn his fate, he was surprised with a flat refusal. "Disappointment is my lot!" muttered he, as he left the presence of the old man. "Just as the prize is within my reach, it must be rudely snatched away because I am poor and friendless. But the constancy of my lovely Eva I do not doubt; and we may yet be happy, even without the consent of her father.—But no—I will not induce her to such a step; honorably or not at all; no private, clandestine marriage. But I will seek fame and fortune, and the day will yet come when even the proud and haughty Mrs. Lincon will consider my acquaintance an honor."

With these thoughts, Henry applied himself to business with increased energy. He was already looked upon as a rising young man; and many prophecied that he would be an honor to the profession.

He was not denied the pleasure of occasionally visiting the object of his affections; and her love cheered him on in the path of duty.

Chapter VI.

"I see men's judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes; and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To suffer all alike."—[*Shakspeare.*

'Twas nearly a year after the date of our last chapter, when Henry received the following note:

"*Dear Henry*—

"Call and see me immediately. I have news to tell you—or something at least which I think will please, and be of importance. At least call as soon as you can, and you will much oblige.

"Eva Lincon."

Henry could not imagine what should make her so urgent for him to call immediately, for he had visited her only a few days before. And what the news could be, he could not think. He, however, immediately waited upon her.

"You recollect," said she, that my cousin Emma and her husband, some months since, started on a tour through England?"

"Yes, I remember it; but why do you ask?"

"They are now in London. I received this paper from them, with that advertisement marked.—They know who you are, and I presume they think this notice is concerning you. Read it."

Henry took the paper and read—

"INFORMATION WANTED

"Of James Grey, youngest son of Lord Grey, of Yorkshire, England—his eldest son, the late Lord George Grey, being deceased—and the title and estate, of course, will descend to the youngest son, James, if living; and if not, to his heirs, as the late Lord George at his decease left no issue. James was married and removed to America, and it is believed he died there, leaving a son. If this should meet his eye, he will learn something further, by applying to Strong & King, in London.

"American papers will please copy the above."

"Can it be possible!" exclaimed Henry, as he finished reading the above notice.

"I have faith to believe that means you," said Eva.

"Yes, but why is it not copied into our city papers?"

"Why I received this paper as soon as the English mail arrived; and they have not had time yet."

"Yes, yes; well, we will wait. I hope and fear, but we will wait."

The next morning the advertisement was copied into almost all the daily papers, and many of them with comments like the following:

"Our readers will see by an English advertisement, which we have copied, that our enterprising citizen, H. Grey, Esq., is, by the death of his uncle, raised to the title and estate of Lord Grey, one of the nobility of England. We are rejoiced to hear of his good fortune, for he is a young man of energy and talent. We hope, however, that he will not leave us to settle in England, for we cannot well spare so enterprising a citizen. We understand the income of the late proprietor was nearly ten thousand pounds per annum. It will probably not vary much from that now. Again we say, we wish him success."

Numbers who had despised Henry, and helped to slander him, now called to congratulate him upon his good fortune; and among the first of these was Mrs. Lincon. She was very "happy indeed of the good luck which had befallen him—hoped she should see him often." To all of which Henry replied in a kind manner: for it was not his nature to revenge wrongs done him, even if he knew that they were intended as such.

In a short time he embarked for England. When he arrived, he found none to dispute his title: for the certificate of his mother's marriage was sufficient to establish his right.

He took possession of the property; attended to some necessary business, and again returned to New York—for what purpose the reader can easily guess.

He again asked Mr. Lincon's consent to a union with his daughter—and this time he was not *refused*.

We have but little more to tell—save that the wedding of Henry Grey (otherwise Lord Grey, as Mrs. Lincon called him,) and Eva Lincon, was the best attended of any that season; and the old man, (Eva's father) after scolding his wife for not knowing that Henry was a Lord in disguise, declared that he had always intended they should be married: only he wanted that Henry should work and earn something—for wives were very expensive things. And thus were all parties well satisfied.

THE ONLY SON.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

Mr. Harcourt sat alone in his study. The walls were crowded with book-cases, filled with the massy tomes of the law: his table was covered with papers of importance; and a pile of notes, which had just been paid him by a client, lay close at his elbow.—The costly lamp that hung above his head threw its light full on the upper part of his face, bringing the massy brow out into bold relief, and giving additional sternness to his cold and inflexible features. All at once he rang the bell.

"Is master James arrived?" he said, abruptly, when the servant entered.

"Yes, sir."

"Show him in, then."

In a few minutes the door of the study opened again, and the lawyer's only son stood in the presence of his father. He was a youth of about seventeen, fair and manly to gaze upon, but with that look of dissipation in his countenance which mars even the noblest beauty. An expression of feminine softness and irresolution in his face, contradicted the proud and self-willed glance of his dark, glowing eye. He seemed, indeed, to judge from his looks, to be wholly a creature of impulses.

"So you have been in another scrape, sir," said the old man, harshly.

The youth bowed his head and bit his lip.

"It cost me four hundred dollars to pay for the carriage that was broken, and the horses foundered in your drunken frolic. What have you to say to that, sir?"

The young man's eye wandered irresolutely around the room, without daring to meet his father's face. Nor did he make any reply.

"How long is this to last?" said his parent, in a more angry tone. "Have I not told you, again and again, that I would disown you if these things went on? You are a disgrace, sir, to me—a blot on my name. Thank God your mother did not live to see you grow up!"

The youth had been evidently nerving himself to bear his father's rebukes with as much indifference and coolness as possible; but at the mention of his mother's name his lip quivered and he turned away his head to hide the tears that gathered in his eyes. Had that stern, irritating old man known how to follow up the chord he had struck, his son might yet have been saved; but he was a hard, correct man, unaccustomed to making allowances for difference of character, and he resolved to drive his son into obedience by the strong arm of parental authority.

"You turn away to laugh, you rascal, do you!" said he, enraged. "You believe, because you are my only child, I will not disinherit you. But I would cast you off if you were ten times my son; and I made up my mind, to-day, to tell you, at once, to go.—There is a pile of notes, five hundred dollars, I believe: take it; and to-morrow I will make it a thousand, before you depart. But, remember, this is the last night you shall spend under my roof—the last cent of my money you shall ever touch."

When his mother was alluded to the youth had almost made up his mind to step forward, ask pardon for all his evil courses, and promise solemnly hereafter to live a life of strict propriety; but the sharp and angry tone in which Mr. Harcourt pursued the conversation, and the words of banishment with which it closed, seemed to make him irresolute. He colored, turned pale, and parted his lips as if about to speak; then he clasped his hands half in supplication; but the cold, contemptuous look of his father checked him, and he remained silent. The angry flush, however, rose again to his cheek, and became fixed there.

"Not a word, sir," said the father. "It is too late pleading now. Don't be both a blackguard and a coward. I told you if you ever got into such a discreditable difficulty I would disown you. But the warning did no good. You must reap as you have sown. Will you go!"

The youth seemed again about to speak; but his words choked him. The spirit of the son, as well as that of the father, was roused. He felt that the punishment was disproportioned to the offence, even great as it had been. He took the notes which his parent held out to him, crumpled them hastily together, and, flinging them scornfully back, turned and left the room. The next instant the street door closed with a heavy clang.

"He has not gone, surely!" said the father, startled for a moment. But his brow darkened as his eye fell on the notes. "Yes, let him go—the graceless villain—he is hereafter no son of mine. Better die childless than have an heir who is a curse and a disgrace to your name. Did I not do my duty to him?"

Ay! old man, that is the question. *Did* you do your duty to him? Were you not harsh when you should have been lenient—did you not neglect your son for years after his mother's death, careless of what kind of associates he consorted with—and when he had been led astray, did you not, in total disregard of his wilful character, the result of your own indulgence, did you not, we say, attempt to coerce him by threats when you should have drawn him by the gentle chords of love? Look into your own heart, and see if you are not just as unreasonable as your son. Can a character be reformed in a day? Your profession should have taught you better, old man.—But the boy has gone from your roof forever, for well he knows how inflexible is your stern, self-righteous heart; and, indeed, with a portion of your own pride he would sooner cut off his right arm than solicit for your aid. Yes! take up that mass of complicated papers and endeavor to forget the past scene in their absorbing details, but yours must be a heart of adamant, if, in despite of your oft-repeated reasonings, you can justify your harshness to it. Remember the words you have uttered. They may apply to more than one. "*As you have sown so you shall reap!*"

James Harcourt went forth from his father's house in utter *despair*. Pride had supported him during the last few moments of the interview, and he had met his stern parent's malediction with bitter defiance; but when the door had closed upon him, and he turned to take a last look up at the window which was once his mother's, the tears gushed again into his eyes, and covering his face in his hands, he sat down on a neighboring step and sobbed convulsively.

"Oh! if she had been living," he said, "it would never have come to this. She would not have left me to form associations with those who wished to make a prey of me—she would not have galled me by stern, and often undeserved reproaches—she would not have turned me from my home, with no place whither to go, and temptations around me on every side. Oh! my mother," he said, casting his eyes to Heaven, "look down on and pity your poor boy!"

At that instant the door of his father's house opened, as if some one was about to come forth. A momentary hope shot through him that his parent had relented. But no! it was only a servant who had been called to close the shutters. Ashamed to be recognized, the youth hastily arose, turned a corner, and disappeared.

Years rolled on. The lawyer rose in wealth and consideration; honors were heaped profusely on him; he became a member of Congress, a Senator, a Judge. His sumptuous carriage rolled through the streets daily to bear him to and fro from Court. An invitation to his dinners were received in triumph, they were so select. In every respect, Judge Harcourt was a man to be envied.

But was he happy? He might have been, reader, but for one thing. *He had no one to love.* He felt that people courted him only from interested motives. Oh! how he sometimes longed to know what had become of his discarded boy, confessing to himself, now that years had removed the veil from his eyes, how harshly he had used the culprit.

"Perhaps, if I had borne with him a little longer he might have reformed," he said, with a sigh. "He always had a good heart, and his poor mother used to say he was *so* obedient. But he got led away!"

At this instant a servant cautiously opened his library door.

"It is almost ten o'clock, your honor," he said, "and the carriage is at the door."

"Ay, ay," said the judge, rising, as the servant disappeared, "I had *forgot* myself. And that desperate fellow, Roberts, is to be tried to-day for the mail robbery."

Many an obsequious bow greeted the judge as the officers of his Court made way for him through the crowd, for the trial was one of unusual interest, and had collected together large numbers. He smiled affably to all, and, taking his seat, ordered the business to proceed. The prisoner was brought in, a large, bold, fine-looking man, but the judge, occupied with a case he had heard the day before, and in which he was writing out an opinion, gave little notice to the criminal, or indeed to any of the proceedings, until the usual formalities had been gone through, and the serious part of the evidence began to be heard.—Then the judge, for the first time, directed a keen glance to the prisoner.

"Surely, I have seen that face before," he said. But he could not remember where; and he turned to scrutinize the jury-box.

The case was a clear one. The testimony, when completed, formed a mass of evidence that was irresistible. Two men swore positively to the person of the accused as that of one of the robbers; and the jury immediately gave a verdict of guilty, after a tinnely severe charge against the prisoner from the bench. The punishment was death.

On hearing the verdict, the prisoner set his mouth firmly, and drew himself up to his full height. But, before sentence was pronounced, he asked leave to say a few words. He did it in so earnest a tone that the judge immediately granted it, wondering that a man who looked so courageous should stoop to beg for his life.

"I acknowledge my crime," said the prisoner, "nor do I seek to palliate it. But neither do I ask for mercy. I can face death as I have faced it a [illegible] times. But I wish to say a word on the causes that brought me to this place."

Every neck was stretched forward to catch the words of the speaker: even the judge leaned over the bench, controlled by an interest for which he could not account.

"I was born of reputable, nay! distinguished parents," said the man, "and one at least was an angel. But she died early, and my father, immersed in ambitious schemes, quite forgot me, so that I was left to form my own associations, which, therefore, were naturally not all of the most unexceptionable kind. By and by, my irregularities began to attract the notice of my father. He reproved me too harshly. Recollect, I was spoilt by indulgence. I soon committed another youthful folly. My punishment, this time, was more severe and quite as ill-advised as before. I was a creature of impulse pliable either for good or bad—and my only surviving parent fell into the error of attempting to drive me, when he should have persuaded me with kindness. The fact is, neither of us understood each other. Well, matters went on thus for two years and more; I was extravagant, rebellious, dissipated; my parent was hard and unforgiving.

"At length," continued the speaker, turning full on the judge, until their eyes met, "at length, one evening, my parent sent for me into his study. I had been guilty of some youthful folly, and having threatened me about a fortnight before with disinheritance if I again vexed him, he now told me that henceforth I was to be no child of his, but an outcast and a beggar. He said, too, that he thanked God my mother had not lived to see that day. That touched me. Had he then spoken kindly—had he given me a chance, I might have reformed; but he irritated me with harsh words, checked my rising promptings of good by condemning me unheard, and sent me forth alone into the world. From that hour," continued the prisoner, speaking rapidly and with great emotion, "I was desperate. I went out from his door a homeless, penniless, friendless boy. My former associates would have shrunk from me, even if I had not been too proud to seek them. All decent society was shut against me. I soon became almost starved for want of money. But what needs it to tell the shifts I was driven too? I slept in miserable hovels—I consorted with the lowest and vilest—I gambled, I cheated, and yet I could scarcely get my bread.—You, who sit in luxurious homes, know not the means to which the miserable outcast must resort for a livelihood! But enough. From one step I passed to another, till I am here. From the moment I was cast out from my father's house, my fate was inevitable, leading me by constantly descending steps until I became the felon I now am. And I stand here to-day ready to endure the utmost penalty of your laws, careless of the future as I have been reckless of the past."

He ceased; and now released from the torrent of his passionate eloquence, which had chained their eyes to him, the spectators turned toward the judge to see what effect the prisoner's words had produced. Well was it, that no one had looked there before, else that proud man had sunk cowering from his seat. They would have seen how his eye gradually quailed before that of the speaker—how he turned ashy pale—how his whole face, at length, became convulsed with agony. Ay! old man, remorse was now fully awake. In the criminal he had recognized his only son! He thought then of the words he had once used, "as you sow, so you *shall reap!*" But by a mighty effort he was enabled to hear the prisoner to the end, and then, feeling as if every eye was upon him penetrating this terrible secret in his looks, he sank, with a groan, senseless to the earth.

The confusion that occurred in the Court House, when it was found that the judge had been taken suddenly ill, as the physicians said by a stroke of apoplexy, led to the postponement of the prisoner's sentence; and before the next session of the Court, the culprit had received a conditional pardon, the result, it was said, of the mitigating circumstances which he had urged so eloquently on his trial. The terms on which a large proportion of citizens petitioned for his pardon required that he should forever after reside abroad. It was said that the judge, although scarcely recovered, had taken such an interest in the prisoner, as to visit him in a long and secret interview the night before he sailed for Europe.

About a year after these events, Judge Harcourt resigned his office on the plea of ill-health, and, having settled his affairs, embarked for the old world, where he intended to reside for many years. He never returned to America. But travellers said that he was residing in a secluded valley of Italy, with a man in the prime of life, who passed for his adopted son. It was the reclaimed outcast. A smiling family of grand-children surrounded him. The happy father could say, in the language of the Scriptures, "this my son was dead and is alive again, he was lost and is found."

COURT OF CONTENT.

BY F. STILES JEWETT.

A cheerful cottage in a vale of green,
Where grew the wild rose with the fern and thyme,
Peace made her temple, and full well, I ween,
She sheltered love beyond its usual prime.
A cheery pair there dwelt in olden time,
But they lived not as men now live—oh me!
I love to paint them in my Gothic rhyme—
Albeit grieve when I look around and see,
What now is earthly bliss, to what such bliss might be.

'Twas like some quiet Eden where they dwelt—
Hight Goodsome Rest, a little realm and rare—
And Nature with her choicest offerings knelt,
And paid a meek though courtly homage there;
Love seemed to linger in the very air,
And found with joy, 'mid shrub and blossom, rest,
For haply joy was smiling everywhere,
And mirth was oft but ne'er a wayward guest
In that sweet vale—and all were most supremely blest!

Like branches side by side, they sprung from earth;
All human passions, save the few which hold
With Truth and Virtue right of equal birth,
They ne'er had known, or, knowing once, had quelled.
With pristine habits and with mien of old,
They hand in hand walked gladsome from their youth;
By nature taught, men's fashions they repelled,
And art to them seemed shapeless and uncouth,
And vain whate'er surpassed simplicity and truth.

Their locks were frosted with the dew of years,
Though on their brows there was no trace of care;
Their eyes were dimmed by time, but not with tears,
They yet were soft, and kindness glimmered there
Life had to them like glassy sea been fair,
If ruffled ever, stirred by healthful gale;
Their comforts few, but thankful for their share,
They asked no more, and loved their own sweet vale,
Nor knew of aught beyond, nor sought life's other tale.

No lordly pride was theirs, for noble blood
Had blotted ne'er their annals of descent,
A pride they had—the pride of doing good,
Nor Fame to this her gaudy wing had lent:
So bliss is born twin-sister with Content,
And life is calm, although the lot be low:
The mountain-stream in harsh uproar is spent,
Whilst in the valley—silent, silvery, slow—
The tide is kissed by flowers, and peace conducts its flow.

With holy sway smiled sweet Content around,
Dispelling care and crowning toil with ease,
And ne'er the old man, whilst he tilled the ground,
Had dream of kings or pageants o'er the seas;
There was a music 'neath his own shade-trees,
In tones of innocence and sinless mirth—
There was a greeting in the morning breeze,
That woke with joy each day's auspicious birth—
And truth's elysium bloomed in that green spot of earth.

And peaceful plodding through their sphere of life,
None other seeking, they from Nature drew
A pleasing inspiration, which the strife
Of fortune's slavish minions never knew.
Few means of joy were theirs, their blessings few,
Yet care sate ne'er beside their humble door—
The meekest flowers beside their threshold grew,
And rich were they in Him who made them poor,
Whilst Wisdom's meed was theirs without scholastic lore.

Of great ambition and the hero's aim,
They little knew, and little cared to know,
But had some vague conception of men's fame,
For they had heard of glory—and that woe
Enthralled the heart when chaplets bound the brow!
They wept at tales of strife, of garlands twined—
Or paused in wonder, doubting it were so,
For they were lenient judges of mankind,
Nor willingly believed such bauble chained the mind.

So passed their days in peace; and thoughtful care
Stalked never in with sorrow's ghastly mien,
Save when they bore of grief a mortal's share,
When perished ties that had their idol been:
Then, in that hour of grief, they learned to wean
The soul from earth—for earthly love had won—
And, in no idle guise yclad, between
Returned Content, and lasting reign begun,
Whilst passed their vain regrets, like clouds from off the sun.

Life calmly waned, and night approached apace,
And gloom approached where cheer was wont to dwell,
Yet age to trust exalted yielded place,
And light appeared where hope's false beacon fell;
So faith's clear beams the darksome shades dispel;—
With tears of joy the pilgrims kissed the rod,
Turn'd back from earth—nor sigh'd, nor bade farewell—
And, hand in hand, went down the shadowed road,
Chastened, and firm in hope, and leaning upon God.

That cottage now is loveless—they are dead!
Love hath its hour, and time will claim its own!
The flowers are choked upon the weedy bed;
The rank vine creepeth, and the grass has grown
About the crumbling door and mossy stone—
While the green ivy round the grey roof clings,
And triumphs over all—and all is lone!
Yet Peace is floating near on azure wings—
O'er the sad scene she weeps, but dreams of changeless things.

Ye who do pine in poverty, and who
Have slow belief in cottage happiness,
Regard the picture, and by action woo
The angel Peace—deserve, and she shall bless:—
O, none are wedded hopeless to distress;
The soul is unsubdued by toil or care;
And sad 'soe'er the weary burthen press,
Of voluntary weakness comes despair—
The soul from its resolve may nerve itself to bear.

Ah, me! how oft in error pity flows,
When penury's sickness the kind espy!
And deems the world that they in tattered clothes
Are wedded ever to the tear and sigh;
But oft the sunniest cheek, and dryest eye,
And lightest heart, do meet in plain attire,
And narrow means with narrow wants ally—
Who hold the staff to troublous lot aspire,
But earth's pure bliss proceeds from limited desire.

Peace will obey the bidding, and true joy
Oft, like an echo, answereth the call;—
The world is not all tears—whose employ
Aright the blessings which around them fall,
Shall in them find a means to govern all
Creations of consistent hope; and though
Toil and the weight of laggard years appal,
Content returns, whilst genial passions glow,
Rallies the mood of care, and jostles human woe!

THE ANGEL GUARD.

BY MRS. NORTON.

But deep in each man's heart some angel dwells,
Mournfully, as in sepulchral tomb;
Set o'er our nature like calm sentinels,
Denying passage to bad thoughts that come
Tempting us weakly to our final doom,
Patient they watch, whatever may betide;
Shedding pure rays of glory through the gloom,
And bowing meek wings over human pride—
As once in the lone grave of Him the crucified!

Angels of grief, who, when our weak eyes tire
Of shedding tears, their sad sweet lessons teach;
Angels of hope, who lift with strong desire
Our mortal thoughts beyond a mortal reach;
Angels of mercy, who, to gentle speech
And meek forgiving words, the heart incline,
Weaving a link of brotherhood for each;
Angels of glory, whose white vestments shine
Around the good man's couch in dying life's decline.

Need of such heavenly counterpoise have we
To bear us up when we would grovel down;
To keep our clogged and tarnished natures free
From the world rust that round our hearts hath grown
Like mouldering moss upon a sculptured stone;
To soften down the cruelty and sin
Of crabbed selfishness that stands alone,
With greedy eyes that watch what they may win,
The whole wide world a field to gather harvest in!

"NOT IMPOSSIBLE."

BY J. AUSTIN SPERRY.

"Know that 'Impossible,' where truth and mercy and the everlasting voice of nature order, has no place in the brave man's vocabulary."

A brilliant sight is that of the Centre Fountain Market, or, as it is more commonly called, Marsh Market, in the fair city of Baltimore, upon a summer's Saturday night. The immense stacks of vegetables, the luscious heaps of fruit, and blooming display of flowers, of every variety and color, all glittering in the resplendence of innumerable gas-lights, and tallow candles—the busy, easy, laughing huckster women, the jolly butchers, brandishing their bright cleavers—the medley of carts, wagons, horses and dogs—the hum, and bustle, and the noise of shuffling feet—all combine to form a scene so lively, so gay, and so animating, you might almost fancy it a matter of *impossibility*, that there could be a human being in all that motley congregation who was not as happy and delighted as yourself. Yet you would fancy wrong, for there are oftentimes some very miserable beings in that crowd. The one, with whom it first comes within the province of this story to deal, was extremely miserable—that is, if appearances are any guide to judgment in such matters. He was a very ragged and forlorn-looking man, and had the bleared eye and bloated face of one addicted to the vice of intemperance. As it is not absolutely indispensable to the purpose in hand to specify the date of the particular Saturday night on which this individual figured, as we are about to relate, in the crowd at Marsh Market, we will merely mention that it was some years ago. He elbowed his passage half way down the space, and paused in front of the Arcade. For a few moments he gazed at the huge transparency over the upper story, which exhibited a full length (and breadth) portrait of Daniel Lambert, and advertised that all sorts of unheard of curiosities, jugglers, balancers, an alligator, and an Egyptian mummy, could be seen, up stairs, for a shilling. After his eyes were satisfied with the figures on the transparency, and his ears had drunk in a sufficient quantity of the cracked sounds of tambourine and violin, which were ringing jovially out from behind it, he passed into the avenue of the Arcade, eyeing the different persons who were trafficking at the stalls there, with a seemingly interested curiosity. At length he stepped boldly up to a sprucely dressed young fellow, who was bargaining with a dark-eyed Jewess, for a pair of kid gloves, and asked, in the usual phrase, though not with the whining accents of a common beggar—

"Young man, could you spare me a small sum to relieve my distresses?"

"*Impossible!*" was the rejoinder; "I have more little necessities myself than my money will supply. Besides, I never encourage beggars."

Before the sentence was finished, the mendicant had turned away, and was repeating his petition to a youth in home-spun, who was looking over a book-stall.

"Could I spare you a small sum!" returned the latter, raising a face upon which there was an expression of frankness and good nature, and speaking in a tone of such unsophisticated seriousness as betrayed him but a recent participator of city life—"that depends upon what use you will make of it. Are you sure you don't want it to buy rum?"

The beggar hesitated a moment, and then, as if in spite of the degradation which reduced him to beggary, he scorned to lie, answered—

"I am sorry to confess, I want it for that very purpose."

"I'm sorry to hear you confess it," said the young man; and laying his hand upon the inebriate's arm, he drew him aside to a spot a little retired from the crowd. Here he again addressed him—

"Have you a family?"

"A wife and one child," replied the beggar.

"And what is your occupation?"

"I have none. I was clerk in a house on Market street—it failed, and I could not obtain employment. My troubles drove me to drink, and brought me to this condition."

"Don't you think, if you were to stop drinking, you could now get employment, and make yourself, and your wife and child happy and comfortable?"

The man lifted his eyes to the face of his young mentor with a stare that betrayed these queries were becoming unpleasant, and perhaps that he thought them a little impertinent, coming from so inexperienced a source; but the ingenuous interest with which the youth regarded him, induced him to answer complacently—

"The fact is, I have become so habituated to drink, that it would be impossible for me to break off."

"Impossible—pshaw!" said the other; "I don't believe there *is* such a thing as an *impossibility* any more. Why, I'll tell you what—when I came to this city, three months ago, I had not the first cent in my pocket—for it had taken my all to pay my passage down from Frederick—and I did not know a soul in the place. I looked about all the afternoon for employment at my business—I am a silver-smith—and when night came on, I had not found any. About eight o'clock I sat down in one of the stalls of that market house. I was tired and sick. I had not eaten a mouthful since I started from Frederick in the morning. I thought it was *impossible* for me to get any thing to do, or any thing to eat, when an old lady, who kept a cake stand, and who had got out of patience waiting for her husband, offered me sixpence to carry her basket home. I agreed; and she gave me not only the sixpence, but a good supper; and when I had satisfied her that I was not a runaway apprentice, offered me lodging for the night. I started out next morning, and before night I found a situation. It's a hard one, to be sure, and I don't make much; yet it isn't *impossible* for me to give you a dollar, if you'll make the right use of it; and, poor as we both are, it isn't *impossible* that you and I may be rich and happy *men* some day."

At the conclusion of this story, which the ragged man had listened to with a show of impatience, the unsophisticated youth slipped the amount mentioned into his hand, and left him abruptly. The man passed down the space to a tavern, and paused at the door, as if debating in his mind whether to enter and spend the dollar he had received for rum, or take the advice of his young benefactor, and strive to reform. The struggle seemed to be a strong one, and after some five minutes' hesitation, he turned and walked onward, with the slow and irresolute step of one whose course was undecided.

We will now return to the generous youth, who, after the charitable act related, bent his steps homeward, soon forgetting, in the multitude of objects that attracted his attention, the little incident in which he had been the chief actor. He found it possible, on his way, to assist an old lame porter, who was staggering along under the weight of a large leather trunk; without hesitation, he took hold of one end of it, and supported half the burden. Nor did he relinquish it until it had reached its destination, although the charitable office led him several squares out of his way. When the trunk was at length set down on the steps of a three-story brick in Lexington street, he concluded to pause a while, partly because he had too much of obligingness in his disposition to interrupt the loquacity of the porter, who was earnestly detailing the circumstances of a firemen's row which had occurred the night before, and partly because he was pleased with the sound of a piano, accompanied by a soft voice, which came floating through the window blinds from the house. While he was standing there, a gentleman, with the usual accompaniments of a traveller, an umbrella under one arm, and a great coat dangling across the other, came up, and drawing out his purse, demanded of the old man his charge.

"Twenty-five cents," was the reply.

"And yours?" he continued, turning to our hero.

"Oh," returned Hite Ellery—it is time we had mentioned his name—"Oh, I shall be satisfied with the privilege of a seat upon the step, until the lady within finishes her song."

"You are moderate," said the gentleman; "but if you will come in, you can hear it to better advantage."

This was said in a matter-of-course tone, which seemed to anticipate no refusal; and the door being now opened, Hite, so abashed by the unexpected invitation that he knew not how to decline it, was ushered into the hall, and thence, after the gentleman had met and saluted his wife, into a handsome little parlor, where he was left, without even the ceremony of a word of explanation, with a girl in a faded calico dress, and unfashionable leghorn bonnet. She appeared, from the last named article of her attire, to have been upon the eve of departure, and to have merely paused to amuse a child of eight or ten, who, perched upon a chair, reclined its head delightedly upon one end of the instrument she was fingering. The child no sooner became aware of its father's arrival, than it ran from the room, thus leaving the youth entirely alone with the unknown female, who now abruptly ceased her song, and sat running her fingers idly over the keys of the instrument. He felt embarrassed. He had not been much accustomed to the society of the softer sex, and had none of the set phrases of the gallant at command. Feeling constrained to say something, and yet ignorant what form of address etiquette might require in his particular case, he resolved upon a plain statement of the circumstance which brought him there, as the best mode of introducing himself. Hite seldom judged character by dress; and the faded calico caused him as much timidity as a shining silk could have produced; it was, therefore, with some trepidation, that he walked up to the piano and said—

"I ask pardon, if I have interrupted you, Miss. I was listening to your song at the door, when the gentleman who has just arrived, kindly invited me in. If you are so inclined, I shall be pleased to hear you finish it."

"Certainly," replied the girl, turning towards him a set of features, which a pair of brilliant eyes partially retrieved from the plainness which the misshapen leghorn threw over them. She then re-commenced the air she had been performing. Hite, though no connoisseur, soon perceived that she possessed great musical talent, and with very natural curiosity, was wondering if she were not a teacher of the art, when the lady of the house entered the room. When the piece was finished, she approached the girl, and placed something in her hand. The young musician thanked her in a low tone, but the words were distinctly audible to Hite.

"I am very, very much obliged to you," she said, "but do not give me all now—keep this much until I come again. If I go home with all this, he will take it from me, and spend it in the manner that I told you."

"As you will, child," returned the lady. "Whenever you need it, call, and any time you should need assistance, do not hesitate to apply to me. Perhaps I may want you again next month, or the month after, at all events."

"Thank you," said the girl; "I shall always be happy to oblige you. And now I must go before it grows late."

"I would not let you go alone," said the lady, "but Mr. B. is so much fatigued from his journey, and a little unwell too."

As she spoke, she glanced at Hite, who, anticipating her wish, immediately offered his services. The girl hesitated, perhaps from a doubt as to the propriety of placing herself under the escort of a perfect stranger. But the lady whispered that "he looked like a good-hearted fellow, whom nobody need fear." Thus assured, she of the faded calico turned to the young man with a courtesy, and accepted his offer.

When his companion, at the door, placed her hand in his arm, Hite was conscious that it trembled, and this fact would have contributed to his embarrassment; but he had perceived, from what had passed in the house, that she was a child of want and trouble, and his benevolent feelings surmounted his diffidence. His heart had a great affinity for all kinds of human distress. One drop of water has not a greater propensity to unite with another, on coming in contact, than had his sympathies to mingle with the sorrows and sufferings of his fellow beings. The language which springs from such feelings seldom fails to find its way to the heart of the hearer, and Hite succeeded, though without the remotest design of engaging her affections, in making such an impression on the girl's mind, that it was not likely she would soon forget her young stranger gallant of that evening. He, too, ere they reached her home, was interested by something more than the manifestation of distress which had at first claimed his sympathy. There was a charm in the softness and melody of her clear voice, which rivetted the tones upon the memory, and there was an elevation of thought and feeling in her words which commanded his respect. It was a little singular, however, that, notwithstanding the intimacy of sentiment to which they attained before the end of their walk, they parted without either having learned the other's name.

Once more Hite turned towards home, which he reached this time without being interrupted by any further tax upon his benevolence. He found his employer and his employer's wife in some concern at his long absence, for he had never kept late hours, and, in fact, was now not a little surprised to learn that it was near twelve o'clock, and that his fellow apprentices had long ago retired.

"Why, Hite, what has kept you out so late? Come, give an account of yourself," said Mrs. Foil, in a tone which indicated more of solicitude than displeasure. Hite was thinking of the strange girl, and colored.

"Really! how he blushes," continued the lady to her husband, with good-natured raillery—"he has been doing something very bad—don't you think so, Mr. Foil?"

"Why, you know there is nothing *impossible* with him," returned Mr. Foil, smiling at the youth's increasing confusion.

Hite now attempted to exculpate himself, by relating his adventures. This was a superfluous task, for they had as much confidence in his good principles, as they had in the correctness of the sun-dial, by which Mr. Foil had regulated his time pieces for the last twenty years. His story ended, the lady expressed her conviction that it was not *impossible* he might oversleep himself in the morning. Taking the hint, he lighted his lamp, and retired.

Hite's was one of those natures which we meet with only here and there in the throng which crowds the pathway of life, and in which there is always a correspondence of conduct with sentiment. He never assumed a virtue which he did not possess, and never strove to conceal or palliate an error of which he was conscious. He not only despised duplicity in others, but he strove to guard against it in himself—and he so far succeeded, that he possessed the unlimited confidence of all who knew him. There is scarce a lovelier feature in the human character than *candor*. It was a feature in Hite's character, which, though it sometimes subjected him to the derisive taunts of what in modern phrase is termed *verdancy*, yet invariably proved a key to the respect and esteem of all with whom his destiny brought him in contact.—Even the most subtle of those who glory in the appellation of "knowing ones," while they smiled at his ingenuousness, could not withhold the tribute of inward respect to this quality of his heart. Nor did he ever find it to his disadvantage in any one pursuit of his life—that old adage, (too generally, we are sorry to say, received into practice in society of the present day) that "it is safest to meet the devil with his own weapons," to the contrary, notwithstanding. In fact, he was often able to foil, by the simple force of *truth*, the arts of those, whom others, equally skilled in duplicity, had opposed in vain.

Another trait in Hite's character was, his willingness to encounter any obstacle which opposed the accomplishment of duty or social obligations, and his rejection of that favorite plea of indolence and imbecility—"*the impossible*." No task was required of him by his employer—no favor by a friend, or by any reasonable creature, which he did not undertake with the expression, "I believe it's not impossible." And his case was a happy illustration of the force of example. His fellow apprentices, and, indeed, all the members composing Mr. Foil's household—who had not, before his arrival amongst them, been very remarkable for industry or kindly feeling—were first won to esteeming him for his system of "doing things," and from esteeming him to emulating him, until they at length all adopted his admirable motto as a rule of conduct, and, as the worthy silversmith himself subsequently had occasion to remark, the only things that seemed, any more, impossible with them, were discord in their daily intercourse and delinquency in their daily duties.

But to resume again the immediate thread of the story. Upon the second Sabbath ensuing the Saturday night, the incidents of which we have sketched, Hite started out to call upon the girl of the faded calico, whose sweet voice, and engaging manners, and above all, whose apparent distress had, more than once during the week, been the theme which occupied his thoughts. He found the house to which he had escorted her, but much to his surprise, found it also untenanted. He made some inquiries among the neighbours, but none of them could inform him whither the family had removed, or even their name, for they had lived there but a short time, and in a very secluded manner. He returned with a feeling of no slight disappointment. He afterwards made several attempts to discover a clue to her whereabouts, but they proved fruitless, and at length, in the diversion of his thoughts to other matters, her memory passed from his mind.

We will now make a hiatus in our narrative of four years, the end of which period brought Hite to the 22d year of his age. Collision with the rough corners of the world, is apt to rub off those good qualities of a man's nature which are only surface deep; but his were not of this class, and therefore remained unimpaired. In fact, time had much improved both his heart and his mind. Mr. Foil had found it so far inconvenient to dispense with his services, that he had taken him into his business as a partner, and he was now in a fair way to acquire a comfortable fortune. With regard to his personal appearance, it will be sufficient to state, that the ladies generally thought him decidedly handsome—and their judgment must be respected in such matters.

As soon as Hite found himself in the road to a comfortable living, he naturally began to think of finding some gentle maid to share it with him. Some modest, amiable, intelligent being, he proposed to himself, who might be pining in indigence and sorrow, whom his home and fortune might make happy, and whose true love might make him happy in return. But the contrary deity who presides over man's affections, soon manifested a determination to set his benevolent calculations at defiance. About this time a young lady, the daughter of a wealthy New York merchant, arrived in Baltimore on a visit to a friend. She was very beautiful—had large dark eyes, which sparkled with intelligence, and feeling, and refinement—a soft, clear complexion, with just such delicate color in the cheeks as peeps from one side of the most delightful peach to be found in a ten acre orchard—lips which nature had chiselled to utter nothing but syllables of love—a form whose gracefulness enchanted, and a voice whose melody thrilled one with rapturous emotions. Her beauty, accomplishments, and reputation as an heiress, drew about her, of course, a larger number of admirers, or lovers, if the reader so pleases to term them, than ought, in reason, to fall to any one lady's share.

It chanced that Mrs. Beal, the lady upon whom the honour of the heiress' visit was conferred, was an intimate friend of Hite's—yet, though he possessed this facility to an acquaintance with the attraction of the season, he did not seek an introduction. He had by this time seen enough of female society to lead him to the conclusion that great belles generally were great coquettes, and that great coquettes were heartless, soulless—in short, very despicable creatures, altogether unworthy of an intelligent man's admiration. He would, therefore, rather have shunned than courted the society of the New York heiress. But fate would not have it so. His female friend called one day to purchase some article of plate, and reproved him for his remissness in visiting her of late, adding a pressing invitation for that evening. He had no alternative, and went. The heiress he found quite as beautiful as report had stated her to be. She was surrounded by several young bloods, whose company she seemed rather to tolerate than enjoy. He was presented, and she received him with the most bewitching affability imaginable—nay, almost with the easy familiarity of an old companion. Further than this, she soon manifested a pleasure in his unpresuming remarks, while she discouraged the more forward attentions of the rest of the company.

"Art, art," thought he; "the hearts she has captured she trifles with, and now turns to me as a new victim."

And yet with this very self-warning, he began to yield to the spell of her fascination. He saw the danger, but could not avoid it—like the mariner who feels that he is nearing the vortex of the Maelstrom, while he is unable to resist its whirling current. Of the history of that evening, it needs but to add that, in the very face of reason and caution, he became desperately enamoured. He went home,—revolved the matter in his mind—called himself a silly-pated mushroom, and various other hard names—but could not reason himself out of love with the coquette. Her words would come back upon his ear, seeming to mock his efforts to forget them. Her smiles had wreathed themselves, like the fond ivy, around his memory, and lived there. The beams of her lustrous eye had fallen upon the mists of his heart, and were reflected before his mind in a rainbow that would not fade. He gave it up at last, and yielded entire submission to the spell. Evening after evening found him by the side of Miss Clara Beatly, and by the end of a fortnight he had progressed so far towards intimacy, that he could scarce believe he had only known her that length of time, while his own passion seemed to have been one of years of duration, instead of days. Deeply fascinated as he was, and blind as love is said to be, he had not, however, neglected any opportunity to study her character with the most cautious scrutiny, and the result was a conviction that there was nothing of the coquette about her—but that she was as artless and amiable as she was beautiful and accomplished. Satisfied upon this point, he determined to—we may as well use the plain old phrase, even at the expense of being thought unpoetical—pop *the question*. Accordingly, two weeks after his first introduction, he called upon her for that purpose. Fortunately, she was alone. His task was one of exceeding delicacy, as every one knows who has ever tried it. Hite was agitated, made several unmeaning preliminary remarks, and then mustering resolution, asked if her affections were unengaged. Clara betrayed some emotion, and murmured—"No; they have long been engaged."

Hite was dumb. He had been sadly deceived. She was a coquette, then, after all. His situation was now deplorable. Her unequivocal answer rendered it useless to advance farther, and he knew not how to retreat gracefully. He sat in awkward silence, and Clara seemed greatly embarrassed. Indeed, there was something in her uneasy manner which seemed to indicate that she repented the reply she had made, and would have liked to recall it, or qualify it, had he urged his question further. But he had heard enough, and had no idea of making another attempt. At length the lady essayed to break the silence, by remarking something about the fairness of the evening. Hite responded an assent, and added, pointing to the pale rays which fell through the window upon the floor:

"How prettily those figures in the carpet appear, illuminated by the moonlight."

"Moonlight!" inquired Clara.

"Ah, what a ridiculous blunder," he exclaimed, looking up and discovering that the light proceeded from the gas lamp upon the other side of the street; "I had forgotten that the moon does not rise until twelve o'clock. And, really," he added, taking out his watch, and examining the hands by the gas light aforesaid—"it is near that hour now."

"Twelve!" repeated the lady, in a tone of surprise.

He loooked again.

"Pardon me—I have mistaken the minute hand for the hour hand. It is just nine—and I perceive, too, my time is exact with your clock."

His perceptive faculty was evidently considerably confused; for it was only the ringing of the door bell. His embarrassment was now painful in the extreme, and he knew of no way to end it, but by ending his visit. The same disturbed faculty which led him into the foregoing blunders, also prevented his remarking that Clara was as much agitated as himself, and that she betrayed an evident reluctance to his departure—as though there were some explanation she desired to make, but which delicacy prohibited, unless he should demand it, or lead the way to it. He took his leave with an abruptness, which though not so palpable as to clash seriously with etiquette, yet upon subsequent reflection caused him to feel a little mortified. In the hall he met a servant ushering in a middle-aged gentleman, who had that day purchased a gold repeater from him. A nod of recognition passed, and Hite made his exit.

He reached home, and sat himself down to indulge in a melancholy retrospect of his situation. The sudden stifling of his hopes had in no whit abated the fervour of his passion, although it had shown him the necessity of combating it.

The following day, the gentleman Hite had passed in the hall at Mrs. Beal's, called to have his repeater regulated—it having manifested a propensity to "run before the time." While our hero was engaged at it, the stranger made some allusion to their casual meeting, which led to a conversation upon Mrs. B. and her fair visitor, in the course of which he asked Hite's opinion of the latter.

"She is very fascinating," was his reply, "but a most accomplished coquette."

"Indeed!" said the stranger, "I was not aware of that fact, but you, perhaps, speak from experience?"

Hite colored deeply, and the gentleman continued—

"Yet I think you must be mistaken. My own impression is that *sincerity* is one of the leading features of her character, and you, I doubt not, could woo and win her without difficulty from the foible you assign her."

"Impossible!" replied Hite, with his usual frankness, and in the confidence of his own knowledge, making use of a phrase which but rarely indeed had found a place in his vocabulary.

"Four years ago," rejoined the customer, regarding him with singular earnestness, "you did not believe there was such a thing as an *impossibility*."

The young man scrutinized the speaker's features in turn, in an endeavor to call to mind where they had met before, as these words seemed to imply they had—but he had repeated the expression so often, and to so many, that it afforded no assistance to his memory. The latter personage, smiling at his perplexity, now pleaded an engagement, and, saying he would call again for the watch, left him.

This incident set Hite to cogitating. This person, who seemed so singularly acquainted with both himself and Clara, had said he must be mistaken, and doubted not he could win her. When he called to mind the blunders he had made in his embarrassed intercourse of the evening before, the idea grew plausible, that he might have misapprehended her answer in regard to the state of her affections. The more he pondered upon this, the more plausible it appeared, until he became elated with hope again, and resolved upon another effort.

"I will stick to my old motto," he mentally averred, "there is nothing impossible."

Hite's second effort proved, to his infinite delight, more successful than his first. Nine o'clock that evening found him and Clara side by side, happy in the revelation of mutual love. After the first transports, consequent upon such revelations were over, our hero ventured to open the way to an explanation of the misapprehension of the previous evening.

"My dearest Clara—for I may well call you so now," he said, "how did my ears deceive me last evening in understanding you to say that your affections had been long engaged?"

"They did not deceive you," she replied, "those were my words. My affections have been long engaged—*and by yourself*."

"My soul! You surprise me! I did not dream we had ever met before my introduction to you, in this house, a few weeks ago."

"Perhaps I can brighten your memory. Do you not recollect some three or four years ago, having assisted a porter to carry a trunk to a house in Lexington street, on a Saturday night, in June, I think—and having been asked in, to hear a poor, forlorn girl drum a tune upon the piano—of having accompanied that girl to her humble home—of having spoken kindly to her, and sympathized with her misfortunes as with those of a sister—and"—

"And having fallen so desperately in love with her, that I forgot to enquire her name. Yes, I remember it all! I sought you afterwards, but you had gone, no one knew whither. And now for the rest of the story."

"Not now. There is a little mystery in that, which shall be a surprise for you another time."

"Well, then," said Hite, "nothing remains now, but to name the happy day which shall make yourself and your mystery both mine."

"You are hasty," exclaimed Clara.

"Surely not"—he replied—"after a mutual attachment of four years."

"Now, deceiver, I will catch you. Do you pretend that the attachment has been mutual, when this very night you have made love to me, not dreaming of my identity with the distressed girl you met in Lexington street four years ago."

"But then," returned Hite, "the poor girl was spirited away—dead, for all I could discover—and tonight I only brought the New York belle, *second-hand affections*."

"More likely *third, or fourth, or fifth hand* affections," interposed Clara.

"No—I assure you! The girl of the crumpled leghorn was my first, and Clara Bently my only love."

"Well, as a dutiful daughter, I can only now refer you to my father."

"I shall write to him."

"You may see him—that is doubtless his hand at the door bell, you mistook it for the hand of the clock last night."

A few minutes after, the middle-aged gentleman—Hite's customer of the previous day—entered, and was introduced as "my father." Clara soon found an excuse to retire, and Hite did not delay to open his mind, for he felt conscious that no difficulty need be apprehended in this quarter. The reply was prompt:

"As her affections are yours, it would be ingratitude in me to object—for it is to your generosity that I am indebted for the wealth and happiness—perhaps even the very life I now enjoy."

"I do not comprehend you!" iterated Hite, in a tone of the utmost amazement.

"I can soon explain myself," pursued Mr. Bently. "Four years ago, one Saturday, in the Arcade, on Marsh Market space, you gave a dollar to an inebriate beggar, with an admonition which led to his reform. During the following week he found means to remove to New York, where, by keeping in view your maxim, that "there is nothing *impossible*," he acquired wealth, which is now increasing, and bids fair to swell to a handsome fortune. Your words are verified. It was not impossible that we should both live to be rich and happy men. The particulars of my history since that night would be too long to detail now—you shall hear them at another opportunity."

"And to your reproof yesterday, for the forgetfulness of that maxim," said Hite, seizing the old man's hand with emotion, "I owe the happiness of the present moment—the happiest of my life; so that we are now even in point of obligations."

In due time Clara Bently became Mrs. Ellery, and it is needless to say that she made a noble and excellent wife. Hite ever since has adhered to his good maxim, and has conquered a great many apparent *impossibilities*, which others have shrunk from encountering. He has made a snug fortune by persevering industry, with which he finds it not impossible to do a vast amount of good, and to minister to the wants and comforts of others as well as his own.

The Heart's Unwritten Poetry.

The heart's unwritten poetry!
  Oh! who shall call it forth,
Since Scotia numbers with her dead,
  The Wizard of the North!
And leaves to moulder on his bier,
That harp which once thrilled every ear!

The heart's unwritten poetry!
  The gushings of the soul,—
That will not come at Reason's call,
  But yields to Love's control!
And gentle as the viewless wind,
Leaves breath of fragrant flowers behind.

The heart's unwritten poetry!
  Who hath not felt its power,
And 'neath its silent eloquence
  Bowed at the trysting hour;
When heart and brain, and soul and eye,—
All thrilled with love's intensity!

The heart's unwritten poetry!
  The language love expresses—
When heart to heart first makes response,
  And each their love confesses,—
When hand in hand, and side by side,
A lover views his future bride.

The heart's unwritten poetry!
  Oh, call it not of earth!
Though mortal form may call it forth,
  'Tis yet of Heavenly birth!
The breathings of a harp divine,—
Heaven's incense at an earthly shrine!

JUNIUS.

Written for the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

Stanzas.--To A . . . . .

Why is it that thy form so fair,
  Should pass before, in fitful gleams,
My fancy's wakeful hours of care,
  As well as those that pass in dreams?

Why should those eyes, whose gentle light
  Seems caught from some fair orb in heaven,
Beam softly on my 'raptured sight,
  Like ling'ring rays at dewy even?

Why should the pressure of that hand
  Send to my heart a glowing thrill,
Who's throbs heed not the stern command,
  Which bids its quicken'd pulse be still?

Why should those lips, whose tempting bait
  Allures me, if it were a sin,
Inviting smile, and seal my fate,
  One blissful moment thus to win?

Why should they not!—I am but man—
  An angel well might leave the bliss
In yon fair world, such charms to scan,
  And ling'ring wish to dwell in this.

Then blame me not when thus I take
  My harp, and bow at beauty's shrine;
The cords of feeling all must break,
  Or vibrate to a touch like thine.

And harp and heart their tribute pay,
  Responsive to love's gushing charms;
My harp shall yield its tuneful lay;
  While I would fold thee in my arms.

With what delight my breast would swell,
  To pillow there thy head to rest;
Like some fair nymph in ocean shell,
  Rocked by the billow's heaving breast.

But, oh! a thought must break the spell,
  Which fondly nestles round the heart;
That those whose hearts could love so well,
  Are coldly doomed to dwell apart.

Though there are vows that sunder here,
  They are of earth and must be riven;
Our spirits in some happier sphere,
  May blend in ecstacies of heaven.

D.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

The Mother and her Dying Son.

A BEAUTIFUL SKETCH.

The mother breathed deeply when she saw herself alone with her son. She folded her hands, and raised her eyes to Heaven with an expression which through the whole of the foregoing days had been foreign to them. It was no longer resistless, almost murmuring anxiety; it was a mournful, yet at the same time deep, perfect, nay, almost loving resignation. She bent over her son, and spoke in a low voice out of the depths of her affectionate heart.

"Go, my sweet boy, go! I will no longer hold thee back, since it is painful to thee! May the deliverer come! Thy mother will no longer contend with him to retain thee! May he come and make an end of thy sufferings! I—will then be satisfied! Go, then, my first born, my summer-child; and if there may never more come a summer to the heart of thy mother—still go! that thou mayest have rest! Did I make thy cradle sweet, my child! so would I not embitter by my lamentations thy death-bed! Blessed be thou! Blessed be He also who gave thee to me and who now takes thee from me to a better home! Some time my son, I shall come to thee, go thou beforehand my child! Thou art weary, so weary! Thy last wandering was heavy to thee; now thou wilt rest. Come thou good deliverer, come thou beloved death, and give rest to his heart; but easily, easily. Let him not suffer more—let him not endure more. Never did he give care to his parents"—

At this moment Henrik opened his eyes, and fixed them calmly and full of expression, on his mother.

"Thank God!" said he, "I feel no more pain."

"Thanks and praise be given to God, my child!" said she.

Mother and son looked on each other with deep and cheerful love! they understood each other perfectly.

"When I am no more," said he, with a faint and broken voice, "then—tell it Gabriele prudently; she has such tender feelings—and she is not strong. Do not tell it to her on a day—when it is cold and dull—but—on a day—when the sun shines warm—when all things look bright and kindly—then, then tell her—that I am gone first to greet her—and tell her from me—that it is not difficult—to die!—that there is a sun on the other side"—

He ceased, but with a loving smile on his lips, and his eyes closed their lids as from very weariness.

Presently afterward he spoke again, but in a very low voice. "Sing me something, mother," said he, "I shall then sleep more calmly, 'They knock, I come!'"

These words are the beginning of a song which Henrik had himself written and set to music some time before, during a night of suffering.

The genius of poetry seemed to have deserted him during the latter part of his illness; this was painful to him; but his mind remained the same and the spirit of poetry lived still in the hymn which his mother now, at his request, sang in a trembling voice:

They knock! I come! yet ere on the way
  To the night of the grave I am pressing;
Thou Angel of Death, give me yet one lay—
  One hymn of thanksgiving and blessing.

Have thanks, O Father! in Heaven high,
  For thy gift, all gifts exceeding;
For life! and that grieved or glad I could fly
  To thee, nor find thee unheeding.

Oh! thanks for life, and thanks too for death,
  The bound of all trouble and sighing;
How bitter! yet sweet 'tis to yield our breath
  When thine is the heart of the dying!

By our path of trial thou plantest still
  Thy lilies of consolation,
But the loveliest of all to do thy will—
  Be it done in resignation!

Farewell, lovely earth, on whose bosom I lay,
  Farewell, all ye dear friends, mourning;
Farewell, and forgive all the faults of my day:
  My heart now in death is burning!

"It is burning!" repeated Henrik, in a voice of suffering. "It is terrible! Mother! mother!" said he, looking at her with a restless glance.

"Your mother is here," said she, bending over him.

"Ah! then all is right," said he again, calmly—"Sing, my mother," added he, closing his eyes, "I am weary."

She sang—

We part! but in parting our steps we bend
  Alone towards that glorious morrow,
Where friend no more shall part from friend,
  Where none knoweth heartache or sorrow!

Farewell! all is dark to my failing sight,
  Young loved forms from my faint gaze rending,
'Tis dark, but oh! far beyond the night
  I see light o'er the darkness ascending!

"Oh! if you only knew how serene it is! It is divine!" said the dying one, as he stretched forth his arms, and then dropped them again.

A change passed over the countenance of the young man; death had touched his heart gently, and its pulsations ceased. At the same moment, a wonderful inspiration animated the mother; her eyes beamed brightly, and never before had her voice so beautiful, so clear a tone as while she sang—

Thou callest, O Father! with glad accord
  I come! Ye dear ones we sever!
Now the pang is past! now behold I the Lord—
  Praise be thine, O Eternal, forever!

THE BLIND PREACHER.

BY WILLIAM WIRT.

It was Sunday, as I travelled through the county of Orange, that my eye was caught by a cluster of horses tied near a ruinous old wooden house, in the forest, not far from the road-side. Having frequently seen such objects before, in travelling through the States, I had no difficulty in understanding that this was a place of religious worship.

Devotion alone should have stopped me to join in the duties of the congregation; but I must confess, that curiosity to hear what the Preacher of such a wilderness could say, was not the least of my motives.

On entering, I was struck with his preternatural appearance. He was a tall and spare old man; his head, which was covered with a white linen cap, his shrivelled hands, and his voice, were all shaking under the influence of palsy, and in a few moments I ascertained that he was blind.

The first emotions which touched the breast were those of mingled pity and veneration. But ah! sacred God! how soon were all my feelings changed! the lips of Plato were never more worthy of a prognostic swarm of bees, than were the lips of this holy man; it was the day of the administration of the sacrament; and the subject, of course, was the passion of our Saviour. I had heard the subject handled a thousand times, I had thought it exhausted long ago. Little did I suppose that in the wild woods of America, I was to meet with a man whose eloquence would give this topic new and more sublime pathos, than I had ever before witnessed.

As he descended from the pulpit to distribute the mystic symbols, there was a peculiar, a more than human solemnity in his air and manner, which made my blood run cold and my frame shiver.

He then drew a picture of the sufferings of our Saviour; his trial before Pilate; his ascent up Calvary; his crucifixion; and his death. I knew the whole history; but never until then, had I heard the circumstances so selected; so arranged; so colored—it was all new; and I seemed to have heard it for the first time in my life. His voice trembled on every syllable; and every heart in the assembly trembled in unison. His peculiar phrase had that force of description that the original scene appeared to be at the moment acting before our eyes. We saw the faces of the Jews; the staring, frightful distortions of malice and rage, with a flame of indignation; and my hands involuntary clenched.

But when he came to touch on the patience, the forgiving meekness of our Saviour; when he drew to the life, his blessed eyes streaming to Heaven; his voice breathing forth a soft and gentle prayer of pardon on his enemies. "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."—The voice of the Preacher had all along faltered, and grew fainter and fainter, until his utterance being entirely obstructed by the force of his feelings, he raised his handkerchief to his eyes, and burst into a loud and irrepressible flood of grief.

The effect is inconceivable. The whole house resounded with the mingled groans, and sobs, and shrieks of the congregation.

It was a long time before the tumult had subsided, so far as to permit him to proceed. Indeed, judging by the usual but fallacious standard of my own weakness, I began to be very uneasy for the situation of the Preacher. For I could not conceive how he would be able to let his audience down from the height to which he had wound them, without impairing the solemnity and dignity of his subject or perhaps shocking them by the abruptness of the fall. But—oh, the descent was as beautiful and sublime as the elevation had been rapid and enthusiastic.

The first sentence with which he broke the awful silence was a quotation from Rousseau:—"Socrates died like a philosopher, but Jesus Christ like a God!"

I despair of giving you any idea of the effect produced by this short sentence, unless you could perfectly conceive the whole manner of the man, as well as the peculiar crisis in the discourse. Never before did I understand what Demosthenes meant by laying such stress on delivery.

You are to bring before you the venerable figure of the Preacher, his blindness, constantly recalling to your recollection old Homer, Ossian and Milton, and associating with his performance the melancholy grandeur of their geniuses; you are to imagine that you hear his slow, solemn, well accented enunciation, and his voice of affecting melody; you are to remember the pitch of passion and enthusiasm to which the congregation were raised; and the few minutes of portentous, death-like silence which reigned throughout the house; the Preacher removed the white handkerchief from his aged face, (even yet wet from the recent torrent of tears,) and slowly stretching forth the palsied hand which holds it, begins the sentence—"Socrates died like a philosopher"—then pausing, raising his other hand, pressing them both clasped together, with warmth and energy, to his breast, lifting his sightless balls to Heaven, and pouring his whole soul into his tremulous voice—"but Jesus Christ—like a God!!!" If he had been in deed and in truth an angel of light, the effect could scarcely have been more divine.

Whatever I had been able to conceive of the sublimity of Massillon, or the force of Bourdaloue, had fallen far short of the power which just before rushed in a hurricane upon my brain, and in the violence and agony of my feelings, had held my whole system in suspense, now ran back into my heart, with a sensation which I cannot describe: a kind of shuddering delicious horror! the paroxysm of blended piety and indignation to which I had been transported, subsided into deep self-abasement, humility, and adoration. I had just been lacerated and dissolved by sympathy for our Saviour as a fellow creature; but now with fear and trembling, I adored him as—"a God!"

THE PROMISE.

An Instructive Story from Real Life.

George Belmont was in his nineteenth year when he received a summons to attend the sick bed of his father, who, after maintaining a high reputation as a tradesman during the greater portion of his life, had failed in business, and whose constitution, already shaken by cares and disappointments, sunk under the combined evils of poverty and a keen sense of the degradation he believed attendant upon his bankruptcy. George was his eldest child. He had received a liberal education, and been intended for a physician; but his father's difficulties having deprived him of the means of completing his professional studies, he had obtained a situation in the counting-house of an extensive manufacturer in the town of C——. Up to this period of his life, George had exhibited no extraordinary energy or ability, but was regarded by his employer as a steady, well-disposed youth, possessing merely business talent sufficient to enable him to discharge his duties in a satisfactory manner.

Young Belmont, who was considerably disappointed in not being able to follow the profession he had chosen, and who imagined that he had a distaste for mercantile affairs, contented himself with the bare performance of his prescribed duty, indulging secretly the hope that something might yet turn up more congenial to his wishes. From this dream of the future he was, however, effectually aroused when standing by the bedside of his dying father—a sense of the responsibility attaching to him as the eldest child, and only son of a widowed mother, came home to his understanding and to his heart.

On George's arrival at home, he found that his father had been some hours speechless, though it was evident to his afflicted relatives that he retained full possession of his faculties. With the anxious, searching look so common to the dying, he gazed now on his wife, now on his little daughter, and then his eager eye sought the countenance of his son, who, struggling with emotion, made a vigorous effort to conduct himself with manly fortitude. Replying to the wistful and touching look fixed on him, George said—

"My dear father, I will, by the help of God, endeavor to supply your place to my mother and sister. I am young and strong. For your sake and theirs, I will devote myself to business, and do not doubt but I shall be able to make them comfortable."

And as the youth uttered these words, in a voice tremulous with grief, he bowed his head, and tears fell thick and fast upon the almost rigid hand he held in his own.

But it now became evident that, though George had in part rightly interpreted his father's wishes, something yet remained unexpressed, which disturbed his last moments; for he made violent efforts to speak, and with much difficulty articulated—

"I wish to say more—something more."

George stooped to listen, but could only catch the words—

"Should it ever be in your power—my son, promise me——"

It was agonizing to witness his ineffectual efforts to proceed; but just then the truth flashed across his son's mind, and he exclaimed with earnestness—

"I understand you, dear father, and I do most solemnly promise, that if it should be in my power, I will pay your creditors to the uttermost farthing; and may God prosper me as I fulfil this promise."

A beam of joyful satisfaction illuminated the countenance of Mr. Belmont. He grasped the hand of his son, and appeared to invoke a blessing upon him. The weight removed from the mind of the sufferer, he peacefully closed his eyes, and in a few hours George Belmont was fatherless.

This sad event proved an epoch in the life of the young man. The affecting scene he had witnessed, the solemn engagement he had entered into, together with his new and heavy responsibilities, combined to endow him with strength of purpose to apply vigorously to business. Though very young, he soon rendered himself useful and even necessary to his employer, who was glad to secure his services by such an increase of salary as, joined to a trifling annuity secured to the widow, enabled the family to live in comfort and maintain a respectable appearance.

Shortly after her husband's death, Mrs. Belmont removed to C——, where she not only had the advantage of her son's society, but was also enabled to place her daughter Emily at a good day school.

It is well known that success in any employment, naturally begets a fondness for it; and thus it proved with George Belmont, whose activity and devotion to business increased with increasing years. Nor did his prosperity tempt him to swerve even in idea from his intention to pay the debts which so heavily weighed down the spirit of his poor father; but George had yet to learn that there may be opposing motives, which may render the performance of duty distasteful and difficult. This lesson he was taught by painful experience.

Amongst Emily's schoolfellows there was one with whom she formed a close intimacy, and from whose society she derived both pleasure and advantage. Anna Barton was about three years older than Emily. Her father was a Solicitor, and though not rich, he moved in society to which the Belmonts had not access. Childish intimacy ripened into friendship as the two girls approached womanhood.—Through the interest of Mrs. Barton, Emily, when in her eighteenth year, obtained a situation as daily governess, which furnished her with the means of independence, and enabled her still to enjoy the society of her mother and brother. The amiable qualities of Miss Barton, her beauty, talents, and above all, the attention she paid to Mrs. Belmont and Emily, won the esteem and affection of George, and inspired him with fresh motives to exertion. Receiving as much encouragement as a timid and respectful lover can expect so long as his sentiments remain undeclared, George for a time indulged in blissful anticipations of future happiness, though without distinctly examining the foundation on which they were placed. A cessation in the visits of Miss Barton first led him into a train of uneasy reflections on this subject, and compelled him to deal faithfully with his own heart, and to investigate his intentions. From his sister, George learned that there was no diminution in Miss Barton's regard for her. On the contrary, Emily declared that she found her increasingly kind and attentive, with this only difference, that she avoided all occasions of intercourse with her brother. It was evident, then, that she was influenced either by coquetry or the wishes of her friends. A little consideration convinced George that the latter was the true reason.

And now followed a struggle between duty and inclination—the most severe, perhaps, to which a young man similarly circumstanced can be exposed. From the period of his father's death, young Belmont had observed the most rigid economy, denying himself even the reasonable and proper indulgences suitable to his age, in order to lay by a part of his earnings towards the accomplishment of that object which he looked upon as the most sacred and important of his life. Though his pious fund was not yet sufficient to enable him to redeem his pledge, he was master of a sum large enough to place him in a situation to ask the hand of his beloved Anna. Delay might endanger the happiness of his life. He could not bear that the woman he loved should labour under the imputation of indulging a preference for one who did not possess the sanction of her parents, or who was regarded by them as an inferior. Besides, it would only be delaying the payment of his father's debts; his intention would remain the same—his exertions receive additional stimulus from Anna's approval and sympathy. With such arguments did George for a time endeavour to persuade himself that he might, without injustice, defer the execution of his long-treasured project; but, finally, a sense of right triumphed, and his renewed determination to redeem his pledge, imparted to his agitated and troubled spirit a degree of peace to which he had been for some time a stranger.

The affection which George Belmont bore his mother, operated as a powerful motive to his perseverance in the path of duty. Her confidence in him was, he knew, unbounded. The hope that he would be the instrument of wiping away the only blot upon the memory of her beloved husband, had hitherto proved the cordial which had sustained and cheered her during the seclusion and privations of her widowhood, imparting to her declining years something of the hopefulness of youth, as she fondly pictured the time when, through the medium of the son, the honour of the father should be fully established, and her children receive the reward of their virtuous exertions and self-denial, in the respect of the wise and good. To disappoint these cherished hopes, and betray the trust reposed in him, George felt to be impossible; and he regarded it as most fortunate that, just at this time, he was requested by his employer to undertake a journey to America. The mission about to be entrusted to him was important and confidential. The period of his stay was uncertain; but, on the other hand, the pecuniary advantages it held out were considerable; and it was even hinted that a partnership might prove the result of a satisfactory arrangement of the business.

When George communicated to his mother the offer he had received, she at once advised him to accept it, adding, that the loss of his society would be more than compensated for by her conviction that both his bodily and mental health would be benefited by the change. With cheerful alacrity did this judicious parent superintend the necessary preparations for his departure, wisely avoiding all unnecessary and sentimental regrets; and whilst both mother and son refrained from explanations respecting the principal reason which reconciled them to the separation, they fully understood and appreciated the generosity and delicacy of each other.

We hope our readers will not condemn George if we confess that he actually sailed for New York without making a single effort to communicate with the object of his affections; and Anna—but we forbear investigating minutely the state of the lady's feelings; it will suffice to say, that, allowing for the due proportion of the self-inflicted torments to which lovers are liable, she believed that she discerned the true state of the case, and, strong in faith, she hoped for the best.

We will pass over the eighteen months spent by Mr. Belmont in the United States, and introduce him again to our readers at the end of that time, greatly improved both in manner and circumstances. Extensive intercourse with the world, joined to the information he had gained in his travels, had done much to correct the too retiring and almost bashful demeanour of the clerk, whose sedentary and retired habits had kept him ignorant of the forms of polished society. Having skilfully transacted the business on which he was sent, he had received as the reward of his exertions a small share in the lucrative concern to whose interest he had unremittingly devoted himself for the last ten years; and though but a month had elapsed since his arrival in England, he had had ample time to prove the truth of the proverb—"Men will praise thee when thou doest well to thyself."

"A month! can it be only a month since my son's return home?" thought Mrs. Belmont, as she sat awaiting the return of the young people from an evening party given by George's late employer, for the express purpose of introducing Mr. Belmont to a select circle of his friends: "and yet how many events seem crowded into that short space. My dear George a servant no longer, but a partner in the most extensive concern in C——; his long-hoarded and hardly-earned savings increased to an amount sufficient to enable him to call together the creditors of his father, and satisfy all their just demands; and my daughter—my modest, affectionate Emily—enabled, by his means, to mix on terms of equality with the society she is fitted to adorn. 'Surely, goodness and mercy have followed me,' and my 'mourning is turned into rejoicing.'"

As these and similar reflections passed through the mind of the mother, her heart swelled with emotions of gratitude to Him who has styled himself the God of the fatherless and widow. She was aroused by carriage-wheels, and in a few minutes was joined by her children.

"Oh, mamma!" exclaimed Emily, as she warmly embraced her, "you should have been with us this evening to witness your son's triumph. I assure you Mr. Belmont has created quite a sensation, and been the lion of the party."

"Nay, you do injustice to the successful debut of Miss Belmont," observed her brother, gayly; "what think you, mother, of our little demure governess setting up for a belle?"

"But, seriously," pursued the young lady, "it has been highly amusing to witness the polite attentions we have both received from persons who lately would have treated us as inferiors. Mr. Burton, especially, was extremely cordial, and so pointed in his behaviour to George, that Anna was evidently distressed by it, and I thought her unusually reserved. If I am not mistaken, he gave you a pressing invitation to his house, Mr. Belmont?"

"Yes," replied George, "I am happy to say he did. And now, mother, if you are not too tired and sleepy, I should be glad to ask your advice on a subject of great importance to me."

"I understand you, my dear son, and my advice is—marry. Hitherto your position and circumstances have prescribed silence as your wisest and most honourable course. Now, your altered situation and excellent prospects leave you at liberty to urge your suit. I hope and believe you possess the esteem of our dear Anna. You have my cordial approbation and blessing."

"Thank you; this is only what I expected of you, dear mother; but I feel far from sanguine as to my success. I think—that is, I hope—Anna and I understand each other; but, notwithstanding Mr. Burton's apparent cordiality, I apprehend some difficulty respecting the disposal I am about to make of my ready money. You know I cannot marry without funds, and I fear he will neither make me any advance nor sanction the necessary delay. In that case, what I am to do is the question?"

"Would it not be advisable to wait until you have met the creditors, and settled the business?" suggested Mrs. Belmont.

"Dear mother, no. I cannot consent to keep Anna longer in suspense. I am no stoic, and my experience this night has convinced me that it would be unjust to her to postpone my declaration. No, no—I will seal my fate to-morrow; and if Mr. Burton raises objections, Anna will at all events know that I am not to blame."

Having made this magnanimous resolve, George went to bed, but not to sleep. Excited by his recent interview with Miss Burton, whose unaffected delicacy and womanly reserve had charmed and touched him, and agitated by doubts and fears as to the result of his interview with her father, he lay ruminating upon his prospects; and when at last he fell into an uneasy slumber, his dreams were but a continuation of his waking reveries.

With a beating heart did our hero knock at the door of Mr. Burton's house on the following morning, and request a private audience of that gentleman. On being ushered into the library, George at once explained the object of his visit with the eloquence which true feeling never fails to inspire, urging his long-cherished affection, and touching slightly upon the pain and anxiety he had endured whilst following the course he deemed honourable with his sense of the relative positions of Miss Burton and himself. So far all seemed prosperous.—Nothing could exceed the suavity of Mr. Burton, who warmly commended the line of conduct pursued by his young friend, and expressed himself much obliged by it; but when George proceeded to state briefly and simply the obligations which devolved upon him, previous to his settlement in life, he was listened to with constrained politeness. In vain did he pause in his relation for an expression of sympathy or look of approbation. A silent bow was the only token vouchsafed by his auditor. Embarrassed, he scarcely knew why, George found himself at the end of his story, with a consciousness that he had utterly failed in making the impression he had desired. After a pause of a few moments, during which Mr. Burton appeared waiting in expectation of some further communication, he said—

"You are not so young a man, Mr. Belmont, nor so ignorant of the world, as to entertain any romantic notions respecting love in a cottage, I presume; I am therefore at a loss to understand your precise motive in honouring me with this explanation."

With increased confusion George replied that he had hoped for Mr. Burton's advice, (he had well nigh said assistance.) He considered it his duty thus explicitly to state his circumstances previous to making any attempt to ascertain the sentiments of Miss Burton towards himself, a point on which he felt naturally most solicitous, and his prospects being now good, he trusted a little delay would not prove a serious objection.

"Certainly not," was Mr. Burton's reply; "but since you have expressed a wish for my advice, you must allow me to say, that I think the intention you entertain relative to your father's affairs, though it does great credit to your filial feelings, is rather singular, and the obligation more imaginary than real. It is well known that your father's misfortunes were the result of untoward circumstances, and not of any misconduct on his part. He acted throughout in an upright manner, and no blame can possibly attach to his memory. It appears to me unnecessary that you should inconvenience yourself for the sake of doing what neither law nor equity requires of you."

"I will not attempt to argue the point with you, sir," George modestly answered; "but I must remind you, that I am bound by a voluntary and solemn promise, given at a time when such engagements are deemed most sacred."

"Well, well," rejoined Mr. Burton, "there is no need of hurry. Let me recommend you to take time to reconsider the matter. Do nothing in haste, my young man. A few years cannot affect the spirit of the promise. Allow me to recall your words, 'I hope a little delay will not prove a serious objection.'"

Here Mr. Burton indulged in a patronizing laugh; then, rising, he added—

"In the meantime, I shall be happy to introduce you to Miss Burton, with whom you can talk over this weighty affair. The influence of the ladies is, we know, most powerful; and should you decide to make use of the cash for a time, I shall raise no obstacle to your wishes, and regret that my affairs will not admit of my doing more at present."

The mortification and disappointment George had experienced during this conversation, were amply atoned for by the cordiality with which Anna sympathized in his views, and strengthened his purposes. Had her father commended his intentions, and offered to find him means of marrying without delay, he could not have had a lighter heart, or more buoyant spirits, than were the results of his explanation with the daughter, in whose affection and constancy he felt unbounded reliance. True, their union must be postponed, and that to an indefinite period; but they should commence life free and unshackled, indebted to their mutual prudence and self-denial for that independence which they can only appreciate who have known the misery arising from a load of debt.

About a week after George's interview with Mr. Burton, that gentleman, whilst seated at breakfast, glancing over the county newspaper, observed, to his no small surprise, an advertisement addressed to the creditors of the late Mr. Belmont, appointing an early day for the examination and discharge of their respective claims. With a mixture of sarcasm and vexation, he commenced upon what he styled the quixotic folly of the cool and unimpassioned lover he congratulated his daughter on possessing. To his remarks Anna listened in silence, but the expression of her fine countenance, and her whole demeanor, evinced such perfect contentment, such calm and settled happiness, that the man of the world was abashed, as the conviction flashed across his mind that his child enjoyed a felicity superior in kind, and more lasting in devotion, than ever could result from the realization of the most brilliant schemes of a merely selfish nature. There are moments when the most worldly characters are compelled to believe in the existence of disinterested value; and it is seldom such belief reaches the understanding through the medium of the affections, without exercising a beneficial and softening influence. Certain it is, that from this time, Mr. Burton refrained from any allusions to George's folly; and though he stood aloof from rendering active service to the lovers, he offered no obstacle to Mr. Belmont's visits as his daughter's affianced husband.

A little more than a year elapsed after Mr. Belmont's return from America, before he found himself able to offer a home to his beloved Anna. It would doubtless have required a much longer time, had not her wishes and views been moderate as his own.—Who can describe his happiness as he sat by the clear, bright fire on his own hearth, his wife by his side, fully alive to the sweet influences of home and domestic enjoyment, heightened by the consciousness that to his own persevering exertions he was indebted for his present position and prospects?

The young people had been married only a month, and had that day returned from their wedding tour. The friends assembled to welcome them were departed. The skill and good taste of Emily, who had during their absence arranged their little establishment, had been warmly commended by the bride, who was by no means insensible to the importance of being mistress of a house she could call her own. It was Saturday evening. The morrow must usher them into the little world of which henceforward they should form a part; and there are few young couples, with affections as true and strong as theirs, not regret the termination of the marriage excursion. To mix in general society, give and receive the visits of mere acquaintances, and engage in the every day business of life, appears, under such circumstances, no inconsiderable sacrifice. So thought our bride and bridegroom, who discussed their future plans, and indulged in past reminiscences on this evening, with as much seriousness as if they apprehended it was the last they should spend alone.

"And now, Anna," inquired George, "tell me candidly, do you not regret advising me to reject the offered loan of my partner, that we might have commenced life with a little more style?"

"No, indeed, I do not."

"But, dearest, only consider the remarks your genteel acquaintances will make on the very plain and unpretending furniture, and the smallness of the house."

"Fortunately I shall not hear their remarks," returned she, laughing; "and if I did, I could assure them that I have more pleasure in knowing that what we possess is truly our own, than all the borrowed style in the world could afford me."

"To say nothing of the pleasure your generous heart experiences in the sacrifice you made for my mother," added her husband, with tenderness.

"Oh, George, let that subject never more be mentioned between us. You humble and mortify me by such allusions. I must indeed be selfish to hesitate between the comfort of our dear parent and a silver tea-service, which after all would have been rather out of place here."

"Yet your father gave you money for that express purpose, and how can you account to him for its non-appearance?"

"Oh, as to that, I shall preserve a discreet silence. I hardly expect he will inquire into the history of my magnificent dowry."

"If he should, I will provide you with an answer," said George, rising and unlocking a small closet placed in a recess, and displaying to the astonished gaze of his bride a handsome collection of plate, consisting of tea and coffee equipage, silver cake basket, and candlestick.

"My dear George, how came you by these expensive articles?" she inquired.

Her husband placed a letter in her hand, and, gently drawing her to the sofa, sat by her side as she read it. It was from the creditors of the late Mr. Belmont, and was dated two months previous to the time of George's marriage. Its purport was to inform him that, wishful to offer him a testimonial of their esteem, they had made a selection of plate, which they trusted would prove acceptable in the interesting circumstances in which they understood him to be placed. To this announcement was subjoined a list of the articles. Various were the emotions of the young wife as she read. Feelings of gratified affection, however, predominated; and, finding no words to express them, a few unbidden tears fell on the letter as she refolded it. Her fond husband kissed them away.

"You do not inquire why I kept this affair a secret," he remarked.

"I suppose you wished to give me an agreeable surprise?" she replied.

"I did at first; but when your father presented you with money to purchase plate, and you insisted upon applying it to your mother's use, I loved you so dearly for your self-denial, that I almost feared to break the charm by telling you of our riches; so I put it off, that I might the longer admire my wife's superiority to the foibles of her sex."

"Your wife thanks you; but you overrate my philosophy if you imagine that I shall not feel pride and pleasure in the possession of this delicate and well-timed present."

"Then you will not think it out of place even in our small house, eh, Anna?"

"No, truly; I can think nothing out of place which serves to remind me that your noble and disinterested conduct has gained the esteem and approbation you so well merit."

"Rather, my dear wife, let this costly gift serve to inspire us with a thankful recollection of the past, that, in all our future struggles between inclination and duty, we may be enabled to exercise the self-control which at this moment so greatly augments our happiness."

With such views and principles, it is almost needless to add that the Belmonts continued a prosperous and happy family. In the course of time Emily married, with the approbation of her mother and brother. In the house of her daughter, Mrs. Belmont found a comfortable home, and lived many years, surrounded by her children's children, fully realizing the truth of the wise man's saying—"The just walketh in his integrity, his children are blessed after him."

MY COUSIN AND MYSELF.

AN EXCELLENT STORY,

WITH A VERY USEFUL LESSON.

BY HENRY B. NAGEL.

Eighty years!—Yes, four score long years I have moved upon the earth, and yet it seems to me as if my days had been but short! For two score years have I watched the sun rising and setting, hoping that each successive one, as it passed by, might be the last I should behold; and in anxious waiting of my end, my hair has grown gray, and my limbs become warped and bent by Time—and yet it comes not! Aye! Death that vanquishes the strong, and makes the heart quake before his presence, has no terrors for me! I have courted him—have marked him as he has passed me by, again and again, and stricken down the young and lovely from my side—until he has wrenched my household from me, and left me quivering and alone—the last of my race—without an arm to support my tottering steps, or a heart to feel for my adversities! And yet, he will not take me, too—though I have prayed him to end my miseries, but in vain. And I stalk through the world, a cypher in the sum of its concerns—a prey to all the horrors of a guilty conscience, which burns within my bosom like a consuming fire,—binding my spirit in the atmosphere of the tomb! Thus must I endure in life, a horrid death!

Julia Vincent and myself were cousins. We had been born on neighboring estates, and passed the whole period of our childhood in each other's company. That period,—the honey-moon of life—when the mind is innocent and unbiased—before the world has stamped its unholy impress upon the heart. I look back, through a long vista of time, and can find no epoch in history that is bright, save that; all else is dark—dark!

I said we passed our childhood together. We went to the village school, studied and played together. I baited the tiny hook that she might fish; I ran with her in the fields to cull the flowers, or in the woods to gather berries, or fright the squirrel and wild bird with our gay halloo.

Julia was formed for love. She was giddy and thoughtless, but ardent in her feelings, and when her affections were enlisted in an object, her heart went with it. To know her was to love her. I was somewhat wayward myself, but I could not witness her beauty developing itself, and be exposed to the battery of her charms, without feeling a decided affection ripening within me, that soon became a moving principle, and awakened a jealousy when it appeared fearful of being misplaced.

I was about twenty years of age, when the Revolutionary War broke out between the two countries. Our neighborhood became infested with the British skirmishers, who ravaged our granaries, and sometimes quartered on us for weeks together.

Among these parties was one commanded by a young officer of about twenty-seven. He was very handsome, and his manners were winning and polite, but somewhat haughty; and he was so well pleased with our accommodations, as to make my uncle's house almost a permanent station. This created no concern on my part, until I found that it was not without an object, and that he was aiming all his charms at my handsome cousin. I was naturally of a hasty and uncontrollable temper, and my spirit aroused within me, at what I supposed an invasion of my privileges. But this was augmented to the highest pitch when I found that although shy at first, she soon received his advances with familiarity, and I found he had acquired the position which I had, or fancied I had held in her affections.

I met him alone in the room, one morning, and said to him, rather caustically,

"It strikes me, Lieutenant Sandford, that there must be a treasure somewhere near, that my uncle's house has need to be converted into a barrack."

He evidently saw my intention to foster a quarrel. But he curled his lip, and uttering the word "insolent," turned on his heel, and walked away.

I clenched my fist, and stepped after him, intending to knock him down, in the fullness of my anger, when the door opened and Julia entered the room, when taking his arm and bowing to me, they left me alone.

"She is unworthy my love," thought I, as I went home; "like a child that is fond of gay colors, she has been taken with this dastard's red feather, and gilt epaulettes. But go on, sir Britisher—some evil spirit may yet throw you in my path, and I promise that you will rue this day."

Day after day he lingered there, while I, completely shut out from favor by his presence, spent my time in hunting and riding.

I was returning one evening from an unsuccessful hunt, weary and hungry, which in no degree tended to sweeten my temper, when turning an angle in the road, I saw Sandford and Miss Vincent, accompanied by two dragoons, returning from a ride, at some distance ahead. The road ran through a thick wood, and at a short space was a deep and dangerous ravine. I turned aside, and pursuing my way along its brink, came in advance of them, and taking a position where I could not be seen, waited for their coming. I saw them chatting and laughing together, as they passed along. So as soon as they had got opposite, I took aim, coolly, at the epaulettes, and fired. He reeled, and in a moment fell heavily to the earth. Julia shrieked, and suddenly threw herself from the saddle and rushed to his side. The steeds, left to themselves, speeded along the road toward home.

The dragoons appeared to be almost stunned at the occurrence, but immediately one gave chase in the direction of my post, while the other remained with the sufferer. I turned my horse, and fled along the hill, thinking to get off undiscovered, but the other was well mounted, and soon came within hail. Finding flight useless, I clubbed my gun, and turned on him. He evaded my stroke, but wounded me in the arm slightly. Again I struck at him, but he was too quick, and escaped, but returned it by giving me a slash across the head, which cleft my hat to the brim, and slightly scarred my head. I ground my teeth, and wheeling suddenly, bounded my steed upon him and bore him over the edge of the ravine. He tried to recover himself, but the loose earth gave way, and with a plunge, horse and rider went headlong to the bottom. I heard the death-groan he made as his body bounded from the rocks, but heeding it not, sped for home. On arriving there, I put up my horse;—finding my wounds were of no account, I went over to my uncle's house, to defeat suspicion.

On opening the parlor door, I was astounded to see Sanford, whom I supposed lying dead on the highway, sitting on the sofa, with Julia reclining in his arms—her head affectionately resting on his shoulder. My fire, I ascertained, had merely scratched him. I uttered a curse upon them both, and slamming the door, walked off.

My happiness was destroyed, and I gave way to fits of despondency, in one of which, perfectly careless of what might be my future destiny, I galloped to the American camp, and entered the service, with a Lieutenant's commission. But a few days had elapsed before we had a considerable engagement. I went into it with the ferocity of a bull-dog, looking hither and thither for my enemy; but I found him not. I wished to wreak my pent-up anger on his head, on equal terms. Squadron after squadron were levelled in the dust; and when the roar of the artillery had died away, and the smoke had rolled off, the ground was spread with bleeding bodies, and "groan on groan salute our willing ears." Still they returned to the charge—and when the sun set in the west, unwilling to give up the contest, we encamped on the ground, within sight of each other, to renew the battle on the morrow. Guards were placed, camp fires lighted, and soon all was quiet.

It was about twelve o'clock. I had tossed on my bed for hours, but could not sleep. Whenever my eyes would close in a gentle slumber, the form of Lieutenant Sandford would stare at me, with that bitter lip curling in my face. I rose and walked out in the open air. I said it was midnight. The night was one of great splendor. The moon was at her height, and she sat, unclouded, amid a constellation of stars, throwing a flood of light on the battle-field, giving it an unearthly brightness. As far as the eye could take in the view, the ground was unbroken by a single hill, while at the extremities of the line of vision were spread the snow-white tents of the belligerents. The space between was covered with bodies of the dead and dying; and ever and anon the death-groan of some poor wretch would come faintly on the ear. All else, save the heavy breathing of the multitude of sleepers, and the measured tread of the sentinels on their weary rounds, was still as death.

I became so intent upon my own thoughts, that I saw not where my path was leading me. Striking my foot against a substance which nearly threw me down, I looked and started back. It was the body of a pious young officer, who had belonged to my own company. He lay upon his back, with the moon shining full upon his blanched features, while the blood oozed from a wound in his breast. His eyes were wide open, staring upwards at the sky, the sightless balls protruding from their sockets. It seemed as though they were trying to pierce the vast chaos of space, and trace the passage of his spirit in it as it took its flight above. I shuddered—and turning into the thick wood that flanked the ground, strolled leisurely along a bridle-path that led through it.

I know not how far, or how long I had walked, when I heard the sound of hoofs coming in the opposite direction. Stepping in the shadow of a large tree, I waited in silence. As the horseman drew near, he raised his head, and I saw that it was Sandford—no doubt on his return from a visit to Julia Vincent.

"Now," thought I, "thy evil genius has served me a good turn at last."

He came up swiftly, but, ere he had passed, one hand grasped his bridle, and another his throat.—With a curse, I wrenched him from the saddle, and flung him to the earth. He seized me, and struggled manfully to regain his feet—but I possessed the advantage, and in a moment pinned him to the ground. Placing my knee upon him, I drew his sword (being without my own) from the sheath. He begged me not to murder him in cold blood—to give him a chance at least, for his life, on equal terms. But such was not my purpose. I scowled at him, and, smiling coldly, passed the weapon into his body. He shrieked and struggled, but I withdrew it, and stabbed him again and again. Then rising, stood over him, with my arms folded, and watched his expiring efforts, until his jaw dropped, and his limbs stiffened. And then I left him—a prey to the elements and the carrion-bird.

Although considerable excitement was caused, by the murder of Sandford, in the camp, suspicion never glanced at me; and I thought the deed buried in oblivion. But, ah! it stood out in my heart, bright and glaring, and like the canker-worm has been gnawing at my vitals ever since.

I thought, now, that no obstacle existed between myself and my cousin, and hoped ere long to regain my former influence. But the horrid death of her lover had turned back her life-blood in its channels, and already the color had left her countenance, her form had lost its elasticity and buoyancy, and

> "Consumption, like a worm i' the bud,
> Fed on her damask cheek."

She regarded me ever after with a jaundiced eye, as though a perceptible odor of the black deed hung around me. The very measures which I took to gain my end defeated it, and rendered my life miserable. I saw her droop, day by day, like a blasted flower—one whom too rude a breath had withered in the heyday of her life, and she sank quietly into the tomb. With her was buried all my peace for ever.

I have travelled by sea and land—have visited foreign countries, and plunged into scenes of excitement and gaiety—to flee from my own memory. But it would come back, and bring before my eyes, with increased vividness, all my evil deeds. I sought to drown it in the intoxicating draught; but when I lifted the cup to my lips, I saw in its red depths the form of Sandford. They may talk of future torment, and even embitter the life by anticipation; but there is no punishment so great as a guilty conscience, and the stings of remorse, which is ever killing, but never kills.

NANCY NEWELL

AND THE FORTUNE TELLER.

"O, where is a happier maiden than I,
  As gaily my light wheel I turn all the day;
Let the high dames of fashion go sneeringly by,
  And look from the cottager proudly away.

"I care not, a cottager still would I be,
  With no thought roaming wide from my woodbine-wreathed door,
Like a land-bird afar o'er the desolate sea,
  Wing-weary, yet seeking in vain for the shore."

Thus sang Nancy Newell, gaily, to the music of her spinning-wheel, the lightest hearted maiden in the village of Maybank. No idle longings for a condition above that which she filled with cheerfulness, had ever disturbed her quiet bosom for a moment.—Maybank was her little world, and there she expected to live and die. We will not say that no fond dream of a lover's smile, of a pleasant cottage with one dear one, blessing and blessed, had ever lingered in her fancy. Doubtless such thoughts often stirred the pure waters of affection that lay calm and deep in her woman's heart. But they took nothing from the happiness, but rather quickened her bounding pulses, and made her feel that she had, indeed, something for which to live.

"A blessing on your sweet face, Nancy!" said a harsh voice, breaking in upon the maiden's song.

Nancy turned quickly, and recognized at a glance, an old crone, who wandered about from village to village, telling fortunes.

"Ah, is that you, Mag?" she said, pausing in her work, and offering her hand to the old woman, who had frequently urged her, on previous occasions, to have her fortune told, but never could succeed in her efforts to read the maiden's fate in her hand, as she always made a laughing, but effectual resistance.—This time, Mag, as she was called every where, by old and young, retained her hold upon Nancy's hand, and turning up the palm, said—

"Come, Nancy, I must read your fortune for you."

"It's no use, Mag. All you can say won't alter what's to come."

"But I can tell you what is to come, and of course you have an interest in knowing whose wife you are to be, if nothing else. Ha! ha!" laughed the old crone, seeing the color mounting to the maiden's cheeks—"I knew you wished to know that, for all your trifling. Bless me! What is this!" she added in a serious tone, her countenance instantly assuming an expression of solemn importance, as something in the palm of Nancy's hand arrested her attention.—From that moment, the maiden's hand lay passively within hers.

"I never saw that mark in but one hand before," continued Mag. "And that hand was claimed by the richest and handsomest man in the whole county. It's an unfailing sign of high connections in marriage. I thought the first time I looked into your face, that you would not long stand beside the spinning wheel. Let me see—a rich marriage—young, handsome—four children—ah! what is this! Trouble at last—but here is a good omen again. Yours will be a long and happy way, Nancy, with but few dark days, and they quickly succeeded by skies without a cloud."

"All nonsense, Mag," replied Nancy, affecting to laugh, but her laugh was not so gay and careless as before.

"So you all pretend to say," replied the crone, "but I never yet told a fortune that didn't come true. Didn't I tell Ellen White that there would be a death in her father's house before three months? And where now is she? Cold in the church-yard! And didn't I tell Mary Hope that she would receive bad news in a week? Don't you remember that! And how they got a letter saying that her brother had died in the South before the week was out? I never tell wrong Nancy. I know my art too well. Here let me look at your hand again. Ah! There is something I overlooked. A rich husband. Yes—that is true. But there will be trouble before that. A lover will be turned away, and it will cost some tears. But it must be done; and the wound will soon heal. Good bye, Nancy! I only had a minute to spare. Good bye, dear! I'll call to see you when you become a great lady. Good bye!"

And so saying, Mag turned away and left Nancy with but little inclination to resume her song or her humming wheel.

About ten minutes after, old Mag glided into the cottage of Mrs. Brown, where she found her daughter Mary Brown, alone.

"Did she let you tell her fortune, Mag?" asked Mary, with a look and tone of interest.

"O yes," was the reply.

"What was it?"

"She is to marry rich. But first, a lever will be turned off. That is Harry Glenn."

"But will she turn him off, Mag?" Mary asked, looking the old fortune teller steadily in the face.

"Certainly she will. But even if she don't, he'll not marry her, for haven't I told you that you are to be the wife of Harry Glenn. That is your fortune. I can read it in your hand as plain as if it were written there in words."

The old woman spoke in a positive tone, and the effect of her words was to make the eye of Mary Brown sparkle, and her cheek glow.

After the departure of the fortune teller, Nancy Newell stood musing for some time, her heart fluttering with the involuntary belief that she was to be a rich lady: at the same time that a feeling of sadness came over her at the idea of giving up Harry Glenn whom she really loved, but who had not yet ventured to speak to her of the kindred emotion that warmed his own bosom. At length she resumed her work, but the wheel did not perform its revolutions with accustomed velocity, nor was her voice once heard rising clearly and gaily above its monotonous hum, during the whole day. Her thoughts were not there; and her mother's quiet cottage seemed no longer a pleasant spot, where, with a happy heart, she could spend her days.

Evening at length came, and soon after tea, Henry Glenn, now almost a daily visitor, dropped in to spend an hour with the maiden. She could not receive him with her wonted frankness and cordiality: nor could she take any interest as before, in the subjects of conversation, introduced by the young man. Harry felt, instantly, that there was a change, and it pained him very much—for it indicated either that something had occurred to give her trouble, or that she did not feel his presence to be welcome. After vainly endeavoring to draw her into cheerful conversation, he went away at an early hour, feeling oppressed and wounded.

As for Nancy, she was far more unhappy than her humble lover, towards whom, in despite of all her efforts to restrain them, her affections would go out.—She was conscious, too, of wrong, in thus casting off a young man whom she really loved, and who was worthy of her love, upon the faith of a fortune teller's assertion that she was to marry rich, and be a great lady. But Mag understood human nature, and knew how to play successfully upon the heart of a maiden like Nancy Newell. She had her own reasons, too, for what she was doing.

During all the succeeding day Nancy felt agitated, and passed nearly the whole time in a *dreamy* state of mind. Her thoughts roamed far beyond the quiet hamlet where she had so long dwelt in peace, nor felt a hope that was not limited to its precincts, while her fancy pictured the form, face and bearing of the noble unknown who was to seek her out, and bear her off in triumph to grace his splendid halls.—When night came, she was less prepared than on the evening before, to receive Harry Glenn with affectionate courtesy. Her manner towards him was not only cold, but it seemed to him a little haughty. This he could not bear. During the preceding visit, his affection for her had been wounded—now his pride was touched. On the third evening, instead of calling, as usual, at the cottage of Mrs. Newell, he dropped in to see Mary Brown, and found her more agreeable than he had ever before thought her.

The absence of Harry on the third evening, when Nancy's truant imagination had begun to feel some inclination to return, troubled her a good deal, and she blamed herself for having paid any attention to old Mag's silly predictions. The next evening and the next, saw her still unvisited by her lover, who had found Mary Brown so much more agreeable than she had ever before seemed, that his thoughts turned towards her involuntarily, as soon as the evening twilight began to fall.

But the old love was not to be put off so easily by either the man or maiden. Towards the end of the week, each began to feel a yearning desire to meet again. The new *charms* of Mary Brown began to pall with Harry, and the rich anticipated lover to fail in his influence upon Nancy's sobered imagination.

Since Tuesday evening, they had not seen each other until their eyes met at church on the next Sunday. Precious little of the sermon could either of them remember, when the minister closed his Bible, and proceeded to give out the last hymn. As they came out of church, Harry found himself, he hardly knew how, by the side of Nancy, whose smile never seemed so sweet, nor her voice so musical to him before. Mary Brown had to walk home alone and disappointed. That evening saw Harry and his old sweetheart, sitting for more than two hours alone, he just ready to put the question, and she momently in expectation of receiving an offer, which her cooler judgment, as well as her affections, prompted her to accept, if made. But Harry's heart fluttered so, whenever he attempted to form the required words in his mind, especially as thoughts of the unexplained coolness came up to haunt him with doubts and fears, that he could not speak out the proposition he was ready to make. At last he went away as he had come, still only the lover of Nancy.

During the week, his visits were continued with their former regularity; but there was something in the manner of Nancy that repelled him whenever he thought of a proposal. Mag had been to see her again, and had awakened anew in her imagination thoughts of a higher condition than that of a mere farmer's wife.

On the next Sunday a stranger appeared unexpectedly in the little village church. No one knew who he was, or from whence he came. But all admitted that he was young and handsome, and one whose sphere of life was far above that of the humble tillers of the soil who made up the largest portion of those who people the village of Maybank. Every maiden's eye was upon him, much to the grief of the good minister, who was pained to perceive that even in that place, sacred to solemn worship, the heart was too prone to wander away in search of strange gods.

As for Nancy, when she first saw the young stranger enter, and move slowly and with a dignified step up the aisle, the blood mounted to her cheek, and her heart beat so rapidly that she felt like suffocating.—In despite of all she could do, her eye would wander towards him, and more than once fell beneath his steady gaze, that was several times turned towards her during the services of the morning. Harry was by her side as she emerged from the church, and walked with her home, but she made but brief answers to all his remarks. When he left her at her mother's door, he turned away pained at the maiden's coldness and strange reserve. He did not visit her that evening, nor during the ensuing week. But the stranger had been there. He had dropped in professedly to make some trifling inquiries, and finding Nancy alone, had remained and chatted with her for half an hour. During that brief period, her heart was completely won.

Slowly did the lingering moments pass away, until the next Sabbath arrived, and Nancy repaired to church, her heart fluttering in hope of again seeing the stranger who had occupied all her thoughts since the morning her eyes first rested upon him. He was there already, and gently smiled and bowed to her as she came in. During the services, whenever she looked at him, she found him regarding her so intently that the blushes rose to her cheeks as she dropped her eyes each time to the floor. When the congregation were dismissed, the stranger was by her side as she stepped from the door, and accompanied her, the envy of every other maiden, to her home.

"Who is that young man, Nancy?" asked Mrs. Newell, in a grave tone, as Nancy came into the house, after remaining to chat with her companion for a few moments.

"I am sure I do not know, mother."

"Then why did he take the liberty of walking home with you?"

"I cannot tell that, either," the maiden replied.

"Well, I do not like his looks, nor the freedom he has taken," Mrs. Newell said.

Nancy made no reply to this, but went into the next room and took off her things, and then avoided all conversation that would lead her mother to speak of the stranger.

That evening he came in, gracefully apologizing to the mother for the freedom he had taken;—but, being a stranger in the village, he had felt the time hanging heavily on his hands, and had, therefore, been driven to seek for company somewhere. The blandness of his tones, the elegance of his manners, and the smoothness of his speech, softened Mrs. Newell very much, especially as he paid her particular attentions, and introduced subjects of conversation that were peculiarly interesting to her. When he went away, she found herself highly prepossessed in his favor. Twice during the week did he repeat his visit. On the last evening spent with the mother and daughter, he alluded to the hollow-heartedness of the great world of wealth and fashion, in which he had mingled, and how he had stolen away from it in the hope of finding truth and nature somewhere in quieter places. He said that he had, in passing through Maybank, contemplated remaining only a day or two; but that something congenial to his feelings in the place had caused him to linger, and he still felt disinclined to go. As he made this remark, he looked at Nancy steadily for a moment or two. She felt that in that look was contained a meaning, and her heart gave to it its own interpretation.

Her mind was now made up to treat Harry Glenn so coldly as to repulse him at once. Mag's prediction had evidently been a true one. The place she was destined to fill, was one to which he could never elevate her.

On the next Sunday, the stranger called for Nancy, walked with her to church, sat beside her during service, and accompanied her home. All this, of course, did not escape the eye of Harry, towards whom Nancy did not once deign to look. He avenged himself by transferring his attentions to Mary Brown, and making her an offer of marriage before the week was out.

Ellmore, that was the stranger's name, now became a daily visitor at the house of Mrs. Newell. He would come in, and sit with Nancy, as she turned her wheel, for hours, talking to her of the gay scenes of a city life, and filling her young fancy with an ardent desire to mingle in them. At length, he seriously proposed a marriage—stating that he lived in New York, and was heir to almost unbounded wealth.—The mother neither consented nor refused. He was but a stranger, she frankly told him, and as a mother she was bound to withhold her consent until she had undoubted proof that his statements were correct. To this he assented, as right, and said, that in a short time he would produce evidence that would remove all doubts from her mind.

About four weeks from the time Ellmore came to Maybank, he left the little hotel at which he had been staying, immediately after tea, and proceeded at a fast walk in a direction leading away from the village. It was dark when he arrived at a little open space in the road, about a mile away, where he paused, and listened as if in expectation of meeting some one in that secluded spot. He had stood thus only for a few moments, when some one emerged from the deep shadow of a tree and came forward.

"Ah, Mag, is that you?" he said quickly.

"Of course, did I ever fail in an engagement!" replied Mag, for she it was, sure enough.

"True as steel!" ejaculated Ellmore. "Well, I've got the girl safe. She's mine now, and no power can save her."

"Good! I thought I had the way well paved for you, but didn't think you could bring down the prize so quickly."

"I'm hard to beat, you know, Mag. No girl ever yet was too much for me, when I laid myself fairly out for her. But this Nancy is a lovely one though, isn't she? Won't she create a sensation when I get her in New York?"

"No doubt of that. She is the flower of Maybank. But I've had a standing spite against her for her mother's sake, who has always treated me as if I were a Heathen."

"I wish you'd get up a standing spite against some half a dozen more just like her."

"Perhaps I may. But when do you think of leaving here?"

"To-morrow, if I can. Nancy is engaged to ride over to Maysville with me. As soon as I get her fairly out of Maybank I shall dash off in another direction at railroad speed."

"But won't she refuse to go with you?"

"She? No! I've got her too tightly bound to me."

"Well, you are a rare one, Tom!" ejaculated the old hag, with a malignant, chuckling laugh. "A match for the very old boy himself."

"So I consider myself, though I'm of the opinion, sometimes, that he'll pay me up for it at last. But no matter. Let him first catch me."

"You are to pay me twenty dollars," was Mag's next remark, in a business tone.

"Yes, and here is the amount; good service always finds punctual pay. But where next are we to operate, Mag?"

"Meet me in three weeks at the cross roads, two miles from Landeth, and I'll put you on another track."

"And the prize. Is that worth pursuing?"

"You will think so, when your *eyes* rest upon it. But you'll have to be swift-footed if you win it."

"At what hour?"

"At twilight."

"I'll be there, dead or alive. But, good-bye, Mag. I must see Nancy to-night."

And then the two separated, Ellmore hurrying back to the village.

In a day or two a rumor became prevalent in Maybank that both the stranger and Nancy Newell had disappeared. Alas! it proved too true. They had started together for the little village of Maysville, as intimated by Ellmore in the conversation with Mag, but they never went there, nor could any one give the least information in regard to them.

Poor Mrs. Newell was deeply distressed; especially as she all at once recollected that Nancy had seemed very much changed in manner for several days before her disappearance. When Ellmore was not present, she had a drooping, troubled look, and once or twice she found her alone in her room, and in tears.

"Who was he?" and "what was he?" were questions now asked on all sides, by the very ones who had envied Nancy the preference which the stranger had shown towards her. Every one blamed Mrs. Newell for ever having allowed him to come into her house, and not a few pronounced it as an opinion which they had long entertained that Nancy was no better than she should be.

However, be that as it might, week after week, and month after month passed away, and no tidings came of Nancy Newell, notwithstanding every effort in the power of those most concerned, that could be made, was made to discover the place to which she had been taken.

It was months before Harry Glenn, who had really loved Nancy, could recover from the shock her sudden disappearance caused him, notwithstanding he had, in a pet, offered himself to Mary Brown, and been accepted by her. But gradually, as time wore away, and Mary grew more and more interesting to him, he ceased to think of Nancy, except with a feeling of pity.

Mag had not been seen in the village since Ellmore's entrance, nor once during the period he remained there; and it was nearly a month from the time of Nancy's disappearance before she visited Maybank, and then she seemed greatly surprised and grieved at the painful news, and the mystery still hanging over the weak and foolish girl.

It was a year within one or two months from the time Nancy left Maybank, that Mrs. Newell, upon whose head that period had pressed with the weight of a dozen years, was sitting, an hour after dark, alone in her humble abode, her head drooping upon her hand and her thoughts sad with pondering over the uncertain fate of her unhappy child. On that very evening, Harry Glenn was to be married to Mary Brown, who had filled the place in his affections which Nancy had forfeited. This event called up, with more painful vividness, the memory of her child, and caused her tears to flow afresh. She had been seated as mentioned for nearly an hour, when a slight noise caused her to look round. Was it a reality or a wild dream? Was it indeed Nancy who stood just within the door? or was it only a spectre of her child, come to mock her with a new mystery? It was, indeed, her long-lost and long-wept daughter. But, oh! how changed! Instead of the round blooming cheek, there was a pale, sunken face, its happy expression changed to one of shame and sorrow. Her soft blue eye had receded deeply into its socket, and now glanced restlessly about with a wildness that partook of insanity.

"Nancy!" exclaimed Mrs. Newell, rising quickly to her feet, and lifting her hands in astonishment—"Can this, indeed, be my long-lost child?"

"Oh, my mother! my mother!" was all the poor creature's reply, as she threw herself into her arms, and hid her face on her bosom. But she did not weep—for the fountain of tears seemed dry.

For more than a minute did Mrs. Newell hold her daughter to her heart; then disengaging herself from Nancy's clinging embrace, she said, as she almost forced her into a chair—

"Why, why did you ever leave me, my poor child?"

Nancy looked up into her mother's face, as she asked her this question, while her own was calm but painfully sad. It was some moments before she spoke—and then she said, mournfully,

"I was basely and wickedly deceived by heartless professions, and then forcibly carried away. But"—and she clenched both teeth and hands fiercely—"I have had my revenge at last! A just revenge for the deepest wrong a woman can suffer. With this hand," and she raised her arm with quick energy, and then plunged it down as if making a desperate stroke, "I stabbed the wretch to his heart!"

Horrified, Mrs. Newell retreated from her daughter, and seemed inclined to flee from the house, but turning as she came near the door, she saw her falling to the floor with a face of ashy paleness. Lifting her up, and placing her upon a bed, she found her lost to all consciousness of external things.

For hours she lay in this state, and only showed signs of renewing vigour, towards the morning. But, when consciousness returned, her mind was in a wandering state. On the day after her arrival, news came of a horrible murder committed in the streets of the metropolis. A man named Ellmore had been stabbed by some hand unknown, and thus far the assassin had eluded all pursuit, although the entire police of the city were on the alert.—When this account met the eye of Mrs. Newell, she had no doubt, from what Nancy had said, that her hand had been the one that held the fatal knife. And now came a trembling fear lest the minions of the law should find out the spot where she had sought a shelter and a home, and tear her away, to expiate her crime upon the scaffold, or in prison. After pondering long what course to pursue, she at length determined to conceal from every one the fact that Nancy had returned. This she was able to do for about two weeks, during which time her daughter remained as helpless in body, as she was imbecile in mind. At the end of this period, a neighbour in whom had centred a number of strange rumors floating through the village, determined to gratify her own and the general curiosity, if possible, and so she went over to Mrs. Newell's, and took her knitting with her, with the intention of spending the day. Before, however, the day was half gone, she had ascertained that Nancy was in the house. This was enough, and she soon after bustled off to give the news forth to the astonished village.

"Of course it was her that committed the murder," said one—"Horrible!"

"Horrible indeed! The man killed was named Ellmore, and that was the name of the fellow with whom she went off."

"Dreadful!" exclaimed another. "What a hardened creature she must have become!"

"No doubt she served him right," added another. "But she'll have to be given up to the law."

"Of course she will," broke in Mag, with a harsh, angry voice, coming up at the moment, and catching the last words of the speaker. She had not been seen in the village before for weeks. "Blood never hides itself. It cries for ever from the ground for vengeance!"

"That is true, Mag," remarked one of the little group into which she had so suddenly introduced herself, "murder will out."

"Yes, and murder must out—and it *shall* out!" responded the old hag, with a *fierce*, malignant scowl. "To stab a man to the heart, in the very streets of a great city! Horrible!"

As she said this, Mag turned away, and strode off with rapid steps.

During the three or four days that elapsed after the discovery of Nancy's return, many neighbors called at the cottage of Mrs. Newell, some to offer her their sympathy, some to get a sight of her daughter, and others to gratify both of these feelings combined. But all were treated with coldness and reserve, and none permitted to see Nancy, or even to draw from her mother an admission that she was in the house.

It was about the end of this period, near the hour of sunset, that Mrs. Newell sat beside the bed upon which Nancy had lain for two weeks, with a body almost helpless, and a mind still wandering. She had, after looking for a long time upon her thin pale face, as she lay with closed eyes, fallen into a state of dreamy, half unconsciousness. From this, a deep sigh aroused her, and looking up, she saw the eyes of her daughter fixed upon her with an intelligent expression.

"O, mother! how came I here?" she exclaimed, as Mrs. Newell's eyes met hers, endeavouring to raise herself up as she spoke.

Gently restraining her, Mrs. Newell, after she had become composed enough to speak, briefly related how she had so suddenly presented herself one night a few weeks before, and how she had been wandering in mind ever since. It was sometime before Nancy could collect her scattered senses. Then she said, with a look of anger,

"Mother, there is only one to blame for all this!"

"Who, Nancy?"

"Mag!"

"How is she to blame, my child?"

"She, with the cruelty of a fiend, has leagued herself with some of the vilest wretches of the city, whose business is to entice away the innocent, and make them as vile and wicked as themselves. She goes about through the country, making her way into every house, and by her pretended art of fortune-telling, filling the heads of foolish girls with vain thoughts, and then giving notice to her employers of such as may be enticed away. To me she came with the tale, read from my hand, that I was to be married to a stranger, young, rich and handsome. I tried not to believe the foolish story, but it made an impression upon me in spite of my better judgment, and when the fiend Ellmore suddenly appeared in our village, and chose me from among all the rest, my faith in her prediction became confirmed. I dreamed not of danger, while in an ecstacy of bewilderment and delight, I hung upon his ardent professions of love, and believed all his false statements, so perfectly agreeing with what Mag had foretold. Having bound me to him with a tie that I dared not break, he carried me, half forcibly and half willingly—for I would have gone anywhere with him, rather than have provoked his displeasure. To the city I was immediately taken, and there, after having been introduced into the society of those from whom I shrunk with horror, I was abandoned by Ellmore, and detained by force. I will not—I dare not relate all I have suffered of cruelty and outrage, during the long period I have remained away. It maddens me now while I think of it. But during all that period, one thought bore me up—one deeply seated resolution kept me from dying. That resolution was one of revenge. I learned fully while there, who and what Ellmore was, and who and what Mag the fortune-teller was. And I determined to be revenged on them both. One I have sent to his long account, and I hope yet to live to meet the other. When we do meet, we part not while she lives. I have sworn this!"

As Nancy uttered the last sentence, in a wild voice, she raised herself up, clenched her hand impotently, and dashed it forward into the air, while her face assumed a look of fiendish hate. Her attitude still remained fixed, and her countenance still retained its expression, when heavy footsteps in the next apartment aroused both the mother and daughter from the trance of passion and horror into which the one and the other had fallen. Both turned their eyes toward the door at the same moment. There stood Mag, with a look of savage pleasure on her face, her long thin finger pointing towards Nancy. Behind her were two stout men.

"There she is! That is the murderess!" exclaimed Mag.

The words were scarcely out of her mouth before Nancy sprung with a quick bound from the bed, and clutching the throat of the hag with superhuman strength, rolled upon the floor with her, and before it was possible to break her vice-like grip, the fortune-teller was dead. When the victim and her betrayer were at last separated, the former seemed as lifeless as the latter. She was placed again upon the bed, but no effort could restore her to animation. The spirit had taken its everlasting flight.

Nothing needs to be added to this painful story, in order to give force to its moral. That is too plain. Let no innocent heart suffer itself to be a moment thrown off of its guard. Evil approaches in a thousand forms, and presses for admission at every door of the mind. New modes of betraying the young, the good, and the beautiful, are invented every day, and new snares laid for their feet in each avenue. Let every one beware.

GEN. DE HEISTER.*

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Stout General De Heister took passage one day,
With his thousands of Hessians in warlike array,
For the gold of Great Britain her battles to share,
And bring down the pride of her colonies fair;
So for Spithead they sailed, there a convoy to take,
Their trip o'er the ocean in safety to make;
And in May, '76, pointed westward their prow,
And boldly put forth, the Atlantic to plough.

But Neptune his tricks on the landsmen would play,
And their patience and fortitude vanished away;
They were rock'd in the trough, and were tossed on the wave,
'Till in misery melted the might of the brave;
And they envied the sailor, who healthful and free,
As fresh at his toil as a bird of the sea,
Still prompt at each order, his tackle would ply,
And spring to the shrouds, tho' the tempest was high.

Stout General De Heister detested the main,
And 'mur'd in his cabin, was heard to complain,
"I've been cheated, deceiv'd, without mercy or shame,
'Twas a short way, they said, when on ship board we came;
Yet these three months we've rolled on this infamous brine,
While as pale as sick girls my tough veterans pine,
With nerves all unstrung, and with faces forlorn,
And worse than all this—*my tobacco is gone*.

"An old man I am, covered over with scars;
My back I ne'er turned in the fiercest of wars;
And how mean 'twould be, here, between water and sky,
By the foam of these pitiful billows to die;
I am sick of the sea, with its tumult and roar,
Nor have had one good meal since I sail'd from the shore;
Yes, I'm sick unto death, in the deep shall be thrown,
And the worst of it is, *my tobacco is gone*."

Soon, light o'er the surge, as a feather at play,
Danced a boat from the "Rainbow," one sunshiny day,
Not that bow which the cloud in its beauty doth span,
A token of Peace from our Maker to man,
But a frigate of England, that haughtily bore,
Sir George Collier, commander, with guns forty-four,
Who cheerily came, in his uniform gay,
To the famed Hessian chieftain a visit to pay.

De Heister was moody, and scarcely represt
The cloud of ill-humor that low'r'd in his breast.
"Give us land, Sir George Collier, firm hold for our feet,
And the men of Hesse-Cassel will scorn to retreat.
What are cannon to them? they will face every foe;
But here, by this fiend of the Ocean laid low,
On the deck, like dried leaves, my best soldiers are strown."
Then he sigh'd to himself, "*my tobacco is gone*."

Sir George tried to cheer him, with eloquence brave,
He trusted they'd soon bid farewell to the wave,
With heroic Lord Howe, at New York to proceed,
In teaching the rebels the lessons they need;
So he begged he'd dismiss every sorrowful thought,
And deign to accept a few presents he'd brought;
Then he made his adieu, with a flourish polite,
Gave his oarsmen the word, and was soon out of sight.

What joy for De Heister! How brighten'd his eye,
'Mid these presents a store of tobacco to spy;
He danc'd, every thought was so happily stirred,
Drank the health of his Landgrave, and King George the Third,
Bade the band play a march, his sick soldiers addressed,
They must pluck up their spirits, 'twas all for the best,—
While they, quite aghast, listened still for the tone
They so often had heard, "*My tobacco is gone*."

And then, for his courage redoubtable glow'd,
He said to himself, as the deck he bestrode,
"When the rebel banditti their arms shall throw down,
And be hanged for their want of respect to a crown,
There'll be plenty of land for us all, I am told,

And Great Britain, we know, has a plenty of gold,
So perhaps as a part of my wages and pelf,
I may take a tobacco plantation myself."

What a change! Who'd have thought that this man was the same,
With his whiskers brush'd up, and his face like a flame,
Who in durance so long to the treacherous main,
Had resisted his fate, like a bear in the chain,—
And forgetting at once, both the lucre and fame
For which from the land of his fathers he came,
Had filled every ear with an ill-smothered moan,
By day and by night, "*My tobacco is gone.*"

The Ruined Gamester;

OR,

Two Eras in the Life of a Gambler.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE TAILOR'S APPRENTICE."

> If yet thou love game at so dear a rate,
> Learn this that hath old gamesters dearly cost;
> Dost lose? Rise up; Dost win? Rise in that state:
> Who strive to sit out losing hands are lost.
>
> HERBERT.

More than once have I taken up my pen and endeavored to compose my mind to write. But as my thoughts have gone far back in painful reminiscence, I have turned from my self-imposed task with a feeling of unconquerable reluctance. The past I would forget, but I cannot. As this is the case—as the ghosts of misspent hours continually rise up and haunt me—I can do no less than briefly sketch one or two leading incidents in my life, to serve as beacon lights to my fellow-men, warning them from a dangerous coast. Seeing that so far in life I have done little towards benefitting others, to lift this warning light is the least that I can do.

As I glance back through the dark vista of years that have passed since the hours of innocent childhood, I see, beyond, a period of time the remembrance of which makes the blood move quicker in my veins. The sound of a mother's voice, the smile on a mother's lip, the glad joy of a mother's eye, then blessed my heart. If a son ever loved tenderly a mother, I was that son. How sweet a period is that, when the buds of innocence open and put forth leaves and fragrance, under the genial sunshine of a mother's loving heart! Home and mother! Blessed words! If I am *ever* saved from this load of evil that presses me *down* and urges me to destruction, it will be by the memory of my childhood's early home—that home made pure and holy by a mother's love. Even in the worst hours of my life, when I suffered myself to be carried away by evil as by a flood, it was the memory of my mother that saved me from total destruction. Sunk to the chin as I was in the deep rushing waters, and often just ready to be swept away by evil, many and many a time have I been encouraged by the sudden memory of my mother to struggle again for life, and struggled with success. How often, oh! how often have the words of a simple prayer she taught me, come into my thoughts just in time to save me from self-destruction—or, when ready to do some desperate deed of wickedness, have I been restrained by one of her pure precepts, spoken almost audibly in my ear. But I killed my mother! Do not shudder, reader! I did not destroy her life by open violence. Oh no! I never had an unkind thought of her. I ever loved her with surpassing tenderness. But my conscience has been heavily burdened since that sad, sad moment, when she passed away to be no more seen upon the earth.

As a boy, I early imbibed a fondness for games of chance, yet never was so skilful as a player as were many of my little companions. Marbles was a game at which I could spend hours and hours, even if my gains were but small. To win was the incentive to play, although I set no great value upon what I won. Still my passion for the excitement of playing was very great—so great, that school was often neglected, and my lesson badly said. This grieved my excellent mother very much, and caused her often to chide and admonish me, though to little good purpose.

I had a companion about my own age, named George Fuller. This lad, with a fondness for marbles quite as ardent as my own, possessed superior skill, as his peculiar form of mind enabled him to become more absorbed in the game than it was possible for me ever to be. George, at the time to which I am now about to allude, did not attend school; and, as his father was a man of unsteady habits, and his mother a weak, half broken-hearted woman, the agreeness of whose own sufferings made her forgetful of her duty to her children, he was allowed to go pretty much where he pleased, to do what he pleased. The place most frequented by him was a stable-yard near by both of our homes, where hours were spent in winning their marbles from the stable boys or other lads who happened to be there. To this place I frequently stole away, though expressly forbidden to go there by my mother, to enjoy, uninterruptedly, my favorite sport.

For years my mother had been in delicate health, often compelled to lie in her bed for days at a time. When I was about eleven years old, she grew worse rapidly; so much so, that my father's usually quiet manner was so much disturbed, that even I, thoughtless child as I was, could not help remarking it.—This continued for many weeks, during which time the doctor came regularly every day. One evening about this time, I came into my mother's room just before going to bed. She was alone. Her face, I remember, struck me as unusually pale and thin. She was supported in bed by pillows. As I came up to her, she reached out her hand feebly, and said with a serious look, and in a tone whose sadness touched my young feelings—

"Come, James, dear, lay down by me for a little while."

I was almost instantly upon the bed, my cheek resting against her cheek, and my hand tightly clasped in her hand. I can never forget the words next spoken, nor my sensations, when, as they were uttered, a tear fell upon my face.

"My dear James," she said tenderly, yet mournfully, "in a little while you will have no mother upon earth to love you and care for you."

Here her voice choked, and she gave way to tears. I wept with her, and wept bitterly. The idea of losing my mother was terrible as it was unexpected. She drew her arm around my neck, and pressed my face to her bosom, where she held me many minutes, until her mind became composed. Then she resumed, and with more calmness.

"It was never intended that we should live here always, James. But one is permitted to remain a longer time, and another is taken away earlier in life. I must go early. Be a good boy, James, and we shall meet above, never again to be separated."

Her emotions again choked her utterance, and she was silent. For a good while I lay with my head against her bosom, until sleep overpowered me, and I slumbered for the last time upon my mother's breast.

It was long after sunrise the next morning when I awoke. I found myself in my own bed, in a chamber separated from that in which my mother lay. As soon as I had dressed myself, I went to her room. I found my father and several friends standing anxiously around her bed. Her eyes were closed, and she looked so pale and death-like, that I shuddered as my eyes fell upon her face. No one seemed to notice me, as I came up and leaned against the bed, gazing, as I did so, sorrowfully upon my mother's suffering countenance. While standing thus, I noticed her move slightly—then came a convulsive cough, which was followed by a strong gush of blood from her mouth and nose. All became confusion in a moment. My father called to some one present to go off instantly for the doctor, while he supported my mother in his arms.

What was done towards checking the flow of blood from the lungs I know not. I remember that before the doctor came the bleeding had ceased, and also that she was paler than before, and apparently unconscious of the presence of any one. In the course of the morning the doctor came in a second time. A few minutes after he had gone away, my father called me and told me to go to the office of the physician for some medicine which he had said he would return home immediately and prepare. I went as directed, and received a vial of medicine accompanied by directions.

On my way home I had to pass the stable yard where I so frequently met my companion George Fuller, with other lads, and played at marbles. The temptation to go into this place was so strong that I could not resist it. I found George and two other boys deeply absorbed in their games, in which I was immediately invited to join. The vial of medicine was set down, my sick mother and all forgotten for the pleasures of gaming. For a time I gained over my companions, but after awhile luck turned against me, and I was the loser at every game. This caused me to play with increased skill and care, but it was of no avail. Marble after marble passed from my well supplied pocket, until scarce half a dozen remained. How long I was thus engaged, before my last game was played and I became ruined, I know not; it might have been one hour or three—I took no note of time. Sadly, at last, was I compelled to leave the attractive ring, and become a gloomy spectator of the prolonged contest now confined to my three companions. For ten or fifteen minutes I stood watching, with depressed feelings, the different games that were played,* when suddenly I started at the sound of my name called in tones that had been familiar to my ears from childhood—they were my mother's tones! I turned quickly, and my eye rested upon the vial of medicine I had set down and forgotten. Every thing around me seemed to revolve for a moment, and then I became fully conscious of the fault I had committed. A cold chill passed over me as I lifted the medicine and glided quickly away.

In a few minutes I entered the door of my father's house. The first person I met was the doctor.

"Where have you been with that medicine?" he asked sternly.

I held down my head, and made no reply.

"Unhappy boy!" he added, in softer tones, "You have destroyed your mother. That medicine, and that alone, could have saved her. But it is now, alas! too late."

The vial fell from my hands. It was sometime before I could bring back my scattered thoughts. Then I went up slowly to my mother's chamber. I can never forget the scene that was there presented. All was as still as the grave. One glance at my mother's face told the story of her fate. Death had fixed upon it his everlasting seal. My father stood with folded arms looking down upon her with an expression of stern endurance upon his countenance, while half-a-dozen friends sat around the bed, the tears following each other in large drops over their cheeks.

"See there!" suddenly exclaimed my father, as he became conscious of my presence, catching hold of my arms and lifting me from the floor. "See there! She is dead, and you have killed her!"

Then letting me drop from his hands, he covered his face, and sobbed and shuddered like a woman. Never in my life had I seen him so moved. He was, ordinarily, a man of even temper, and, apparently, cold and phlegmatic. But the icy barrier had been broken, and the strong man had become as an infant.

As for me, young as I was, I was horror-stricken. The whole truth came upon my mind with the sudden distinctness of a lightning flash. In my thoughtlessness I had killed my mother—my mother, whom I loved deeply, truly, tenderly. I looked upon her pale, expressionless face, for a moment or two,—then at my father sobbing and weeping like a child,—and then stole away from the chamber of death, and hid myself in the garret, where I wept until my excited feelings found quiet in sleep. When I awoke it was past mid-day. All was still throughout the house. I descended slowly and silently, and ventured once more into my mother's chamber. The scene had become changed. Every thing was shrouded in white. The bed upon which she had lain for many weeks, was neatly made, and tenantless. In the centre of the room lay all that remained of her who had loved me with the tenderest love. I drew aside the covering, and once more gazed upon her face. I will not recal my feelings at that moment. The dim recollection of them makes me shudder. I was standing beside her body, leaning my head upon my hand, and looking down into her face, when I became conscious that some one was by my side. It was my father. His presence rebuked me, and I turned away, and left him alone with the dead.

At the burial, I remained all unnoticed by my father. He scarcely spoke to me for many months afterwards. Gradually, however, his stern manner softened. I had become so changed, that he *could* not but see it and feel it. Fond as I had been of boyish games and sports, I no longer joined my old companions, or took the slightest interest in any of those things which youth resorts to for pleasure. I went to and came *from* school regularly and mechanically. At home, I lingered about the house, silent and thoughtful. Books had no charms for me. I had, therefore, nothing to which I might flee as a relief from my gloomy disquiet of mind. My mother's death-bed continually haunted my memory.

At the age of thirteen I left my father's house, and became apprenticed to a trade. The occupation which this gave to my mind, as well as my body, afforded me great relief, and I soon ceased to dwell gloomily upon the past. This period of my life I must pass over; and also that portion of it immediately succeeding the expiration of my minority. I was twenty-five years of age, when, my business having proved very successful, I married the daughter of a tradesman in easy circumstances. Caroline, my wife, had been raised tenderly, and had received a good education. Her mind was above the ordinary cast, and her heart *full of* the purest and tenderest feelings. Some would have thought her plain, but, to me, she was very beautiful—for I could perceive in every varying expression of her dear face, the speaking forth of some true thought, or some good affection.

For ten years we were happy. For ten years I prospered in my business, and gathered in wealth with a small expense of care and anxiety.

"To-day," I said to my wife one morning, the first in a new year, "I owe no man any thing, and have property worth, at the most moderate valuation, eighty thousand dollars. And more than that," I added, drawing her tenderly to my side, and kissing her still fair cheek, "I have a dear good wife, and three sweet children. Am I not, indeed, a happy man?"

Caroline did not reply, but leaned her head confidingly against me. I looked into her face, and saw that tears were stealing out beneath her closed eye-lids.

"Dear Caroline!" I said, in a voice that expressed the concern I felt, "are you not happy?"

"Happy!" she uttered in a low, eloquent voice, hiding her face in my bosom; "O, yes! I fear, sometimes, that I am too happy."

"But is not that an idle fear, Caroline?" I asked.

"It may be—it must be! But I had a frightful dream last night."

"Dreams are nothing, Caroline. Or, at best, but mere phantasies of the imagination, while reason slumbers."

"So I have tried to argue. But there come into my mind, when I thus endeavor to reason with myself, so many instances wherein dreams have proved real warnings of approaching evil, that I cannot divest myself of the idea that the dream which I have had, has been sent to me for some good purpose; that it is not a mere phantasy."

"Tell me your dream, Caroline," I now said, the seriousness with which it had impressed her, causing me to feel a desire to hear a relation of it. She paused a few moments to collect her thoughts, and then said—

"I dreamed that a man, whom I have often seen in your shop, but whose name I do not know, came here and invited me to ride with him in a beautiful carriage, which he had driven to the door. The horses, noble animals, stood arching gracefully their necks, and champing their bits, impatient to be off. The request to ride was followed by an instant desire on my part to acquiesce. You made no objection, and in a little while we were seated in the carriage, which was whirled off with a rapid motion. Our way was along shaded avenues, that ran through a most lovely region. Tall trees, here and there, arched over our way, forming perfect arbors. Amid their branches were birds, some with rich plumage, and some that made the air tremble with delicious music. The fields were studded with fruit trees, hung with tempting fruit; or, vineyards stretched away in many a graceful undulation, in which were young men and maidens, singing their vintage songs, as they plucked the juicy clusters from the overladen vines. Every sense was delighted. Sweet odors came with every gentle breeze. The eye and ear perceived a new charm at every stage of our journey. 'How beautiful,' I had just said, turning to you, when a wild shriek of agony rang upon the air. It was the voice of our own dear Ella! I bent in eager alarm over the side of the carriage, and there was our child writhing beneath the wheels! A fiendish laugh startled my ear at the same moment. I had just time to see that it came from the lips of your friend, when I awoke. It may all be an idle phantom of the imagination. Perhaps it is. But it has troubled my heart deeply."

My wife ceased, and I endeavored to laugh her out of her vain fears. But the relation of her dream had affected her mind a good deal—so much so, that her spirits did not rally for some time. It was, perhaps, an hour after, that my old boyish companion, George Fuller, with whom I had played my last game at marbles, "dropped into" my shop. He had, like myself, been apprenticed to a trade, and now was apparently well to do in the world. His place of business was not far from mine. As tradesmen whose business not unfrequently brought them into contact with each other, we were often in each other's shops, and sometimes met and drank together in a tavern. On this occasion, he said, as he came in—

"*A happy New Year, James.*"

"The same to you, with all my heart," I replied.

"Come, then, let us go round to Hall's (a house of refreshment) and drink to a hundred happy returns of this pleasant season."

I went without the slightest hesitation. I was in the habit of going daily to Hall's, sometimes in company with Fuller. Sometimes with other men, and often alone. I had become social in my feelings, and was fond of a friendly glass.

While we were drinking at the bar, a well-dressed, gentlemanly man came up, to whom Fuller spoke in a friendly, familiar way, and then introduced to me as a Mr. Harryman. He was exceedingly affable at once; ordered a room, a bottle of wine, and cigars, and insisted upon our joining him in a health to the happy New Year. Fuller yielded without hesitation to the invitation, and I, after a little urging from both of them, consented to make one of the party.

I found Harryman a very pleasant man, indeed.—He had travelled much, both in Europe and in this country, and seemed to have been a traveller with open eyes. His relations of scenes and incidents abroad were, to me, very interesting. He was, likewise, full of anecdote, and told a story with peculiarly fine effect. And with all these fascinations, he combined great suavity of manners, and was remarkably attentive to his two guests.

After sitting for an hour, I made a movement to go. This he objected to at once—ringing the bell at the same time and remarking—

"We must see the bottom of another bottle of wine first. New Year day only comes once in a twelvemonth."

To this, however, I objected positively. I had taken as much wine as I thought prudent.

"You and Fuller must dine with me, then," he said.

"You are very kind, sir, but you must really excuse me," I replied.

"I won't take any excuse at all. You must dine with me to-day. I have been looking for our good-natured friend Fuller, all the morning, and think myself quite fortunate in finding you in his company.—He will go of course. I always have a few friends to dine with me on New Year day—clever fellows all, who like a good dinner, a good glass of wine, a good song, and a good cigar. You must make one of the party. So you might as well say 'yes' at once, for I never take 'no' for an answer on these occasions."

His frankness, and the earnestness of his manner, made me feel inclined to yield. But I thought of my wife and home, and urged my family as a reason for not wishing to accept the invitation.

"Come, now! That's a little selfish," he said, half-seriously. "You dine with your family every day in the year. Surely you might spare one social hour for your friends."

Thus he urged, and I finally consented. Caroline received the announcement of my promise to dine with a man who had been, until the last few hours, a perfect stranger to me, with some surprise in her manner. She, however, made no objection; and expressed the hope, when I went away, that I would enjoy myself. When I arrived at the residence of Mr. Harryman, which was a very handsome one, and richly furnished, situated in a fashionable part of the city, I found a company of six or seven gentlemen, amongst whom was Fuller, who seemed to be on terms of familiarity, and even intimacy with all. This I could not help remarking to myself as a little singular; particularly as he was evidently their inferior in refinement, education, and intelligence.

I was received by Mr. Harryman with marked attentions, and in the most courteous manner by his friends. When dinner was announced, I was the first to be handed out, and at the table, which was spread with all the luxuries of the season, I was of most consideration. I could not help feeling flattered at all these marks of distinction. The surprise they at first occasioned gradually gave way, as I began to think that there must certainly appertain to me some superior intrinsic merit, of which I alone had been unconscious. I was, doubtless, of much more consequence in the eyes of others than I had given myself credit for. When the wine began to be passed around the table, my glass was the first that was filled, and my health the oftenest drunk. Under this system, long before the cloth was removed, and cigars introduced, my head had become a good deal obscured. With the cigars came a fresh instalment of wine, of which I was almost compelled to drink, even more freely than during the regular courses of dinner.

How long we were thus engaged in smoking and drinking I know not. The end was, that I became so much intoxicated as to go to sleep. When I awoke, I found myself lying upon a sofa, with my boon companions still surrounding the table, and apparently as much interested in their wine and cigars as before. But the day had declined—for lamps were burning. I felt wretchedly. My head ached. I was feverish—heavy, and stiff in every joint. The moment I raised up, I was urged to drink again, to which solicitation I complied, and soon felt something better. In a little while, Fuller purposed that we should retire, as it was late. On glancing at the clock, I saw that it was after seven, and immediately rose to go. Before leaving the room, however, a parting glass had to be taken, and this was something stronger than we had yet indulged in. It was brandy toddy made very sweet, and, of course, very strong. I turned off a large glass of the attractive compound, and then bade the polite, attentive and hospitable Mr. Harryman good evening, and emerged into the street in company with Fuller. As we proceeded along, my head a good deal confused, my companion alluded to business, and also to the slow process by which we were able to acquire money.—I readily acquiesced in this. We had proceeded about half way toward home, when Fuller paused upon the corner of a cross street, and said—

"There is a chance for you to make a clear thousand to-night, if you will."

"There is!" responded I, pricking up my ears.

"Yes, there is; and such a chance does not occur every month. A thousand dollars made in one night is not an ordinary transaction."

I readily assented to this, and then asked him to explain himself.

"Do you see that dim light, so dim as to be scarcely seen, away up in the third story of that old house?" Pointing as he spoke to a dark, ancient, gloomy-looking building.

"I believe there is a light up there," I said. "But what of it?"

"Let us go up there. Come!"

"What for?" I asked.

"You can win a thousand dollars there, to-night," he whispered in my ear.

"Are you sure?" I enquired, too much intoxicated to be able to make any moral discrimination.

"O yes! I am sure as that I am standing here. You know Harryman with whom we have dined? He is one of the vainest and weakest men I ever knew; and makes himself a laughing stock to all his friends. Among his other follies is this. He thinks himself a perfect prince at faro, and under this silly notion, which the loss already of some forty or fifty thousand dollars of a magnificent fortune ought to have arrested, he nightly loses large sums of money. He is in the room from which that dim light proceeds now, and you might just as well take from him a cool thousand as any one else."

"But I know nothing of faro," I objected.

"I do, though, and I'll initiate you at once. So come along." Saying this, he gave my arm a pull, and I walked on mechanically by his side. In a little while, we entered a dark alley, and after groping about for awhile, came to a door which we entered, and ascended a narrow, unlighted staircase.—In the third story of the building, we emerged into a room, dimly lighted, in which I found Harryman, and two or three of the dinner party, all of whom I had left but a short time before in a distant part of the city. Brief greetings took place, and then faro was proposed. I again objected on account of not understanding the game. This was at once overruled by my friend Fuller, who whispered in my ear that he would guide me, and that I was certain of winning.

Thus instigated, I took from my pocket book a fifty dollar note, and exchanged it for "chips." With these I commenced betting, under the direction of my friend—at the same time that I was so intoxicated as to be, in regard to my thoughts, all in confusion. At every stage of the game, the principle was explained to me, though but dimly apprehended. Whenever I won, or lost, Fuller informed me, and I took or paid the stake, as he directed. For a time, I was mainly the winner; but, after the first half hour, I had to resort to my pocket book again, and at frequent intervals from that time. It was not long before I became so absorbed in the game, as to be less dependent upon Fuller. I could understand its general drift, and could tell for myself whether I lost or won. This being the case, he gradually ceased to prompt me, and for a time I forgot him altogether. The loss of three hundred dollars at last sobered me. I looked around the room, and became aware, for the first time, that I was alone with Harryman. My first thought was to stop at once, and retire from the place. But the hope of winning back my money, led me to continue to bet, until every dollar I had in my pocket book, amounting in all to nearly eight hundred dollars, was gone.

It was past two o'clock when I paused at my own door, perfectly sober and perfectly wretched. How could I meet my wife? How could I breathe again the same air with my innocent children? I stood for nearly a quarter of an hour before I could take courage to enter. The moment I opened the door, I heard a movement above, and in an instant afterwards Caroline came hurrying down to meet me.—To her anxious enquiries in regard to my long absence, I made some plausible excuse, which she seemed to receive as satisfactory. But I could see that her mind had been too much disturbed to permit its agitated waves to subside in a moment. Neither of us slept much that night, although each sought earnestly to find forgetfulness in sleep. Side by side we lay, through the dark watches of that night, silent, but with busy thoughts. What were her fears, anxieties, or forebodings, I know not. My own reflections were such as were calculated to drive a weaker man to self-destruction.

On the next morning, I met my wife and children at the breakfast table. But I could not converse with them as usual. I answered all the questions of my happy little prattlers in monosyllables, and even repulsed their fond caresses, for I was annoyed by them. I soon arose from the table,—as I did so, I looked at my wife. Her eyes were upon me, and her look of anxious, troubled enquiry, smote my heart. I felt for a single moment like confessing all to her. But pride forbade, and I turned away and entered my shop. I did not remain here long. I could not. My mind was not upon my business.—The first place to which I went, was to the store of my false friend Fuller, whose base betrayal of me, however, I did not then suspect. He looked slightly confused when I entered, but became instantly self-possessed.

"A good morning! Good morning!" he said, with animation. "How did you come off last night?—Winner, I hope?"

"Winner!" I rejoined, somewhat indignantly. "Of course not. How could I win in the condition I went to that accursed place?"

"But you did not lose any thing of consequence, I hope?" he said, enquiringly.

I perceived in a moment that there was in the tone of his voice an anxiety to know how far I had lost. But the meaning of that anxiety I didn't fully understand.

"Yes I did, though," I replied; "I lost eight hundred dollars."

"Impossible!"

"It is too true. And I must blame you for it."

"Blame me!" and his countenance grew concerned. "How can you possibly blame me?"

"Didn't you take me there?"

"I did. But, then, you were my friend, and I was sure you would win at least a thousand dollars."

"How could you have been sure of that, when you knew that I was deeply in liquor?"

"You in liquor! Oh, no! I saw nothing of that."

"But I was, though. And to win money from me while in that state, was little better than robbery."

"Something must have been wrong with you, certainly, to have lost as you did to such an indifferent player as Harryman. Why, any body can beat him.

"You were the last person I should ever have suspected of being in liquor. Had I dreamed of such a thing, I never would have let you risked a dollar.—But it is too late now. I never cry over spilled milk. That's my motto."

"Eight hundred dollars is no trifle let go without a thought," I replied.

"Of course it is: and of course you do not intend letting it go without a thought."

"And yet, what good will thinking about it do?" I said, with some bitterness.

"Mere thinking will not, of course, but acting will."

"How shall I act? I see no way. He has won my money from me, and there the matter will have to end."

"O no,—of course not. Win it back again."

"Win it back again?" I ejaculated, in surprise.

"Yes—certainly. You don't for a moment think of letting Harryman have your eight hundred dollars, when you have only to win them back again without the slightest trouble. He can't play. Any body can beat him."

Thus reasoned with, persuaded, and tempted, I was again induced, with five hundred dollars in my pocket, to present myself at the faro table of one of the most skilful, as well as the most unprincipled and heartless gamblers in the country. The result was as before. After playing for about five hours, during which time I was permitted to win just often enough to make me think myself really skilful at the game and my adversary well matched, I went away with my pocket empty. That night I was at the table again, determined to win back my money, and then stop. But I was not suffered to leave the room until I had lost a thousand dollars more.

This half maddened me. I walked the street until near day-light, and then went home. I found my wife lying across the bed asleep, but with her clothes on. Tears were on her cheeks. Oh! how my heart bled at this sight!

"Madman!" I mentally exclaimed, striking my open hand against my forehead, as I commenced pacing the floor. Caroline soon became conscious of my presence, and roused up with an exclamation of surprise and grief.

"Oh, James! Is it you at last?" she said, the tears flowing afresh as soon as she was fairly awake.—"Where, oh! where have you been? What terrible spell is upon you? Surely, all this must be a frightful dream!"

"A dream!" I replied, half to myself—"a dream! Oh, would that it were indeed a dream!"

"That what were a dream?—dear husband! Oh, keep nothing from me, James! Am I not your wife?—the mother of your little ones?—and do I not love you!" Caroline said, with deep and heart-touching pathos.

But I could not—I dared not tell her the truth.

"It is nothing, Caroline, nothing," I replied evasively. "Only I believe I am going beside myself."

The look of deep tenderness, mingled with exquisite agony, with which she met this remark, I can never forget. I could not bear it, but turned my eyes away.

She now urged me to go to bed, and I yielded mechanically. But I did not sleep. How could I? I did not go to my shop on that morning until about ten o'clock. I found Fuller there, reading the morning newspaper. He seemed to feel deeply for my loss, and blamed himself very much for having persuaded me to play with Harryman. He could not, for his life, understand how it was that I did not win. Harryman was the poorest player he had ever known. Luck must certainly turn in my favor soon. I must not be discouraged. I would get every cent back. He knew a man who once lost sixty thousand dollars in two weeks, who won it all back in three or four days, and sixty thousand more.

In this way, my half-formed resolution never to play again, was scattered to the wind. I became once more all eagerness to meet Harryman, and win back from him my money. Filling up a check for one thousand dollars, I drew that sum from bank, and once more stood at the gaming table. While there, I lost all idea of time—and forgot every thing else, in my eager devotion to play. The struggle was long, and to me it seemed a doubtful one—but it terminated at last, and I was loser by just the amount I had drawn out of bank.

"Will you cash my check for five hundred dollars?" I asked of my opponent, perfectly infatuated.

"Certainly I will—or for five thousand if you wish," was the prompt reply.

The check was drawn and the money handed to me. Again I turned eagerly to the faro table. But I will not descend farther to particulars in regard to this day's transactions. Suffice it to say, that I passed the whole day, and until midnight in contest with Harryman, neither of us taking a particle of food. When I left him, at three o'clock in the morning, he held my checks for six thousand dollars.

The cold air of a bleak night in January failed to cool my burning forehead, as I bared it to the chilly winds that swept piercingly through the deserted streets. I wandered along, I thought not, I cared not whither. I shrunk from the idea of going home. How could I meet my wife? And yet how could I prolong the agony of her mind by staying away a single moment longer? At last, after wandering about for nearly an hour, thoughts of my wife awoke in my bosom such feelings of tenderness, that I could not prolong further my absence. I determined to go home and tell her all, and get her counsel, and the strength of her pure mind, to restrain me from again yielding to temptation.

When I entered her chamber, I found her upon her knees by the bed side, with her face buried in a pillow, upon which her clasped hands were resting. I started at the sight, and stood for some moments looking at her, as if suddenly fixed to the spot. She did not stir, and seemed altogether unconscious of my presence. My blood suddenly became chilled in my veins. I started forward, and bent eagerly over her. She was asleep, and her breath came calmly. But her countenance had a distressed look, her eye-lids were wet, and there were marks of tears upon her cheeks. For some minutes I bent over her, irresolute. I had not yet been able to make up my mind how to act, when she shuddered, started, and raised up with a deep sigh, or rather moaning ejaculation. Perceiving me by her side, as she stood up, she exclaimed:

"Oh, James! Is it indeed you? I have just been dreaming that I saw you fall from an immense precipice, and lie bleeding and mangled at its rocky base. But you are here, God be thanked!"

As she said this, she threw herself upon my breast, and clung with her arms around my neck, trembling, weeping, and sobbing like an infant. Gradually this exuberance of feeling subsided. And then came a state of silence, coldness and reserve, that was deeply painful and embarrassing to both of us.

This was broken by my freely and fully opening to her the whole truth in regard to my three days of mad infatuation, during which I had lost nearly ten thousand dollars. Poor Caroline! The relation seemed to stun her. She looked at me silently and strangely, while her face became paler than before. And no wonder! The husband she had tenderly loved, and so fully confided in, had been guilty of drunkenness and gaming, those two dreadful vices, from which, above all others, the heart of a woman and a wife must turn with instinctive horror. After this full confession, I made a voluntary and solemn promise, that I would never again enter a gambling house, or indulge a game of chance. This caused her to breathe more freely. She threw her arms again around my neck, buried her face in my bosom, and promised to forget, as far as possible, the last three fearful days and nights. My heart felt lighter after this, than it had felt since the accursed moment when I first breathed the polluted air of a gaming room. I retired to bed, and slept soundly for the few hours of darkness that remained. At the breakfast-table, Caroline looked serious, but not troubled. I could eat but little, for with the morning had come bitter reflections. I was angry with myself, for my blindness and folly. The loss of some nine or ten thousand dollars, and in such a way, so worried my mind that I was unfitted for every thing. I tried to enter once more upon the regular course of my business, but in vain. I took no interest in any thing, but brooded continually over my loss. I soon turned from my account books, took my hat, and went over to Hall's, where I called for a glass of brandy and water. After drinking this I turned to go out, but before I had reached the door, my friend Fuller was at my side, with—

"Ah! good morning, James! How are you to-day?"

"I'm devilish bad, I thank you," I replied somewhat peevishly.

"Nonsense, man! Why what has come over you?"

"I'm a cursed fool!" I said, in reply, with bitter emphasis.

"Why, what in the world has broken loose? You are certainly in a strange mood for a man of your even temper."

"But to be served as I have been, would mar the temper of a saint."

"You speak in riddles."

"Do I? Well, I lost seven thousand dollars yesterday to that Harryman! Isn't that enough to spoil a man's temper? Curse him! I wish he had been in the middle of an ice-berg before I saw him!"

"Seven thousand dollars! Impossible!"

"It is too true, Fuller! Too true!"

"Seven thousand dollars! It is really incredible!—And he the merest tyro at the game! Really I can not understand it. You certainly could not have had your wits about you."

"There I must beg to differ with you," I replied. "I was fully alive to what I was doing, and played with the greatest possible care. But it was no use. I could beat him three or four games in succession, sometimes, but then he would carry every thing before him after that, until he had won all back again, and doubled on me his losses."

"Fuller looked thoughtful at this, and remained for some time silent. At length he said, half aloud, as if to himself—

"But it will never do in the world to let him off with that money. It can be won back, and it must."

"Not by me," I replied. "I'm done. Let what is gone, sink in the ocean. It is enough to throw away."

"No—no—no! That will never do!" quickly returned my friend, with concern both in his voice and countenance. "Harryman must not get off with that booty. It must be gotten back. Try him once more, and I can put you in the way of recovering every cent."

"How?" I eagerly asked.

"You often beat him?"

"O yes! Often. Sometimes every other game, and sometimes game after game in succession," I answered.

"Very well. Now if you will adopt the plan I suggest, you can easily enough get your own out of him."

"Name your plan," I said.

"Play once more. Let the stake be, say an hundred dollars to begin with, to be doubled at every game. You can stand it as long as he can, of course. In a little while the stake will amount to four or five thousand dollars. A fortunate play at that stage will bring you even, and you can refuse to bet a moment longer. That is your only chance; and it is certain of success."

"I will do it!" I said, all on fire in a moment—forgetful of my solemn promise to my wife. It was little beyond a half an hour afterwards, when I again stood at the faro table, with ten thousand dollars in my pocket, beside a dozen blank checks, in case they should be wanted. I proposed to play as Fuller had suggested. Harryman affected to demur, but finally yielded. The first stake was five hundred dollars. I won. The next was a thousand dollars. I won again. And also the third time. But at the fourth game he was successful, and so on to the fifth and sixth games. Before this, I had to get him to cash checks to the amount of ten thousand dollars. Thus we continued, until the stakes were thirty-two thousand dollars on each side. This was the game that was to decide my fate. But my mind was too much excited to be able to make my calculations with any thing like the required coolness. But even this would have availed nothing. My adversary had skill and adroitness so far superior to mine, that he could beat me for a hundred games in succession, if he had chosen. I had, therefore, no chance whatever. Of course I was beaten!

How I got away from the room I know not. It was night. But I knew not the hour. Whither should I go? Home? No! I dared not go there! How could I meet my injured wife, or look upon my beggared children? In this state of mind I entered a refectory, and, calling for a glass of brandy, retired into a box where it was sent to me. I had been seated there without a light for about ten minutes, when two men entered a box adjoining. They conversed for some time in a low tone, but grew more earnest, so that I overheard the following conversation—

"It is no use for you to offer me the paltry sum of two hundred dollars, Harryman. I want the fourth of all you won from him."

I recognized the voice at once. It was that of my pretended friend, Fuller.

"You are not entitled to the fourth of any amount I won from him, except that obtained on the night you brought him in."

"He never came here once that I did not prompt him. I put it into his head to propose to double the stakes to-day, by which you were enabled to fleece him entirely. He is my game, and I must and will have my share."

"If you can get it," I could hear the gambler say between his teeth.

"You are an infernal, cheating scoundrel!" was the low fierce reply of Fuller.

Instantly there ensued a scuffle, and all was alarm and confusion. I sprang from my box, while the inmates of the refectory rushed from all parts to the scene of action. But before any one could separate them a pistol shot rang through the room. All was still for a moment. Then there was a deep groan, and one of the combatants fell heavily to the floor.—It was the gambler! In the confusion that followed, I retired from the place unnoticed, and went directly home. It was nearly eleven o'clock, and I had not been home since ten o'clock in the morning. I dreaded to meet my wife. What could I say to her? Twenty-four hours had not elapsed since my solemn promise to her never again to risk a dollar at the gaming table, and within that time, I had lost all that I was worth! Since that time I had beggared my family!

As silently as possible I entered my house. All was hushed. I went softly up to my chamber, listening at every step for some sound, but nothing, except the monotonous ticking of the clock, met my ear.—The door of my chamber stood ajar. I opened it quietly, and went in. My youngest child lay asleep in its crib, and two others slept soundly upon their little bed. But my wife was not there! My heart bounded in sudden alarm as I took up the light hastily and passed into the adjoining chamber. It was tenantless.

"Caroline!" I called at the landing of the stairs. But the echo of my voice, sounding along the passages, was all the reply I obtained. Hurriedly then I descended to the parlors, where all was dark and still. Here I found my wife lying upon a sofa, with an arm hanging upon the floor, and her head thrown far over upon one shoulder, as if she had suddenly sunk down and become instantly helpless. Her face was deadly pale, and her skin cold. I lifted her in my arms and carried her up into our chamber and laid her upon the bed. But she gave no sign of life. Indeed, so far as I was able to judge, the spirit had taken its everlasting departure from its beautiful clayey tenement. I chafed her temples, and used all the restoratives I could think of, but to no purpose. She still lay pale and insensible before me.

Suddenly I shuddered, and the cold clammy sweat oozed from every relaxed pore of my body, as memory called up vividly the death-bed scene of my mother. My mother, whom I had suffered to *die*, while I indulged my early passion for gaming. And now, in pursuit of the same wild excitement, I had a second time been ruined in worldly goods, and a second time had murdered her whom, of all others, I loved most tenderly! Horror-stricken, I rushed from the house, and aroused the nearest physician. He came to my aid immediately. One more hour of anxious suspense passed, and lo! there were signs of returning life. I noted for a moment the convulsive twitch of the muscles, of the face—felt her slowly reviving pulse for a moment, and then, with the tears gushing from my eyes, went quickly into the adjoining chamber, and falling upon my knees, besought earnestly my Maker to spare me my wife yet a little longer, and try me, whether I would not now be true to my duty as a husband, and father, and citizen.

When I returned to the bed side the physician gave me hope. How eagerly did I cling to it, and cherish it as an answer to my pledge and my prayer! By daylight she had rallied a good deal, though she still remained unconscious, and continued so throughout the day.

A feeling of security in regard to my wife, allowed me some time to give some earnest thought in regard to my worldly condition. The conversation I had heard at the refectory, on the night before, revealed to me a startling secret. Fuller, my *friend* Fuller, had basely betrayed me. I could scarcely believe my own senses. He a mere "stool pigeon!" It seemed impossible. And yet it was even so. He had allured me to the gaming table, after having first aided in getting me intoxicated, that I might be robbed of my fortune, and he become a sharer in the booty. While turning this matter over in my mind, a neighbor dropped in and gave me a history of the scene of violence I had myself witnessed on the preceding evening, adding, that Harryman, "the most desperate gambler in the country," had since died. Instantly a gleam of light broke into my mind. I turned at once to my desk—examined my bank account, and found that I had just twenty thousand dollars in cash. I drew a check for this, with which I was at the counter of the bank, just as the clock struck nine. I received the whole, and went away with a lighter heart. Twenty thousand dollars I had sunk in my gaming mania. The rest of my property I still held securely, and no power but the law could wrest it from me. And the law of my State, I knew, recognized no gambling debt. Harryman was dead, and Fuller arrested for his murder. If the heirs of the former entered suit upon my checks, I would throw the proof of value received upon them. I felt that I could make a clear case.

But, happily, this issue never came. I was left in the quiet enjoyment of the remainder of my fortune. Fuller is still expiating the crime of manslaughter in the State's prison.

As for my wife, she was restored to consciousness during the ensuing night. Her recognition of me led to a most touchingly painful interview. But I ventured upon no further explanations of my conduct—and made no further promises. I felt that these would be but a mockery to her state. Time could only give her confidence in me. She must now judge from my actions and not my words.

And time has brought back the smile to her lip, the light to her sweet face, the joy and confidence to her heart. As for myself, I have twice been sorely tempted, and, falling in temptation, been most grievously punished—and saved as by fire. But I feel now that I stand upon higher ground. When I went to the faro table with Fuller, I did not think it an evil to win my neighbor's money from him. All was fair, I thought; and the winner the best man.—I see it differently now. I would as soon think of stealing a man's money, as to win it from him.—From henceforth I am secure from a gamester's temptation; or, if latent cupidities should indeed stir within *me*, the memory of two eras in my life will come up and save me.

A Fine Bargain.—"Well, Polly, I made a monstrous fine trade this morning—I sold our dog for fifty dollars." "Why man alive, how you talk! and where's the money?" "Oh, I wasn't paid in money—but I've got two pups worth $25 a piece."

The Widow of Cairnlough.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

I believe it would be difficult to find, in what is called the civilized world, a people more superstitious than the inhabitants of the northern coast of Ireland. Mingling, as they do, the traditions of Scotland with the legends of Ireland, a belief in supernatural visitations and in all sorts of spiritual agencies seems as natural to them as the air they breathe. I do not think they have as much faith in mere *fairies*,—little, dew-drinking, moonlight-dancing elves,—as the dwellers in the south; but between the moans of the sea, and the warnings of the hills, and caves, and valleys, concerning "Banshees," and "grey men," the peasantry, particularly along the wild coast of Antrim, dwell almost as much in the ideal as in the real world.

In proportion to their mental or bodily strength is their actual trust in the stories which, while the old relate, the younger and more educated affect to discredit and endeavor to reason away; yet with all their efforts circumstances frequently occur that compel wiser heads than theirs to exclaim,

"'Tis strange, 'tis passing strange."

But I will tell my story, and leave my readers, as it best pleases them, to believe, or disbelieve, what I relate.

It would be impossible for the most active imagination to fancy any thing more terrible or more devastating than the weather during the latter part of 1842 and the commencement of the present year.—One calamity seemed hurled upon another,—each howl of the tempest was freighted with shrieks of perishing mariners, and the mountain-torrents echoed the roar of the ghastly ocean, white with wrath, as it contended with the rocky bulwarks of Fairhead, or rendered the sunny spots in the Plaiskin a mass of foam. Sleepless and prayerful were those poor fisher-families whose dwellings cluster around the bays and glens that indent the glorious coast of Antrim: the blue lightning illuminated the Banshee's couch in the towers of Dunluce, the thunder shook the proud Castle of Glenarm. Well might the weepers pray for those away—away!—upon the waters. Each day increased the fearful list of families made desolate by the ruthless storm. The Irish peasantry are naturally cheerful and fond of society, yet now they almost avoided each other, fearing to hear ill news.

It was the evening of the 12th of January—the rain had poured in torrents all day, but had suddenly ceased; and the lull, or, as the people call it, "the cradle of the wind," was disturbed by a low moaning noise, the awakening "sough" of the "Storm King." The widow Clarke, an old inhabitant of Cairnlough, was sitting beneath the shadow of her wide chimney. A young girl, the betrothed of her absent son, had come in, "to stop with her a while, thinking she might be lonesome;" and a little shock-headed, rosy child of about ten years old, an orphan, who, without any spoken invitation, had taken up her abode at "Widdy Clarke's," and ate of her pratie as if she were her own child, was occupied in reeling worsted. Suddenly the door-latch was raised, and a blind woman, whose sweet ballad-singing had gained her the name of "Peggy-the-Voice," entered.

"God save all here!" she exclaimed, as she stood for a moment on the threshold, extending her stick forward—"God save all under this roof as well as all in Cairnlough, and you, especially, poor woman! and keep all under the wing of the Almighty, I pray His holy name!" adding, while advancing, "I hope all's well with you and yours, though one's almost afraid to ask; but you have the prayers of the poor, any how, and they make a sure path to Heaven!"

"Kindly welcome, dear," said the widow, rising from the chimney-corner, and extending her hand to her humble guest, whose delicate form and sharp, intelligent features rendered her, despite her blindness, a pleasing-looking woman. "Kindly welcome, agra, and sit here out of the wind of the door; if one can be any where out of such winds as are sweeping the mountains these bad times; if, indeed," she added, in a low tone,—"if, indeed, it's real winds that's in it, and not something worse. Holy saints, protect us!"

"Thank ye, woman dear, I'm very well here, an keep your place; and I know the burr of Annie Morrison's wheel, and the sound of little Alsie's feet on the floor. Ah! *girls*, ye thought I wouldn't find you out, but God—His name be praised!—never takes away one sense, but he strengthens another; Peggy-the-Voice has quick ears."

Peggy Graham's infirmity would have obtained her a cordial greeting in every Irish cottage; her poverty, without her loss of sight, secured her kind treatment; and her voice—her store of songs alone—were trusty passports to each music-loving heart, so that the poor, gentle, afflicted woman might be said to be truly welcome. During these nights of storm and days of sorrow, she was anxiously looked for by many, for all her superstitions had a comforting, religious tendency, and her mind was so hopeful, so trusting in God's goodness, that the glensmen said, "Peggy had a holy way with her that did them good."

"And now, Peggy, have you any news?" inquired the widow; "though it's ill asking, for one trouble mounts over another. I heard a man who came from Bushmills tell how the Banshee was heard in Dunluce last week."

"Ah, nonsense!" replied Peggy Graham, pettishly. "I wonder you wouldn't know better than that, and you born, bred, and reared, to say nothing of your people, in Cairnlough. Is it *she* cry?—sorra a tear she'd shed, or a cry she'd raise, if the whole county Antrim was just pitched bodily into the mad ocean this blessed minute,—barring the head of the family was among the people, which would be out of the course of nature! No, the Banshee of Dunluce has better knowledge than that; she'll raise no cry—till the next is called. I wonder at ye, Mrs. Clarke."

The widow sought to apologize, for she ought to have remembered that the Banshee of Dunluce, belonging especially to the noble family of Antrim, took no interest in any death save that of its chief: and the poor woman felt she had lost ground in her visitor's opinion. Anxious to retrieve it, she observed, "She knew that;"—"she said so at the time;"—"the man wasn't a Bushmill man, she thought he was a MacQuillan."

"I dare say he was nothing but a MacQuillan," replied the blind woman, bitterly, who was strongly attached to the rival clan of MacDonnel,—"I dare say he was nothing else but that same; and, indeed, Mrs. Clarke, considering who is in the place, and blessing and employing the whole country, the less of the MacQuillans that's encouraged the better."

Mrs. Clarke, always peaceably disposed, answered, "that was very true," and that she "always said so."

A sudden and tremendous hurricane-shout of the sea and land winds, as though the spirit of the rival clans, of whom the blind woman spoke, were contesting over again for the broad counties where they so often fought, forced Annie to exclaim, "May the Almighty look over the seas and protect the poor craythurs this blessed night!"

A whispered "Amen!" hung upon every lip; and as the winds waxed more wrathful, the women drew closely together, raked up the smouldering ashes of the turf-fire, and whispered to each other as if some mighty spirit was on the watch and on the wing to carry away their words.

"It's a comfort to me," said the widow,—"and I tell Annie, there, it ought to be a great comfort to her,—that him we both love above the world, and who is foremost in our thoughts day and night, my son and her true love, is in foreign parts these stormy times. I've heard many sea-faring men say that often when the surge has been high enough to wash the grey man's track as with a besom, you could float a feather on the Bay of Biscay. Don't you hear what I say, *Annie, mavourneen*?"

The girl looked up and smiled, but soon again her head drooped over her wheel; little Alice wound her arms round her neck, and murmured words of childish consolation and tenderness to one who was the favourite of old and young.

"There's some foretold these storms, and wished that the fishermen would haul up their boats high and dry on the beach at the beginning of winter, but they would not: and, signs on it, there's many a broken heart in Cairnlough this blessed evening.—But life and death are in the Almighty's hands, and it's not what you or I say or think;—it was to be—that's all," added the widow, in a calm, resigned voice.

"Peggie," inquired Annie, "did you in all your travels ever hear tell of the ship Charles is in? I'm told she's a real beauty,—a queen of the sea, the Albion she's called."

"She *is* a beauty," answered Peggy, in a cheerful tone; "and there's nothing but the heighth of truth in what the mother said about storms not going *beyant* a certain place, not all as one as her story of the Banshee at Dunluce——"

"It wasn't my story, Peggy agra!" interrupted Mrs. Clarke.

"Well, never mind, dear, whose story it was, the black drop was in it, so there's enough about it; but the boy, from all we've heard, *is* in a fine ship, and out of reach of the storms, and may the blessed Father of Heaven keep him so."

They then spoke of their neighbours' sorrows, of old prophecies, of "charms," and their "workings," of "warnings before death," dwelling on any thing rather than what was nearest to their hearts; and when the sudden hurricane, as Peggy observed, "blew itself out," the cottage candle was lit, the floor swept, a "fresh sod of turf" thrown on, and little Alsie sent to a woman, who lived "hard by," with a kindly message, "That as 'Peggy-the-Voice' was to stop the night in their place, would she come in and hear her raise a tune, for Mrs. Clarke thought it would lift her heart to hear it, and take the trouble off her for a while!" This request was thankfully acceded to; and "the neighbour" being seated, Peggy commenced her song, rocking herself in time to the tune. The song was one of the evening ballads of the old times, and was thus prefaced by the singer—

"Is it the 'Lady's Temptations' you'll have? Well, then, dears, so you shall; it's an innocent song, and one the quality's kind of—it isn't that I say it, but many a time the drawing-room door has been set open, and I have sung it to the highest and handsomest in this country." Then clearing her voice, she began,—

"'Lady, I will give you the bells of Londonderry,
When you are sad, to ring to make you merry,
If you'll be my true lover.'

"And then, you know, the 'Madam' answers all so stately, for her blood was higher than his,—

"'Sir, I'll not accept of the bells of Londonderry,
When I am sad, to ring to make me merry,
Nor will I be your true lover.'

"The gentleman was nothing daunted, you understand, at this, for he loved her beyant life or death, and so he tempted her on, thinking to turn her heart from another,—

"'Madam, I will give you a sheet of silver pins
To dress your———.'"

The continuance of the half-chanted song was interrupted by the Widow of Cairnlough's suddenly starting up, and after clapping her hands wildly, she extended them, exclaiming, while her form seemed converted into stone, "There,—there!—*I see the water rising, and Charles struggling in a wave of the sea—There!*" She continued in a state of such painful agitation, even after she confessed "it was gone," that the terror she struck, to use her neighbours' expression, "into their hearts," was overpowered by their anxiety for the widow; despite all they could urge, she continued walking about the cottage until five o'clock in the morning, when she lay down and fell into a profound sleep. The sailor's betrothed was carried in a state of insensibility to her mother's cabin.

All traces of the storm had passed away from the heavens before the sun shone into the cottage window, but even at noon the widow still slept. Apart from her cottage, outside the door of an humbler dwelling, a group of persons were assembled; they spoke in suppressed whispers, frequently directing their glances towards the Widow Clarke's: occasionally the conference was interrupted by a sudden and sharp cry, a "keen" of bitter anguish, from within the house round which they clustered.

"Hear to poor Annie!" said Peggy, who was in the midst of the group. "Oh, her heart's breaking, and there was something over her all day yesterday!—Well, the widow's warning beats all I ever heard tell of before; to think of her seeing him last night struggling in the wave, and to-day hearing of his certain death! Who broke it to poor Annie!"

"Who but her own mother!" was the reply; "though, indeed, there was nothing to break, for she misdoubted a long time, and no wonder: the death-watch was never away from her own chimney-corner, nor the winding-sheet off her candle, nor the howl out of her little dog's throat, and she keeping it all close from her mother; and sure, the sorrow that finds voice finds ease; it's silent grief that *eats up the heart*; she's just like the moonlight shadow of what she was, poor girl: and when the letter came, a while ago, she was as calm and still as a sleeping lake. 'I know it, mother,' she said, 'but get one to read it me, word for word;' and the mother, resting on her strength, did, and she's been from one fit to another ever since; how the widow will bear it, the Lord, He knows; she was always a hopeful creature, but her hope is washed into the sand of the sea-shore!"

After a conclave of kind and thoughtful friends had consulted together, it was determined that a neighbour, much beloved by the widow, should go in under pretext of preparing her breakfast, and communicate the melancholy fact of the loss of the Albion off the coast of France,—

"A wreck, that left not a wreck behind."

There was something, however, so refreshed in the poor widow's waking, she used such efforts to cast away the heavy shadows of the past night, she prayed so fervently, and expressed so much faith and trust in that power which had so long preserved him she loved from the deep waters, that her friend found it impossible to reveal the fact; and another neighbour, a man of the name of Macbride, undertook the task, inviting her into his house. Observing that the wheel was set aside, and no employment going on, Mrs. Clarke inquired the reason: the females of the family made no reply, but stole out of the room, and Macbride stood aside to hide his tears. This awoke her fears, and she desired him to tell her instantly what was wrong. His reply is to me, one of sweet and harmonious beauty, shewing the simple purity and *oneness* of that strong and enduring sympathy which is so characteristic of the Irish peasant,—

"Mary," replied Macbride, "*Mary, your trouble is ours*——" Then the widow *knew* she had no son, and her grief was loud and violent—he, her only one—her life—her hope—her joy—her glory—the fine, brave, high-spirited sailor—his mother's darling—her support—her one, sole object—was indeed gone!

"And I!" she exclaimed, while tearing her grey hair, and casting dust upon her whirling brain; "I, that had such faith, that though I saw him, under my own roof, tossed in the wave of the sea, and yet would not take sorrow to my heart—I, that disbelieved the sight of my eyes, rather than find death in my heart—I, to be left desolate, at the last forgotten—forgotten by Him, in whom the widow put her trust!"

It is worse than idle to repeat the passionate exclamations of such grief. Some months have since elapsed, and though bent with sorrow, though deprived of every support, the widow of Cairnlough has learned to say, "Thy will be done," from the depths of her trembling heart.

I have not *made* this story,—it is a fact; three grown-up persons were present when the song was interrupted by the widow's vision. She could have received no previous intimation of the sad event, nor had she any reason to pretend to "second sight"—nor any object to gain by deception; it has riveted, unfortunately, the belief in much that was nearly forgotten, and revived many "old wives' tales." The poor woman seems to derive a melancholy pleasure in talking of the circumstance; she says, she often dreamed of her "fine boy," but "*that* night she saw him as plain struggling with the wave that swept him into eternity—as plainly as she saw the lady to whom she told the story."

The Blacksmith's Daughter.

A TALE.

BY WILLIAM H. McCALLA.

Chapter I.

England, at the time we are writing of, which was in the reign of Richard the Second, was involved in so many dangerous and expensive wars, and the Treasury being nearly exhausted, large and constant supplies were demanded by the administration; and at each new, and what appeared exhorbitant demand, the murmurs of the people rose in proportion, and as their indignation had long been increasing from these expressions, a tax of three groats on each person fanned it into a flame.

But in no place was the indignation greater, than in the small village of ———, near London, where the incident occurred which has given rise to my tale.

In a small house situated in the lower part of the town, with a shop adjoining, in which the hammer was most always to be heard ringing upon the anvil, there resided an old man, well known, to the inhabitants of the village by the name of Wat Adair.

Wat Adair was a widower; he having lost one of the most exemplary wives shortly after their marriage. He was about the middle height, stout and well formed, though slightly bent with age; and although three-score years had passed over his brow, silvering his hair, and leaving many a deep furrow in his cheek; yet Old Time had dealt lightly with him, and he still was hale and hearty. He possessed a bright eye, which age could not dim, and a daughter—his only child, whom he loved better than his life.

Mary Adair was indeed the very realization of all that is lovely in a female. Small, yet graceful as the fawn, with eyes black as night, and hair that might have vied with the glossy plumage of the raven's wing; a complexion of dazzling clearness, in which the rich blood started at every pulsation of the heart; a small mouth, with ripe, pouting lips, just parted sufficiently to show a set of teeth of pearly hue, a clear, melodious voice, gushing forth sweetly as the song of birds, united to that loveliest charm of woman, a sweet disposition, rendered her at once the idol of all the women, and the subject of contention, between all the beaux in the village.

But Mary herself was the only one, who appeared to be unaware of the power of fascination she possessed over all who beheld her. Innocent and artless as an angel, she had long before the period at which this tale commences, bestowed the whole treasure of her affection upon Frank St. Aubrey, the son of a widowed lady, residing in the village.

Frank was in every way worthy of the good fortune in being beloved by Mary, possessing an elegant form and a set of features which, if not decidedly handsome, were yet of a noble expression, and appeared to command the respect of all who knew him; and there was but one obstacle to prevent his rising to be classed among the noblest in the land,—He was poor; and employed as the foreman in Adair's shop, and thus became acquainted with Mary, and formed that friendship which so shortly after ripened into love.

And Wat had promised him, that should he ever gain enough of this world's riches to support a wife, that Mary should be his. And this bright hope supported him through many a day of weary labour.

Now there is an old adage which says "the course of true love never did run smooth," and it is not to be supposed that the love existing between Mary and St. Aubrey, should differ from all others in this respect. Far from it—for besides labouring under the disadvantage of poverty, he beheld in the person of Richard Wolfstien a rival, in whom there existed all the hatred which disappointed love or jealousy could excite.

Richard Wolfstien was the son and only child of a wealthy farmer, residing at a short distance from the village; and who had reared up his son in a manner calculated to cause him to be disliked by almost all who knew him.

Reared in the midst of every luxury, and never having the slightest wish ungratified, so indulgent was his parent, he had become haughty and overbearing in his manner; and felt more keenly the chagrin which his ill success in courtship to Mary excited.

With all these bad qualities, it is not surprising that he should find no favor in the eyes of Mary; on the contrary, she took every opportunity of convincing him how heartily he was despised by her. It was in vain; for united to a persevering disposition, he possessed consummate impudence and boldness, taking advantage of every opportunity to press his suit, thinking to gain by perseverance what he could not otherwise accomplish.

The ill success of his son's suit so aggravated the hatred which old Wolfstien entertained towards St. Aubrey, that both father and son united in determining to embrace the first opportunity of gaining revenge, for what they imagined was injury received. This determination was considerably augmented by an event which took place shortly after.

One evening after the labours of the day were over, and he had partaken of his frugal meal, Frank, as was his usual custom, went to pay a visit to Mary.

On arriving at the house what was his surprise on entering, to behold Richard Wolfstien, and what was still worse, in an apparently very ill humour.

This by no means added to the pleasurable feelings of St. Aubrey, for he was well aware of the passionate disposition of his rival, and was fearful of a quarrel as it might lead to blows and perhaps bloodshed. Determining, therefore, to make a show of good nature and friendship, hoping by this means to overcome his rival's surly mood, St. Aubrey addressed him in a pleasant manner. But in vain, he remained dogged and sullen, replying to St. Aubrey's remarks in a bitter and sarcastic manner.

This ill humour, Mary's treatment was not at all calculated to dispel, for he had so disgusted her by his importunate and disagreeable conduct, that she determined to repulse him on the least advances, and on this evening she had treated him particularly cool, which chagrined him beyond expression.

But to St. Aubrey, Mary's whole demeanour was changed, and she exhibited so much delight at seeing him, and welcomed him with so much real pleasure beaming in her pretty face, that Wolfstien was absolutely maddened with rage and jealousy. He could bear it no longer, but putting on his hat he cast one fierce and malignant glance at St. Aubrey, and darted from the room without even saying "good night" to Mary.

Both were considerably startled at such strange conduct, although neither Mary nor St. Aubrey lamented his absence. Indeed it was a great relief, and they sat and chatted over the past and their prospects for the future until the clock struck ten—St. Aubrey's usual hour of departure.

At this moment, Wat, who had been at a public meeting held in the village, entered the room, and perceiving St. Aubrey was about to depart, said—

"Well, Frank, I suppose we shall not see each other for some time."

"Indeed," replied the other, "why so?"

"Why," continued Wat, "I intend starting on a journey to some distance in the morning, and as the business I have to transact, will require some time in its completion, I will be unable to return for several days."

"That is unfortunate," replied Frank, "as I wished to go away myself in the morning, but it is of no importance; I will stay and take care of Mary. Shall I, Mary?"

"Oh! yes, do stay, Frank," cried Mary, "for I am fearful of Richard Wolfstien."

"Fear not, dearest," replied Frank, "he shall not harm you—not at least while I am living; so good by, Mary; God protect you on your journey, Wat. A hearty shake of the hand from Wat, a kiss from Mary, and he had left the house to seek his home.

Leaving Frank to seek his humble dwelling, we will once more return to Wolfstien, who, rushing out of Adair's house, did not halt or slacken in his rapid gait, until he arrived at the mansion of his parent. His father, who was seated in his library, started at beholding Richard burst into the room, his face inflamed with anger, and his whole appearance disordered.

"What is the matter, Richard?" inquired the old man, who secretly divined the cause.

"Father," replied the other, "this night I have been treated with scorn, and by a woman."

"Who is she?" inquired the old man.

"Mary Adair, father," said Wolfstien; "she must become my wife; if not by fair means, by Heavens she shall by force. And as for St. Aubrey, we must find some means of despatching him. I must and will have revenge."

"So you shall, my son," replied the old man; "I have been thinking over it; so listen and I will tell you of a scheme I have in view."

"What is it?" eagerly demanded the other, who was anxious to hear of any scheme which promised revenge.

"Listen, then," was the reply. "You must know, Richard, that you have been appointed one of the tax collectors under the new law, and I propose that you go down to Wat's house to-morrow evening, and as Wat, I know, will be away, demand the tax of his daughter: she of course will refuse to pay it, without seeing her father, and you under pretence of taking her to prison, secretly convey her to my country house in ———, where she can be made to conform to your desires."

"But," said the other, "suppose she should scream, that would arouse the neighbours, and all would be discovered."

"*Never fear*," replied his father, "I will be waiting behind the house, with a handkerchief to tie over her mouth, and together we can carry off the prize. So, to-morrow night we will try it! Mind you are ready."

"*Never fear me*," replied the junior Wolfstien: "I will do any thing to gain Mary and revenge."

Chapter II.

The next evening, between ten and eleven o'clock, both father and son might have been seen wending their way along the road leading from their house to that of Wat Adair's.

On arriving at Adair's, old Wolfstien, as was agreed, took up his post behind the house, while the other knocked boldly at the street door.

It was opened by Mary, who started at beholding the *dreaded* form of Wolfstien, for ever since the night on which he rushed from the house in so much anger, she had felt a secret horror of beholding him; but, collecting her scattered and alarmed spirits, she said—

"Father is not at home, Master Wolfstien."

"Is he not, my pretty dear?" said Wolfstien, familiarly the more so, as he was not entirely sober. "Is he not? so much the better; all I want of you, my love, is six groats, for I came to get the tax, my dear little Mary," he said, leering on her.

"You will have to call when father comes home," replied Mary, trembling with fear, and attempting to pass him and go out of the door.

"Oh! no," replied Wolfstien, preventing her, "you must pay the tax or go with me."

"I will do neither, sir!" replied Mary, her indignation fully aroused; "if you are a man, sir, you will cease your impertinence and depart, if not, I shall call for help."

"No, you will not," replied Wolfstien, enraged at her words, "you will go with me;" and, seizing her by the waist, he attempted to force her towards him.

"Unhand me, sir!" cried Mary, "or I will scream this instant."

"Do scream, my dear, do, you look so pretty," and he attempted to kiss her.

Mary, with a great effort, threw him from her, at the same time screaming loudly.

Meanwhile Frank, who had left the house a few minutes before Wolfstien reached it, had proceeded to the village store to purchase some articles, and on his return, when at a short distance from Adair's, heard the scream of Mary.

Rushing to the house, and beholding Mary struggling in the arms of Wolfstien, he cried—

"Unhand her, villain, or I will throttle you," at the same time seizing him by the neck and throwing him with such force as to cause him to strike against an opposite wall.

"Defend yourself," cried Wolfstien, drawing his sword, "or I will murder you."

Taking down a sword of Wat's, which hung upon the wall, St. Aubrey stood upon the defensive, determining not to strike his adversary if he could avoid it.

Wolfstien, who was perfectly beside himself with rage, rushed with great fury upon St. Aubrey, who put forth his sword to parry the blow aimed at him. The other, unsteady from the liquor he had drank, struck his foot, fell heavily forward, and the sword of St. Aubrey passed through his body.

Wolfstien uttered but one groan, and making even then a slight blow with his sword, fell to the floor a corpse.

"Good Heavens, Frank!" cried Mary, horrified, "what have you done? He is dead. I will call for help;" and she ran in her bewilderment out of the back door.

Old Wolfstien, who was not aware of the death of his son, instantly seized her, and, putting the handkerchief over her mouth to prevent her screaming, bore her off in triumph to his house, without, unfortunately for Mary, meeting a single person on the road.

In vain she struggled—implore or scream she could not—he only clasped her more securely, until at last she fainted in his arms from sheer exhaustion.

Leaving Mary to the tender mercies of the elder Wolfstein, we will return to the room in Adair's house, in which we left St. Aubrey standing over the dead body of his rival, his sword stained with blood and his mind in a state of mental abstraction.

In this position he had stood until those of the villagers, who were aroused from their slumbers by the cries of Mary, had hastened to the spot where to their horror and astonishment, they beheld Frank St. Aubry standing as above described over the body of Richard Wolfstien.

Struck with amazement, they instantly arrested him for the murder.

In vain he protested he was innocent of the dreadful crime of which he was accused; and stated the facts of the case to the crowd of villagers who filled the room. In vain he begged they would not take him to prison for his mother's sake; it was useless, the evidence was too glaring to believe aught in his defence.

And for Mary.—In vain a strict and scrutinizing search was made at Frank's request. No clue could be gained of her hiding place, and it was soon given up as fruitless.

Some of the oldest men and women in the village shook their heads prophetically, and whispered dark hints as to the sudden disappearance of Mary Adair.

That night Frank was taken before the village squire, who, though much inclined in his behalf, and wishing to believe him innocent, could not with such strong evidence of his guilt do otherwise than commit him to the jail, to await his trial at the next Assizes, which were shortly to be held in the village.

Frank's mother, when she heard the dreadful intelligence, fell into strong convulsions, which brought on a serious illness.

The sad intelligence soon reached the ear of Frank, and caused him to feel doubly wretched, as he paced the damp and narrow cell, in which he was confined.

And Mary.—In vain he racked his brain to think what could have happened to her; for the idea of her being carried away never entered the portal of his imagination. And then to think of his poor mother lying ill, and he confined for murder; perhaps she, too, believed him guilty, there was agony in the thought, and Frank sank upon his prison floor in misery and despair.

When Mary Adair awoke from the death-like swoon into which she had fallen, she found herself reclining upon a sofa couch in an elegantly furnished apartment, without being aware of where she was, or how she came into such a situation.

It is easily explained—Old Wolfstien had carried Mary to his own house, where, pouring a quantity of drugged liquor down her throat, he placed her in his carriage, and, driving with all speed, reached his country house, ere Mary awoke, placed her in the above situation, and then left her, locking the room door.

The situation she was in, her being carried off, and the dreadful recollection of the murder, all pressed upon the brain of Mary like the confused and indistinct remembrance of some terrible dream.

Rising up from her couch and going to the door, with the intention of making some enquiries as to her situation, what was her surprise to find it was locked from the outside.

Dark and dreadful thoughts now crowded upon her imagination, and already she pictured to herself the possibility of Wolfstien's intending to murder her; or perhaps offer violence, which, to a being of her pure virtue, was far worse than death. Whilst her imagination was brooding over these melancholy thoughts, the room door was suddenly opened, and an old, white-haired man entered with some refreshments, which he said his master had bade him take up with his respects, and say that anything she might wish for would be given her, but that she need not expect to leave the room for certainly not less than six weeks—probably not for six months—and possibly not for years.

Having delivered this cheering intelligence, he departed, leaving Mary once more alone. She endeavored to partake of the refreshments that were spread before her, but it was in vain; the old man's words had robbed her of her appetite, and caused her to feel sick at heart. Her head felt giddy, and she sank upon the couch. A gentle sleep stole over her, and she forgot for a period her misery in slumber.

Chapter III.

Six long weary weeks to St. Aubrey had now passed since the period of his incarceration. The dreaded yet long expected day had at length arrived, the day appointed for the Assizes which was to decide his fate.

A great excitement prevailed in the village. Most of the inhabitants were inclined to believe him innocent; for he had always borne an irreproachable character. The village lawyer, who was a warm friend to St. Aubrey, promised to make every exertion to clear him of the foul imputation.

The time appointed for the trial at length arrived, and St. Aubrey, pale and bearing the traces of intense mental agony upon his brow, was placed at the bar, and pleaded "not guilty," to the charge of murder, in a clear, firm voice. All admired the noble firmness of his look, and his extremely interesting appearance. The witnesses were then called. The [illegible]ce appeared conclusive, even to the testimony [illegible] who was compelled to admit that the prisoner and Wolfstien were never upon amicable terms with each other.

The counsel on each side now addressed the jury—St. Aubrey's making a most powerful appeal in his behalf. A fatal stillness now reigned over all who were present, for the jury had retired to deliberate upon their verdict. A few minutes sufficed. A breathless calm now prevailed. A pin could almost have been heard to drop when, on their return, the question was put to the foreman of the jury—"Guilty or not guilty?"

"*Guilty of wilful murder!*" was the response, and a loud groan from many present proclaimed the feelings of the spectators.

The dreadful sentence of "Death!" was then passed upon the prisoner, and St. Aubrey was condemned to be executed in the short space of six days.

He uttered not a groan as the solemn words fell from the judge's lips; but when he had concluded, a deep sob told the anguish of his heart. But, collecting all his firmness, Frank followed the officer with a steady step out of the court, turning but once, and then to cast a look of deep, ineffable scorn upon old Wolfstien, who was seated among the witnesses, unsuspected. The face of the latter was lighted with a demoniacal smile of joy as he beheld the prisoner removed.

And Frank's mother. Ever since the news of his confinement reached her, she had been in a lingering illness, caused by grief and anxiety; and now, when she was told he was to die an ignominious death, her pure spirit could brook no more, but sank to that sleep which knows no waking—blessing Frank with her last breath, and declaring her entire belief in his innocence.

Chapter IV.

Six long tiresome weeks to Mary had now passed since she first became a captive in Wolfstien's house. During that time, he had not visited her once, for the death of his son left him no reason for detaining her, except to prevent her being present at the trial of St. Aubrey. He now determined to keep her confined until after his execution, and then, by making her swear never to reveal the secret of her captivity, secure his own person, and obtain a dreadful revenge.

One day, Mary was seated by her chamber window, gazing out in admiration at the rich scene of nature which was spread before her. All around the house, far as the eye could reach, was one vast forest, while here and there, a long wreath of smoke, curling gently upwards, till it became, as it seemed, part of the bright blue sky above, marked the situation of some humble cottage.

A clear, bright stream ran at the bottom of a grassy hill sloping from the house. The birds sang merrily as they hopped from limb to limb upon the forest trees. They were free, and poured forth the joyousness of spirits in song. How different was Mary! Taken away from her home—she knew not whither—confined in a room alone, with no companion to cheer or console her, it is not surprising she should feel overpowered with a sadness, which even the bright scene before her could not dissipate.

A gentle tear, and then another, coursed each other down her cheek, now robbed of its bloom, from anxiety and confinement. Turning sadly from the window—for it only served to nourish her melancholy feelings—she sat down to look over the newspaper of the previous day, which Dennis, the old man, had been kind enough to give her. Glancing her eye carelessly over a long column of intelligence, her attention was riveted upon the following paragraph—

"We learn with regret, that young St. Aubrey has been found guilty of the murder of Richard Wolfstien. He has been sentenced to death, and the execution will take place in three days."

This almost overpowered her. Her head felt giddy, and she would have fallen, had it not been for Dennis, who entered the room at the instant, and supported her to a seat. Taking a glass of water which he brought her, she said—

"Thank you, Dennis,—I feel much better; but pray be seated."

"Yes, ma'am," said Dennis, complying with the request.

"Dennis," continued Mary, "I have a few questions to ask you, to which I hope you will give true and suitable answers. Will you?"

"Certainly, ma'am," replied Dennis.

"Have you any children, Dennis," continued Mary, "any that you love?"

"One," replied the other; "a daughter whom I dote on."

"Then listen to me, Dennis," said Mary. "Suppose some man should take that daughter away, unknown to you, and confine her in some secret place, to further his malicious designs against her lover;—would you blame her for endeavoring to escape?"

"Of course not," replied Dennis.

"And would you not, Dennis, think the man who guarded her should assist her in escaping?"

"Well, as for that," said Dennis, who began to see her meaning, "I can't say; but, in such a case, I rather think he ought."

"Then, Dennis," said Mary, eagerly, "you must assist me to escape. I am confined here against my will, unknown to my poor father, who I expect is torn with anxiety at my absence, merely to further the designs of that villain Wolfstien. Will you not assist me, Dennis?"

"Why it would be a great risk," he replied, musingly. "But what should I get for it?"

"Whatever you demand," said Mary. "Five hundred pounds shall be yours if you desire it. But it must be done quickly, for in three days the young man dies, and all will be in vain."

Mary then briefly related to him the circumstances of the death of Wolfstien, and when she had concluded, he inquired—

"Where do you wish to go to?"

"To London, to the King," said Mary.

"Well, I will assist you," replied Dennis. "Be ready to-night at twelve. I will have a carriage in waiting."

"Do not fail," said Mary. "You can retire, Dennis, for I need some rest."

And overpowered with fatigue and the excitement of the day, she sank upon the couch, and soon fell into a deep sleep.

She slumbered heavily for many hours, till a loud knock at the room door awakened her. Springing up and opening the door, she ushered in Dennis, who told her that all was ready.

Putting on the hood and cloak which he had brought her, they left the room together. Descending several flight of stairs, they in a short time reached the outer door. Taking down a massive iron bar, and unlocking a huge padlock, Dennis threw open the large door, and Mary once more felt the free air of Heaven press against her brow. An open wagon was standing near the door. Dennis assisted Mary into the vehicle, and in a few minutes they were travelling from the scene of her captivity, at a rapid rate.

They travelled thus for many hours, passing in their way several villages, the inhabitants of which ran out to gaze upon them, surprised at seeing a beautiful young female, in an open wagon, travelling at the rate they were, and ere noon the far-off din, striking upon the ear, proclaimed they were fast approaching the great metropolis, and the next hour she found herself comfortably situated in an inn in London.

The first thing that Mary did, after a few hours of rest, was to write a letter to her father, and the next was to send for the landlord, and, confiding to him her secret, ask his advice as to what time she could obtain an interview with the king.

The landlord, who was interested by the appearance as well as the tale of Mary, informed her that it would be impossible to obtain an interview at all, as the king was the next day to be wedded, but on his return from the church, she could throw herself at his feet, and present her petition, which he said must be in writing, as it would be impossible for her to be heard upon such an occasion.

"I will," cried Mary, "I will do any thing to save him; I will go instantly and write it."

"No, no," replied the good landlord, "you need rest, retire now, and in the morning I will assist you."

"Thank you, thank you," replied Mary, "I shall never forget your kindness, but I do feel much fatigued, and will retire."

The loud shouting of the persons in the streets, the sounds of the music, and the ringing of the various bells throughout the city, awoke Mary the next morning to a sense of her misery, and of the arduous duty she was to perform on that day. She had slept long and soundly, and on descending from her room, she discovered the landlord busily engaged in writing upon a large scroll of parchment. He said he had begun the petition, and now wished the assistance of Mary.

Mary dictated from the heart, and a petition was quickly drawn up, couched in terms sufficiently warm to move a heart of stone. By the time it was completed, the great noise in the street proclaimed that the procession had started. Mary was quickly prepared, and taking the arm of her kind friend, they succeeded in obtaining, after much trouble and fatigue, (for the crowd was immense,) a situation near where the king was to pass.

Poor Mary! her heart sank within her, as she thought of the slight possibility of the king's noticing her petition upon such an occasion, and amid the din which resounded from every quarter in her ears. The king was now passing within a short distance from Mary, and the procession, happily for her, just then paused to allow the advance to proceed.

"Now, now is the time, Mary," cried the landlord.

Mary hesitated but for an instant. The gallows, with all its attendant horrors, mingled with the form of St. Aubrey, rose before the imagination. In an instant she had decided, and rushing through the crowd that surrounded the person of the king, she threw herself upon her knees at his carriage wheels.

"Gracious monarch," cried Mary, bursting into tears, "I beseech you to read this petition. Grant it for God's sake, and the blessings of thousands shall rest upon the head of our sovereign."

The king, who was about proceeding in the royal carriage, appeared moved by the earnestness of her appeal, paused for an instant, and replied:

"Madam, this shall be attended to."

"But," cried Mary, "the young man dies to-morrow."

The words were lost upon the king, who turned to his ministers. The trumpets sounded, and the procession moved on.

Mary rose, staggered, and would have fallen, had not the strong arm of *her father* arrested her. She felt no more, but sank into a deep swoon.

Wat had not received the letter from Mary, apprising him of her arrival, until that morning. He immediately hastened to inform St. Aubrey, (who lay in the jail, awaiting his execution,) of the joyful intelligence, but was denied admission. He then lost no time in departing for London. On arriving at the inn, he learned, to his chagrin and disappointment, that Mary and the landlord had already departed. He had followed, hoping to meet them, in which he fortunately succeeded, at the crisis just mentioned.

When Mary again awoke to consciousness, she found herself reclining upon her couch, in her room at the inn, where she was staying, with the form of her father bending over her.

"Father, dear father," cried Mary, and the next moment she was strained to his breast. A long explanation ensued, Wat declaring that he had from the first believed Frank to be innocent.

"But how is he? Have you seen him?" eagerly inquired Mary.

"Yes," replied Wat, "a few days since; he is well, but in very low spirits; he requested me to give you this lock of hair as a last gift."

"Here the old man paused, for a tear drop trembled in his eye, and Mary, resting her head upon his bosom, sobbed bitterly.

"Cheer up, cheer up, my child," cried Wat; "the All-seeing eye above will deliver him from danger."

The words of her father fell like sweet music upon the ear of Mary, and she felt that whoever puts their trust in God, rests upon a pillar strong as adamant!

Wretchedly did Mary pass that night, ever and anon awaking from her troubled sleep, with a scream, as some terrible vision of Frank's execution would rise before her. The morning dawned at last, the dreadful morn, and Mary watched the first approach of day with a heart overcharged with grief and bitterness, for it brought with it the death knell of St. Aubrey. Eight—nine—ten o'clock struck with fearful sounds upon her ear. It was now the hour of his execution, and no news of a pardon had yet arrived.—Each stroke of the bell shot like an arrow to the heart of Mary, and burying her head beneath the cover, she endeavored in vain to shut out the dreadful sound. A few minutes after, the door opened, and Mary expected to hear her father proclaim the death of St. Aubrey. But no, that was not his step. And yet, who else could it be? She uncovered her head and gazed out. Oh, joy! It was, it was St. Aubrey!

"My God, I thank thee!" cried Mary, springing from her couch in her night dress, and regardless, in that moment, of all conventional rules, she fell into his arms.

"Dear, dear Mary," cried St. Aubrey, "how long have we been parted!" and he strained the noble girl to his bosom.

After the first burst of joy had subsided, Mary said, "How are you free?"

"By your noble heroism," replied St. Aubrey, "I was pardoned; your father brought it to me himself."

At this happy juncture Wat entered the room, his eyes glistening with happiness, bringing with him the intelligence that Wolfstien had been arrested for high treason, and would suffer the same fate he was so anxious for St. Aubrey.

Mary and St. Aubrey were now completely happy. The king, hearing the tale of Wolfstien's villainy, and pleased with the noble conduct of St. Aubrey, appointed him to fill a station of honor. Old Wat now no longer opposed the union, but consented, and gave his blessing on it.

If my readers can imagine twelve years to have elapsed since the period of the ending of my tale, I will once more convey them to the great city of London, not to the inn mentioned in this tale, the landlord of which had long since gone to rest beneath the church yard sod, but to a handsomely furnished apartment in a house in Belgrave Square.

A merry, crackling fire blazed in the grate. A handsome round table, with a bright lamp upon it, stood at a short distance from the fire. Seated around this table were three grown persons. One was an old man, whose silvered head proclaimed his advanced yet hale and hearty age. A fine looking boy sat upon his knee, and listened with breathless interest to an old legend with which the other was entertaining him. The second, a fine looking young man, was engaged in reading, but ever and anon raised his eyes from the page he was perusing, to cast a look of deep, unutterable affection, upon a female who sat opposite to him, engaged in sewing. She was yet beautiful, although the mother of the boy, and a bright, blue-eyed girl who was playing at her feet.

Kind reader, need I say that the first was Wat Adair—the other Frank St. Aubrey—and the woman—you have guessed it ere now—THE BLACKSMITH'S DAUGHTER herself.

HAST THOU NOT LOVED?

BY C. FARRELL BUCKINGHAM

Hast thou not loved ere in that hour,
  Thy gentle smile attracted me;
When first in beauty's blooming bower
  I bow'd in constancy to thee?
Say, lady, say, has not a chain,
  Of fond affection or of art,
Bound by another to remain,
  Been sever'd from thy youthful heart?

Oh! have not fond affection's flowers
  Been doom'd to droop and to decay;
Or thrown by thee, in thoughtless hours,
  Like idle, worthless weeds away?
Then, lady, if indeed thou'st loved,
  Ere at thy shrine I bow'd my knee,
And if thy heart hast fickle proved,
  Will it not prove the same to me?

There is a beauty and a bliss,
  In woman's faithful sigh and tear;
And if there's joy in life 'tis this:
  To know and prove her heart sincere.
For she whose smile is fix'd on none,
  But may alike on many fall,
Can ne'er deserve the faith of one,
  And never should be lov'd at all.

The heart that will its faith forsake,
  And its first holy vow deny,
Will never hesitate to break
  The second, and without a sigh.
Then, lady, say, hast thou not lov'd,
  Ere at thy feet I fondly bow'd?
Has not thy bosom idle proved,
  The language that its faith had vow'd?

Oh! think not that I ask to throw
  One shadow on thy constancy;
I only sigh and seek to know,
  That like my own, thy heart is free.
If happiness to man is given,
  If there's a bliss beneath the sun,
'Tis found within that earthly heaven,
  The heart that dearly loves but one.

THE WIDOW'S SON.

A STORY OF REAL LIFE.

BY ROBERT MORRIS, ESQ.

> "Lift thy palsied head, shake off the gloom
> That overhangs the borders of thy face;
> See Nature gay as when she first began
> With smiles alluring her admirer man."—[Cowper.

Chapter I.

It was a night in December. The scene was Washington city. The moon was up, her light was dimmed by clouds, but ever and anon she broke forth in all her splendor, brightening the marble buildings of the Capitol with a silvery lustre. The weather was raw and unpleasant, and the dark clouds of the west seemed to threaten an approaching snow-storm. The few persons in the streets—for the hour was late—hurried rapidly along, apparently anxious to get within doors. And yet the night was not without its beauty and its moral. The clouds rolled slowly on in detached masses—now dark and lowering, and for a moment shutting out the light of the glorious moon, which only shone forth with the more beauty when they passed from before her face. Thus it is with many of the shadows of human life. The light of truth—the glory of virtue may be darked for a moment, but they will only shine out the purer and brighter in the end. While musing in this strain, and wandering thoughtfully along the great avenue of the Capitol—now with eyes directed to the scenes above, and now meditating upon the political storms and shadows in which the destinies of the country were measurably involved, a figure came reeling from a public house. It was that of a man of thirty-five. I paused for an instant, and soon discovered that the object before me was not only unable to walk with any thing like steadiness, but that every new effort seemed to grow more desperate.

"Only a drunkard," briefly observed another passer-by, and hastened on.

"*Only* a drunkard!" I mentally exclaimed. "But the night is cold and bleak, a storm threatens, and the miserable man, unless cared for, may be a stiffened corse before morning. I am a stranger here, too—away from friends and home, and is it not a possible case that this poor wretch may be some disappointed office-hunter—some unfortunate applicant for justice at the hands of the nation, who, heart-sick and hopeless, has permitted himself to be overcome in a weak and reckless hour by the fiend of intemperance?—Despair may have maddened him for the time. He may have a wife, a mother, at home—friends who love and cherish him, and he must not be left to perish."

Musing thus, and rapidly, and touched more, it is possible, because Washington was a strange place for to me, I approached the reeling man with the object of ascertaining, if possible, who he was, to what extent he was intoxicated, and where he lodged. At this instant, a cloud which had hid the moon passed on, and the light of the queen of night shone directly into the face of the drunkard.

I started back in surprise. Can it be! I asked myself. The features were greatly distorted—the eyes glared with brutality—and yet I was not mistaken. Before me stood the Hon. George Wallingford, one of the most gifted members of Congress—a man to whose eloquence, wit and argument I had listened only the day before in the House of Representatives with delight and pride—delight produced by the splendor of his genius, and pride that one so young should not only be able thus to address the assembled representatives of the nation, but that he should so nobly vindicate the principles and the beauty of republicanism, and hurl back in trumpet tones upon our libellers the scorn of a justly indignant and truly patriotic spirit. On that occasion he was "the observed of all observers." The galleries were thronged with beauty and fashion—all ranks and ages drank in his strains of eloquence—many envied him his rare talents, and all accorded him praise of the warmest kind. The effort throughout was masterly. Even his best friends were astonished as well as delighted, and when he closed with a peroration that thrilled like a trumpet through the hearts of his countrymen, and brought the blood with a richer glow to the cheeks of the fair creatures who bent their eyes upon him, his colleagues hurried around him with eager looks and warm expressions of congratulation. That speech alone was calculated to win him a high character as a statesman and an orator; and although his abilities had before been appreciated by his immediate constituents, they would now be made known to the multitude of millions throughout this broad republic. I remember well the feelings of that hour. All seemed roused, excited, and carried away for the time.—The name of the member from *Georgia* was in every one's mouth; some of his finest expressions were on the lips of all who paid attention to such subjects; and, except when the dark spirit of envy would embitter the heart and palsy the tongue, his eulogy was universal. I returned to Gadsby's that afternoon with a subdued opinion of myself. I felt that I had been in the presence of one of the nobler spirits of the times—of one who possessed a peculiar gift of mind—who enjoyed the high faculty of moving by the magic of his influence the hearts of thousands of his fellow-creatures.

Imagine my feelings, then, when I saw this being before me on the subsequent night—unable to articulate a single sentence distinctly—paralyzed in mind and in body—God's noblest word brutalized—the soaring principle of genius darkened and degraded—the idol of another hour now a scorn and a disgrace to civilization and humanity. Never did the horrors of intemperance appear in colors so vivid—never was the dreadful power of the rum fiend made so distinctly apparent.

I took the arm of the miserable man, and asked where he lodged. Some time elapsed, and in vain I endeavored to make out his answer. He was utterly lost to propriety and a sense of shame, and, instead of exhibiting a willingness to be taken home, was eager to return to the tavern. His reason was wholly blinded. His tongue refused its office. His body seemed fastened by some awkward mechanism to his legs, and in his efforts to move he reminded me of the wooden toys made to amuse children during the Christmas holydays. It was now near midnight, and the spectacle was most melancholy.—He could not walk; the tavern in which he had passed the evening was closed; he could not describe his place of residence, and it was impossible for me to carry him to my lodgings. Thus situated, a servant came by—one of Gadsby's—who, on being questioned, said that the Hon. Mr. Wallingford had rooms at the house of Mr. Jones, about three squares off, and that his mother also resided there!

"His mother!" Heavens, what a shock to have her son borne to her in such a condition! Exulting, too, as she no doubt had been, with all the love of a mother's heart, at the triumphant effort of that son the day before! How soon was the cup of joy to be dashed from her lips! With what an agony of grief would she note his appearance and condition! He was "her only son, and she a widow!" How readily would she yield up her life to know him freed from that one infirmity—that dark curse which hovered about him like a fiend, and touched, as with the scathing desolation of the lower world, the glory of his brightest moments! Oh! what had she not dreamed since his triumph of yesterday! How it would stimulate him to avoid the rock on which he had so often been wrecked, when he knew that the eyes of his whole country would be directed towards him—when his constituents should hear of his master effort—his indulgent constituents, who had so frequently overlooked his youthful indiscretions! Yes—she felt convinced that he would reform—that he would avoid the tempting cup—that he would remember his dead father's former name and fame—his mother's unbounded affection—his own promising career.

These, and thoughts like these, thronged through the brain of that delighted mother! Heaven seemed to open its brightest hopes before her, and she fell upon her knees and thanked God for such a son, and prayed that he might for the future avoid the fatal habit which had already weakened his frame and impaired his character. She rose from her bed-side, and looked wistfully, and not without some misgivings into the wide avenue before her window.

"Hark! what sound is that? Merciful Heaven—what forms are those? Three figures—one of them borne in the arms of others. A little longer support me, Father of mercies—God of the fatherless!"

"This way—this way!" and before the straining and almost maniac gaze of that devoted mother was laid the unconscious form of her gifted, but drunkard son!

* * * * *

Chapter II.

I was detained in the city of Washington for several weeks. Claims upon government—applications for office, are not passed upon there with very great haste in most cases. Cabinet members are sometimes difficult to access, except to the favored few, and they soon learn the courtier art of postponing from day to day every thing like a definite answer, while they delight—such is the perversity of power and of human nature—in fanning the desires of the heart with just sufficient force to keep them from expiring. Alas! for the victims of hope delayed. Alas! for the children of despair who have gone to the Capitol for justice, and left with shattered constitutions, exhausted purses, and bitterness of spirit. I have seen gray-headed men lingering for hours around the doors of some of the favourites of momentary power, who, having gained access to the presence of the great of the time, frozen almost speechless by an iciness of manner—an assumed formality, which cut to the quick, and repelled every thing like promise or expectation. It is so, perhaps, in all countries. It may be, too, that the dispensers of public office and bounty are compelled, by the force of circumstances, by the number of claimants, and the many impostors and pretenders among them, to be brief, formal, and often harsh in their interviews. But they should remember, nevertheless, that the diffident and meritorious only are to be driven from their objects by such a course. The bold and reckless—the plain and profligate, understanding the ways of the world and the arts of political aspirants, anticipate and are prepared for such treatment. They are not to be rebuked by a single repulse, but bide their time, seek their opportunity—discover the weak points in the great—the secret channels to their favour. Thus it is that our public stations are occasionally dishonored by men who have little reputation with those who know them best—mere adventurers, who make politics a trade, and who are ready to fawn and play the parasite at any footstool. A stranger, therefore, to these arts, and this description of trick and management, who went to press the suit of another, found it at the time of which I speak, exceeding difficult to reach the fountain head of power, and in such a manner as to enable him to tell the whole truth, and state his case *fully* and with a consciousness of having discharged his duty. Thus it was that the writer of this sketch lingered week after week at the seat of government, frequently at a loss for means of proper occupation. One evening his attention was arrested by the announced visit of a band of WASHINGTONIANS, among them one or two able speakers. A meeting was to take place at 8 P. M. The promised history of one who had passed the years of his young manhood in gaiety and dissipation—who had wasted a large fortune—who had recently become a convert to the water principle, and who now battled earnestly in the good cause, excited no little interest in the minds of many; and, at the appointed hour, I found myself amidst a throng of hundreds, some animated by curiosity, others by new-born zeal in the great reform, and others, again, by the desire to mingle in and be seen in a crowd. The opening speakers made only a slight impression. What they said was well enough; but it was an old story, told in the old way, with the usual form, and their remarks indicated little fire or enthusiasm, and were without a ray of genius. The third speaker was a reformed spendthrift, rake, and inebriate. His name is now as familiar to all who have paid the least attention to the subject, as household words; but, at the time of which I write, he had but recently entered the arena, and his reputation was but rising into a just appreciation. He was now to speak for the first time in the city of Washington, in the presence, it might be, of some of the distinguished representatives of the nation—men who were familiar with all the arts of oratory, and who could detect an impostor or a pretender with the first five sentences that he uttered. This view evidently impressed and influenced the Washingtonian. His personal appearance was manly and dignified; his voice was clear, powerful, and musical; his mind, it soon became apparent, was richly stored and polished, while his whole soul seemed devoted to the good cause. He had not been fifteen minutes upon his feet before the eyes of the audience brightened under the influence of his eloquence, and the blood passed through their veins with a more rapid motion. His figures were apt and natural; his gestures graceful, easy, and forcible, while the air of earnest truth and deep conviction with which he enforced his positions, maintained his arguments, and appealed to the hearts and minds of his hearers, thrilled, agitated, and delighted. The cause under his advocacy became that of religion, virtue, and humanity. The smiles of Heaven were made to rest upon it and its mission; the rapid approach of the millennium was [illegible] with its progress, and the world seemed to glow and brighten with good deeds and pure principles, as the white banners of Temperance were borne in holy triumph among the nations. His own story was detailed. His reckless boyhood; his vicious manhood; his disregard of paternal counsels; his neglect of friends and family; his sacrifice of reputation; his loss of fortune; his degradation of body and mind, until he became hateful to himself and a disgrace to all of his name! And then the fiend of self-murder more than once whispered frightful solicitations to him. Love and friendship and kindness and charity, all abandoned him, and he hurried to the intoxicating madness of his destroyer to dim and darken the thoughts of his own mind. In his early time he had loved, deeply and tenderly, and the passion had been returned with all the fondness and truth of a virgin heart. But even this darling dream of his soul was dispelled by his brutalizing devotion to the rum fiend, and he gradually abandoned beauty and truth and virtue, for the blasting, bloating, and crime-producing monster of intemperance. In the maniac embraces of this demon, he was lost for a time—aye, for months and months; and the audience, could he give a faithful picture of what he was in his darkest hour, would not recognize the same being in the individual who addressed them. But he was never wholly forsaken. At times his better genius whispered—"all is not yet lost. Life still remains. The path of reform is still open.—Awake, arise—burst the bonds of the tyrant, and be free again." This voice grew fainter and fainter as he descended the downward path. Often, in his momentary gleams of virtue and penitence, he determined to retrace his steps. But the task was, indeed, difficult. His nerves were tremulous; his strength was as a child's, and death seemed but a short distance in futurity. Thus situated, he was seized with a frightful illness, and lay upon the bed of a benevolent friend for weeks. His constitution was an iron one, and gradually his strength came back to him. Then it was that the visions of the past thronged upon his brain. Then he saw the deep abyss over which he had trembled. Then shame, pride, and all the nobler feelings of his nature appealed to him. He knew his danger. He knew that he must become a pledged man before he left the chamber, or he was lost.—Even at that hour, the craving fiend that he had created within struggled for the mastery, and with a power that none but those who were or had been drunkards could appreciate. Once more among his dissolute companions, and his resolutions of amendment would fade like the mist in the morning sun.—He knelt by his bed-side and invoked the aid of Heaven. He acknowledged his infirmity, confessed his weakness, and sought assistance from above. His prayer was answered. A new strength seemed infused into his being. He sent for his friend, and subscribed to the pledge in the most formal manner—"From that hour,"—and here his figure rose to its full height, his voice gathered fresh power, and his eyes brightened with rekindled fire—he continued—"I have felt myself a man—a being above the brute—the possessor of a mind and a soul—a candidate for immortality."

"Think me not a fanatic," he proceeded, "believe me no impostor. I feel that I am but yet an insignificant object in the vast scale of creation—a creature, once prostrate and degraded, but now animated with the spark of intellect and the attributes of reason imparted by the Creator for wise and benevolent purposes. These God-like gifts were perverted, misdirected, for a long portion of my life; and in the effort to win from the downward path of intemperance the hundreds who have gone astray, who are still vainly struggling to escape the meshes of the paralyzer, I do but manifest a proper appreciation of my own reform. Are there any such here to-night? Any who have mothers, wives, or sisters, to whom they still cling with affection in their hours of sanity? Any who are gifted by the Deity with minds of light, knowledge, and power, intended for the benefit of their fellow man, but weakened and palsied by the curse of the demon from whose embrace I have so recently escaped? If any such hear me, let them profit by my example—let them come forward; now is the time, this is the hour. No man need be ashamed of throwing off the black robe of the drunkard for the white garment of temperance. Let us triumph over ourselves. Let us live for those who love us. Let us rejoice that we are men, and prove ourselves worthy the attributes of intellect, of reason, and of civilization."

With these words, the speaker descended from the platform, and took his station at a table that had been prepared for the purpose. The hundreds in attendance were touched and excited, as much, perhaps, by the manner as the language of the orator. A burst of approbation passed through the room. Several young men, whose feelings had been interested, were already at the table attaching their names to the pledge. Spell-bound, in some measure, by the scene, and anxious to notice the effect still further, I moved toward the group. Many had already signed. And now a sensation of no ordinary character ran through the assembly. All eyes were directed in one quar ter. A tall, thin figure approached the stand. The astonished crowd bent forward with anxious looks and held their breath in suspense and interest. The object of so much notice was George Wallingford, the gifted representative from Georgia—the orator whose speech in the House had won such universal eulogy—the stranger, whose almost lifeless form I had assisted in bearing to the chamber of his mother.

"Will he sign—will he sign?" was the exclamation, half suppressed, but still audible, which broke from many a lip.

His step was firm—his resolution decisive.

"Room—room for Mr. Wallingford!"

With a faint smile playing upon his features, he took the pen that was so cheerfully tendered him, bowed slightly, and, in acknowledgment to the kindred spirit whose eloquent appeal had so moved him, affixed his name to the *Pledge*, and stood up before the world a redeemed man!

But who shall paint the feelings of his aged mother, at that glorious consummation of her dearest hopes? The tears of joy rolled down her time-worn cheeks, as she bowed herself in gratitude and thanked the God of the fatherless that he had heard and responded to her prayers—that he had saved her son!

I'LL THINK OF THEE.

I'll think of thee when morning light
In roseate beams bursts o'er the sea;
And when the stars make ev'ning bright,
Still, still, loved one, I'll think of thee.

When flowers hang down their heads in sleep,
And song is hushed in every tree,
The moon doth still her vigils keep,
So I will watch and think of thee.

And should a tear my eyelids stain,
With all hard fate hath dealt to me,
Mem'ry will breathe thy voice again,
And smiles will come with thoughts of thee.

For art thou not the star whose ray
Alone shines forth from shadow free?
The rainbow in life's weary way
To cheer me on, I find in thee.

Farewell, when free from care thou art,
And pleasure's charms forgotten be,
Give one kind thought to him whose heart
In weal or woe still dotes on thee.

And should I ne'er behold thee more,
Until life's weary years are gone,
Meet me on heaven's hallowed shore,
Where brighter joys may on us dawn.

THE TWO SISTERS.

A Valuable and Instructive Story,

IN THE SHAPE OF A VERY AGREEABLE VISION.

BY MISS SEDGWICK.

I walked out on a bright morning, early in May, when Nature was unsealing her fountains of life and beauty. The rivers, brooks, all the water-courses down to the tiniest rill, were filled to the brim by the nursing rains of Spring. Their voices, from the gushing torrent to the little silver thread of a stream that softly stole through the meadow, sung their release from their winter prison. The violet was opening its blue eye, the anemone starring the fresh herbage, and all the early flowers, like chary maidens, were timidly unfolding their beauties. The willows along the river side were already in full leaf and tasselled, and the shrubs were fragrant with outbudding life. On the hillside, the young leaves of the beech and maple, mingling with the dark foliage of the firs which had braved and outlasted Winter, looked like youth gracefully sporting around old age. And in beautiful harmony with this was the bright green of the winter grain, contrasted with the sombre brown of the newly-ploughed earth, dotted with potato-crops, and just perforated by the sun-loving Indian corn. Cattle were keenly feeding on the fresh grass of the low-lands, and sheep nibbling on the hill-side. The birds had come to their summer home and pleasant tasks.—The males were singing, wooing, and roving at their own wild will, while the females, good wives and household dames, were providing for the future lords of the aerial creation. The air was filled with the sound of young life: with the familiar cries of the domestic birds, and the flutter and hum of millions of insects. The sky was bright and clear, save where a breezy cloud sailed over it, so light that it dissolved while my eye followed it.

I sat down on a fallen trunk of a tree, under a curtain of budding grape-vines. I felt satisfied with the mere pleasure of existence. I wondered at those who stayed at home, and drudged over household tasks, when Nature was proclaiming a holyday that might waken to joyous life, and call forth the dullest human snail housed in its winter's shell.

By degrees the monotonous music of the brook lulled me into forgetfulness. I fell into a drowsy revery, and from revery to sleep, but not sleep of an ordinary kind. My senses preserved their power, unshackled by gross mortal elements, and unlimited in their action by time or space. I seemed suddenly endowed with the clairvoyance of the Mesmerites, but with this remarkable advantage over them, that while they ask faith in startling novelties, I only received and impart self-evident truths. I was not conscious of any change in the vividness of my sensations. The scene was distinctly before me as while I was awake; the only difference was an indefinite extension of power. As I gazed, two lovely forms appeared before me, as if the air had become incorporate, so fresh with youth and beauty, that they seemed like an impersonation of the spring time.—The one was a Hebe in form and expression; her garments were light and flowing, in no sort constraining, impeding, or encumbering her. She gathered the sweet violets at her feet, and the mosses from the moist margin of the brook, and wove them together in a circlet for her brow, which no care had ever furrowed. Her companion wore an amaranth wreath as a symbol of immortality. She had not quite the plumpness and freshness of her sister—for sisters they were—but there was a spirituality in her expression that indicated a celestial destiny. Hers was the beauty of reflection—something that swelled up from a living fountain in the soul;—her sister's the result of a felicitous animal condition. I asked their names. "Our names," replied the elder, "are implied in our effects. Observe the one, and you will know the other."

I did observe them, and, as I said before, without limit of time or space, and I soon learned that their mission was to bless the human race, but that, powerful as they were, nothing could be effected without the co-operation of those to whom they were sent.

Strange to say, they were most praised when absent. Every one theoretically acknowledged their worth, and agreed in admiring their beauty, but few cherished them; some seemed stupidly unconscious of their presence, and many grossly abused them to their faces; but the moment their backs were turned, they were regretted and praised. Nothing was enjoyed without them; they were sought by sacrifice and pilgrimage; and if their favour was irrecoverable, life was one long complaint, made up of suffering days and sleepless nights.

She of the amaranth wreath did sometimes linger with those her sister had abandoned. She could not remove, but she sanctified their sufferings, and shed an attractive light over them, that drew their friends around them even more than when they were the favourites of her beautiful sister. This I marked, *she only stayed at the bidding of Religion.* No inferior power could detain her after her sister was gone.

There was no habitable place on the globe which the sisters did not visit; but as I naturally felt most interested in their mission in my own country, I here most narrowly observed them. One sad confession truth compels me to make. I saw fewer signs of their friendship among my own country-people than elsewhere. Their intimates could never be mistaken; there was a certain clearness in their eyes, brightness on their cheeks, elasticity in their movements, and animation in their voices, that infallibly betokened the proximity and favour of the sisters.

"Why," I asked with some impatience, "why this partiality? why do you so soon forsake my people, when I see you abroad with English men and women, in parks, gardens, and pleasure grounds, maintaining with them a hearty friendship through the seven stages of life; you follow, too, the poor Swiss mountaineers, and dwell with them under the shadow of their icy mountains, faring hard and working hard for a hundred years; and you sit down on the sunny side of a street, with the lean and hungry Italian beggar, who chats and laughs cheerily at your side, till the old pilgrim drops from your bosom into the grave."

"We are not capricious," they replied, with dignity; "we are the ordained companions of your race, and by a law superior to us, we cling to them till driven away by ignorance, neglect, or misuse. Listen, and learn some of the reasons that weaken our friendship with your people, and so often expel us from their society; for it is they, and not we, that break the compact Nature has made between us.

"We love their children, and bid them forth into the open air, where the sun can send its vital heat through their expanding frames, and where the fresh breath of Heaven may light their eyes and colour their cheeks. You will hear our voices merrily ringing wherever they are found coursing down the icy hills in winter, and loudest and blithest are we among the skaters on the moonlit lake. When the ball-playing time comes, we are on the village green with the first, and we linger with the last. We follow them to the woodlands, brush off the dew from their early footsteps, welcome them abroad on a bright frosty morning, and bravely face the winter's wind with them. Nor do we desert the children of the city if rightly welcomed there, if treated to early hours and temperate meals. But they must trundle their hoops through the parks with us. We are stifled in close nurseries. We cannot sit by the little victims while their heads are drooping over lessons in unventilated school-rooms for six consecutive hours. We cannot breathe in dormitories, with forty pairs of lungs inhaling, over and over again, an exhausted atmosphere. Our hearts would die within us if condemned to walk in the funeral procession of boarding-school girls. Our lives are in the open air. Those who would have our constant presence, our heartiest love, must follow us afield. One of your poets has said,

'God made the country, and man made the town;'

and we say, God ordained the out-door life, and man the in-door.

"We pity those who are condemned by conventional life, or the artificial condition of society, to violate some of our laws; but while they respect and cherish us, we do not utterly desert them. We have been driven away from the hard-tasked and ill-fed operatives of the Old World, but we are on very good terms with the buxom, light-hearted (because lightly-tasked) girls in your manufactories. Tell them a secret for us: if they will come oftener abroad to meet us, we will send them back to their labour with fresher spirits and prettier looks. Beauty cannot endure without us after youth. Your very young women are beautiful, but with their youth and freshness their beauty vanishes. Virtuous through all the stages of life we acknowledge them to be, but without us their very goodness is often a toil and weariness. Were they but true to us, their smiles would be spontaneous, and their well-doings an enjoyment.

"You see we never desert those who live in the open air, whether they browse on coarse edibles, or fare sumptuously every day; whether they be clothed in fine linen or in rags; and yet you expect us to house ourselves with you in rooms heated to a degree that sears your skins, inflames your eyes, and dries away the very *fountains of life*. Pardon our frankness," they continued, pointing to some shallow vessel for personal purification; "look at the broad reservoirs of water and deep fonts in our temples; we cannot abide these things. You reproach us, but our alienation from your people is not our fault. All classes and conditions among you reject us. We offer to give gladness to the days of your students, and refreshment to their nights, but they refuse the conditions of our friendship, and languish and stupefy over their books. Your sedentary men are deaf to our warnings and invitations, and before half the term of life is spent, they are weary and wasted, and disappear, leaving half their tasks undone. Your merchants, knowing we hate the whole brood of care, heap anxiety on anxiety, and toil on toil, till, bending under an accumulation of riches or poverty, it matters little which, they turn to seek our favour, and find an impassable gulf between us.

"We seek rural life, and trudge afield with your farmer; but, alas! we have complaints to make of him. We have again and again declared our antipathy to fresh bread and hot cakes, and yet he asks us to breakfast on them. We repair to his meridian meal, and he offers us hard salted meat and fried messes; and when we join the pleasant gathering round the tea-table, we are compelled to fly for our lives from poisonous sweetcakes and sweetmeats."

"But surely," said I, "you have devoted friends among our people. There are colleges endowed to train your ministers, and every paper we read is filled with promises to restore to your society and friendship all who, by any accident, misfortune, or fault, have lost them. Every town has innumerable arsenals. Every village has its storehouse, filled with philters and charms, which these, your ministers, profess so to compound and administer, as to restore your gladdening presence to every mortal that seeks you."

A sad smile passed over the sisters' faces, and the elder, drawing near to me, said, in a subdued voice, "Save us from our friends! wisdom, skill and virtue some of them possess, but they work in the dark; and though they now and then make some fortunate guesses, they have made few discoveries. They have been well compared to a watchmaker, who should attempt to repair a watch of which he could not see the machinery. Besides, among those our professed friends, are a mass of ignorant pretenders, and in their hands those charms and philters are deadly poisons, and those to whom they are given stumble and blunder on after us with stiffened joints, weak and withering limbs, sunken cheeks, loosened teeth, aching jaws, and all the pains and aches which flesh is heir to.

"But," she concluded, the light shadow that had fallen on her joyous face passing from it, "the condition of your race here and elsewhere is improving, and these evils will vanish before the progress of experience, knowledge and virtue. The time is coming when we shall have a league of friendship with you from the breezy hills of the North, to the orange groves of the South; then will we give life to life, and make it the happy and profitable service God intended it to be."

Who were these sisters? All ye of the blooming cheek and strong heart answer from your own happy consciousness, "Health and Cheerfulness."

Christmas Hymn for Children.

BY REV. G. W. BETHUNE.

From Heaven above, in pitying love,
  For us in sin and danger,
Thou cam'st a child, all undefiled,
  To Bethlehem's lowly manger;
And yet a youth, with fervent truth
  And wisdom beyond measure,
Grey doctors heard, from thy sweet word,
  Thy holy Father's pleasure.
    Hosanna! Hosanna!
      O blessed Jesus Christ!
    So may we sing, to thee our King,
      Hosanna in the highest!

In thy brief hour of fame and power,
  The earnest mothers sought thee,
And thou didst bless, with glad caress,
  Each little child they brought thee.
And when to greet thee, Salem's street
  With anthems loud was ringing,
The praise most dear, to thy meek ear,
  Came from the children's singing.
    Hosanna! Hosanna!
      O blessed Jesus Christ!
    Now hear us sing, to thee our King,
      Hosanna in the highest!

Though Heaven doth bow before thee now,
  Thy mercy ever sees us,
For angels own thee, on thy throne,
  God's holy child, O! Jesus.
To follow thee, on earth shall be
  Our constant strong endeavor,
That when we die, above the sky
  We all may live forever.
    Hosanna! Hosanna!
      O blessed Jesus Christ!
    Then shall we sing, to thee our King,
      Hosanna in the highest!

A LUCKY SHOT;
Or, Love at First Sight.

THE GRADUATE'S STORY.

BY MRS. C. THERESA CLARKE.

"What luck, my boys?" demanded old Squire Tompkins as Harry and I, after leisurely strolling up the avenue, threw down our game bags on the porch.

"Capital sport—glorious! I'll assure you!" returned the young scape-grace; "but Phil here, has made the most of his time—he not only brought down a covy of wild ducks, but two or three brace of pheasants and a woodcock; whilst your dutiful son came very near taking the life of as lovely a creature as ever the sun shone on, to the manifest detriment of his neck!"

"A girl!—you don't mean to say that, Hal!"

"Yes, but I *do*, though. Egad! wasn't she a beauty? Cheeks like damask roses—lips that Jove might have stooped to press—twin cherries—bear witness, Phil—and then, such eyes! Whew! I can't describe them! The effect was such that I have been half blind ever since."

"Come! come! you dog! no joking now," said his father, with a serio-comic expression, which was truly ludicrous—"be explicit, and to the point at once."

"By the mass, so I have been!" cried the irreverent 'Soph,' who presumed much upon the wonted good nature of his sire.

"Sir," said I, "with your permission, I will give you a true version of the affair, for you can get nothing out of him, unless he's in the humor."

"Fact," laconically responded the Squire.

"Well, you see, sir,"—I was stopped short with "remember your promise," and no "tales out of school," that effectually shut my mouth for the present, and indeed for the whole period of my "rustication;" for, though I blush to acknowledge it, some boyish freak had drawn down on my unfortunate head the displeasure of the powers that then presided over our ancient and much-respected "Alma Mater," which caused my exile for a brief space, from its venerable walls. Hal and I were chums in the strictest sense of the word, and the hospitality of his father's house was ever extended to me, a stranger from my native soil.

"Foiled the old man, decidedly. Put him on the wrong scent after all, didn't we, hey?" exclaimed Harry, with a triumphant glance at myself, when the Squire quitted the room: for owing to a sort of original suggestion in the way of sundry pinchings, and jostlings of the elbows, which I did not take, and a pretty heavy tread on a tender corn which I did, I had trumped up a roundabout story of an old woman in search of a stray cow, which seemed to satisfy both parties.

We had been out since early in the morning shooting in the wood at a short distance, and had met with but indifferent success. At length my friend spied something moving in the the tangled brush, which he at once supposed to be a very common wild bird and levelling his piece, without a moment's reflection took aim, and fired—at the instant a faint shriek was heard, and a female figure darted from the thicket where she had been hidden by clustering vines from our sight. Ere the report had subsided, the young man rushed forward to allay her alarm and beg forgiveness for being its occasion, for frightened, the poor girl certainly was, and not without reason; she had just met with a narrow, a hair-breadth escape; yet was Harry no less so, though he knew she had received no personal injury, the bird still fluttering with its death wound at our feet, but his feelings on this occasion nearly overcame him, and he could only grasp the hand of the fair being he strove to detain, who would have fled our presence like the timorous fawn from the pursuit of the hunter. Rallying her self-possession, however, to his hurried regrets and protestations, she replied sweetly and courteously, adding that she had nothing to forgive, and that she was sorry for having put herself in the way of his rifle—having been thus exposed to a fatal accident. She had come thither to gather berries, and in this little sequestered nook had discovered some particularly fine ones, which she had just stooped to secure when her eye caught the flash, and she had scarce time to dodge before the bird fell from the bough, and she saw the peril in which she had been placed: her dress harmonizing in its dark hues with the shades around, they were easily blended together. Declining his offer to see her home, she bade us a smiling adieu, and was soon lost to our view in the depths of the forest.

"Confound it!" cried Harry, who remained standing upon the same spot, full ten minutes after she had quitted us. "Confound this sleepy head of mine, for forgetting to ask her name."

"Just what I was thinking of—but no matter," said I; "you can easily find out. In such a corner of a country place as yours, one knows everybody, and I dare say your father can tell which of his tenants she belongs to."

"His tenants! you goose!" repeated Harry scornfully. "she is no farmer's daughter, I tell you! I know every mother's child of them, and indeed I ought, as I spend my vacations at home, and so have a fair chance of flirting with all our rural maids: but she is none of them, and I'll wager that such a flower never grew beneath these uncongenial skies."

"As you like," I answered; "but I think I have seen some *farmers'* daughters who eclipsed her in good looks. Her manners, certainly, are much above those of country girls generally; yet I doubt not you will find that she is country born."

I wish my *friend* could have seen himself in a mirror as I said this, for he turned full round and gave me a glance that was meant to be withering. In the innocence of my heart, I had hazarded an assertion that had well nigh lost me his esteem forever, though he laughed heartily himself, soon, as he has done many a time since at the retrospection. I had no doubt, then, that he had fallen a victim to the code which he had long derided.

The lapse of another term found me again at —— Hall; for thus, even in this republican land, was the establishment of "the Squire" styled. The mansion was an antiquated one, which had recently been fitted up and improved by its proprietor, a man of taste, and withal, possessing some of the courtliness of the English gentleman of the olden time—for he was a lineal descendant of a peer of the realm, who could trace his pedigree as far back as "William the Conqueror."

"Deucedly hard!" soliloquized Harry to himself one day, after my arrival, "that the Fates couldn't allow me a sister, or even a pretty cousin, to talk to in this old monastery, where I am shut up for all the world like Adam in his garden. I say, Phil," said he, with sudden energy, "let's have some habits and turn hermits at once?"

"Agreed, with all my heart," I replied; "though I suspect you would make dull business of it. your thoughts would still wander earthward, and perhaps memory would bring before your mental eye one form to supplant the crucifix upon your breast. But, seriously, have you never discovered who the incognita whom we encountered in the wood really was?"

"Seriously, then, I have not, and wish you would not mention her again, for I am foolishly infatuated on that subject. I have made all the inquiries I dared, for I wished to avoid awakening suspicion in the mind of the old gentleman: he studies my interest, I know, but does not take the right method to forward it;—it would not look well for a young fellow, like myself, to think of marrying, you know, and if he supposed I had a penchant for any particular one, especially were she such a piece of perfection as you have named, he would insist upon the wedding taking place directly, and you will perceive, my *dear* Phil, that I am not quite prepared for an eclaircissement."

"Then you *deserve* to suffer," I answered, "for your intolerable pride! You believe this girl to be poor, yet were her merits a fortune in themselves, you would not raise her to the station for which she may be qualified, and perhaps designed to ornament; verily, you have altered your first opinion of her amazingly."

"Not at all—if she were a native, I should have had no difficulty in finding her. It is my belief that she is related some how to some one of our 'Dons'—came here on an excursion, and has made her transit from our midst like a star from its sphere! No mercenary motive prompts me to express myself to you as I have—overlook the words I have just uttered, or call them the unmeaning cant of one who talks for the sake of hearing himself do so."

"You have told me nothing but what I was already acquainted with. Courage! mon ami! you will have her yet, or I understand nothing of clairvoyance." I said this because he seemed unusually depressed, and his brilliant eye, betrayed by its humidity, the effort of a tameless spirit struggling to subdue itself.

I returned after the allotted time of my visit had expired. Harry, uneasy and vascillating, was like a capricious steed, who, having been coaxed and urged to no purpose, at length sets off of itself with a speed that defies restraint. His next letter reached me from the city of P——; there he was running the rounds which those of his age, whose fortunes allow, pursue. I learned that he had fallen in with most agreeable society, and congratulated him thereupon. For many weeks I received no answer, but the privilege of etiquette I had no design to waive, and was willing that he should 'take his time,' for in the knowledge of his eccentric character, I felt not the slightest alarm at the sudden stand to which our correspondence had come: I was not mistaken. A letter from —— Hall informed me of the accession and subsequent marriage of my friend, with the compliments of 'Mrs. Harry Tompkins,' and an invitation to pass the ensuing season with them at their seat.

"Come, *dear* Phil, without fail," added my quondam chum, in a postscript, "Thine ever, Harry."—"N. B. Come prepared—prime shooting just now, and, d'ye hear, I've got a wife in tow for you!—We don't allow any bachelors 'on these premises!' Thine, etc., H. T."

I went down, accordingly, though somewhat staggered at the prospect held out, for I will frankly own, that I am extremely sensitive and nervous as regards the ladies, and am considered by my friends quite a *rara avis*—a modest man, being a species now almost extinct. I received a cordial greeting from both father and son, that made ample amends for the fatigue of my journey over the rough mountain roads of the country; and to my great relief learned from Harry that I should see no ladies, his wife being from home, on a visit to one of her sisters, who resided in some ville (I forget what) a few miles distant.

"But I am going to-morrow to bring her back," said he; "we can't spare her any longer, and I know you are all impatience to see one for whom I have forgone 'my free, unhoused condition.'"

Of course, I could do no less than lament with him her absence, at which I was inwardly rejoiced, for the pitá-pat in the region where medical men locate the heart, had grown quite audible as I approached —— Hall. It entirely ceased before a good supper, and I was engaged in an animated discussion with the "old Squire" on the respective merits of his two pointers, Echo and Atalanta.

"Oh! by the way," interrupted Harry, "I should have told you that Grace insisted upon going with Nell, and as the little baggage was pertinacious, I was obliged to submit, though I represented that you might come in her absence."

"What did she say to that?" I answered, curious to know what might be her opinion of my humble self (modest as I am). "I suppose that Grace is the name of the lady you mentioned in your letter?"

"The same—and I should not dare to tell you what she said; I am almost ashamed of her, she is such a romp—very different from my Nell, who is perfectly at home here; you have no idea how easily she became naturalized, but her sister is wild with delight; the woodland paths are daily trod by her fairy feet, and long before the dew is off the grass, she springs from her couch, and is away on her rambles. When she comes in to breakfast, it is with a healthful glow on her round cheek, and a pleasant word for all, even the servants. She always reminds me of the pictures we have of Flora, for her hat is garlanded and her hands filled with those choice productions of nature."

My *friend* had touched the right string, and every chord vibrated as I listened to his poetic description of this *fascinating* being: for I hold it to be undisputed evidence of a delicate mind, a passion *for* those beautiful creations of an Almighty Hand, a passion for flowers! I could see too, with an eye which observes much, that Harry himself, seemed altered, and for the better: his usual rather *brusque* manner was gentle, and I knew by the tone of his conversation, from his father, down to the lowest menial in his family, that he was not as I had known him in days of yore—that some benign influence had softened the asperity of his nature, and moulded anew his plastic mind. I could not disguise it from myself that there was, previously, much room for this amendment, and deep as was my friendship for him, I could not overlook some prominent defects in an otherwise noble character.

My time was spent on the following day in the extensive library of my host, where, amid the pages of several favorite authors, the hours flew by unnoted till tea was announced. One small volume of en-excellence of binding had, however, arrested my attention, which, on examining, I found to be a religious work of much excellence—many beautiful and appropriate passages marked—on a blank leaf several stanzas of exquisite finish and sentiment, over the signature of Helen G. Eveleth. I started: Eveleth was my mother's family name; this might be some relative.

"'Tis not a very common name," thought I, as I went on, to peruse the introductory paragraph. It was a gift from his lady before their union, and I was rejoiced to find that Harry had made so discreet a choice, for I now attributed the difference I had marked to his wife's salutary influence over him.

When the Squire and myself were left alone I introduced the subject, by asking some question as to the family into which his son had married. The old gentleman was running over with mirth as I broached this topic, and proceeded to inform me that on account of his son's antipathy to country people, and all that related to rustic life, he had devised a place for curing him of this unfounded prejudice, which before my second pilgrimage to —— Hall, he had carried into execution. He had taken the pretty daughter of a distant and humble relative, with whom the aristocratic and imperious boy was wholly unacquainted, and while he was absent, to live with him; designing to educate her unknown to the latter, and, if circumstances should prove favorable, to bring about an introduction. The amiable child, for such she then was, improved rapidly under the instruction of so able a teacher. The domestics were pledged to secrecy—even her existence was unknown in the neighborhood, so strict was her seclusion.

On learning from her what had passed the day we first made her acquaintance—for Helen Eveleth and our nymph of the wood were one and the same—her guardian thought proper to send her away immediately, to the house of her married sister, where she was now staying; and as her acquirements were such that it would be expedient for her to pass a few months in the city to impart to her the ease and polish of refined society, he consigned her to the care of a valued friend of his deceased wife, cautioning her how to proceed when his son should arrive and deliver the letters with which he was charged.

The good lady, faithful and kind in all her relations, acted the part of a mother toward the motherless girl, and Helen Eveleth, and Grace Ashley, the lady's daughter, became inseparable friends. The acquaintance of Henry Tompkins with his predestined bride, commenced favorably, to the mutual gratification of the plotters, who carried themselves throughout to admiration.

"No one sees me, when sister Helen is by," said Grace, with a mock air of patient resignation.

To Henry there was something in the tone of her voice, (the lineaments of her countenance were forgotten, three years having elapsed since he saw her,) that brought "the bird in the bush" to his recollection.

The tale was here interrupted by a young and silvery voice, which rang out upon the clear air, and then again was hushed—then steps were heard coming up the gravel walk, and with an exclamation of pleasure, the narrator left me. He presently reappeared, leading his daughter-in-law by the hand, as a gentleman of the days gone by would have led out his partner to a minuet. I was not disappointed in the highly-wrought expectations I had formed of Mrs. T. She was an intellectual and high-souled woman, every way worthy of being the companion of such a man as Harry. Her foster-sister, though less reserved and quiet in her demeanor, was still a charming girl. She soon ceased to smile at the blunders of the awkward student, for such I surely was, and I was received into her confidence—a confidence as pure and holy as it was ever the lot of mortal to win.

"A very pretty toy, on my word," said I, taking an ornamental basket from my inamorata's work-table.

"Apropos of that, Hal—does mystery yet hang over the day-dream of your existence?"

His father smiled—so did Helen, but Harry looked from one to the other, and protested he did not understand me.

"I mean that this basket puts me in mind of one whose more laudable use was to hold berries, and,"——here I paused, for Harry looked hurt by this mischievous allusion to the past.—"I meant no harm," I apologized, "but I thought you might like to hear something about your 'lost Pleiad.'"

"Never!" cried he, bitterly; "I neither wish to see or hear from her again."

"Henry—husband—do not speak so rashly," said the soft voice of my cousin Helen; "do not let me regret the day when chance—rather let me say Providence, threw me in your way, and directed your aim to its *mark*!"

"It is impossible that you are she!" said he, holding her at arms length, and scanning her features, now beaming with happiness—when all was explained. "Why did you not tell who you were before, you little rogue!" said the husband.

"An innocent deception of my own, Hal," broke in the 'Squire, "you thought to put your lynx-eyed old father on the wrong scent—a sly young dog as you were; but I am even with you, and Philip too, who has been all this morning trying to establish his claim to consanguinity with our Nelly."

"And has proved it to my satisfaction," said I, kissing the fair cheek of the bride.

"Grace, where are you going?"

"To write a chapter on first impressions, if you please, Mr. Philip Ponsonby!"

Springfield, Mass.

A Veritable Ghost Story,

WITH AN EXCELLENT LESSON.

BY A LADY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

It is seldom in the present age of the world, when the facilities for obtaining information are so great, that we meet with a believer in the witches, ghosts, and fairy tales of the days of yore. Formerly every castle had its banshee. Every skirt of wood or shady nook, had chronicled the legends of its good or evil spirit; and out of the circling eddies of many a lovely fountain would rise a fairy being to pronounce your destiny. But these things have passed away, and sober realities taken their place. However this belief may be denounced by reason and judgment, and proscribed as superstitious, yet I believe there are times when a judiciously written article of this kind may be read not only with profit, but without any fear of harm. I grant that it will require care and discernment to do this acceptably, without encroaching upon or offending our own sense of right and wrong; yet I think it can be done. It may be that I possess more imagination than good sense, and consequently can find entertainment in that which, to a fine, well-cultivated intellect, would be insipid and common-place. Be this as it may, I know from a child I loved to hear ghost stories. Hour after hour have I listened to these bewitching tales, and when bed-time came, my mother would wonder why I held so tight upon her dress, and would not sleep until my hand was firmly grasped in hers, and my head snugly stowed away under the bed-clothes. I could have told her the reason, but I did not wish to confess it to myself, much less to another. I fear my reader will by this time have conceived very unfavourable impressions of my courage; yet let me assure you, I am not such a coward as you would think. In every sciomachy in which I have been engaged, I have generally been the conqueror. I recollect sleeping, and alone too, for a long time, in a room that was reported to be haunted; but I could not have been a favourite of the sprite, as it slighted me so much as never to pay me one visit. I commenced this piece intending to record, and thereby save from oblivion, my adventures with a ghost.

It was during the summer of 1833, that I accompanied my friend Mary J——, on a visit to her parents, in one of the beautiful vallies that lie among the romantic hills of Chester county. I pray you be not startled at the idea of a ghost in the quiet county of Chester, in the good State of Pennsylvania. Why should not the thing happen there as well as among the baronial castles of Europe? Besides, I can vouch for the authenticity of what I am about to relate.

Among other projects for pleasure, one very warm afternoon, we determined to visit a friend about four miles distant; and as gallants are not so plenty in the country as in the city, Mary was compelled to be the charioteer. I told her I did not like the idea of trusting myself to her driving, but she assured me it would not be the first time she had driven "Old Ned" over to neighbour Philips', that he had too great a share of good manners and too little spirit to run away, and to sum up the whole, if she did not drive we should be obliged to remain at home. Having no hope of anything better, I chose the alternative of going.

After a pleasant ride, or rather walk, for out of that gait "Old Ned" was determined not to go, we arrived at our destined place, and were very courteously received by the lady of the house. Being Mary's friend, was sufficient to ensure a hearty welcome for me. As pop visits are not at all fashionable in the country, Mrs. P. would not listen to our returning before the next day, and being surrounded by every thing delightful, we were not at all loath to stay.

The day had been excessively warm, and as the sun was fast seeking his western bed, a black cloud arose, apparently from the spot were the king of day was just sinking to rest. It spread with great rapidity. In a few moments the whole heavens were wrapped in fearful gloom, and every thing around gave indications of the approaching storm. It came, and dreadful indeed it was. The wind swept all before it—laying prostrate many a tall and beautiful tree. Flash after flash of vivid lightning was immediately followed by peal upon peal of the most terrific thunder. The elements appeared to be striving with each other to gain the mastery. The whirlwind and thunder-storm never had charms for me. Horror seizes on my very soul, and I can be said scarcely to live until the storm is over. The fury of the storm was soon exhausted, and passing round, by its rumbling voice and occasional flash, told our southern neighbours what it had done for us.

At an early hour we were conducted to our room by our kind hostess. The one who has enjoyed them, knows well how to appreciate the sweets of a country bed-chamber. Suffice it to say, ours was furnished with every thing calculated to promote comfort and rest; but unfortunately my friend was attacked with that most unfashionable—unromantic of all aches—the toothache. However after a lapse of time, and sundry applications of Cologne and bandages, to say nothing of my sympathy, the pain yielded, as well it might, to such powerful remedies, and Mary's regular breathings soon told me she was asleep.

Feeling no inclination to sleep, I approached the window, and throwing open the casement, seated myself by it. It was a glorious night. The full moon was careering high in the heavens, scattering the light fleecy clouds which appeared to gambol around her—while here and there might be seen a single star twinkle for a moment, and then disappear, as if it were useless to show its feeble light in the midst of such effulgence. The air was cool and delicious, fraught with the perfume which the grateful earth and refreshed flowers sent up: while a gentle breeze, playing among the shrubbery, supplied the place of nature's absent musicians. The window at which I was seated opened upon a beautiful lawn, at the termination of which was a narrow skirt of woods, among whose trees the storm had committed much devastation. Now, all was calm and quiet; and from the spot I occupied, no trace of the recent storm was visible. Nature, with every thing around, was at rest. It was a season fitted for thought.—Can any one be censured for giving loose rein to Memory and Hope—to revel upon the true scenes of the one, and the bright visions of the other? aye, or for allowing Imagination to participate in the feast of such an hour? When the light of other days steals over us, time glides away imperceptibly. How long I should have sat indulging in my reverie I know not, had not a low kind of moan startled me. I listened attentively, but could hear nothing save the gentle breathings of my friend, and, concluding that I was mistaken, I was about relapsing into my former train of thought, when the same strange sound broke upon the silence. Surely, thought I, this is not imagination. I arose, and prepared to search the room, when a clock in the apartment below, whose strokes I had counted with pleasure for several hours, now tolled out the dismal hour of twelve. On either side of the fire-place was a closet, from one of which it was evident to me the sound proceeded. The bed, toilet, and all covered places in the room were carefully examined, but in vain; I could discover nothing that would account for the noise. As a final resort, I determined to awaken Mary, who I knew to be very courageous. I went to the bedside, but when I saw her sleeping so sweetly, and recollected how much she had suffered, my heart would not let me disturb her slumbers. I walked towards the window, and now observed for the first time that a change had come over the face of nature. The moon no longer shone in unrivalled splendour, but was darkened by intervening clouds. The wind moaned mournfully through the trees, while at longer or shorter intervals, this strange sound, increased as it was both in loudness and duration, mingling with the wind, formed the most awful chorus to which I ever listened. When I looked upon the sudden change without, or listened to the unearthly moanings within, my feelings were past all description.

Such agony I never endured before, and whatever awaits me in life, I pray to be delivered from the horrors of that night. A clammy, death-like sweat came over me—my trembling limbs would scarcely support me. There I stood, rooted to the window, with my eyes fixed on the dreaded closet, expecting every moment to see some one, or something emerge from it. At last, I made one mighty effort, and, springing to the bed, threw myself by my friend, exclaiming, "Oh, Mary! Mary! there is some one in the closet!" Mary opened her eyes and stared wildly at me—"Are you up yet? what a little fidget you are!" was all the comfort I received; and quietly turning over, composed herself for another nap. This I determined not to allow. I succeeded in rousing her, and then related as well as I could all that had transpired, which she laughed at with most unblushing incredulity. She had scarcely, however, recovered from her merriment, when the dreadful sound swept through the room more awful than at any preceding time. She fixed her eyes steadily on me, and starting to her feet, "I believe, Fanny, you are right," said she; "there is something in it." As she was well acquainted with the family, I entreated her to go directly to Mrs. Philips. This she would not listen to, as she declared she would find out the ghost herself, and have the credit of it. What made the matter still worse was, that our candle was just flickering in the socket, and we should soon be left in darkness. She concurred in my opinion that the sound proceeded from the closet, and determined to open it. I endeavoured in vain to dissuade her from doing so. To the closet she crept very cautiously, followed by me. By the time we arrived at it, the hollow moan resounded in our ears most dreadful; she hesitated, but finally, with one jerk, the door flew open, and there, upon white shelves, in nice order, lay the newly-ironed bed-clothes of the family. "I told you so," exclaimed the triumphant Mary; but the repetition of the noise left us little room for congratulation. "There is another closet!" whispered I, and to this we went with less trepidation. It proved to be a clothes-press; and, after shaking all the garments, we were obliged to give up the ghost in that quarter. One spot yet remained unexplored, the fire-place itself. The more we listened, the stronger were our convictions that *it* was the habitation of the ghost. We accordingly set to work to remove the fire-board, which, after some difficulty, was accomplished, when there was displayed to our view a row of large stone jars, carefully covered and tied up. We were now becoming quite courageous, and I suggested the practicability of peeping into the jars, as their contents might be similar to those in the tale of the forty thieves; but Mary was certain they contained only the good things of this life, in the shape of preserves and pickles, or something of that sort, so we agreed to let them rest.

Just as we finished the exploration of the last mentioned place, and adjusted the fire-board, our expiring candle shot up its last blaze, and went entirely out, much to our regret. Nothing now remained to be done, but to make ourselves as contented as possible under existing circumstances, and to listen to the ghost, that seemed not at all intimidated by our search. The clock soon told us we had entered upon the first hour of the morning.

Although the moon was obscured by clouds, yet being at the full, there was sufficient light in the room to distinguish objects. As we sat closely watching the fire-place, we distinctly saw the fire-board move. The discovery was startling enough, but we kept our ground—at least, Mary did, and I dared not leave her. Observing attentively, we found that the fire-board, after moving out a short distance without losing its equilibrium, fell gently back: this motion was perceptible only when we heard the noise. Mary removed the fire-board, and we listened long, but could hear nothing: replacing it, brought back the dreaded noise. Convinced that it had a great deal to do with the matter, we lugged the unwieldy thing to the window, to have a better view of it. On examination, it proved to be a painted canvass nailed over a wooden frame, which, having become loose, the wind in blowing down the chimney, acted upon in a manner to produce the strange sounds that had so terrified us. Congratulating ourselves upon our discovery, we removed the cause of alarm, and lost no time in seeking the rest we so much needed.

The next day, our ghost story afforded no small degree of merriment at the breakfast table. After spending a very delightful day, we once more trusted ourselves to the tender mercy of "Old Ned," who this time trotted off at a very respectable rate, and soon brought us to our home, where, of course, the story was recapitulated, and great praise awarded us for our courage.

AMELIA.

AN INSTRUCTIVE TALE FROM REAL LIFE.

BY MISS LUCY E. MILNOR.

"I will not marry yet," was her reply, her face half averted from the kneeling figure beside her, whom she still suffered to retain her hand—whose arm still encircled her waist unforbidden. "I will not marry yet," and love was in the tone of the very accents that withheld the boon of love, or deferred the bestowal of it.

James Griswold was a young man of moderate fortune; accomplished, unsophisticated, and of quick sensibilities. A student, and fond of retirement, he had selected for his summer residence a small hamlet on the Long Island seacoast, about twenty miles from New York, where, between his books and the smooth sea-shore, along which he loved to ramble, his time passed anything but heavily. Here he had resided about a month, when the little community received an addition, in a young lady and her mother, who joined it for the purpose of a temporary residence; and young Griswold stepped back in surprise, when, issuing one morning from the cabin in which he lodged, he beheld two females, in the attire, and with the air, of fashion—the one leaning upon the arm of the other—approaching the humble portal whence he had just emerged. He bowed, however, and passed on.

He had scarcely more than glanced at the strangers, but, transient as was his survey of them, he saw that one of them was an invalid—the younger. "How touching is the languor which indisposition lends ever beauty," exclaimed Griswold to himself; "health would improve the loveliness of that face, but the interest which now invests it would vanish. No visitation," he continued, "but late hours and crowded rooms have sent her hither—for I prophesy she comes to make some stay."

He was right. Griswold returned from his ramble earlier than was his custom. His thoughts that day were in the hamlet, and not upon the shore. He approached his lodgings with something like the emotions of expectation and suspense.

He looked at his landlady, on entering, as if he expected she would communicate something; and was disappointed when she merely returned the ordinary response to his salutation. He entered his apartment dispirited, and threw himself into a chair near the window, the sash of which he threw up as if he wanted air. For the first time, he felt the oppression of loneliness. "They have not come to stay," said he to himself, and absolutely with a sigh; and no wonder! In an assembly, a lovely, graceful, and delicate woman, beheld for the first time, would have exacted from him only the ordinary tribute which beauty shares with beauty—but, in a remote little fishing hamlet, inhabited by beings as rude as their neighbours, the sea and the rocks, such a vision could hardly come, and vanish, without leaving a strong impression upon the beholder. Young Griswold sat abstracted, chagrined—mortified.

The opening of a window in a cabin opposite, roused him. The sash was thrown up by a white arm, shining through a sleeve of muslin, thin as gauze. Presently a dimpled elbow reposed upon the sill, and a cheek of pensive sweetness sank upon a hand, so small, so white, that it seemed to have been modelled for no other office than to pillow such a burden. A thrill ran through his frame, quickening him into wakeful life.

How the hand talks! What passion, thought, and sentiment, are in it! What tongues are the fingers! Oh! the things that the hand which this young man sat watching, discoursed to him, as it changed its posture—now with the palm, now with the back, kissing its owner's cheek—now extending one finger upon the marbly, ample temple—now enwreathing itself with one jetty curl and another—now passed over the arched bright forehead—now lowered, and languidly drooping from the window-frame, upon which the arm to which it belonged lay motionless—then raised again, with slow and waving motion, till it closed with the cheek that half met it—then gradually crossed over the bosom that seemed to heave with a sigh, as it passed, and pressed to the heart—then clasped with its beauteous fellow, and carried to the back of the head, the full, elastic arms, swelling and whitening as they contracted!

Griswold gazed on entranced. Hitherto, the cheek alone of the fair invalid had been presented to him, but now her head turned; her eyes met his and dropped—she rose and withdrew.

Only glimpses of her did Griswold catch again that evening—but they were frequent. A hand—an elbow—the point of her shoulder—once or twice her figure, flitting backward and forward, as she paced up and down the apartment. Dusk fell; still he remained at his post. Was it a guitar that he heard? It was but awakened as the first tones of an Æolian harp, which you hold your breath to hear. Her hand was on the strings; one chord at length she struck full; another succeeded—and another. Then all was silence for a time. Griswold still remained at the window—nor in vain. The music woke again, as fairy soft as before, and a voice—soft as the music, but oh! far sweeter—awoke along with it. She was singing, but he could hear nothing except the strain; and yet he heard enough to tell him that it was the theme of tenderness, though sung by fits, that rather seemed to help than mar the passionate mood. The stars shone out; the moon, in her first quarter half completed, showed her bright crescent clear though setting; the folds of a white drapery shone dimly through the still open casement. Did the wearer approach, to look out and gaze upon the fair night? No. The sash was pulled down; the string and the voice were hushed; the interesting minstrel had retired. Griswold retired too; but though his head was upon the pillow, not a moment of that night were his vision and his ear withdrawn from the open window.

It was broad day before forgetfulness cast her spell over the excited spirits of young Griswold, nor was it broken till high noon. He arose, emerged from his chamber, and took an anxious survey of the habitation opposite. The room appeared empty.—He partook hastily of a slight repast, and, sallying out, made his way to the sea-shore. He had not proceeded far, when, turning a point, he beheld the elder female in advance of him, standing still, and looking anxiously upward toward a projecting summit, some hundred yards from the shore. He followed what appeared to be the direction of her eyes, and saw the younger, half way up, reclining upon her side.—Something appeared to be amiss. He quickened his pace, and, joining the former, learned from her that her daughter, attempting to climb to the top of the steep hill, had incautiously turned; and, unaccustomed to look from a height, was prevented by terror from proceeding or descending; that, from the same cause, she had slipped down several feet; and that she, herself, durst not attempt to go to her assistance. Griswold had heard enough; he bounded up the steep. As he approached the fair one, modesty half overcame terror, and she made a slight effort to repair the disorder into which her dress had been thrown by the accident. The young man assisted her to complete what she had effected but imperfectly; he encouraged her, raised her, and, propping her fair form by his own, led her, step by step, down to the beach again. Nor, when she was in perfect safety, did he withdraw his assistance—nor did she decline it; though, as apprehension subsided, confusion arose—coloring her pale cheek to crimson, at the recollection of the plight in which she had been found. Her ankle was slightly sprained, she said, having turned under her when she slipped. What was this, if not a warrant for the proffer of an arm? At all events, Griswold construed it as such, and escorted the fair stranger, leaning upon him, back to her lodgings. From that moment a close intimacy commenced. They were constantly together—sometimes accompanied by the mother—more frequently, and at last, wholly alone. Communing in solitude, between the sexes, and in the midst of romantic scenery, where there is no impediment, no distaste on either side, is almost sure to awaken, and to foster love. Young Griswold loved. The looks, the actions, all but the tongue of Amelia, assured him that his passion was returned. Her health had improved rapidly; the autumn was advancing, and the evenings and nights were growing chill. The mother and daughter now talked of returning to New York; a day was fixed for their departure—and, on the eve of that day, young Griswold threw himself at the feet of the lovely girl, and implored her to bless him with her hand. Yet, though she did not deny that he had interested her—though her eyes and her cheek attested it—though the hand which was locked in his, locked his as well—though she suffered him to draw her toward him, by the tenure of her graceful waist—still was her reply, "I will not marry yet."

Griswold did not require to ask if his visits would be permitted in town—he was invited to renew them there. A journey to Charleston, however, on a matter of pressing necessity, respecting the affairs of a friend, protracted his return for a month. At the expiration of that time he found himself in New York, and, with a throbbing heart, repaired to the habitation of Amelia's father, near Union Square, on the very evening of his arrival. The house was lighted up—there was a ball. He was scarcely dressed for a party; yet he could not overcome his impatience to behold again the heroine of the Long Island shore. He rang, at the same moment when a knot of other visitors came to the door, and, entering along with them, was ushered into a ball-room, the footman hurriedly announcing the names of the several parties. The dance was proceeding. It was the whirling waltz—

The dance of concert, one
Forbid! abandoning to the free hand
The secret waist; waltz, face to face, that breath
Doth kiss with breath, and eye underneath eye—
Your tresses still relaxing, straightening—round
And round, in wavy measure; you entwine
Circle with circle—till the swimming brain
And panting stays, in swimmy languor, give o'er!

It was a waltz, and the couple consisted of a man of the town, and—Amelia.

The party who had entered with Griswold immediately took seats, but he stood, transfixed to the spot where his eyes first caught the form of the young lady, in the coil of another. She saw not him. With laughing eyes, and cheeks flushed with exertion, she continued the measure of license—her spirits mounting as the music quickened—until she seemed to float round her partner, who freely availed himself of the favorable movement of the step, to draw her toward him in momentary pressure. They at length sat down, and were soon engaged in earnest conversation. Griswold writhed. He retired to a room where he thought he should escape observation, and threw himself into a chair.

"Who think you, now, is the happy man?" said one of a group of gentlemen who at that moment came into the apartment where he sat.

"Why, who, if not Singleton!" replied another, "he has waltzed himself into her heart. This is the twentieth time I have seen her dance with him."

"Oh! another will waltz him out of her heart," interposed a third; "she is an incorrigible coquette, from first to last."

Here the party separated. Griswold, scarcely knowing what he did, after sitting abstracted for a few minutes, rose and descended the staircase.

He started with the intention of quitting the house, but the supper-room had been just thrown open, and the press carried him in. Nor was he allowed to stop, until he had reached the head of the table.—Every seat but two, close to where he stood, was occupied. "By your leave, sir," said a voice behind him. He stepped back, and the waltzer led Amelia to one of them, and placed himself beside her. Young Griswold would have retreated, but could not without incommoding the company, who thickly hemmed him in. Amelia drew her gloves from the white arms they little enhanced by covering—the waltzer assisting her, and transferring them to the custody of his bosom. His eyes explored the table in quest of the most delicate of the viands, which, one after another, he recommended to her, until she made a selection. He filled a wine-glass with sparkling Burgundy and presented it to her, then crowned a goblet, till the liquid almost overhung the brim—breathed her name over it in a sigh—and quaffed it off to the bottom at a draught. He leaned his cheek to hers, till the neighbors almost touched. He whispered to her—and she replied in whispers. He passed his arm over the back of her chair, partly supporting it in the office of supporting her shoulders. He pressed so close to her, that it would have been the same had both been sitting in one seat. She was either unconscious of the familiar vicinity, or she permitted it. The whispering continued; the word "marriage" was uttered—repeated—repeated again. Griswold heard her distinctly reply, "I will not marry yet," as she rose—and, turning, met him face to face.

"Griswold!" she involuntarily exclaimed. But he spoke not, save with his eyes, which he kept fixed steadfastly upon her.

"When did you arrive?" she inquired, hurriedly, and in extreme confusion.

"This evening," replied the young man, without removing his eyes.

"When did you join our party?"

"While you were waltzing," returned Griswold, with a smile.

"And how long have you been standing here?"

"Since supper commenced; I made way for your partner to hand you in that seat, and place himself beside you."

"You have not supped! sit down, and I will help you to something."

"No!" said Griswold, shaking his head, and smiling again.

"My mother has not seen you yet; come and speak to her."

"No; I have not a moment to spare. I leave town again immediately."

"When?"

"To-night! Farewell," said he, turning to go.

"You, surely, are not going yet," earnestly interposed Amelia.

"I must not stay," emphatically rejoined Griswold. "For one object alone I came to town. That is finally disposed of. The necessity for my departure is imperative. Remember me to your mother. Good-night!" he added, moving toward the door.

"Have you been well?" she inquired, almost tremulously. He continued his progress as far as the throng permitted him, affecting not to hear her. She followed, laid her hand upon his arm, and stopped him.

"You surely are not well now," she remarked, in a tone of solicitude.

"No," he replied, passing on till he reached the door.

"Griswold!" she exclaimed, heedless of those who surrounded her, "stay a little longer!—an hour—half an hour—the quarter of an hour."

Griswold stopped, and, turning, looked upon her with an expression so tender, yet so stern, that she half shrank as she met his gaze.

"Not a moment," he replied; "I should be only a clog upon your pastime. I *do not waltz*!" Then snatched her hand—raised it to his lips—kissed it—and, dropping it, hurried down the staircase and departed.

Amelia at once perceived the awkwardness of her situation—recovered her self possession—and, with well-dissembled mirth, affected to laugh.

"A poor lunatic!" she exclaimed, "whom I pity, notwithstanding his extravagant aberrations of mind. He is innocent in his madness. But come, let us forget him."

The dance was resumed. She was the queen of the mirthful hour, that shone, surpassing all. She laughed, she rallied, she challenged, she outdid herself—her spirits towering the more, the more the revel waned. Party after party dropped off, still she kept it up, till she was utterly alone—and then she rushed up to her chamber, and cast herself upon a couch, dissolved in tears.

She loved young Griswold. Vanity had been touched before—but never sentiment, till she visited the little hamlet on Long Island. At first, she could not, or would not, persuade herself that Griswold would not return; but a month set that point perfectly at rest. She drooped. Society—amusement—nothing could rouse her into her former self. Her partner in the waltz in vain solicited her to stand up with him again. She declined the honor; his visits were discouraged. Her mother anxiously watched the depression of spirits that had taken possession of her, and seemed daily to increase. The winter passed without improvement—the spring. Summer set in; bloom and fruit returned, but cheer was a stranger to her heart. Change of scene was recommended. She was asked to make choice of the place whither she would go; she replied, with a sigh, "to the Long Island shore."

She and her mother arrived at the same little hamlet which they had visited the summer before, early on a Sunday morning, and reoccupied the identical windows. The landlady, a kind-hearted creature, expressed her surprise and sorrow at the altered appearance of her delicate young lodger.

"Ah!" said she, "the young gentleman would be sorry to see this—though he has had his turn of sickness too; but he is now quite *recovered*."

"Mr. Griswold!" breathlessly inquired Amelia.

"Yes," replied the landlady, "that same handsome, kind, young gentleman."

"Merciful Heaven! is he here?" she vehemently demanded.

"He is, my lady," returned the landlady.

"Mother!" she exclaimed, as she turned upon the latter a look, in which pleasure was painted for the first time since the momentous night of the ball.

"Where does he lodge?" asked Amelia, turning to the landlady.

"In the same place. He came back about a month after he left," added the landlady. "Poor young gentleman!" she continued, "we all thought he had come to die among us—so pale, so melancholy. He would keep company with no one—would speak to no one—and at last he took fairly to his bed."

Amelia laid her head upon her hand, covering her eyes; her tears had begun to flow.

"But the daughter of our neighbor, who had a rich brother that sent his niece to school at New Haven, and had determined to adopt her, having completed her time, came upon a visit to her father, shortly after the return of the young gentleman, and her mother made her read to him constantly, to divert him—and he grew fond of listening to her—and well he might, for a sweet young creature she is—and at last his health took a turn, and he was able to quit his bed, and to walk, as he used with you, my dear lady—rambling whole hours along the sea-shore with her."

The eyes of Amelia were now lifted to the landlady's face. Her tears were gone, all but the traces of them; they seemed as they were glazed. The landlady had paused at the sound of several voices, and a kind of bustle without, and now ran to the window.

"Come hither, ladies!" she exclaimed, "they are just coming out."

Amelia, by a convulsive effort, rose, and hastily approached the window with her mother.

"Here they come!" returned the landlady, "and this is the end of my story. The young gentleman at last fell in love with his sweet young nurse, and offered to marry her. She had already fallen in love with him; she accepted him, and this very morning they are going to church. There they are! look! did you ever see so sweet a sight? What a couple! God bless them! They were made for one another!"

The landlady started and looked round. Amelia had fallen in a swoon upon the floor. With difficulty they recovered her. In an hour her mother was on her way with her toward New York. In a month, she was dressed in a shroud.

MOUNT SINAI.

President Durbin, after he had visited this renowned and holy mountain, and had felt his mind filled with the vast associations of the spot, broke forth into the following beautiful train of thought when contemplating the scene anew, with his pen in hand to record the sentiment:

"I have stood upon the Alps in the middle of June, and looked abroad upon their snowy empire—I have stood upon the Alpines, and looked abroad upon the plains of beautiful, eventful Italy—I have stood upon the Albanian mount, and beheld the scene of the Æneid from the Circean promontory, over the Campagna, to the eternal city, and the mountains of Tivoli—I have sat upon the pyramids of Egypt, and cast my eyes over the sacred city of Heliopolis, the land of Goshen, the fields of Jewish bondage, and the ancient Memphis where Moses and Aaron on the part of God and his people, contended with Pharaoh and his servants, the death of whose "first born of man and beast in one night" filled the land with wailing; but I have never set my foot on any spot, from whence was visited so much stern, gloomy grandeur, heightened by the silence and solitude that reigns around, but infinitely more heightened by the awful and sacred associations of the first great revelation in form from God to man. I feel oppressed with the spirit that breathes around and seems to inhabit this holy place. I shall never sit down on the summit of Sinai again and look upon the silent and empty plains at its feet, but I shall go down a better man, and aim so to live as to escape the thunders at the last day, which once reverberated through these mountains, but have long since given way to the Gospel of Peace. I can scarcely tear myself away from the hallowed summit, and I wish I, too, could linger forty years in converse with the Lord."

TO THE LOVED AND LOST.

My heart is in thy grave, my Love,
Oh, let it there remain!
In life, I gave it—and, in death,
Thou shalt the gift retain.

And faithful to thy memory,
I'll ceaseless homage pay,
For blissful years of wedded love,
Too swiftly passed away.

Thou said'st, "that we had got to part,
That death was drawing nigh,"—
Oh, who can tell the hopeless grief,
With which I saw thee die!

Beheld thine eyes of love and light,
Dimmed with the mist of death,
Received upon my quivering lips,
Thy last expiring breath!

Oh, what a pure and generous soul,
Did death in thine set free!
Oh, what a wealth of precious love,
I've lost, in losing thee!

Truth, genius, virtue, beauty, all
That lent a charm to life,
Lie buried in thy timeless grave,
My lost, my cherished Wife!

And I will plant thy grave with flowers,
And watch their growth with care—
The same as used to win thy love,
The fragrant, bright, and fair.

The earliest violet of the spring,
With lovelier hue shall bloom,
When watered by affection's tear,
That falls on Beauty's tomb.

Look down then from the realms of light!
If such be Heaven's decree,
Watch all our ways—when perils press,
Our guardian Angel be!

Yes, whisper with thy seraph voice,
Thy loved ones will obey—
'Twill guide us through earth's clouded path,
To Heaven's effulgent day.

There, severed souls, whose early faith
Was pledged in changeless love,
Shall re-unite—no more to part—
In God's bright home above!

Richmond Hill, Queens co., N.Y.

Written for the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

MOTHER.

There is a voice that calls to me,
I hear it in my sleep,
And when I start amid my dreams,
My waking is to weep;
So plain doth seem the echoed word,
That strange it is to me,
Because I find not by my side,
Its own reality.

'Tis a tone for ever buried
In the solitude of death;
And well I know it never more
Shall speak in mortal breath.
'Twas a soft and gentle music,
So loved in other years;
It breathed to me but kindness,
And its memory is—tears.

I cannot, in the stillness,
Give an answer to my name,
But I lay me down in quietness,
And sink to rest again;
For that I may not see her face,
As once for me it smiled,
Yet I feel that she is watching
O'er the slumbers of her child.

H. LIGHTHIPE.

Chester, N.Y.

NO ONE BUT HUSBAND;

OR, THE PLEDGE.

BY MRS H. M. DODGE.

"Sister Mary! you cannot be in earnest! you certainly do not intend to appear again at dinner in that old, faded dress; besides, it is very much soiled. I have been surprised for three days past that you wore it, even about your morning's work."

"That's just like you, Jane; you have nothing to do but to dress, and comb, and curl, and you think a woman, with an infant in her arms, and a family to manage, can do the same. How would my work come on if I should spend all my time in adorning my own person?"

"You quite mistake me, sister. I do not desire you to spend all your time thus. Nor a small portion of it would suffice. But you have good help in the kitchen, and you employ a seamstress when you need one, and certainly you can afford time enough to keep yourself and your infant becoming and tidy, at least.—Now, a few minutes would be sufficient to smooth your hair, and arrange your own dress, and that of your infant very neatly; and, perhaps, dear Mary, you are not aware that you have been amusing yourself with little Helen more than an hour."

"Well, Jane, that may be; but I was quite fatigued when I sat down, and needed rest; and what's the use in making so much parade about one's own family? No one but husband will be here to dinner, and he has seen me look much worse than I do now; so what's the use in toiling all the time for nothing?"

"Toiling for nothing, sister? Can it be possible that, in less than two years after marriage, your husband's feelings and opinions have become nothing to you? Whose feelings and good opinions, then *are* worth toiling for?"

"Oh, Jane, you are always magnifying every little trifle into something very serious and very important. Now why should a woman make a slave of herself, just to please her husband's whims? Certainly, if he loves her as he ought, and esteems her for the superior qualities of her mind and heart, his opinion will not be swayed by every little external circumstance. What is a little dress? It matters nothing very material any way, especially when one is about her work, and expects no company?"

"Company! sister Mary; company is a cold, heart-chilling wall to place between your motives, and the comfort of your dearest earthly friend. If a neat and handsome dress is desirable to make you appear lovely and respectable in the eyes of company, and to give them a good opinion of your correct taste and habits, how much more so is it necessary in the eyes of him on whom your whole happiness so mainly depends? He has forsaken all other females for you; he has chosen you from among all his acquaintances to be his constant companion for life, and if your careless habits and disorderly appearance utterly disgust him, he has no resource but to bear it; and if he is a peaceable man, it may be he will bear it in silence; but, oh, sister, I can assure you his heart will ache! and may I not venture to add a most alarming truth, that, but few men can love unreservedly a slattern wife."

"Jane, Jane! what curious notions you have got. Then a woman must be always in full dress to please her husband, and keep his love! A pretty economical wife that. I guess his purse would ache, if his heart did not."

"I said not so, dear Mary. But I do insist that she should always be in a perfectly neat and becoming attire. One great rule should sway her whole conduct; never, on any occasion, to appear before her husband in a disorderly dress. No—if even one ringlet is out of place, and she hears his footsteps approaching, she should instantly leave all, and arrange the truant tress. Indeed, I believe that wedded love is a critical thing—a delicate plant, that requires much culture to make it thrive, amidst the faults incident to poor human nature, and the trials of life which are often calculated to displease us with ourselves and every one around us."

"Well, Jane, if that be the case, you had better remain in a state of 'single blessedness'—you make marriage a scene of perpetual slavery and alarm, and mutual forbearance a thing which ought never to be needed."

"No, sister, you mistake me entirely. We are very imperfect creatures, and after we have done the best we can, still many things require overlooking; but there are some things for which we have no right to ask forbearance, because they are errors which we need not commit, and for which we have no reasonable excuse. Under this head may be classed the fault I have been deprecating. What excuse can a woman in health possibly have for being a slattern? And does it make marriage a state of slavery and alarm because a wife should try to make herself agreeable in the sight of her husband, and thus to render him happy? Dear Mary, did you deem this a servitude before marriage? Was it a painful labor to array yourself most tastefully and scrupulously in a manner which you believed would be most pleasing to Edward when you expected him? Now, if due attention to those attractions were necessary to awaken and fix love and esteem before marriage, they certainly must be necessary to keep them alive after."

"But, sister, courtship and marriage are two things. One cannot be expected, amidst the sober and weary duties of a housekeeper, to be always curled and primmed up, nor even as tidy, by the bye, as a girl waiting for her lover."

"Why not, Mary? You should not have raised expectations, then, to be afterwards mortified and crushed. You should have appeared then, as a general thing, what you intended to be through life.—During your courtship, Edward was very particular with regard to his personal appearance. This trait of character you greatly admired in him—and I see that he is not changed in this respect since marriage. Now, dear sister, how would you feel if he should come from the store with his beard long, his hair hanging over his fine fair forehead, his collar crumpled and half turned under, his clothes ragged and rusty, and finally in every way so disagreeable in his appearance that you felt almost disgusted to look at him; would you think he had much regard for your esteem and happiness? or would the good qualities of his head or heart, for which you mostly love him, atone for such unnecessary faults?"

—The young wife cast her eyes thoughtfully upon the floor, but replied not. She had never thought of the subject in this light before. Edward had never appeared before her in a careless or slovenly manner: yet, with secret mortification and sorrow, she remembered that more than once he had spoken to her about her torn and soiled dress, her uncombed hair, the untidy appearance of their dear little Helen, or the disordered state of affairs, or the furniture about the house. She remembered, too,—though he had never neglected to make ample provision for her,—that through her carelessness he had often come to his meals and found them not ready, or but indifferently prepared; and sometimes, when he had unexpectedly brought a friend home with him to dinner, how confused he looked, and how cold his manners towards her were. "It is indeed wrong," she said to her own heart, as Betty came in to lay the cloth for dinner. "To-morrow I will turn over a new leaf."

Alas! for this procrastinating resolution! Had she determined that the good reformation should begin that very moment, she might have thrown off the torpid power of habit, and cast herself beyond the reach of the subtle tempter;—yes, she might have dispelled the gloomy cloud that was gathering over her devoted head! But being somewhat weary, and feeling assured that no one but her husband would be there to dinner, and that to appear once more before *him* in a slatternly dress would make no difference, she again, and much to her sister's grief, took up her babe, whose little face and hands were begrimed with the dirt of the carpet, and sat quietly down to wait for dinner. Betty, though always called "good help," had gradually sunk into the careless habits of the young housekeeper, and while she knew how work should be done, she cared not enough for the interest of another to exert herself to do it well. The dinner table was therefore arranged in a very uninviting manner; the cloth being quite soiled, the plates and glasses looking dingy for the want of proper washing, and the knives, forks and spoons, altogether unpolished. Mary observed the uneasy eye of her sister, and knew that things were not as they should be; but she contented herself by again thinking, "Well, to-morrow Betty must turn over a new leaf."

At length the dinner was ready. Edward came home in high spirits, and though he cast an unhappy glance at the table, and then at his wife and child, the cloud passed from his brow the next moment, and all sat down with kind feelings to partake of their ample meal. Mary looked unusually smiling, and just as she was secretly planning how she would surprise her husband by the improved state of affairs *to-morrow*, the attention of all was attracted by the appearance of an elegant carriage which stopped at the door. Edward walked to the window, and, turning hastily around, he exclaimed—

"By my life! it is Howard Montague and his bride! Oh! Mary, Mary!" he continued, with a smothered groan, and a look of distress that pierced her to the heart; "how am I crushed into the very earth! How can I admit this friend into such a house, and call it mine! Your careless habits are killing me—I am dying by inches!" and then his look of grief changed to anger, and from that to hatred and contempt, as he left the room to meet his friend.

Poor Mary sprang from her chair in sorrow and alarm. She possessed a clear and vivid understanding, and comprehended, at once, the exact state of her husband's heart. Montague was his *dearest* early friend, the companion of his school days, and the most highly valued friend and correspondent of his later years. She knew how much he had thought of his opinion—how proudly, during their courtship, he had praised her to this *friend*, and she had often, too, heard him say that Howard Montague was one of the most scrupulously particular, as well as the most observing persons in the world. Jane, also, knew enough of him to feel *fully* for Edward, and to know that he had rather see *any* other person at that time than him.

It was a cool day in autumn, and, as they usually kept no parlor fire, the visitors must be admitted to the sitting room—so the trembling wife threw her babe into Betty's arms, picked up the tongs and shovel which lay sprawling on the floor, brushed up the coals and ashes from the hearth, grasped an armful of unfinished work, and bits, and ends, which lay piled upon a dusty mahogany table, stowed them into a cupboard, already crowded with all manner of things to overflowing, and then tucking back her straggling ringlets, she waited breathlessly the entrance of her husband and his friends. The last improvement was scarcely completed, when the three entered, and a formal introduction followed: but, alas! for the poor, young wife! Her husband's mortification and embarrassment only served to increase her own, and, losing all self-possession, her appearance was not only disgusting as a slattern, but childish and awkward as a woman. Neither could Edward be himself. His varying countenance and distracted manner, shewed too plainly the uncomfortable state of his mind. That night, when they retired to rest, Edward Wells told his wife, plainly, that there must be a change in her habits, or he was ruined.

"You knew my feelings on these subjects before marriage, Mary," said he; "and oh, how cruelly you deceived me! Then, every possible effort was employed to make your person and the little parlor where we sat, attractive to me, by their perfect neatness; and why was this bitter wrong practised upon me? why were you not generous, plainly appearing then what you intended to be through life, that I might have known what I was doing, and not have been so miserably disappointed?"

"I see how it was then," replied the wife, pettishly; "you married me because you thought I would make you a good house-keeper. A pretty idea that—just as a Southerner would choose a slave!"

"Mary," replied the distressed husband, "why do you wrong me thus? I loved you most devotedly—but did I love blindly, madly, and like a fool? Did I love without reason, and without perceiving any qualifications worthy of being loved? Believe me, my wife, there are but few virtues, however amiable and beautiful they may be in themselves, that are capable of making a man love a slattern."

"Then you plainly acknowledge you hate me!" replied Mrs. Wells, at the same moment removing herself farther from him, and beginning to sob pitifully. "I did not suppose that I was to be a perpetual slave in order to keep your love."

"A slave!" answered the husband quickly, his voice rising with the warmth of his feelings—"Have I not provided you with ample means for an easy and happy life? But, Mary, I see it is all in vain. You have not a sufficient regard for my feelings, or happiness, to try to render yourself agreeable in my eyes, or to make our pleasant little home inviting. The mortifications of this day have crushed me to earth! The husband of a slattern need not try to hold up his head among men. They despise him—nay, still worse, they pity him! Howard Montague will never visit my house again. I am quite certain he intended to remain with us a day or two; but did you see the look his wife gave him when I urged him to stay over night? Oh, I could hang myself!" and he pressed his hands forcibly upon his eyes, as if to shut out the sight of some painful object.

"But you hate me, Edward," sobbed the unhappy wife, who also remembered with deep mortification the significant look which Mrs. Montague gave her husband. "You hate me, Edward, and what courage have I to try to be any thing?"

"I have not said so," replied Mr. Wells, bitterly; "but I will now say, that I have sometimes trembled for the change that my heart was undergoing! Can the wife who believes any thing will do for her husband, merely because he is married to her, expect to retain that husband's affection? Believe me, my wife, more than once have I been tempted to leave our dirty and comfortless fireside, for the bright, shining hearth of the village tavern."

Poor Mary was alarmed. She had often pitied sadly, those sorrowful, neglected women, whose husbands frequented the tavern; and could it be possible that even she, with all her proud hopes, and high prospects, was on the eve of such a miserable fate?

"I will indeed turn a new leaf," she sighed to herself; and nestling her tearful face into her husband's bosom, she promised him again and again to reform her careless habits.

Early on the following morning, Jane, who had designed to spend some months with her sister, received a letter from home, desiring her immediate return, as her father, who was a widower, had been taken suddenly ill, and needed her services. Accordingly she took passage in the next stage, but it was not without many sad and disappointed feelings that she left a young and only sister, who seemed at that time so greatly in need her counsel and assistance. Her home, too, was far distant, and as her father's health was precarious, it was extremely uncertain when she should be able to make the journey again.

* * * * *

Three years passed away, and Jane, who was piously engaged in endeavoring to fan and keep alive the wasting flame of her father's existence, but seldom heard from Edward Wells and his rising family; but her heart was ever with them, and not unfrequently did she spend an anxious and sorrowful hour in the recollection of her sister's failure in housekeeping, and the unhappy effect it was evidently producing on the mind of her affectionate, but high-souled husband. At length, the lonely daughter was called to follow to the grave the remains of her dear parent; and to see her native home made utterly desolate, by the removal of the last beloved object that bound her to it. Her feelings naturally turned to her only sister, and she at once determined to sell her little estate, and go and spend the remainder of her days with her.

"And, perhaps," thought she, with pleasing anticipations, as she stepped into the steamboat which was to convey her from her dear native village, "I may do something towards making the poor girl understand and perform her duty towards her husband and family."

It was just as a rich autumnal sunset shed its glory over the calm and beautiful world, that our traveller, fatigued, and covered with the dust of a long journey, entered the village where she hoped to find rest and a happy home.

"You will please drive to the residence of Edward Wells," she replied to the driver, as he tapped on the window, and enquired where she would be left.

"Well, I don't know as I know exactly where he lives now," added the fellow, carelessly; "for I heard a spell ago that he was goin' to move, and his house and furniture was goin' to be sold at vendue; but, may be it hain't taken place yet. I will just drive up and see."

Poor Jane felt an icy chill steal around her heart, and she sunk back upon the seat almost fainting. At length, recovering herself, she inquired if Mr. Wells had become intemperate in his habits.

"I should think he had a little," was the unfeeling reply; while the speaker, as if pleased with the opportunity of conversing with a lady, slackened the reins, and permitted the carriage to roll as leisurely over the smooth road, that conversation might be ily carried on in a common voice.

"But what was the cause? he was once temperate," gasped Jane, after a moment's painful pause.

"To be sure he was!" answered the other.—"There never was a likelier and more thrifty young man started in our place, and he made a deal of money, too, while he carried on the store; but now he has nothing but that little beer shop you see on the hill. I guess he's poor enough."

"But what was the cause of his intemperance?" again inquired Jane, in a tone of sad earnestness.

"The cause, ma'am?" returned the driver. "Well, some says one thing and some says another; but most people says his wife drew him to it. For my part, I should think that such a lazy, wasteful creature, would make any man a drunkard."

The poor sister's bitter fears were now fully realized, and sinking back into the seat, she gazed out of the carriage window with that stern yet vacant stare which declares the tearless sorrow of a wrung and despairing heart.

At length the carriage stopped in front of the once beautiful cottage of Edward Wells; but, now, alas! how changed! The neat white fence was in many places broken down, or rudely mended with old boards; the windows were sadly patched; the large yard, once interspersed with finely shaded walks, grass plats, and rare plants, was now overgrown with weeds; and, in short, every thing about the place bespoke the home of the slattern and the drunkard.

Two ragged little children ran into the front door, at which Mrs. Wells appeared a moment after, with slip-shod shoes, dishevelled hair, and a squalid looking infant in her arms. Jane sprang to the ground, and the next moment the sisters were locked in a long and sobbing embrace.

"Our dear father is gone, Mary," at length said Jane, while her sister led her to a rocking-chair near the grate, where a sorry brand lay smouldering; "and I have come to pass the remainder of my days with you."

At the mention of their departed parent, the tears of the daughters burst forth afresh, and it was some time before either could again speak: but, finally, Mary repeated in broken accents—

"How rejoiced I am, dear sister, that you have come to live with us; but, we are poor, and oh, Jane, my husband is a drunkard!"

At that moment, Edward, who had heard his wife's remark, entered the room with a flushed face and unsteady step. He approached Jane, and shaking her hand roughly, he said, with a bitter, gloomy laugh—

"Yes, Jane, I am a drunkard, to be sure; but I am glad to see any one who ever knew me when I was a man. You are welcome to my—— I was going to say house, but I have got no house! To-morrow, we shall all be in the street!"—and shrinking back upon a tattered lounge, he covered his face, and wept with all the unmanly weakness of a wretched inebriate.

That night the sisters sat up long after Edward had retired to rest—for he returned home at a much earlier hour than usual. It appeared from a repentant and candid review and acknowledgment of the past, on the part of the unhappy wife, that Mr. Wells had steadily pursued a gradual, downward course, since the time that he was visited by Howard Montague—that he had given up, by degrees, all personal pride—had neglected his business, frequented the tavern, ceased to provide comfortably for his family, and finally, had begun to abuse as well as to neglect them.

"Dearest sister," at length said Jane, who had been summoning all her resolution to do what she believed to be her duty, "have you not yourself contributed to your poor husband's ruin? Nay, let me deal more plainly in this most solemn and all-important matter, were you not the sole cause of his first step in the downward path?"

Mrs. Wells, who was writhing under the bitter accusations of conscience, replied only with tears, and her sister proceeded:

"You know I love you most tenderly, Mary, and would not wound your feelings needlessly, for the world; but, during my former visit here, I saw the beginning of evil, which I have ever since feared would produce the very results which indeed they have produced, and I would now admonish and counsel you with the hope of producing an entire and happy change."

"It is too late," replied Mrs. Wells. "Dear Jane, it is forever too late! I have made a great many attempts at reformation, but always failed. Edward never seemed to appreciate any thing well done, but he always observed the bad with bitter censure. I have no faculty at housekeeping, and indeed I have long ago given up all hope—all ambition. Edward hates me—my former friends have all forsaken me, and"——

She could say no more; but hiding her red and swollen eyes in her sister's lap, she wept until the very springs of life seemed exhausted.

"You only failed, Mary," answered Jane, kissing her tenderly, "because you were deficient in principle and resolution. You took a wrong view of the subject in the very beginning; and believing that almost any thing would do for your husband, you yielded to a natural want of energy, and from this source has arisen all your misfortunes. But few men can overlook such things in a wife, and love and respect her, even if they have strength of moral principle sufficient to preserve them from vice and ruin. But I still insist that a change for the better is possible, and nothing is wanting but a firm determination and constant trust in Heaven for assistance; and who knows but Edward may yet become a temperate man?"

"Oh, he's too far gone!" groaned the miserable wife. "He does not love his family or his reputation, or any thing but his tavern friends, and the vile wretches that infest his miserable grocery. These do all they can to make him my bitter enemy, and to urge him on to ruin!"

"But, sister," replied Jane, "if his home was made more pleasant, and if you were more cheerful and tidy in your appearance, perhaps he would care less for these low associates, and might thus be won back to your love and to his duty. Come, have courage, and let us make the effort."

"But you forget, Jane," answered Mrs. Wells, "that we are to have no home to-morrow, and that our poor babes will perhaps be sheltered in an open hovel!"

And the distressed mother fixed on her sister such a haggard and maniac glare, as almost to curdle her blood.

"Be calm, Mary," she replied, in a soothing tone. "The proceeds of our father's little estate are in my possession, and when the house and furniture are put up at auction, I will bid them off, and they shall still be yours."

This happy reverse of fortune was so unexpected, that Mrs. Wells could scarcely be kept from wild shrieks of joy, and she whirled about the room with such velocity, that her sister almost believed her reason was indeed unsettled; until at length being quite exhausted, she flung her arms around her neck, and laughed and tittered, and wept alternately.

When Jane laid her head on her pillow that night, it was not to sleep, but to think and plan, and to entreat Heaven earnestly to mature and bless these plans of mercy, for she was a Christian, and firmly believed in a beneficent and all-wise Power, as presiding over the affairs of men.

* * * * *

Two months passed away, and the dwelling of Edward Wells had undergone a thorough change. The house and furniture had been purchased by his wife's sister, and through her perseverance, every thing had put on a most inviting appearance. Even his careless wife looked strangely tidy, and his ragged children, though poorly clothed, were still clean, and their old garments were neatly mended. The fire, though often scanty, always burned pleasantly when he was expected, and the kitchen hearth—for they were unable to keep another fire—always shone with peculiar lustre. His meals, though often extremely coarse, were served up in the most inviting manner possible, and his family were always ready to welcome him with a smile. Though he was often very ill-natured, fault-finding, petulant, and even abusive, still he received no short or bitter words, as formerly, nor was he ever reproached, or treated with contempt, though he came home in a state of beastly intoxication. Now how was this great change effected? Was it solely by the personal exertions of the self-denying sister? No; though she did much with her own hands, yet this was not the vital principle that imparted motion to the delicate but most effective machinery. It was the power of unremitting persuasion, and of heart-yielding conviction, in a right cause; it was the earnest pleadings of a sister's eloquent love, which brought forth truth in its own pleasing and righteous array; and the constant and tireless teachings of a sister's anxious soul. These produced a stimulus in the mind which began to overcome, in earnest, the natural deficiency in energy; and a faithful picture of the painful past, kept constantly before the mind, by the soft yet unshrinking hand of love, and contrasted with what it might have been, filled the convinced heart with sorrow, and aroused a firm resolution to make a powerful effort. But, alas! few hopes and few enjoyments seemed to lie in the path of the young wife and mother. Her husband was still a drunkard, and what were her own prospects and those of her helpless children? A sister's tender and faithful love seemed almost the sole star that beamed over her gloomy night, and, but for this, she would have fainted in the race, and all must have been lost!

It was a very cold day in the middle of winter, and a terrific storm was gathering over the world. Mr. Wells, who had been shut in for some hours, now began to look out at the windows, and prepare for an evening walk.

"Oh, Jane, Jane!" groaned the disheartened wife, as the wretched inebriate started out from his pleasant fireside into the storm, to return to his base companions, "I told you it was too late; I must give up, indeed I must!"

"Give up what?" replied the dauntless heroine; "you certainly cannot mean that you intend to give up doing what always was and still is your duty to do, because your husband is intemperate! Ah, Mary, you ought constantly to keep in mind the painful fact that you"——

"I know it, Jane—I know it!—but don't upbraid me!" answered Mrs. Wells.

"I would not upbraid you, dear sister," said Jane, "but I want you to feel that if Edward dies a drunkard's death, you ought to pity and forgive him; and to smoothe as much as possible his thorny pillow, by your kindness and the strict performance of every possible duty. But let me assure you that I have not wholly given him up yet. He is naturally too noble, too good to be resigned so easily. Such a prize would be worth a long and desperate struggle. To you, sister, it is worth every thing. He is your husband, and the father of your sweet babes. Come, cheer up. Go often to the Throne of Grace, and plead for strength and wisdom. Be more patient and tender towards Edward than you have ever yet been, and it is now time to seize a favorable moment, and place the temperance pledge before him. This has already saved thousands!"

"Oh, Jane," replied Mrs. Wells, "I dare not mention that subject to him again; you know how angry he was when I spoke to him about it some weeks ago, and he has been growing worse every day since."

"But that was an unfit time, sister," returned Jane; "he was not only intoxicated, but was very angry at one of our temperance men for reproving him. We must watch an opportunity. If I am not mistaken, he has had some bitter thoughts of late—yes, and within these hours, too."

At that moment the door opened, and Edward entered. The storm was so intense, and the road so drifted, that he found it impassable, and returned to spend the evening with his family.

"For," said he to himself, as he floundered through a huge drift, which turned his face homeward, "it looked so comfortable there, I was half a mind not to come out to-night; besides, there is a bottle of good old gin in the cupboard, and Mary wont scold now, if I do drink at home."

"Here, brother, let me assist you in taking off your overcoat," said Jane, with a smile, for she was rejoiced at his return, "and take this seat near the fire, for it is very cold to-night."

And she added a dry stick to the fire, which threw out a bright and cheerful blaze.

"Yes indeed," replied he, with a coarse laugh, "it is as cold as the d——l. But what makes you look so d——d sober, Mrs. Wells?" he added, turning to his wife with a look of mock respect. "Come, bring us the bottle, and let's have a good drink."

Mary instantly obeyed, but could not suppress the tears as she gave him the dreadful bottle.

"Ha!" said he, handing it back untasted, and looking upon her with more tenderness than he had shown for many months; "I wont drink it if it makes you feel so bad; but just look pleasant now, or I'll go away and stay till morning."

Mary wiped her eyes, and put on as cheerful a countenance as she could assume, and Jane was even gay; but Mr. Wells seemed uneasy. He had taken no liquor since his dinner, and the fumes of what he had taken before, were rapidly passing off. The pleasant appearance of his home reminded him of other years, and the sweet remembrance of the delights he then enjoyed, came over his changed spirit like the painful yet sadly soothing music of a departed dream. Then he had friends—he had money—he had influence. Now all were gone! Then he had a spotless reputation, and strong hopes of a long and happy future, when his children should bless his declining years. Now he had no hope but a drunkard's death, the curses of the community, and the hatred and contempt of a ruined family. No hope for time or eternity. All was lost! The loud wind howled heavily against the windows, and seemed a fit emblem of his dreary, valueless, and wasting life! He answered every gust with a groan, and gazed into the fire with such a look of hopeless agony, that his friends became alarmed, and tenderly inquired the cause of his suffering. He replied not, for the writhings of his agonized spirit were terrible; he felt that the resistless grasp of utter ruin and death was upon him, and that he was bound with a chain which he had no power to break. At length, turning suddenly to his wife, he exclaimed, with a wild gaze:

"Mary, I told you it would be so; but you would not believe me, and now it is too late! I'm lost, soul and body—my family are ruined!"

And he sunk back into his chair, exhausted with strong emotions.

"No, my dear," cried his wife, clasping both his hands in hers, "nothing is wanting even now, but strong resolution; and now by all that's dear in time and eternity, resolve"——

"Yes," added the sister, whose whole heart had been going up to God in earnest cryings, "dear Edward, now for the love of your poor family, and your immortal soul, in the strength of Heaven resolve that you will taste no more strong drink."

But he pushed them from him, and again groaned: "It's all over—it's too late!"

Jane opened a drawer, and taking out a paper, she placed it in his clenched hands, and said:

"Here, brother, is an instrument which was dictated by an angel of mercy from the throne of God—sign it, and it will save you even yet!"

He crushed it between his fingers with a convulsive shiver, still muttering wildly:

"No, no! it is too late—too late now!—Ruin and death have grasped my heart-strings!"

And he shook his head in utter despair.

"Indeed, it is not too late," exclaimed the anxious, weeping wife, kneeling before him with her infant in her arms, and clasping his knees. "Oh! husband, husband! look at your distressed wife, your helpless boy, and for their sakes sign the pledge. I was the first in the wrong, and I thought it was too late with me; but I struggled as for my life, and I have succeeded. Oh, Edward, Edward, make one mighty effort, and you are saved!"

The despairing inebriate turned his red and burning eyes upon his pleading and still beautiful wife—his infant son stretched its little hands towards him, as if pleading too—the picture was moving—the sealed heart of the husband and father melted!

"Give me a pen!" he exclaimed, with strange energy, as he smoothed the crumpled paper over his hand. "Quick! quick!"—and grasping the pen, with maniac eagerness, which Jane gave him, he wrote his name, and gave her back the paper, exclaiming, with a smile of triumph—"It is done! Oh, my wife, my children, we are all saved! I am once more a man!"

Alas! how altered was this once proud and comely looking man!—His long beard, his bright, dark hair, falling in tangled profusion over a dirty collar—his patched garments, and his ragged stockings, and old shoes, showed too plainly the dreadful and downward course of intemperance!

FRIENDSHIP IN WAR;

OR,

The Smileys and the M'Guckins.

AN IRISH TALE OF THE TIMES OF WILLIAM AND JAMES.

BY DR. M'HENRY.

Chapter I.

In the Scottish army of General Monroe, which was so actively employed against the Roman Catholic insurgents of Ireland, in the middle of the seventeenth century, was a sergeant named Samuel Smiley. He was a native of Ayrshire, and a conscientious devotee to the Solemn League and Covenant. He had entered the army sent against the insurgent Catholics, more from desire to aid in subduing the forces of what he deemed Antichrist, than from any natural propensity to a military life. His religious feelings were ardent rather than fanatic—for except to Roman Catholics, he was ready to extend toleration to all denominations of Christians; and even to Catholics, when in a state of subjugation and tranquility, he freely practised the duties of social life and good neighborhood. But in a state of subjugation he thought it necessary that they should be kept, because he believed that otherwise there would be no safety for any possessors of the reformed religion.

Such indeed was the feeling of the more zealous Protestants of all denominations, for more than two centuries after the Reformation. It was a feeling which necessarily sprung from the position of the parties. The Catholics had uniformly, and, in some countries, successfully, resisted, by severe enactments and force of arms, the progress of the Reformation, and inflicted merciless punishment on its adherents. This naturally produced retaliation; and as the Church of Rome, in the infliction of her vengeance upon heretics, made no distinction between the various sects into which they were divided, she compelled them to unite in the common cause of resistance to her authority and power. Thus all denominations of Reformers viewed the Romish religion and its professors with special horror and antipathy, and if there was one denomination of them which did so more than the rest, it was the Covenanters of Scotland. Against them, therefore, and their fellow Calvinists, the Puritans of England, the fierce denunciations of the Romish priesthood, and the sanguinary vindictiveness of their followers, were especially directed. From these religious feuds, no portion of Christendom, probably, suffered so much as Ireland, during the fierce and tedious civil war which followed the Catholic insurrection of 1641.—To reflect on the inhuman transactions of that period, is heart-sickening and harrowing. Thank Heaven! the times adapted to such transactions have passed away, and it is hoped that none similar shall ever again be witnessed on Christian ground.

Yet it is to be remarked that however much the sectarian animosity of those times may have influenced the conduct of senates and armies, and other public bodies, it did not altogether extinguish the impulses of humanity and generosity in the minds of individuals. Tradition has handed down many accounts of persons of both parties giving way to the better feelings of their nature, and forgetting all political and religious differences in their social and domestic intercourse with their opponents.

Among the Protestants, Samuel Smiley was a notable example of this class of liberal belligerents.—He disliked the creed and the conduct of the Catholic insurgents, as much as any Protestant of that day, and was as zealous in his efforts to subdue them; but from individuals among them, whom it was in his power to befriend, he never withheld either his sympathy or his assistance. In his military capacity, he would pursue the armed adherents of the papacy, with vigour and fierceness, but in private life he was ever ready to treat those who were peaceably disposed with kindness; and, when requisite, to aid them in their difficulties and administer to their wants.

Among the Catholics, Brian M'Guckin was little, if any thing, inferior to Smiley in liberality towards individual heretics, although indignant at the irreverence with which they treated the ancient creed, and willing to make any sacrifice for the restoration of papal supremacy in the land. He had joined the insurgent force of Phelim O'Neal, from patriotic as well as religious views, and scrupled not in his enthusiasm for the cause, to obey that ferocious and impolitic chieftain, in assisting, at the commencement of the rebellion, to slaughter some Protestant prisoners at the village of Portadown, conceiving that such an example of severity was requisite to intimidate the numerous Protestants of Ulster from organizing any resistance to the designs of the Catholic party. But after that horrid affair, his conduct towards the Protestants became quite changed. He not only saw the mistaken policy of the transaction, but his heart recoiled at the contemplation of its cruelty, and he resolved never again to aid in the cold-blooded destruction of human life. He indeed soon after abandoned the insurgent ranks, and returned to the cultivation of his farm, on the banks of the Inver, near Larne.

Here, although in a district chiefly inhabited by Protestants, and continually an object of suspicion and surveillance, he remained quiet and unmolested during the remaining vicissitudes of the fiercest civil war that ever afflicted Ireland. At length the resistless arms of Cromwell put an end to those sanguinary scenes, and firmly established the Protestant rule.

A cruel and desolating decree against the subjugated Catholics was now issued, and executed with true Cromwellian promptitude and rigour; which drove the Catholics from their ancient homes in the three fairest provinces of the island, to new possessions allotted to them in Connaught, to which province it was intended ever after to confine the adherents of popery. The vacated lands were immediately conferred on the soldiers of the conquering party, and it happened that Samuel Smiley received the fair farm of Brian M'Guckin.

But it was only the expulsion part of the confiscatory decree that was so promptly executed. The banishment to Connaught was not so rigidly enforced, and thousands of the dispossessed Catholics, with their families, remained impoverished and heart-broken, in the vicinities of the places endeared to them by long residence and ancestral associations, and so long as they conducted themselves peaceably, and offered no molestation to the new possessors of their estates, they were permitted to remain uninjured and undisturbed, in the prosecution of such pursuits for a livelihood, as their taste suggested or their skill enabled them to follow. The family of M'Guckin was among those who preferred remaining in the vicinity of their lost possessions, to wandering afar in unknown lands, where neither the scenes nor the people had any claim on their affections.

Brian settled himself about two miles from his former residence. His new home was on the sea-shore, it being his intention to follow the occupation of fishing and manufacturing kelp, with the materials for which the adjacent coast abounded. Aided by two sons, he carried on those employments with success sufficient to furnish him the necessaries and some of the comforts of life. Its elegancies he despised—or rather, like too many of the despoiled Catholics at that period, he had not the heart to enjoy them.

It will be naturally supposed that the family of M'Guckin bore to that of the new possessor of the Inver farm, no great degree of good will. But Samuel Smiley had liberality enough to make allowance for the occasional ebullitions of resentment which escaped his unfortunate neighbor; and exerted himself, by soothing conduct and friendly acts, to mollify his animosity and lighten his misfortune.—Such treatment could not fail, in due time, to produce its legitimate effect on the sensitive mind of M'Guckin, who, in the faculty of appreciating kindness as well as of resenting injuries, was a true Milesian. Brian, indeed, became at length so much conciliated by the persevering kindness of Smiley, that before his death he was often heard to say that since he was doomed to resign his property to some Cromwellian soldier, he could not have desired it to go into the hands of a better man than Samuel Smiley.

Daniel, the elder of his two sons, continued after Brian's death to reside at Port-peir, the name of their new abode. The younger, whose name was Peter, being of an adventurous and somewhat military disposition, entered into the British naval service, during the Dutch war, in the reign of Charles the second. Before that event, however, Brian had gone to a world embroiled by religious strife, to which he was in a few years followed by Samuel Smiley; whose only son, John, succeeded to the farm of Inver, and continued to treat Daniel with the same liberality and kindness with which his father had so wisely treated Brian.

The position of the two families continued much in this condition until early in the reign of James II., when an incident occurred which threatened serious interruption to the tranquility and easiness of feeling which had so long existed between them.

A son of John Smiley, named Charles, was the favoured lover of a beautiful young woman, named Margaret Berkley, the daughter of a thriving Presbyterian farmer, in the neighbourhood of M'Guckin's residence. On this young woman, heretic as she was, Connolly M'Guckin, a son of Daniel, had strongly fixed his affections. From the impulse of good nature and an unwillingness to give offence, Margaret did not harshly or decisively repel the first intimations of his attachment. This encouraged Connolly to a degree of boldness in his suit, which became annoying, and which she found necessary to check, in language so decisive, as to leave him nothing to hope.

The practice of celebrating Easter Monday by rural amusements, was then, as it still is, universal among the younger classes in Ireland. On that day in the year 1687, a large assemblage repaired to a field near the sea-shore, about a mile from M'Guckin's residence, for the purpose of pastime and festivity. Among them were Margaret Berkley and her accepted lover, Charles Smiley. During the day Connolly M'Guckin also appeared on the scene. It is unnecessary to describe the sports of the occasion. It is enough for our purpose to say that dancing was among them, and that Margaret Berkley consented several times to become the partner of Connolly. This she did partly from motives of civility, but chiefly from a desire to soothe any irritation of feeling he might experience from her undisguised preference of the society of his rival, who, aware of her motive, felt no jealousy, and nothing occurred on the field to disturb the harmony of the occasion.

It was drawing towards the evening when the assemblage began to leave the ground; and a beautiful evening it was, as bright and balmy as if it had been made on purpose to administer to the enjoyments of the rural revellers. Induced, by the sweetness and stillness of the scene, and a desire for the unobserved enjoyment of each other's society, Charles and Margaret retired early from the field of merriment, to ramble along a solitary part of the coast. Their walk was on a rugged and narrow beach, with the sea on their right hand, and on their left a range of high and precipitous banks, overgrown with bramble and wild hazel. Here, absorbed in the delights of each other's presence, and forgetful of all the world besides, they strolled onward until their progress was stopped by a bold promontory of bare rock, projecting into the sea, but perforated by a large tunnel-like cavern, called, from the ebony colour of the rock through which it passed, the "Black Cave." It was accessible from the south, the direction in which our lovers had approached it, by a flight of rude steps formed, by very little artificial aid, from the natural shelvings of the rock. From this remark it will be seen that this southern entrance was considerably elevated above the level of the beach. At this entrance the floor was smooth and dry, made of clay, and having every appearance of having once been tenanted. About eight or ten yards from the entrance, however, this habitable appearance terminated at a place where the cave became greatly narrowed and formed little else than a steep, rugged passage, inclining downwards, in a northern direction, until it formed an opening, into which, at every swell of the tide, the ocean poured its waters, sometimes with a calm, solemn sound, and often, when lashed into fury by the northern wind, with a terrifying clamour, rushing amidst immense breakers of basaltic strength, which guarded the cavern aperture, as if it would demolish those huge ramparts, and tear the rock-ribbed fabric which they protected, into fragments. This approach of the sea, rendered egress by that outlet of the cavern impossible, except by the difficult and somewhat dangerous process of clambering over the high and craggy rocks with which it was thus bounded.

We have been intentionally minute and carefully accurate in this description of one of the first scenes of nature's formation, which impressed the young imagination of the narrator of these historic incidents with reverence for the grandeur and sublimity of the Creator's works, because its awe-inspiring features no longer exist in the majestic and fancy-filling wildness with which, throughout the course of countless generations, they had awakened emotions of veneration and holy dread in the bosoms of men.

The irresistible and—utilitarians must pardon the epithet, for I must use it—the *profaning* hand of modern improvement, within these three years—for, until 1849, the whole scene remained as nature had made it—has, with incredible labor, transformed this cave, "for Druid wisdom long renowned," into a passage through which is carried a very level, useful, and it must be conceded, handsome Queen's highway, on which Her Majesty's lieges may crawl or canter, as suits their circumstances, with great ease and convenience. Alas! this scene, so long the favourite haunt of peace, piety, and poetry, is destined in future to be the resort of traffic, toil, profligacy, pride, and worldly contention. Frequented now by commerce and traversed by fashion, it may never again awaken emotions such as it did forty years ago, when made the subject of the following stanzas:

A SCENE ON THE COAST

OF THE COUNTY OF ANTRIM, IRELAND.

Where yonder raven croaks aloud
  His dire forebodings to the sky;
Where yon stern cliffs salute the cloud,
  And awe the wonder-gazing eye;

There in the early morn of life,
  Along the wildly pleasing shore,
Unknown to trouble, noise or strife,
  Save the hoarse ocean's breaking roar;

I passed the sweetest of my days,
  In harmless mirth and joy serene,
Ere I had tried in youthful lays,
  To paint the grandeur of the scene.

I had not sung yon summit's crest
  Where daring eagles love to stand,
And where the evening sunbeams rest,
  While gathering shadows shroud the strand;

Nor sung the cave which legends say,
  From where yon sullen steep impends,
Through earth's dark windings holds its way,
  Till bright in golden halls it ends!

'Midst pensile rocks o'erhung with wood,
  Far from the busy haunts of men,
Yon briar-entangled trackless road,
  Leads to the wily fox's den.

And yon dark bulwark of the shore,
  In surly state and scornful pride,
Undaunted hears the ocean's roar,
  And checks the boldness of the tide!

Up yon rude steps the grot is seen
  For Druid wisdom long renowned,
And still where ghosts of bards convene
  And spread inspiring horror round!

Seek'st thou, oh! melancholy Sage!
  The converse of departed souls;
Make this thy solemn hermitage—
  Here death his awful page unrolls.

Here Erin's chiefs have oft repaired,
  Awe-struck to hear the will of Heaven;
Oft hence, by Druid's voice declared,
  The tenor of their fate was given.

And oh! as stern misfortune's child
  Sought comfort at this holy shrine,
How oft has mercy on him smiled,
  And given the light of hope to shine!

How oft proud guilt has vainly tried,
  With splendid offerings here for grace!
"Avaunt! repent!" the Druid cried,
  "Nor dare profane this holy place!"——

As lately here my steps were led,
  Depressed by lowering prospects drear,
While sacred awe my mind o'erspread,
  A god-like voice assailed my ear:

"Youth of the impassioned pensive breast,
  Who wanderest hither to repine,
Where Ossian's honoured ashes rest,
  With those of many a bard divine—

"Grieve not, though fortune mock thy toil,
  Though grandeur view thee with disdain;
But court the Muse, her blissful smile
  Shall be the opiate of thy pain.

"What though thy sorrow-troubled mind
  Hath felt the world's unrighteous scorn!
In glooms like these, relief thou'lt find
  For all the evils thou hast borne.

"Then sing with ardour undismayed—
  'Tis Ossian's self presents the lyre;
Oft from his cloud thy flights he'll aid,
  And lend a portion of his fire.

"But check the too aspiring thought,
  Nor strive to emulate his fame;
His art thou never can'st be taught—
  'Twas favouring Heaven's immediate flame.

"Yet Erin's sons shall be thy care,
  Their griefs and joys may suit thy lay;—
And oh! her lovely daughters fair,
  None can inspire so well as they!"

I vowed assent, the lyre I strung,
  And swept the chords in raptured mood;
The throbbing impulse wild I sung,
  Which warms the tide of Irish blood!

Inspiring scene! to me so dear,
  Blest be thy solemn pleasing frown;
Poetic honours may'st thou wear
  Long as the clouds thy summits crown!

If, doomed by fate from thee to part,
  I roam beneath a foreign sky,
Thy strong remembrance in my heart
  Both time and distance shall defy.

When hardship chills my bosom's core,
  For warmth I'll fondly turn to thee;
And still thy holy haunted shore
  Shall be Castalia's fount to me.

Chapter II.

Charles and Margaret entered the cave with the view of passing by its northern outlet into the open country, but the influx of the sea was too great, and they were obliged to return. They had scarcely reached the narrow path on the beach, when the contents of a gun fired at Charles struck his left leg, and he fell. Margaret uttered a scream of terror and fainted. When she recovered, she found Connolly M'Guckin supporting her, and Charles, with his limb fractured, lying beside her. She soon perceived the nature of Charles' misfortune.

"Oh! who has been guilty of this murderous act!" she wildly inquired.

"Be not alarmed," said Charles; "it is not a deadly wound. It is only a broken limb, which will be well in a few weeks."

"Ha!" she exclaimed, *fearfully*, a sudden thought striking her as she looked on M'Guckin. "Has this been intentional?—and are we yet in your power?"

Connolly's emotions for some moments deprived him of utterance. At length he said—

"I will confess it! Margaret!—Charles!—will you forgive me? No, no!—I do not deserve forgiveness. I am a villain!—a murderous villain! Yes, Charles, I aimed at your life, and shall surrender myself to justice!"

"You are truly sorry for your rashness, I perceive," said Charles, "and I therefore forgive you. I can account for it all."

So saying, he gave his hand to Connolly in token of forgiveness.

"This makes me feel that I am doubly a villain," replied Connolly. "Margaret, will you also forgive me? I swear never more to injure Charles!"

"On that condition I do willingly forgive you," she answered. "But Charles is in great pain. We must have him taken to the nearest house."

"I will carry him on my shoulders," said Connolly.

This was accordingly done, and Charles was soon placed in comfortable lodging, and in the hands of a surgeon. But Connolly that night disappeared from the neighborhood, and no one could tell whither he had fled.

Charles Smiley recovered in due time, and shortly afterwards became the husband of Margaret Berkley.

About this time, the Protestant cause in Ireland became overcast with the most gloomy prospects.—A bigotted Catholic was on the throne, and a Viceroy of the same faith, if not quite so bigotted to his own creed, at least as determined in hostility to that of the Protestants, governed the island. All offices, civil and military, became rapidly filled by Catholics, and the Protestants were soon deprived of every species of authority in either the magistracy or the army. This naturally caused alarm, and produced a spirit of resistance in the minds of thousands of determined and energetic men, whose resistance could not be otherwise than hazardous for any government to encounter. But the impolitic conduct of Tyrconnel, the Irish Viceroy, was only in unison with that of the rash and besotted monarch himself, whose arbitrary proceedings in England, soon brought about the great revolution which drove him from the throne, and placed on it, in his stead, the Protestant champion, William of Nassau.

Before this event took place, however, every stronghold in Ireland, with the exception of one or two places in Ulster, was, by the activity of Tyrconnell, secured to the interest of James. Among the few places which resisted the introduction of Catholic garrisons, was Londonderry, which, in consequence, underwent one of the most memorable sieges on record. The management of this siege was committed to Count de Rosen the commander of the French forces sent by Louis XIV. to Ireland in support of the cause of James. The Count was a man totally destitute of humanity; and being exasperated by the obstinacy of the besieged, against whom he had in vain for many months exerted every effort which a numerous and well-appointed army enabled him to command, he at length resorted to an expedient to compel their surrender, of a character so unprecedented for barbarity as to excite the horror of all men, and draw remonstrances from General Hamilton, the commander of the Irish portion of the besieging army, who represented that the extreme dissatisfaction which the measure produced among the Irish officers and soldiers, might lead to a mutiny. The measure was indeed well calculated to horrify the mind of every one possessed of the least spark of human feeling; and it is but justice to the Irish Catholic army of James II., to state that its conduct was marked with none of the sanguinary ferocity which characterized the rebellious forces of 1641, into whom the furious Phelim O'Neal had infused his fierce hatred of heretics. It would have been well for the cause of James, if his French auxiliaries had been as little disposed to the infliction of useless cruelty on his Protestant opponents, as his Irish adherents.

The savage measure to which Count de Rosen now resorted, was that of seizing on the Protestant inhabitants of the adjacent country, even those who had received protections from the magistrates of James, and were living peaceably in a state of strict neutrality, and driving them, men, women, and children, in thousands to the walls of Derry, there to famish in sight of the garrison, unless the city should be surrendered. An immense multitude of all ages and both sexes, was accordingly collected, and driven, by unrelenting foreign soldiery, to the walls of the city, at a time when the garrison could administer nothing to their wants, being itself suffering under all the evils of extreme famine.

Among the captives thus driven from their homes, were Charles Smiley and his young and beautiful wife. On the very day of their arrival at Derry, a French officer, named Maumont, cast his licentious eyes on Margaret, and made overtures to her, accompanied by acts of personal liberties, which, arousing the indignation of her husband, he, by a strong effort, broke the cord that tied his hands together, and, snatching a musket from a soldier, with the butt end of it felled Maumont to the ground.

Smiley was, of course, immediately secured, and de Rosen condemned him to be shot the next morning. In the meantime Margaret had obtained another protector, for a young Irish officer, who had witnessed the transaction, had, in the confusion, caught her in his arms, and carried her to the tent of General Hamilton for safety. To the general he related the particulars of the transactions, and obtained from him a promise that she at least should be protected.

"As for her husband," said Hamilton, "I fear that my interference in his behalf with de Rosen will avail nothing. The Frenchman is, unfortunately, my superior in command, and the obstinacy of the people of Derry has so exasperated him, that he is furious in his denunciations against all Protestants. Besides Colonel Maumont is his particular favorite. But as the execution does not take place until to-morrow, I promise you, Colonel, and your fair protegee, that I will do my best to save her husband."

"I knew you will," replied the young Colonel.—"But pardon me if I intimate that, in case your personal interference be not successful, an interference of a more irresistible nature may be made. I have a gallant regiment whose hearts are sickened at witnessing the cruelties of those savage foreigners."

"Beware of mutiny," said the General. "It might destroy our hopes of ever taking this obstinate town, and ruin the royal cause. Yet I respect the feelings of your regiment. The Ulster Greens are noble fellows. But their interference in this matter would be the signal for every Irish regiment to mutiny against this foreign commander. I fear, indeed—I fear extremely, the result of this business!" added the General, half muttering to himself as he reflected on its effect on the public cause.

Margaret, whose thoughts were only on her husband, supposing that the words were expressive of the General's sense of the hopelessness of any effort to save him, fell on her knees, and, in agonized accents, besought the two officers, as men possessing the feelings of men and the hearts of Christians, to save him in whom her life was bound up. The young Colonel looked on her a moment. Then turning to General Hamilton:

"General," said he "do your best with that monster, de Rosen. If you succeed, all shall be quiet.—But if not—I swear to this lady, that her husband shall not die unavenged!"

So saying, the Colonel withdrew.

"He has a gallant and fearless spirit," remarked Hamilton. "I know he will keep his oath. It is mutinous. But I will not betray him, for it springs from a generous impulse; besides he is too popular in the army to be safely brought into trouble for such a cause. De Rosen is an impolitic madman. I must, if possible, bring him to his senses or our affairs will be ruined." He then committed Margaret to the care of a guard, with instructions to convey her from the camp, to the house of a neighboring gentleman, where he knew she would be safe and kindly treated.

The intercession of Hamilton in favor of Charles Smiley was, as he had feared, unsuccessful, and he terminated his interview with de Rosen in a state of mind as indignant at the *cavalier* reception he had met with, that he felt inclined, should the Ulster Greens make any resistance to the execution of Smiley, to support them with the whole force of the Irish regiments.

General Hamilton had not proceeded far from De Rosen's head-quarters, when he perceived a great commotion among the besieging troops, who were gazing at a gallows, which, during the night, the garrison had erected on a conspicuous part of the city walls. Nearly at the same time, he was approached by a messenger who delivered him a letter signed by a number of the principal prisoners in the hands of the garrison, who had been captured at various times in the sallies made by the besieged. In this letter the prisoners stated that the authorities of Derry had sentenced them to be hung at 6 o'clock that afternoon, in case the famishing multitude outside the walls were not set at liberty before that time. They begged earnestly, therefore, that their lives might be saved by granting permission to those starving people to depart.

Hamilton hastened back to De Rosen with this alarming intelligence, for several of the prisoners were noblemen and military leaders of high distinction, among the adherents of James. When De Rosen read this communication he became inclined to yield to the urgency of the case. But did not finally consent to the prayer of the prisoners, till he received a despatch, which arrived during the conference from Dublin from James himself, who had, some days before, received intelligence of the Count's barbarous design, in which the monarch ordered him to desist from its execution.

"Let the heretical wretches go," he cried on reading this despatch, "since the king wishes it, and our friends in the rebels' hands will otherwise be hung. Go," said he to an officer near him, "tell the guards to let them depart, and let us hear no more complaints about this matter!"

Hamilton now made another effort to save Charles Smiley; but in vain.

"I think," said De Rosen, "I have just done enough to please the goddess of mercy. She cannot expect I will flatter her so far as to relinquish the vengeance due on the knave who dared to strike Mammont; where is the knave's death-warrant."

The awful warrant was produced, and he signed it, ordering the execution to take place immediately.

General Hamilton made his bow and withdrew from the Frenchman's presence, full of chagrin and indignation, not unmingled with apprehension for the result. He had not proceeded far when he beheld the fine regiment of the Ulster Greens drawn up within view of the execution ground. Its Colonel approached him and inquired whether he had succeeded in saving Smiley.

"No, Colonel, there is no mercy in the heart of that savage."

"Then we will show him that there is mercy elsewhere," replied the Colonel.

At that moment a troop of French fusileers was seen marching to the execution ground, with the prisoner in the centre of their ranks. They halted, and the prisoner was conducted towards a stake to which he was soon bound, when twelve soldiers were drawn out from the troop as executioners, and stationed in the position whence they were to fire at him. At this moment, Margaret, who had secretly left the house, to which Hamilton had sent her for safety, arrived upon the scene, and, rushing towards her husband, caught him in her arms, and clung to him in the desperate desire to die with him. Two soldiers were ordered to separate them, and were proceeding to do so, when the attention of all on the field, was attracted by the following word of command, given by a loud and energetic voice.

"Ulster Greens! Forward! March!"

At double quick time, that stately regiment, with their young and gallant Colonel leading the way, advanced into the space between the executioners and the prisoner. There, at their Colonel's command they halted, and turned their faces to the French troop and the executioners. To set the prisoner free and conduct him and Margaret off the ground to a place of safety under an escort of one hundred resolute Ulster Greens, was an achievement accomplished before any order to oppose it could arrive from De Rosen, and that order, when it did arrive, was rendered powerless by the spontaneous cheers of approbation which hailed the act of the Ulster Greens, from the voices of an Irish army of nearly eighteen thousand men, with General Hamilton at its head. The Count De Rosen now perceived the necessity of yielding to the General's wish, by ordering that the rescued prisoner, as well as those who effected his rescue, should be pardoned, and the whole transaction be subject to no further notice. General Hamilton congratulated him on this termination of the affair, and assuring him of the entire obedience of the Irish soldiers to his command, the two became, at last, ostensibly reconciled. As for the gallant Colonel of the Ulster Greens, he had left the field at the head of the escort which conveyed Smiley and his beautiful and faithful wife, beyond the reach of danger.—He then, before leaving them, took Smiley by the hand and said—

"I hope now I may expect from you entire forgiveness for once attempting to take that life which I have this day had the happiness to save."

"I had from the first sincerely forgiven you, for I saw the sincerity of your repentance," replied Charles. "You have now not only atoned for that act of youthful rashness, but you have laid me under a debt of gratitude which I shall never be able to repay."

"And you, Mrs. Smiley," said the Colonel, "can you so readily forgive the indiscreet Connolly McGuckin, who, blinded by youthful passion, dared to commit a crime which he has long since sorely repented, but for which he hopes he has this day made some atonement?"

"Fervently—fervently," she replied with an animation that filled her beautiful eyes with moisture, "do I forgive you, Connolly, and from my heart do I thank you for the great deliverance which God has enabled you to effect for us this day. Oh! whenever you think of Charles and me, think of us as friends who will never cease to pray for your welfare."

"I am now satisfied," said the Colonel. "I am now happy. Therefore, farewell!"

"But Colonel McGuckin!" said Charles, "Is it prudent for you to return to the camp? Are you not in danger from this day's transaction?"

"I believe," replied the Colonel, "I have but little to fear. General Hamilton himself encouraged my proceedings, and the brave Ulster Greens, a thousand strong, will not permit a hair of my head to fall.—So, farewell, and carry with you my good wishes to all our friends in our native valley, where I hope we shall yet meet in peace and friendship."

Chapter III.

About twelve months after the foregoing events, the sovereignty of James terminated in Ireland, by his flight to France, after the battle of the Boyne, when William, marching to Dublin, assumed the government of the country. The victory of the Boyne, although immediately decisive of the fate of the rival monarchs, was far from determining that of their armies. The Catholic soldiers, although deserted by their king, retired from the field in good order, and their leaders, bitterly mortified at the royal poltroonery by which they had lost the day, proposed to some of William's officers to fight the battle over again, provided the two armies exchanged kings.—From this and other indications of an unsubdued spirit, William perceived that, although the crown was his own, much hard fighting must yet take place before he could become possessed of the entire country.

But the story of Smiley and McGuckin, not of William and Mary, is the subject of this narrative.—They had both been in the engagement at the Boyne, Smiley at the head of a volunteer company of horsemen, called the Larne Rangers, raised but for temporary service, and McGuckin at the head of his Irish Greens. Their eyes caught each other early in the engagement, they exchanged salutes, and sought other enemies. The Irish Greens pushed onward to the bank of the river where Duke Schomberg's division had just effected a passage. They drove the Duke's men back into the stream and took himself prisoner. His men, perceiving his disaster, returned to the bank of the river, and firing a volley at the Greens, killed the Duke himself on the spot, and, in a moment after, the celebrated military clergyman, Walker, the brave defender of Londonderry, fell by the fire which McGuckin's regiment returned upon Schomberg's troops, whom Walker was urging to their leader's rescue. At this juncture, King William having just crossed the water at the head of a body of Enniskilleners, perceived at a glance the dangerous position of Schomberg's division, and, hastening with too much personal impetuosity to its assistance became separated from his men, and would have been captured or slain by the Irish Greens, a party of whom had wheeled towards him, when the Larne Rangers with Charles Smiley at their head, rushed between him and danger. The monarch, conscious of the importance of this intrepid movement, joined the Rangers and exclaimed, "My brave friends! I am your king; what will you do for me?"

Smiley, waving his sword in the air, replied,

"We will conquer or die for your Majesty!"

Although only about one hundred in number, they spurred their horses, and rushed recklessly on the Irish Greens, who met them with the bayonet. About one-third of them fell, and the rest for a moment recoiled, when William, whose energy and skill that day proved him worthy of the victory he gained, with incredible speed hurried to their rescue the approaching squadrons of Enniskilleners, which M'Guckin perceiving, and being unwilling uselessly to destroy more of the Larne Rangers, many of whom he personally knew, and especially unwilling to endanger the life of Charles Smiley, retired with his regiment to the adjoining hill of Donore. Here the Greens formed a rallying point for other regiments of both horse and foot, which were routed by the irresistible Enniskilleners, now supported by the whole left wing of William's army, which had just crossed the water. But on this hill the Irish forces made such a desperate stand, that William's army fell back in some confusion. This was the critical moment of the battle—General Hamilton saw it, and at the head of a strong body of Irish cavalry, charged the wavering battallions of William, and would have snatched the victory from that monarch's standard, but for an attack on the particular troop which he personally led, by the Larne Rangers, which threw it into confusion, while Charles Smiley rushed upon the General and made him prisoner. William's troops then renewed the attack, and the Irish army retreated to Duleek, where they had the mortification to learn that James had fled while William remained master of the field.

Thus was gained a victory, which, more than any other of modern times, has influenced the affairs of mankind, not so much from the disasters of the losing army, as from the flight of the monarch for whom it fought. William indeed was so conscious that the Irish army was still in a condition to fight, that when General Hamilton was brought into his presence, he inquired whether he thought it would do so. The General replied,

"Upon my honour, I think it will!"

"Honour! Your honour!" said William, with bitter irony, alluding to Hamilton having deceived him in a negociation with the Lord Lieutenant Lyrconnel, which he had entrusted to his management.

The King then turned to Charles Smiley, who had brought Hamilton into his presence.

"My brave friend," said he, "you have done good work to-day. How shall I reward you?"

The reply of Smiley proves the single-heartedness of the Presbyterians of that day, and how dearly they valued the prosperity of their Church. Forgetting, or rather disdaining personal considerations, Charles thought only of the welfare of that beloved Church, which had suffered such long and cruel persecutions from the tyrannical Stuarts, and he piously asked for her the royal protection and favour. It is true, that in asking for this, he knew that he gratified the wishes of every member of his gallant Rangers, each of whom he considered as fully entitled to participate in the royal boon, as himself. William was struck with the piety of the request, and promptly complied with it, and from that day the Presbyterian Church in Ireland has not only been free from persecution, but has received an annual endowment from the national purse.

Having performed such essential services to the cause for which they had armed themselves, the Larne Rangers, with thankful hearts, relinquished their military occupation, and returned to their quiet and now secure homes in that pleasant valley which is yet inhabited by their posterity.

Although deserted by its King, the army of the Catholic Irish had not suffered so much by its discomfiture at the Boyne, as to induce its leaders to give up the contest. Concentrating their forces under General Sarsfield, they determined to continue the war, and among other plans of offensive operation, the recovery of the strong hold of Carrickfergus, was entrusted to Connolly M'Guckin, in consequence of a secret correspondence he had established with an officer of the garrison, who in revenge of an insult he had received from the governor, had resolved to betray the castle. This officer, whose name was Brenan, was an acquaintance of M'Guckin, whom by agreement he met at the village of Templepatrick, a few miles from Carrickfergus, for the purpose of arranging the terms and mode of the surrender. To avoid suspicion, M'Guckin assumed the disguise of a peasant. They met at an inn, the landlord of which had his suspicions excited as to their business, by accidentally overhearing certain expressions about the inefficient character of the garrison, from which all the effective men, and most of the ammunition, had been drawn by William for the use of his army. The consequence of the landlord's suspicions was the arrest of both M'Guckin and Brenan. In a day or two afterwards they were tried by a court-martial, and found guilty. Brenan was sentenced to be shot, and M'Guckin, as a spy, to be hung. The sentence of Brenan was immediately executed, that of M'Guckin was fixed for the next day.

Charles Smiley felt deeply for the unfortunate M'Guckin. Gratitude for saving him from the death to which he had been doomed by De Rosen, in the camp at Derry, wrought strongly on his mind. He attended the opening of the court-martial, and from the character of its members, and the positive nature of the testimony, he soon perceived that in Carrickfergus nothing could be done for the prisoner's safety. He waited no longer. He hastened to the principal inn, hired a swift horse, which he rode at full speed to Lisburn, there he obtained a fresh one, which he rode to Newry, a third carried him rapidly to Drogheda, and a fourth to Dublin. It was evening when he galloped desperately past the sentinel into the castle yard, exclaiming that he had important business with the King. He was seized, and information of the incident immediately communicated to his Majesty, who ordered him into his presence. William at once recognized the gallant captain of the Larne Rangers, and the captor of General Hamilton.

"Ha!" said he, "my brave soldier of the Boyne! what is the matter?"

"A pardon from you Majesty, to save the life of one of the noblest-hearted men in your dominions, and one to whose fearless magnanimity I am indebted for mine."

"I owe you more, my gallant friend," said William, "than granting a pardon to one man will repay. But if his crime be great, it may be wrong—it may be impolitic. What has he done?"

Charles briefly related the nature of the offence, adding that, anticipating the decision of the court martial, and a speedy execution of the sentence, he did not wait till the termination of the trial, lest his return to Carrickfergus with the pardon might be too late for the safety of his friend.

"Right, right," cried William; "prompt action is proof of a good soldier, as well as a good friend. You say he saved your life at Derry!"

"Yes, my liege—from the savage sentence of De Rosen."

"Ha! I think I have heard of it. Your wife had been insulted by the libertine Mammont, and you struck him?"

"I did, sire."

"Brave man!" exclaimed William, "your friend shall live! But you are too much fatigued to return in time to save him. I will send an express."

"I will, sire, with your permission, be the bearer of your pardon. I can trust no one else."

"Your are right," said William.

In a few minutes the pardon had the royal seal allied to it; one of the king's fleetest horses was at the door, and Charles Smiley, after swallowing a goblet of wine, was in full gallop to the North. The king ordered him not to spare the horse, and Charles literally obeyed him. Two hours brought him to Drogheda, where the royal steed, according to tradition, died the next day. According to previous arrangement, another horse was here in readiness, and Charles, in a few minutes, was again on his way.—This horse was exchanged at Newry, and a fourth was mounted at Lisburn.

It was about 10 o'clock, A. M., on the 16th of August, 1690, when Connolly M'Guckin was conveyed from the Castle of Carrickfergus to the place of execution, about half a mile southward of the town. The procession, attended by a large concourse of people, had halted beneath the gallows, the prisoner had performed his devotions, and was taking a last farewell of some friends, when the attention of the spectators was attracted by a man on horseback, waving a white handkerchief, and rapidly approaching towards them. A minute more brought him upon the scene, and the sound of "pardon!" which he hurriedly uttered, was instantly echoed by thousands of voices. He flung himself off his panting horse, and in a moment more was locked in the embrace of his rescued friend.

On that day, the feud between the Smileys and the M'Guckins became extinguished forever.

WANITA,
THE BEAUTY OF THE HILLS.

BY T. MAYNE REID.

In one of the wildest and most remote districts of Texas, one hundred miles northwest from San Antonio, and almost as far from any other Christian settlement, may be seen the ruined remains of an old Spanish outpost, called by the Mexicans of the present day "*Casa del Sangre.*" (House of Blood). It is situated on a hill overlooking the San Saba river, about forty miles above its confluence with the Colorado. The old grey walls, embraced by a green trellis work of parasitical plants, and overshadowed by huge live oaks, form a picturesque feature on the landscape, rarely witnessed, however, except by the adventurous hunter and the wild savage of the hills.

The fort, originally called Sabano, was built for the protection of a silver mine, that was worked by the early Spanish settlers. The latter has been long since abandoned. Part of the valley contiguous to the fort has been under cultivation, for the ridges may still be traced, and, among the crumbling walls some fruit trees, and half a dozen plants of the aloe species still flourish, exciting the mind of the traveller to a keen and romantic interest.

There is something irresistibly pleasing in the contemplation of these old deserted settlements—they beget strange imaginings of the past—in which we can fancy interesting scenes of industry and enterprise—wild adventures with savage foemen—captivity, torture, and death—and the mysterious name of this old fortress, together with its dismantled condition, told that other agency than that of time had aided in its destruction.

It was with feelings of no common curiosity, that a small party of adventurers, consisting of three Texans, two Mexican gentlemen from San Antonio, and the writer of the present article, with our Indian guide, alighted before the deserted outpost of Casa del Sangre. Our expedition thither had been undertaken for the purpose of examining the condition of the mine already referred to. It was not without danger, as the valley of the San Saba lay in the very heart of the Comanche hunting ground, though the conditions of the late treaty between our Government and the Comanche nation would sufficiently protect us if observed—if not, there were seven of us (our guide being a half-blood, and more Mexican than Indian,) well armed—and well used to forest fighting.

It was nearly noon when we reached the ruin, and we concluded before proceeding to the mine to take our mid-day repast. Fastening our horses to the hanging branches of a huge willow, we seated ourselves in the cool shade of a clump of luxuriant live oaks. Dried deer flesh, slices of buffalo tongue, and *tortilla* cakes, soon appeared from out our saddle pouches, and almost as hastily disappeared, and then small flagons of *aguardiente* came forth, and were applied to thirsting lips, that blessed the luck we had met in the last rancho—and after frequent applications of this sort, silence gave place to a general and interesting conversation, and the toils and perils of the journey were—for a while at least—forgotten.

"Where is Basano?" cried a voice; "Senor Basano!"

"He's in the ruin," answered the guide."

"'Tis very strange," observed a Texan; "he crossed himself when we first came in sight of the fort, and twice again as we forded the river, muttering all the while his '*por amor Dios*,' and his '*nuestra Senora*'—'tis very strange. I have known Basano ten years, and I always thought him a sensible man."

"Why, Lopez, is off too," whispered another Texan, pointing to the young Don, who had left our party, and was walking with undue solemnity towards the fort. "I tell you what it is, gents, the Mexicans are mad."

We had all come to the conclusion that something certainly was the matter, and to tell the truth, unworthy suspicions were beginning to intrude themselves. We were here in a country a hundred miles from any American settlement and should these Mexicans, to favor some views of their late government———we looked towards half a dozen rifles, and as many pair of pistols, that lay within a short distance.

"Bah, gentlemen, for shame! Senores Lopez and Basano are our comrades, and as good Texans as any of us—it's only some twist in the ways of 'Mother Church.'—See! they are coming out."

As he spoke, the two Mexicans stepped out from the ruin. Basano, the elder, approached a large maguey that grew in front, and drawing his machette, he severed two or three slips from the plant, which after pruning a little, he tied behind the saddle of his mustang. This puzzled us still more. What he could want with a bunch of aloe shoots was beyond our conjecture, and we waited for the result. After having properly secured the slips and sheathed his hunting knife, he approached. Curiosity was pictured in our countenances, and the Mexican perceived it.

"Ah! Caballeros, you are wondering why I maimed the poor maguey—I hated to do it."

"Why, in truth, Senor Basano, that, and some other little matters, have puzzled us not a little."

"Well, then, Senores, I will explain the circumstance; but you will have to listen to a long legend."

"A legend?"

"Yes—the legend of the Brazos de Dios."

"With pleasure, Senor Basano," cried several voices at once; "but first take a cup of the best water in Texas, mixed with the worst brandy."

Our brandy or *aguardiente*, (for it was the mescal of the Mexicans) was wretched, to American palates, but a spring of water, clear and cold as ice, gurgled forth from a rock at our feet, and after bubbling through a miniature lake of crystal, fringed with lilies, sparkled away towards the San Saba.

We now seated ourselves on fragments of rock, each one having taken a fresh pull at his flagon, while the "rueita de Abajo," in Yankee parlance, "the weed," was passed from hand to hand. Cigars too were lit, and we waited patiently for Don Basano to commence the Legend.

After making the "sacred sign" with due solemnity, the Mexican proceeded:

"Senores, it is more than forty years since I first saw the Casa del Sangre—you are surprised at what I have said, (we were surprised, as none of us supposed Don Basano to be much over forty years of age,) "but you need not—I was born within these very walls! Fifty years ago, where you now see only a pile of crumbling mason work, stood a handsome and well-built castle; and, along the hill-side, down to the spot where we are sitting, were upwards of an hundred houses—but they were of wood, and the fire has left no trace of them—no, not a single beam!"

Don Basano remained for a moment silent. He was evidently grappling with some painful recollection of the past; and the unusual solemnity of his manner, prevented us from interrupting his reverie. He at length continued:

"The valley, as far as yonder bend in the river, was cleared and cultivated, and fields of maize and cotton, and maguey, stretched away back to the hills; but this was when I was but a child, and I can barely recollect the settlement. It has been often described to me by one who survived that fearful night. I returned to see it ten years after, and I then saw the corn growing wild, but no hand to gather it; and here and there plants of the maguey, as you see them now, stunted and shrivelled, and eaten by the buffalo and the wild oxen of the hills. I returned to see the place of my nativity in ruins!—to see those walls, the only remains of a prosperous settlement, not as they are now, garlanded with vines and flowers, but bare and desolate—wasted and blackened with the fire that had consumed their roofs! I returned then, and many times since, to seek for vengeance upon the murderers of my mother, and with my comrades I found it, (though God's arm had amply avenged us,) and many a Comanche had good cause afterwards, to rue the burning of the Casa de Sangre! I am straying from my tale, Senores, but I shall now proceed."

We had now become deeply interested in the feelings of our Mexican companion. His strange behaviour was sufficiently accounted for. We had all heard that the Casa del Sangre had been destroyed by the Indians, and that, in consequence of their hostility, the settlement had been deserted, and we were curious to hear the account of this event; and the more so, as Don Basano had been himself one of the unfortunate colonists.

"The Casa del Sangre was originally called 'Sabano.' It was only after the events I am about to relate, that it assumed the name of the 'Bloody House.' Previous to this, it was one of the most flourishing colonies in Texas. The mines of which we are in search, lie in the heart of these wooded hills, and at this time amply repaid the labour of working them. There were two hundred labourers employed in these, and in the village and fields three hundred more; both men and women were engaged in the cultivation of the soil, and in the manufacture of articles for the Indian market. Besides these, there were an hundred and fifty soldiers to garrison the fort, and there was also a mission with its church, through the influence of which many of the neighbouring Indians had been induced to join the settlement, and had become converts to the Christian religion.

"Senores, it was about this time that the government of Spain—then our government—appointed Count Rosas to the command of the fort and colony. The Count was an old Castilian, and brought along with him, besides his lady and an only son, several families of distinction, and a number of gay young men from Madrid. The Count, moreover, was a man of a quiet and beneficent disposition, and Sabano continued to prosper under his administration. His son, who was called *Francisco*, though of a brave and generous heart, was as wild as an antelope, and instead of assisting his father in the affairs of the colony, he spent most of his time in hunting excursions and parties of pleasure, attended by his companions from Madrid, and generally by half the soldiers of the garrison, of whom he was, under his father, lieutenant-colonel.

"In one of his hunting expeditions toward the Guadaloupe mountains, he, with his party, suddenly came upon a large Indian town, in the beautiful valley of the Rio Saco. The inhabitants were of the Comanche tribe, but made a semi-annual residence in this valley, where they had built their cottages, and had cultivated the fertile soil. Francisco and his party were received by the old Cacique with every honour, and the young lieutenant-colonel was lodged in the *lodge* of the chief himself. It was agreed that they should remain and spend some days in hunting in company with the host and his warriors. Nearly a week was passed in this way—many buffaloes, bears and deer were slaughtered, and there was much feasting and merriment in the Indian town.

"In the mean time, the Count Rosas, and the people at Sabano, were becoming uneasy at the long absence of the expedition, and messengers were sent from the fort in quest of them. It was not his enjoyment of the chase that detained Francisco from returning to Sabano. No—there was another, and far more powerful reason. The Cacique of this Indian tribe, had an only daughter called Wanita. She was very beautiful, and almost as fair as our own people, so that many believed she was not his daughter, but some girl stolen from the settlements on the Rio Grande. How this may have been, I cannot say,—but if true, she must have been carried away while very young, for she knew nothing of our life or language; and, moreover, the old chief had always treated her as his own child.

"Wanita was about to be married to the chief of a neighbouring tribe, and preparations were already made for the approaching nuptials, when the arrival of the Spaniards changed the course of events. The Indian maiden was struck with the splendid dress, the high command, and gallant bearing of the handsome young officer—for Don Francisco was a noble-looking youth—and, in less than twenty-four hours after his arrival, she was passionately in love with him.

"Senores, the love of the Indian maiden is unlike that of our race. It is single in its object, but irresistible as the cataract. She will brook no opposition, and will sooner die than be separated from the idol of her affections. I have known many cases, in which wrong, neglect, and desertion, were repaid by the assassination of the wronger, and afterward came the self-destruction of the wronged one. Wanita had been tenderly reared, and though, according to her father's desire, she had consented to marry Wawara, the neighbouring Cacique, it was simply a yielding to what she supposed was her destiny and duty; but now, that she had seen and loved the young chief of the pale-faced warriors, the sight of Wawara became hateful to her, and in less than a week from the arrival of the Spaniards, she told her father, in a positive and resolute manner, that she would sooner die than become his wife.

"Francisco was not less enamoured of this wild beauty of the hills. He had been captivated at first sight. As she bounded forth to meet the old chief, her father, and flung herself affectionately on his neck—then perceiving, for the first time, the handsome stranger, as she crouched by her father's side gazing upon Francisco with undisguised admiration, a less sensitive heart than that of the young officer would have been touched by her beauty. Francisco had never before seen so much grace—such elasticity of motion—such a piercing, yet lovely eye—or so finely pencilled eye-brows. Her features were all perfection, such as he had never seen, even in his native Spain; and her glossy hair, of a purple blackness, that would have [illegible] which, was arranged upon her beautiful head and neck, forming a coiffure that art could not imitate.

"Francisco was struck at first sight by her beauty; but when, after the expiration of a week, he became conscious of her modest purity and innocence, of her attachment to himself, which, in her simplicity, she had taken no pains to conceal, his love became deep and ardent. Though wild, and unattached to business modes of life, he inherited his father's goodness and generosity of heart. He was the last man to have taken the advantage of love, or to sin of her innocence even an Indian maiden: and when his father's messengers arrived, requiring his immediate return to Sabano, and he saw the danger of a separation, he made a formal application for her hand in marriage.

"The old chief, who was kind-hearted, and well-disposed toward the whites, would willingly have complied with his request, but he dreaded the anger of Wawara, who was much more powerful than himself. After being urged, however, by the lover, and promised the protection of the whites, he consented, and upon the next day he and his whole tribe left the valley of the Saco, and accompanied the Spaniards to Sabano, where, in due time, with the consent of Count Rosas and his lady, Don Francisco was married to the Indian Princess Wanita. The consent of Francisco's father and mother was obtained by the aid of the Padre Urbano, who was much attached to Francisco, and whose influence in the settlement was very great. The worthy father expected by this means to bring over to Christianity all the Indian tribes in the neighbourhood, for Padre Urbano was a true man of God, and was beloved by all who knew him.

"From this time, everything prospered to a greater degree than before. Don Francisco, who was much attached to his young bride, remained almost constantly at the Fort, engaged in building and ornamenting the house in which they were to live.—Wanita became the favorite of every female in the colony, and her education, under the good priest Urbano, was daily progressing.

"Senores, my narration now brings me to the dreadful occurrence that desolated this beautiful valley, destroyed and annihilated a flourishing colony, and changed the name of the Casa Sabano to the fearful appellation of the 'House of Blood.' I was then only six years of age, yet I understood and can remember with a horrible distinctness many of the occurrences of that day of fire and murder.

"Wawara having learned the deception that had been practised upon him, and the flight of his betrothed and her father, had determined on a bloody vengeance. He had heard of the marriage of Wanita to the young chief of the whites, and he was filled with rage and jealousy. Knowing, however, that to attack Sabano, while the soldiers were in the Fort, would be worse than useless, he resolved to wait for a favourable opportunity.

"That opportunity, unfortunately, arrived too soon. The silence of Wawara operated as the cunning chief had calculated, and his expected enmity, not having shown itself in an immediate attack, was with himself forgotten, or supposed to have been buried through necessity.

"About the middle of Indian Summer, Don Francisco and his father-in-law started on a hunting expedition, toward the forks of the Colorado, where, at that season, many buffaloes were known to pass in their annual migrations. Nearly all the soldiers of the colony accompanied the expedition, and in consequence the fort, as well as the mine, was left completely unguarded. So great was the feeling of security, that the Indians of the surrounding district were freely admitted into the fort for the purpose of trading. These, however, were mostly friendly Indians, and well known to the settlers. On the third day of Don Francisco's absence, and the day on which the hunters were expected to return, a larger number than usual of these strange Indians, closely wrapped in their buffalo robes, but apparently unarmed as the others, were observed in the village, and admitted unsuspectingly into the fort. All at once rose the cry of, '*Wawara!—Wawara! mueran de los blancos*'—(death to the whites)—for the tribe of Wawara had learned to speak our language on the Rio Grande*—and the savages, throwing aside their buffalo skins, discovered knives and tomahawks, with which they commenced an indiscriminate slaughter. I can remember distinctly the first wild onslaught, and the loud yells of the Indians! I was standing by my mother's cottage. I rushed for the door. I met my mother, and clung to her knees for protection. I remember her struggle with a huge savage, who brandished his hatchet over her head, and struck her repeatedly till she fell, covering me with her warm blood! I can remember how the monster seized me by the hair and flung me out of a window—that I fell into the centre of a large maguey—and how I lay concealed among its giant leaves, and saw the Indians rushing from house to house, and waving fiery torches, which they applied to the roofs, while others savagely butchered women and children, who leaped out from the burning windows—and I heard shouts from the houses, and saw some of the Indians leap high in the air, and then fall dead beside their victims—but the shots at last ceased, and I saw a man in a dark dress pass me, leading a young female. They ran down the field, concealed by the thick leaves of the aloes, and the man mounted a horse, placing the lady before him;—and I knew him to be Father Urbano—for he had often fondled me—and they galloped off toward yon dark woods—and then the houses began to smoke, and blaze, and crackle, and the smoke gathered around me, and choked me until I was insensible, and I saw no more."

Here Don Basano paused for a moment, and applied the flask to his lips. We had become so interested in the narration, that not one of our party offered a word of interruption. After tasting the aguardiente, he continued:

"When I came to my senses again, I was still crouched among the leaves of the aloe, but instead of the village, there was now nothing to be seen but a smouldering heap of ashes, and burning logs. The fort too was in flames, but the wind was blowing the smoke in another direction, so that I could breathe freely, and look around me; and what was my joy, when, by the light of the fires, for it had become nearly night, I saw, instead of the gaunt forms of the savages, the uniforms of Spanish soldiers, and I could hear them speak in our own tongue. It was Don Francisco and the hunters, who had returned. I tumbled rather than leaped from my strange hiding place, and staggered up to them. I, a child of six years old, was the only living thing they had found in the settlement. All the others lay around, mangled, and ghastly, and bloody—or were still roasting and simmering in the ashes of their own dwellings! Now, Senores, you know why this ruin has been called 'Casa del Sangre.'"

Here the Mexican paused so long, that we thought he had ended his narrative.

"It is indeed an interesting tale, Senor Basano," said a voice, "but what has this legend to do with the 'Brazos de Dios?'"

"Hear me out, Senores," returned the Mexican. "I told Don Francisco—who was almost wild with rage and grief—what I had seen; how the Padre Urbano had mounted a horse with the lady Wanita—for I knew it to be the Indian lady—and that they had fled toward the woods.

"As soon as Don Francisco heard these things, he hurried off, with all the soldiers, in pursuit of the Indians, for he knew that Wawara would follow the Padre and Wanita. The Indian trail ran in the direction of the Brazos river. Don Francisco and his soldiers spent the whole night on the track, and at daybreak reached the river; but what was their surprise when, on coming up, they found the whole Indian army, with their chief Wawara, lying dead upon the bank, close to the water's edge! There were no wounds nor blood, nor any sign of violence upon any of their bodies, but they lay with their faces all looking in the same direction, toward the east, and their eyes ghastly and glazed! The vultures flew around, and lit on the tops of the tall trees, but not one of them would taste their flesh! He concluded that they had died by a judgment of God, in consequence of their having pursued his sacred minister, which was afterwards confirmed by Father Urbano himself, who, with the lady Wanita, had reached San Antonio in safety. He informed us how they were closely followed by the Indians—and that the waters of the river opened to let him pass, and that after crossing in safety with the lady Wanita, his pursuers entered the river, and while he made the sacred sign, and looked to Heaven, the waters closed upon them and swallowed them up, and after a time cast them out upon the bank, stiff and dead, as our soldiers had found them. So that from this miraculous interference of Providence, the river was ever afterwards called *Rio Brazos de Dios*,' which in your language, Senores, means the 'River of the Arm of God.'

"Don Francisco, with his Indian Princess and an only son, are still living in San Antonio. And perhaps, gentlemen," added Don Basano, smiling, as he observed the eager curiosity of our countenances, "if I should tell you his family name, you would recognise both him and his son."

"The name—the name! Senor Basano!" shouted four anxious voices in a breath, while twice that number of anxious ears were bent to listen.

Don Basano looked toward the handsome young Mexican, and we followed the direction of his glance. The smile of assent that returned our gaze, told us that the only son of the hero and heroine, was our silent and gentlemanly companion, Don Francisco Lopez. In a moment each of us had grasped his hand.

"Now, Senores, you have heard the legend of the '*Brazos de Dios*.' It grows late!—*Vamos*!"

"No—stop, Senor Basano!" cried Captain Randel, jokingly, "you have not explained—the slips of maguey!"

"Ah! true, Senores, the slips of maguey—it is only a trifle—I have a daughter who made me promise, on leaving San Antonio, to bring her some shoots as souvenirs—you know of what—that is all, gentlemen!"

We mounted our mustangs, and rode off for the mine.

The Mother and her Family.

BY MISS SEDGWICK.

Philosophy is rarely found. The most perfect sample I ever met, was an old woman, who was apparently the poorest and the most forlorn of the human species—so true is the maxim which all profess to believe, and none act upon invariably, viz: "that happiness does not depend on outward circumstances." The wise woman, to whom I have alluded, walks to Boston, a distance of twenty or thirty miles, to sell a bag of brown thread and stockings, and then patiently walks back with her little gain. Her dress, though tidy, is a grotesque collection of "shreds and patches"—coarse in the extreme.

"Why don't you come down in a wagon?" said I, when I observed she was wearied with her long journey.

"We haven't got any horse," she replied; "the neighbors are very kind to me, but they can't spare their's, and it would cost as much to hire one as my thread would come to."

"You have a husband—don't he do any thing for you?"

"He is a good man—he does all he can, but he's a cripple and invalid. He reels my yarn and mends the children's shoes. He's as kind a husband as a woman need to have."

"But his being a cripple is a heavy misfortune to you," said I.

"Why, ma'am, I don't look upon it in that light," replied the thread woman. "I consider that I've a great reason to be thankful that he never took to any bad habits."

"How many children have you?"

"Six sons and five daughters, ma'am."

"Six sons and five daughters! What a family for a poor woman to support!"

"It's a family, ma'am; but there ain't one of 'em I'd be willing to lose. They are all healthy children as need to be—all willing to work, and all clever to me. Even the smallest boy, when he gets a cent, now and then, for doing an errand, will be sure to bring it to me."

"Do your daughters spin your thread?"

"No, ma'am; as soon as they are big enough, they go out to service, as I don't want to keep them always delving for me; they are always willing to give me what they can; but it's fair that they should do a little for themselves. I do all my spinning after the folks are abed."

"Don't you think you should be better off if you had no one but yourself to provide for?"

"Why no, ma'am, I don't. If I hadn't been married, I should had to work as hard as I could, and now I can't do more than that. My children are a great comfort to me, and I look forward to the time when they'll do as much for me as I've done for them."

Here was true philosophy! I learned a lesson from that poor woman which I shall not soon forget.

The Bride of Kaffraria.

A ROMANTIC AND THRILLING TALE,

ILLUSTRATING "TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION."

Three staid and elderly matrons were seated at the upper part of the large table occupying the centre of the spacious fore-house or hall, while before them steamed the never-failing afternoon's refreshment, "tea-water," which Vrow Muller was, ever and anon, busy in dispensing to her guests. A slave-girl, with small, regular features, and long, black hair gathered closely in a knot, stood at one end of the inner doors, ready to receive and execute the behests of her mistress; her dark eyes often sparkling meanwhile, and her white teeth appearing to betray her suppressed merriment at some tale or remark of her gossiping superiors, whose vicinity formed no restraint on the gambols of two dusky children, just able to walk, that were playing at the damsel's feet. Without the house, to the right of the entrance, sat Mynheer Muller, on the broad stone stoop, smoking in silence, and enjoying the cool southerly breeze, if he could not his own reflections, which, to judge by the frequent contractions of his ample brow, seemed not altogether pleasant; and every time he raised his eyes, and saw, by the shadows advancing higher on the opposite hills, how near sunset was approaching, a darker shadow would overspread his own countenance, and a denser curl of smoke would circle in the air. It was evident that something had greatly discomposed Mynheer Erasmus Muller.

But, if there had, there was one who marked it not, a tall and graceful girl—one whose smile might form the sunshine of any home, who stood at the nearer end of the stoop, looking far into the distance, and watching intently a small line of lighter ground on the side of a barren hill, which indicated the road from Graham's Town. She had now been for years her father's only daughter—the elder of the two children who were spared out of many, and the chief object of his parental love; for Erasmus Muller felt little pride in the pale, sickly boy, whose lameness required the assistance of a stick as he drew near his sister.

"You watch for him, Zetza," he remarked; then added, in a very low tone—"I would go to meet him, but he would not know me, and I could not ride back as fast as he would come."

"I wish she had no cause to watch," growled the father, angrily. "I wish he was not coming; I would have prevented it, had I been able."

"But, father, he never did any thing to offend you," said Zetza, turning with the smile that had often proved her most convincing argument. "It is six years since we saw him, and then, though you liked not his father, you always treated Ignace kindly."

"I did not like his father, and do not, for his affection to the British yoke. I like not to see any servant of the English government beneath my roof, and least of all, one who is my sister's child. I had no time, or he should have learnt my thoughts; a Muller never was inhospitable, or I should have turned him from my door. But, as it is, when he comes he shall be treated as if he were welcome; though, when he goes, it shall be never to return. So receive him as a friend, children; I forbid you not. Forget, for a week, that he is an English officer."

Replacing his pipe, Mynheer Muller smoked on with renewed industry, and his children offered no reply to the most decided assertion of dislike to the British government which had ever reached their ears from his lips since they had been old enough to heed it.

Muller had known what it was to fight beneath the Dutch flag before the taking of the Cape; had never forgiven the British ensign's becoming victorious in South Africa; and after having been deeply, though unsuspectedly, concerned in the Boers' rebellion, the summer commencing in 1838 found him, in his old age, a frontier farmer, and one of the few discontented spirits who, there seems any reason to suppose, murmured then against existing powers, whether colonial or at home. He had been, for years, at enmity with his brother-in-law, a wealthy land owner in the district of George, in consequence of the latter's satisfaction with the stranger's rule; and, though his son had been allowed to pass some months of his boyhood at Muller's house, it had only been because Erasmus hoped to instil into the young mind the prejudices of his own. But this degree of esteeming had been soon repented of, when Ignatius Vanreenen was sent to finish his education in England; and yet more bitterly, when he learned that Mynheer Vanreenen had yielded to his son's entreaties, and allowed him to enter the British army. The youth's regiment was at Mauritius, and now on his way to join it, he had a few months leave to spend at the Cape of Good Hope; and, on reaching home, after six years' absence, had written to prepare his uncle and cousins for a speedy visit. It might have been policy that allowed no time for a reply, or it might only have been the distinct recollections of a fair girl of eleven, who, with the height and beauty of more advanced years in other climes, haunted his thoughts as a dream of loveliness, which had closed his eyes to other attractions.

It was chiefly as a variety in their peaceful but monotonous existence that Zetza had been so anxious to greet her absent relation, and now her father's remarks made her half regret his coming; but whilst she listened, he had passed the place which she had watched, and two horsemen riding rapidly up to the house, was the first intimation of their approach, and she advanced to greet him with a welcome which, one half-hour before, would have been more unembarrassed. His uncle's reception of him was precisely that of guest by host; the Vrow Muller was as affectionate and uninteresting as ever; but Wilhelm shrunk from notice, as though the fall of the tree which had lamed him, had distorted his mind as well as body, making it a thing that he should blush for; and as though his misfortune should turn from him the love of all others, as it had repelled his father's.

The sooner the rose-bud opens, the sooner the flower too often fades; and Ignace might have thought to find the charms of early girlhood already passing from his cousin; but not one had fled, and their attraction kept far longer, in Mynheer Muller's presence, the irritation to which he had made up his mind for a week's endurance.

But that week had been lengthened into two, and still, though his uncle was never particularly gracious, Ignace did not speak of going. Some suspicion of the truth did enter the old man's mind, but he was too prudent to hazard the chance of leading, by their betrayal, his daughter's thoughts in a direction they might otherwise avoid.

The third week was at length advancing, and there seemed no more hope of young Vanreenen's departure than there had been at the beginning of the first. The long walks in the deep kloofs and over the broad plaats, grew longer every day; and the loitering on the stoop in the calm starlight, grew more protracted every evening, until Muller's patience was fairly exhausted—the last remnant deserting him as he noticed the striking contrast between the listlessness with which Zetza hearkened to a handsome young Boer, who had rode twenty miles to visit them, and the attention she gave to her scarcely handsomer, but more intellectual and elegant cousin.

"Pray, Ignace, how long did you tell your father you should be absent when you left him?" demanded Muller, during dinner, interrupting a dialogue he little liked to observe, which was being carried on in whispers: while Carl Breda conversed with his hostess, keeping his admiring, though not exactly satisfied gaze fixed on Zetza.

"A week, perhaps," stammered Vanreenen, coloring; "but I have written to him since."

"And for what period has he agreed to your remaining?"

"I did not mention any particular time," said Ignace, hesitatingly.

"Then I think you had best return at once, your father cannot like your remaining away from him so long, and I do not choose that he should think I was to blame. If there is any farther quarrel with your family, it shall not be my fault," added old Muller, with peculiar emphasis, and striking off a skewer the whole array of smoking carbonatjes with a single blow of such force, that his plate was severed as it fell, and even the heavy yellow-wood table shaken.

"Why, Muller, how was that?" inquired his helpmate. "Here, Alida, run, get another plate for the Baas; I must think his has been cracked. And so you will leave us, Ignace?"

"Yes, at daylight to-morrow," was the reply; and if the young officer looked sadder, Carl Breda's spirits seemed infinitely lightened by the intelligence.

A few hours after, two persons were wandering slowly amid the picturesque mimosa groups which shadowed, here and there, the smooth green turf of a small and shallow valley. Both were silent, for the thought of parting weighed heavy on the heart of each. Zetza regretted it, she wist not exactly why; but Ignace knew, far too well for his own composure of mind, the nature of the sentiments with which he had learned to regard his cousin.—Dared he to hope they were reciprocated? There were moments when he had hoped it; and surely, if it were so, Muller's affection for his daughter, and former kindness to himself, might overcome the long-existing dislike towards his father.

Twenty-one—at least, with his sex—is commonly sanguine, and Ignace looked on the brightest aspect of the future.

"Come, sit here, Zetza," said he, at length, leading her within the shade of the graceful trees. "I had much to say, but seem unable; yet I would ask if you will not feel a little sorry to see your cousin go—for how long it may be, he fears almost to think?"

Zetza looked at him for an instant, then quickly turned her face away without reply; but he saw that the large blue eyes were dimmed with tears—and what need to particularize further? The moments sped swiftly onwards, and the shadows lengthened; while the lover's voice awoke feelings which were but slumbering in the maiden's heart, casting their influence over her thoughts, yet in themselves unknown: and when the discordant scream of a toucan flying slowly by broke in, like an evil omen, on their forgetfulness of the world, and recalled them to the present reality, the affection of the girl had been owned as fully as her cousin's.

"But you are going away; you will leave the Cape altogether," said Zetza, sadly, as though the toucan's cry, jarring on her nerves, had banished the feelings of unfearing happiness.

"No, Zetza, not that can easily be arranged.—Had I not heard, while in Europe, a false rumor that you were married, I had not, perhaps, been what I am."

"But we have parents, and they are not friends."

"Mine will, I know, receive and love you, as though you had been his own daughter," cried Ignace, eagerly.

"Hark!" interrupted Zetza; "there is a step; some one is near."

"It must be Wilhelm; he was gathering lilies at the vley, and has followed us."

But the youth had scarcely spoken, when the towering form of Erasmus Muller stood before the lovers. He appeared, at first, displeased, yet nothing more, at seeing them; but their own disconcerted looks betrayed them instantly, and in a voice of anger the old man demanded what had happened.—Zetza covered her face with her hands, and Ignace looked down in silence.

"Leave us, child," continued Muller, "I would speak with this young man alone."

A single look was exchanged between them, ere the girl tremblingly obeyed, and within an hour, Ignace was on his way to George, with an intimation never more to enter his uncle's house, and Zetza was weeping over the first sorrow she had known; while Muller puffed away at his pipe, and frowned, and stamped, and clenched his hands, until the little slave boy, who sat crouched up in the corner of the stoop, watching him with his deep-black glittering eyes, had half fancied it must be the intoxicating dakka that the Baas was so indefatigably smoking.

This was September; and early in October, Muller informed his daughter that their friend Breda wished to make her the mistress of his house, and that both her mother and himself were perfectly satisfied with the idea of having her permanently settled within a distance of twenty miles.

Zetza pulled a sprig of scarlet geranium into a hundred pieces—it was but a type of the ruin her father's communication had brought on the little of hope and happiness which yet lingered in her heart; then throwing, with an impatient gesture, the desolate branch to a distance from the stoop, she leaned on a large arm of the vine which covered an entire side with its deep-green leaves, and, still in silence, bowed her head upon her hand.

"See," continued Muller, after a pause, and pointing to a dark speck far away on the plaat, "yonder is Christian riding away with my answer, and Breda will be here to-morrow to speak as young men do to young girls on such occasions."

"I would sooner die than marry Carl Breda," exclaimed Zetza, clasping her hands, and looking up in her father's face.

"And I would sooner see you dead than marry Ignace Vanreenen," retorted Muller, in the harsh tones with which he oftentimes rebuked unruly oxen.

It was the first time that the young officer had been alluded to by either since the parting in the mimosa grove, and at his name, Zetza drooped her head again to hide her tears, and the boer paced along the stoop, with the tread of a hippopotamus and the dignity of a lion.

At length he returned to the weeping girl—"Hear me, child," cried he; "you know I do not speak much, but what I say, I mean. I love you better than house, or lands, or slaves, or cattle; yet, I would rather fling you into the midst of Fish River, when the freshets were rushing in their greatest fury from the mountains, that Ignatius Vanreenen should call thee wife—sooner than any friend and servant of the government, I have not hated less because it would crush me if I showed any hostility, should call me father."

Zetza shuddered as he spoke, and, without daring to look up, leaned in silence against the vine branches.

Muller paused awhile for the reply, which was not attempted—then proceeded. "But I know well what you can do; if you are resolved to break your father's heart, you can. Your seventeen years have given you much wisdom—so says the law; and you can defy me. You may summon me to set forth my objections, and the court would tell you to marry and be happy. But hark you, Zetza!" added the old man, grinding his teeth and clenching his hands, "it will be your father's curse which will be his gift on on your wedding day, and make your misery through life."

"Father, father! do not speak so," cried the poor girl, imploringly; "I would never disgrace myself and you by such an act. But why ask me to wed another? Why can I not stay here to sing to you and write for you, as I have ever done? Let me be as before he came, and I will never reproach you."

"Not the daughter of Erasmus Muller must not pass her days in her father's house, as though none had asked her hand. You are the first of your race who has ever been left so long unwedded, and this must not be. One by one your elder brothers and sisters have been cut off, until, of the fifteen merry children that I have seen picking gakums and eating hakkantjees on the plaat, only one remains to form the pride of my old age; and I could not close my eyes in peace upon my death-bed, unless I had placed you under the protection of a husband *every way* worthy of you."

"But there is Wilhelm," said Zetza, timidly; "and you, my father, you are not young, but you are always in health, and as strong and as powerful as I ever remember you—why talk of your death?"

"Wilhelm!" said the boer, contemptuously; "he will never be fit for any thing but to gather flowers, and feed tame antelopes. But of me, child—have you forgotten that old age requires no sickness to be the forerunner of death? I am healthy and strong, it is true, and so I may be till almost the very last; but I have lived my time, and you know that it is not here as in our fatherland; for, in this climate, extreme old age is rare, and when we attain advanced years, we die off, with illness or without, to make way for the next generation. I am an old man now; I have no friend as old; and as they will, some day soon, have to bring my coffin out of the lumber-room, it is now time I settled all my affairs, and saw my daughter married."

The old man's tone softened as he proceeded, and Zetza wept bitterly, for she knew that he had numbered more than seventy years.

"And now," he continued, pursuing his advantage, "you know why I press this marriage. And what have you to urge against it, except what I will not have mentioned in my presence? Has not Breda the best farm and the most cattle of any young man we know? Young, rich, good-looking, and good-tempered—what more can you ask?"

The girl was silent, and Muller's brow grew once more dark and angry as he said—

"Answer me, Zetza, if you would not have me believe you but awaiting your father's death to disobey him! Ay, and answer me, girl, as though you cared whether your father's dying words should convey a blessing or a curse."

Is it any wonder that, so wrought upon, so urged—accustomed, moreover, from infancy upward, never to question the propriety of any decree, any action of her parent—is it any wonder that the unhappy girl flung herself into her father's arms, and with bitter tears, replied, "Do with me as you please; I will know no will but yours!" and Muller embraced his child with as much satisfaction and apparent affection, as though he had not just been exacting from her one of the greatest sacrifices which maiden's heart could make.

After this, Zetza's cheek grew every week more pale, and her smile less frequent, but she never murmured; and her father felt confident that all would in time be well. Her mother, who, from a flirting girl, had become a careful, good-humored and well-meaning, but soulless, housewife, was too deeply intent upon preparing the wardrobe of the bride, to have much leisure for reflection on her chances of happiness; while poor Wilhelm, who knew the truth, could but regret it, and vainly wish that he had power to interfere—for to him his father seldom spoke, and never listened; thinking, because his frame was weak, his words gentle, and his tastes refined, that his heart must be faint, and his spirit degenerate.

Thus weeks passed on—Muller had settled all worldly affairs with his son-in-law, elect to their mutual satisfaction, and his view determined the number, fashion and material of the bride's garments, the component parts of the wedding-feast, and arranged the list of guests to be invited, which, with an aching heart, but obedient hand, poor Zetza had written out; in short, every preparation advanced with the utmost smoothness and regularity; and like many a family on the frontier, the Mullers rested, in deceitful tranquility, over a slumbering volcano, which the slightest convulsion, or the mere progress of time itself, would soon awaken. Already there had occurred circumstances which might have excited doubt, but the feeling of security was too strong, and they would not fear. Cattle and horses had been driven off in large numbers, and with unusual boldness; armed Kafirs of threatening demeanor had been seen in the neutral territory, and even within the colony; in the latter, the number without passes were increasing, and to ride or shoot alone on the immediate frontier, was no longer exactly safe—but it was merely, "the Kafirs are very troublesome;" and they would not believe in the actual existence and presence of danger. Muller was one of the most incredulous; he hated the English, but he despised the Kafirs, and did not believe the latter would ever again dare to provoke hostilities with his hardy brethren and their warlike conquerors.

One thing did somewhat disturb his equanimity as the end of the year approached—not a fear lest he had judged not wisely for his daughter's happiness—not an apprehension of any inroad on the part of his savage neighbors, though the latter were the agents; but the diminution of that portion of his wealth which roamed on four feet over the wide plaats and through the shady valleys. Not a week passed that one of the herds did not appear before the Baas, with a confession that some of the "ogen" were missing, until, from the wrath which only a recollection of the magistrate's court and Guardian of Slaves, withheld him from wreaking on the hired Hottentot or bondman, the boer's mind inclined to the conviction that the Kafirs were alone to blame. Scarcely a week closed without the discovery, some morning when the kraals were opened, that a horse, or a couple of his finest cows, or several of his most promising young cattle, had been abstracted during the night. The "spoor" led away across the frontier; and patrol after patrol had been demanded by Muller, (who never scrupled to claim the government's protection and assistance,) until the wearied authorities could not grant one half he asked. And when the plunder was traced, and restitution demanded from the kraal, where the spoor directed them, it was always the smallest and leanest of the miserable cattle which are on such occasions usually substituted for the stolen property, that was selected for Erasmus Muller. To such treatment he was accustomed, for his name was very dark among the natives near the boundary.

His two eldest sons had been assegaied many years before, when on commando; and every time he looked on the sickly youth, who remained to be his heir and representative, he cursed in his heart the tribe which had torn from him his boldest and most powerful. His hatred was not disguised; neither friendliness nor pity did Kafir ever meet with at his hands—no child of the Amakosa ever received food or shelter beneath his roof—no aggression or trespass did he ever forgive, if the law could give him means to punish it—no wanderer of the nation did he ever accost, save in anger; or to demand if he had a pass, so as, in case of defraud, to have him apprehended as a vagrant. His was, in short, a character which, though perhaps but one out of a hundred, nearly approached that which some would have ascribed to the majority of his class.

The week preceding Christmas at length arrived, and the thunder-cloud gathered heavier than ever on the frontier, but the devastation that would attend its bursting, remained as yet unforeseen, save by very few, except the evil-boding spirits whose croakings had often been the prelude to the sunniest times.—The Mullers were among the most careless and insensible, for the wedding was near at hand, and from divers causes, there were none had many thoughts to spare from it.

According to Dutch colonial customs, wealthy as both parties were, the banns had been proclaimed in the nearest church for the last time, on the previous Sabbath; and, in compliance with the same, Zetza had, with a heavy heart and aching brow, yet attired with unusual care, taken her place during the week in the little-used drawing-room, to receive the congratulations of friends and neighbors on the approaching marriage, and to give in person the requisite invitations. It was a hard task, yet performed without complaint; and though a mournful smile was the poor girl's chief reply to their felicitations, there were *few* that troubled themselves with any doubts of her perfect contentment and satisfaction with her lot; even the young friends who were to be bridemaids, and were already her guests, had not been taken into her confidence, and if she seemed less cheerful than they thought she might, they remembered that she had ever been more quiet than themselves, more fond of books and solitude, and thinking; and they therefore imagined it must be her way of being happy.

They were all on the stoop shortly after sunset, as daylight was waxing dim, and the eye could just trace the position of the stars by their faint glimmer in the heavens. Muller, with a friend, sat there smoking, and exchanging a few words at long intervals. Zetza stood at one end, surrounded by her young companions, with some of whom Breda was flirting laughingly; while at other moments he conversed with his future mother-in-law, whose gaze was bent with the utmost placidity on the shadowy forms of the undulating hills, which, in many a graceful line, swept far away into the distance, her fingers busily engaged meanwhile in knitting, and her mind in determining the precise quantity of sweetmeats the coming festival would require.

"When is Ignace Vaureenen coming?" asked Johanna Vander Meyer, at length.

"We do not expect him, Hannie," was the quiet reply; yet as Zetza spoke, she bent her face to hide its expression, and, with unconscious fingers, plucked the unripe grapes which hung in heavy clusters beside her.

"Ah! they are getting very large," said her mother, observing the action; "I think they will be grown sufficient for tarts on Tuesday."

The other girls laughed, and Breda smiled, but Zetza let the grapes fall from her hand as though they had been scorpions.

"But what 's that Muller talks of?" continued the matron, as Erasmus's voice was heard speaking rapidly; and, gathering up her knitting, the worthy vrow sailed off to where two Hottentot herds were standing before her husband and her friend, all four being in evident discomposure. Her visitors followed, and when Zetza again looked up, only her brother stood beside her.

"I wish I was like Breda," he said, "as strong and as active; and then my father might not think me a fool, and might listen to what I said; then, this never should take place. But it is useless wishing!"

"Useless and worse!" replied his sister. "And yet, Wilhelm, I could almost think—would it were no sin to wish that one were dead!"

"But do not think so," said the boy, earnestly.—"You remember four years since, when the tree crushed me? well, afterwards, when I found that I should live but as a creature to be a burden to myself and disagreeable to others, then I was very unhappy, and wished to die, and hated life. But the minister talked to me, and reasoned with me long, until he made me ashamed of all that I had wished. He explained how we should try to be resigned to everything; how what we most disliked was often for the best; and how patience was sometimes rewarded by our sorrow being turned into gladness, when no hope of happiness remained. He told me that I might find reason to thank God that he had spared my life to be of use to others; and sometimes, Zetza, when I have fancied I made a long day seem shorter to you, I have thought that Mr. M—— was right, and have felt glad that I was left, though none besides you liked me.—I do not believe that I have said what I intended, Zetza, but I meant to comfort you, and bid you not to grieve too much, for, perhaps, God will make you happy yet; you are doing right, and He will not forsake you!"

The maiden sighed deeply, and then wiped away a few lingering tears as she answered—

"I endeavor to do my duty; I can do no more.—But come, Wilhelm, we should not be loitering here; something is evidently wrong, and we ought not to appear indifferent."

They joined the group on the centre of the stoop, but did not at first learn what had occurred, as Muller was running along a whole string of the fiercest Dutch expletives with bewildering rapidity and startling emphasis, but without any distinct allusion to the cause of his displeasure.

"What is the matter, Hans?" inquired Wilhelm, in an undertone, of one of the herds. But, low as it was, the boer overheard it in the midst of his execrations.

"What is the matter?" he repeated, indignantly, and a volley of fearful anathemas was showered on the head of the unfortunate Wilhelm. "Of course you don't know! you never care for anything! The farm may go to ruin—'Tyali may ride my horses, and Macomo drink the milk of my cows; it's not worth your attending to. We shall soon be reduced to feed on snooks' heads and rice, yet here you come with your smooth face and satisfied air, and ask, 'What is the matter?' "

"A number of cattle have been carried off," said Breda, in explanation. "There are—let me see—"

"Two span oxen, and five Namaqua beasts, and the Baas's skimmel horse," supplied Hans, telling off the misfortunes on his fingers.

"And they are gone," began Wilhelm——

"To Kafirland, of course!" thundered his father. "Any one, but a child or a fool, would have known that without a question! But you never do or know anything. And now I must send a letter off for a patrol. "Come, child!"—this was to Zetza.

"I will write it," said Wilhelm, who saw his sister would have been little fitted for the effort; "that much at least I can do."

And the youth passed into the house to prepare for a letter, dictated in Dutch, to be done into English.

"How troublesome the Kafirs are!" said Johanna Vander Meyer. "What if they break into the colony, and carry us all off, or murder us!"

"They would not dare," said Breda, laughing; "twenty of them would fly from the pointing of my roer. We have guns, and ammunition, and ready arms, and bold hearts to protect you, and willing ones, too, as Adrian Helmeister would say, if he were here. So do not fear, mein lelber baatjee."

The girls laughed, and the giddy but pretty Hannie Vander Meyer blushed, for Adrian was her very devoted. And in such merriment died away, as in other places, every serious thought of the Kafir invasion.

It was late in the afternoon of the ensuing Monday, and Mynheer Muller had been riding round his fields, and viewing his herds and flocks—which still were large, though somewhat shrunken—as under the charge of their dusky guardians, they were returning slowly in the direction of the kraals, at an earlier hour than had been usual a few weeks previous to that time. The sight was pleasant, for it would have taken many thousand rix dollars to purchase what he looked on; yet, ever and anon, a twitching of his heavy brows, bespoke the boer's wrath as he remembered the absent: the loss of his favorite skimmel horse, too, one seldom let out to graze, especially irritated him, and in token of his dissatisfaction with the inferior animal he then was riding, he beat the poor creature unmercifully with his heavy sambok, for any fault or none, which he committed.

While thus agreeably occupied, Muller observed a horseman riding towards him. To do this in a straight line, he had to pass beneath the boughs of several trees, and bent his head to avoid the contact. As he was nearly under the last, Muller saw the horse start and rear, striking his rider's head against the branch, which knocked him from his seat. The boer galloped instantly to the spot, when the cause of the steed's affright was soon discovered in a snake which was rising in an half upright posture from the grass, and ready to repeat his baffled spring. Without casting a look towards the prostrate horseman, the boer dismounted, and with his sambok put a speedy termination to the reptile's life; then, after a few rough words of encouragement to the horse, he turned to look at his rider.

What was his astonishment when he beheld Ignatius Vaureenen rising from the ground, and only just recovering from the confusion of his stunning fall!

"What! you, the slave, the paltry dependent of the British, dare to intrude here!" exclaimed the enraged farmer. "Did I not forbid you to ever put foot on ground which called me master? Did I not forbid you to ever enter my presence more?"

"But, uncle, hear me!" remonstrated Ignace.

But Muller was not disposed to listen, and proceeded to pour forth a torrent of abuse in a language which is admitted to be well adapted to the purpose. Young Vaureenen was, however, resolved to have heard what he had gone thither to say, so listened in almost unbroken, if not impatient, silence, as did Wilhelm who had been reading in the shade of an acacia group at a little distance, and now arrived.

"I should not have been here, but in the hope of doing you service," said Ignace, when Muller had at length talked himself out of breath; "but I could not be easy with the idea that my relations were in danger. Have you not heard there are reports that it is likely the Kafirs will rush in upon us? that they have been preparing arms these three years, and are now ready for the outbreak? I came to tell, lest you should not know it."

"Idle tales—nonsense!" said the boer, contemptuously.

"They are, unfortunately, far more deserving of notice. 'Twas said the Kafirs only awaited an opportunity; and now the signal had been given—an English officer has been wounded in attempting to recover stolen cattle; his irritated men killed a chief—a relation of Macomo, and the report is, that Macomo vows vengeance."

"I know all—the cattle were mine!" interrupted Muller, impatiently. "If you have no more to say, you need not have come. With my own slaves, I could stand against Macomo and his nation; but the young men of this day are children!"

"But, hear me out, sir!" persisted his nephew; "this is likely to be no child's play; those older and wiser than I, consider the frontier farms at least as menaced with great danger, and as it is rumored you are personally disliked, I entreat you to heed my warning."

"And do what?" asked Muller, ironically. "Fly before the whistlings of the desert winds? No! Erasmus Muller will never run away at the shaking of an assegai."

"But provide, at least, for the safety of those who cannot fight. Do not leave my aunt and cousin exposed to danger! My father's house is ready to receive them, and down at George there will be no fear of their security."

"Ha—ha—ha!" laughed Muller, long and scornfully. "So that is it, I find—you would have Zetza within your reach. But she will have another protector soon; you might not have been so anxious about her, had you known that to-morrow Breda will be her husband."

The youth turned away for a moment, but in the next replied, though with a pale cheek and agitated voice—

"I did not know it was to be so soon—yet it is the same to me—if you will but send her to a place of safety; I will not even try to see her. But do take the proper measures, for I have heard aggressions have begun, and murders have already been committed, and reports are flying about in all directions."

"Like bees to sting only those who are afraid. But you forget," continued the boer, with a provoking smile, "we shall have a wedding to-morrow, and Zetza will go away."

"But not out of danger," urged Vanrenen: "Breda's place is as exposed as this. And this is no time for festivity, when each hour may be our last of peace, and a horde of savages may be your guests. Do not delay, or you may find it too late. Let my aunt and cousin be in safety; and then, if you remain here, and will permit me I will stay to fight and defend your house to the last moment."

"Ha—ha—ha!" laughed the boer again.

"O, do listen to him, father!" entreated Wilhelm.

"Out of my sight, you misshapen elf," vociferated his father in a rage; "never yet did your mouth open to utter aught save folly. Are you both agreed in one story? or are you but frightened at his tales?—Out of my sight you soulless idiot! As for you," addressing Ignace, "I see through you as the air at mid-day. I have heard of hunters who have followed the bird to seek the honey, and found the tiger, but I am too old to be deceived. Begone, this instant, and never let me see you on my lands again. Begone I tell you, if you would not be driven away like a Kafir thief."

Against rage of this nature, there could be no remonstrance, and Ignace had no choice but to depart, although reluctantly, and with an anxiety for the fate of both his cousins, which almost bore down the fire of his resentment at his uncle's ungenerous and insulting conduct. Muller rode back to the house; but mentioned nothing of what had happened to its inmates; nor did Wilhelm, for he knew it would but uselessly alarm many, and deeply agitate one whose emotions needed no awakening.

The morrow came: it was Tuesday, the 23d of December. The whole family were astir before sunrise; and bustle and preparation were seen in all directions. The bridesmaids flew hither and thither, assisting their hostess to deck the tables or conveying sundry of her numerous mandates to her household, the slaves wandered about, to all appearance busy, but in truth, laughing and jesting; and sadly neglectful of their tasks,—while with a heavy heart the poor bride listened to the sounds of hurry and gladness, and sighed to think of the cause.

Who can tell how painful were the suppressed emotions which swelled within her bosom, while her young attendants arrayed her in her bridal dress? how darkly the mind drew the contrast between what was and what might have been? how her heart owned that if it had known this hour had been so bitterly felt, it could hardly have dared to meet it!—But it was too late to retract—too late even, to allow the vain wish to harbor in her thoughts, though as yet she could not banish it.

Time passed on, but the guests arrived slowly and scantily—the realities of the coming storm had begun to be acknowledged, and not one third that had been bidden appeared to attend the wedding, or taste the banquet.

Muller's brow grew dark, and in detached and muttered words he set down half his friends as "fools." The busy vrow was dissatisfied that there was a chance of so few doing honor to her skill, while many a young cheek turned for a moment pale, and Breda and his few companions laughed at the fears that were abroad.

At length the moment came—the bride was led in by her father, and colorless as her own white robe, stood beside her destined lord. All marked how deadly pale she looked; but in her own feelings the struggle seemed to have passed by, and an unnatural calmness, it should perhaps, be termed insensibility, succeeded. It was no effort to maintain composure, for she felt as though incapable of agitation.

That day was bright—sunny and glorious as December usually is in South Africa; the air slept silently on hill and plain, and the note of the golden cuckoo came afar from the almost inaccessible depths of the distant and darkly wooded kloof, which he haunted like a spirit—heard, but seldom seen. Yet one heavy cloud arose, and in the stillness of the atmosphere travelled slowly upward; it was alone, the sky was clear beyond, so no one heeded it: but a little before mid-day it overcast the sun, and a sudden gloom fell upon the earth; and Hannie Vander Meyer whose mind was somewhat turned with the superstitions of her Africander nurse, felt a chill come over her heart, as she noticed the instantaneous darkening of the heavens in the very moment that Mr. M—— uttered the first words of the ceremony, which was to link her friend's lot in this life with Breda's. Slowly it passed on, and when the statue like bride had received the congratulations of her friends, the veil was withdrawn, and the sun shone forth again in all its meridian splendor.

Red constantia, and bride cake, laughter and merriment, formed the business of the hour, and all darker thoughts seemed forgotten under the intoxicating influences of mirth. Yet ten minutes had scarcely elapsed before a Hottentot was seen riding at full speed up the approach to the house. Wilhelm hastened to the stoop as rapidly as his lameness would permit, when the messenger threw himself from his horse, and without speaking, unbound a handkerchief from his waist and drew from it a letter, which the youth seized impatiently. But it was nothing, at least to the party at large—it was directed to Mr. M——; one of his flock, many miles away was dying, and requested his presence. When the clergyman made this known, Wilhelm had to endure a sneering comment from his father on his anxiety, and a less insulting but what would have been at another time less galling laugh from his new brother, but he was too thankful the tidings were no worse, to feel indignant at their sarcasms.

"I don't like Mr. M——'s being called away from a wedding party to attend a death-bed," whispered Hannie Vandar Meyer to young Hofmeister "It seems a bad omen for dear Zetza."

Adrain rallied her on her idle fancies; and the debate soon merged into flirtation; while on every side the laugh and jest were heard again, and after a few pitying phrases none seemed oppressed with much concern for the acquaintance who required their pastor's saddest offices. Again the mistress of the house bustled to and fro to hurry her loitering slaves in their preparations for the tiffin, which had been the source of so much anxiety and anticipation of renown; again the bridesmaids flew about like aides-de-camp in action, and a few of the elder guests began to look towards the door in expectation of the banquet being announced. The sound of horses' feet was heard; but no one was seen, and it was not heeded. Then issued a loud outcry of dismay from the culinary regions.

"Oh, my heart!" exclaimed the bride's mother, starting up in horror; "something is the matter in the kitchen; all things are going the wrong way with the tiffin."

"Perhaps with more than it," thought Wilhelm instantly, as he rose also while Hannie's cheek grew pale, and Zetza looked through the window on the distant orange grove, and neither thought nor feared. Another moment, and there was a rush of feet, and all around, within and without the entrance of the room, filled with dark faces, of every size, and expressive of every degree of consternation.

"Oh, Jacow! Jacow!" shrieked a girl; darting forward and falling at the feet of her mistress, "we are lost—we are dead!—the Kafirs are upon us!"

"What's this!" demanded Muller.

It was true enough at least to excuse the slave's fear and exaggeration. Several bands of Kafirs were in the colony, and men had been killed and dwellings destroyed during the preceding day and night. In truth, six boers had fallen already; though how many was then unknown to the frightened servants, who, after the plunderers' departure, had caught stray horses, and in terror galloped off to spread the tidings of devastation. There were two fugitives, and the master of each was buried beneath the smoking ruins of his home.

In a few minutes all was hurry and confusion; oxen being "inspanned" and horses "saddled up," and on every hand was ordering and finding fault, and impatience and regret. Muller's place was not very defensible—a line of bush extending to within fifty yards of the house; yet, had all the guests remained with their attendants, it would have required a large party to destroy it. But this could not be; each had some duty that required his presence at a distance. There were homes to be protected—children or parents who might be in instant need of the strong arm and bold heart of the father or the son; and for the weaker, there were relatives whose danger, if it existed, must be shared. Muller himself was urged to fly, and seek shelter elsewhere, but he spurned the counsel in disdain. Hannie Vander Meyer, who dearly loved her friend, and whose relations were beyond the probable reach of evil, was anxious to remain with Zetza.

"You will not—you must not," asserted Adrian.

"I shall," replied the maiden.

"You must not," repeated the youth, "you have a father and a mother and sisters down at Uitenhage, who will be wretched when they hear of this outbreak, and in despair if any evil occur to you. Muller is hated by the Kafirs, and his house is sure not to escape."

"But you have heard the Kafirs spare the women. If they come I shall not be hurt."

"I would not trust to the mercy of any," exclaimed Hofmeister; "and never, never, when their passions are aroused by personal hatred. If a woman were killed anywhere, it might well be here, and you shall not stay. See, horses are saddled for all of us, your own is there. My faithful slave Hendrick will go with us, and your little Mitje must ride for once. Five minutes I give you to get on your habit and bid farewell, but after that we must be gone. I should not deserve your father's friendship if I left you longer here."

They went; and Breda tried to persuade Zetza also to flight, but she was inflexible; her insensibility was past; her energies were aroused, and the passive yielding girl had become a woman of thought and firmness as well as feeling.

"I will not leave my father's house at such a time," she said; "no persuasion shall induce me; no command impel. My heart is not changed within this hour, and what would have been my duty before is now the same; so where my parents choose to stay, there I remain, and share the chances of life and death with them."

The last guests had gone, though with reluctance, and after sad and brief adieus, when Hans came rushing in to tell that his cattle had been carried off by armed Kafirs, and his fellow herdsman killed.—He had narrowly escaped, and on looking back from a neighboring hill, he had seen some of the savages entering the bush not ten minutes' journey behind him.

This demanded instant attention; all the slaves were summoned into the forehouse, when it was discovered that, of the eight men that had been counted on, two Mozambique prize slaves had taken themselves off to provide for their own safety otherwise. No time was lost in arming the rest, and then the value of Wilhelm's prudence and foresight was discovered; for he had taken care that every gun and all the ammunition in the house should be at hand and serviceable.

The shutters were all closed, the doors fastened, and the family and servants repaired to the upper rooms to watch for the arrival of their savage enemies. All had been done with great rapidity, and the ten minutes had not elapsed when, turning from the half darkened window, Wilhelm looked back at his sister, and his voice did tremble as he said, "They are coming."

The boer detected his emotion, but misunderstood it. "That a son of mine should prove a coward!" exclaimed he, bitterly. "Your brothers died like men."

"And so can I," replied Wilhelm; and for once he spoke proudly. "And you, perhaps, may see me fall, but do not let us die with angry words upon our lips."

Something in his tone pleased Muller, and, for the first time for years, he cast a look of satisfaction on his son. The next instant they both and Breda fired simultaneously, and the fall of two of the foremost Kafirs, and a third being evidently wounded, proved the accuracy of their aim.

This gave a momentary check, but they came on like a cloud of locusts, and rushing towards the house the hurried fire of the servants did little harm, and left its traces merely in one or two wounded men.—The crash of glass was heard instantly as they endeavored to force in the windows; but the heavy and strongly fastened shutters within withstood their efforts; while from the casements above, which were all provided with similar defences, only withdrawn a little to permit an aim, the besieged kept up a fire on the assailants, which, if not always deadly, was sufficient greatly to interfere with their proceedings: and again and again the savages retreated, and many a shower of assegais was directed against the defenders, but the shutters were so quickly closed that most of the missiles fell harmlessly back to their owners. The scene without was fearful; dark beings rushing to and fro, like demons, with looks and gestures as of fiends obeying Satan's mandates. Within 'twas very painful and fearful also; all the children were collected round their mistress, with tears and suppressed lamentations—some cowering to the ground, others clinging to her dress; while she, who, though a kind and worthy woman, was little suited to such exigencies, had on the Kafirs' first appearance, caught her daughter to her bosom with the exclamation, "O mein kindt! mein kindt!" but spoke no more, and now sat weeping and disconsolate, the very image of despair.

Zetza had quickly withdrawn from her mother's embrace, for she had other duties to perform, and though as convinced as any that their resistance could not avail, she proved that something of the courage of her father and her brothers animated her own spirit, and without shedding a tear or uttering an expression of alarm, she exerted her utmost to control the terrors of the female attendants, and give aid to their defenders. From window to window darted Muller and his assistants, wherever their presence was for the moment most needed, to beat or frighten off the enemy, as they gathered in different parts around the walls; and there being fortunately a few spare guns, Zetza and the slave-girls received and loaded the pieces as they were discharged, and every man was always ready with a useful weapon in his hand.

It was but for a little time this lasted—seconds seemed hours, and bore with them the events of days on such occasions. Ten minutes might have crept on, and many a savage form lay lifeless beneath its karosse, on the stoep and on the ground, while within the house there was only a man wounded and one of the children killed; but their scanty stock of ammunition was fast diminishing, and they felt that this kind of warfare could not long endure.

"It must soon come to an end," said Wilhelm, as his sister, while handing him a loaded gun, made some comment on the fact. "And it strikes me also that the Kafirs are busy at something there, behind the lean-to, and we have no window that commands it. I will try and see what they are at."

He leaned from the window for a moment, but a Kafir poising his weapon, instantly sent it whistling through the air. As the youth drew back it missed his head, but striking his arm, passed through, almost ere it was felt, as though six inches of iron and six feet of wood had met no opposition—leaving an aperture in size like the passage of a grape shot. With a firm hand but ashy cheek, Zetza bound up the wound, while her brother said in a low voice, "I saw smoke rising—they will fire the house. If you, my sister, where not here, I should not care so much."

"God's will be done," said the bride, calmly; "I do not now feel life so hard to part with, as I should once have felt it."

The news was told to Muller: and the dense smoke which quickly filled the atmosphere, confirmed its truth. The enemy had lighted a fire, and were heaping on it weeds and branches of every sort, whose smoke would prove most suffocating and offensive. With the issues of the heat of months they extended the fire, and while the flames rose quickly to the roof, every particle of wood catching and blazing like a torch, they fed it also with furze and bushes. Meanwhile the rooms above were filled with smoke and vapor almost to suffocation.

"We must not stay here," said Muller, "to be smoked like bees in their nests. Let us make a rush and at least die in the open air."

It was done on the instant—the children were seized by the elder slaves, Zetza caught her mother's arm, and in a body they hastened down the wide staircase. The boer was first, and himself, opened the heavy entrance door, when all rushed forward, as though it had been to shun, not meet their foe.—The Kafirs were taken for the moment unawares, but immediately surrounded their prey, and though most sprung from it to the ground, many of the unhappy fugitives were assegaied upon the stoep.

As Breda's foot touched the earth the weapon of a stalwart savage, used as a lance, went through his body, and he sank down without a groan; and in the same hour Zetza was a bride and a widow. All now was horrible confusion,—the dead, the dying and their slayers—assegais and knobkerries upraised in every direction, and the red glare of the flames cast over all. A few fierce words in broken Dutch had proved at once their recognition of Muller, and partial knowledge of the language, and standing before his mother and sister, Wilhelm resolved to make one effort for their lives. "Spare them," he exclaimed, "the Kafirs do not kill women!"

"Spare none! spare none!" cried a Kafir in a leopard skin karosse, whom Zetza knew to be Macomo as she had seen him formerly. "Kill them all, women and children, spare not one!" a stern looking warrior replied, meanwhile, with a thrust of his assegai, and Wilhelm sunk at his sister's feet. Muller who, aged and wounded as he was, stood defending himself, with the obstinate courage of a lion, beheld his son's fall, and his last act, as a mortal wound subdued his energies, was to whirl his gun as a knob kerrie, and level the youth's assailant to the ground. "Mein kindt! mein kindt!" groaned the mother, as she folded Zetza in her arms once more. She never spoke again; a spear entered her side, and she lay down to die. Her embrace was relaxed, yet the unhappy girl fell with her, then herself, unwounded, rose half kneeling, and looked vacantly around upon the scene of horror.

"Spare none! spare none!" was again the cry of many voices, and one or two slaves that had still been left alive, were struck to the earth in the agonies of death. Zetza saw the dark glance of more than one approaching savage bent upon her, and though she had never shrunk before throughout that dreadful conflict, she instinctively clasped her hands with an imploring air. A young Kafir stood near; he had, perchance, never seen blood shed until that day, and pity for the desolate girl touched his heart, and, without injuring, pushed her aside with his assegai, and she fell. Others believed her killed, and she lay there with the mingled heat of the sun and flames which consumed the dwelling of her childhood pouring on her face; while in mind half insensible to her fate, half conscious that the dead were her companions.

The work of blood being finished, the work of plunder was essayed; but there was little possible in that respect. All the cattle and horses that could be found had already been driven off; and the rapidity with which the whole dwelling became a blazing pile was such that scarcely any thing was attainable which could excite or satisfy cupidity; the tiffin which had engrossed so many of Vrow Muller's thoughts not being destined to be tasted even by the destroyers of her house. The little temptation to remain was so evident, and the certainty of the building being reduced to utter ruin so undoubted, that after collecting from the scene of death the weapons both of vanquished and of conqueror, the Kafirs prepared to leave the spot. As one stooped, however, to take the gun from Wilhelm's side, he perceived that Zetza shuddered and shrunk from his touch. He was a fierce old warrior, and he raised his spear to kill her. But Wilhelm was not dead, and had, within the last few minutes, returned to consciousness, though prudence had kept him still; and in the moment that through his half-shut eyelids he perceived the old man's uplifted arm, the youth made the greatest effort of which nature was capable, threw himself over his sister, between her and her merciless foe. An expression of surprise escaped the Kafir's lips, and he struck at them with his assegai, which, piercing the slight form of Wilhelm, passed between Zetza's arm and side, merely grazing her, and sunk deep into the earth.—But the warrior doubted not he had transfixed them both, and, drawing out his weapon, walked contentedly away.

Zetza closed her eyes; she knew she was unhurt, yet thought she must be dying; the lifeless body of the last most devoted protector weighed heavy on her chest; others lay around, and it surely was no longer a place fit for the living. She heard the tramp of horses; nearer came the sound, and louder; they were galloping as though for life or death. They came close, but not until a cry of horror in a well-known voice struck on her ear, did she raise her eyelids or show any signs of life.

It was Ignace, whose voice proclaimed the fact of her existence as he drew her from her horrible position; it was his joy at her escape that first inspired the wish of surviving that dreadful hour. Hearing worse tales after parting from her father, he had not been able to endure the idea of her danger, and as the leader of the six armed horsemen, he had hastened to render what aid he might, arriving but in time to preserve the life of her he loved, and snatch her from a situation whose terror might well have conquered reason.

An examination of her unfortunate companions proved that all were already dead; but any attempt to inter them at that moment was prevented by the intelligence that the Kafirs were returning on their path. Vancouver hastened to the tree beneath whose shade he had placed his cousin, and told her they must go instantly.

"And leave them to the wolves!" said she, pointing to the lifeless group; "it must not be! it must not be!"

"I cannot hazard your life for those who can feel nothing," he replied, "but I shall return hereafter."

Ere he had finished he was mounted with the passive girl before him, his followers closed around, and they dashed on towards Graham's-town. The Kafirs threw themselves in their way, but the determined little band cut through them with some loss to the assailants: Ignace unconsciously avenging his young cousin by closing the career of the unfeeling savage who had slain him.

During the following week, the deferred rites of sepulture were performed under the direction of Ignace. He remained of the frontier throughout the Kafir war; and, at its termination, before he again quitted South Africa for another shore, brightness had returned to Zetza's cheek, and gladness to her eye, and Hannie Vander Meyer became again her bridesmaid; but this time no heart was nearly broken by the bridal; the wedding festivities passed in peace: and the union has been, as it deserved to be, one of happiness.

THE SWORD OF WASHINGTON.

The Sixty-Seventh Anniversary of our National Independence was celebrated on Tuesday last, with all the spirit and patriotism worthy of the occasion. The following song was communicated to the New York Mirror, by our friend Hewitt, of Baltimore. The "*Sword of Washington*" is a noble subject, and here it is, thrilling from the lyre of the patriotic bard:

Come forth to the light, old blade of steel!
  Come forth and let the freeman's *eye*
In reverence see, and proudly feel
  The holy glow of liberty.
"In times that tried men's souls," when man
  Stood boldly forth and plead his right:
Thou wert seen blazing in the van—
  To Freedom's friends a beacon light.

The sword of Washington!—the sage
  Whose wisdom ruled the council hall:
Whose form amidst the battle's rage
  Was foremost at his country's call
The sword of Washington!—the blade—
  The Gideon blade, whose lightning hurl'd
Destruction on the foe—and made
  The cry of Freedom shake the world.

Unstained as when it first was drawn,
  Behold, it glads the patriot's eyes;
It woke to light at Freedom's dawn,
  'Twill only sleep when Freedom dies.
Then let it drink the sun's pure light,
  A holy gift to gaze upon—
The sign of Freedom's right and might—
  The battle-sword of Washington!

THE GERANIUM PLANT.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

Flowers have a magic power to reteach the associations of other days. Though our path may have led over the steep and thorny places of the world, for many years, yet the unexpected sight of the pale grass flowers, and yellow kingcups, we gathered in childhood, brings back the cool fragrance of life's early morning. If the wearied traveller chance to find in foreign climes such plants as he culled by the singing brook of his native glen, the broad-leaved iris, or the bright crimson lobelia, straightway he is a boy again, and throws them fondly into his mother's lap. The hoary woman, unto whom there remaineth little, save the arm-chair in the chimney corner, and the oft repeated counsel to her sporting grandchildren—if she see, among its lustrous green leaves, the pure white Carmelia, remembers the thrill with which its cool petals drooped over her forehead at her bridal, and is lost amid the wanderings of fairy land.

The smile, or the breath of our familiar home-flowers, restore to us, in after life, the careless innocence of those days, when half in ignorance, and half in faith, we planted the rootless stem of some rich blossom, that had been given us,—and heaped the fresh soil tenderly around it, and watered it every moment,—and visited it with hope, until it was as brown and dead as the mould by which it was encompassed. They recall the reckless curiosity with which we dug up the bulb of our tulip, or tube-rose, and found them busy at their work of germination, which our impatience interrupted,—perhaps destroyed.

Distant places and absent friends are brought near, by the touch of the same talisman. The odor of a pressed flower, between the leaves of a long closed book, restores the voice, the form, of the loved one, who placed it there, whose home may now be in the tomb. I had sought the sweet trailing arbutus among the wilds of my native place, when life was new, and a box of it recently performed a journey of many miles to visit me. The moment it was opened, while its fragrance almost overpowered every sense, every breathing blossom spoke of the rocks which we use to climb in pursuit of it,—and of the rough, falling waters that filled every pause in our merry voices, and then suddenly my playmates stood beside me, their baskets overflowing with the gifts of early spring, themselves still young and spring-like, though on the heads of some, I know that the frosts had settled, and that over others, rested the green sod.

Still more eloquent was a slender plant of the rose-geranium, which accompanied me, somewhat more than two years since, on my way to an Older World. It was taken from her quiet bed, in her garden, by my little daughter, as the parting time drew near, with the remark, that "something green might look pleasant to me on the sea." And so it did. But I imagined not then the depth of communion it would call forth. For the home-spirit was in its heart, and it became to me as a friend. Sometimes when evening closed in over the deep, with those heavy sighs of the wind which often betoken a coming storm, and the ship leaped and plunged amid the billows, as if seeking for a place to escape, or a depth to hide in, I have drawn closer to that weak plant, as if its love might comfort me. Or at waking in the morning, and raising my head from the cradle-like berth where the dark hours had passed in such broken slumbers, as the hoarse lullaby of the surge induces, I have fixed my eyes first upon that solitary plant, and spoken softly to it as to a child. Yet it was evidently in an uncongenial atmosphere, and the delicate branches grew sad, and faded. I numbered its leaves, but almost every day some of them grew sickly and fell, until, at last, only a few were left clustering round a single, graceful stalk.

We had been thirteen days and nights upon the great deep,—and accomplished nearly two thousand miles of our watery journey, when I awoke at the gray hour of dawn. I remembered that, the first anniversary of the death of my beloved father, and beckoned the solemn imagery to meet me amid the waves. At once every circumstance of that scene gleamed forth as in a picture. His venerable head, resting upon its white pillow, the brightness of his beautiful hair, on which fourscore and seven winters had scattered no snows, his heavy breathing mingling with the slow dropping of the summer shower upon the vine-leaves at its casement, and the steady ticking of the clock through that lonely night, while bending over him, I hoped against hope, that the sudden illness might not be mortal, and that the form, which but the day before, had moved with so vigorous a step, would yet rise up, and lean upon its staff, and come forth to bless me. The rain ceased, a circle of faint brightness foretold the rising of the sun, —those precious lips uttered again the sound of kind words,—the opening eyes told their message of saintly love,—the lids fluttered and closed. There was no more breath.

A wail!—Another,—piercing and protracted—deeper even than that with which an only child mourns the last parent. It must be the wail of a mother. No other sorrow hath such a voice. Yet, so abruptly it burst forth, amid surrounding silence, that, for a moment, memory was bewildered, and the things that had been, mingled their confused tissue with things that are.

Among our passengers was a dignified and accomplished lady, returning with her husband, an officer, from a residence of several years in Canada, to England, their native land. They had with them three little daughters, and in the course of those conversations, which beguile the tedium of sea-life, she had sometimes spoken of the anxiety with which her aged mother waited to welcome these descendants, born in a foreign clime, whom, of course, she had never seen; and so exquisite was their beauty, that it would not have been surprising, had a thrill of pride, heightened the pleasure, with which she painted the joy of such a meeting. The youngest was a babe of less than a year, and we, who often shared its playful wiles, fancied that it had grown languid, as if from some inherent disease. Yet, its large black eyes still beamed with strange lustre, so that neither parents nor nurse would allow that aught affected it, save what arose from the change of habits, incidental to the confinement of the ship. Yet, that night, the mother more uneasy than she was willing to confess in words, decided not to leave its cradle. In the saloon, adjoining our state-room, she took her place, and when we retired, the fair infant lay in troubled sleep. Yet, even then, the spoiler was nearer to it than that watchful mother; and ere the morning, he smote it in her arms. We found her clasping it closely to her bosom, as if fain to revivify it with her breath. Masses of glossy black hair, escaping from their confinement, fell over her shoulders, and drooped as a curtain over the marble features of the dead. Mingled with gasps of grief that shook her like a reed, were exclamations of hope, that hope, which clings and cleaves to the wounded heart,—striking its fibre, wherever the blood-drop oozes, and striving like a pitying angel, to staunch, where it may not heal.—"Constance! Constance! look at me. Oh, my dear husband, she will live again. She has been sicker than this, once, when you were away. Yes, yes—she will breathe again." Long she continued thus assuaging her bitter sorrow, with this vanity of trust, and then we tenderly strove to loosen her convulsive grasp from the lifeless idol. After we had prevailed, and it was borne from her sight, we still heard in the pauses of the soothing voice with which her husband sought to console her, the wild cry, "She will breathe again! John! John! I saw her sweet lips move when they took her from me. My baby will live again!"

It was laid out on our sofa, in the lady's cabin, in a pure white robe, its brow surpassingly beautiful, and the deeply fringed lids but imperfectly closed over the large, lustrous eyes. The black lace veil of the mother shaded its form and features, and through it was clearly visible, the last green slip of my rose-geranium. It was my gift to the dead, and pressed into that little pale hand not without a tear. This was the last office of that cherished plant, which had left its own home, in the quiet gardens of New England, to do this service to faded innocence, and itself to die. Happy shall we be, if, in the closing of our own frail life, we, like this trembling voyager, leave behind a gleam of light and consolation, as the olive-leaf above the flood, or the dove, whose last act was peace, ere it entered rejoicing into the Ark, to be a wanderer no more.

OH! WEAR FOR ME NO SABLE HUE.

BY ANNA CORA MOWATT.

Oh! wear for me no sable hue,
No garb of blazon'd grief—when I
Shall bid this gladsome earth adieu,
And fling my spirit's garments by!

Nor mark the spot with urn or stone,
Where worthless dust unconscious lies:
Within your loving hearts alone,
The monument I ask, should rise!

And shed for me no bitter tear,
Nor breathe my name in mournful tone;
Your smiles 'twas mine to waken here,
And I would think them still my own!

Nor link my image with regret—
A pleasant memory I would be;
To consecrate and brighten yet
The scenes that once were dear to me!

Ah! why should tears bedew the sod
Where some beloved one's ashes rest?
The soul rejoiceth near its God,
And can ye mourn that spirit blest?

Then weep not for the loved one fled
To realms more pure—a home more fair;
And call not the departed *dead*!
She lives—she loves—she waits you there.

TWICE FOILED;

OR,

THE FORTUNE-HUNTER.

BY LUCY HAMILTON.

Two young girls were the only occupants of the principal drawing-room of a fine mansion in Chesnut street. Both were beautiful, but so unlike, that a stranger would have been surprised to learn they were near relatives.

The fair complexioned Lucy, whose waving ringlets of light auburn, and blue eyes, corresponded with the softness of her character, was the only daughter of the master of the mansion, indulged, but not spoiled, for her father, whose ancestors were Quakers, had not neglected the useful and the practical in her education. But Cora, her dark-eyed companion, also an only child, had, under more fashionable tutelage, acquired a disdain for the homely occupations of domestic life, as tending to mar the softness of her charms, or divert her from the attainment of the many accomplishments, designed to aid the effects of her rare beauty. But scarce had she been presented to the world as the wealthy and all-accomplished daughter of the successful speculator Melmond, ere the failure of a house in Boston, in which was invested the principal of her father's funds, overthrew the vast fabric of splendid opulence he had been rearing for years, and, by destroying the only ambition which had sustained him through life, reduced his mind to so despondent a state, that his days were hastened to a premature close. His wife and child, stripped of the wealth they had deemed exhaustless, were left to contend with greedy creditors, whose haste made such sacrifice of their remaining fortune, that nothing was left, even for the comforts of life, to those so delicately nurtured. To a small cottage, two miles from New York, the property of an old maiden aunt, the mother and daughter were compelled to retire, and live with the greatest economy. Here they had remained, a year, when Lucy Milford wrote an urgent request, that Cora, her beloved cousin, should make her a visit, and should even feel entitled to share with her the advantages of wealth, which could not afford her any heart satisfaction unless she could succeed in ministering to the comfort of one she loved as herself. Overcome by such sincere affection and generosity, so artlessly expressed, Cora yielded to the desire of her mother, that she should seek a change of scene; and four days after the receipt of the welcome epistle, we presented her as the companion of Lucy in the luxuriously furnished drawing-room, mentioned in the opening of our tale.

"Look, look, Cora!" suddenly exclaimed Lucy, who was sitting by the window engaged in netting a purse; "here is Henry Waterford, the young gentleman who was so attentive to you at the Springs, two summers ago. He has been to see me twice since his arrival in town, which was only last Monday: not quite a week. He is undoubtedly a fine looking man, and his manners are so graceful, his conversation so agreeable, that any woman might feel proud of his attendance in public. I mean to attach him exclusively to my party for the winter. By-the-by, I recollect that father has invited him to take tea with us this evening. How surprised he will be to see you! Ah! but you are not well, dear coz," she said, as she turned and beheld the pale countenance of Cora, who was, at the time, reclining upon a sofa; "I will go and see that your chamber is comfortable, and, then, will conduct you to it, that you may seek rest after your fatiguing journey. My selfish desire to enjoy your society has made me unmindful of the delicate state of your health."

The kind-hearted girl departed, and soon returned to conduct Cora to her chamber, where every luxury that taste could desire invited her enjoyment.

Left alone by her friend, whose ready tact soon discovered that her presence was undesired, the unhappy girl buried her face in her hands and gave way to the long-smothered anguish of her heart.

"And I must meet the cold, calculating deceiver," she exclaimed, "and that, too, when my fading beauty and sinking health must give evidence of the deep-rooted sorrow which pride so thinly veils. But, he shall *not* triumph in winning the heart of my sweet Lucy, for base purposes. She will soon learn to love him as I have, if I do not, at once, dispel the charm of this dangerous intimacy, and then, to destroy even the illusion, would be fatal to her peace. To think how, with all the fervour of an impassioned soul, in the pride of beauty, talent and wealth, I worshipped him as one superior to me, in spite of every vain advantage;—with what heart-inspired eloquence did I labour day after day until the scruples of my parents were overcome, and they consented to bestow their darling and the pride of their house upon one they deemed of little worth! But why these tears? Should I not be thankful for any chance that has rescued me from a fate with one so unworthy? In a short time I shall have schooled myself to bear, without excess of agony, the knowledge of the deceit and falsehood, which so oft repays the young and guileless heart's devotion. My strength of purpose must be proved, this evening, or I shall lose my self-respect. My fair cousin's pleasure shall not be marred, this first night of my arrival, for I will exert myself to repay her kind solicitude on my account."

So saying, she, with the desperate energy of a yet unsubdued mind, arose from the couch upon which, more than hour before, she had thrown herself in hopeless despondency, and walking to the glass, scanned the expression of her fair, pale face—then deliberately unbound the thick masses of her rich raven hair, and set herself to the task of arranging them with care and skill. Her toilet was soon completed. A black mode dress, relieved at the neck and hands by crimped ruffles of the finest lawn—a few white roses wreathed in the folds of her hair—and her simple attire needed not a single addition to heighten the charm which the absence of all pretension gives to grace and beauty. Hanging a basket on her arm, which contained some little fanciful works, that she purposed to occupy herself with, she descended to the drawing-room, anxious to avoid the awkwardness of entrance after the party had assembled. She was fortunate in accomplishing her wish. Lucy soon joined, and was delighted at seeing her look so well.

They had not sat long, before Mr. Waterford was announced. He entered with the assured air of one certain of a welcome reception, and was received with pleased courtesy by the youthful mistress of the mansion, who, sportively pointing to Cora, half hidden in the recess of a distant window, enquired if old friends did not, by instinct, recognize each other when they met in distant parts.

"Cora—Miss Melmond—pardon me—this is, indeed, an unexpected pleasure!"

All his self-possession had vanished, and he stood bowing confusedly before Cora, who had not risen, and was regarding him with calm contempt. At last, she said, as he continued to draw near to her—

"Be seated, I pray you, and let not an apparition as unwelcome as unexpected, betray you into such theatrical manifestations of feeling. Forget, as I have done, all that embarrasses you in your present position, and meet me with the worldly wisdom which will enable you to laugh at the idle follies of the past."

This was said in a low tone, considerately, as if intended to re-assure him; but it had the contrary effect. He felt stung by the calm superiority of the woman he had wronged, and a jealous pang shot through his heart when he discovered not a vestige of the old love remaining, and reflected how deep must have been the scorn that could so soon have destroyed a passion fervent and absorbing as hers.—Completely unmanned by the thoughts which passed in rapid succession through his mind, Lucy's merry prattle failed to arouse him to a manifestation of interest, such, even as politeness required.

The summons to tea was a welcome one, and when Mr. Milford entered, and gallantly tendered his arm to conduct Cora to the supper-room, Waterford rejoiced that he was spared the necessity of again approaching her, and meeting the calm glance which spoke no recognition of former ties.

Henry Waterford was not naturally heartless, mean, or unprincipled, but circumstances had done their best to destroy the manlier portion of his character. He was the youngest, and spoiled son of his family. Accustomed to luxury, and incapable of dispensing with it, he never thought of entering into the married state, until he could introduce into his home the luxury he considered indispensable to his condition in life. He thought it utterly impossible for a lady to descend to household cares, and would have been disgusted with the plain details of housekeeping himself. It was, therefore, that loving Cora, as well as the effeminacy and selfishness of his nature would allow, he still looked to her wealth as the principal means of their mutual enjoyment. Had he been the possessor of wealth, he would have singled her out, from all others, to share it with him; but the idea of living simply and frugally, and exercising his energy and talent for the support of the being who relied upon him for happiness, never once occurred to him. Wealth was an indispensable possession, even to the gratification of love, to one who delighted only in its soft voluptuousness.

Possessed of an ardent ambition, he lacked the manly energy to persevere through danger and difficulty to the attainment of his purpose, but determined to proceed directly to the accomplishment of his wishes by means more congenial to his tastes.—It was no inconsiderable part of his ambition to gratify to the utmost the luxurious propensity which prompted him to surround himself with all that was graceful and beautiful. It was, therefore, around the young and lovely that he fluttered, when he frequented places of fashionable resort; and, knowing all the specious arts which win upon unsophisticated female hearts, he was generally received with favour. His family were wealthy, and well-known—therefore, all admitted him freely to their intercourse, and no one suspected the selfish designs he harboured, for, with exquisite tact, he hid his foibles from observation.

When Lucy and Cora appeared at Saratoga, he felt that the long wished-for opportunity had arrived.—He soon contrived an introduction to them, and, always declaring that he was not a marrying man, approached them in the character of a disinterested friend—often playfully, as their acquaintance progressed, assuming the part of Mentor, to counsel and to warn them of the danger they incurred in stemming the tide of worldliness and folly, without one of the deeply initiated to steer their bark upon its waves of difficulty. His powers, for the first time exerted to their uttermost, were soon successful, for, in a shorter time than he expected, the high-minded Cora yielded him her heart. The parents disapproved of the intimacy when it was too late.—They saw that Cora's happiness was at stake, and yielded a reluctant consent, merely stipulating that the marriage was not to take place for a twelvemonth, until she had completed her eighteenth year, the engagement to be kept secret during the time. In the course of this period, the loss of fortune, followed by the death of her father, and the subsequent desertion of her lover, familiarized our poor orphan with the deepest misfortunes that the human heart can know.

It was not until she had bowed in anguish of spirit over the last remains of her doting father, and soothed the first grief of her heart-broken mother, that she thought of the changed manner of her lover, and that he had long ceased to urge their marriage with his old impetuous haste. True, he paid her every delicate attention, and had even wept her bereavement; but no soul-felt sympathy seemed to unite them as formerly. Was this a time to show her coldness, if he really loved her?

"He does not love you, my child," the mother exclaimed, as weeks after their bereavement, in their desolate dwelling, Cora regretted the infrequency of her lover's visits. "The heiress of the wealthy Melmond was a greater attraction than my daughter, in all her youthful charms, obscured as they are by misfortune, could ever prove."

"Tell me not so," Cora replied, with a vehemence which startled her mother. "Take not from me the last and only strength that enables me to live even for you. The loss of my father—the loss of wealth—makes me cling with closer tenacity to those affections which remain to solace me, and to preserve me from despair. Never did I feel proud of the title of heiress until I thought of the happiness it would enable me to bestow upon those I loved."

"I would not distress you needlessly, my sweet child," the mother, with evident pain, responded; "but would open your eyes to the deceit practised upon your noble nature by one who has not courage to pronounce himself a mercenary. I would not have my lovely Cora, my darling and my pride wait, with anxious fears, the tardy coming of the dissembler, who only hesitates as to the means of throwing her off, now that she has no longer a purse to excite his greedy avarice."

"Enough, enough, mother," Cora said, with anguish depicted in her countenance. "You accumulate ill upon me too fast, by seeking to deprive me of my remaining blessings."

The pale and feeble mother had arisen and thrown her arms around her daughter, to implore her forgiveness, when an only servant entered and said that Mr. Waterford was below. The color instantly returned to the pale cheeks of Cora, and a smile bright and warm from the heart, illumined her countenance, as she kissed her heart-stricken parent, and went, in haste, to welcome her lover.

"Thanks, thanks, many thanks," she exclaimed, entering the small drawing-room where he sat. "You have come to dispel the dark shadows of boding ill which cluster around me in your absence. Tell me, again, that you love me—as of old. You cannot imagine the strength of my affection for you, for I was as proud of being your choice, in the sunny day of my prosperity, as if you could have decked my brow with an immortal wreath of fadeless glory."

"Love you devoted!" he said, giving way to the fection he naturally felt for so lovely a being devoted to him; "I would be less than man, could I feel ought else for you; but, at the same time, I must warn you that you are bestowing the gift of your matchless charms, and priceless heart, upon one, wild, improvident, and incapable of the necessary exertion to maintain you, as a woman of your delicacy and elegance is entitled to expect from the man who pretends to your alliance. I, sometimes, think that ours will not be a happy union, and that you are worthy of a better fate than the one you would generously share with me."

Cora, with a glance which penetrated his soul, interrupted him by replying—"If you think that you lack the manly energy, which as a proof of high-mindedness you should be proud to display, under existing circumstances, you are certainly right in not burthening yourself with a portionless wife."

Her suspicion, now aroused for the first time, gained strength every moment. After a pause, which enabled her to suppress the emotion which would have impeded utterance, she continued:—"It is but just that I should offer you a release from your present enthralment, now that no worldly advantages enhance the value of such poor possession as myself."

"Nay, nay," he replied, interrupting her, "I am not the mercenary being you suppose. But, believe me, beloved Cora, some prudential consideration is necessary before entering upon a state which involves so many cares. My perplexities are greater than you can imagine. My own affairs have become much involved. I could not offer you, at present, the bare necessaries of life. My imprudence has ruined my father, so that we cannot calculate upon him. A little delay will be necessary, in order to extricate myself from pressing embarrassments,—for a brief season, we will part to unite under happier circumstances."

"And is this you, Henry Waterford, who thus humbles my pride, and thinks still to cajole me with new falsehood! Yes, we will part, and part for ever! I thank Heaven, that I am released from one who has all along sought my hand from unworthy motives."

Cora, sustained by the indignant feeling, which the consciousness of her lover's meanness called forth, manifested much less emotion than could have been expected. The contempt she felt lowered the object of it so much in her eyes that regret made no part of her emotion.

"Go!" she said; "Henry Waterford, you are free to mend your fortunes by a more fortunate matrimonial speculation! My mother has judged you rightly. She sought, even this morning, to prepare me for this—but I spurned, with indignation, the charge of heartlessness in you."

He strove to convince her that she had misunderstood him, but she was no longer to be blinded. Bitterly did he now regret his precipitancy in giving her an insight into the real state of his feelings; for he writhed beneath the scornful reproach of one whose superiority he felt, and was deeply humiliated at the abject and mean appearance of his conduct in the eyes of her with whom respect for his character had once been as boundless as her love.

A silence of some moments ensued, until Cora rose to terminate the interview.

"Farewell, Mr. Waterford, when we meet again, we meet as strangers."

He sought to detain her, but she left the room instantly. From that time they had not met till the present. It was no wonder, therefore, that our faithless lover felt embarrassed. He felt, too, that his plans, so carefully laid, were to be frustrated, for he could not but suppose that Cora would apprize Lucy of his conduct. Several visitors appeared, in the course of the evening, among the rest, an agreeable young lawyer, by the name of Sanford, who paid particular attention to Lucy, which evidently excited great uneasiness in Waterford. Conversation, as usual, when young gentlemen and ladies are together, turned upon love. Lucy's father asked Cora, who sat next to him, if she had ever been in love.

"Yes," she replied, instantly; "in days gone by, I loved, as girls in their first youth are apt to think, most truly; but the fancy only lasted until the illusions which excited it were dispelled by the object himself. Since that time, I have dwelt

'In Maiden meditation, fancy free.'"

"Come, give us the history of your brief episode of passion," said Sandford to her. "I will wager my life, that yours was the inconstancy, and that your lover died the death of despair, or has been pining in hopeless dejection ever since."

"Then you have lost your wager," she replied, with a merry laugh; "I was the love-lorn deserted one. My lover was one who devoted his affections only while Mammon smiled propitious."

She then carelessly ran her fingers over the piano which stood near, and sung—

"For the lack of gold he left me, O!"

When Cora had finished her song, Mr. Milford, who was an old-fashioned man, insisted that all should be equally candid, and "give in their experience." Lucy recounted some of her girlish flirtations: and Mr. Sanford very humorously described some little events of his life, and ended by expressing it as his serious opinion that first attachments are the least durable of any that are ever formed.

Mr. Waterford, who had sat uneasy and restless, as this conversation continued, was next called upon, and excused himself upon the plea of being too general an admirer of ladies, to have been deeply entangled in the toils of any; but said, that he believed the affections of the ladies were more easily transferred than those of the gentlemen, for that it was the business of their lives to extract only the honey dews from the flowers of life; that affection, like every thing else, was sweeter from its novelty and freshness to those who desired excitement from change of emotion only; and that, for his part, he never counted on a lady's constancy until stern necessity had compelled her to abide her choice. The gentlemen, he said, who loved, when reason and judgment had determined where to fix their regard, more slowly resigned themselves to the dominion of a passion, which, when once firmly rooted and enters their souls, was not to be dismissed by the fiat of necessity, even when it compelled a separation from its object. He secretly determined, if possible, to regain some of the old influence over the mind of Cora by flattering her pride with the belief that his affection for her survived all the efforts he had made to subdue it.—He determined, also, when he could gain her ear, to throw himself entirely upon her generosity, excite her sympathy for the situation in which he was placed, and induce her to forward his suit with Lucy.

With such wrong notions had the mind of this weak young man been impressed, at first starting in life, that he thought there was no earthly enjoyment without splendour and show, and, in order to supply the deficiency of his own fortune, he had set his heart on a wealthy marriage as the only possible means of gratifying his ambition. With great reliance upon his power of influencing the minds of others, he nothing doubted that he should be able to acquit himself with satisfaction in the management of Cora and Lucy, and carry off the latter in triumph, while the tender friendship of the former would console him for the sacrifice he was necessitated to make.

The next day he sought an interview with Cora, renewed his vows of old devotion, but stated his ambition, his generous reliance upon her superior nobleness, and hinted his gratitude if she would promise to be his friend.

"There can be no abatement in the sentiments of esteem your recent conduct has inspired me with," replied his attentive and patient listener, with a sarcasm he did not perceive; "but you must rely upon your own skill for the success of a course which is to ensure future happiness. My aid would be awkwardly tendered, and, perhaps, mar your plans."

She then left him, with a feeling of thorough contempt, to the pleasant reflection that he had secured her silence, even if he did not find in her an active ally to promote his plans.

Lucy was soon informed of all that had passed, at which she was so indignant that she vowed he should never enter the house again. But, upon Cora's solemn assurance that not a vestige of the old feeling she had so recently striven against now remained, she consented to aid in retaliating upon him for the sins he had perpetrated in intention, against them both. It was, therefore, agreed that he should be treated with unusual courtesy, and encouraged to pay lover-like attentions to Lucy, until a formal proposal placed it in her power to mortify him as he deserved. Mr. Sanford, who had found a reciprocal interest in the heart of Lucy, was let by her into the secret, watched the progress of the affair, and waited for the *denouement* with interest.

In the mean time, Waterford, elated with a success which appeared certain, had determined on drawing matters to a close. He embraced the first opportunity of making a declaration of his love to Lucy, and commenced in the most modest manner, by assuring her that her long toleration of his visits, and the encouragement she had given to his attentions, the nature of which she could not mistake, had alone emboldened him to make known the ardour of a passion which had absorbed his whole soul. So great was his anxiety for a favorable answer, that he actually turned pale with anxious fears as he proceeded. Lucy's face was averted, as she enquired if another had never occupied the place in his affections now tendered to her acceptance.

"Never!" he replied. "Such feelings as the matchless Lucy inspires, could be wrung from the depths of man's heart but once."

"Pardon me," she answered; "I once heard you express your doubts of woman's faith. I would prove the faith of the man I love, before voluntarily surrendering him my heart. Does fortune lend no charm to irradiate with false lustre the object of your preference? We who are reputed heiresses, have to be doubly careful in the selection of our partners for life. Could I be convinced that you love me for myself alone, I would not hesitate to decide my fate at once."

The warmest vows of unchanging and disinterested love were uttered, when Lucy exclaimed—

"Then will I no longer withhold a communication I regret not having sooner made. You, of course, like the rest of my admirers, believe in the report of my wealth; but my grandfather altered his will, and with the exception of some trifling legacy, left the whole of his property to my aunt's son, which, in case of his death, was to devolve to my Cousin Cora."

She glanced at Waterford, who was regarding her with blank dismay.

"And why was not the report of your wealth contradicted?" he said.

"Because, as it did not originate from my own family, we felt that no blame could attach to us in allowing people to deceive themselves. Of course, I would not allow the person I married to be deluded by such idle reports."

"You, at least, acted unwisely in reserving this disclosure for the last—for it proves how unworthily you must have thought of one who aspired to your hand. The lady who would seek to shine in borrowed splendour, must submit to lose the regard she has won, when the fraud is discovered. I cannot resign my affections to one who would think it necessary to practice upon me as you have done."

"Can you make no allowance," she replied, with well-dissembled regret, "for my anxiety to prove the entire disinterestedness of the love you proffered?"

"No," he answered, "I could not excuse the arts you have practised, in a wife. She might feel that I had been her dupe."

"And for this reason we part!" she said, with sorrowful accent.

"For this—and for your entire misappreciation of my character, I think a separation will tend to our mutual advantage. I will not obtrude myself into your presence again to be sported with as a mere toy."

"Then stay a moment! I have one more communication to make: There was a codicil to my grandfather's will, which secures me an income of ten thousand a year, free from all contingencies, the money safely invested until I am of age, which will be next month. Cora has, also, by the death of the aunt's son who died a few weeks ago, become entitled to an immense fortune! Now, which of us will you enter into a matrimonial speculation with?" she said mockingly. "What a pity it is that you have behaved so badly to us both, that we were forced to revenge ourselves by making you appear ridiculous! In justice to us, you cannot be angry with us, for the part we have played. I will soon be married to one who can appreciate me above my fortune. Cora, also, I think, begins to appreciate the tried devotion of one, who was faithful to her in her adversity. A double marriage may in all possibility be solemnized in this house, to which you shall have the earliest invitation. But, for the thorough knowledge of your character, obtained since her sojourn with me, Cora would have been a sufferer through life from your perfidy. Now, I can assure you, she rejoices in her entire freedom from past impressions."

Rage and mortification so completely overpowered Waterford, that he left the house without making an attempt at justification. He soon left the city, and when next heard of, had married a widow much older than himself, who was reputed wealthy, but whose possessions he found settled on her children. He became intemperate, separated from his wife and is now living in profligacy and wretchedness—his natural endowments rendered worse than useless—He lives a warning to those who cultivate selfishness to the exclusion of the more manly instincts of their natures—trusting to their address and management to procure for them advancement in place of that true dignity which borrows naught from adventitious circumstances, and prefers the indulgence of generous and noble feelings to any prosperity gained by mean concession to the vulgar taste and prejudice of others.

Cora, who has been a sufferer through indiscreet generosity and youthful inexperience, which made her confide too easily in the fair exterior and the eloquent and ardent professions, with which man knows how to conceal selfishness and lack of true feeling, has, at length, chosen wisely one, whose character she can respect enough to base firm love upon, and whose laudable ambition she can sympathise with and promote. She has not disdained to learn from Lucy many of the useful arts of life, and finds in them the activity promotive of health and cheerfulness,—the best preservatives of her charms. Determined on the active performance of her duties, she has none of that dread of the increasing cares of a family, such as overcame her mother in her adversity.

She and Lucy live near each other, in an elegant, but unostentatious manner; their parents reside with them and are made happy by the dutiful attention they receive from their children. Both of our married cousins bid fair to realize the promise of earthly bliss, bestowed upon well-assorted married couples who live virtuous and exemplary lives, ever remembering the end of their creation, and who are determined upon a conscientious performance of duty and a chastened submission to the will of God.

THE FORSAKEN;

OR,

FREDERIC AND CLAUDINE.

There is a nameless change come o'er that face,
A falling off of beauty and of grace;
Like a sad spirit on some haunted ground,
She glides with melancholy step around.
Fain would she with her usual tasks employ
The hours devoted to a dreary joy;
Fain would she sew, while apart and sad she stands,
Ply the quick needle with those listless hands;
But with that needle's point she only traces
A name, which soon the falling tear effaces!
Silent she sits—a little space apart,
Brooding o'er thoughts deep treasured in her heart!

I was proceeding leisurely along the vine and flower-banked road leading to Lausanne, and within a trifling distance of it, when my attention was attracted by the pale and care-worn figure of a young girl, who, apparently overcome and exhausted by exertion, had fallen to the ground, wherefrom a boy of about ten years of age was attempting to raise her; but the strength of the little fellow was not equal to the task, and, as I approached, he turned his eyes towards me imploringly, and without saying a word, made a most powerful appeal to my compassion. The little fellow was too timid to ask for assistance, and I needed not the asking, for, observing the condition of the poor girl, I ran toward her, and in another moment she was again upon her feet, and leaning upon the shoulder of the boy, too feeble a prop to support her.

The girl thanked me as well as she was able, and the boy also added, that Heaven had sent me to save his sister from perishing in the highway.

"Oh," said he, and his eyes sparkled with gratitude, "poor Claudine would have died but for you!"

"Will Claudine accept of my assistance, in conducting her into the town?" said I; adding, "Lean upon me, my poor girl, I am better able to support your fragile form."

Claudine murmured her thanks, and accepting of my proffered service, we entered Lausanne together.

The boy conducted us to a small but neat cottage where he stopped, and observed, "this is our home, sir," and then calling for his parents, two happy and generous-looking creatures came out, and with tears and caresses embraced their dying child, and led her into the cottage. They were all too much occupied with themselves to heed me, and as I did not wish to be overwhelmed with their gratitude, I silently glided away.

"Alas!" I exclaimed mentally, "here is life in all its mingled brilliancy and gloom. Happy parents, miserable child!"

There was something in the demeanor of the girl that led me to believe she was the victim of unrequited affection. I don't know what it was, but I could not dispossess myself of the notion; and it gave rise to a train of reflections which continued to occupy my mind until I arrived at my inn.

As I passed the house with Claudine upon my arm, I had noticed my good hostess looking out upon us, so, when I entered, I made inquiry for the good woman of the inn, and, when she came, asked of her whether she could give me any information concerning the girl she had seen me with.

"No," said the hostess, "but I believe her name's Claudine, and that her parents are poor, but creditable people enough."

"And what is the occasion of Claudine's illness?"

"Oh, some love stuff, I believe," replied mine hostess, in such a tone and with such an air, that had I been more curious about Claudine's history than I was, I would not for all the world have heard it from such lips. They scandalized humanity.

"Go thy ways, my good woman," said I, and the good woman, who seemed only to require a hint to turn her back, departed with alacrity.

So! Claudine is Love's victim! The spoiler, perhaps, hath desolated her heart and soul! 'Tis melancholy to see blighted love in halls of state, but deeper, much deeper, is the grief when the object is of the lowly, who, having not the means to mingle in the world's gayeties, and seek consolation in the thousand pleasures that are to be purchased by those who can afford to buy, look for gratification only in the fields and groves, among birds and flowers and tinkling rills, wherein Nature stands revealed in her pure glory, and whose voice makes the sad heart sadder because of her own perfect purity, against which the grossness of the best of mortal clay shows vilely.

I was desirous of knowing more of Claudine, but I would not hear it from my hostess. I could not endure to hear human misery turned into a jest, and the finest feelings of humanity ridiculed by one who evidently never possessed them, and was not able to appreciate them.

In the course of the following day, I rambled again about the spot where I had seen Claudine; but Claudine came not. My hopes were all in vain, and I returned toward my inn. Within a short distance of the town, however, I perceived the girl's brother turn from a narrow pathway into the road. I hailed him, and the little fellow ran toward me, and with tears in his eyes, exclaimed—

"Oh! sir, why did you go away last night? We all wanted to thank you for what you had done for poor Claudine."

"Indeed, my little friend," said I, "my heart is already rewarded for any service I may have rendered. But how is Claudine?"

"Oh, very bad, sir—very bad. We do not think she will ever rise from her bed again. She can take no nourishment, and is very restless unless our parents are at her side, blessing and forgiving her, and supplicating Heaven's mercy!"

"She is unhappy, then?"

"Oh, yes, sir; all her illness was through M. Frederic."

"And who is M. Frederic?"

"Oh, he is now the owner of the estate our cottage stands upon; but he was not so once; when his uncle lived he was plain Frederic, and everybody says that a better lad never lived. He courted Claudine, sir."

"And, having betrayed her, scorns her! God of Heaven! what beings there are wearing Thy likeness!"

"When his uncle died," continued the boy, "everybody thought he would have married Claudine, but he became acquainted with rich people, and they drew him from our humble cottage, and then he left the place, without even a farewell to poor sister; and now she is dying."

There was a history in the boy's few words—a history of honest, unsuspecting love, and cruel treachery. Oh, that man can be so infamous as to blight the fairest of life's flowers, and turn the warm and innocent heart into a gloomy sepulchre! Can there be thought—can there be feeling—can there be soul in him who thus makes the heart desolate and despairing? The victim, once innocent, once happy, o'erpowered by misery, yields her breath and dies; and he, the betrayer—her destroyer, flourishes! But whither does his career lead him? Life is only a span; and though the wicked triumph therein, their triumph is but for the moment—the reward of the sufferer is eternal!

I felt an inclination to see Claudine once more. I was anxious about her fate, and that she should have proper attendance. As the boy repeated his expression of sorrow that I had gone away so suddenly on the previous evening, I promised him that I would call again on the following day.

"Oh! will you?" said the little fellow. "We shall be so pleased to see you. And I know it will give Claudine pleasure too."

True to my promise, on the following morning I entered the humble cottage of the parents of Claudine. The boy and the mother were there, the father was out, pursuing his occupation. The poor woman overwhelmed me with thanks, and said that Claudine had asked for me many times.

"She would have died upon the cold road, but for you," said the good woman.

Presently I was conducted to Claudine's chamber. The hapless girl lay upon her small pallet; the scene was silent and solemn. Across the latticed window the vine tree threw its foliage, screening the chamber from the intrusion of the sunbeams. Everything was remarkable for its neatness and order in the place. Claudine fixed her eyes upon me as I entered; presently they were suffused with tears. I sat down by her bedside.

"And how is Claudine to-day?" said I.

She closed her eyes for a moment, and motioned with her head to signify that her case was hopeless; and then she put her hand forth, and taking mine within hers, endeavored to raise it to her lips, but her strength was not sufficient, and her hand fell to her side. She sighed at this indication of her debility, but I spoke to her in words of consolation and hope, and endeavored to encourage her to thoughts of life and happiness. But all hope seemed to have fled from her, save that which she had in Heaven.

In the course of the morning, she was able to speak to me, and I found that her greatest fear was that her prayers were not heard on High.

"How can a sinner like myself," murmured she, "hope to be heard, or have a prayer received?"

I endeavored to assure her of the great mercy of the Creator, and succeeded at length in calming her mind, and removing her apprehension. It was then that she mentioned Frederic. I had abstained from naming her betrayer, fearful of the consequences, but now she spoke of him with composure.

"I forgive him," she said, "for the misery he has brought upon me. I forgive him, deeply though he has wronged me, and if I dared I would breathe a prayer to Heaven for him, for surely *he* most need our prayers!" And then she clasped her hands, and her lips moved as if supplicating a pardon for her betrayer.

At this moment a loud outcry was heard below. The brother of Claudine, who had remained there, called for his parent to come down, and his cries were mingled with an exclamation oft repeated in a tone of great agony and exhaustion—

"*Am I too late?*"

"Gracious Heaven! that voice!" exclaimed the mother of the dying girl, and before I had time to make inquiry as to the matter, the poor woman had left the room, and presently I heard her endeavoring to prevent some one from ascending the stairs. The intruder uttered but one sentence, and that was in a tone as if his whole heart and soul were absorbed in the question, "*Am I too late*?"

The effort of the stranger to enter was too strong to be resisted, and in a moment a pale man, exhausted and covered with dust, rushed into the room, and as he entered, he repeated his cry—

"*Am I too late*?"

Alas! the heart-stricken Claudine had recognized the well-known voice and features of her betrayer, and had fallen back upon her bed, and there she lay, seemingly lifeless: her lips were white, and quivered not, and her hand was cold and powerless. The frenzied youth fell on his knees at the bed-side, and in a frantic tone, supplicated Heaven to restore her to him, whom he still loved, and to whom he was desirous of making reparation. He had been led away from virtue and truth by the pleasures which his fortune commanded; but having proved their hollowness, he had returned, like the wearied dove from its wanderings over the dreary waste of the world, to the ark of his happiness, the heart and home of Claudine.

Frederic believed the maiden to be really dead, and he gave himself up to despair. But I perceived that she was only overcome by the sudden shock of his appearance, and requested him to restrain his emotions, while I and the good mother endeavored to restore Claudine. Our efforts soon produced the desired effect. Claudine awakened to the world. She looked around the room, inquiringly, as if in a dream, and when her eyes rested upon the drooping penitent at her feet, she gazed at him for a moment with fixed expression, and then her emotion vented itself in tears.

"Claudine, Claudine, forgive me! Oh, forgive me!" cried the youth, in a tone of passionate emotion.

"I have nothing to forgive," murmured the girl; "my heart has already made peace with all on earth. My thoughts are now for my own peace with Heaven."

"Bless thee! Bless thee, Claudine! Live, oh! live, for happiness and me!"

"Hush, Hush!" whispered Claudine, "breathe not a sound of earthly passion now. *It is too late*!"

"Oh, no! Heaven will surely spare thee, to bless my love."

"It is too late," repeated Claudine. "Leave me, leave me, I pray. I have but a few moments longer to tarry in the world, and I would fix my thoughts on my soul's peace hereafter!

Depart—depart I pray thee, for the drear
Last hour of life is passing o'er me;
I cannot yield my breath, if thou art near
To bid me live for thee!
But come when I am dead,
No terror shall be pictured on my face,
I shall be calm, on my last mortal bed,
Without one passion's trace!"

"No! oh, no!" shrieked the lover. "You must not—shall not die!" and, springing up with wild emotion, he left the room.

He was not long absent, and returned, bringing a medical attendant of repute, who, on discovering the circumstances of the case, ordered Frederic to leave the house. The lover was astonished; but the doctor was imperative.

"She may recover," he said, "but every moment that you remain here serves to increase her disorder."

The lover then departed, and for three weeks he came not near Claudine. Still he hovered about her cottage, and felt happy if he could catch the tones of her voice, while standing at the stair's-foot. The skill of the physician had so far succeeded, that at end of the period we have named, Frederic and Claudine met. And oh, what a meeting was that!—Claudine had been rescued from the embraces of death, to enjoy the love of him who had been rescued from the snares of the world!

And happiness was in store for them: full, true and enviable happiness. I continued at Lausanne till after their wedding. I saw the beautiful Claudine, she whom I had rescued from perishing by the road-side, and whom I had seen almost in the very arms of death, give her hand to the penitent Frederic. I heard her murmur the words that united them forever, and my heart involuntarily ejaculated a prayer to Heaven for their prosperity.

My best wishes were realized. I paid a visit to Frederic and Claudine a twelvemonth afterward, and I found them still the same happy beings as they were upon their wedding-day: Frederic the tender husband, and Claudine the devoted wife. Their every wish was gratified. The earth to them was a Paradise—they dwelt in a Heaven of Love!

THE LAST WISH.

The wish of Mr. Wilson, the celebrated Ornithologist, in regard to his burial-place, is beautifully expressed in the following lines:

In some wild forest shade,
Under some spreading oak or waving pine,
Or old elm festooned with the budding vine,
Let me be laid.

In this dim lonely grot,
No foot intrusive will disturb my dust;
But o'er me songs of the wild birds shall burst,
Cheering the spot.

Not amid charnal stones,
Or coffins dark and thick with ancient mould,
With tattered pall, and fringe of cankered gold,
May rest my bones.

But let the dewy rose,
The snow-drop and the violet, lend perfume
Above the spot where, in my grassy tomb,
I take repose.

Year after year,
Within the silver birch tree o'er me hung,
The chirping wren shall rear her callow young,
Shall build her dwelling near.

And at the purple dawn of day,
The lark shall chant a pealing song above,
And the shrill quail shall pipe her song of love,
When eve grows dim and gray.

The black bird and the thrush,
The golden oriole shall flit around,
And waken with a mellow gust of sound
The forest solemn hush.

Birds from the distant sea
Shall sometimes hither flock on snowy wings,
And soar above my dust in airy rings,
Singing a dirge to me.

HOW TO CORRECT
A HUSBAND'S FAULTS.

A DOMESTIC SKETCH.

BY FANNY GRAY.

"Now, just look at you, Mr. Jones! I declare! it gives me a chill to see you go in a drawer. What do you want? Tell me! and I will get it for you."

Mrs. Jones springs to the side of her husband, who has gone to the bureau for something, and pushes him away.

"There now! Just look at the hurra's nest you have made. What do you want, Mr. Jones?"

The husband throws an angry look upon his wife; mutters something that she cannot understand, and then turns away and leaves the room.

"It is too bad!" scolds Mrs. Jones to herself, commencing the work of restoring to order the drawer that her husband has thrown all topsy turvy. "I never saw such a man! He has no kind of order about him; and then, if I speak a word, he goes off into a huff. But I won't have my things for ever in confusion."

In the mean time, Mr. Jones, in a pet, leaves the house, and goes to his store without the clean pocket-handkerchief, for which he had been in search. Half of the afternoon passes before he gets over his ill-humor, and then he does not feel happy. Mrs. Jones is by no means comfortable in mind. She is really sorry that she spoke so roughly, although she does not acknowledge, even to herself, that she has done wrong; for, every now then, she utters, half aloud, some censure against the careless habits of her husband, habits that were really annoying and inexcusable. They had been married five years, and all that time Mrs. Jones had complained, but to no good purpose. Sometimes the husband would get angry, and, sometimes he would laugh at his wife; but he made no effort to reform himself.

"Mr. Jones, why will you do so!" said Mrs. Jones, on the evening of the same day. "You are the most trying man alive."

"Pity you hadn't a chance to try another," retorted Mr. Jones, sarcastically.

The offence given was a careless overturning of Mrs. Jones' work-basket, and the scattering of needles, cottons, scissors, wax, and a dozen little et cetera about the floor.

The reply of Mr. Jones hurt his wife. It seemed unkind. He had brought home a new book, which he intended reading; but the face of Mrs. Jones looked so grave after the overturning of the work-basket, that he felt no disposition to read to her, but contented himself with enjoying the book himself.

It must be said, that Mr. Jones was a very trying man indeed, as his wife had alleged. He could open closets and drawers as handily as any one, but the thought of shutting either never entered his mind. The frequent reproofs of his wife, such as—"Had you any doors in the house where you were raised?" or, "Please to shut that drawer, will you, Mr. Jones!" or, "You are the most disorderly man in existence." or, "You are enough to try the patience of a saint, Mr. Jones," produced no effect. In fact, Mr. Jones seemed to grow worse and worse every day, instead of better. The natural habits of order and regularity which his wife possessed, were not respected in the least degree. He drew his boots in the parlor, and left them in the middle of the floor—put his hat upon the piano, instead of hanging it on the rack in the passage—tumbled her drawers whenever he went to them—left his shaving apparatus on the dressing-table or bureau—splashed the water about, and soiled the wall paper in washing, and spite of all that could be said to him, would neglect to take the soap out of the basin—spattered every thing around him with blacking when he brushed his boots—and did a hundred other careless things, that gave his wife a world of trouble, annoyed her sorely, and kept her scolding at him nearly all the time. This scolding worried him a good deal, but it never for a single moment made him think seriously about reforming his bad habits.

One day he came in to dinner. It was a hot day. He went up into the chamber where his wife was sitting, and threw himself into a large rocking chair, took off his hat and tossed it over upon the bed right in the midst of half a dozen lace collars newly done up, and kicked off his boots with such energy that one of them landed upon the bureau, and the other in the clothes basket, soiling a white dress just from the ironing table. Poor Mrs. Jones was grievously tried. The husband expected a storm, but no storm broke. He looked at his wife, as she lifted his hat from the bed and put it upon the mantle-piece, and took his boots and put them in a closet from which she brought out his slippers and placed them beside him, but did not understand the expression of her face, exactly, nor feel comfortable about it. Mrs. Jones did not seem angry, but hurt. After she had handed him his slippers, she took the soiled dress from the clothes basket, over which she had spent nearly an hour at the ironing table, and attempted to remove the dirt that the boot had left upon it. But she tried in vain. The pure white muslin was hopelessly soiled, and would have to go into the washing tub before it would be again fit to wear.

"If you knew, Henry," she said, in a voice that touched her husband's feelings, as she laid aside the dress, "how much trouble you give me, sometimes, I am sure you would be more particular."

"Do I really give you much trouble, Jane?" Mr. Jones asked, as if a new idea had broken in upon his mind. "I am sure I am sorry for it."

"Indeed you do. If you would only be more thoughtful, you would save me a great deal. I shall have to wash out this dress myself, now, for the washerwoman is gone, and I can't trust Sally with it. I spent nearly half an hour in ironing it to-day, but as it is."

"I am very sorry, indeed, Jane. It was a careless trick in me, I must confess, and if you will forgive me, I will promise not to offend again."

All this was new. Both Mr. and Mrs. Jones felt surprised at themselves and each other. He had offended, and she did not get angry; she had been annoyed, and he was really sorry for what he had done. Light broke into both their minds, and both made an instant resolution to be more careful in future of their words and actions towards each other; and they were more careful. When Mr. Jones offended, as he still too often did, his wife checked the instant impulse she felt to upbraid him. He perceived this, and appreciating her self-denial, compelled himself, in consequence, to be more orderly in his habits. A few years wrought so great a change in Mr. Jones, that, to use hyperbole, he hardly knew himself. He could shut a closet door as well as open it,—could get a handkerchief, or any thing else from a drawer, without turning it upside down,—could hang his hat upon the rack, and put his boots away when he took them off. In fact, could be as orderly as any one, and without feeling that it involved any great self-denial to do so.

TO HER I LOVE.

I need not tell thee, fairest maid, how beautiful thou art,
Or how thy image, [illegible], hath twined around my heart;
I need not tell thee that thine eyes, so [illegible] bright,
Are far more beautiful to me than all the stars of night.

Nor need I tell thee that thy voice, so musical and rare,
Falls with a cadence soft and sweet upon the ravished ear,
Full rich and deep as music's tone, breathed by an angel choir,
'Tis melody, sweet maid, methinks a poet to inspire.

And I could sing, methinks, to thee, though I had ne'er before
Attempted in poetic flight on eagle wings to soar;
For inspiration holds her throne within thine eyes so bright,
Else whence the fountain of their pure and more than earthly light!

And were I of that envied few, to whom those gifts belong
Of pouring out their [illegible] soul in music's thrilling song,—
And could I weave a lay like those, and place on Fancy's throne
Her whom my heart acknowledged queen, that station were thine own!

Thine own!—my bright—my beautiful!—though many a one before
Hath waked the tribute of a song, none else shall wake them more—
For I have wandered through the world of Woman, fancy free,
And kept my heart all disenthralled, until I gazed on thee!

But now I feel its every pulse is thrilling for that hour,
Which gives thee to my heart and home, with blushing girlhood's dower;
In all thy maiden loveliness, in all thy queenly pride—
My own! my bright! my beautiful! my soul-enchanting bride!

JUNIUS.

PHILADELPHIA, [illegible].

THE PEASANT BOY.

BY MISS CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.

Written on seeing the Picture, by Daniel [illegible], of a Peasant Boy, with Spade on Shoulder, going to his Daily Labor.

There's poetry, Boy, in that step of thine,
  Firmly and free on the green sward prest,
And the locks that over thy temples shine,
  Flow wild in the wind of the soft sou'west.

Care lurks not, Boy, in that laughing eye,
  No frowns o'ercast thy forehead's snow,
And the mellow tints of the morning sky
  Lend to thy cheek an eloquent glow.

Thy heir-loom is pure, unbroken health,
  A cheerful heart to endure thy toil;
And all thou needest of this world's wealth,
  Thou canst steadily win from the grateful soil.

With the lark's first song thou art up and away,
  Brushing the dew from the glistening sod,
And chaunting the simple roundelay,
  Which innocence hymns to the ear of God.

From the ardent sun of cloudless noon,
  Thou seekest the shade of a sheltered nook,
Where the ring-dove murmurs its amorous tune,
  To the answering sound of the gushing brook.

There, resting thy limbs on the mossy brink,
  Thou takest in peace thy poor repast;
Bending thy careless lips to drink,
  From the wave that glideth so cool and fast.

Then to labor again till the warning sun
  Fadeth away in the western sky;
And the shades of twilight are creeping on,
  While the bird nestles low in the covert nigh.

They are coming to meet thee—the peasant band!
  The fair-haired girl and tawny boy—
While the baby prattler clasps thy hand,
  And breathes thy name with lisping joy.

To the cottage away! to the mother's knee—
  To thy father's side—thou art welcome there,
That mother's smile is ever for thee,
  And that father gives thee his warmest prayer.

And thou shalt rest in slumber sweet,
  Pillowed beneath the raftered eaves,
While the summer rain-drops gently beat
  And the night wind stirs the woodbine leaves.

There's poetry, Boy, in that form of thine,
  And the grace reveals thy fameless life;
Would that thy stormless lot were mine,
  Passionless, careless, and free from strife.

THE CONSPIRACY;

OR,

THE OATH OF CATALINE.

A Sketch of the Republic.

BY H. W. HERBERT,

AUTHOR OF "THE BROTHERS," "CROMWELL," "[illegible]," ETC., ETC.

For what then do they pause?
An hour to strike.
MARINO FALIERO, Act I, sc. 2.

Darkness was over Rome, although the hours of night had already well nigh passed; and but for the thick storm clouds and the drizzling rain, some streaks of early dawn might have been seen on the horizon, when at the door of Marcus Leca, in the low grovelling street of the Scythemakers—strange quarter for the residence of a patrician—one of the princely Porcii—the arch conspirator stood still and glared around with keen, suspicious eyes, after a hurried walk.

It was, however, yet as black as midnight; nor in that wretched and base suburb, tenanted only by poor, laborious artisans, was there a single artificial light to relieve the gloom of nature.

The house of Leca!—How little would the passer-by, who looked in those days on its walls, decayed and moss-grown even then and mouldering—how little would he have imagined that its fame would go down to the latest ages, imperishable through its owners' infamy. The house of Leca!—The days had been, while Rome was yet but young, when it stood far aloof in the gay green fields, the suburban villa of the proud Porcian house. Time passed, and fashions changed;—low streets of squalid tenements supplanted the rich fields and fruitful orchards, which had rendered it so pleasant an abode. Its haughty lords abandoned it for a more stately palace nigh the forum, and for long years it had remained tenantless, voiceless, desolate. But dice, and wine, and women—mad luxury and boundless riot—had brought its owner down to indigence, and infamy, and sin.

The palace passed away from its inheritor—the ruin welcomed its last lord! And here, meet scene for orgies such as it beheld, Rome's parricides were wont to hold their murderous assemblies.

With a slow, stealthy tread, that woke no echo, Cataline advanced to the door. There was no lamp in the cell of the porter—no sign of wakefulness in any of its casements—yet at the first slight tap upon the stout oaken pannel, although it was scarce louder than the plash of the big rain drops from the eaves, another tap responded to it from within; so faint that it appeared an echo of the other;—the rebel counted, as fast as possible, fifteen; and then tapped thrice, as he had done before, meeting the same reply, a repetition of his own signal. After a moment's interval, a little wicket opened in the door, and a low voice asked, "Who?" In the same guarded tones the answer was given—"A Cornelius!" Again the voice asked, "Which?" And instantly—as Cataline replied, "The third"—the door flew open, and he entered.

The Atrium, or wide hall, in which he stood, was all in utter darkness; there was no light on the altar of the Penates, which was placed by the impluvium—a large, shallow tank of water occupying the centre of the hall in all Roman houses—nor any gleam of light from the tablinum, or closed gallery, parted by heavy curtains from the audience chamber.

There were no stars to glimmer through the opening in the roof above the central tank, yet the quick eye of the conspirator perceived, upon the instant, that two strong men with naked swords, their points within a hand's-breadth of his bosom, stood on each side of the doorway.

The gate was closed as silently as it had given him entrance—was barred and bolted—and till then no word was interchanged. When all, however, was secure, a deep rich voice, suppressed into a whisper, exclaimed—

"Sergius!"

"Ay!" answered Cataline.

"Come on!"

And, without further parley, they stole into the most secret chambers of the house, fearful, as it appeared, of the sound of their own footsteps, much more of their own voices.

Thus, with extreme precaution, when they had traversed several chambers, among which were an in-door triclinium or dining parlor, and a vast picture gallery, groping their way along in utter darkness, they reached a small square court, surrounded by a peristyle or colonnade, containing a dilapidated fountain. Passing through this, they reached a second dining room, where on the centre table they found a small lamp burning; and by the aid of this, though still observing the most scrupulous silence, quickly attained their destination—a low and vaulted chamber, entirely below the surface of the ground, accessible only by a stair, defended by two doors of unusual thickness.

That was a fitting place for deeds of darkness, councils of desperation, such as they held who met within its gloomy precincts. The moisture, which dripped constantly from its groined roof of stone, had formed long stalactites of dingy spar, whence the large gouts plashed heavily on the dank pavement. The walls were covered with green slimy mould; the atmosphere was close and fœtid, and so heavy that the huge waxen torches, four of which stood in rusty iron candelabra, on a large slab of granite, burned dim and blue, casting a faint and ghastly light on lineaments so grim and truculent, or so unnaturally excited by the dominion of all hellish passions, that they had little need of anything extraneous to render them most hideous and appalling.

There were some twenty-five men present, variously clad indeed, and of all ages, but evidently—though many had endeavored to disguise the fact by poor and sordid garments—all of the higher ranks.

Six or eight were among them, who feared not, nor were ashamed to appear there in the full splendor of their distinctive garb as senators—pre-eminent among whom was the most rash and furious of them all, Cethegus.

He, at the moment when the arch conspirator, accompanied by Leca and the rest of those who had admitted him, entered the vault, was speaking with much energy and fierceness of manner to three or four, who stood apart a little from the rest with their backs to the door, listening with knitted brows, clenched hands, and lips compressed and bloodless, to his tremendous imprecations, launched at the heads of all who were for any—even the least—delay in the accomplishment of their dread scheme of slaughter.

One among them was a large, stately-looking personage, somewhat inclined to corpulence, but showing many a sign of giant strength and vigor, unimpaired by years or habit. His head was large, but well-shaped with a broad and massive forehead, and an eye keen as the eagle's when soaring in his pride of place. His nose was prominent, but rather aquiline than Roman; his mouth, wide and thick-lipped, with square and fleshy jaws, was the worst feature in his face, and indicative of indulged sensuality and fierceness if not cruelty, combined with the excess of pride.

This man wore the plain toga and white tunic of a private citizen; but never did plebeian eye and lip flash with such concentrated haughtiness—curl with so full a sneer, as those of that fallen consular—of that degraded senator—the haughtiest and most ambitious of a race never deficient in those qualities—he, who drunk with despairing pride, and deceived to his ruin by the double-tongued Sibylline prophecies, aspired to be that third Cornelius, who should be master of the world's mistress, Rome.

The others were much younger men, for Lentulus was at that period already past his prime, and these—two more especially, who looked mere boys—had scarcely reached youth's threshold; though their pale, withered faces, and brows seared deeply by the scorching brand of evil passions, showed that in vice at least, if not in years, they had lived long already.

These two were senators, in their full garniture, the sons of Servius Sylla; both beautiful almost as women, with soft and feminine features, long curled hair, and lips of coral, from which, in flippant and affected accents, fell words, and breathed desires, that would have made the blood stop, and turn stagnant at the heart of any one not utterly polluted and devoid of any human feeling.

This little knot showed fierce for action, fiery, and panting with that wolfish thirst, to quench which blood must flow—but all the rest seemed dumb, tongue-tied and crest-fallen; the sullenness of fear brooded on every other face—the torpor of despairing crime, already in its own fancy baffled and detected, had fallen on every other heart—for, at the farther end of the room, whispering to his trembling hearers dubious and dark suspicions, with terror on his tongue, stood Cassius, exaggerating all the risks and perils of the enterprise.

Such was the scene when Cataline stalked into that bad conclave. The fires of hell itself could send forth no more blighting glare than shot from his dark eyes, as he beheld and read at half a glance their consternation. Bitter and blighting was the sneer upon his lip, as he stood motionless, gazing upon them for a little space. Then flinging his right arm on high, and striding to the table, he dashed his hand upon it that it rang and quivered to the blow.

"What are ye?" he said slowly, in tones that thrilled to every heart, so piercing was their emphasis; "men? no! by the Gods! men rush on death for glory!—women? they risk it for their own, their children's, or their lover's safety!—slaves? nay! even these things welcome it for freedom, or meet it with revenge! Less, then, than men! than women! slaves or beasts!—perish like cattle, if ye will, unbound, but unresisting—all-armed, but unavenged!—And ye, great gods! I laugh to see your terror-blanched, blank visages—I laugh, but loathe in laughing! Ye are the heroes that feared naught—naught but a victory too easy!—the destined, dauntless sacrificers, who would imbrue your knives in senatorial, consular gore!—kindle your altars on the downfallen capitol!—and build your temples on the wreck of empire! Ha! do ye start!—and does some touch of shame redden the sallow cheeks that courage had left hueless!—and do ye grasp your daggers, and rear your drooping heads? Are ye men once again? Why should ye not. What do ye see—what hear—whereat to falter? What oracle, what portent? Now, by the gods! methought they spoke of victory and glory! Once more, what do ye fear or wish?—what in the name of Hecate or Hades? —what do ye wait for?"

"A leader!" answered the rash Cethegus, excited now even beyond the bounds of ordinary rashness—"a day! a place! a signal!"

"Have them, then, all!" replied the other, still half scornfully; "lo! I am here to lead—the field of Mars will give a place—the consular elections an occasion—the blood of Cicero a signal!"

"Be it so!" said Cethegus, instantly, "be it so! Thou hast spoken as the times warrant, boldly!—and upon my head be it, that our deeds shall respond to thy daring words with equal daring!"

A loud hum of general assent succeeded to his stirring accents, and a quick fluttering sound ran through the whole assembly, as every man, released from the constraint of deep and silent expectation, altered his posture somewhat, and drew a deep breath at the close. But the conspirator paused not. He saw immediately the effect which had been made upon the minds of all by what had passed—he perceived the absolute necessity of following that impulse up to action, before, by a revulsion no less sudden than their late change from despondency to fierceness, their minds should again subside into the lethargy of doubt and dismay.

"But, say thou, Sergius," he continued, "how shall it be—and who shall strike the blow that is to seal Rome's liberty—our vengeance?"

"First, swear we!" answered Cataline. "Leca, the eagle, and the bowl!"

"Lo! they are here, my Sergius," answered the master of the house, drawing aside a piece of crimson drapery, which covered a small niche or recess in the wall, and displaying a silver eagle, its pinions wide extended, and its talons grasping a thunder-bolt, placed on a pedestal under a small but exquisitely sculptured shrine of Parian marble. Before the image there stood a votive lamp, fed by the richest oile, a mighty bowl of silver, half filled with the red Massic wine, and many *pateræ*, or sacrificial vessels of a yet richer metal.

"Hear, bird of Mars and of Quirinus!" cried Cataline, without a pause, stretching his hands towards the glittering effigy—"Hear thou, and be propitious! Thou who did'st all triumphant guide a yet greater than Quirinus to deeds of might and glory!—thou who wast worshipped by the charging shout of Marius, and consecrated by the gore of Cimbric myriads!—thou who wast once inshrined on the Capitoline, what time the proud patricians veiled their haughty crests before the conquering plebeians!—thou who shalt sit again upon those ramparts, mast day for thine unconquered pinion—shalt drink again libations—boundless libations, of rich Roman life-blood—hot from patrician hearts, smoking from every kennel! Hear, and receive our oaths! Listen, and be propitious!"

He spoke, and seizing from the pedestal a sacrificial knife, which lay beside the bowl, opened a small vein in his arm, and suffered the warm stream to gush into the wine. While the red current yet was flowing, he gave the weapon to Cethegus, and he did likewise, passing it in his turn to the conspirator who stood beside him, and he in a like manner to the next—till each one, in his turn, had shed his blood into the bowl, which now mantled up to the very brim with a foul and sacrilegious mixture—the richest vintage of the Massic hills, curdled with human gore.

Then filling out a golden goblet for himself—"Hear, god of war!" cried Cataline, "unto whose minister and omen we daily offer sacrifice—hear, mighty Mars, the homicide and the avenger! And thou, most ancient goddess, Nemesis, hear!—and Hecate, and Hades, and all ye powers of darkness! Furies and Fates, hear ye! For unto ye we swear, never to quench the torch, never to sheathe the brand, till all our foes be prostrate—till not one drop shall run in living veins of Roman patricians—till not one hearth shall warm—one roof shall shelter—till Rome shall be like Carthage, and we, like mighty Marius, lords and spectators of her desolation! We swear—we taste the consecrated cup!—and thus may his blood flow, who shall, for pity or for fear, forgive, or fail, or falter!—his own blood, and his wife's, and that of all his race, for ever! May vultures tear their eyes, yet fluttering with quick vision!—may wolves tug at their heart-strings, yet strong with vigorous life!—may infamy be their inheritance, and Tartarus receive their spirits!"

And while he spoke he sipped the cup of horror with unreluctant lips, and dashed the goblet with the residue over the pedestal and shrine. And there was not one there who shrank from that foul draught. With ashy lips indeed, but knitted brows, and their lips reeking red with the abomination, but fearless and unfaltering, they pledged in clear and solemn tones, each after each, that awful imprecation, and cast their goblets down, that the floor swam in blood, and grasped each other's hands, sworn comrades from that hour even to the gates of hell!

A long and impressive silence followed—for every heart there, even of the boldest, recoiled, as it were, for a moment on itself—not altogether in regret or fear, much less in anything approaching to compunction or remorse—but in a sort of secret horror that they were now involved beyond all hope of extrication, beyond all possibility of turning back or halting! And Cataline, endowed with almost superhuman shrewdness, and himself quite immovable of purpose, perceived the feelings which actuated all the others, which he felt not, nor cared for—and called on Lecca to bring wine.

"Wine, comrades," he exclaimed, "pure, noble, generous wine, to wash away the rank drops from our lips that are more suited to our blades—to make our veins leap cheerily to the blythe inspiration of the God—and last not least, to guard us from the danger of this sweet chamber, which alone, of his boundless hospitality, our Porcius has vouchsafed to us!"

And on the instant the master—for they dared trust no slaves—bore in two earthen vases, one of strong Chian, from the Greek isle of the Egean, the other of Falerian, the fruitiest and richest of Italian wines, not much unlike the modern Sherry, but having yet more body, and many *Cyathi*, or drinking cups. But he brought no water, wherewith the more temperate ancients were wont to drink their heady wines, even in so great a ratio as seven to one of the more generous liquor.

"Fill all—fill now," cried Cataline, and with the word he drained a brimming cup. "Rare liquor this," my Marcus," he continued, "whence hadst thou this Falernian?—'tis of thine inmost brand, I doubt not. In whose Consulship did it imbibe the smoke?"

"The first of Caius Marius."

"Forty years!—a ripe age!"—said Cethegus—"but 'twill be better forty hence. Strange, by the gods! that of the two best things on earth, women and wine, the nature should so differ. The wine is crude still when the girl is mellow, but it is ripe long after she is"—

"Faded, by Venus!" interposed Cethegus, swearing the ribald oath; "Faded, if not dead, and in the lap of Lamia!"

"But heard ye not," asked Cataline, "or hearing, did ye not accept the omen! in whose first Consulship this same Falernian jar was sealed?"

"Marius! by Hercules! an omen! oh, may it turn out well," exclaimed the superstitious Lentulus.

"Sayest thou, my Sura—well! drink we to the omen—and may we to the valor and the principles of Marius, unite the fortunes of his rival—the all-triumphant Sylla!"

A burst of acclamations responded to this happy hit, and seeing now his aim entirely accomplished, Cataline checked the revel—their blood was up—no fear now of cold counsels.

"Now then," he said, "before we drink like boon companions, let us consult like prudent men—there is need now of council—that once finished"—

"Fulvia await me," interrupted Curius, "Fulvia with fifty revels!"

"And me Sempronia," lisped the younger and more beautiful of the twin Syllæ.

"Meanwhile," exclaimed Autronius, "let us all comprehend, so shall we need no further meetings—each of which risks the wakening of suspicion, and it may well be of discovery. Let us now comprehend, that when the time comes, we may all perform our duty. Speak now, therefore, Sergius."

No further exhortation was needed; for coolly the conspirator arose, to set before his desperate associates the plans which he had laid so deeply, that it seemed scarcely possible that they could fail; and not a breath or whisper interrupted him as he proceeded.

"Were I not certain of the men," he said, "to whom I speak, I could say many things that should arouse you, so that you should catch, with fiery eagerness at aught that promised a more tolerable position. I could recount the luxuries of wealth which you once knew—the agonies of poverty, beneath which, to no purpose, you lie groaning. I could point out your actual inability to live, however basely, deprived of character and credit, devoid of any relics of your fortunes, weighed to the very earth by debts, the interest alone of which has swallowed up your patrimonies, and gapes even yet for more!—fettered by bail bonds, to fly which is infamy, and to abide them ruin!—shunned, scorned, despised, and hated, if not feared by all men. I could paint to your very eyes, ourselves in rags or fetters, our enemies in robes of office, seated on curule chairs, swaying the fate of nations, dispensing by a word the wealth of plundered provinces! I could reverse the picture—but, as it is, your present miseries and your past deeds dissuade me. Your hopelessness and daring, your wrongs and valor, your injuries and thirst of vengeance, warn me alike that words are weak, and exhortation needless. Now understand with me how matters stand. The stake for which we play is fair before your eyes. Learn how our throw for it is certain. The consular elections, as you all well know, will be held, as proclaimed already, on the eleventh day before the calendes of November. My rivals are Sulpicius, Muræna, and Silanus. Antonius and Cicero will preside—the first, my friend! a bold and noble Roman, who waits but an occasion to declare for us.

"Now, mark me, Caius Manlius—you all do know the man—an old and practised soldier, a scar-seamed veteran of Sylla, will, on that day, display you eagle to twenty thousand men, well armed, and brave, and desperate as ourselves, at Fiesole. Septimius of Camerinum writes from the Picene district that thirty thousand slaves will rise at his bidding; while Caius Julius, sent to that end into Apulia, has given out arms and nominated leaders to twice five thousand men. Ere this, they have received my letter to collect their forces, and to march on that same day toward Rome. Three several armies, to meet which there is not one legion on this side of Cisalpine Gaul! What then, even if all were peace in Rome, what then could stand against us! But there shall be that done here, here in the very seat and heart, as I may say, of Empire, that shall dismay and paralize all that would else oppose us. Cethegus, when the centuries are all assembled in the field of Mars, sets on the guard in the Janiculum and beats their standard down. Then, while all is confusion, Gabinius and Ceparius with their households—whom, his work done, Cethegus will join straightway—will fire the city in twelve several places, break open the prison doors, and crying "Liberty to slaves!" and "Abolition of all debts!" rush diverse through the city, still gathering numbers as they go! Meantime, with Lentulus and Cassius, the clients of our houses being armed beneath their togas with swords, and breast-plates, and casques ready to be donned, I will make sure of Cicero and the rest! Havoc and slaughter, and flames everywhere shall make the city ours! Then ye who have no duty set, hear and mark this: always to kill is to do something, the more and nobler, so much the better deed! Remembering this, that sons have easy access to their sires, who, for the most part, are their bitterest foes, and to spare none, we are sworn—how much and how *deeply* it needs not to remind you.—more words are bootless; since to all here it must be evident that these things, planned thus far with deep and prudent counsel, once executed with that dauntless daring which alone stands for armor and for weapons, and, by the Gods, for bulwarks of defence, must win liberty and glory, moreover, wealth and luxury and power—in which names is embraced the sum of all felicity. Therefore, now, I exhort you not—for if the woes which you would shun, the prizes which you shall obtain, exhort you not, all words of man, all portents of the Gods, are dumb, and voiceless, and in vain! Mark the day only, and remember that if not ye, at least your sires, were Romans and were men!"

"Bravely, my Sergius, hast thou spoken, and well done!" cried at once several voices of his more prominent partizans.

"By the Gods! what a leader!" cried Sergius Cassius to his neighbor.

"Fabius in council," cried Sergius, "and Marcellus in the field!"

"Moreover, friends and fellow-soldiers," exclaimed Lentulus, "hear this; although he joins not with us now, through policy, Antonius, the Consul, is in heart ours, and waits but for the first success to declare himself for the cause in arms. Crassus the rich, Cæsar the people's idol, have heard our councils and approve them. The first blow struck, their influence, their names, their riches, and their popularity strike with us, trustier friends, by Castor! and more potent than fifty thousand swordsmen!" A louder and more general burst of acclamation and applause than that which had succeeded Cataline's oration, burst from the lips of all, as those great names dropped from the tongue of Lentulus; and one voice cried aloud—it was the voice of Curius—intoxicated, as it were, with present triumph—

"By all the Gods! Rome is our own—our own! even now, to portion out among our friends, our mistresses, our slaves!"

"Not Rome, but Rome's inheritance, the world!" exclaimed another. "If we win, all the universe is ours—and see how small the stake, when, if we fail"—

"By Hades! we'll not fail," Cataline interrupted him, in his deep penetrating tones, "we cannot, and we will not. And now, for I am somewhat weary, we will break up this conclave. We meet at the comitia."

This said, they left the house, and ere the skies had yet begun to glimmer with the first morning twilight—so darkly did the clouds still muster over the mighty city—went on their different ways toward their several homes, unseen, and as they fondly fancied unsuspected.

O Cæca mens mortalium! Oh! blindness of the mortal soul. But a few days had passed, before the oath of Cataline, so awfully attested, recoiled on his own head; before the vultures and the wolves of the wild Appenines, tore his own quivering eyes, lapped his own heart's blood!

The guardian gods of Rome had not as yet waxed weary of protecting her—and Cicero their minister wrought worthily of their old inspiration.

Cethegus, Lentulus, Statilius, Gabinius and Ceparius died slavelike by the hangman's noose in the dark subterranean prison of the Tullianum—while Cataline himself, after that deadly battle in which no one of the conspirators was taken living, was found, afar from his own men, surrounded only by the carcases of slaughtered foes, breathing a little yet, and still retaining in his countenance the marks of that ferocity which had distinguished him, while yet alive.

So dreadfully was that oath sworn—so dreadfully avenged upon the swearers!

MARY, I LOVE THEE.

Mary! I love thee—and thou ask'st me why
I love so' believing? 'Tis the unceasing smile
That spreads its dimples o'er thy face—the eye
That beams upon me, as thy words beguile
My soul of all its sadder thoughts, and while
The unnoted hours, till I am e'en as one
Who on the shore of some forsaken isle,
Amid the ocean billows stands alone,
Where all the world's wild tumults are unheard, unknown.

Mary! I love thee, and must love thee still,
Forbidden, unrequited. Shouldst thou blame
My too true love, or e'en with cold words chill
My warm heart's fondness, I must be the same—
Still must I startle when I hear thy name.
Thou say'st what once thou promised ne'er must be—
Thine is the fickleness, be thine the shame;
For though I have no other part in thee,
Mary, I will not share in thine inconstancy!

"THERE WAS SILENCE IN HEAVEN."

Can angel spirits need repose,
In the full sunlight of the sky?
And can the veil of slumber close
A cherub's bright and blazing eye?

Have seraphims a weary brow,
A fainting heart, and aching breast?
No, far too high their pulses flow,
To languish with inglorious rest.

How could they sleep amid the bliss,
The banquet of delight above?
Or bear for one short hour to miss
The vision of the Lord they love?

Oh! not the death-like calm of sleep
Could hush the everlasting song;
No fairy dream nor slumber deep
Entranced the rapt and holy throng.

Yet not the lightest tone was heard,
From angel voice or angel hand,
And not one plumed pinion stirred
Among the bowed and blissful band.

For there was silence in the sky,
A joy no angel tongues could tell,
As from its mystic point on high
The peace of God in stillness fell.

Oh! what is silence here below?
The quiet of concealed despair,
The pause of pain, the dream of woe,—
It is the rest of rapture there.

And, to the way-worn pilgrim here,
More kindred seems that perfect peace
Than the full chorals of joy to hear
Roll on, and never, never cease.

From earthly agonies set free,
Tired with the path too slowly trod,
May such a silence welcome me
Into the palace of my God!

PENCILLINGS BY THE WAY.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

There was a gay party on Saratoga lake some six or eight years since, fishing and airing their wit, under the auspices of a belle of some fame and authority. The boat had been pulled into water of five or six feet depth, on the eastern side, and the ladies sat at the ends of their rods, about forty yards from the shore, watching their floats, which lay on the surface of the glassy water like sleeping flies, but, as the old fisherman in the bow could have told them, laughing loud enough to fright even the eels from their appetites. After several hours' bobbing, without bite or nibble, the belle above mentioned discovered that her hook was caught at the bottom. She rose in the stern, to draw it up more easily, and, all the party leaning over at the same time, she lost her balance, and, in falling overboard, upset the boat. For the first minute it was a scene of some terror. The gentlemen were very near drowning the ladies, and the ladies the gentlemen; but the old fisherman, a tall fellow who knew the ground, and was just within his depth, quietly walked about, picking them up one by one, and giving them a hold of the inverted gunwale, and so pushed them safely to the shore, suspended round the boat, like herrings on a hoop. Nobody caught cold, other people had caught fish; they dined merrily, and the principal actor in the scene has since been known by the sobriquet of the *diving belle*.

There is an Indian superstition attached to this lake, which probably had its source in its remarkable loneliness and tranquillity. The Mohawks believed that its stillness was sacred to the Great Spirit, and that, if a human voice uttered a sound upon its waters, the canoe of the offender would instantly sink. A story is told of an English woman, in the early days of the first settlers, who had occasion to cross this lake with a party of Indians, who, before embarking, warned her most impressively of the spell. It was a silent, breathless day, and the canoe shot over the smooth surface of the lake like a shadow. About a mile from the shore, near the centre of the lake, the woman, willing to convince the savages of the weakness of their superstition, uttered a loud cry. The countenances of the Indians fell instantly to the deepest gloom. After a moment's pause, however, they redoubled their exertions, and, in frowning silence, drove the light bark like an arrow over the waters. They reached the shore in safety, and drew up the canoe, and the woman rallied the chief on his credulity. "The Great Spirit is merciful," answered the scornful Mohawk; "He knows that a white woman cannot hold her tongue."

THE INDIAN WARRIOR'S GRAVE.

BY MISS SOPHIA WEBSTER.

They sleep in quiet!—thick around
On yonder hill their graves abound,
Save where the share hath broke the clay,
And swept the last faint trace away
That told where, resting from his toil,
The red man lay beneath the soil,—
That soil which once his footstep trod,
As proud and free as we who claim
The right of empire o'er the sod
'Neath which the buried dead remain.—

Perchance it may be right, that we
Should take those forests and their waves;
But, oh! it cannot surely be
Ours—to invade their simple graves.—
'Tis all they claim, a little spot
Where they may moulder peacefully;
And turn to dust—and shall we not
Extend it to their slumbering clay?

* * * * *

In childish rambles, oft and oft,
My feet have wandered o'er the ground,
And pressed the verdure rich and soft,
That early spring-time spread around
The hill where sleep the Indian dead,
Was a familiar place to me;
Across its brow the school-path led,
And there the sun-light falling free,
Called Flora's treasures from the ground,
Before a blossom decked the dell;
And nowhere could a spot be found,
That childhood loved to haunt so well.
But sacred was each tiny flower
That oped its petals where they lay;
Oh, death! a strange, mysterious power
Hast thou, in childhood's early day.
For many a legend wild and dread,
And fearful, each young memory knew,
Which clustering thick around the dead,
A superstitious reverence threw
O'er the old hill; and if by chance
The precincts we were lingering near,
When twilight fell, the hurried glance,
And trembling footsteps, told our fear.

* * * * *

There was one little sheltered nook,
Where the wild grape and thorn tree grew,
So thickly shaded, that it took
Till noon to dry the pearly dew;
It bore a simple little tale
Of Indian love, and white man's wrong;
The maid had drooped in yonder vale,
The lover for revenge had gone,
And came not back except to plant
The thorn tree where the young girl lay,
Then seek what his own home could grant
No longer—quiet, far away.
'Twas years, long years before, they said
That half a century had

Since the lone Indian's silent tread
From his long cherished home had gone.
But still tradition told that he
Whose hand that lonely grave had made,
And planted there the old thorn tree,
Would breathe his life out 'neath its shade,
And we believed it, we who deemed
Each tale of Indian goblin true,
Who thought that even the fire-fly gleamed
With a mysterious spectral hue,
If o'er the haunted ground it shed
Its fickle light at eventide;
While (though familiar) every tread
Ghost-like and silent seemed to glide.

'Twas summer, and a noisy troop
Had sought for berries on the hill,
But yet the busy little group
Had failed their baskets quite to fill,
When one suggested that he deemed
Around that grave they clustered thick;
We paused a moment, for it seemed
A sacrilege for us to pick
The berries there—then slowly drew
All huddling close around the spot,
Until a hasty glance we threw;
Shuddering, we scarcely knew at what
But 'twas no idle phantom now,
For stiff and cold in death, there lay
An Indian, whose swarthy brow
Was resting lifeless on the clay.
Our fathers laid him there to rest,
The maid he loved so well, beside;
The same turf on his bosom pressed,
That pressed before upon his bride.

Years have sped by, and I have lost
The groundless fears that childhood gave;
But still an awe will steal across
Me, as I stand beside that grave,
And think how that old chief had come
Back where his dream of glory woke;
Back to his early birth-right home,
To die where his proud heart had broke.

West Bloomfield, N. Y.

CAN'ST THOU FORGET ME!

Can'st thou forget me? Will thy memory never
Turn to the records of the blissful past?
And I who fain would claim remembrance ever,
Be from thine heart a passing pleasure cast?

When social scenes that dazzle with their brightness,
Thou art the queen to whom all homage pay,
O, may I hope that 'neath thy seeming lightness,
There is a thought for one that's far away?

Thou wilt forget me; but my love enduring?
Shall live through all the varied scenes of life,
And cling to hope, though false be the alluring,
That makes my breast with blissful dreamings rife.

I cannot bring thee wealth and lofty station,
Such as thy gentle beauty well may claim,
Nought but my spirit's warmest adoration,
A loving heart, and an unsullied name.

Though thy bright smile another bosom gladden,
With the enchantment of its sunny ray,
Still, though the while my throbbing brain shall madden,
My tongue for blessings on thy head shall pray.

SKETCHER.

Lines to a Friend,

WITH A FLOWER PLUCKED FROM NIAGARA'S BANKS,
NEAR THE FALLS.

Accept this little flower,
Though humble it may seem,
It grew upon a lofty height,
Beside Ni'gara's stream.

It caught its color from the flush
The rainbows o'er it shed;
Eternal splendor circled round
Its timid, modest head.

And there it stood, on that proud place,
And grew all meekly fair,
As if the rush, the leap, the din,
The tumult were not there.

It smiled as though it fain would soothe
The ravings of the deep,
After the mighty torrent takes
Her wild, stupendous leap.

But all in vain upon the storm
Its gentle arts were tried,
For wheeling, flashing, dashing down,
On goes the roaring tide.

And I have plucked it from its stem,
An offering for thee,
To keep among thy cherished things,
In memory of me.

Let us be like this little flower,
Amid the din of life;
Striving to keep our bosoms pure,
Through tumult and through strife.

Then on the rainbow wings of faith
We'll reach that upper world,
Where 'round our shrinking trembling forms,
No cataract shall be hurled.

MISS S.....

Written for the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

On Viewing a Picture of Childhood.

Play on in childhood's sunny hour,
Ere darkening clouds arise;
Ere yet the beauty of the flower
Is lost 'neath threatening skies.

For when those darker hours shall come,—
How oft the thought will stray
Far from the scenes ye listless roam,
To youth's unclouded day,

When wild with glee and winsome mirth,
The fields ye gambolled o'er;
Plucking the buds still in their birth,
To deck some youthful bow'r.

Laugh on! while all is bright around,—
Ere some declining ray
Shall throw its shade on new made mound,
The sunset of thy day.

W. F. G.

Fall River, Mass., July 7, 1844.

CANZON.—BY CAMOENS.

Oh, weep not thus—we both shall know,
Ere long, a happier doom;
There is a place of rest below,
Where thou and I shall surely go,
And sweetly sleep, releas'd from woe,
Within the tomb.

My cradle was the couch of care,
And sorrow rock'd me in it;
Fate seem'd her saddest robe to wear
On the first day that saw me there,
And darkly shadow'd with despair
My earliest minute.

E'en then the griefs I now possess,
As natal boons were given;
And the fair form of Happiness,
Which hover'd round, intent to bless,
Scar'd by the phantoms of distress,
Flew back to Heaven!

For I was made in Joy's despite,
And meant for Misery's slave;
And all my hours of brief delight
Fled, like the speedy winds of night,
Which soon shall wheel their sullen flight
Across my grave!

ANECDOTES OF NAPOLEON.

From Evenings with Cambaceres.

Count d'Orsenne one day accompanied the Emperor on a reconnoitering excursion. The Emperor had been complaining of thirst, and some one seeing a *vivandiere*, or sutler woman at a little distance, called to her. The woman did not know Napoleon, or any of his escort. She gave the Emperor a glass of spring water mixed with a little brandy, and then curtsied for payment.

"There, my dear woman," pointing to Count d'Orsenne, "there is the Emperor, ask him for the money. He pays for us all."

The *vivandiere* blushed, and looked embarrassed; then, turning to the Count, she scanned his splendid uniform with the eye of a connoisseur, and said:

"He! pooh, nonsense! Do you think *I* am fool enough to believe that? The Emperor is not such a coxcomb. You sir, look much more like him yourself."

The Emperor was much amused at this remark, and he gave the woman a double louis.

Count Daru, who was one of the party on the evening when Prince Cambaceres related the above anecdote, said:

"Your amusing story, Monseigneur, reminds me of another also relating to one of those camp-following nymphs, called *vivandieres*. You know how carefully the Emperor preserved his incognito when he was with the army. It was well he did so; for he frequently ventured into places where, had he been known, he would have incurred the greatest risks. During one of the campaigns in Germany, the Emperor, wrapped in his celebrated gray great coat, was riding about in the environs of Munich, attended only by two orderly officers. He met on the road a very pretty looking female, who, by her dress, was evidently a vivandiere. She was weeping, and was leading by the hand a little boy, about five years of age. Struck by the beauty of the woman and her distress, the Emperor pulled up his horse by the road side, and said:

"What is the matter with you, my dear."

The woman, not knowing the individual by whom she was addressed, and being much discomposed by grief, made no reply. The little boy, however was more communicative, and he frankly answered:

"'My mother is crying, sir, because my father has beat her.'

"'Where is your father?'

"'Close by here. He is one of the sentinels on duty with the baggage.'

The Emperor again addressed himself to the woman, and inquired the name of her husband; but she refused to tell, being fearful lest *the Captain*, as she supposed the Emperor to be, would cause her husband to be punished. Napoleon, I am sorry to say, had but little confidence in the fair sex. On this occasion, his habitual suspicion occurred to his mind, and he said:

"'*Malpeste*, your husband has been beating you; you are weeping, and yet you are so afraid of getting him into trouble that you will not even tell me his name. This is very inconsistent! May it not be that you are a little in fault yourself?'

"'Alas, Captain! he has a thousand good qualities, though he has one very bad one—he is jealous—terribly jealous; and when he gets into a passion, he cannot restrain his violence.'

"'But that is rather serious; in one of his fits of jealousy he might inflict on you some severe injury—perhaps kill you.'

"'And even if he did, I should not wish any harm to come to him; for I am sure he would not do it wilfully. He loves me too well for that.'

"'And if I guess rightly, you love him.'

"'That is very natural, Captain; he is my lawful husband, and the father of my dear boy.'

So saying, she fondly kissed her child, who, by the way in which he returned her caresses, proved his affection for his mother. Napoleon was moved by this touching picture, in spite of the heart of iron, or marble, or of adamant, which has so often been allotted to him.

"'Well,' said he, again turning to the woman, 'whether you and your husband love each other or not, I do not choose that he should beat you—I am—I am one of the Emperor's aides-de-camp, and I will mention the affair to his Majesty—tell me your husband's name.'

"'If you were the Emperor himself, I would not tell it you, for I know he would be punished.'

"'Silly woman! All I want, is to teach him to behave well to you, and to treat you with the respect you deserve.'

"'That would make me very happy, captain; but though he ill treats me, I will not get him punished.'

"The Emperor shrugged his shoulders, made some remarks on female obstinacy, and galloped off.

"When he was out of the woman's hearing, he said to the officers who accompanied him:

"'Well, gentlemen! what do you think of that affectionate creature! There are not many such women at the Tuilleries. A wife like that is a treasure to her husband.'

"In the course of a few minutes, the baggage, of which the boy had spoken, came up. It was escorted by a company of the 52d. Napoleon despatched one of the officers who was riding with him, to desire the commander of the escort to come to him.

"'Have you a *vivandiere* in your company?'

"'Yes, Sire,' replied the captain.

"'Has she a child?'

"'Yes, little Gentil, whom we are all so fond of.'

"'Has not the woman been beaten by her husband?'

"'I was not aware of the circumstance till some time after the occurrence. I have reprimanded the man.'

"'Is he generally well conducted?'

"'He is the best behaved man in the company. He is very jealous of his wife, but without reason. The woman's conduct is irreproachable.'

"'Does he know me by sight?'

"'I cannot say, Sire; but as he has just arrived from Spain, I think it is probable he does not.'

"'Try and ascertain whether he has ever seen me, and if he has not, bring him hither. Say you wish to conduct him before the General of the division.'

"On inquiry, it appeared that Napoleon had never been seen by the grenadier, who was a very fine looking man, about five and twenty. When he was conducted to Napoleon, the latter said, in a familiar tone:

"'What is the reason, my lad, that you beat your wife? She is a young and pretty woman, and is a better wife than you are a husband. Such conduct is disgraceful in a French Grenadier.'

"'Bah, General! If women are to be believed, they are never in the wrong. I have forbidden my wife to talk to any man whatever; and yet, in spite of my commands, I find her constantly gossiping with one or other of my comrades.'

"'Now, there is your mistake. You want to prevent a woman from talking—you might as well try to turn the course of the Danube. Take my advice; be not jealous. Let your wife gossip and be merry. If she were doing wrong, it is likely she would be sad instead of gay. Your comrades are not absolutely capuchins; but I am much mistaken if they will not respect another man's wife. I desire that you do not strike your wife again; and if my order be not obeyed, the Emperor shall hear of it. Suppose his Majesty were to give you a reprimand, what would you say then?'

"'Ma foi! General, my wife is mine, and I may beat her if I choose. I should say to the Emperor: Sire, look you to the enemy, and leave me to manage my wife.'

"Napoleon laughed, and said: 'My good fellow, you are now speaking to the Emperor.'

"The word produced its usual magical effect. The grenadier looked confused, held down his head, lowered his voice, and said:

"'Oh, Sire! that quite alters the case. Since your Majesty commands, I of course obey.'

"'That's right. I hear an excellent character of your wife. Every body speaks well of her. She braved my displeasure rather than expose you to punishment. Reward her by kind treatment. I promote you to the rank of sergeant, and when you arrive at Munich, apply to the *Grand Marechal du Palais*, and he will present you with four hundred francs. With that you may buy a sutler's caravan, which will enable your wife to carry on a profitable business. Your son is a fine boy, and, at some future time, he shall be provided for. But mind, never let me hear of you beating your wife again. If you do, you shall find that I can deal hard blows as well as you.'

"'Ah, Sire! I can never be sufficiently grateful for your kindness.'

"Two or three years after this circumstance, the Emperor was with the army in another campaign. Napoleon, you know, had a wonderful power of recollecting the countenance of persons whom he had once seen. On one of his marches, he met and recognized the *vivandiere* and her son. He immediately rode up to her, saying:

"'Well, my good woman, how do you do? Has your husband kept the promise he made to me?'

"The poor woman burst into tears, and threw herself at the Emperor's feet.

"'Oh, Sire! Oh, Sire! Since my good star led me into the gracious presence of your Majesty, I have been the happiest of women.'

"'Then reward me by being the most virtuous of wives.'

"A few pieces of gold were presented with these words; and, as Napoleon rode off, the cries of '*Vive l' Empereur*,' uttered amidst tears and sobs by the mother and her son, were enthusiastically repeated by the whole battalion."

THE BLUE KNIGHT.

A Concentrated Romance.—By Alfred Crowquill.

CHAP. I.—AN ARRIVAL.

On the summit of the loftiest tower of the castle of Altenberg gaily flaunted in the evening breeze the flag of the redoubtable and right valiant Baron Ulric. His only daughter, the incomparably beautiful Elvina, was the sole object of his love and fear; her filial tenderness was the cause of the first, her wit and beauty of the latter; for, as the fairest flowers attract the bees and the dazzling flame the moth, so did he dread lest some adventurous and unworthy knight might be attracted by the charms, and win the affections of his child. The baroness of his early love had long since yielded to the arms of death, and the barrenness of his domains was left for his enjoyment. Secluded from the world, the Baron trusted that his daughter would remain unscathed by the random arrows of love, until he could select some stalwart knight of wealth and valor on whom he should be proud to bestow her hand.

Compelled to take the field to repel the invasion of an enemy of one of the distant allies, he left the castle of Altenberg in the care and custody of his warder, and two or three vassals.

The moon had just risen, and the inmates of the castle retired for the night, when a knight, attended by his faithful esquire, approached the borders of the castle moat.

"Seest thou that moat?" inquired the knight.

"Ay, truly your worship," replied the esquire, "for does not the wise one say that we sooner see the *mote* in our neighbor's eye than the beam in our own?"

"We must crave a lodging there, Grummel," continued the knight; "blow me yonder horn."

"With what breath I have," said Grummel; "for I am blown myself, as well as the steeds, with our long journey."

The horn was sounded, and the warder appeared at the wicket.

"In the name of St. Grimbald, cried Grummel, "give shelter to the valiant knight, Sir Wilhelm of Dusseldorf and his trusty esquire."

"The Baron Altenberg is abroad," said the warder, in an excusatory tone.

"And so are we," replied Grummel; "for we have lost our way."

"Tarry awhile," answered the warder, after a moment's consideration, and closing the wicket, departed.

"A discourteous knave," grumbled Grummel, "keeping us here like a couple of dogs."

"How, sirrah?"

"Why, did he not bid us tarry here; and therefore are we in better condition than a couple of *tarriers*?"

"We cannot bite, therefore bark not," answered the knight.

The warder again made his appearance; the drawbridge was lowered, and the knight and his esquire crossed the moat.

"The Lady Elvina welcomes the stranger knight to her father's castle," said the warder, obligingly.

"I kiss her hands," replied the knight, "and thank her for her courtesy."

Anon they were ushered into a spacious hall; and while they unarmed, the board was spread with substantial fare for their refection.

"I am anxious to pay my respects to the lady," said the knight.

"And I to the *fare*," said Grummel, vigorously attacking a boar's head.

"She is not visible, Sir Knight," said the warder.

"Then it's impossible we can see her," said Grummel, falling to. "She is doubtless a *morning star*, your Worship."

"What then?"

"Why, then, your Worship, the *Knight* cannot expect her presence."

CHAP. II.—AN ENGAGEMENT BETWEEN LOVE AND WAR.

At an early hour the following morning, Grummel having dressed his master in a superb blue velvet doublet and suit, proceeded to the kitchen to dress his breakfast. Sir Wilhelm, meanwhile descended to the castle garden, where he encountered the blushing Elvina.

At the due acknowledgement of her hospitality, the Knight, who was, of course, deeply enamoured at the first glance by her transcendent charms, began to make a little love on his own account. The innocent Elvina listened with pleasure to the silver music of his sweet discourse and courtly compliments, for he had been to court, and now had come to court again. And in a few minutes, after the fashion of those romantic times, she surrendered the fortress of her affections.—She did not indeed "tell her love," but referred him to her father with such an expressive blush, as gave him confidence. At this pleasant juncture, the older warder rushed breathless into the garden, and interrupted their placid felicity, by hurriedly informing them that a petty Baron, with whom his lord was at feud, had just appeared before the castle with a force one hundred and fifty strong, and demanded their immediate surrender, threatening to put the whole garrison to the sword if they resisted.

"Oh! Sir Knight," exclaimed he, "repay our hospitality by thy succor and counsel in this extremity. What's to be done?"

"Arm instantly, and let us defend the castle to the death," replied the brave Sir Wilhelm. "Lady, retire to thy chamber; put up thy prayer for our success, and Heaven and St. Grimbald help us."

Hastily quitting Elvina, he retired to arm.—Grummel was still in the kitchen, preparing his morning repast.

"Away with these rashers!" exclaimed the esquire, on hearing the news, "there is a less savory *broil* preparing for us by the enemy. We are in a pickle, 'tis true; but small as we are, as the capsicums said to the cauliflower, they shall find us hot withal, and not at all to their palate."

"If they ford the moat, and scale the walls, we are lost," exclaimed one of the three vassals.

"Tut, man," exclaimed Grummel, who was an old soldier, and knew all the resources of war, "fill the kettles presently with pitch, and hand me the ladles, and long ere they reach the parapet, I'll *pitch* 'em over."

"There's the horn again," cried the warder, "summoning us to surrender."

"What o' that?" said Grummel, encouragingly; "we're not *wont* to be spoiled by their *blowing*. Pluck up thy courage, my boys, and lend me a bow,—and if I do not put a cloth-yard shaft in the varlet, and pin him like a cockchafer to the gate, I'm a ninny!"

While he kept talking in this strain, he armed himself and his master.

The 'garrison' was soon in battle array.—Grummel now proceeded to his post with two of the vassals, and proved his skill and strength by executing his vaunt, for at the identical moment the herald was about to blow another blast, he shot an arrow through his heart, and transfixed him to the spot.

"If all the rest run," replied he, coolly, "there is no chance of that fellow quitting his *post*!—Nailed, by St. Grimbald! There is no succor for him poor fellow! May all the rest of the wounded find *leeches* in the moat."

This exploit was the signal of assault, and a shower of arrows fell upon the castle.

"Let the porcupine shoot his quills at the boar!" said Grummel; he is only throwing away his means of defence. Hand me that pebble," continued he, pointing to a stone of half a hundred weight. It was soon raised, and hurled by one of their warlike machines into the thickest of their foes. "That has made an impression," cried he; "it is quite a smasher; there's half a dozen at least *stone* dead; another little one," said he, "we shan't miss that, though it should miss them. Besides, it will be as well, as they have challenged us, to show them we have a *second*."

While Grummel was thus ably executing his part, the Blue Knight (for so was Sir Wilhelm called, from the favorite color of his armor and appurtenances,) directed his little force with equal skill, dexterity and advantage. The engagement now began to assume a more serious appearance; the enemy began to fill the moat, in order to proceed to the *escalade*. The little garrison was now concentrated. The boiling pitch and water were supplied by two of the vassals, and the besieging party had no sooner succeeded in raising a scaling ladder, and began to mount, than they were saluted by a cataract like a discharge of scalding water.

"'Tis but a fair return," said Grummel, "as they keep us in suspense, that we should keep them in hot water! Down with it, my comrades, till they're done in their armor like lobsters in their shells! Another pebble! What, no more

—Then up with the [illegible] from the court-yard, break their ladder—they're the only *flags* we'll lower to them."

These missiles were speedily provided, and did great execution; the ladder was dashed to fragments, and numbers of the assailants were precipitated headlong into the moat. The Blue Knight was unwearied in his exertions, and encouraged his little force by his daring example.

"Bravo!" exclaimed Grummel, "we have *sealed* the enemy's courage, and sharpened our own."

The discomfited leader now retreated, and rallied together his 'remnant.'

'By George!' exclaimed the Squire, 'they are forming for a fresh assault.' We have so far lost nothing; and yet in the language of the lawyers, they may be said to have gained the 'action,' for they have already got considerable 'damages.'

'And see yonder,' cried the warder, extending his right arm, 'there comes my liege lord. I recognize his banner. What a happy diversion!'

'Very diverting, indeed!' replied Grummel; 'mark how the scamps are making ready to scamper. The bowmen are all like cross-bows, prepared for a *bolt*.'

The Baron Ulric von Altenberg now galloped to the scene of action with all his band. The besiegers were in an instant scattered over the plain, like a flight of affrighted sparrows in a corn-field, when some adventurous Cockney boldly takes the field to—waste his powder.

'Wheugh!' whistled the Squire, 'that fellow hath truly brought his pigs to a fine market. While the Baron is pickling the lot, let us descend and clear away the *litter* he has left.'

The warder lowered the drawbridge, and the Blue Knight sallied forth with the 'garrison' to pick up the wounded which they had so dexterously picked off. The moat was so full that Grummel declared it was more like a folk-moat than anything else. When they had got in the 'living,' which the 'Squire declared was no 'sinecure,' the gentle Elvina, as was the wont of those days, humanely busied herself in dressing their wounds.

They then proceeded to draw the moat, and fished up many a *pike!*

The trumpets of the victorious Baron now sounded merrily, and they all rushed out to greet him. Ulric and the Blue Knight embraced with true chivalric ardor, and when the Baron learned from the blushing Elvina the extent of his obligation to Sir Wilhelm, the expressions of his gratitude were unbounded.

CHAP. III.—A REMARK.

'Fool that I was to leave my castle alone,' said the Baron.

'And wise would the enemy have been if they had done so, said Grummel.'

CHAP. IV.—A CLOUDY PROSPECT.

"I'm bound to serve you," said the Missal to the Monk as he *clasped* it—and so said the Baron Altenberg when he encountered the Blue Knight on the morning following the affray. Grummel, like an independent man, was serving himself for chine, chickens, flowing flaggons graced the Baronial board in the most tempting profusion.

"Left *wing* forward!" exclaimed the 'Squire, dismembering a pullet; "right wing advance! chine support right wing! Fall in!" and at the word of command he commenced a vigorous assault. He then proceeded to demolish the "breast work," as he termed it; and finally completed his gastronomico-military evolutions, by ordering the "left leg first," when the "right" followed as matter of course!

Meanwhile the Blue Knight was doing the agreeable to the old Baron, and insidiously insinuating that he was a *single* man; and plainly demonstrated that he was an eligible match for any young lady who (in the advertising phrase) "Wanted a *partner* who could *command*," &c. &c. The Baron was confused, and not knowing exactly what to reply, he endeavored to divert the attack by simply looking under the table, and ingeniously calling "Puss, puss!"

"What does he mean?" said the Blue Knight, looking bluer.

"He smells a rat, to be sure," whispered the acute Grummel.

CHAP. V.—COUNSEL.

When they retired, Grummel addressed his master in these words:

"I can tell which way the wind blows, your worship, as well as a weathercock. "It's my mind the Baron wishes to deprive us of Lady Elvina."

"*Us!*" repeated Wilhelm.

"To be sure, when she's your wife will she not be my mistress?" replied Grummel. "Now I'm resolved on the match, for thereby you'll get a better half, and I better quarters. Two things no less agreeable than essential to our happiness."

"What's to be done?"

"Why, the whole garrison are in favor of the alliance; therefore, pop the question—demand her hand—and if the old boy holds out ——"

"What then?"

"Why, then, fairly kick him out! and take possession of the castle we have fairly won by force of arms."

"You forget he is Elvina's sire."

"Will she not get a more agreeable sigher—in the shape of a lover! But, lo! here comes the comely dame herself—I'll vanish."

And the sagacious Squire walked off, leaving the lovers to their own sweet discourse.

CHAP. VI.—A SUDDEN DECISION.

Although the Blue Knight and Elvina were elegantly *slender* in their personal proportions, the Baron declared in abrupt and vulgar phrase that they were too *thick*.

"Honored father," said Elvina, "it is impossible to conceal from your parental eyes that I entertain an affection for Sir Wilhelm—and I know that he returns it."

"So much the better!" replied the Baron, "for it would be dishonorable in him to keep your affections, when he knows he cannot keep you."

"You mistake me, father," continued Elvina. "He has declared himself my suitor, and I have sworn ——"

"Sworn!" exclaimed the Baron. "A young lady of your rank has no right to swear. It is indelicate."

"But he swore first."

"Then, i' faith, you two sworn shall be foresworn," said the Baron. "Remember you are my daughter, and I am positive ——"

"And I'm positive I'm your daughter," replied Elvina, "from the same feeling; for I have formed an unalterable resolution to become his!"

The Baron looked at the gentle damsel for a moment, as in surprise, and then burst into an immoderate fit of laughter."

"Give me a buss," cried he affectionately; "you are my child—a chip of the old block!"

The affair was of course decided—the old Baron admired his daughter's firmness—the Blue Knight loved her for her tenderness, and the gordian knot of matrimony was soon after tied in the chapel of the castle of Altenberg. Beauty presented her hand to Valor as the palm of victory; and Grummel had the felicity of being at the marriage feast celebrated in honor of the nuptials of Elvina and the Blue Knight.

THE GRAND DAUGHTER AND THE GRANDMOTHER.

A Contrast.—We made a morning call on a lady of old acquaintance, at ——— Place, a few days since. She was laboring under an attack of the fidgets, a new and fashionable disease, which presses hard on the constitution. "I am vexed and worried and fretted at my servants," said she, "the universal complaint I know, but what am I to do; where am I to go, and how am I to better myself!" "Is it any particular grievance of which you complain?" "No, the old thing: idleness and extravagance of which you complain?" "No, the old thing: idleness and extravagance—I have a cook, a waiter, a coachman, footman, two chambermaids, a nurse, and a girl to run of errands." "Bless me, what an army for a small family, and in these hard times; why their pay and rations alone would almost support two families genteely." "O, I dare say, but we must live like the rest of the world." "And the rest of the world, my dear madam, live very foolishly, and sacrifice to appearances the solid comfort which would result from a better disciplined life. What is in that long-necked, cut glass, green bottle, in a net worked frame? "O, nothing but Bay Rum, I have such nervous headaches—would you believe it, I have been compelled to swallow two of Abernethey's pills every day before dinner this week, and a spoonful of magnesia every night. I have such a sinking—am without appetite, and so worried with the servants." "Will you let me prescribe for you." "O certainly, though I don't think that in a multitude of doctors, like counsellors, there is wisdom." "Do you ever rub furniture?" "What," said the lady, opening two fine eyes as wide nearly as comets, "rub furniture—what put that in your head? no, certainly. Do I not pay servants enough to do that work?" "Well, then, I can tell you, your grandmother used to do it—a fine, hale, hearty old woman, who lived to nearly 90 years of age. She resided in Broad street, in a two story old fashioned house with a peaked roof, built of Amsterdam brick, for which she paid £25 a year York currency. Many a time I have seen her rocking the cradle with your mother in it, while she was peeling turnips for the soup, and a little girl, the only servant she kept, was fixing the boys to go to the Garden street school—you could have passed a cambric handkerchief over her mahogany, chest upon chest, and her walnut table without soiling it; and then her nicely sanded floor was worked into flowers and running vines; bless me, how frightened she would have been to have walked over your splendid Persian carpets." The lady rose and touched the bell; the waiter entered; "go up to the nursery and tell Mary to get the children ready for a walk—go back to the stable and tell Richard I will ride this morning—ask Sarah if there are any canvas backs or trouts come from market." The girl retired. "You have a convenient memory, my dear sir, but you do not seem to recollect that we live in a different age—in more prosperous times—when wealth and fashion must have sway. My grandma was a very good sort of a woman, I dare say, but she knew nothing of life." "Didn't she? She knew so much about it practically, that she enjoyed it until she had nearly reached a century, and I do not believe she ever swallowed a pill to procure an appetite. How late do you rise in the morning?" "Why my husband will get up a little after seven; the cook prepares his breakfast, as he must, you know, be down to his store by eight o'clock; and I am seldom in bed after nine." "Do you keep a rooster?"—"Why do you suppose I keep a farm yard?—no!"—"well get one—a shrill chanticleer, and when you hear his clarion at day-break, ring up the servants—first reducing their number to the peace establishment—jump out of bed, and instead of allowing your husband to breakfast alone, pour out his coffee for him—bustle about briskly—if the weather is fine throw on your cloak and bonnet, and run round two or three blocks to taste the fresh air—live in a smaller compact house than one at $1,800 per annum—have less servants and better ones—it does not follow because you are rich you should be wasteful—enjoy life rationally—taste of every pleasure discreetly—take exercise—brace your limbs by moderate labor—acquire a rosy, florid hue, instead of pallid cheeks—get an appetite by industrious habits—do some charity now and then for pleasant feelings, and take my word you will have no fidgets, require no Bay Rum, nor wish to swallow doses of magnesia."—*New York Evening Star.*

THE CUNNING FISHERMAN.

The following eastern tale, written by L. G. Wilkins, Esq., is from Lady Blessington's Book of Beauty, a superb English Annual for 1837.

* * * * This fisherman had long followed his occupation and supported a large family by the sale of what he caught; he was clever and well versed in all cunning which is so common in the East, and to which necessity obliged him to have recourse. He had had the good fortune to catch a khreet, of a size rarely met with in that species; and thinking it a pity that so fine a fish should be cut into small portions for the market, to suit the conveniences of ordinary customers, he resolved on presenting it to his sovereign; and repaired with this proud specimen of his sport, to the royal palace. No sooner had he entered the door beneath the sitting room of the sultan, than he was summoned to appear before him and explain the object of his visit.

"Fortune," said the fisherman, "has given me this fine khreet, which appeared to me of such uncommon size and beauty, that I scrupled to send it to the market, and knowing that no one's table was so well suited to receive it as your majesty's, I have brought it here to lay it at your feet, and to beg you to accept it."

"Makbool, Makbool—the gift is welcome," said the sultan. "Here are an hundred gold mahboobs; take them and prosper."

The grateful and delighted fisherman kissed the ground before him, and retired; but scarcely had he left the room, when the sultana upbraided her husband for his extravagant generosity.

"How," said she, "could you think of giving the man a hundred mahboobs for a paltry fish! A hundred mahboobs! Would not one be much more than it is worth! Had you given him five, the present would have been a noble one, and he would have had cause to bless you, and to pray that your life may be long: but to throw away one hundred mahboobs in such a manner is absurd. I have no patience with you; men have no discretion. Do call him back, and take them from him. I desire that you do."

"How," said the sultan, "can I take away a gift? it would be unworthy of a monarch."

"Not at all: has not he who gives a right to reclaim his gift?"

"A right! yes, but how mean would it be!—Would it not be said that Sultan Mustapha was capricious, and did not know his own mind?"

"Well, then," said the sultana, "make some excuse, but take back the money you must."

"Yet what excuse can I make? what can I say?"

"Say! oh, ask him if the fish is a male or female; and if he answers a male, say I wanted a female; and if he tells you it is a female, say you wanted a male."

The fisherman was sent for and brought back.

"Tell me," said the sultan, "is that fish a male or a female."

"I beg your majesty's pardon, it would be a disgrace to my beard if I spoke an untruth; this kind of fish is both male and female."

The sultan could say no more; the fisherman saved his hundred mahboobs; and the plans of the angry sultana were defeated.—But seeing that the fisherman was aware of the snare that had been laid for him, and admiring the ingenious manner in which he had extricated himself, the sultan doubled the present and once more dismissed him with good wishes for his prosperity. The indignation of the sultana was excessive; all complaint, however, was vain, and she was silent. The fisherman walked slowly across the court, carrying the sack which contained the money on his shoulders; but hearing one of the gold coins fall upon the hard ground, he stopped to look for it; and after searching for it for some time, found it, and then proceeded on his way.

"Look," said the sultana, "observe the avarice of that wretch; one mahboob fell from his bag, and, not content with the hundred and ninety-nine that remained, he has had the meanness to stop to pick it up, and even to toil in searching for it. Could he not have left it for some of our servants, who might chance to pass that way, and find it? What a vile monster!—Do call him back, and take it all away from him. I would have him bastinadoed; he really deserves any punishment; the stick would be too lenient for such a sordid creature.—By your head! I—"

"Well, well, you shall be satisfied. I really do think this meanness deserves a severe punishment, and the money shall be taken from him."

The fisherman was sent for, and brought again into the royal presence.

"Why," said the sultan, "could you not leave that one mahboob which fell to the ground, and rest contented with the hundred and ninety-nine that remained? Could you not spare it for some one, who, accidently passing that way, might have found it, and blessed me for his good luck? Are you so covetous, and that too after all my liberality to you?"

"It was originally my intention," replied the fisherman, "to have done as you suggest. I was actually pursuing my way, resolved to leave the coin where it fell, when it occurred to me that your majesty's sacred head and revered name were inscribed upon it; and I thought if any one happened inadvertently to put his foot upon it, and trampled upon that blessed head and name, the fault would have been mine; and I should never have forgiven myself for my neglect in leaving it on the ground."

With this reply the sultan was delighted—and, inwardly commending his quickness, he presented him with another two hundred mahboobs. Then, convinced of his folly in permitting the imprudent interference of the queen, he issued a proclamation, that no man for the future should, on any account, listen to the advice of his wife: a proclamation which, if rumor be true, is said to have decreased his popularity with the wives rather more than it increased it with the husbands throughout his empire, and to have led to insurrection in public, and insubordination in private.

YIELD NOT TO DARK DESPAIR.

Hast thou one heart that loves thee,
In this dark world of care,
Whose gentle smile approves thee—
Yield not to deep despair.

One rose whose fragrant blossom,
Blooms but for thee alone;
One fond confiding bosom
Whose love is all thine own—

One gentle star to guide thee,
And bless thee on thy way,
That e'en when storms betide thee,
Still lends its gentle ray—

One crystal fountain, springing
Within life's dreary waste,
Whose waters still are bringing
Refreshment to thy taste—

One tuneful voice to cheer thee,
When sorrow doth distress;
One breast when thou art weary,
Whereon thy head to rest—

Till that sweet rose is faded,
And cold that heart, so warm,
Till clouds thy star have shaded,
Heed not the passing storm:

Till the kind voice that blest thee,
All mute in death doth lie,
And the fount that oft refreshed thee,
To thee is ever dry:

Thou hast one tie to bind thee,
To this dark world of care,
Then let no sorrow blind thee—
Yield not to dark despair.

From La Revue Française.

THE ASSAULT OF IVREE.

A PASSAGE IN THE CAMPAIGN OF ITALY.

During the campaign of 1800, the French army, destined to meet the power of Austria on the plains of Italy before it could render itself master of Turin and of Milan, penetrate even to the walls of Genoa, and declare the terms of peace on the battle-field of Marengo, had yet to surmount the vast Alpine barrier which extends from the St. Bernard to Nice and Mont-notte, and to overcome a series of tremendous obstacles, presenting themselves one after another in seemingly endless succession, and tasking to the utmost, if not defying, the courage of the troops and the military genius and perseverance of the leaders. These obstacles were not merely the result of natural position; there were instances in which the resistance of the invaded was more obstinate and more terrible than that of mountains, precipices, or rivers. Protected by fortifications of little strength or difficulty, and but very inefficiently aided by a locality which yielded but few means or opportunities of vigorous defiance, but sustained by an indomitable courage, great resource of invention, and an enthusiastic love of country, infinitely more formidable even than their courage and their skill, the inhabitants of the small town and citadel of Ivree, with a garrison of four thousand Austrian soldiers and twenty-five pieces of cannon, maintained their post for three days against an army of forty thousand Frenchmen, commanded by the three youngest, but already most illustrious generals in Europe, Massena, Lannes, and Bernadotte.

Furious at seeing his march thus arrested before this insignificant little place, he who had taken Alexandria in a day, and Cairo in an hour, and impatient moreover to assume his positions for the investment of Milan, the commander-in-chief, on the twenty-fifth of May, 1800, ordered the division of General Lannes to march upon the village in all its force, and take it by assault. After three hours of sanguinary combat, of fierce attack, and the most heroic defence, a handful of defenders, driven from the citadel, retreating step by step, and hotly pursued by the victorious Frenchmen, threw themselves as a last resort, into the quarters of Adjutant General H., with the resolution there to maintain themselves to the last, and sell their lives as dearly as they might. In a moment the house occupied by this brave veteran was converted into a fortress—barricades were thrown up, loop holes for musketry cut in the walls, and every disposition made that time and means afforded for a last desperate resistance.

Lannes, who was the first to enter the assaulted village, detached an officer in command of two battalions, to drive the insurgents from their position. The officer equally distinguished among his fellow soldiers for his impetuous courage and his ferocity, soon forced his way, at the head of one of his battalions, into the disputed mansion, trampling as he went upon the bodies of the forty brave fellows by whom it had been defended. General H., the only survivor, after beholding the slaughter of his garrison, had armed himself with a hatchet, and with almost superhuman strength and desperation, opposed the entrance of the republicans, and when their leader presented himself, sword in hand, at the door of the room to which he had retreated, as his last stand of defence, the old general aimed at his head a furious blow, which would have closed his career at once, and for ever, had it not been skilfully parried by the sabre of the Frenchman. It was the last effort of the wounded and wearied veteran; he fell; and in another moment, the apartment was filled with republicans.

The Frenchman, who was never known to yield quarter to a vanquished enemy in the fifteen years of his military life, stepped forward to despatch the fallen general, when a young and lovely woman rushed from an adjoining room, threw herself at his feet, and kneeling there, pale, distracted, the tears streaming from her eyes, shrieking forth in a voice of terror and despair—"Spare him—oh, spare him—do not take his life—he is my husband—the father of my child!"

The Frenchman glanced for a moment at the suppliant, with an eye in which there was no trace either of anger or of pity—and then, deliberately pushing her aside, he made a step in advance, took a cool and steady aim with his pistol at the wounded officer, and shot him through the heart.

The wife of the murdered man uttered a fearful scream, and starting to her feet and flying to the room whence she had come, returned in a moment with her boy, who, at the sight of his father's massacre, had hidden himself, pale and trembling, under the bed; she held him to the ferocious republican and exclaimed, "Monster! you have slain the father—complete your work, and destroy the son."

At this moment loud shouts were heard, and a French general, surrounded by a crowd of officers, appeared at the door of the apartment. The scene was dramatic—a perfect *coup de theatre.* The heart of the ferocious soldier failed him; paleness overspread his features, and his limbs shook; while Madam H., as if by a sudden impulse, flung herself at the feet of the general, with a single cry for "vengeance!"

The general raised her kindly and respectfully, demanding at the same moment an explanation of the scene before him. There was little need for words; the object upon which he gazed bore to his mind the accusation of his subordinate; that disfigured corpse—that female upon whose lineaments were stamped horror and despair—that feeble child, with his pallid cheeks, and his eyes streaming tears, calling upon his father, who answered not. The general perceived at once that there was no fact to be ascertained, no excuse to be admitted. His eyes flashed fire, and striking his glove forcibly upon the palm of his left hand, he turned abruptly, and with a lowering brow, to the assassin who stood before him speechless and trembling, and exclaimed,

'Sir, you are a coward and a savage! what! murder in cold blood, an unarmed man—defenceless—a veteran—before the eyes of his wife, imploring mercy! It is the act of a fiend!'

'But general,' muttered the criminal, with a hesitating voice—the voice of one who feels that he is lost—

'Be silent, sir,' interrupted the general, 'I listen to no excuse; I admit no defence. You are unworthy to serve the republic. Give me up your sword, your epaulets. From this moment you are dismissed from the brigade you have disgraced, from the army upon which you are a stain!'

The major raised his head with a proud, fierce look.

'General,' he said, but with a voice that betrayed his emotion, 'I surrender my sword; but I demand a trial by my comrades.'

'You shall have it, sir, and within an hour.'

Then turning to the officers who had accompanied him to the spot, and reverentially bearing his body to the victim, he said to them,

'Unite with me, gentleman, in rendering the tribute of respect to unfortunate courage—to a brave and fallen enemy.'

The remainder of that dreadful day was passed by Madame H. in the bitterness of grief. After witnessing the interment of her husband with military honors, this unhappy woman, who had lost in a single moment, and under circumstances of such peculiar horror, all that made life dear to her, except her boy, sunk into a lethargy of sorrow—an abandonment to wretchedness. While she had a murdered husband to avenge, a helpless child to protect and save, she had preserved her energies of mind and body; but, now, when the assassin had undergone the shame of a public degradation, and the prompt and terrible justice of a military commission impended over his head, the hapless widow could think of nothing but her loss. For her there seemed to be no longer cause of hope or fear. She was therefore more astonished than alarmed, when, early the next morning, a French aid-de-camp waited upon her with a request from the commander-in-chief, that she would repair immediately to his quarters at the Hotel de Ville. Without a word of inquiry or remonstrance she rose, took her child into her arms, and followed the messenger of the general.

Led to the council chamber at the moment of her arrival, Madame H. found herself surrounded by all the glories of the republican army; by those celebrated men for whom such wondrous destinies were reserved; by whom crowns were to be won and lost, and of whom in after years, so many were to lose on battle-fields, amid the intrigues of cabinets, or the corruptions of a court, the honor for which they now were panting, or the lives they were now so ready to peril in its winning. They were Murat, Duroc, Lannes, Desaix, Massena, Hoche, and Bernadotte; and in the midst of them the general who, with his arms folded on his breast, and his eyes fixed upon the floor, walked slowly to and fro, as if in deep and painful meditation.

On the entrance of Madame H. he stopped abruptly—motioned her to be seated, and then, after gazing for a moment upon the face of her child with a gentle smile of interest and affection, resumed his walk. Madame H. began to feel alarm. This unexpected summons, this strange reception, the silence that prevailed around her, all combined, first to surprise and then to terrify her. A vague sensation of anxiety and fear oppressed her heart, and she could not command her nerves for the utterance of a single word that might call forth a solution of her doubts. All at once the roll of a drum, at a little distance, startled her from her painful reveries. It was quickly followed by a volley of musketry, and the general pausing in his walk, placed his hand upon her arm, and led her to a window, from which she beheld in the square below, the fearful spectacle of a military execution just accomplished.

'Look, madam,' he said in a calm, yet impressive tone, 'the man whom you see lying dead upon the ground, a French officer, whom his comrades in arms have condemned to death, for the assassination of an Austrian, in a city taken by assault.'

He paused for a moment; then glancing round upon the officer who stood near them, he continued:

'You are at liberty to quit Ivree this morning. General Desaix, whom I have requested to be your escort, will answer to the republic for your safety. Farewell, madame; report to the Prince Charles what you have seen of the justice maintained in the armies of the French.'

This General, at that time First Consul, was afterwards the Emperor Napoleon.

Blackbird, the Omaha Chief.

From Mr. Irving's new work, "Astoria."

The forms of Indian lodges are worthy of attention, each tribe having a different mode of shaping and arranging them, so that it is easy to tell on seeing them, a lodge or an encampment at a distance, to what tribe the inhabitants belong. The exterior of the Omaha have often a gay and fanciful appearance, being painted with undulating bands of red and yellow, or decorated with rude figures of horses, deer and buffaloes, and with human faces, painted like full moons four or five feet broad.

The Omaha were once one of the numerous and powerful tribes of the prairies, vying in warlike might and prowess with the Sioux, the Pawnees, the Sauks, the Konzas, and the Iatans. Their wars with the Sioux, however, had thinned their ranks, and the small pox in 1802, had swept off two-thirds of their number. At the time of Mr. Hunt's visit, they still boasted about two hundred warriors and hunters, but they are now fast melting away, and before long, will be numbered among those extinguished nations of the west that exist in tradition.

In their more prosperous days, the Omahas looked upon themselves as the most powerful and perfect of human beings, and considered all created things as made for their peculiar use and benefit. It is this tribe, of whose chief, the famous Wash-ing-guh-sha-ha, or Blackbird, such savage and romantic stories are told. He died about ten years previous to the arrival of Mr. Hunt's party, but, his name was still mentioned with awe by his people. He was one of the first among the Indian chiefs on the Missouri, to deal with the white traders, and showed great sagacity in levying his royal dues. When a trader arrived in his village, he caused all his goods to be brought into his lodge and opened. From these he selected whatever suited his sovereign pleasure, blankets, tobacco, whiskey, powder, ball, beads and red paint, and laid the articles on one side, without deigning to give any compensation. Then calling to him his herald or crier, he would order him to mount on the top of the lodge and summon all the tribe to bring in their peltries, and trade with the white man. The lodge would soon be crowded with Indians bringing bear, beaver, otter and other skins. No one was allowed to dispute the prices fixed by the white trader upon his articles, who took care to indemnify himself five times over for the goods set apart by the chief. In this way the Blackbird enriched himself, and enriched the white men, and became exceedingly popular among the traders of the Missouri.

His people, however, were not equally satisfied by a regulation of trade which worked so manifestly against them, and began to show signs of discontent. Upon this a crafty and unprincipled trader revealed a secret to the Blackbird, by which he might acquire unbounded sway over his ignorant and superstitious subjects. He instructed him in the poisonous qualities of arsenic, and furnished him with an ample supply of that baneful drug. From this time the Blackbird seemed endowed with supernatural powers, to possess the gift of prophecy, and to hold the disposal of life and death within his hands. Wo to any one who questioned his authority, or dared to dispute his commands. The Blackbird prophesied his death within a certain time, and he had the secret means of verifying his prophecy. Within the fated period the offender was smitten with a strange and sudden disease, and perished from the face of the earth. Every one stood aghast at these multiplied examples of superhuman might, and dreaded to displease so omnipotent and vindictive being, and the Blackbird enjoyed a wide and undisputed sway.

It was not, however, by terror alone that he ruled his people; he was a warrior of the first order, and his exploits in arms were the theme of young and old. His career had begun by hardships, having been taken by the Sioux in early youth. Under his command, the Omahas obtained great character for military prowess, nor did he permit an insult or injury to one of his tribe to pass unrevenged. The Pawnee republicans had inflicted the gross indignity on a favorite and distinguished Omaha brave. The Blackbird assembled his warriors, led them against the Pawnee town, attacked it with irresistible fury, slaughtered a great number of its inhabitants, and burnt it to the ground. He waged fierce and bloody war against the Ottoes for many years, until peace was effected between them by the mediation of the whites. Fearless in battle, and fond of signalizing himself, he dazzled his followers by his daring acts. In attacking a Konza village he rode singly around it, loading and discharging his rifle at the inhabitants as he galloped past them. He kept up in war the same idea of mysterious and supernatural power. At one time, when pursuing a war-party their tracks across the prairies, he repeatedly discharged his rifle into the prints made by the feet and by the hoofs of their horses, assuring his followers that he would thereby cripple the fugitives, so they would easily be overtaken. He in fact did overtake them, and destroyed them almost to a man; and his victory was considered as wonderful and miraculous, both by friend and foe. By these and similar exploits, he made himself the pride and boast of his people, and became popular among them, notwithstanding his death denouncing end.

With all his savage and terrific qualities, he was sensible of the power of female beauty, and capable of love. A war party of the Poncas had made a foray into the lands of the Omahas, and carried off a number of women and horses. The Blackbird was roused to fury and took the field with all his braves, swearing to 'eat up the Ponca nation'—the Indian threat of exterminating war. The Poncas, sorely pressed, took refuge behind a rude bulwark of earth; but the Blackbird kept up so galling a fire that he seemed likely to execute his menace. In their extremity they sent forth a herald bearing the calumet or pipe of peace, but he was shot down by order of the Blackbird. Another was sent forth in similar guise, but he shared a like fate. The Ponca chief then as a last hope, arrayed his beautiful daughter in her finest ornaments, and sent her forth with a calumet, to sue for peace. The charm of the Indian maid touched the stern heart of the Blackbird; he accepted the pipe at her hand, smoked it, and from that time a peace took place between the Poncas and the Omahas.

This beautiful damsel, in all probability, was the favorite wife whose fate makes so tragic an incident in the story of the Blackbird. Her youth and beauty had gained an absolute sway over his rugged heart, so that he distinguished her above all his other wives. The habitual gratification of his vindictive impulses, however, had taken away from him all mastery of his passions, and rendered him liable to the most furious transports of rage. In one of these his beautiful wife had the misfortune to offend him, when suddenly drawing his knife he laid her dead at his feet with one single blow.

In an instant his frenzy was at an end. He gazed for a time in mute bewilderment upon his victim; then drawing his buffalo robe over his head, he sat down beside the corpse, and remained brooding over his crime and his loss.—Three days elapsed, yet the chief continued silent and motionless; tasting no food, and apparently sleepless. It was apprehended that he intended to starve himself to death: his people approached him in trembling awe, and entreated him once more to uncover his face and be comforted; but he remained unmoved. At length one of his warriors brought in a small child, and laying it on the ground, placed the foot of the Blackbird upon its neck. The heart of the gloomy savage was touched by this appeal—he threw aside his robe—made an harangue upon what he had done, and from that time forward seemed to have thrown the load of grief and remorse from his mind.

He still retained his fatal and mysterious secret, and with it his terrific power—but though able to deal death to his enemies, he could not avert it from himself or his friends. In 1802 the small pox, that dreadful pestilence, which swept over the land like a fire over the prairies, made its appearance in the village of the Omahas. The poor savages saw with dismay the ravages of a malady loathsome and agonizing in its details, and which set the skill and experience of their conjurers and medicine men at defiance. In a little while two-thirds of the population were swept from the face of the earth, and the doom of the rest seemed sealed. The stoicism of the warriors was at an end—they became wild and desperate—some set fire to the village as a last means of checking the pestilence—others, in a frenzy of despair, put their wives and children to death that they might be spared the agonies of an inevitable disease, and that they might all go to some better country.

When the general horror and dismay was at its height, the Blackbird himself was struck down with the malady. The poor savages, when they saw their chief in danger, forgot their own miseries, and surrounded his dying bed. His dominant spirit, and his love for the white men, were evinced in his latest breath, with which he designated his place of sepulchre. It was to be on a hill or promontory, upwards of four hundred feet in height, overlooking a great extent of the Missouri, from whence he had been accustomed to watch for the barks of the white men. The Missouri washed the base of the promontory, and after winding and doubling in many links and mazes in the plain below, returns to within nine hundred yards of its starting place, so that for thirty miles navigating with sail and oar, the voyager finds himself continually near to this singular promontory as if spell bound.

It was the dying command of the Blackbird that his tomb should be upon the summit of this hill, in which he should be interred, seated on his favorite horse, that he might overlook his ancient domain, and behold the barks of the white men as they came up the river to trade with his people.

His dying orders were faithfully observed.—His corpse was placed astride of his war steed and a mound raised over them on the summit of the hill. On the top of the mound was erected a staff, from which fluttered the banner of the chieftain, and the scalps that he had taken in battle. When the expedition under Mr. Hunter visited that part of the country, the staff still remained with the fragments of the banner; and the superstitious rite of placing food from time to time on the mound, for the use of the deceased, was still observed by the Omahas. That rite has since fallen into disuse, for the tribe itself is almost extinct. Yet the hill of the Blackbird continues an object of veneration to the wandering savage, and a landmark to the voyager of the Missouri—and as the civilized traveller comes within sight of its spell bound crest, the mound is pointed out to him from afar, which still encloses the grim skeletons of the Indian warrior and his horse.

The Spectre's Voyage.

There is a part of the River Wye, between the city of Hereford and the town of Ross, which was known for more than two centuries by the appellation of 'The Spectre's voyage,' and across which, as long as it retained that appellation, neither entreaty nor remuneration would induce any boatman to convey passengers after a certain hour of the night. The superstitious notions among the lower orders were, that about the hour of eight, on every evening, a female was seen in a small vessel, sailing from Hereford to Northbrigg, a little village then about three miles from the city, of which not even a vestige is now visible—that, the vessel sailed with the utmost rapidity, in a dead calm, and even against the wind—that to encounter it was fatal—that the voyager landed from it on the Eastern bank of the river, a little beyond the village—that she remained some time on shore, making the most fearful lamentations—that she then re-entered the vessel, and sailed back in the same manner, and that both boat and passenger vanished in a sudden manner, as they arrived at a certain part of the river where the current is remarkably strong, within about half a mile of the city of Hereford.

This singular tradition, like most other stories of a similar character, was not without a foundation in truth, as the reader will perceive, who is willing to peruse this narrative.

In the turbulent reign of Edward II., when the whole of England was one theatre of lawless violence—when might was constantly triumphant over right, and princes and soldiers only respected the very intelligible, if not very equitable principle—

'That they should have the power,
And they should keep it who can,'

the city of Hereford was distinguished by the zeal and patriotism of its citizens, and by the unshaken firmness with which they adhered to the cause of Queen Isabella, and the young prince her son, afterwards the renowned King Edward III., in opposition to the weak and ill-fated monarch who then wore the crown, and his detested favorites the Spensers, father and son. Sir Hugh Spenser the younger, was a man of unquestionable talents, and possessed of virtues which, during a time of less violence and personal animosity, might have proved honorable to himself, and useful to his country. The nobles, however, hated him for his obscure birth and his devotion to the service of his prince, however unworthy and imbecile of his high station, was nevertheless unstained by any crime. He was possessed of a kind and generous heart, and was especially endeared to Spenser. The discontent of the queen and the barons were not vented in fruitless complaints or idle menaces: they flew to arms. The king of France, the queen's brother, assisted them with men and money. The Count of Hainault, to whose daughter Phillippa the young prince had been contracted, did the same. The king was driven from London, and forced, with the elder Spenser, whom he had created Earl of Winchester, to take refuge in Bristol. Being hotly pursued to this city by the Earl of Kent and the Count of Hainault, at the head of a formidable army, he was obliged to flee into Wales, leaving the elder Spenser governor of the castle at Bristol. This fortress was immediately besieged, and speedily taken, as the garrison mutinied against their governor, and delivered him into the hands of his enemies. This venerable nobleman, who had nearly reached his ninetieth year, was instantly without trial, accusation, or defence, condemned to death by the rebellious barons. He was hanged on a gibbet, and his body, being cut in pieces, was given to the dogs. His head was sent to Winchester, the place whence he derived his title, and was there set on a pole, and exposed to the insults of the populace.

When the news of this catastrophe reached the young Spenser, he was at the head of a fine army, which had sat down before the city of Hereford, for the purpose of reducing it to obedience to King Edward. The formidable force which he commanded had struck terror into the hearts of his enemies, so that, notwithstanding their attachment to queen Isabella, and their detestation of Spenser, they had shown symptoms of their willingness to yield to the latter; and he, desirous of obtaining possession of the city without any unnecessary effusion of blood, had granted a truce of a week's duration, to give them time to decide upon what conditions they should open their gates to him. The disastrous intelligence which he received from Bristol, however, made him doubtful whether he should hold inviolate the truce which he had granted to the besieged. He did not doubt but that the Earl of Kent and his troops, flushed with conquest, would haste to his destruction, and the relief of Hereford, and that, unless he could possess himself of the city and castle, and by shutting himself up in the latter, be enabled to bid defiance to his enemies, the fate of his father must inevitably be his own.

The favorite recreation of the inhabitants of Hereford was then, as it is now, to make excursions, either alone or in parties, upon this beautiful river. This amusement had become so much a custom, that the most timid females were not afraid to venture alone in a small skiff, with which almost every family of respectability was provided. And on a bright moonlight night the bosom of the river was beautifully diversified by the white sails, glittering in the moonbeams, while sweet female voices would be heard warbling some popular melodies, the subjects of which were usually the praises of Prince Edward or the execrations of Spenser, and those who had corrupted the king. The river seemed like one sheet of silver, and numerous little vessels, passing and repassing, gave it a delightful appearance. In one, which seemed to be venturing nearer to the camp of the enemy than the others, might be seen a light and delicate female form; and on the shore which she was approaching, a little above the village of Northbrigg, stood a soldier, whose accoutrements bespoke him to belong to the army of Sir Hugh Spenser.

The lady landed, and the soldier hastened to meet her. 'Dearest Isabel,' said he, 'blessing upon thy generous, trusting head, for this sweet meeting. I have much to tell thee, but that my tongue dares not tell thee all with which my mind is stored; and, if it dared, it is not on such a night as this—so bright, so beautiful—that tidings dark as mine should be communicated.'

Isabel, who had lain her head upon his breast when they met, started from him, and gazed with the utmost terror at the unwonted gloom which darkened his countenance. 'Walter, what means this? Come you to break the trusting heart which beats for you alone? Come you to say that we must part for ever? O! better had you left me to the mercy of the waves, when its work of death was achieved, if you reserved me only for the misery which waits upon a broken heart, and blighted and betrayed affections!'

'Sweet, dry those tears,' replied the soldier; 'while I have life, I am thine. I come to warn thee of sure but unseen danger. The walls of Hereford are strong, and the arms and hearts of her citizens firm and trusty; but her hour is come. The path of the destroyer is secret, and like the stream which hides itself for a time beneath the earth, only to spring forth more strongly than ever.'

'Thy words are dark and dreadful,' said the maiden, 'but I do not know of any cause for fear, or any means of avoiding it if it exists.'

'Fly with me—fly with thy heart and hand. Reward my love, and think no more of those grim walls and sullen citizens, with souls as iron as their beavers, and hearts as cold as the waters of their river.'

'My father's head is gray,' continued she, 'and but for me alone, all his affections and all his hopes are buried in my mother's grave. He hates thee and thy cause. When I told him a stranger had rescued his daughter from the waves he raised his hands to heaven, and blessed him; but when I informed him that the stranger was a follower of the Spensers, he checked his unfinished benediction, and cursed him. But if he knew thee, Walter—thy noble heart, thy constant love—methinks that time and entreaty would make him listen to his daughter's prayer.'

'Alas! my Isabel,' said he, 'entreaty would be vain; and Time is already flapping his wings, loaded with inevitable ruin, over your devoted city and its inhabitants. Thy father shall be safe; trust that to me; and trust me, too, with I promise I can perform. But thou, my loved one, must not see the horrid face of war; and, though my power extends to save thy father from injury, it would be easier to save the wall flowers on the ramparts of the city from the foot of the invader, than one so fair and so feeble from violence and lust.'

'Whoe'er thou art,' she said, 'there is a spell upon my heart, which love and gratitude have twined, which makes it thine forever; but sooner would I lock my hand with the savage Spenser himself, when reeking with the best blood of Hereford's citizens, than leave my father's side when his gray hairs are in danger, and my native city when treachery is in her streets, and outrage is approaching her walls.'

These words were uttered with animation and vehemence so unusual to her, that Walter stood for a moment transfixed with wonder; and, before he recovered his self-possession, Isabel, with the velocity of lightning, had regained her skiff, and was sailing before the wind to Hereford. 'Curse on my amorous folly,' he exclaimed, 'that for a pair of pale cheeks and sparkling eyes, has perhaps ruined a better concerted plan than ever entered the brain of the Grecian Sinon. I must away, or the foolish girl will wake the slumbering citizens to their defence before the deed is done.' As he uttered these words, he rapidly ascended the rocks, and was soon lost among the wild woods which crowned their summit.

We shall not enter into any detailed account of that night. The citizens had, by some unknown means obtained intelligence of the designs of the enemy, and were prepared to repel the attack. The invaders were beaten back at every part. Their best troops were left dead upon the field, and above two hundred taken prisoners, among whom was Sir Hugh Spenser himself.

Sir Hugh both on account of his rank, and the peculiar degree of hatred with which each bosom beat against him, was reserved to be the last victim. On the day of his execution, the streets were lined with spectators. He wore the uniform of the royal army, and a star on his breast indicated his rank. His deportment was firm and contemptuous; and as he looked on the formal, and frequently grotesque features of his guards, his countenance even assumed an air of risibility. The sight of the gibbet, however, which was raised fifty feet high, seemed for a moment to appal him. 'Is this,' said he, as he scornfully dashed away a tear, 'ye rebellious dogs, is this the death to which you doom the heir of Winchester?' His emotion seemed increasing, but with a violent effort he suppressed every outward appearance of it.

By the time he reached the place of execution, his countenance had resumed its calm and scornful air, and he sprang upon the scaffold with apparently unconcerned alacrity. At the same moment a dreadful shriek issued from amongst the crowd, and in another instant a female, deadly pale, and with hair and dress disordered, had darted on to the scaffold, and clasped the prisoner in her arms.

'Walter,' she cried, 'Walter, can it be thou! O, thou bravest, thou the best of men! Stand off, ye blood-thirsty hounds! Ye cannot tear me from him. Not till my arms grow cold in death, I'll clasp him thus, and defy the world to sever us!'

'O, Isabel,' he said, 'it is too much: my soul can bear no more. I hoped thy eyes had been spared this sight; but the cold-hearted tyrants have decreed it thus. O, leave me—leave me! It is in vain! Unmannered ruffians, spare her!' While he spoke, the soldiers tore her forcibly from him, and were dragging her through the crowd. 'My father,' cried she, 'save him! He saved thy child. Walter, supplicate him; he is kind.' She turned her eyes to the scaffold as she uttered these words, and beheld the form of Spenser writhing in the air, and convulsed with the last mortal agony. A fearful shriek burst from her heart and she sunk senseless into the arms of those who bore her.

Isabel survived this event more than a twelvemonth; she took scarcely any food, refused all intercourse with her friends, and even with her father. One thing only soothed her mind, or afforded her any gratification—and this, as she was an experienced navigator of the river, her friends indulged her in—to sail from the city of Hereford to that spot on which she used to meet her lover. This she did constantly, every evening; but, when she had sailed a short time, her shrieks and cries were pitiable. This practice one evening proved fatal. Instead of steering to the usual landing-place, a little above the city, she entered a part of the river where the current is unusually strong; the rapidity of its waves mastered and overturned the frail bark in which she sailed, and the unfortunate Isabel sunk to rise no more.

The tragic nature of these events made an impression on the popular mind, which two centuries did not efface. The spirit of Isabel was still said to sail every night from Hereford to Northbrigg, to meet her lover, and the track across the river, which this unearthly traveller pursued, was long distinguished by the name of the 'Spectre's Voyage.'

THE WIDOW'S ORDEAL.

Or a Judicial Trail by Combat.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

The world is daily growing older and wiser. Its institutions vary with its years, and mark its growing wisdom; and none more so, than its modes of investigating truth, and ascertaining guilt and innocence. In its nonage, when man was yet a fallible being and doubted the accuracy of his own intellect, appeals were made to heaven in dark and doubtful cases of serious accusation.

The accused was required to plunge his hand in boiling oil, or to walk across red hot ploughshares, or to maintain his innocence in armed fight and listed field, in person or by champion. If he passed these ordeals unscathed, he stood acquitted, and the result was regarded as a verdict from on high.

It is somewhat remarkable that in the gallant age of chivalry, the gentler sex should have been most frequently the subjects of these rude trials and perilous ordeals, and that too, when assailed in their most delicate and vulnerable part—their honor.

In the present very old and enlightened age of the world, when the human intellect is perfectly competent to the management of its own concerns, and needs no special interposition of heaven in its affairs, the trial by jury has superceded these superhuman ordeals, and the unanimity of twelve discordant minds is necessary to constitute a verdict. Such a unanimity would at first sight appear also to require a miracle from heaven, but it is produced by a simple device of human ingenuity. The twelve jurors are locked up in their box, there to fast until abstinence shall have so clarified their intellect, that the whole jarring pannel can discern the truth, and concur in giving in a unanimous decision. One point is certain, that truth is one, and is immutable—until the jurors all agree, they cannot all be right.

It is not our intention, however, to discuss this great judicial point, or to question the avowed superiority of the mode of investigating truth, adopted in this antiquated and very sagacious era. It is our object merely to exhibit to the curious reader, one of the most memorable cases of judicial combat we find in the annals of Spain.—It occurred in the bright commencement of the reign, and in the youthful and yet glorious days of Roderick the Goth, who subsequently tarnished his fame at home by his misdeeds, and finally lost his kingdom and his life on the banks of the Guadalete, in that disastrous battle, which gave up Spain a conquest to the Moors. The following is the story:—

There was, once upon a time a certain duke of Lorraine, who was acknowledged throughout his domain to be one of the wisest princes that ever lived. In fact, there was not any one measure that he adopted, that did not astonish all his privy counsellors and gentlemen in attendance; and he said so many witty things, and made such sensible speeches, that his high chamberlain had his jaws dislocated from laughing with delight at the one, and gasping with wonder at the other.

This very witty, and exceedingly wise potentate lived for half a century in single blessedness when his courtiers began to think it a great pity so wise and wealthy a prince should not have a child after his own likeness, to inherit his talents and domains; so they urged him most respectfully to marry, for the good of his estate, and the welfare of his subjects.

He turned their advice over in his mind some four or five years, and then sending emissaries to all parts, he summoned to his court all the beautiful maidens in the land, who were ambitious of sharing a ducal crown. The court was soon crowded with beauties of all styles and complexions, from among whom he chose out in the earliest budding of her charms, and acknowledged by all the gentlemen to be unparalleled for grace and loveliness. The courtiers extolled the duke to the skies for making such a choice, and considered it another proof of his great wisdom.—'The Duke,' said they, 'is waxing a little too old; the damsel, on the other hand, is a little too young; if one is lacking in years, the other has a superabundance; thus a want on one side is balanced by an excess on the other, and the result is a well-assorted marriage.'

The duke, as is often the case with wise men who marry rather late, and take damsels rather youthful to their bosoms, became doatingly fond of his wife, and indulged her in all things. He was consequently, cried up by his subjects in general, and by the ladies in particular, as a pattern for husbands; and, in the end, from the wonderful docility with which he submitted to be reined and checked, acquired the amiable appellation of Duke Phillibert, the wife-ridden.

There was only one thing that disturbed the conjugal felicity of this paragon of husbands: though a considerable time elapsed after his marriage, he remained without any prospect of an heir. The good duke left no means untried to propitiate Heaven; he made vows and pilgrimages, he fasted and he prayed, but all to no purpose. The courtiers were all astonished at the circumstance. They could not account for it.—While the meanest peasant in the country had brats by dozens, without putting up a prayer, the duke wore himself to skin and bone with penances and fastings, yet seemed farther off from his object than ever.

At length, the worthy prince fell dangerously ill, and felt his end approaching. He looked with sorrowful eyes upon his young and tender spouse, who hung over him with tears and sobbings. 'Alas!' said he, 'tears are soon dried from youthful eyes, and sorrow lies lightly on youthful hearts. In a little while I shall be no more, and in the arms of another husband, thou wilt forget him who hast loved thee so tenderly.'

'Never! never!' cried the duchess. 'Never will I cleave to another! Alas! that my lord should think me capable of such inconsistency!'

The worthy and wife-ridden duke was soothed by her assurances; for he could not endure the thoughts of giving her up even after he should be dead. Still he wished to have some pledge of her enduring constancy.

'Far be it from me, my dearest wife,' said he, 'to control thee through a long life. A year and a day of strict fidelity will appease my troubled spirit. Promise to remain faithful to my memory a year and a day, and I will die in peace.'

The duchess made a solemn vow to that effect. The uxorious feelings of the duke were not yet satisfied. 'Safe bind, safe find,' thought he: so he made a will, in which he bequeathed to her all his domains, on condition of her remaining true to him one year and a day after his decease; but, should it appear that, within that time, she had in any wise lapsed her fidelity, the inheritance should go to his nephew, the lord of a neighboring territory.

Having made his will, the good duke died and was buried. Scarcely was he in his tomb, when his nephew came to take possession, thinking, as his uncle had died without issue, that the domains would be devised to him of course. He was in a furious passion, however, when the will was produced, and the young widow was declared inheritor of the dukedom. As he was a violent high minded man, and one of the sturdiest knights in the land, fears were entertained that he might attempt to seize on the territories by force. He had, however, two bachelor uncles for bosom counsellors. These were two swaggering rakehelly old cavaliers; who, having led loose and riotous lives, prided themselves upon knowing the world, and being deeply experienced in human nature. They took their nephew aside.—'Prithee, man,' said they, 'be of good cheer. The duchess is a young and buxom widow. She has just buried our brother, who, God rest his soul! was somewhat given to praying and fasting, kept his pretty wife tied to his girdle. She is now like a bird from a cage. Think you she will keep her vow? Impossible! Take our words for it—we know mankind, and above all womankind. She cannot hold out for such a length of time; it is not in womanhood—it is not in widowhood—we know it, that's enough. Keep a sharp look out upon the widow, therefore, and within the twelvemonth you will catch her tripping—and the dukedom is your own.'

The nephew was pleased with this counsel, and immediately placed spies about the duchess, and bribed several servants to keep a watch upon her, so that she could not take a single step, even from one apartment of her palace to another, without being observed. Never was a young and beautiful widow exposed to so terrible an ordeal.

The duchess was aware of the watch thus kept upon her. Though confident of her own rectitude, she knew that it was not enough for a woman to be virtuous—she must be above the reach of slander. For the whole term of her probation, therefore, she proclaimed a strict nonintercourse with the other sex. She had females for cabinet ministers and chamberlains, through whom she transacted all her public and private concerns; and it is said, that never were the affairs of the dukedom so adroitly administered.

All males were rigorously excluded from the palace; she never went out of its precincts, and whenever she moved about its courts and gardens, she surrounded herself with a body guard of young maids of honor, commanded by dames renowned for discretion. She slept in a bed without curtains, placed in the centre of a room illuminated by innumerable wax tapers. Four ancient spinsters, virtuous as Virginia, perfect dragons of watchfulness, who only slept during the day time, kept vigils throughout the night seated in the four corners of the room on stools without backs or arms, and with seats cut in chequers of the hardest wood, to keep them from dozing.

Thus wisely and warily did the young duchess conduct herself for twelve long months, and Slander almost bit her tongue off in despair at finding no room even for a surmise. Never was ordeal more burdensome, or more enduringly sustained.

The year passed away. The last odd day arrived, and a long, long day it was. It was the twenty-first of June, the longest day in the year. It seemed as if it would never come to an end. A thousand times did the duchess and her ladies watch the sun from the windows of the palace, as he slowly climbed the vault of heaven, and seemed still more slowly to roll down. They could not help expressing their wonder, now and then, why the duke should have lugged this supernumerary day to the end of the year, as if three hundred and sixty-five days were not sufficient to try and task the fidelity of any woman. It is the last grain that turns the scale—the last drop that overflows the goblet—and the last moment of delay that exhausts the patience. By the time the sun sank below the horizon, the duchess was in a fidget that passed all bounds; and though several hours were yet to pass before the day regularly expired, she could not have remained those hours in durance to gain a royal crown, much less a ducal coronet. So she gave her orders, and her palfrey, magnificently caparisoned, was brought into the court yard of the castle, with palfreys for all her ladies in attendance. In this way she sallied forth just as the sun had gone down. It was a mission of piety—a pilgrim cavalcade to a convent at the foot of a neighboring mountain—to return thanks to the blessed Virgin for having sustained her through this fearful ordeal.

The orisons performed, the duchess and her ladies returned, ambling gently along the borders of a forest. It was about that mellow hour of twilight when night and day are mingled, and all objects indistinct. Suddenly some monstrous animal sprang from out a thicket with fearful howlings. The whole female body guard was thrown into confusion and fled different ways. It was some time before they recovered from their panic, and gathered together. The greatest anxiety was felt for her safety. The hazy twilight had prevented their distinguishing perfectly the animal which had affrighted them. Some thought it was a wolf, others a bear, others a wild man of the woods. For upwards of an hour did they beleaguer the forest, without daring to venture in, and were on the point of giving up the duchess as torn to pieces and devoured, when to their great joy, they beheld her advancing in the gloom, supported by a stately cavalier.

He was a stranger knight whom nobody knew. It was impossible to distinguish his countenance in the dark, but all the ladies agreed that he was of a noble presence and captivating address. He had rescued the duchess from the very fangs of the monster, which he assured the ladies was neither a wolf nor a bear, nor yet a wild man of the woods, but a veritable dragon, a species of monster peculiarly hostile to beautiful females in the days of chivalry, and which all the efforts of night errantry had not been able to extirpate.

The ladies crossed themselves when they heard of the danger from which they had escaped, and could not enough admire the gallantry of the cavalier. The duchess would fain have prevailed on her deliverer to accompany her to her court, but he had no time to spare, being a knight errant who had no time to spare, and many distressed damsels and afflicted widows to rescue and relieve in various parts of the country. Taking a respectful leave, therefore, he pursued his wayfaring, and the duchess and her train returned to the palace. Throughout the whole way, the ladies were unwearied in chanting the praises of the stranger knight; nay, many of them would willingly have incurred the danger of the dragon, to have incurred the happy deliverance of the duchess. As to the duchess, she rode pensively along, and said nothing.

No sooner was the adventure of the wood made public, than a whirlwind was raised about the ears of the beautiful duchess. The blustering nephew of the deceased duke went about armed to the teeth, with a swaggering uncle at each shoulder, ready to back him, and swore the duchess had forfeited her domain. It was in vain that she called all the saints, and angels, and her ladies in attendance into the bargain, to witness that she had passed a year and a day of immaculate fidelity. One fatal hour remained to be accounted for; and in the space of one little hour sins enough may be conjured up by evil tongues to blast the fame of a whole life of virtue.

The two graceless uncles, who had seen the world, were ever ready to bolster the matter through; and as they were brawney, broad shouldered warriors, and veterans in brawls as well as debauch, they had great sway with the multitude. If any one pretended to assert the innocence of the duchess, they interrupted him with a loud ha! ha! of derision. 'A pretty story truly,' would they cry, 'about a wolf and a dragon, and a young widow rescued in the dark by a sturdy varlet, who dares not show his face in the daylight. You may tell that to those who do not know human nature; for our parts, we know the sex, and that's enough.'

If however, the other repeated his assertion, they would suddenly knit their brows, swell, look big, and put their hands upon their swords. As few people like to fight in a cause that does not touch their own interests, the nephew and the uncles were suffered to have their way, and swagger uncontradicted.

The matter was at length referred to a tribunal composed of all the dignitaries of the dukedom, and many and repeated consultations were held. The character of the duchess, throughout the year, was as bright and spotless as the moon in a cloudless night; one fatal hour of darkness alone intervened to eclipse its brightness. Finding human sagacity incapable of dispelling the mystery, it was determined to leave the question to heaven; or in other words to decide it by the ordeal of the sword—a sage tribunal in the age of chivalry. The nephew and two bully uncles were to maintain their accusation in listed combat, and six months were allowed to the duchess to provide herself with three champions, to meet them in the field. Should she fail in this, or should her champions get vanquished, her honor would be considered as attainted, her fidelity as forfeit, and her dukedom would go to the nephew, as a matter of right.

With this determination the duchess was fain to comply. Proclamations were accordingly made, and heralds sent to various parts; but day after day, week after week, and month after month elapsed, without any champion appearing to assert her loyalty throughout that darksome hour. The fair widow was reduced to despair, when tidings reached her of grand tournaments to be held at Toledo, in celebration of the nuptials of Don Roderick, the last of the Gothic kings, with the Morisco princess Exilona. As a last resort, the duchess repaired to the Spanish court, to implore the gallantry of its assembled chivalry.

The ancient city of Toledo was a scene of gorgeous revelry on the event of the royal nuptials. The youthful king, brave, ardent and magnificent, and his lovely bride, beaming with all the radiant beauty of the East, were hailed with shouts and acclamations whenever they appeared. Their nobles vied with each other in the luxury of their attire, their splendid retinues, and prancing steeds, and the haughty dames of the court appeared in a blaze of jewels.

In the midst of all this pageantry, the beautiful but afflicted Duchess of Loraine made her appearance to the throne. She was dressed in black and closely veiled; four duennas of the most staid and severe aspect, and six beautiful demoiselles, formed her female attendants. She was guarded by several very ancient, withered and gray-headed cavaliers; and her train was borne by one of the most deformed and diminutive dwarfs in existence.

Advancing to the foot of the throne, she knelt down, and throwing up her veil, revealed her countenance so beautiful that half of the courtiers present were ready to renounce their wives and mistresses, and devote themselves to her service; but when she made known that she came in quest of champions to defend her fame, every cavalier pressed forward to offer his arm and sword, without inquiring into the merits of the case; for it seemed clear that so beauteous a lady could have done nothing but what was right; and, at any rate, she ought to be championed in following the vent of her humours whether right or wrong.

Encouraged by such gallant zeal, the duchess suffered herself to be raised from the ground, and related the whole history of her distress. When she concluded, the king remained for some time silent, charmed by the music of her voice. At length, "As I hope for salvation, most beautiful duchess," said he, "were I not a sovereign king, and bound in duty to my kingdom, I myself would put lance in rest to vindicate your cause; as it is here, I give full permission to my knights, and promise lists and a fair field, and that the contest shall take place before the walls of Toledo, in presence of my assembled court."

As soon as the pleasure of the king was known, there was a strife among the cavaliers present, for the honour of the contest. It was decided by lot, and the successful candidates were objects of great envy, for every one was ambitious of finding favor in the eyes of the beautiful young widow.

Missives were sent, summoning the nephew and his two uncles to Toledo, to maintain their accusation, and a day was appointed for the combat.—When the day arrived, all Toledo was in commotion at an early hour. The lists had been prepared in the usual place, just without the walls, at the foot of the ragged rocks on which the city is built, and on that beautiful meadow along the Tagus, known by the name of the king's garden. The populace had already assembled, each one eager to secure a favorable place; the balconies were soon filled with the ladies of the court, clad in their richest attire, and bands of youthful knights, splendidly armed and decorated with their ladies' devices, were managing their superbly caparisoned steeds about the field. The king at length stood forth in state, accompanied by the Queen Exilona. They took their seats in a raised balcony, under a canopy of rich damask; and, at sight of them, the people rent the air with acclamations.

The nephew and his uncles now rode into the field, armed cap-a-pee, and followed by a train of cavaliers of their own roystering cast, great swearers and carousers, arrant swashbucklers, that went about with clanking armour and jingling spurs.—When the people of Toledo beheld the flaunting and discourteous appearance of these knights, they were more anxious than ever for the success of the gentle duchess, but at the same time, the sturdy and stalwart frames of these warriors, shewed that whoever won the victory from them, must do it at the cost of many a bitter blow.

As the nephew and his riotous crew rode in at one side of the field, the fair widow appeared at the other, with her suite of gray-headed courtiers, her duennas and dainty demoiselles and the little dwarf toiling along under the weight of her train. Every one made way for her as she passed, and blessed her beautiful face, and prayed for success to her cause. She took her seat in a lower balcony, not far from the sovereign's, and her pale face, set off by her mourning weeds, was as the moon, shining forth from among the clouds of night.

The trumpets sounded for the combat. The warriors were just entering the lists, when a stranger knight, armed in panoply, and followed by two pages and an esquire, came galloping into the field, and riding up to the royal balcony, claimed the combat as a matter of right.

"In me," cried he, "behold the cavalier who had the happiness to rescue the beautiful duchess from the peril of the forest, and the misfortune to bring on her this calumny. It was but recently, in the course of my errantry, that tidings of her wrongs have reached my ears, and I have urged hither at all speed, to stand forth in her vindication."

No sooner did the duchess hear the accents of the knight, than she recognized his voice, and joined her prayers with his, that he might enter the lists. The difficulty was, to determine which of the three champions already appointed should yield his place, each insisting on the honour of the combat. The stranger knight would have settled the point, by taking the whole contest upon himself; but this the other knights would not permit. It was at length determined, as before, by lot, and the cavalier who lost the chance retired murmuring and disconsolate.

The trumpet again sounded—the lists were opened. The arrogant nephew and his drawcansir uncles appeared so completely cased in steel, that they and their steeds were like moving masses of iron. When they understood the stranger knight to be the same that had rescued the duchess from her peril, they greeted him with the most boisterous derision.

"O ho! sir Knight of the Dragon," said they; "you who pretend to champion fair widows in the dark, come on, and vindicate your deeds of darkness in the open day."

The only reply of the cavalier was, to put lance in rest, and brace himself for the encounter. Needless it is to relate the particulars of a battle, which was like so many hundred combats that have been said and sung in prose and verse. Who is there but must have foreseen the event of a contest where heaven had to decide on the guilt or innocence of the most beautiful and immaculate of widows!

The sagacious reader, deeply read in this kind of judicial combats, can imagine the encounter of the graceless nephew and the stranger knight. He sees their concussion, man to man, and horse to horse, in mad career, and in that Sir Graceless hurled to the ground and slain. He will not wonder that the assailants of the brawny uncles were less successful in their rude encounter; but he will picture to himself the stout stranger, spurring to their rescue, in the very critical moment; he will see him transfixing with his lance, and cleaving the other to the chine with a back stroke of his sword, thus leaving the trio of accusers dead upon the field, and establishing the immaculate fidelity of the duchess and her title to the dukedom, beyond the shadow of a doubt.

The air rang with acclamations; nothing was heard but praises of the beauty and virtue of the duchess, and of the prowess of the stranger knight; but the public joy was still more increased when the champion raised his visor, and revealed the countenance of one of the bravest cavaliers in Spain, renowned for his gallantry in the service of the sex, who had long been absent, in quest of similar adventures.

That worthy knight however was severely wounded in the battle, and remained for a long time ill of his wounds. The lovely duchess, grateful for having twice owed her protection to his arm, attended him daily during his illness. A tender passion grew up between them, and she finally rewarded his gallantry by giving him her hand.

The king would fain have had the knight establish his title to such high advancement by farther deeds of arms; but his courtiers declared that he had already merited the lady, by thus vindicating her fame and fortune in a deadly combat to entrance; and the lady herself hinted that she was perfectly satisfied of his prowess in arms, from the proofs she received in his achievements in the forest.

Their nuptials were celebrated with great magnificence. The present husband of the duchess did not pray and fast like his predecessor, Phillibert the wife-ridden; yet he found greater favor in the eyes of Heaven, for their union was blessed with a numerous progeny—the daughters chaste and beauteous as their mother; the sons all stout and valiant as their sire, and all renowned, like him, for relieving disconsolate damsels and desolate widows.

HELEN CLEVELAND.

A Tale of the Revolution.

BY MISS GEORGE ANNA H. SHERBURNE,

Authoress of "The Pirate's Treasure," "The Heiress" etc. etc.

Chapter I.

That which Alexander sigh'd for;
That which Cæsar's soul possessed;
That which heroes, kings, have died for,—
Glory—animates my breast.—Montgomery.

"Mother seek not to dissuade me; my bleeding country calls on me to exert myself in its cause. I am young—vigorous—strong. Why should I remain woman-like at home, with the glow of health upon my cheek, while so many hoary headed veterans are exerting their *feeble* might in the cause of freedom. Nay, mother, *I will go.*"

"But, my dear Horace, remember the defenceless condition of Helen and myself; you are our only protector;—what if these British marauders were to take possession of our village? What then would become of us?"

"Mother, fear not: they are now far from here and should they make this their route I will be with you, or send a suitable protection. Mother, I blush to think I am the only young man left in the village. Shall it be said that *I*, Horace Cleveland, the sole representative of his brave father, lingered here in ignoble ease, while his gallant countrymen were striving for freedom?"

His mother gazed with pride on his dark flashing eye and crimsoning cheek, as she replied—

"You are right, my boy: go, and take with you my blessing. The same holy spirit now watching over us, will guard us when defenceless and alone."

Mrs. Cleveland was the widow of a brave officer, descendant of one of the most ancient families in Virginia. They had resided in Winchester at the time of the French invasion, assisted by the Indians. Col. Cleveland fought bravely for the cause in which he was engaged, and on the day that General Braddock was defeated and slain, the brave Cleveland also received his death wound. Mrs. Cleveland was yet a blooming widow when the trumpet's clarion echoed through the country, announcing that America had thrown off the galling yoke of the mother country, and determined to assert her rights by the sword.—Horace Cleveland, though young, inherited the brave and daring spirit of his lamented father, and deeming their situation in Winchester might be insecure, resolved to remove to Roxbury, Massachusetts—the birth-place of his mother.

Horace had now attained his nineteenth year, and made known to his mother his intention of avenging his country's wrongs. This naturally opened afresh the scarcely healed wounds of her widowed heart, as she again saw in perspective, the many long nights passed in sleepless, mental agony, and the weary days of suspense, with a heart yearning for tidings of her son, which she knew the incertitude of times would preclude.

Helen Cleveland was left an orphan at an early age, and had learned to look on her aunt as a mother; a singularly strong likeness existed between herself and Horace: from the glossy raven locks, large dreamy eyes, regular features, and brilliant complexion, to the slight, symmetrical forms, and slender hands and feet. She was dearly loved and cherished by her ill-fated uncle—being the only surviving child of his twin brother.

Chapter II.

And then at length her tears in freedom gush'd,
Big, bright, and fast; unknown to her they fell;
But still her lips refused to send—"Farewell."
For in that word, that fatal word—howe'er
We promise, hope, believe—there breathes despair.
[Byron.

Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,
'Tis woman's whole existence.—[Byron.

"Dearest Amie, will you remain true to me? will you think of me sometimes when I am far away in the din of battle? Your sweet image shall be my guiding star—step by step I will fight my way until I obtain the glory for which I pant."

"Ah! Horace, I fear your ambition is stronger than your love; why will you leave me—your mother—Helen; but dearest fear not for my constancy, you know not the depth, the power of woman's first love; Horace, *can* you doubt me?"

And here the lovely speaker raised her large blue eyes, and as Horace gazed in their pure clear *depths*, he *felt* himself beloved.

"Amie, I believe, nay, I *know* you love me, and proud am I to have won the affection of one so good and beautiful; mine, dearest, is a selfish, soul-absorbing passion: one that will admit of no other in my breast; not even as you suspect—Ambition. Amie, you surely would not respect me were I to remain inactive, while America is struggling to assert her rights? Nay, I see by the beaming smile upon your beautiful lip, you approve my determination, even though I should return minus a limb. Amie, you would not love me then less."

"Love you less, Horace," repeated his beautiful companion, reproachfully—"were you to lose these beaming eyes I so love to gaze on—were those curling locks to lose their hue—that cheek become of ashen paleness, and yourself a cripple, Horace, then would I cling more fondly to you, love you, and cherish you through life."

"Heaven bless you, my own sweet love, your voice falls as soothingly on my spirit as oil on the troubled waters;—how often during the long weary watches of midnight, will this sweet garden where I first breathed to you my love, Amie, be pictured in my thoughts, and yon bright moon, love, you must gaze on it at this hour, and spiritually I will be with you."

"Dearest Horace, deem not you will be absent from my memory one instant. My every thought, my every prayer, shall be yours, and for your safety."

"My own dear Amie, how can I ever thank you for this kind interest in my welfare, but my own love I must bid you farewell, the night grows chill, and I fear the effects of the dew on your delicate frame; ere to-morrow's sun has gilded our village spire, I shall be far away on my road to the camp of Washington. Farewell, dearest and best, farewell," and printing one kiss on the snowy brow of the sobbing girl, he was soon out of sight.

Amie Danvers was the only child of Philip Danvers, one of the most wealthy and respectable men in Massachusetts. Amie was as beautiful as the dream of a poet, and as gentle and delicate as the birds and flowers she so loved to cherish; her form was slight, seemingly too fragile for this rough world, and a host of tender-loving thoughts beamed through her dark blue eyes, the very hue of her violets; while her golden ringlets, snowy skin and rose-bud mouth claimed the love she met in all—and young Cleveland felt a world of inexplicable emotions rising within his warm heart when he first gazed on her young beauty and drank in the soft rich tones of her flute-like voice, as she would gaily warble the favorite old melodies of her father's.

A few months had elapsed since Mrs. Cleveland's residence in Roxbury, when one calm summer evening, while the "day god," like an eastern monarch, was slowly sinking behind his cushions of purple and gold, a faint breath of the evening zephyr stole whisperingly among the flowers and shrubs, and gently waved the golden curls from the marble brow of Amie Danvers as she listened with beating heart and glowing cheek to the words of ardent love from the lips of Horace, and when his last words had died away, the faint sigh and the timid glance from those heavenly eyes assured him he was beloved; earth contained not a being more happy. That same night he had received the kind father's sanction and blessing, and they were solemnly betrothed in the sight of Heaven: from their young hearts gushed forth a holy stream of happiness, and the gentle moon and glittering stars gleamed upon them as their vows were registered in Heaven.

Chapter III.

Heavens! there are such chords within the breast,
Which, roughly struck, ring with sharpest agony!
[S. F. Glenn.

Some weeks had passed away since Horace Cleveland had left his peaceful home to join the army in Cambridge, and though the two families so deeply interested in his fate, at first heard from him often, yet nothing was known of his rank in the army of Washington. Sober autumn had rifled the trees of their foliage, the starry flowers had withered beneath the chill blast, and disappeared from the green lap of mother earth, and the bright rays of the evening sun kissed the shining curls of Amie Danvers, as, accompanied by Helen Cleveland, she slowly returned from a walk. Amie, slightly blushing, broke the silence by saying—

"Do not, Helen, laugh at me for again broaching the subject ever uppermost in my mind, but, indeed, I must speak of Horace: what can be the motive, the reason for his long mysterious silence, when he must know the agony of mind we all endure—when he knows so well how fondly, how dearly I love him."

The rich color deserted the cheek of Helen, and her soft dark eyes filled with tears, as she replied—

"I know not, Amie, the cause of his silence, and I dare not think of it; he must be either taken prisoner or wounded."

"God forbid," hastily ejaculated Amie, turning pale, "but oh, Helen, if it should be so, if it should be that he is taken prisoner, his own feelings can scarcely be inferior to mine: for did you but know, dear Helen, how devotedly he loves me—how wholly his every thought and feeling are mine, and none can tell how fully I reciprocate his love." Here a keen observer would have noticed the blanched cheek, white lip, and strained eye in Helen, denoted some secret anguish, perchance 'twas a mere bodily pain, for the crimson hue soon revisited the cheek and lip, and the soft eyes were to Amie the same eyes she loved to compare with those of Horace, and in happier days, during a temporary absence of the latter, she would playfully insist upon Helen's acting the part of son and lover.

"Helen, love, you look pale and sad," said the kind voice of Mrs. Cleveland; "tell me your sorrows, dear, for next my Horace, you well know how dearly I prize my gentle girl."

"I am sad, my dear friend, my more than mother," replied Helen, mournfully; "and were it not for you, I could wish to die."

"Tell me, Helen, your sorrows—unbosom yourself freely to me, my child,—is it, as I suspect it—is Horace the cause?"

"Dearest Aunt, I will no longer dissemble. Horace is unintentionally the cause.—I love him as I feel woman never loved before,—for him is garnered in this poor heart, a mine of the most devoted love man ever inspired; oh! the pangs, the agony attending unrequited affection: to feel that all the best and holiest emotions of the soul are wasted; to feel the heart withering and burning hopelessly away; but I must crush my feelings, and appear unmoved while his praises are sounded by his chosen one. Dear aunt, do not pity me—I could not bear sympathy now."

"Dear Helen, 'twas once my dearest wish to see you united to Horace, but *he* is my only one. I cannot seek to blast his hopes, Helen—you must forget him."

"Forget him!" repeated Helen; "never can I cease to remember;—a woman's love, like the gum-cistus, can know but one sun-rise of happiness and beauty; I have placed him in my heart of hearts, there shall he reign until its throbbings cease; to see Horace happy in my first wish, and never shall his noble nature be pained by a knowledge of my unhappy love."

It was a beautiful autumnal morning, as Horace Cleveland, mounted on his spirited Virginia charger, viewed with surprise, mingled with heroic ardor, from an eminence near Cambridge, the patriot army under Washington. The distant rolling drum and shrill fife, with the polished muskets of the soldiers, as they were drilling in the morning sun beams, the white canvass tents arranged in such military systematic order, and the sacred banner of liberty swelling proudly in the breeze from the marquee of the Commanding General, all conspired to make his young blood crimson his manly brow, and thrill with feelings unspeakable his inmost soul. giving rein to his impatient steed, who seemed to be imbued with his master's military ardor, he was, in a few moments, within the lines, and ordered to 'stand' by a sentinel, who, calling the corporal of the guard, young Cleveland made known his wish for an immediate interview with the Commander-in-Chief, and dismounting, followed the corporal to the tent of the officer of the day, and in a few minutes Cleveland, with a beating heart, stood in the presence of Washington and his staff.

"Your name, young gentleman, from this card, I perceive to be Cleveland," said the Chief, with his usual smile.

Horace having replied, Washington continued—

"Any relation to the late brave Col. Cleveland, of Virginia?"

"His son, General," replied Horace.

"Then, sir," replied Washington, rising and tendering his hand, "you are from as true and chivalrous a race as ever wore a spur, or wielded sword in defence of liberty. Your father fell soon after General Braddock received his death wound, and with his face to the enemy. Now, sir, to business, and say how I can serve you."

"By allowing me, General, to fight under the banner of *freedom*. Be the rank what it may, myself with my gallant steed from this moment I devote to my country."

"Then, sir, I make you at once first Lieutenant of the Virginia Cavalry, now filling up."

He then called an aid, to accompany Cleveland, for the purpose of receiving his commission and introduction to the gallant corps to which he had been so unexpectedly attached. As he was meditating on the sudden and happy change in his fortune, he was interrupted by—

"Lieutenant Cleveland, your commission, sir; and at twelve o'clock the General will review the troops. You have but a few hours to prepare, to be at the post assigned you."

Horace, returning the salute of the Aid, who had so agreeably broken his thoughts, immediately hurried to his quarters to make the required preparations.

The review took place, and as the General-in-Chief, with his staff, passed the Virginia Cavalry, receiving its salute, his quick eye caught the manly figure of Cleveland, as he sat with erect grace in his saddle, curbing his beautiful and spirited charger; and as the General rode on, he observed to one of his staff, that if he was not much deceived, young Cleveland's brow would yet be crowned with laurels.

The British army, under General Howe, in Boston, were in want of forage and fresh provisions, and were compelled to make frequent excursions around the country for supplies. Many times, warm and bloody skirmishes would take place between the English and American foraging parties, in chancing to meet. Generally, the Americans would be victorious, and carry off the pillage of the enemy, which, causing much anxiety in the mind of General Howe, he doubled the force sent out for the immediate supplies of his blockaded army.

Lieutenant Cleveland had been but a few weeks attached to his corps, when he was ordered to take the command of fifty picked cavalry, to harrass the British foraging parties, and on no account to permit the supplies to be carried off when fallen in with. *To capture or destroy*, were his orders. At day-break the party were mounted, and at a hard gallop towards Roxbury. For three hours, nothing was seen or heard of an enemy—when, coming to a cross-road, a man on horseback was observed coming towards them. On his drawing near, enquiries were made for the British foraging party. The man informed them, that an hour since he passed a party of the "English robbers," on an excursion, who numbered about sixty, well-mounted, and that they must, on their return, come by the cross-road where *they* then stood. After requesting their informant to be silent as regarded his observations, Lieutenant Cleveland consulted with his junior officer the proper course to pursue, when it was determined to lie in ambush in a near wood of underbrush, which would conceal them from view until the enemy should retreat with their booty; and while one half should attack and capture the fruits of the foraging party, the other, with Cleveland, should attack the vanguard. With this arrangement, they returned to the wood, and, dismounting, refreshed themselves and their horses, and prepared their arms for the expected desperate conflict with the enemies of their country. Two hours had not elapsed, ere the sentinel stationed at the outskirt of the wood, nearest the road, gave the required signal. All were immediately mounted, and their stations taken for the attack. The enemy were now heard coming down the road at an easy, careless, scattering pace, and far in their rear, the forage, &c., taken from the farmers, guarded by a part of the troops, who, not suspecting an enemy, were leisurely lagging along, cracking their jokes, &c., when suddenly the bugle of the Americans sounded a charge, and before the surprised enemy could prepare for a defence, the Americans had discharged their pistols with unerring aim, drawn their glittering blades, and many of the foe lay weltering in their blood. yet, not dismayed, the commander of the attacked party, headed by a chosen few, wheeled in line, and giving the word "*charge*," on they came, with the swiftness of the wind, to overwhelm with one dash, if possible, the Yankee yeomen; but they had forgotten "*Lexington*," "*Bunker Hill*," etc., and their mad impetuosity was the means of their total defeat: for Cleveland and his gallant band received them as they bore down with a calm, determined front, and a well-directed discharge of their pistols, which, putting the enemy in confusion, was taken advantage of, and in a few minutes ten of the enemy lay dead on the field; fifteen were made prisoners, with their horses and booty; the rest made good their retreat: and with only a loss of three of the Americans.

Cleveland arrived in triumph at head-quarters, about sunset, and was received by his commanding General with warm salutations, and was promoted on the spot a Captain of Cavalry for his daring courage in attacking and defeating a superior force.

The capture of the large quantity of forage, beef, &c.,—the defeat of the whole British foraging party by Cleveland,—caused much distress in the British camp in Boston, and depressed the feelings of General Howe to such a degree, that he came to the resolution of changing his course to obtain the necessary supplies for his army, by scouring the adjacent coast with his small vessels, to obtain that which he had now no other way to procure, so strict was the blockade kept up by the American Commander-in-Chief.

Cleveland, finding that arrangements were making for the Americans to take possession of, and fortify the heights of Dorchester, for the purpose of compelling the British troops to evacuate Boston, determined to ask for a leave of absence, in order to acquaint those whom he held most dear with his sudden change of fortune, before the army should leave that part of the country on a Southern campaign. Although warned by his General, on taking leave, of the great risk he ran of being captured, and looked upon as a spy, in crossing the British lines, which he would be compelled to do in making his contemplated visit, his proud spirit disdained the name of fear, and he firmly resolved to risk all, to once more gaze in the azure eyes of his betrothed, and learn from her lips that he still was loved. And he felt his proud heart would be more humble under the soothing influence of a mother's blessing, given with all the devotion of a mother's love.

Chapter IV.

> "I am pursued—all the ports are stopp'd too;
> Not any hope to escape; behind, before me,
> On either side, I am beset."
>
> [Beaumont and Fletcher.

The dim, pale light which pervaded the scene, denoted the approach of day. Aurora had unbarred the eastern gates for the bright orb of day to take his course through the blue vault above. Cleveland stood in deep, silent meditation at the door of his tent. No sound disturbed the stillness save the lazy flapping of the sacred symbol of liberty, which swelled in the morning breeze over the marquee of *him* who had freely offered his life in its defence, and the solitary, measured step of the sentinel, who guarded that treasure which the world combined was unable to purchase.

Horace was aroused from his reverie by the neighing of his impatient steed. Flinging "dull care" to the wind, he gaily vaulted into his saddle, soon wended his way through the tented field, and receiving the last challenge for "*the word*" from the wakeful sentry, he passed into a small wood, halted a moment to examine once more the priming of his pistols, then giving one parting look to the distant tents, took a circuitous route to avoid, if possible, observation from friend or foe.

The sun had ascended high in the heavens as Cleveland left a small copse where he had halted for the purpose of refreshing himself with soldier's fare, and to recruit his noble steed; as he ascended an eminence he descried the far distant smoke curling gracefully above the ancient elms which surrounded all he felt dear on earth; his heart bounded joyfully at the delightful anticipation of soon clasping to his heart his fondly loved Amie, and putting his steed to a hard gallop, he was soon at the foot of the hill, where the road wound round a small wood; as he came to the turn, three men, apparently British soldiers, by their dress, rushed up and ordered him to stand; in an instant, he levelled a pistol and fired—the man in front fell. Cleveland, then putting spurs to his horse, soon distanced the remaining two, when a bugle sounding, warned him he had yet to run the gauntlet; he soon espied three other soldiers, well mounted, crossing a common to cut him off, but knowing the mettle of his good steed, he gave him the rein, and drawing forth his pistols, kept on his lightning-like speed, to pass his pursuers ere they could reach the road, but he failed—for they came within pistol shot and fired without effect,—Cleveland reserving his till the proper time; for with him it was a matter of life and death. On, on they sped, like the wind, the pursuers and the pursued—Cleveland feeling that two short miles only separated him from his home, spoke from time to time to his gallant steed, who seemed to be conscious of his master's perilous situation. Horace did not glance behind, but hearing the clattering hoofs becoming at each moment more alarmingly near, he wheeled in his foaming horse, and stood at bay, awaiting, with pistols in hand, his fast advancing foe, who were some rods from each other. As the first came up, Horace, with well directed aim, brought him to the ground, badly wounded: the second furiously discharged *his* pistol, without effect, when Cleveland, drawing his sword, dashed against horse and rider, cut through the right shoulder of the discomfited man, who, on falling to the ground, discharged his second pistol. The third, who had now come up, fired, and his ball passed through the fleshy part of Cleveland's left arm, who, pained by the wound, shot his adversary through the heart. Cleveland, finding the road clear, again spurred quickly for his home, with his arm bleeding profusely, and overcome with fatigue.

As Mrs. Cleveland, Helen, and Amie, were absent taking their usual walk, the sound of a horse galloping down the road, deterred them from venturing beyond the little garden gate, until the horseman should have passed, when suddenly Helen shrieked, and rushed to the gate,—her alarmed companions followed, and beheld, stretched in the road, the senseless and bleeding body of Horace Cleveland. They immediately sprang to his assistance, and with their joint efforts conveyed him to the house. Mrs. Cleveland, who understood a little of Surgery, examined his wound, and finding it not serious, rare-fully dressed it, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing him in a calm, deep sleep, with his gentle Amie watching over him.

The second morning Horace had entirely recovered from his fatigue, and the pain in his arm having subsided, he related to his eager listeners all that had befallen him since his departure from home, and while relating his hair-breadth escape from capture, and the result had he been convicted as a spy, Helen was forced to seek refuge in her own chamber to conceal the anguish which swept her bosom; and calmly reviewing her cousin's situation, she foresaw his enemies would be laying in wait for him, and then with all the resolution of woman's love, she resolved to save him—take advantage of the likeness existing between them and sacrifice herself on the sacred altar of *Love*. She believed a chosen few would be stationed along the road in ambush to take him, dead or alive, to the British camp.

The next morning she questioned Horace as to the circuitous route he had taken to reach Roxbury, and the probability of his retracing the same road without danger of being either captured or killed.—Having ascertained all she wished, in the course of the day, Helen in her room transformed her riding cap into a military one, her blue riding habit into a cloak, *a la militaire*, and taking from an upper room a blue suit of clothes which her cousin had no longer any use for, with a small sword belonging to her late father, she concealed her treasures in a trunk ready for use.

At an early hour the next morning, Helen, with a pale *cheek* and quivering lip, arrayed herself in man's apparel; but though her woman's heart sunk within her at the thought of the perils and dangers she was preparing to meet, yet her resolution wavered not. With stealthy step she descended to the stable yard: her favorite saddle horse stood next her cousin's steed. In a few moments she was mounted: then, with a tearful eye and throbbing heart, she gave one lingering look toward the casement of the chamber where Horace still slept in peace, and at an easy pace wended her perilous way in the direction of the American camp.

Helen continued her slow pace for two hours, without meeting an individual. A holy calmness now pervaded her breast, her conflicting emotions were all stilled. While allowing her horse to quench his thirst at a small stream crossing the road in a deep secluded valley, she started and a rich crimson flush crossed her cheek as she heard the distant winding of a bugle. She listened intently, when from another quarter, it was answered though farther off—presuming it to be the echo of the first, she was about drawing rein to proceed, when a third prolonged note still farther on the road she was pursuing, surprised her. She then murmured as she put her horse in a gentle canter—

"Thank Heaven! I have saved him. To escape will be impossible. Oh! how joyfully—how gladly will I die for him! Dearest Horace, I have saved you!"

A pistol shot interrupted her soliloquy—but finding herself unharmed, with a blanched cheek but firm heart, she gave her horse the spur. Another shot followed, but the *distance* was too great, and it fell harmless. She at length found herself ascending a hill, and on nearing the top, her bridle was suddenly seized, and she was immediately surrounded by a band of twenty dragoons of the enemy; her sword was taken from her. They then proceeded for an hour on a hard gallop—then stopping for a few minutes to obtain refreshment, pursued their course for Roxbury Neck; and now, being safe from pursuit, they rode slowly until they arrived at the quarters of General Howe, before whom Helen stood with a proud mein and undismayed look, refusing to answer any questions. The General said "*his* pranks were well known to him in cutting off his foraging parties, and as he had been taken within the English lines, he should be tried as a spy," and calling for the officer of the day, ordered him to take charge of Captain *Cleveland*, and to allow no one to have admittance to him on pain of his displeasure.

Chapter V.

Thou know'st that when we fight to save our country, we fight the cause of Heaven: the man who falls, falls hallowed—falls a victim to the gods; for them and to their altars.

[Mason.

"Dear Horace, do not be alarmed; Helen has only prolonged her usual ride. I admit it is imprudent for her to ride out unattended during these fearful times."

"Imprudent! mother," replied Horace, impatiently, pacing the room; "rashness in the extreme—the roads are filled with soldiers, and I am Helen's only protector. I have but twenty-four hours to be with you, and if she returns not within that time—what shall I—what *can* I do?—what madness!"

Here Mrs. Cleveland, bursting into tears, left the room. The gentle Amie timidly approached her lover, saying—

"Do not grieve, Horace: doubtless our dear Helen has visited some *friends* to jest with our imaginary fears. Dearest Horace, must you leave us so *very soon*?"

"My own sweet love, yes: and should we never meet again on *earth*, will you sometimes think of me—pray for my soul; but no! I will hope. No gloomy thought shall mar our parting now, my love Amie, when I return again, should life be spared, sweet one, then will you not become mine own?"

"Horace, can you ask?" sighed the gentle girl, her eyes suffused with bright tears."

"Amie, forgive me: but 'tis so sweet to hear your lips confess your love, and now good night, dearest, I trust to-morrow will restore Helen to us; good night;—but stay! I shall not see you again, to-morrow at dawn of day, I must start: I shall endeavor on the road to hear tidings of Helen, and despatch the truant home. Farewell, my only love!" and pressing the half fainting girl to his manly heart, he rushed to his chamber to make the necessary arrangements.

Ere the sun was up, Horace, fully armed and well mounted on his gallant steed, was some miles on his circuitous route for Cambridge, without meeting with any one, until some few miles from where the path led towards Roxbury, a man on horseback came up, from whom Horace learned that a prisoner had been taken the day before by a British party, whom they had been some days in search of, by the name of *Captain Cleveland*. They had taken him to Boston to be hung—as they said—for a rebel spy. The mystery of Helen's *disappearance* was thus solved; the maddening thought rushed like lightning through his mind: and knowing her fearless heroic disposition and the resemblance between them, he was satisfied of her noble intention to save him at the sacrifice of her own life. With these agonizing thoughts, and sparing not his steed, he soon arrived unmolested at Head Quarters, where he found great preparations making for fortifying immediately the heights of Dorchester. After reporting himself to the Commanding General, he repaired to his tent and wrote to his mother and Amie all that he had heard regarding Helen, and his determination of saving her at every hazard.

After despatching his servant the next morning with the letters, he asked permission of his General to take a chosen number of his mounted men to scour the country near the lines of the enemy, while the fortifications were being thrown up to storm the British in Boston, and drive them from their last footing in New England. On the second day he was fortunate in capturing four prisoners and their horses, which he took to Head Quarters; and from one of them, for a small bribe, Horace learned all the particulars relative to his cousin, who had assumed the name and title of *Captain Cleveland*, and found she was strictly guarded; yet treated with the respect due her supposed rank and courage, which caused Horace to hope all would yet be well until he had time to mature his plan for her deliverance, which he hoped to effect in a few days, with the assistance of twenty bold, resolute men, belonging to his company, who knew fear only by name, and would lose the last drop of their heart's blood to serve their spirited young commander.

With his plan matured, he was soon made acquainted with the place in which Helen was confined, and the number of the guard in its immediate neighborhood; and being perfectly acquainted with every street and lane in Boston, he was doubly sure of carrying her off in triumph, but not without some skirmishing and loss of life in their retreat. Cleveland confided all to his warm-hearted General, and asked permission to make the attempt. Washington, at first, was surprised at the bold, daring design of his young *protege*, yet granted his request, after they should have completed the fortifications on Dorchester heights, which he presumed would astonish not a little the British army in Boston.

"But why, Captain Cleveland," asked Washington, "do you not go to the English head quarters under a flag of truce, and claim the prisoner as a lady in disguise?"

"For the fear, General," replied Cleveland, "that she may be *charged* as a spy, detained, and probably meet with insult; and, as we are on the eve of storming them in their strong hold, time would not suffice; and should General Howe *determine* not to stand our fire from the heights of Dorchester, and embark with his army, my cousin would, in the hurry and confusion, be carried from the country. Therefore, General, I would ask permission to make the attempt for her liberation at once. *She* has nobly, generously periled her life *for me*, and *mine* should be freely offered up a sacrifice to save *her*."

"Enough, sir," replied Washington, warmly pressing our hero's hand. "Go—and may the Almighty, who smiles on our cause, protect you to render farther service to our bleeding country."

The army blockading Boston under Washington, amounted to twenty thousand regulars, and with this army he was now determined to bring matters to a final issue. To effect this, he ordered Gen. Thomas, with a detachment from Roxbury, to march on to Dorchester heights, and fortify this position. Preparatory to this movement, however, a general bombardment of Boston commenced on the nights of the second, third and fourth of March, successively, which alarmed the enemy with the apprehension of a general attack. On the night of the fourth of March, General Thomas marched on to the heights, and such was the activity and zeal of the troops, that they had penetrated through the deep frost, and thrown up a sufficient breastwork to cover them from the fire of the enemy in the morning.

This movement gave a general alarm in Boston, and General Howe saw at once he must either dislodge the Americans or evacuate Boston; for Dorchester heights commanded the harbour, and endangered the fleet. The first was resolved upon, and Lord Piercy was ordered to the service, and actually embarked, with three thousand men upon the expedition; but it seems an All-wise Providence frowned on this movement of the enemy, for a storm came up, and raged for several days so severely that the enterprise was defeated. General Howe, now pressed on all sides, soon made his intentions known to leave Boston, which was immediately communicated, under a flag of truce, to General Washington; and on the 17th March, 1776, General Howe embarked with all his army, and sailed for Halifax, which caused great rejoicing, not only in Boston and its vicinity, but throughout the whole country.

Chapter VI.

Come,—I have learned that fearful commenting
Is leaden servitor to dull delay;
Delay leads impotent and snail-paced beggary:
Then fiery expedition be my wing,
Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king!—[Shakespeare.

Horace Cleveland had learned from one of the prisoners he had *captured* during his last excursion along the enemy's lines, that his cousin was detained in a building at the corner of Ann and Union streets, (which ancient building is yet standing,) and guarded by a corporal's guard, half of whom were generally away of evenings, carousing among their messmates, stationed in and about the lower end of Ann street, having no fear of their prisoner's escaping, on account of his resigned, contented disposition. General Howe's head quarters were at the Province House, Cornhill, which stood some distance from the street, in front of which, and in its immediate vicinity, including the Old South Church, were quartered the best troops in the British army. And as no assault was feared from the Americans at Cambridge, all the officers and soldiers off duty made the few squares around the quarters of the commander-in-chief their lounging-place, to talk, drink, and hear the news from day to day, &c. Cleveland knowing the lofty heights of Dorchester would be occupied by General Thomas, and be seen by the besieged army in Boston, causing great surprise and commotion in the town, had so arranged his plan, two days previous to the taking possession of Dorchester heights, to have half the number of his well-trained band enter Boston in the dress of farmers, at different hours of the day, having their horses put at the usual stopping places of the farmers, in the vicinity of the market, not far from Ann street, each to have a brace of pistols secreted about his person, and to enlist as dragoons, as a vast number of the *tories* had done after the battle of Bunker Hill. After enlisting, they were as raw Yankee recruits, to have permission to look about the town, *to see the sights*, and make friends in the usual *treating way* with those guarding the prisoner, and if possible, to see her *out of curiosity*; should this prove successful, a note which Cleveland had written to his cousin, informing her of his plan, that she had friends near at hand, and to be ready for flight at a moment's notice, was entrusted to the hands of one of his men, in some way to be placed where she *could* safely reach it. The plan thus far succeeded admirably—assisted by copious draughts of brandy, and other requisites for such a daring experiment. Cleveland had also provided a one horse wagon, at the bottom of which were concealed a number of swords, together with a stone jug filled with brandy; these were covered with straw, on which he had placed some raw meat of various kinds, to have all the appearance of a farmer's wagon, which was to be driven by one of his men, and followed the day after by himself and the rest of his brave band, at different hours, also on the day preceding the taking possession of Dorchester heights; for the night of the *day* which discovered the Americans on the heights was the period fixed for the attempt to release his cousin.

The second of March the bombardment of Boston commenced—the British army were in great dismay; the night set in with a dense fog; the town appeared in commotion, and the tories were hurrying to and fro, for fear the town would be given up. Amid all this, a wagon stood at the corner of Union and Ann streets; some of Cleveland's men, dressed in British uniform, stood near, bantering the driver, asking him to their quarters to drink, &c. The corporal of the guard, finding the driver had a jug of good brandy, invited him into their mess-room, which adjoined the prisoner's apartment, the corporal having the key. The wagoner *reluctantly* assented, and in the course of an hour the corporal, with four of his guard, were in a deep sleep from the effects of the brandy; one only remained awake. By this time, five of Cleveland's men sauntered in, dressed as British soldiers, while Cleveland and the rest of his band were within pistol-shot distance, awaiting anxiously the result. One of the men in the guard-room [illegible]

[illegible] prisoner, who was soon to be hanged, if he would give them the remainder of the brandy. It was agreed to, and the key was taken from the pocket of the corporal by the single guard, who was himself half intoxicated. The door cautiously opened, and all entered. The guard was immediately gagged without noise, and tied to the bedstead—and Helen was free. She left her prison-house between two of the men, followed by the remainder. The swords in the wagon had previously been secured. Helen was placed on the horse, which had been taken out and saddled, and they proceeded along at a slow pace, in company with those in British uniform toward Milk street, where they were joined by Cleveland; but as he was on the point of speaking to the heroic girl, to their amazement the bell of the Old South Church suddenly sounded an alarm, the drums beat to arms, and the clattering of horses in full gallop were heard in the distance. Helen's escape had been discovered a few minutes after she left, by the orderly, on going his rounds, who immediately gave the alarm. Not a moment was to be lost. The remainder of the band now coming up at a gallop, all drew their swords for a desperate resistance, and putting their horses at half speed, reached Roxbury Neck. A strong guard of twenty-five mounted men were here stationed to prevent egress to the Neck, but seeing the coming party were partly in the British uniform, they challenged, and opened for them to pass; but ere they could avail themselves of the opportunity, a dragoon rode up to the guard and announced a prisoner had escaped and treason was in the camp. Suspicion crossed the minds of all, and drawing their swords, they went in pursuit.

Cleveland, who had taken advantage of the momentary bustle, had proceeded but little on his way, but finding escape impossible without a battle, ordered his men to halt, and whispering a few words of encouragement to the noble Helen, he gave her a pair of pistols to defend herself if necessary, and then ordered his men to give one discharge with their pistols, and then close in, sword in hand. The discharge had the desired effect; confusion followed; some fell wounded; but the battle became desperate, as hand to hand each thrust and blow were given, with a determination "to do or die." "Cleveland and Bunker Hill!" was the war cry at every blow. Many of the enemy fell. Horace, (with Helen at his side,) fought desperately with the officer in command of the British band, and while in close contest for life and death, a British dragoon rode up in the midst of the combat raging between the commanders, and raised his sabre to strike Horace from behind; but quick as thought the heroic Helen fired, and the man rolled in the dust, but not before Cleveland's sword had passed through the body of his opponent. At this moment, a chance blow from a passing soldier inflicted a severe wound near his left shoulder; seeing which, a dragoon made a desperate charge at him, in hopes of wholly disabling him, which Cleveland not observing, Helen threw herself in a position to receive the thrust, and the quick movement of her horse against that of Cleveland, left him untouched, while the glittering blade passed under her left arm, inflicting a gaping wound; she reeled, and would have fallen from her horse, had she not been supported by one of the men, who at that moment rode up, crying out, "friends are at hand." The galloping of horses were heard, to corroborate his statement; upon which the enemy made a hasty retreat, leaving seven killed, with their commander, and four badly wounded, who were made prisoners. By daylight the next morning, the whole party, save two who were killed, arrived at head quarters—Helen having been borne all the way on the horse with Cleveland, who supported her light form in his arms, and gazed with almost horror at the change which had been wrought in that once bright face—those starry eyes, now dim and sunken, while the long black silky lashes cast a shadow over that pale cheek,—and the quivering lip and contracted brow, all showed how much and how silently she suffered for him she loved.

The warm congratulations of General Washington and the whole army, afforded him but little pleasure; his eye continually sought the faded form of the devoted Helen, who was placed in his tent; and the Surgeon, with the Commander-in-Chief, attended to examine her wound, which, after consultation, was pronounced fatal.

Chapter VII.

"In a few weeks the passion which had so long disturbed the peace of Laura was hushed by lasting repose; but it was the repose of the land where the whirlwind has passed—dreary and desolate."

Pale Cynthia rose, and cast her mellow beams on all nature; all was hushed. Horace Cleveland reclined at the door of his tent, while the cooling night breeze swept his fevered brow; when he was aroused from his meditations by a summons to the side of the dying Helen Cleveland. The feeble rays of the lamp fell faintly on that brow of Parian whiteness, and that pale, lovely cheek; lifting those dark eyes which gazed so tenderly yet so pleadingly in his own, she faintly said:

"Dearest Horace, through life I have lived but for you—now I die for you. Horace, no more can these dim eyes gaze in yours, and drink in new life from every glance; no more can this withered heart bound at your footsteps; no more can these feeble hands ward from that form the fatal blow. Horace, wildly have I loved you—worshipped you. I made an earthly idol, and bowed in adoration before it—crushed, and well nigh broken was my heart, when it learned your love for *another*—and bitter, bitter was the anguish of my poor contrite spirit. Horace, by the love you bear for *Amie*, grant me one request. I am calm now—the storm spirit of my love has passed away. You saw how calmly I spoke *her* name."

"Your request, dear Helen—name it, and it shall be granted," said Horace, huskily.

"Thanks, Horace—'tis this. Have my body sent to the *old homestead*—there, Horace, where I first felt my cheek glow at your approach. Do you remember the old willow tree in our garden, where the little silver stream murmurs so musically, and where the violets and lilies grow? Bury me there, under the shade of the good old willow. I know that drooping willow will shed tears for me, for I've no gentle mother to weep; no lover to grieve for me, and at night the angels will visit me."

Here Horace, fearing her mind would wander, gave her an opiate which the surgeon had left, and with his hand clasped firmly in hers, the suffering girl fell asleep. For some time no sound, save the sobbing and sighing of the wind, broke the dead silence: the pale moon waned—the glittering stars disappeared—still Helen slept, and Horace watched. Suddenly, faint sounds of a distant bugle were wafted on the gale—it died away; again it sounded, playing that song which speaks to the hearts of all, "*Sweet Home.*" Sweetly and solemnly the melody echoed on the still air, and as the last note ceased, Helen opened those dreamy eyes, and clasping her arms around the neck of Horace, murmured, "I come—I come!"

Cleveland laid her back on her pillow, and felt the pure spirit had fled. Gently he closed those dark, soft eyes—tenderly he smoothed the heavy masses of raven hair around that pale, sweet face—and with almost a mother's care he crossed the small white hands, over that heart which through life had beat but for him.

Chapter VIII.

Oh! snatched away in beauty's bloom,
O'er thee shall press no ponderous tomb!
But on thy turf shall roses rear
Their leaves, the earliest of the year;
And the wild cypress wave in tender gloom.—[Byron.

It was in the summer of 18—, a large white mansion stood some distance from the road, near Winchester, Virginia. Col. Horace Cleveland, after having fought with distinguished bravery in the service of his country, retired with his lovely wife, at the conclusion of the war, to reside in the home of his father, his heart yearning to again behold the scenes of his boyish days.

Time had passed his hand lightly over the fair brow of Amie; her golden ringlets were now put gravely away under the matronly cap. Time had not quenched the fire of Horace Cleveland's dark eyes—though it had silvered his raven hair, and partially stolen the glow from his manly cheek. They stood together watching the setting of the sun, the sweet evening air wafted to their senses the perfume of many flowers. Passing his arm carelessly around his wife, Col. Cleveland said,

"Come, my love, this is our hour for visiting poor Helen."

"True, dear Horace," replied Amie; "forgive my abstraction. But I was thinking of our happiness. This is the anniversary of that evening on which you first told your love, and can a woman, when loving as I did, forget the hour when she first hears and feels her affection reciprocated? It was an evening like this. Do you remember it, love?"

"Remember it," replied her husband, affectionately, "yes, Amie, well do I remember the rapture of my heart on feeling you were all mine own. But come, dearest, we must not neglect poor Helen."

It was a lonely spot—a mournful willow hung its drooping branches over the pure marble slab which bore the name of "Helen." It was a sacred place, so hushed and still, it seemed as if the spirit of the departed one lingered o'er the spot; the modest violets and sweet lilies-of-the-valley mingled their perfumed breaths with the silvery sound of the falling waters from that little stream along whose flower enamelled banks *her* fairy footsteps were wont to glide, at the stilly twilight hour,—the crescent moon, like a pearly bark, moved through the dark blue heavens, casting a mellow, subdued, trembling light over the holy spot which contained the remains of the broken-hearted Helen Cleveland.

Philadelphia, 1845.

METHOD IN HIS MADNESS.

A lunatic in Raleigh, N. C., recently penned the following magnificent—ay! sublime—lines, and sent them to the Register of that place for publication:

"Tell them I AM, Jehovah said
To Moses, while Earth heard in dread,
And, smitten to the heart,
At once, above, beneath, around,
All nature, without voice or sound,
Replied, Oh Lord! THOU ART."

THE EXACTING LOVER,
OR, BACHELOR NOTIONS.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

"*First catch your fish.*"—*Mrs. Glasse.*

"Upon my word, Harry, I don't know whether to consider you a rascal, or only a simpleton," exclaimed a young man to his companion, as, at a late hour in the evening, they descended the steps of a handsome house in Broadway.

"You do me much honor in allowing me the alternative," was the laughing reply; "indeed, if your polite remark had been uttered by any body but my own cousin, it would probably have been met by a knock-down argument."

"You deserve a more severe reprehension, Harry, than I am either able or willing to inflict upon you; it seems to me that you are wantonly trifling with the affections of a young and artless girl, who loves you, and is too guileless to conceal her attachment."

"If such is your opinion, Tom, I shall certainly make no attempt to change it."

"Why do you act a part so inconsistent with your usual mode of thinking."

"My dear fellow, my conduct is perfectly consistent. I have a certain theory about women—a certain system in my manners towards them, and to that system I mean to adhere rigidly, even in despite of my own impulses."

"For Heaven's sake, Harry, do not attempt to weave *your fragile*, fine spun theories into the web *of actual life*; you have been a *dreamer of dreams*, and a projector of schemes all your life, yet what have you gained by them all."

"I have gained, as Byron says, 'a deal of judgment.' I am no longer a passionate boy, looking upon woman as a being of a higher sphere, whose image is to be 'ensky'd, ansainted, worshipped.' I have been in too many love-affairs—have knelt too often before an idol like the image seen in the prophet's vision, whose head was of fine gold, but whose feet were of clay. I look upon woman now as only a gentle and loving minister to man's happiness;—inferior to us in mind and in vigor of character, she is our superior in passion, fortitude and devoted tenderness; the very creature, in short, of whom a slave, not a queen is made. We spoil women by our blind homage, and unfit them for the station they were sent to occupy, while all our efforts to elevate them to the position which our youthful fancy allots them, must be vain and useless."

"This is quite a new idea, is it not, Harry? Less than a twelvemonth ago you were *au desespoir* for the brilliant and witty Azuretta Folatre, and then you maintained *a l'outrance* the superiority, mental, moral and personal, of the feminine creation."

"You are right, Tom, but Azuretta cured me of all such foolish fancies; she had been so spoiled by flattery, that she was fit for nothing but to occupy the throne of that tyrannical old Indian, Begum, we were reading about yesterday. Her whims and caprices led me to reflect upon the causes which could thus transform a being whom nature had made timid and gentle, into such a proud, exacting, haughty, domineering creature; and I became convinced that the evil might be traced to man's mistaken homage. Henceforth, I mean to treat women as we do children; to regard them as beings capable of reason, but utterly unfit to be left to their own guidance, and who, in place of being deified, require to be influenced."

"And pray, how are you to obtain the opportunity of influencing them, except by interesting the affections."

"It is by the affections only that they are to be ruled, Tom."

"Then there must yet be a reason of homage, Harry, for women are not to be won unsought."

"That is true, but neither are they to be wooed by such blind and humble devotion as we usually pay. Byron knew the female heart well, and I am convinced his rule is the true one—'Pique them and soothe by turns.'"

"Aye, Byron knew the heart of woman as it exists in the tainted atmosphere of fashionable life, where the weeds of passion grow the more rankly because nurtured by luxurious self indulgence; but you would not surely, follow Byron's rule in your choice of a wife."

"Indeed I should; what would a man gain by humbling himself before a woman during courtship, when he knew that his future happiness depended upon her slavish submission to him after marriage? I mean to marry a delicate, refined and gentle woman, who will love me earnestly and devotedly—to whom my slightest wish will be law—who shall have no wish but to please me—no enjoyments save such as are directly derived from my will; a woman, in short, who shall be all that a wife was first designed; 'a helpmate—subject to her husband, and patient under his will.'"

"You are as despotic as a Turk, Harry; where do you expect to find this modern Griselda?"

"I have found her already, Tom."

"You do not, certainly, expect to train Isabel ter to such submission?"

ed I do, and what is more, I have no doubt shall succeed. I love her better than I ever did any other woman, but I mean to try her to the utmost, before I place my happiness in her keeping."

"And I suppose this new system of yours will account for your evident flirtation with the new belle this evening, while Isabel stood neglected in a corner."

"You have guessed right: I met Isabel in the street this morning, and I managed to insinuate a wish that she would refrain from dancing at Mrs. Agnon's party, to-night. It was a first experiment in testing my power, but it succeeded perfectly; she is passionately fond of dancing, but she steadily refused all solicitations on the subject."

"And you rewarded her attention to your wishes by almost total neglect."

"That was part of my policy; she doubtless expected to be rewarded for her self-denial by a double portion of my attention; and had I been weak enough to bestow it, her forbearance would have been no sacrifice. As matters now stand, she has learned that I have power to afflict her, and that is a great point gained."

"So you expect to win her by wounding her—this might do in buffalo hunting, but will scarcely succeed in love making."

"Don't you see that I excite a new interest by awakening her apprehensions? She probably felt sure of my preference for her until this evening, and the doubts which my conduct has excited, will make her think of me until we meet again. A woman is easily managed by one who is allowed to engross her thoughts."

"Will you allow me to give my candid opinion of your scheme, Harry."

"Certainly, my dear fellow."

"I think it is a most selfish, cold-hearted, rascally method of trifling with a woman's feelings."

"You are complimentary; but *n'importe*; you are in the toils of a pretty girl, who tyrannizes over you without mercy, Tom, and I cannot hope to bring you to my way of thinking at present."

"Nor in future, I trust, Harry; it seems to me unprincipled."

"You are wrong, Tom; I mean to marry Isabel as soon as she is perfectly broken-in."

"And suppose she proves intractable."

"That will be sufficient proof of want of affection on her part, and of course I shall be the only sufferer."

"Well, you certainly have a cool and comfortable way of discussing affairs of the heart; but I do not envy you the power. When the feelings are seared as yours seem to be, they must have suffered frequent scathing; and I would not go through such an ordeal of fire, even to obtain the prize of insensibility."

With these words the young men parted—one to dream of his beautiful but coquettish lady-love, the other to speculate upon the effect which his unkindness had produced upon a gentle and loving heart.

Harry Walsingham was one of those 'men about town,' who are always to be met in gay society. He began his career by falling in love at twelve years of age, with his cousin of twenty, and from that time, until he had counted his thirtieth summer, he had been continually under the influence of some feverish dream. A bright smile, a soft eye, a sweet voice, a delicate form, a pretty foot, were each in turn sufficient to bewitch him for the time, and the ease with which he became enchanted and disenchanted, seemed to him less the effect of his own fickleness than the result of his over estimation of the power of woman's spells. His handsome person and elegant manners made him always welcome in the circles of fashion, while his lucrative profession and rising reputation gave him interest in the eyes of prudent parents. He had met with so much success in society, that he had learned to think too highly of himself, as well as too humbly of his neighbors, and his opinion of woman had become more degrading and unjust, in proportion as he had received new proofs of their refined susceptibility of feeling.

He had been loved, fondly and truly, by more than one noble-hearted woman, but these things occurred at a period when he could not summon courage enough to resign his brilliant position for the comparatively uninteresting character of the married man, and he had coolly extricated himself from such dilemmas without difficulty. He had no faith in the stability of woman's feelings and could not be made to believe that agreeable flirtations, which were so pleasant while they lasted, and occasioned so little pain to *him* in their termination, were productive of more grief to the belle than to the beau. But he had now become wearied of his aimless and roving life. He wanted some one to minister to his whims, to study his comforts, to wait upon him more faithfully than a hireling, and he therefore decided to marry.

Isabel Forester was no heroine of romance—no creature of improbable perfection. She was a meek, quiet, tender girl, with faculties yet to be developed by circumstances, and warm affections, which, from childhood, had been lavished upon every thing, and every body round her. She was perfectly unsophisticated in feeling, and the idea of saying or doing any thing merely for effect, never entered her mind. Walsingham's experience in the world had made him master of the art of pleasing, and it is not surprising that he should soon have excited an interest in the bosom of an artless girl. She did not begin to speculate upon his motives for distinguishing her by his attentions—no true hearted woman ever thinks of such things, till they are suggested by some officious friend; nor did she once calculate her chances of matrimony—she was influenced too much by the impulses of feeling to be so fully awake to selfish interest.

She liked Walsingham, and was charmed with his adroit adaptation of himself to suit her tastes. She loved poetry, and he was an admirable reciter; she was a fine musician, and he had a decided taste if not a talent, for 'sweet sounds;' she was fond of reading, and his choice of books was excellent; in short, he left no means untried to convince her of the congeniality which existed between their minds. As soon as he was assured of her preference for him, (and a man of the world soon discovers this) he commenced his system of training. He did not at once presume to censure her, for this might have aroused her pride; but he insinuated his wishes, and Isabel, with the devotedness of a true woman, endeavored to mould herself to his will. He at first undertook to correct her taste in books; and to this Isabel submitted with the meek humility of one who was conscious of her mental inferiority. He then scrutinized with a critical eye, her style of dress, and lauded a severe simplicity of attire, until Isabel banished gay colors, ribbons, and jewels, and assumed a garb of almost Quaker neatness. Her rich curls were braided back from her brow, her dresses were all selected from those grave sombre tints always so unbecoming in fresh youth, and an embroidered handkerchief, which she ventured to exhibit, after having heard a tirade against such follies from the lips of the sage Mr. Walsingham, cost her a night of sleeplessness and tears.

So far, Walsingham's scheme succeeded perfectly, but he determined to try still more severe experiments. His conduct on the evening before alluded to, was his first attempt, and what it cost Isabel may be best imagined by those who can remember the first awakening of distrust in the youthful and confiding heart. That Walsingham loved her, she could not doubt, for his looks, his manner, all disclosed his attachment, but the words which bind heart to heart in that contract, which the world holds to be only less irrefragable than the church's bond, had never yet been uttered. They were not affianced lovers, and therefore Isabel, though feeling herself wronged and outraged, knew she had no right to complain.—That night, Isabel's head pressed a sleepless pillow, but with the morning came a feeling of pride, and a sense of shame such as she had never before experienced.

For the first time in her life she had something to conceal, (alas! it is too often the first grief which teaches the first deception) and with a pale cheek, but calm brow, she took her accustomed seat in the drawing-room. At an earlier hour than usual, Walsingham made his appearance. He was prepared for sadness and reproaches, but Isabel's cold, proud demeanor, made him fear he had gone too far. He had no wish to lose his influence over the lady, for Isabel was an heiress, and in his anxiety to regain his power, he uttered those expressions of tenderness and love, which, once spoken, are never to be recalled. They had met with coldness and distrust, but they parted as betrothed lovers, and thus, in despite of his theories and his systems, Walsingham found himself, after all, the toy of natural impulses.

Notwithstanding his pleasure at having secured the lady and her fortune, Walsingham was seriously alarmed when he reflected upon the consequences of his precipitation. He fancied that Isabel would now assert her sovereignty, and he knew that the opinion of society would uphold her in claiming her right to his attentions. The situation of an engaged lover, compelled to dangle for ever at the side of his lady-love, about as useful to her as her reticule, yet as much in demand as if really essential to her hourly existence, had always struck him as supremely ridiculous, and even while secretly rejoicing in his success he determined to guard against any advantage which Isabel might hope from his weakness. His first step, therefore, was to enjoin the strictest secrecy concerning their engagement, and when Isabel cheerfully acceded to a wish, which still seemed to her very unaccountable, he resumed his former habits of dictation and direction.

A woman will bear much from one she loves, so long as no doubt exists of his affection—so long as she is rewarded by a proper appreciation of her tenderness. Isabel felt a sort of meek wonder at Walsingham's exactions; she sometimes caught herself wishing that he was less difficult to please, and less fastidious in his ideas of womanly duties and womanly impulses, but the thought of paying no heed to his suggestions and counsels, never occurred to her as possible. She considered it her duty to begin at once the task of assimilation—to adapt herself immediately to the tastes of him who was to be her future companion through life, but she was scarcely prepared for so much self-denial as she was now called to practice. In the course of a very short time she found herself completely shut out from society, restricted intercourse with former friends, debarred the privilege of walking or talking with whom she pleased, forbidden to mingle in the dance—her modes of thinking and acting marked out for her, and her very impulses restrained or directed by the will of her lover.

Yet Isabel bore with all his caprices, for she truly loved him, and considered his whims rather as proofs of the jealous tenderness of his nature, or at the worst, but as slight infirmities of temper. There was no sacrifice, however great, which she would not willingly have made for him, but it can scarcely be wondered at if the thousand petty exactions which were constantly marring the quiet of her life should in the course of time, weary her, and perhaps suggest a doubt of the high-mindedness of one whose thoughts dwelt so much on trifling details.

Isabel had borne for months with Walsingham's freaks of coldness, his capricious devotion to others, his occasional outbreaks of anger, and his unreasonable control over her actions. But at length, circumstances, too trivial to be recorded, yet taken in connection, forming a chain of continued evidence not to be disputed, led her to suspect that his apparent caprice was the result of a systematic plan. At first the thought was too painful to be indulged for a moment, but distrust once admitted, was not to be repelled, and in sadness of spirit Isabel was compelled to admit the belief of her lover's selfishness. A conversation which she accidentally overheard, between Walsingham and his cousin, removed all doubts on the subject. She heard Walsingham congratulate himself on his success in training her; she heard herself spoken of as the tame, subdued, devoted creature who had nearly attained the requisite point of perfection, and from that moment resentment took the place of her relying love. She felt herself outraged and insulted; her affections had been used as fetters to bind her to a victor's car of triumph; she had been made the sport of man's selfishness; her heart had been as a sweet instrument in the hands of a cunning player, and every stop had been sounded, not in response to the voice of love, but in obedience to the will of a cold experimentalist. Isabel was a proud as well as true-hearted woman. She would not reproach Walsingham—she would not even ask an explanation, for with that quickness of feeling which is a woman's gravest error, as well as her sweetest charm, she concluded that he had never loved her. Once convinced of his object in guarding her with such jealous care,—once assured that it was less the tender reserve of affection than the selfish wish to rule, and Isabel became again her own mistress. The submission which love would exact through a long life of cheerful self-denial, was refused to cold, calculating tyranny.

Without one word of explanation or deprecation, Isabel returned to society, and resumed her former habits. Her voice was again heard in the cheerful song, her step was once more lightest in the dance, her beauty once more dazzled and delighted a circle of admiring worshippers. To Walsingham's fierce and angry remonstrances, she turned a deaf ear,—to his earnest professions she replied with a smile of incredulity—to his real anxiety of mind she gave not the slightest credence. Whatever regrets she felt, were hidden beneath a calm demeanor or dissipated in the gay scenes of busy life, and Isabel proved, in progress of time as every proud woman must do when convinced that her heart has been given to one unworthy of its treasures, that she grieved less for the *lover* than for the *love*, which had passed away from her as the dew from the early rose. The youth of her heart was gone—she had learned her first lesson in disappointment, and for her the romance of her life was past forever.

Walsingham knew not how much he really loved Isabel until she was lost to him. In vain he endeavored to regain his influence over her—in vain he sought to convince her how entirely his happiness depended on her.

"You deceive yourself, Mr. Walsingham," was her cold reply; "I am not the person calculated to make you happy. Some Circassian beauty, who would feel honored in being permitted to be your slave would better suit one who uses affection as a tool to ensnare the free will. Had you given me one honest feeling,—had you yielded to one impulse while I was pouring out the fullness of my heart at your feet—had you been any other than the cold, calculating man of the world, which your conduct has since shown you, I might have forgiven you; but now, I would rather wed with the meanest clod that ever wore human form, than give my hand to one who could offer the spurious coin of false affection in exchange for woman's true and loving heart."

Walsingham thought long on Isabel's last words, and he remembered them with deeper bitterness when he afterwards beheld her the honored and apparently happy wife of one who had long loved her with a more unselfish and confiding tenderness. Years have passed since then but he has never yet found the creature worthy or willing to become his wife. He is now falling into the sear and yellow leaf, the weight of half a century lies heavy upon him, and all the skill of the perruquier, the dentist, sent his servant, John Knox, to the market-town, to put this letter in the post. On John Knox's arrival in town, he was hailed by the landlord of "The Crown and Anchor," who told him that there was a gentleman just arrived at his Inn, who had been making many inquiries after his master. Being informed that the gentleman was in the parlour, Knox went in to see him. On entering the room, he distinguished an elderly man, with a sharp, yellow cast of countenance, and a thin, spare body, dressed in a half mourning dark gray costume.

"I understand that you have been inquiring after my master, sir," said John Knox: "I am the servant of Mr. Aston."

"Oh! you are, are you!" said the old man, his eyes sparkling with joy. "Then I'll not detain you long," he continued, taking up his hat and cloak; "I want you to shew me the way to his house."

"Very good, sir."

"And where is the house? Within twenty miles?"

"Oh, dear, yes, sir; scarcely half a mile distant."

"Then we can walk thither."

"Easily, sir."

"And you will shew me the way!"

"Willingly, sir."

They started and walked on till they reached a glen with a parcel of green trees and a large black house in the centre.

"Can this be the house?" inquired the elderly gentleman.

"That is it, sir."

"What, in this lonely place! Among dwarf-eaters, in a stubble-field! Gadzooks! I love fatter pastures. The place has not charms enough for a priest."

"But for a poet, many, sir," replied John Knox, rolling his eyes about in his head like a duck in a thunder-storm, and like a man generally does when he thinks he has said a clever thing, and looks about at every person in the company for admiration. "And my missus is poetically given, sir," he rejoined.

They passed under a peach-tree and knocked at the door. A bay-myrtle on the window-sill gave odours richer, and a perfume sweeter, than any conservatory.

"This place is filled with objects enchanting both to the eye and smell," observed the elderly gentleman.

"The garden door is open, sir," cried out John Knox. "There are my master and missus sitting together on a bench in the arbour."

The elderly gentleman seemed struck by the spectacle, and stood still, for a few seconds, gazing hard at Walter Aston and his wife, and their lovely young daughter, who was leaning over the lap of her mother. Edith seemed vying with her daughter for preference in charms and allurements, like a blooming rose contending for beauty and fragrance with a delicate little jasmine.

"Go on, sir," said John Knox, looking hard at the musing old gentleman. "My master will be very glad to see you."

And so his master really was very glad to see the old gentleman, for, immediately as he perceived him, Walter flew towards him. They both threw themselves into each other's arms, embraced, and even shed tears. John Knox was stupified.

"Lord! Lord!" exclaimed the old gentleman, "who would have thought of this!"

"My father! my father!" exclaimed Aston, "how rejoiced I am to see you so unexpectedly! How surprised! And how long have you been in England, my father?"

It was then his father! Oh! how happy he was! He introduced him to his wife. They all three shed tears of joy. And they continued walking up and down the gravelled garden for hours and hours together, till the *evening* stars came out. The elder Aston had failed in all his speculations in New South Wales. But he was happy; his son was established in life, in comfort—in luxury, and in peace and joy."

"But, my son," said he, "I do not like this house of yours. Why not dispose of it, and purchase one like a fine country seat I saw, as I was travelling over the country hither from London? It was for sale. I stopped to see it."

"And what was the name of it?" inquired Walter Aston.

"Esdaile Court."

"Esdaile Court!" he exclaimed, with surprise. "What, then, has become of Mr. Richard Esdaile, the proprietor?"

"No one could tell me what had become of him. But I heard that he was so distressed in mind on account of his only daughter's unfortunate marriage, that he neglected his affairs till he became ruined. His house and lands are mortgaged beyond their value—now set up for sale, and he is reduced to beggary."

A loud scream here fell upon the ears of the father and the son. It had proceeded from the lips of Edith. She then fell into a hysterical fit, and afterwards fainted. The elder Mr. Aston knew not that she was the daughter of Mr. Richard Esdaile; he had only heard her spoken of as the daughter of a respectable country gentleman. His son now explained all to him, and added:

"I will do as you advise me. I will purchase Esdaile Court. It will be well worth whatever sum I give for it; for," he continued, with a smile on his lip, and a tear in his eye, "for the sake of a frolic, I will buy it for the purpose of restoring it to its rightful owner—the father of my wife."

He found no difficulty in purchasing the property of Mr. Richard Esdaile. He bought his house and grounds, and all his elegant household furniture, and all his elegant gallery of paintings—Del Piombo, Da Vinci, Perugino, Claude Lorraine, the Caracci—and his beautiful carriage, and his splendid horses, and his extensive vinery, and his capacious wine-cellar. All were sold off under prime cost by Snob, Nob and Buggins. The property bought, the next difficulty was to find out the original proprietor, when this expedient was hit upon—to put an advertisement into the *Times*, at the top of the second column, thus:

"Richard E——, late of E—— Court. If this should meet your eye, pray communicate immediately with your distressed daughter at E—— Court. All that you have lost will be restored to you."

We do not know whether similar advertisements are always successful—but this was eminently so; for, at the close of the second day after its appearance in the newspaper, the gate which led into the garden at the back of the arbour, at Esdaile Court, was seen to open, and up the parterre which led to the house, came walking Mr. Richard Esdaile. As he was stepping upon the threshold, the first object of which he caught a glimpse was a pink silk dress. It was his daughter's. The next moment her fine figure was being clasped by his arms. A young man of noble appearance, and dressed in the garb of a gentleman, then made his appearance.

"I think you know my husband," said Edith to her father, and blushing slightly as she spoke.

Mr. Richard Esdaile inclined his head courteously to Walter Aston, who returned the obeisance.

"Let us retire into the drawing-room," said Walter.

They all three did so, and as Mr. Esdaile entered the apartment, he was much excited and considerably confused.

"Allow me to offer you a chair, sir," said Walter Aston.

The old gentleman sat down.

"I will recur to the past," said Walter Aston, after a pause, unpleasant as it may be, to make only one observation."

"Go on, sir," said Mr. Esdaile, in a faint tone of voice.

"If you forgive me for having married your daughter," then said Walter Aston, "I will restore to you this house, which I have recently purchased. I can easily afford to do so; for I have property elsewhere!"

Edith's father rose from his chair. He took Walter Aston's hand in his own and kissed it. He did not say a word, but he wept. At length he broke a painful silence by observing—

"Unkind as my conduct has been to you and to my daughter, have you the generosity of soul not only to forgive me, but to make me your heir during your lifetime?"

"He has generosity of soul enough to do anything, my father," said Edith. "I have been happy with him—very happy."

"I believe you, my daughter; and so am I now. Ruin has moved me scarcely less than it has changed me. I think otherwise to what I once thought—but you have always thought rightly, my daughter. Regardless of wealth and station, you have sought in the affections of the heart the parent of pleasures—those emotions which sway the soul. You have been blessed with happiness. I looked for enjoyment in the loftiest regions of society. To them alone I confined my view. I have been cursed with misery. Come to my arms, my children, and let me clasp you both to my heart at one and the same time."

It was all right—and they were all happy—and remained so for the remainder of their lives; or, if they did not, History, at least, does not say anything to the contrary.

THOSE EYES OF BLUE.

BY JOSEPH H. BUSHER

Those eyes of blue, those eyes of blue,
Dear Mary, dost thou ken the day,
When first their gentle power I knew?
'Twas in the merry month of May,
Where the sweet wild flowers grew,
That I, a willing captive bowed,
Submissive to those eyes of blue.

Those eyes of blue, those eyes of blue,
Where love and beauty ever dwell,
The diamond's light, the rainbow's hue,
Those orbs of beauty far excel;
Yet soft as fair Italia's skies,
The light that beams in Mary's eyes.

Those eyes of blue, those eyes of blue
How sweetly now, dear love, they shine!
The brightest jewels of Peru
Are dull beside those eyes of thine:
And they are dearer far to see,
For oh, they beam with love on me.

Those eyes of blue, those eyes of blue—
Oh! ever blessed be the hour,
When thou, my Mary, fondly true,
And blooming as a summer flower,
Confessed the love thy bosom knew,
And won me with those eyes of blue.

THE LAST TEAR I SHED.

BY ROBERT JOSSELYN.

The last tear I shed was the warm one that fell,
As I kissed thee, dear mother, and bade thee farewell:
When I saw the deep anguish impressed on thy face,
And felt, for the last time, a mother's embrace;
And heard thy choked accents, impassioned and wild,
"God bless thee, for *ever!* God bless thee my child!"

I thought of my boyhood—thy kindness to me,
When youngest and dearest, I sat on thy knee;
Of thy love to me ever so fondly expressed,
As I grew up to manhood, unconscious how blest;
Of thy praises when right, and thy chidings when wrong,
While wayward with passions unyielding and strong.

I thought of thy counsels, unheeded or spurned,
As mirth had enlivened or anger had burned;
And how, when by sickness all helpless I lay,
Thou didst nurse me and sooth me by night and by day;
How much I had been both thy sorrow and joy,
And my feelings o'erflowed, and I wept like a boy.

Years, years of endurance have vanished, and now
There is pain in my heart, there is care on my brow;
The visions of hope and of fancy are gone,
And cheerless I travel life's pathway alone;
Alone! aye, alone,—though some kind ones there be,
There are none here to love me—to love me like thee.

My mother, dear mother, cold-hearted they deem
Thy offspring, but O, I am not what I seem;
Though calmly and tearless all changes I bear,
Could they look in my bosom, *the feeling is there!*
And now, sad and lonely, as memory recalls
Thy blessing at parting, again the tear falls.

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.

I remember, I remember,
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn:
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day,
But now, I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away!

I remember, I remember,
The roses—red and white,
The violets and the lily-cups,
Those flowers made of light!
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birth-day—
The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember,
Where I was used to swing;
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing:
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow!

I remember, I remember,
The fir-trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky:
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from Heaven
Than when I was a boy.

VIOLA.

BY MRS. AMELIA B. WELBY.

She hath passed like a bird from the minstrel throng,
She has gone to the land where the lovely belong!
Her place is hushed by her lover's side,
Yet his heart is full of his fair young bride;
The hopes of his spirit are crushed and bowed,
As he thinks of his love in her long white shroud;
For the fragrant sighs of her perfumed breath,
Were kiss'd from her lips by his rival—Death.

Cold is her bosom, her thin white arms
All mutely crossed o'er its icy charms;
As she lies like a statue of Grecian art,
With a marbled brow and a cold hushed heart.
Her locks were bright, but their gloss is hid,
Her eye is sunk 'neath its waxen lid;
And thus she lies in her narrow hall—
Our fair young minstrel—the loved of all.

Light as a bird's were her springing feet,
Her heart as joyous—her song as sweet;
Yet never again shall the heart be stirr'd
With its glad wild songs like a singing bird.
Never again shall the strains be sung
That in sweetness dropped from her silver tongue;
The music is over, and Death's cold dart
Hath broke the spell of that free glad heart.

Often at eve when the breeze is still,
And the moon floats up by the distant hill,
As I wander alone 'mid the summer bowers,
And wreath my locks with the sweet wild flowers,
I will think of the time when she lingered there
With her mild blue eyes and her long, fair hair;
I will treasure her name in my bosom-core—
But my heart is sad—I can sing no more.

HELEN SPENCER;

OR,

THE WIFE'S STRATAGEM.

BY "A LADY OF MARYLAND."

It was near the close of an autumnal day that a gentleman alighted from a travelling carriage, at the door of a large, gloomy-looking mansion, in one of the western counties of Maryland.

"Is your master better?" he inquired of the servant, whom the sound of his carriage wheels had attracted, and who now stood respectfully holding the door open for his entrance.

"Ah no, sir," the man answered, shaking his head sorrowfully, "he is going very fast. The Doctor thinks he can't live more than a few days. You are Mr. Spencer, sir?"

The stranger nodded, and the negro went on.

"I'm so glad you're come, sir, for master asks for you constantly; and it was only this morning that he said he could not die in peace without seeing you. Come, sir, shall I show you up to his room?"

"You had better let him know that I am here."

"I will, sir; and if you will walk into the parlour, I will send you something to eat."

"Do so," said Spencer, and entering the room indicated, he partook of the food which was presently brought him, and of which he was greatly in need, having travelled all day without either rest or refreshment.

In a few minutes the servant he had before seen returned, and conducted him to the chamber of the invalid. It was a large and gloomy apartment, and the single lamp which burned dimly in a remote corner scarcely enabled Spencer to discern the features of the sick man, shaded as they were by the heavy drapery of the bed on which he lay. The other occupants of the chamber consisted of a nurse, one or two colored domestics, and a female, whom Spencer supposed to be the daughter of his friend, as she was kneeling by the bedside, though in a position which entirely concealed her features. As his visitor advanced, the sick man extended his hand, and the heart of the youth thrilled as the feeble accents of that well-remembered voice fell on his ear, bidding him welcome, and speaking his name in tones of tenderness which sounded strangely from the lips of one so cold and stern as he had always seemed.—A whispered word to his daughter, and she rose from her knees, and making a signal to the attendants, they all withdrew, leaving the young stranger alone with the invalid. Then feebly pressing the hand he still held, the sufferer said—

"Sit near me, Edward. Thank Heaven, you are come; now I can die in peace. I have sent them all away, for I would speak with you alone, and I must be brief, for my hours are numbered." He paused a moment, and then resumed. "My death will deprive my daughter of her only efficient friend. Will you be her protector? There is in the world no one but yourself to whom I can confide her."

Edward bowed his head. "I will be to her all that the firmest friend, the most devoted brother, could be."

But the old man interrupted him, saying, in an impatient tone—

"You do not understand me. Years ago, your father and myself planned the union of our children. Are you willing, now, to ratify the engagement he formed for you? Will you make Helen your wife, and render my last hours happy?"

He had hitherto spoken rapidly, though with evident effort, and he now sunk back completely exhausted, with his glazed eyes still fixed upon the youth, in eager expectation of his answer. The situation of the young man was extremely embarrassing. It was painful to refuse the request of a dying man; of one, too, who had saved his father from ruin and disgrace, and had been the friend and patron of his own boyhood. On the other hand, it was repugnant to every feeling of a mind so refined and delicate as his to receive as his wife one who was thus forced, as it were, upon his acceptance, whom he had never seen since the days of childhood, and of whom he retained no recollection corresponding at all with the exquisite ideal which his fervent imagination delighted to portray as the companion of his future life. As these conflicting thoughts passed through his mind, they almost deprived him of the power of replying; and the invalid, perceiving that he hesitated, exclaimed, with a vehemence which threatened to loose the feeble hold he still held on existence—

"Speak, boy! This is no time for trifling. Will you comply with your father's wishes, or will you give me another proof that neither truth nor gratitude is to be found among men?"

"But your daughter?" said Edward, a faint hope rising in his heart that the young lady would object to this hurried marriage. "Can she consent to unite herself to one of whom she can retain no memory?"

"She can—she has consented. She has long been aware of my wishes on this subject, and is prepared to obey them. The arrangements for your immediate marriage are all made. Have they your concurrence?"

Edward replied only by a gesture of assent. He could not speak; but the old man seemed well satisfied, for he pressed his hand, and in a feeble but earnest voice called him his son, and bade God bless him. Then requesting him to ring for his attendants, he dismissed him for the night.

Notwithstanding the agitating scene through which he had lately passed, Edward Spencer slept soundly, and it was with some difficulty that he was roused about day-break the next morning, with the intelligence that Mr. Stanley was dying, and desired to see him immediately. Hastily dressing himself, he proceeded to the apartment of the invalid, whose appearance had changed fearfully since the preceding night. His daughter knelt by the bed, her face buried in the covering, endeavoring to stifle the convulsive sobs which seemed to agitate her whole frame. On the other side stood a clergyman in his robes, and near him a medical man sat watching with grave and anxious looks the labored breathings of his patient. Edward bent over the bed and bowed his head in reply to the scarcely articulated words which reached his ear. The physician assisted Helen to rise, and her father placing her hand in that of the young man, signed to the minister, who advanced and read in low and solemn tones the marriage ceremony. It was soon concluded, and the wedded pair knelt to receive the blessing of their dying parent. It seemed as though the spirit of the father lingered only to see its last wishes fulfilled, for after the few words of benediction which he pronounced as his feeble hands rested on the heads of his children, Mr. Stanley spoke no more, and ere the morning sun had penetrated the gloomy chamber, his soul had left its earthly tenement.

A few days after these events, Edward Spencer addressed the following letter to his friend, Francis Clifton, Esq.

"*My dear Clifton*:—I have been married now almost a week. I see your stare of surprise and incredulity. Nevertheless, what I tell you is true,—But do not, I pray you, congratulate, or as the phrase is, wish me joy on the occasion, for joy and I were never such utter strangers to each other as now. From my very soul I loathe the chains which bind me, and envy the poorest peasant who is compelled to earn his daily bread by the sweat of his brow, but who is unfettered and free to follow the dictates of his feelings. But that you may understand my position, I must make you acquainted with a part of my family history to which, as yet, you are a stranger. You know that my father was a lawyer, and that he enjoyed a lucrative practice and considerable eminence in his profession. Unfortunately, he was addicted to gaming, and having indulged this propensity for several years, he was not only stripped of his own fortune, but was induced by the hope of retrieving his losses, to stake considerable sums of money belonging to his clients. Ill fortune still pursued him, and these too were lost, and my unhappy parent, unable to face the ruin and disgrace which seemed inevitable, yielded to despair, and was actually meditating the means of self-destruction, when Mr. Stanley, one of the persons whose trust he had betrayed, and who had by some means become aware of the transaction, interposed to save him.—He was wealthy, and he not only forgave the injury he had himself sustained, but advanced money to replace the large sums which had been abstracted from others, who might have proved less lenient than himself. In return, he required only from my father to refrain in future from the fatal vice by which he had been so nearly ruined—a promise which was readily given and strictly adhered to. I was, at this time, about fourteen, and in his frequent visits to our house Mr. Stanley had formed an attachment for me, such as men, who have no boys themselves, sometimes conceive for the sons of their friends.

"He was himself a widower, with one child, a girl, at that time about eight years old. Her mother, the daughter of a family of some distinction in Philadelphia, had incurred the displeasure of her friends by forming what they considered a degrading alliance, for Mr. Stanley was of very humble origin. He was a self-made man, and was, as such men usually are, of a lofty, independent character, rather eccentric habits and somewhat unpolished manners, though full of generous and kindly feelings. He loved and cherished his young wife with the most devoted tenderness, but the displeasure of her parents weighed heavily on her spirits, and she died in little more than a year after her marriage, leaving an infant only a few months old. Her death was deeply mourned by her husband, and attributing it solely to the conduct of her relatives, he rejected all their overtures of reconciliation, refused to permit them to see his child, and, soon after his bereavement, removed to Maryland. Here his acquaintance with my family commenced, and after the signal service he rendered my father, an intimacy was formed between them which had a most beneficial effect on the character of my parent, and was only interrupted by his death, which occurred while he was still in the prime of life, and soon after his marriage with a young and very lovely widow.

"Mr. Stanley had been named by my father as his executor, and my sole guardian. He immediately assumed the management of our affairs, and, by his exertions, a comfortable independence was secured to the widow and her infant daughter. I was devotedly attached to my beautiful step-mother, and I well remember the bitter grief with which I parted from her and my young sister, and accompanied Mr. Stanley to the school he had selected for me. As Mrs. Spencer removed soon after to her former residence near Philadelphia, my vacations were all passed in the family of my guardian, and to me they appeared inconceivably dull and tedious. I had no companions, for the only young person in the house, beside myself, was Helen Stanley, and she was a mere child, and in my view a very unattractive one. She was shy and silent, and I made no attempt to overcome her reserve, but used to sit and contrast in my own mind her great black eyes and sallow cheeks, and her demure and sullen manner with the sparkling orbs, glowing complexion and untiring playfulness of my little sister, and conclude that the latter, though but an infant, was far the more desirable companion. I was heartily rejoiced when my school days were over, and I was entered at one of our northern colleges. Thenceforth all the time I could spare from my studies were spent in the society of my step-mother, and from the constant contemplation of her delicate beauty, her graceful and polished manners, and the varied accomplishments of her mind, my ideas in regard to women became in the highest degree refined and fastidious. How often has my glowing imagination delighted to picture the being who was to be the partner of my future life! A being all grace, and beauty, and delicacy, and tenderness; yet endued with a mind of masculine strength and energy. Heigh ho! from henceforth I forswear all day dreams, for, young as I am, I have lived to see their vanity.

"But to my story. I had an ardent desire to make the tour of Europe, and when my collegiate course was completed, I wrote to my guardian, acquainting him with my wishes. I was anxiously awaiting his reply, when I received a letter informing me that he was at the point of death, and desired to see me on business of the utmost importance. Of course I set off immediately, and rested neither night nor day till I reached his residence.

"I found Mr. Stanley extremely ill, but judge of my horror and consternation, when he told me that years ago he and my father had planned the union of Helen and myself, and that he could not die in peace till he saw the ceremony performed, which would secure a protector to his daughter. I did not at first comprehend him, and I assured him that I would be a brother to Miss Stanley. But he interrupted me impatiently, and demanded to know whether or not I would redeem my father's plighted word. I know not what I answered, but something which he construed into an assent, for as he bade me good night, he blessed me and called me his son.

"In future I shall believe all the stories they tell of men who sleep soundly on the eve of execution, for with a forced marriage (a fate scarcely less dreadful than a felon's death) impending over me, I was so overcome by the fatigue of my journey, that as soon as I retired I fell into a deep sleep, from which I was roused about day-break, with the information that Mr. Stanley was dying. I hastened to his apartment, where I found Miss Stanley and a clergyman, waiting to perform the marriage ceremony. I had no alternative but to submit, for I could not remonstrate with a man in the agonies of death, and a few minutes before Mr. Stanley breathed his last, I became the husband of his daughter.

"You are aware now, my dear Frank, of the causes by which I have been placed in my present most painful position, but my feelings I cannot describe. I cannot paint the dreadful heart sickness which seizes me when I look forward to long years passed in a dull and cheerless home, unsoothed by sympathy, unblessed with affection;—I, who never had a dream of happiness unconnected with the dear ties of domestic life. Of a truth the sins of parents are visited upon their children. Had my father never yielded to the seductions of vice, he had not incurred obligations, to discharge which his son has been compelled to sacrifice all that gives value to existence. But it is idle to complain—the past cannot be recalled.

"Of Helen I can tell you nothing. I had not seen her since she was twelve years old, till we met at her father's bed-side in the dim twilight of early morning. Since then our intercourse has been limited to a few brief interviews, but so far as I can judge, she still retains the same ungracious manner, with the dull black eyes and sallow complexion, which used to disgust me so in the days of my boyhood.—She is very young, scarcely more than fifteen, and time may improve her appearance; but I can never love her, for independently of her want of personal grace and beauty, she must lack delicacy, refinement and correct principle, or she could not, even to please her father, consent to wed a man of whom she knew nothing, and who had never even pretended to regard her with affection. I am, I believe, incapable of treating any female with harshness. Helen may therefore expect in me a kind protector, and a faithful steward of her immense wealth. This is all I can promise her. But I have written till my head aches, and I must try if the fresh air will relieve it. Would that the wounds of the heart were as easily medicined. Adieu, I shall be compelled to go to —— to-morrow on business, and shall be detained some days. On my return, I hope to find a letter from you. Direct to "The Elms," —— county.

"Yours, &c. Edward Spencer."

As he concluded this long epistle, Spencer folded it *carelessly*, and without either sealing or directing it, threw it among some other papers on the table, and left the apartment. An hour after, as he passed the windows, he thought he heard a sound as of some one weeping violently. In great alarm he re-entered the house, and proceeded directly to the library. It was vacant as he had left it, and concluding that he had been mistaken, he sealed and directed his letter, and having despatched it by a servant to the nearest post office, he retired to his chamber to prepare for his intended journey.

The business on which Edward Spencer had been obliged to visit —— was not arranged so speedily as he expected, and it was nearly two weeks before the affair was put in such a train as would permit him to return to "The Elms." On his arrival he was surprised to learn that Helen was absent. She had been gone, the housekeeper said, more than a week, having received a letter on important business, which she was obliged to answer in person.

"And where has she gone?" asked Edward, in utter amazement, at this singular proceeding.

"She did not tell me, sir. But she left a letter for you, which she said would explain every thing to your satisfaction."

"Then pray get it for me immediately."

"I will, sir," and bustling out of the room, the good woman presently returned with a letter which Spencer hastily tore open, and read as follows:

"The bonds which have been imposed upon us are irksome and painful to us both. You will not therefore blame me for having adopted the only method I could devise to render them less galling to your feelings as well as to my own. I know that there is another mode by which our enforced marriage can be more effectually annulled, and should you see proper to resort to that, I shall not oppose you. If, however, you do not think fit to employ legal measures to free you from the tie which binds you, (and I confess I shrink from the public exposure which such a procedure must involve,) you need be under no apprehension that you will ever be troubled by one, who, though she has been forced by circumstances into a position which degrades her in her own eyes, has yet sufficient delicacy and self respect to prevent her intruding her society on him who cannot regard her with other feelings than those of dislike and contempt. I beg that you will feel no uneasiness on my account. I am not without friends, and till I reach them I shall be safe under the protection of an humble but respectable friend. I am amply provided with means, and have made arrangements by which the income of my mother's fortune (settled on me some years before my father's death,) will be transmitted to me. Of the remainder of the estate I wish you to dispose as you think best. I have no use for it, nor ever shall have, and it will gratify me if you will consider it absolutely your own. I do not suppose you will make any effort to trace me; but if you should, it will be in vain. Of one thing be assured: I will never assume the title of your wife or intrude myself on your presence except it be at your own desire, and from a conviction that the feelings with which you now regard me are exchanged for those of kindness and affection; and as that may never be, I bid you farewell forever.

Helen."

It would be difficult to describe the feelings of the young husband as he read this singular letter. At first he experienced a sensation of relief, but this was momentary, and was quickly succeeded by other feelings of a more painful nature. It was evident that he had mistaken the character of his wife.

"She is not after all," he mentally ejaculated, "the mere child I supposed her to be. She is not destitute of feeling and delicacy. Had she remained, I might perhaps have learned to love her."

His conscience smote him as he thought of the manner in which he had spoken of her in his letter to Clifton, and as he recalled the sounds of distress, which he fancied he had heard issue from the room where he had left that letter exposed and open, it occurred to him that she had perhaps read it, and that the perusal of it had driven her forth a wanderer from her father's house. But this idea was too painful to be endured for an instant, and hastily dismissing it, he turned his thoughts to the consideration of what his own conduct should be under the trying circumstances in which he found himself placed.—The next day he sought the lawyer who had formerly transacted business for Mr. Stanley, and having empowered him to act as his agent in the management of the estate, he departed from the place which had been so fatal to his happiness. Leaving the servants to suppose he had gone to rejoin their young lady, he proceeded at once to the residence of his step-mother, hoping to receive from her consolation and sympathy, if not advice and assistance.

"Really, my dear Edward," said Mrs. Spencer at the close of a long conversation with her step-son, "I know not how to advise you. I see all the difficulties of your position, and I can discern only one mode by which you can be extricated from them, and that is one which your regard for the memory of Mr. Stanley and delicacy towards his daughter will, I know, render you averse to adopt."

"It is *one*, mother, which I have no right to resort to. I deeply feel that much of my misery I owe to my *own* weakness. In a matter of this kind I ought not to have yielded to the *entreaties* even of a dying man. Had I continued firm in my refusal to consent to this absurd marriage, Helen and I might both have been happy: but as I weakly consented to form the tie, I cannot now take any measures to be released from it. *Should Helen* wish for a divorce, I will most gladly aid her efforts to obtain *one*: but any proposition of the kind must come from her."

"Then why not resume your former intention of visiting Europe? It will at least serve to divert your mind, and during your absence something may occur to relieve your perplexities. If Helen has friends, as she says, they will doubtless advise her to free herself from an union which promises nothing but misery. Any steps which may be taken to effect this object must of necessity be made public, and I will take care to keep you advised on the subject."

Ten days from the time this conversation took place, Edward Spencer sailed for England.

Four years had rolled by. Four years! how much of joy and grief, of hope and despair, of agony too intense for endurance, of bliss too exquisite for expression, may be comprised in the life of one individual in the brief space of four years! And even when the changeful tide of human affairs brings with it no crushing griefs, no withering disappointments, time leaves its footprints in our hearts. Four years had passed, and Edward Spencer returned to his native land an altered man. The bright visions of his boyhood, the glowing hopes of his youth, had faded forever. But in their stead he had acquired a capability of endurance, a firmness of character which enabled him to meet the stern realities of life, and to perform without shrinking the duties they enjoined. He was no longer the imaginative, dreamy boy, but the reflecting, resolute man.

His first visit of course was to his mother, and his first inquiry was of Helen. Mrs. Spencer could tell him nothing of her. His situation was then unchanged, but the passionate despair with which he once regarded it, had yielded to the influence of reason.

"I have determined," he said, in answer to Mrs. Spencer's inquiries, "on the course proper for me to pursue. I will if possible find Helen. Perhaps her views, like mine, have changed, and she will be content to seek for happiness in the discharge of duty, and in the friendship and esteem which I shall cultivate for her. If not, I will urge her to join me in an immediate application for a divorce. And now, my dear mother, let us dismiss this painful subject. Where is Emily? I suppose she is so much grown that I shall hardly recognise her."

"She is in the music room. I will send for her."

"No, do not. I will find her myself."

Mrs. Spencer seemed about to speak, but without observing it, Edward left the apartment in search of his sister. As he approached the music room, he heard the tones of a harp, accompanied by a voice so exquisite, that he involuntarily paused to listen. Again and again the melodious strains thrilled upon his ear, and it was not till the song was finished, and its last echo died away, that he moved from his position. As he entered the room, the first object which met his view was the fair musician. She was leaning upon her harp, and one beautiful hand still lingered amid its strings. A single glance at the graceful figure before him, with its bent head wreathed with bands of glossy, dark hair, convinced Edward it was not his sister; and in some confusion he checked the fond words which were issuing from his lips. The lady raised her eyes, and though a deep blush suffused her countenance, she received with perfect ease the embarrassed apology of our hero.

"Miss Spencer," she said, "has just left the room. I will let her know you are here," and with a slight but graceful curtsey, she withdrew.

"How long has Miss Ashton been your governess, Emily?" said Spencer, as a few weeks after his arrival he sat with his young sister on a sofa in the music room.

"Almost a year. She was very young when she first came to us. Isn't she beautiful? And so good, and gentle, and affectionate! I don't think we shall ever part with her, for mamma is as fond of her almost as she is of me, and if I did'nt love her so very dearly, I should be quite jealous of her."

"Where did your mother meet with her?"

"Somewhere in Philadelphia. She is, I believe, an orphan, and of good family. When she first came here, she was very melancholy, but now she seems quite happy. Here she comes, by the bye, and I must leave her to entertain you, while I practise this long and difficult lesson;" and as Miss Ashton entered the room, Emily seated herself at the piano, and her noisy practising soon drove her companions forth to wander amid the lovely scenes which surrounded them in the glorious light of an autumnal sunset. Ah, those lonely rambles! How sweet they are, and yet how full of peril to young hearts! But Edward Spencer had outlived his youthful feelings. So at least he deemed, and therefore without a thought of danger he lingered by the side of that fair girl, and listened day by day to the tones of her sweet voice, and met the eloquent glance of the soft dark eyes, which at his approach beamed with a brighter lustre, till he forgot his purpose of seeking his lost bride, and though he did not cease to remember the tie which bound him, what was there in that to prevent the indulgence of a friendship which rendered him so happy, and which was so far removed from every warmer sentiment?

It was midnight—and Edward Spencer sat alone in his apartment. His face was bowed upon his hands, and his features bore traces of the fierce conflict of feelings which struggled in his breast. Tenderness, and remorse, and despair were there, for the veil had fallen from his eyes, and he knew that it was not friendship he felt for Rose Ashton; but love; the deep, concentrated love of manhood. Alas! he had confided too much in his own strength, and even when convinced of the nature of his feelings, though daily purposing to fly, he still lingered, till now not only his own peace, but the happiness of that innocent girl, must be the sacrifice of his weakness. She loved him. That very day she had betrayed her attachment, and he, yielding to the wild impulse of his heart, had whispered in her pure ear words of passionate tenderness, which he would give worlds to recall. And now, even at this moment, there lay on the table before him, (he knew not how it came there,) a letter from his long forgotten wife, praying to be received to his heart, and that he would fulfil the vow he made at her father's death-bed, to love and cherish her as his wife. Alas, how vain was such a prayer! But he would at least meet her as she desired—he would tell her all—and then, if she required it, he would immolate every hope of happiness upon the altar of duty. These reflections occupied him the whole of that miserable night, and the next day, shrinking from an encounter with the innocent victim of his folly, he remained in his chamber till the hour appointed for his interview with Helen. It was twilight as he bent his steps toward the little summer house which she had named in her note as the place of meeting. It was strange that she should have selected such a spot; but without pausing to reflect on this, Spencer entered the little building. Helen was already there—her figure enveloped in a cloak, the hood of which was drawn over her face. She did not rise as he entered, but extending her hand, motioned him to a seat near her. A momentary silence ensued—but the interview was too painful to be protracted, and Edward forced himself to speak. He told her all—his repugnance to their union—his feelings when she left him—the determination he had made to seek her—and the love for another which had rendered him forgetful of that purpose. Helen was violently agitated while he was speaking, and her voice was broken by sobs, as she answered:

"I thought that you had learned to love me. Did you not tell me so?"

There was something strangely familiar in that voice, faint and low as its accents were, and Spencer started forward. Concealment was no longer possible. Helen threw off her cloak—the light fell upon her features—and as her husband clasped to his heart the object of his passionate love, she whispered in his ear:

"Did I not tell you that I would not claim to be your wife, till you had learned to love me? Have I kept my promise?"

"Is it possible! Rose! Helen! My own sweet wife!"

And bewildered with the transition from despair to perfect happiness, Spencer could only reply by kissing off the tears which fell like summer rain over the beautiful face that rested on his bosom.

"And now tell me how you have so long contrived to cheat me out of my happiness."

"Must I begin at the very beginning, and tell you all?"

"Yes, all—every thing."

"Well then—I have loved you all my life, even when in our childish days you looked with such disgust upon my sallow face and black eyes, and the sullen manner of which you complained was but the bashful shyness of a heart conscious of feelings beyond its years, and which it had not the power to express. From my earliest recollection I knew that we were designed for each other, and I never dreamed that you could regard me with other feelings than those of affection. Hence when my father, in his illness, urged our immediate marriage, I did not object to it, and when you came, and the ceremony took place, my mind was too painfully occupied by my parent's situation, to observe your manner. Several days after, in seeking for a paper I wanted I opened by accident your letter to Mr. Clifton. I was about to re-fold it, when my own name caught my eye. The temptation was irresistible. I read it through, and the misery it inflicted was an ample punishment for my curiosity. I heard you pause at the window of the library, and fearful of being discovered, I hurried to my own apartments. That night was spent in devising plans for my future conduct; and as soon as you left home in the morning, I prepared to execute them. Through the agency of old Elsie Gray, (who had been the faithful attendant of my mother, from the days of her childhood, and who, since her death, had lived in our family as a friend, rather than a domestic,) my arrangements were quickly made, and while the servants supposed my absence to be caused by important business, requiring my personal attention, I was journeying with my humble friend to Philadelphia, in search of my maternal relatives. I found my mother's sister, the only remaining member of the family, a widow in easy circumstances, and without children. She gladly received the orphan child of a sister whose early death she had bitterly mourned, and at her request I became a member of her family, and relinquished my own name to adopt that of her only daughter, who had died a few months before. Means of instruction in all the elegant branches of education were procured for me, and in each my progress was rapid, for mine was a labour of love, and was cheered by the hope, which had never quite forsaken me, that I might yet win the heart of him whom I had never ceased to love, though he had scornfully rejected me. In the mean time, my health, which had hitherto been delicate, improved. The sallow tint left my cheek, and was succeeded by the rich glow of youth and health. My face filled up, and my eyes no longer appeared unnaturally large. My person altered, and in two years my whole appearance was so much changed, that I should scarcely have been recognized by the most intimate associate of my early days. I had been nearly three years in Philadelphia, when accident introduced me to your step-mother. I was delighted at meeting one whom I knew you regarded with esteem and affection, and I left no means untried to win her regard. I was not unsuccessful; and when at the death of my aunt, and poor old Elsie, I was left without a protector, Mrs. Spencer received me into her house as the governess of her daughter. I could not bear to take advantage of her kindness, by suffering her to continue in ignorance of my real name, and connection with her family. I told her all, and in return for my confidence, she entered warmly into my feelings, and promised to aid me in my designs upon the heart of my husband. Most impatiently we waited your return from Europe—and, and—you know all the rest."

THE LAMENT

OF THE WIDOWED INEBRIATE.

BY DOSANNE.

I'm thinking on thy smile, Mary—
Thy bright and trusting smile—
In the morning of our youth and love,
Ere sorrow came—or guile;
When thine arms were twined about my neck,
And mine eyes looked into thine,
And the heart that throbbed for me alone,
Was nestling close to mine!

I see full many a smile, Mary,
On young lips beaming bright;
And many an eye of light and love
Is flashing in my sight:
But the smile is not for my poor heart,
And the eye is strange to me,
And a loneliness comes over my soul
When its memory turns to thee!

I'm thinking on the night, Mary,
The night of grief and shame,
When with drunken ravings on my lips,
To thee I homeward came:
O, the tear was in thine earnest eye,
And thy bosom wildly heaved,
Yet a smile of love was on thy cheek,
Though the heart was sorely grieved.

But the smile soon left thy lips, Mary,
And thine eye grew dim and sad,
For the tempter lured my steps from thee,
And the tempter drove me mad;
From thy cheek the roses quickly fled,
And thy ringing laugh was gone,
Yet thy heart still fondly clung to me,
And still kept trusting on.

O, my words were harsh to thee, Mary,
For the wine cup made me wild,
And I chid thee when thine eyes were sad
And I cursed thee when they smiled.
God knows I loved thee then,
But the fire was in my brain,
And the curse of drink was in my heart,
To make my love a bane.

'Twas a pleasant home of ours, Mary,
In the spring-time of our life,
When I looked upon thy sunny face,
And proudly called thee, wife—
And 'twas pleasant when our children played
Before our cottage door;
But the children sleep with thee, Mary—
I ne'er shall see them more!

Thou'rt resting in the church-yard, now,
And no stone is at thy head;
But the sexton knows a drunkard's wife
Sleeps in that lowly bed;
And he says the hand of God, Mary,
Will fall with crushing weight
On the wretch who brought thy gentle life
To its untimely fate.

But he knows not of the broken heart
I bear within my breast,
Nor the heavy load of vain remorse,
That will not let me rest;
He knows not of the sleepless nights
When, dreaming of thy love,
I seem to see thine angel eyes
Look coldly from above.

I have raised the wine cup in my hand,
And the wildest strains I've sung,
Till with the laugh of drunken mirth
The echoing air has rung;
But a pale and sorrowing face looked out
From the glittering cup on me,
And a trembling whisper I have heard
That I fancied breathed by thee.

Thou art slumbering in the peaceful grave,
And thy sleep is dreamless now,
But the seal of an undying grief
Is on thy mourner's brow;
And my heart is chill as thine, Mary,
For the joys of life have fled,
And I long to lay my aching breast
With the cold and silent dead.

THE PERFECT WIFE

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"When a man makes choice of a wife——"

"He takes to himself a blessing or a curse."

"Yes, I suppose that is the real truth. A woman has it in her power to make a man comparatively happy or miserable."

"Not only comparatively, but really so."

"Of that there may be some doubt, except in very extraordinary instances. A man himself does much toward determining the quality of his wife's influence upon him."

"No doubt he does something. But a right-minded woman, who truly loves her husband, can make all at home bright with sunshine; while a selfish, discontented woman, will bring clouds over the clearest sky. Somehow or other I can hardly define the reason that there are so few wives who at all appreciate the trials which their husbands have to undergo in their struggles with the world, or who seem to think that, after coming home chafed, perhaps, and fretted from irritating contact with selfish men around them, they need soothing quiet and tender ministrations, such as only a wife can give. Yet, so far as my observation goes, but few husbands are strengthened at home for the renewed struggles of the next day. The wife has her own troubles and domestic distractions to worry her mind, and instead of reflecting that these are trifles compared to what her husband has to encounter, and from which he has retired dispirited, it may be, and worn down, dins them in his ears, and frets upon her little stage, until the poor man feels that life has not a single quiet spot of repose in all its dreary desert. A certain writer, speaking on this subject, says, most truly,—'No spirit can long resist bad domestic influences. Man is strong; but his heart is not adamant. He delights in enterprise and action—but to sustain him, he needs a tranquil mind and a whole heart. He expends his moral force in the conflicts of the world. His feelings are daily lacerated to the utmost point of endurance by perpetual collision, irritation and disappointment. To recover his equanimity and composure, home must be to him a place of repose, of peace, of cheerfulness, of comfort, and his soul renews its strength, and again goes forth with fresh vigor, to encounter the labor and troubles of the world. But if at home he finds no rest, and there is met by a bad temper, sullenness or gloom—or is assailed by discontentment, by complaint or reproach, the heart breaks, the spirits are crushed, hope vanishes, and the man sinks into total despair.' Alas, alas! how many a spirit is thus broken! I could point to a dozen cases within the narrow circle of my own observation. For one, when I marry, it will be after I have scanned the habits, feelings and character of the woman I choose with microscopic closeness."

"All right, of course. But do you expect to find a wife any more perfect as a woman than you are as a man?"

"I expect to find a wife who will love me. That ought to cover the whole ground."

"It ought to do so, certainly; and it would, if women were as perfect now as when created. But they, as well as we, are not in the order of their creation. If we had no moral perversions, we should not be irritated and disappointed in our intercourse with the world, and should not, therefore, come home with exhausted strength, to recruit ourselves for a fresh struggle. Nor would woman, were they not also morally perverted, fret as you say, 'upon their little stage,' and meet their husbands at times in a mood as little conducive to domestic felicity as that brought home to them by their very patient and loving lords."

This conversation took place between two young men who were much together, and between whom a warm friendship existed. They usually talked to each other with freedom and familiarity. The name of one was Belding. He it was who looked for perfection in a wife. The other, named Carson, had clearer views on all subjects than his friend. His regard for and consideration of others was higher.—He looked more to his duty of striving to bless, than to himself as a recipient of everything. Each had, unacknowledged to the other, made choice of a wife, provided the maiden so chosen did not object to the selection. In making this choice, each had been governed by his ruling affections. Belding sought a perfect character, and turned from one and another successively, until he had found a woman who seemed almost faultless. Her features were regular and beautiful, her face calm, her voice even. She never exhibited strong emotions or betrayed any weaknesses. Clara Lyon was, in the eyes of her lover, a perfect woman.

Carson, on the other hand, did not expect a faultless wife. He did not ask how far the woman he chose would be able to lay aside all thought of herself and consider only him; but rather looked right to her heart, and sought to determine its quality—to see if he could love her, and if she were capable of loving him. This determined, natural perversions of character were next observed. But the true heart, the upright will, the loving, confiding disposition of Anna Williams, over-balanced all these.

"She shall be mine. We will love each other, bear with each other, and help each other along the rough paths of life's weary pilgrimage," he said, with a warm glow about his heart.

The maiden gave consent. Marriage soon followed. The friends began a new life. They had taken to themselves, in the language of Belding, 'a blessing or a curse.' Let us see.

Conscious defect of character, when accompanied by pride and a love of approbation, leads to the assumption of an artificial exterior, which is opposite to the real internal. Clara Lyon was naturally impatient; this led her to assume a uniform calmness of manner. She modulated her tone of voice, and controlled the muscles of her face, without really reflecting that she was, by so doing, only accumulating her natural defect and perverseness within, instead of correcting them and letting them pass off. Little things fretted her; but pride, not principle, made her conceal all this. She hid her defects, instead of fighting against and expelling them.

A man of truer discernment than Belding would have soon detected all this. But his false views had taken from him the faculty of close discrimination.

For a few months everything went on pleasantly enough. Home was a sweet spot to the young husband. His wife was ever ready to greet him with smiles. All was sunshine. But, in the nature of things, this could not last. Little and by little Belding's eyes were opened, and, to his surprise and chagrin, he saw that Clara was not the faultless creature he had supposed. An impatient temper had more than once showed itself, also fretfulness. Things did not always go on right at home. Domestics were careless, wasteful, irregular, indifferent, or possessed of other annoying faults. Having no orderly habits herself, and possessing no firmness and decision of character, Clara permitted these things to fret her sorely.

One day, about six months after their marriage, Belding suffered a good deal of anxiety on account of business matters that did not go on right. An operation that promised fairly had turned out disastrously. A creditor who owed him two thousand dollars had failed, and two or three other things occurred to disturb his mind. At dinner-time he was silent and thoughtful; nor did his wife seem inclined for conversation. During the afternoon he was closely engaged in adjusting several accounts. As the day began to close in, he shut the books, over which he had been toiling, and leaned his head, with a feeling of sadness, upon his hand. He felt oppressed and dispirited. The profits of a whole year had been swept away; and, in the mood he then was, he suffered doubt as to the ultimate success of business to steal over his mind.

In this unhappy frame he turned his steps homeward, with a feeling such as the worn-out mariner may be supposed to have on approaching a pleasant port. The thoughts of its quiet repose, and of the smiling angel who made all bright there with her presence, warmed his bosom.

"Away these gloomy thoughts, and this sad countenance," he said, as he approached his door. "Let not my presence bring with it a shadow."

The dinner, it so happened, had been badly cooked that day. Mrs. Belding had complained of this to the cook before it was served, and the cook replied with ill-concealed anger. After her husband, whose manner at the table she attributed to the badly served meal, had gone out, Clara went into the kitchen and scolded the cook roundly for her carelessness, and in so doing evinced a good share of ill-regulated temper. The lady of the culinary department had as much spirit as her mistress, and retorted coarsely. She was told that she might quit on the instant. A demand for her wages followed promptly; they were paid, and Mrs. Belding was without a cook.

"Was ever a woman so tried!" she exclaimed, on retiring to her chamber and shutting herself in. A good crying spell followed. After this came thoughts of the troubles that were to follow. She knew enough of the character of the chambermaid to know that she would at once object to going into the kitchen, even as a temporary measure, until a new cook could be found. She could not do the cooking herself, and the meals must be got ready. To add to the uncomfortableness of her situation, the excitement of mind under which she was laboring brought on a nervous headache, the effect of which compelled her to go to bed and lie a greater part of the afternoon. Toward evening, the violence of the pain having subsided, she arose and called Margaret, the chambermaid. Margaret came into her presence with a grave face. She knew what was coming.

"Margaret, Hetty has gone away, and you will have to cook until I get some one in her place. I will attend to the chambers. To-morrow, I will try to supply her place."

Margaret looked displeased. She made no reply, but retired slowly.

"Wretched creatures, all!" said Mrs. Belding, in an impatient voice; "no principle—no feeling."

Chafing herself by such thoughts, the wife sat in her chamber until night-fall. No lamp was brought to her, as was usual. This fretted her still more.

"I don't believe there is a light in the passage or parlor," she murmured, as she heard the street door open and her husband's step below. Slowly rising, she groped her way out of the room, for it was now quite dark, and along the passage, until she reached the stairway. A dim light shone from the kitchen; that was all.

"Margaret! why in the world haven't you lighted the passage lamp?" she called down in a fretful voice. That voice fell harshly upon the ear of her husband, and sent a cold feeling to his heart.

The chambermaid came from the kitchen, muttering to herself, and lit the hall lamp.

"There is no light either in the parlor or dining-room," Mrs. Belding said, still more impatiently, as Margaret turned to go back to the kitchen.

These omissions were supplied, but with such a bad grace, that it was only by an effort that Clara kept her feelings from boiling over.

Poor Belding! all his sweet hopes of sunshine, quiet, and the soothing influence of home, fled in an instant. He did not take into consideration, for a moment, that his wife might have her trials as severe to her as were his trials to him. He only saw an exhibition of ill-temper because the lamps were not lit. Moodily he sat down upon a sofa, Clara sinking into a chair near him.

"I am tried beyond all patience!" the wife said.

No "why or wherefore" was asked. Mr. Belding did not even look into her face. There was a brief silence. Then, in a fretful tone, all the disagreeable occurrences of the day were related by Clara. These were contrasted in his own mind, by the husband, with what he had undergone, and were pronounced trifles light as air in comparison. Clara was mentally blamed and with much severity, for making the home, where he had looked for sweet peace, a spot in which discord reigned. What was the loss of a cook or a neglect to light the lamps, compared with the anxieties, losses disappointments and labors which he had borne? "Nothing!"

To all her complaints he made no reply, although tempted to do so in no very pleasant way. His silence, and the frown that rested on his brow, threw a dark shadow upon the heart of his wife. To her, the troubles she had felt and complained of were real. But her complaints had evidently been an offence to her husband. He did not sympathize with nor feel for her. Wounded and dissatisfied by this, tears came to her eyes, and she wept with involuntary bitterness. For this weakness she was chided by her husband, and the cause of her trouble called a mere trifle that no sensible woman ought to feel disturbed about for a moment; intimating, at the same time, that if she had a few of his anxieties to bear, she might complain with some reason. Of course, this did not help matters any. The husband seemed harsh and unfeeling. Both were rendered ten times more unhappy.

It was a full week before the sunlight broke in upon their dwelling, and then it came reflected through a humid atmosphere. Clara could not help feeling that her husband had been unkind and indifferent; and he permitted himself to think that she was fretful and thoughtless of the duty that devolved upon her of making his home a pleasant spot, where he could retire from the weary cares and anxieties of the world.

"She never seems to think," he would sometimes say to himself, "how hard are my trials in the world. How much I have to bear or how exhausted I sometimes feel, when I turn homeward my steps, and long for peace, sweet peace, and a face of love. Ah! if Clara would only think of this!"

Clara would have thought of this, for she truly loved her husband, if he had helped her to do so. If he had only borne with her for a little while and led her mind to reflect; if he had sympathized with her as he should have done, and thus strengthened her hands to uphold his. But his selfishness—his want of consideration for his wife, reacted upon him and made him unhappy. Instead of helping each other to correct their faults, the painful fact has to be stated, that as months and years passed on, and each acted out more frequently his or her real states, a partial estrangement instead of conjunction of mind took place. They bore with each other it is true.— The husband patiently endured his wife's fretful temper when it became excited, as it often did, and she met him with complainings frequently at a time when a placid face and a quiet tone of voice would have been balm to a tried heart that had buffeted hard with a selfish world during the day; and the wife bore the gloomy silence and often morose temper of her husband without an external murmur, while in her heart she perhaps at the same time yearned to throw herself upon his bosom and chase with a smile of love the clouds from his heart. Thus they are passing along their way through life. A little forbearance and a little mutual sympathy at first; a little more of love and less of selfish feeling; would have enabled them to start fair. But the twig was bent wrong at first and the tree has now become so hardened that no training can possibly restore it to perfect order and beauty.

Carson, as has been seen, in choosing Anna Williams for his wife, had not looked so much for perfection, as to positive qualities of mind that he could love. He loved Anna, and desired to make her happy and to be happy with her. He thought more of how he should make life a pleasant journey for her, than for him. She would make it pleasant for him. He delighted to think, as much as did his friend Belding, of the quiet fire-side, shut in from the busy, jostling world; but he did not think of it as a place delightful only to himself, nor of his wife, the sweet angel of his paradise, as one whose highest sphere of action was to make all sunshine for him.

Like the first few months of his friend's wedded life, a half year rolled by without a jar of discord. With both Mr. and Mrs. Carson there had been what may be called an artificial exterior; closing over and perfectly concealing their two interior states. The time had come when this must be laid aside. But voluntarily; not as the result of a determination of mind, but naturally and unanimously.

Domestic trouble, such as afflicted Mrs. Belding, had to be borne by Mrs. Carson; and, sometimes, they were not borne more patiently. Business cares and perplexities, losses, and crosses, and irritations, assailed Mr. Carson as well as Mr. Belding; and, it not unfrequently happened, that on coming home, worn out in body and mind, and longing for peace, he found no true peace where he had been most certain of finding it. His wife had suffered her trials also, and her mind was as much disturbed as his. On such occasions he usually forgot, or studiously concealed his own disquietude, in his desire and effort to chase the cloud from the spirits of his wife.

An occurrence, not very dissimilar to that described in the history of Mr. and Mrs. Belding, tried the quality of their love for each other. The husband met with a heavy loss, which, coming as it did accompanied with several unpleasant circumstances, afflicted his mind deeply. All day long he had been anxious, disturbed and depressed. When night came, he turned his face homeward, and felt something like a cheerful light breaking in upon his mind as he thought of his wife and her ever ready smile and sweet ministrations. But there was an unexpected cloud upon her brow. Instead of pleasant words, he was met with complaints, of the troubles of a domestic nature she had been compelled to endure through the day. At first he felt chilled. But he saw that Anna was really afflicted, and, so far from selfish anger, he felt instantly grieved for her and anxious to do something that would dispel the gloom that had settled upon her spirits. This desire almost made him forget his own anxieties. He listened with manifest interest to the story of her grievances; and, instead of calling them mere trifles, he sympathized with her, and suggested many things that her own mind took hold upon. After tea, he selected an interesting book, and read for an hour while she sat sewing. The effect was good both upon his mind and her's. Their thoughts ranged away from themselves, and became clear and more cheerful.

After the book was closed, Carson's mind went back to the occurrences of the day, and, quite unconsciously to himself, a shadow came over his face.— He had been sitting silent for some time, when his wife lifted her eyes from her work and noted with concern the change.

"You are serious, dear. What is the matter?" she said, as she let her work fall in her lap and looked steadily in his face.

"Am I? I had forgotten myself. But I will be as cheerful as ever in a moment."

"Why should you not be so all the time? What is the matter, William? You look really troubled."

"I was only thinking of some little matters that worried my mind to-day. But I will dismiss them. They have no business here."

"Any thing that disturbs your mind has business here. I have told you my troubles, too freely perhaps, and now you must tell me yours."

Anna continued to urge her husband, and he at length told her of all that had happened during the day and how much it had dispirited him.

"And when you tried to leave all this behind, and came home for strength and peace, I met you with a gloomy face and a sad story of my own petty annoyances. How kind and forbearing you are!— Would it have been any wonder if you had lost patience with me?"

"Do not chide yourself, Anna," returned her husband, "Your troubles were as real as mine, and I by no means despise them. Hereafter let us endeavor each to bear the trials of our peculiar spheres of action with patience, and when we meet we shall strengthen each other's spirits to bear up and press onward with hope."

Thus they began their married life aright; and, as months and years passed on with them, they drew closer and closer together, and all jarring strings became more and more attuned in harmony. Unlike Belding, Carson had not sought a perfect wife to make all life's paths pleasant for him to walk in, but one whom he could truly love, and for whose happiness he was willing to make many sacrifices. Many, however, he was not called upon to make; for his wife soon became as full of thoughtful regard for him as he had shown himself for her. Their lives soon ran along as one quiet current in which were few conflicting eddies.

Thus it is with all things in life. If we look to ourselves alone—if we think of ourselves alone, we shall meet with disappointments. But if we regard the good of others as well, we shall rarely miss attaining the end we seek, and with it will come a blessing for our own hearts.

Strength of Woman's Love.

A TOUCHING SKETCH.

The Rev. Mr. C——, at the South, recently closed a sermon with the following touching narration:

A young gentleman of high respectability, talents, fortune and family, married the beautiful, the lovely, and accomplished daughter of ——. She was the daughter of a wealthy merchant in one of our Northern cities; with their united fortunes they commenced a career of life, with the brightest hopes and the fairest prospects of undisturbed happiness and prosperity, that the most sanguine or ambitious could wish or desire. She was a lady of fashionable distinction in society, the pride and ambition of all who enjoyed the entree of her gay and hospitable mansion, and the idol of a young and affectionate husband's heart. Her wants, her wishes and desires were all anticipated by that peculiar discernment which always affords so much delight, and brings with it those unspeakable evidences of a husband's love, that a wife alone can understand, and appreciate.

Thus they lived on, for a few bright years of happy existence. But alas! such is the versatility of fortune, such the uncertainty of human happiness, that even those who seem to be surrounded with all the splendid glitter of prosperity, are, by some casual occurrence, some unexpected event, plunged from this splendid pinnacle of prosperity to the abyss of adversity. They saw not, averted not the dark cloud, emerged above the bright horizon that had hitherto encircled their dreamy existence, but soon it obscured the brilliancy of their prospects, and discharged its baneful contents upon their devoted heads, and threw them upon a cold and heartless world, without a farthing to support them.

The husband, unable to counteract this inconsistency of fortune, by becoming fortitude, gave himself up to the grossest intemperance, and subsequent neglect, and abuse of his lovely wife and family.— But she, like a woman, yea, like an angel as she is, soared above it all.

After an absence of some days, his wife not knowing where he was, he returned home, in the wretched and disgusting condition to which drunkenness had reduced him, his locks matted with filth, and sticking closely to his forehead, his face bloated and his breath stinking with the fetid exhalations of brandy. In this frightful condition of human degradation, saturated with liquor, he entered the now obscure little residence of his wife, who met him with all those feelings of abiding affection, which in a woman's heart knows no change, but the once fond husband, now transformed to a beast, returned her cordial reception with the coarsest abuse, and at last struck her to the floor.

She, after recovering herself from the blow, arose, her husband standing near her; she rushed into his arms, exclaiming:

"Charles! Charles! what are you doing!" and turning from his brow the matted locks which once clustered in beautiful curls upon his manly forehead, she imprinted upon it an affectionate and endearing kiss, and with that soft and tender look of love, from eyes streaming with tears, upon his haggard features, again exclaimed, "Oh, Charles, how can you strike your once dear Mary?"

He instantly, as if struck himself by some superhuman force, echoed back the beloved name—"Mary! Mary! what have I done?"

He fell upon his knees, implored her forgiveness, and from that moment became a reformed man, a devoted husband, and is now an ornament to society.

GRAVE OF A PUPIL.

BY MISS M. E. WENTWORTH.

And thou art here—here in this quiet spot,
The sighing winds above thee, and the moan
Of melancholy waters, journeying
On to the unfathomable flood, fast
By thy side. Art here, thou who so lately
Gathered in the flush of childhood, and the
Mantling glow of health, among my buoyant
Group,—whose laugh rang gladdest in their joyous
Ring, whose cheek grew ruddiest with the cold
Wind's breath,—who conned so wonderingly the
Well-worn book, smiled at my smile, or saddened
At rebuke.
Art here,
Child of the thoughtful brow, so teachable!
Nor mother's tireless love, nor father's care,
Nor brother's tears, or sister's tenderness
Could win thee. A rapturous voice broke from
The swelling surge,—"sweet sister spirit come
Away." So wearily the blue eye drooped
Beneath its silken lid, and lustreless
And dull the gleaming black lay hidden.* Tired
Pulses beat timidly under the
Light tinged veins, and answered not the pale cold
Lips, the mother's fervent kiss.

There was a lagging of the crimson tide,—
A fluttering of the weary heart,—the
Angel set his signet-ring;—heaven touched the
Marble brow, and "thou wert all its own."

They named the burial day—that day death
Held a banquet in the house of God—see
From the sounding aisles, (the mellow sun light
Chastened to the hues of grief,) a slow-paced
Train go out.
Up lift the pall;—
The coffin lid. Here rests the weight of years
She lingered with you till the loved ones of
Her youth had passed away, like Autumn leaves,
And enters Paradise a welcome guest,
With husband, daughter, friend.

But one sweet tie *drew thee* to heaven;—the spirit
Whispers of the angel band, and thou didst
Hear in that glad melody, thy baby
Sister's voice, touched with the inspiration
Of the throne. So to the grave. Death is the
End of life; eternity begins.
To-day the sable hearse bears on the frosts of
Withered age—to-morrow buds of childhood's spring.

So to the grave—hear from the priestly lips
Thanksgiving for thee both. Thou aged friend,
Since thou hast past "life's toil and cumbrance, and
Gone home;" for thee, sweet child, that thou art
Spared them.
Rest, then!
*Thou hast surpassed me now; received thine honors
First.* I see the beacon light but dimly.
And the swelling surge sends up its
Waves between us. Now I will learn of thee
Here at thy early tomb, I will renew
My broken vows to God, and following
On where thou dost point the way, I'll travel
With a sweet faith to heaven.

STONINGTON POINT, CONN.

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* An eye of languishing blue, contrasted strangely to one of singular blackness and brilliancy.

WINNING OR LOSING A HUSBAND;

OR,

The Dangers of Subterfuge.

BY MRS. H. MURREY.

One evening, about twilight, two young ladies were seated in an upper room of a handsome house engaged in looking over some beautiful engravings, done from designs by our celebrated artist C*****. A little girl about nine years old was practising her dancing steps, and every now and then left off to peep over her sister's shoulder at the prints, and express her childish delight at their beauty. It would have been difficult to say which of the two young ladies possessed the greater share of personal beauty, but though the countenance of Clara Weston, the elder of the two by at least a year, wore that sparkling expression, if we may so call it, which attracts instant admiration, that of her companion, whom she addressed as Catherine Grant, was as remarkable for its look of extreme candor and placid sweetness.

"Come, Kate," said Miss Weston, "I am almost tired of looking at these prints, though they are so fine. Is it not time to go down stairs? Let me first take a look at my hair?" she added, running to the mirror.

There was a ringing at the street door.

"Look out of the window, Fanny, and see who it is," she said to the little girl.

"Oh! sister," replied Fanny, after taking the desired peep, "it is Mr. Manley."

"Run down then, quickly, before Jane opens the door, and tell her to say we are out—out for the evening, remember."

Miss Grant looked surprised.

"Why, Clara," she said, reprovingly, "why have you done this?"

"Because we don't want Mr. Manley this evening. Did not I promise Howard that we would spend this evening, practising duets with him; you and I by turns? Manley would be in the way, you know."

"I know at least," replied her friend, "that it is very wrong to teach your sister and your servant to tell a deliberate falsehood! Fanny has learned a lesson which she will remember, and probably practice, and as for Jane——"

"Nonsense! Catherine," interrupted Clara, "what a fuss about a little white lie, or fib: it is only for the sake of convenience. *I* would be as unwilling to tell an untruth which could injure any one as yourself."

"Mr. Manley's feelings would be injured, I fancy, if he knew of this," replied Catherine; "but it is of the injury to your own morals, and those of your little sister, and—but I see you are offended, so I will say no more."

"Oh! you have said enough, dear Catherine, to make me quite ashamed for this time; but I fancy you are a little—a *very* little—vexed at not seeing Mr. Manley, which makes you now so unusually severe."

The young lady was interrupted by the entrance of Fanny, who had staid much longer than was necessary to deliver her message to the servant.

"Oh, sister!" she exclaimed, "I made such a mistake, I hardly dared come up stairs! It was Mr. Howard who rang; but just as Jane spoke, Mr. Manley too came up the steps—I'm sure he looked—Mr. Howard—looked more like Mr. Manley than he ever did before; or I should not have made such a blunder."

"This is too bad!" exclaimed Miss Weston; "too bad! when Howard knew that I expected him, to say that I was not at home! What shall I do?" and she looked at her companion, as if for comfort or assistance.

"I too expected Mr. Manley," said Catherine, in answer to her look; "but I had not time to tell you, before you sent the message—and Mr. Manley's engagement at this hour was not positive; he said he would call at seven, and if I was engaged at that time, he would come at eight o'clock, as he returned from calling on a friend; he is to take letters for me to my friends at B——; he sets out to-morrow, and he will doubtless call again for the letters—so, Clara, although your hasty message was a little selfish, it will not disappoint my wish of seeing Mr. Manley this *evening*. But as Fanny's mistake has led you into an involuntary rudeness to Mr. Howard, I am sorry that it occurred. Now do, dear Clara, leave off the habit you have of saying *anything*, or causing others to do so, just for the sake of 'convenience,' as you call it. This little affair may have no serious consequences; but the *habit*, if indulged in, may cause you much trouble, and the practice of telling falsehoods certainly debases the mind."

"Stop! stop! Catherine Grant," interrupted her friend, "you are becoming too serious, and too much like a lecturer. I respect truth as much as you do. I have never been suspected or accused of falsehood. I do not consider such a thing as *this* indulging in the practice of falsehood; but I ought to have remembered that you are my guest, and that I was deviating from the rules of politeness, by causing any visiter of yours to be denied admission. But what," she added, after a minute's silence, "what shall I do with myself this evening, while you are engaged with Mr. Manley? He heard that I had gone out for the evening—how unlucky! I cannot go down stairs without betraying myself to him."

"Oh, yes; come down, if you please, and *practise duets* with Mr. Manley and myself," replied Catherine, laughing; "he will excuse the *mistake* for the sake of your society." But checking her merriment, she added—"But tell me, Clara, does not the vexation you *now* feel, convince you of the truth of my maxim? You already suffer inconvenience from this trifling deviation from strict veracity? Be warned in time."

Clara was too much vexed to reply—they sat for a few moments in silence. The clock struck eight, and soon after the house bell rang, and Catherine hastened to descend the stairs lest Mr. Manley should again be denied entrance.

"I am glad you've come down, Miss," exclaimed Jane, when Miss Grant desired her to admit Mr. Manley, or any one who enquired for her. "I'm tired of telling stories for young ladies. I think working for them and waiting on them is enough, without *that*."

And how did Mr. Walter Howard bear the disappointment when told that Miss Weston, with whom he was engaged to spend the evening, by her own invitation, was not at home? He felt as young people generally feel such disappointments: perhaps rather more deeply—for Miss Weston's beauty and vivacity had made an impression on his heart and fancy; her musical talents, too, had aided not a little in enslaving him, for he was passionately fond of music, in which he himself excelled. He turned away from Mr. Weston's door vexed and mortified; but happening to recollect that an invalid friend of his was just at that time confined to his room in the house directly opposite that where resided his beautiful Clara, he determined to make him a visit, for in the present state of his feelings, the society of those who were gay and happy would have been irksome. So he went up stairs to his friend's room, and as it was a front room, seated himself at a window where he could, at least, see the house which ought he thought at that moment to have contained both his enchantress and himself. How is this!—lights in the parlor down stairs!—lights in the room above!—and every body gone out! Old Mr. Weston he knew was in the country, and Clara had no mother—no grown up sisters. Miss Grant was from home with Clara, no doubt, for the servant had said 'the ladies were gone out for the evening.' "This is odd!" thought Howard. The shutters are not closed in the room above stairs! A female figure appears at one of the windows. There can be no mistake! It *is* Clara Weston! The servant had then told an untruth. She was at home.

Howard talked, he knew not what, to his sick friend, and kept his *eyes* on the window opposite.—Presently a gentleman ran up the steps of Mr. Weston's house and rang the bell: he was admitted—the light of a lamp before the house had shown him that the gentleman was Mr. Manley. Still Howard kept his seat, and his senses, too: which, as he was a *lover*, is saying much for his self-command. Again the female figure appears before the window, and now it is enveloped in a shawl, and wears the bonnet which so well becomes the charming face of Clara Weston.

"What can all this mean?" muttered Howard, while his eyes remain fixed on the house, which now appears to him almost enchanted. It was a corner house; from the side door issues the figure enveloped in the shawl. She turns hastily round the corner, runs up the steps, and rings the bell—that tell-tale lamp has shown him the beautiful face of her he loves! Bewildered, for a moment, Howard sat like one struck by sudden paralysis. The next instant jealousy whispered, "the 'not at home' was then meant for *me only!* Manley is there, and she has chosen to return. Yes, yes—I see it all! *He* heard the message also, and she wishes to appear consistent in his eyes, of course. So, to blind him, and not lose the pleasure of his society, she has pretended to have been out, and now returns, to play off her airs of enchantment upon my unsuspicious rival! But this shall not be! I will undeceive him—I will call again also, I will disturb this agreeable *'tete-a-tete,'* I will find means to let her know that I have witnessed manœuvring, which ought to make a lady blush to practice!

In the meantime, while Howard was "revolving in his altered mind" what course he should pursue, Clara Weston, to the great amazement of the girl who opened the door, and to the still greater astonishment of Miss Grant, entered the house, and the parlor where the latter sat with Mr. Manley, as if just returned from making a visit. Trusting that her generous, high-minded friend would scorn to betray her, she suppressed her feelings of embarrassment while cordially addressing Mr. Manley, and every thing was in train for a quiet evening, when Howard, who generally acted from impulse, rang at the door, was admitted, and entered the room, prepared to act in any way that circumstances might seem to warrant. Clara, on seeing him, was really glad. Howard's wrathful feelings subsided when he saw Miss Grant in the parlor, and he paid his compliments in his usual easy and elegant manner. The relief which Clara's feelings experienced on seeing him, led to her returning his salutations in a manner more flattering than she had ever before shown towards him. She accosted him in the most friendly manner, and said, in a low tone, as an opportunity offered—

"My little sister made a great mistake in the early part of the evening; she looked out of the window and mistook *you* for Mr. Manley."

The look which accompanied these words conveyed their full meaning. Howard's vanity was gratified, though his reason was unconvinced—his self-love accepted the sacrifice of truth, which his judgment disapproved.

"This time," he said, "I am more fortunate. I saw you *return home*, and hastened to avail myself of the opportunity of paying my respects where my heart always leads me."

Clara felt humbled in spite of the admiration which the look and tone of Howard expressed; she saw that her manœuvring was known to him, and she half stammered a reply that "feeling disappointed and out of spirits, she did not like to spend the evening alone." And now she felt that she had confessed more than she ought to have done, and had betrayed a preference which placed her in rather an embarrassing situation. But she rallied her spirits and consoled herself with the thought that Howard could only view the whole matter in the light of a ludicrous mistake, and as for the part she had played, it was only a little artifice to blind that quiet, serious Mr. Manley. Howard glanced from the glowing face of the beautiful Clara to the placid countenance of her less brilliant *friend*, who was conversing in a manner so perfectly natural and unaffected, that he could not help inquiring if "Miss Grant was also *from home* in the early part of the evening?"

"Oh!" answered Clara, "she was *with me*. Do not, Mr. Howard, say any more about this very foolish affair!"

Howard bowed, smiled, and promised obedience. There was now a secret between them, and if the knowledge that there was, did not raise Clara Weston in the opinion of her lover, it certainly led her to adopt towards him a more deferential manner than he had *ever* hoped from the proud belle, who claimed homage from all who approached her.

When their visitors had left them, Clara really dreaded the reproof she expected from her friend, but Catherine only said—

"I see how matters stand between you and Mr. Howard, my dear Clara; let me entreat you to be careful that he never again has reason to believe that you have, in the slightest instance, deviated from truth. I believe your happiness may, in a great degree, depend on the opinion which he may now form; that Mr. Howard admires you extremely, is beyond a doubt; my dear *friend*, teach him also to respect you; forgive me, Clara, if I seem intrusive in my remarks. I leave you soon, and we may not meet again for many years. Our mothers were friends, in heart, as well as in name. I cannot bear to think your many fine qualities should be obscured, or the purity of your mind sullied by the frequent subterfuges which you allow yourself to practice, the motives for which are of so little consequence in themselves, that it appears to me the simple truth would be both more easy and more pleasant."

Clara felt less happy on this night than she usually did when retiring to rest. She had been in the constant practice of resorting to little "subterfuges," as her friend called them, but as no unpleasant consequence to herself had ever followed these deviations from strict veracity, and as she did not know, that even in one instance, till now, she had ever been suspected of resorting to falsehood, "for the sake of convenience," she had remained perfectly easy in her mind in reference to her own conduct, and believed, what was often told her, that "she was the most charming girl in the world"—and so she was, if face, and form, voice, manner, and accomplishments were alone taken into consideration. She had a kind heart, too; she could feel for the misfortunes of others, though herself the child of prosperity. But there "was a spot upon the sun." "A canker was at the heart of the rose!" Clara would have felt grieved, for a time at least, if she had known that her habit of causing herself to be denied on any frivolous pretexts had, more than once, been the cause of disappointment and embarrassment to deserving persons, who had claims on her time and attention; she would have been hurt if she had known that her failing to fulfil an engagement, on some false excuse, had often conveyed a pang to some hearts that loved her, and that, rather than subject herself to a slight annoyance, she had inflicted real pain on others.

Time wore away. Catherine Grant returned to her native place; she was united in marriage to Mr Manley, who could appreciate the beauty of her character, and love her for the *truth* and goodness which gave to her face its beautiful expression. Catherine was happy herself, and the cause of happiness to others.

Walter Howard, in the meantime, continued his devotions to Clara Weston; he idolized her beauty, and admired her talents and accomplishments; but he distrusted her sincerity. There were moments when he resolved to withdraw himself forever from the sphere of her enchantments, but a smile, a glance, drew him again to her side. He was ever on the watch to detect some insincerity towards himself, and ever in *dread* lest he should discover it. He knew she *could* dissemble, and he feared to trust to her apparent regard. Howard's constant visits and marked attentions had the usual effect of banishing those young men who had serious thoughts of seeking to possess the hand of the beautiful Miss Weston, and as Clara's manner towards him was always sufficiently flattering, their union was looked upon as fixed. But Clara herself was by no means certain that such was Howard's intention, for although his admiration was undisguised, and his attentions unremitting, he had never resolved to offer himself to Clara; yet the fear that some rival would step in, and secure the prize he hesitated to make his own, tormented him unceasingly. At length the officious kindness of a friend pointed out to the father of Clara the probable consequences of such marked attentions to his daughter, should their result not prove such as was anticipated. Mr Weston, immersed in business, and at the same time of an indolent disposition, and indulgent to a fault, had been almost entirely negligent of his daughter, as to her manner of passing her time, and of those who visited and escorted her. He took it for granted that none other than gentlemen could find admission into his house; and satisfied with furnishing his household with all the means of comfort and enjoyment, he [illegible] but little with their arrangements or pursuits. We do not intend to say that Mr. Weston *did his duty* in trusting thus implicitly to the prudence of young people. Clara appeared to him always perfectly happy. He heard her praises from all tongues. Why should he be troubled about her? If she needed his advice, she would doubtless ask it. And when convinced by the arguments of his friend that her future peace and prospects might be endangered should Mr. Howard's attentions be merely those of gallantry, and not prompted by any serious views of marriage, he resolved not to trouble his daughter on the subject, but to apply at once to the gentleman, "who must, of course, know his own intentions," he said. He did so, in plain terms, for he was remarkable for the bluntness and sincerity of his character. Howard was embarrassed, but presently rallied, and assured the old gentleman that "a union with the charming Clara was the fondest wish of his heart."

"Well, then," said Mr. Weston, "why don't you tell her so, and ask her *if she will have you*? That is the way I did when I courted her mother. What are you waiting for? Two years, they tell me, you have been coming every day to my house, and waiting on Clara everywhere. For my part, I *did not* know it was half as long, or anything about it; but people, it seems, will trouble themselves about such things. So if you like Clara, and she likes you, why don't you settle the matter at once? I dare say she will give you a direct answer, if you ask her. I am told you are in good business. I can give Clara something handsome, and leave enough for little *Fan*, too; *she'll* be a trouble to me by-and-by, I suppose. Well, I've *done my duty*, at all events, so good morning, Mr. Howard. I wish you success, and all that sort of thing."

Mr. Weston had made a great effort, and, for him, a long speech, and his mind was easy. But Howard was in a state of mind which was far from enviable. The thought of giving up Clara was too painful to be borne; but he could not feel perfectly assured that her love for him was of that devoted character which alone could satisfy his feelings. Many instances had come under his observation of her departure from *truth*—instances which, though they could involve no serious consequences, and were trifling in themselves, nevertheless left a blot upon the otherwise stainless page upon which the name of Clara was engraven. But *now* deliberation was out of the question. Howard felt that he must *act*. Unable to break the chain which bound him, he resolved, at least, to wear it gracefully. He offered himself to Clara Weston, and was accepted, for Clara really loved him, and a weight seemed lifted from her heart while she listened to his proposal.—For once, "the course of true love," did seem to "run smooth." Howard felt his "bosom's lord sit lightly on its throne;" and Clara appeared more lovely, more captivating than ever. At her request the marriage was delayed for six months. She was expected, about that time, to make a visit to her friend Catherine, now Mrs Manley, and she resolved that her journey to Boston should be the wedding jaunt. Howard agreed, though reluctantly; but Clara's wish was paramount to every thing else.

But a blow was in store for poor Howard, which he little expected. He had a partner in his business, and four months after his engagement with Clara Weston, that partner absconded, embezzling all the property on which he could lay his hands. Howard had left the concerns of his business too much in the hands of this faithless *friend*, and on examination, he found himself *deeply* in debt, and his affairs in a state of complicated confusion. Bankruptcy was the consequence, and his prospects, before so flattering, were now dark in the extreme.

And how did Clara Weston receive her lover when his misfortunes were made known to her? She received him with more kindness than she had ever before shown him, for she truly loved him, and the change in his prospects but rendered him an object of greater interest to her heart. She trusted that her father would assist Howard in retrieving his affairs, and her sanguine temper led her to hope all would be well. She seemed scarcely less gay and happy than usual. But the mind of Howard was a prey to despondency; the gaiety of Clara seemed to him almost a proof of indifference. He watched with jealous eyes for some sign of altered feeling in her he loved—and as a suspicious temper was Howard's greatest fault, so it proved a fruitful source of uneasiness to him in his present circumstances. Clara rallied him on his low spirits.

"Cheer up, Howard," she would say; "knight of the rueful countenance, resume your smiles! What *hero* ever gave way to despondency? Your prospects will again brighten. My father will, doubtless, come forward to assist you. I will not burthen you with the charge of a giddy wife until your affairs are somewhat retrieved. We can wait a little longer before we take upon ourselves the responsibilities of the married state. Go on and disentangle the 'snarl' of difficulties which you say you have got into. In the mean time, I must make my promised visit to Catherine without you, but you can come and bring me back, you know."

All this, though well meant by Clara, and said in kindness, was wormwood to the taste of the fastidious lover; but, too proud to acknowledge the bitterness of his feelings, he acquiesced in gloomy silence, suspecting that Clara wished for a pretext to delay their marriage, and perhaps break her engagement entirely.

While in this frame of mind, Howard called one evening at Mr. Weston's. There were lights in the front parlor, and the sound of music. Clara was playing; he recognized her manner of touching the piano. He rang the bell, and after waiting longer than usual, Jane opened the door, and in rather a hesitating tone, informed him that "Miss Weston was *particularly engaged*."

"This is strange, indeed," muttered Howard, as he rushed down the steps. "She has never been '*particularly engaged*' before, when I have called. This, then, is what I have now to expect. But I will see: perhaps she will offer an explanation. I will be prudent, cautious. I will restrain my hasty impulses. I will wait for the 'signs of the times.'"

He called again the next evening. Clara was at home, and glad to see him. There was company present, and no favourable opportunity offered for enquiring how she was so "particularly engaged" the evening before. Clara *did* not allude to any engagement, or to his unwonted absence, so he made up his mind to be "silent but wary." Howard was much to blame in thus acting. There was a degree of treachery in thus laying a snare for Clara;—an honest and direct enquiry would have been more just, and more becoming the character of a gentleman and a lover. But he was under the influence of suspicion, and consequently was neither just nor generous. The truth of the matter in question was this: Fanny had profited by the lessons she had received, and Jane had become less scrupulous about "telling stories for young ladies." On the evening that Howard was so unceremoniously dismissed, Fanny had some little visitors, and being extravagantly fond of dancing, had teased her sister to play waltzes, and other dancing tunes for them. Clara had promised to play till they were all tired of dancing, provided Mr. Howard did not call. Clara *felt* certain that he would call, and her pride was hurt when she thought he had omitted to do so—hence her silence on the subject. Fanny invited Jane to see the dancing, and partake of the "bon bons," provided Jane would just tell Mr. Howard, if he came, that her sister was "particularly engaged;" "for you know, Jane," added the little girl, "she is engaged to play for me—so it is no fib, you know." And when Clara "wondered who it was at the door," Fanny ran to ask Jane, and on returning told her sister "it was only a man who wanted to see papa."

Such is the force of example—such the facility acquired by practice in evil. And yet Clara Weston, though she had taught falsehood to her sister, and to the servant, to whom she ought to have set a far different example, never imagined that the deceit to which she had accustomed them would ever be practised against herself; the falsehoods she had caused them to utter, appeared to her only deviating a little from the exact truth, just to serve some particular purpose. They injured no one—it was of no consequence—thus she argued, if she argued at all;—and the fruits of the seed she had sown, were now about to appear. Once again, when Fanny wanted the free use of the parlor where stood the piano, she prevailed on Jane, without much trouble, it is true, to tell Mr. Howard that her sister was not at home, though she knew that she was at that moment expecting him—and Jane, who really began to like "the fun," as she called it, of seeing people go away disappointed, threw so much impertinence into her look as she uttered the untruth, that Howard could not help feeling sure that she had been instructed not to admit him. *Half frantic* at such treatment, he absented himself nearly a week. Clara was very anxiously expecting him, and grieved that he did not come; but she heard from her father that there had been a meeting of Howard's creditors, with a view to the final adjustment of his affairs; she thought it was business kept him from her.

"And yet," she said to herself, he has never till now allowed either business or pleasure to detain him from me, and I have given up all others for his sake."

She called Jane, and interrogated her as to whether Mr. Howard had not called in the course of the week, some time when she happened to be out?—Jane answered boldly in the negative, and again Clara tried to think that he was just now too busy to call. Just at this juncture, a near relation of her mother's arrived from Europe, where he had been during several years. He brought many curious articles—many beautiful specimens of shells, dried plants, stuffed birds, and a variety of other articles, to amuse his young cousins—and was exhibiting some beautiful engravings, when the door-bell was rung. Clara's heart fluttered—she would have flown herself to open the door, hoping that the visitor was Howard, but the presence of the gentleman restrained her—besides she was busy in arranging some shells, and did not wish to appear anxious about the arrival of any visitor. Fanny said—

"Jane does not hear—shall I open the door?"

Clara nodded assent, and the little girl left the room; but the thought struck her, "if it should be Mr. Howard, we shall lose the pleasure of the evening; for my sister will be so taken up with him, that she will not care about seeing these beautiful things, and our cousin will talk to him, instead of me—and I'll just say, *for once*, that my sister is *not at home*. Jane will do as I ask her."

Jane did say so—just as Clara, wondering at the delay—had risen and opened the parlor door to ascertain the cause. She heard the words,—*not at home*. She heard Howard exclaim, "*It is false!*"—And she heard no more. A sudden giddiness seized her—she sunk upon a chair, and fainted.

It was not that Howard was for once denied admittance—it was not the disappointment of her hope of seeing him—it was not his angry tone alarmed her. It was the power of conscience that struck that sudden blow upon her heart—the very lesson she had taught, was now made use of to defeat her fondest wish! Clara felt that it had been resorted to before.

The alarm which Clara's sudden illness caused, was great. Her father entered just as she began to recover.

"What is all this!" he asked. "What is the matter with Clara? Why do you cry, Fanny? Cousin, can you tell me what all this means?"

"It means," said Clara, who heard the questions of her father—"It means that I am miserable—and that I deserve to be so! They have *lied!*" she added, pointing to Fanny and Jane, "but *I taught them*—they have, for what reason I know not, denied Howard admittance. Oh, father!—they have done it more than once!—he is gone!—he will never come again! I shall see him no more—he despises me!"

"Pooh, pooh, child!" answered Mr. Weston, "don't take on so. Howard will come again—I'll go for him myself. He'll come again—never fear! But what did they *lie* for! What was it about—and why do you say you *taught them*! You never could have done that—you know not what you say, my poor girl! But come," he added, "I must know what this means. I hate trouble—but I must know all about this."

An explanation followed. Fanny and Jane, who were both in tears, being closely interrogated, confessed that they had several times told Mr. Howard that Miss Weston was "not at home;"—but as Clara had often told them to say so whenever a visitor came whom they did not wish at that time to see—and in many instances had said things not quite true, "just for convenience," they thought—at least Fanny said she thought—"it was no harm to tell him so, just for her own convenience!"

A severe reprimand from her father, and a serious lecture from her cousin, was all the punishment that Fanny received at that time. But Clara, whose feelings were stung to the quick by the cold look of her relative, and by the reproachful yet pitying glance of her father, could have borne all this with patience, could she have heard the voice of Howard, assuring her that he believed her innocent of any slight towards him—that he believed, "though false to others, she was true to him." But no such consolation was in store for her.

"Oh, father!" she exclaimed, "if this had happened in the days of his prosperity, it would have been trifling—but now!—oh, father, will you see him?—Will you tell him that I am innocent of this?—that I was anxiously expecting him, and that I have never slighted him in word or thought!"

"I will, Clara," replied the old gentleman. "I will tell him all this; but, child, if he knows you are in the habit of telling untruths, how can I make him believe you now?"

This was too much for poor Clara. The words of her friend Catharine seemed sounding in her ears, and she wept yet more bitterly.

Mr. Weston sought Howard the next morning; he had departed in the early cars for New York. A letter was sent after him, but he never received it. Before it arrived, he had left in a packet for England. A letter arrived for Clara, dated on the day on which the vessel sailed. It ran thus:

"Farewell, Clara! I shall trouble you no more!—Thrice have I been denied entrance, when I knew you were at home. The last time I knew you had a visitor, for I had seen him enter. Clara! If I had taken warning by the first deception I knew you to practice, I should not have been subjected to this insult myself. I smiled then, because my own vanity was flattered—but now! a bankrupt, and a rejected visitor, I will not be an abject lover. I go, in the hope of forgetting you. Too long have I suffered the anguish of a heart 'that doubts, yet doubting suspects, yet fondly loves.' Once more, farewell! May you be happier than I am! HOWARD."

This letter put an end to all Clara's hopes, and plunged her in affliction. Her mortification was severe—but her contrition still more so. Clara never saw her lover again—for he never returned to America. She was roused from her state of hopeless dejection, by a visit from her friend Catharine, who poured balm into her wounded heart, while she endeavored to strengthen her resolution of making *truth* the standard of all her words and actions for the future. Clara has now regained her tranquility, but she has never forgotten the severe lesson she learned in her youth. Fanny has profited by the good example which is now before her—and Jane finds that though telling fibs may be a good joke sometimes, there is nothing so safe, or so satisfactory, in the end, as *Truth*.

THE LOST AND FOUND.

BY ELEANOR HARRY.

[The following lines were suggested by the perusal of a touching incident which lately occurred at Munich, in what is poetically called there the "Hall of Death," where a little girl, who had apparently died, was observed, (about the time the relatives and friends were assembling for the funeral,) sitting up, playing with the flowers which had been strewn over her coffin.]

Woe, woe, Bavarian mothers! the prettiest little maid,
The sweetest child in Munich, in the Hall of Death is laid;
Her small hands on her bosom are folded as in prayer,
And her lips' angelic smile Death's kiss has sealed there.

He seems to rock her kindly in his cold arms to rest,
Like a fond mother clasping her baby to her breast;
She looks so calm, so happy, wrapt in [illegible] so deep,
A lovely little [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible]!

How softly she reposes, safe from life's stormy sea!
Strewed o'er with fresh white roses, less pure and fair than she!
Robed in a vestal raiment, white as the mountain snows,
She doth herself resemble a sweet pale virgin rose!

'Mid many a sobbing weeper, with fixed and stony stare,
Stands one whose grief is deeper, the [illegible] despair!
[illegible] her farewell [illegible], feels, gazing on that face,
As if her heart were breaking, yet cannot shed a tear.

Oh! by her speechless anguish, more than aught [illegible] her child,
And she is doomed to languish, [illegible] a desert wild,
Woe for the childless widow! lonely she lives and dies,
No voice to charm her sorrow, no hand to close her eyes!

* * * * * * *

The day is past—another with sunshine gay [illegible] on;
But what can cheer the mother, whose light of life is gone!
Her sunless bosom [illegible], she hastes away—one glance
At the lost only treasure may soothe her soul['s] [illegible].

With tottering steps, distracted, the Hall of Death she seeks;
Once more she'll clasp her cherub, and kiss those pallid cheeks!
What mean the gladsome voices that meet her wondering ear?
The [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] around that loved one's bier:

Ay, joy! e'en Death repented, and spared so fair a prey;
Embracing her, relented, and turned his scythe away:
O moment full of rapture! O miracle! the dead
Is sitting up, and playing with the roses o'er her spread!

A sympathetic pleasure brightens each mourner's eye,
As bowed, o'erjoyed, the keeper of the dead hall draws nigh,
Takes in his arms the innocent saved from an early blight,
And bears her to her mother, now weeping with delight!

THE YOUNG REBEL.

A Tale of the Carolinas.

BY J. MILTON SANDERS.

In a small farm-house, towards the close of the year 1780, sat an old man, his wife and only son.—The face of the father appeared troubled; at times he looked thoughtfully on the floor, and then he would gaze long and wistfully at his son, a fine, manly youth of twenty. At length he said,

"David, this is disastrous news from Camden.—God knows what will become of the country now! Congress needs every arm that is capable—ah! me, I wish this old wound I got in the French war had not lamed me—but for it, I should be now shouldering my musket and marching to defend my country."

Both the son and wife looked up at these words. The old lady ceased knitting and gazed enquiringly at her boy, and it was evident, from the expression of her face, that patriotism and motherly affection were at variance in her bosom. The son, however, after encountering his father's eyes for a moment, turned confusedly away. The old man's brow darkened, and he said warmly,

"David, David, why do you linger about the village when your country needs your services so much!—why, son, I am ashamed of you! Twice before this have I spoken to you upon this subject, but you appear to have no spirit! What! will you see us trampled upon by the brutal mercenaries of Britain, and still lie here supinely? For shame, David, for shame! I will not call you my son. Long since you ought to have been in the army!"

"Joshua, Joshua," interposed the old mother, "David is but a youth; then do not speak to him so harshly. He cannot yet feel what you feel, who have fought so often against our country's enemies—Joshua, he is but a boy."

"A boy, indeed, Deborah! such *boys* as David have already gained imperishable laurels since the war commenced. I could name a host of them!—why, were it not for the *boys* of this land where would be our army, which, I dare say, is one quarter composed of boys of David's age." The old man was excited, and it was the first unkind word that he had ever used to his boy.

David arose and left the house. He walked some distance apparently in deep thought.

"What will not woman do!" he at last muttered—"here I have been lingering about the village when I should have been off long ago. And for what!—why to meet a pretty girl, and to listen to her musical voice, but now I will be myself again!—what did he call me? was it not *coward?* Now, by heavens, I will learn him that he has a son who possesses the spirit of his father. Away then with love, for I feel that I am called upon to act, and no longer dream! Ere a fortnight my father shall hear of me, or else I lose my life in striving for it." And with this resolution he turned about and retraced his steps.

When he reached home he sought the stables, saddled his horse, and mounting him, struck into a gallop, which continued for several miles. At length he stopped and looked up at the windows of a farm-house, half hid between clustering trees. This was the residence of Mary Banker, the mistress of his heart; the lights showed that the family had not retired, and he resolved to pay her a visit before his departure.

She was alone when he entered, and a few words acquainted her with his determination. She burst into tears.

"Nay! Mary," he said, "you must not unman me. At first I resolved to leave you without a farewell, for I knew how much you dreaded my taking an active part in this struggle. But I could not be so cruel, as to desert you without a word."

"I will compose myself," said the fair girl, with an effort to smile. "I know I have been wrong to persuade you to stay; but you cannot imagine the anxieties I suffer on account of my brothers, and I could not bear to have you too encounter their danger. But since this dreadful defeat at Camden I feel that every man is wanted by our country. Go, then, dearest, and God be with you. My prayers shall attend you night and day."

David pressed the now weeping girl to his bosom, snatched a hasty kiss at the sound of approaching footsteps, wrung her hand, and was gone.

The next day he left the neighborhood of his father's house, armed with a musket and mounted on a sturdy horse. His destination was the American camp, then far to the northward; but as the intervening country was filled with the enemy, he knew there would be considerable address required to effect his purpose. Before his departure he saw a few of his old playmates, who promised to follow him as soon as possible.

Night found him near a lonely farm-house, to which he proceeded boldly in pursuit of a lodging.—At first the occupant received him coldly, but a chance expression convincing David that his host was a tory, he affected the same political creed, and was immediately warmly welcomed. The royalist produced his cider after supper, and insisted that David should join him in his potations; this the young man did, taking care, however, not to indulge too freely, while the farmer, overjoyed to find what he supposed a new recruit for his party, drank without stint and became more and more communicative. To his horror, David soon learned that a party of loyalists, led by a Major Wilson, celebrated for his toryism and ruthlessness, were to start early the ensuing day on an expedition to seize and hang the two Bankers, who had made themselves particularly obnoxious to the royalist leaders. David knew enough of this partisan warfare to be assured that no mercy would be shown his friends; he also knew enough of the character of the major to suspect that some strong personal motive had led to the planning of so distant an expedition, when there were others as inviting nearer home. He accordingly set himself to discover from his half inebriated companion the truth.—Nor was it long before success crowned his adroit cross-examination.

"Why, you see," said the host, "I believe there's a little revenge for a slight received from these fellows' sister, mixed up with the major's desire to catch the Bankers. The girl is very pretty, they say, and the major, when she was down here on a visit last year—before the war—wanted to marry her, but she would have nothing to say to him.—Ever since, he has vowed to make her rue the day. You may depend on it he will have her on his own terms now—thank Heaven! there's no law any longer to prevent an honest loyalist from doing as he pleases to these rascally rebels. But yonder is the major now," suddenly said his host, starting up, "I will introduce you to him at once—a merry fellow you'll find him—Lord love you he's as brave as a lion."

David, though horrified at the diabolical plot he had heard, saw the necessity of dissembling in order to learn further of the tories' plans, and find means, if possible, to circumvent them. He arose, therefore, and shook the Major's hand warmly; pledged him immediately in a brimmer; and soon contrived to make the royalist believe that he was anxious to join a troop and take part against the rebels. This induced the major to be unusually civil, for he wished to secure so athletic a recruit himself. It was not long before a bargain had been concluded between the two. David refused, however, to sign the agreement that night: he pretended that several others of his friends were disaffected and desirous of joining the loyalists; and his object, he said, was to secure a commission for himself by inducing them to join. This tempting bait took: the major promised him a command in his troop, in case of success, and David signified his intention of setting forth, after he had taken a few hours rest, in order to lose no time in gathering together his recruits.

The dread of discovery had been constantly before him during the maintenance of this negotiahim, for his person was well known to many of the major's troop, and if any of them had come up, his feigned name would not have protected him from detection. He wished to get off that night, as he had proposed; but to this neither his host nor the major would hear, and he was forced to remain till morning. What was his anguish to hear, on rising, that the major had been gone some hours, and was already on his way to the Bunkers, with his troops.—Dissembling his anxiety, David partook of a hasty breakfast, and, mounting his horse, rode slowly away. But when out of sight of the house he struck into a fierce gallop, which he continued till he came in sight of a cross-road, where was a tavern. Here he stopped, and learning that the royalists had taken the high road, he turned aside into a narrow and more circuitous one.

"It is my only chance to avoid them," he said, again dashing into a gallop. "Pray God, I may reach the settlement in time to collect a few of our lads and march to the Bunkers. There is no other hope now left."

Night had fallen, as they expected, before the tories were able to reach the vicinity of the house they were in search of. At length, however, after a silent march through the woods, it broke upon their view. A light was burning in one of the windows, and when they arrived close to the premises, the lively notes of a violin reached their ears, proving that the brothers were not aware of their presence, but enjoying themselves in imagined security.

"Now, men," whispered the leader of the tories, "when I give the word, fire a volley at the house by way of introducing ourselves; we will then surround the place and enter it."

At that instant the deep bay of a dog rang in their ears, and a large mastiff sprang from under the house and rushed at the major.

"*Fire!*" he cried.

Twenty guns broke upon the stillness of the night—the dog fell dead—every pane of glass in the front of the house was shivered, and the tories yelled like savages. In an instant the light in the house was extinguished—the violin as quickly ceased, and a noise was heard at the door. The tories immediately made a rush at it. But it was already barred, and being made of stout oak plank, resisted all their efforts. A rifle cracked from one of the upper windows, and one of the tories fell desperately wounded. Another report succeeded, and another tory fell, and Major Wilson was now fully aware that both Bunkers were at home and wide awake. A shed turned the rain from the front of the house, and underneath this, the tories, shielding themsel[illegible] the fire of the Bunkers, went to work at the door.—Suspecting such resistance—perhaps from his knowledge of their character—one of the men had brought an axe, with which he commenced hewing at the door, and soon cut it to pieces. Here a desperate battle ensued. The two brothers were powerful men, and as courageous as they were strong; and now with clubbed rifles they disputed the entrance of the whole tory force. The door being small they stood their ground for half an hour, felling during that time some of those who had the temerity to enter first, but finally numbers overcame them, and they were flung upon the floor and bound. The tories, inflamed to madness at the great resistance which had been made, and at their own losses, now seized the mother and sister, and made preparations to hang the two brothers before their eyes. The ropes were already tied around the necks of the victims, when the major addressed his men:

"Now, friends, as soon as these villains are dead, we will set fire to this house—the old woman there," he said, with a brutal laugh, "may be left inside—but the young one I reserve for myself."

"Hist!" cried one of the men, in a loud voice. The major ceased, and they heard a voice outside the house. Although the words were spoken low, the listeners distinctly heard, "when I say fire, give it to them!"

A man with blanched cheek now rushed among them, exclaiming—

"The yard is full of men!"

"Fire!" cried a deep voice from the yard—a general volley succeeded, and so well had the aim been directed in the door, that several of the tories fell, either dead or desperately wounded. In turn the tories retreated up the stairs, when David, our hero rushed into the room which they had just left, and cut the ropes which bound the Bunkers and their mother and sister.

"May God Almighty bless you for this!" cried one of the Bunkers.

The two men sprang up, seized their rifles, which had been left in the room, and prepared to retaliate the treatment which they had just received.

Long and desperate was the battle. The tories fought for life—the whigs for revenge. But at length the latter triumphed, though not until their enemies had been almost exterminated. The major fell by the arm of our hero, who sought him out in the hottest of the fight, and engaged him single handed.

No language of ours can express the emotions of David as he pressed his betrothed bride to his bosom; and his heart went up in thankfulness to Heaven for his timely arrival, when he thought that a delay of half an hour longer would have consigned her to a fate worse than death. The gratitude of her brothers was expressed in many words, but her's was silent and tearful, yet oh! how much more gratifying.

"I almost called you a coward, son David," said his father to him, when they met, "but you are a chip of the old block, and I did you wrong. Deborah, he is a boy to be proud of—is he not? You may founder one of my horses every day that you do such a deed—it beats anything I ever saw in the old French war."

David's gallantry in this act drew around him, in a few weeks, more than a score of hardy young followers, who fought with him to the close of the war, when he returned and was happily married to the heroine of our story.

Written for the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

THE SEASON OF YOUTH.

"Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thy heart, and in the sight of thine eyes; but know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment."—[Eccl. 11th chap. 9th verse.

Rejoice not, young man, in the season of youth,
Its pleasures are fleeting, and soon pass away;
However they allure us, they leave this sad truth,
Whatever is earthly, must surely decay.

The snares of the world may be spread to deceive thee,
They charm but to dazzle, and lure to destroy;
Its friendship will perish, and worldly friends leave thee,
When trouble and sorrow thy sad thoughts employ.

There's naught but Religion true happiness brings;
Then seek it, young man, in the spring-time of life,
'Twill ease thee of guilt, take from conscience its stings,
And yield thee a solace 'mid doubting and strife.

Then when thy days on this earth shall be closing,
And thy friends are whispering the last sad farewell,
How sweet to reflect that the path thou hast chosen,
Will lead thee to Heaven, with angels to dwell!

THE YOUNG MERCHANT

AND

THE INDIAN CAPTIVE.

BY HENRY DIFFENDERFFER

Chapter I.

It was on a clear, bright, beautiful morning, in the summer of '28, when a youth was seen entering the family coach with his father to drive to the bustling, commercial city of New York. It was such a morning as is calculated to call forth all those fine sensibilities of our nature, which lie hidden in dormant repose for a season, but when awakened create wit in the bosom the poetry of life. The feathered tribes, too, felt the genial influence of the sun's bright rays, causing them to shout forth their happiest carols. The lofty mountain's brow was clad in nature's verdant livery—the streamlet, as it touched and refreshed its rugged banks, laughed in joyous glee until its tribute gushed into the mighty river; then rushing with mad impetuosity, mingled with the eternal waves of the billowing deep;—the farmers' fields presented a vast ocean of golden grain, and as the balmy breeze floated over it, it created thousands of beautiful waves, sweeping with graceful, undulatory movement. In fact, it was a morning on which every feeling was refreshed, and every thing seemed to teem with life.

Richard Mordant was the cherished and much-loved son of affectionate parents, residing on the banks of the beautiful Hudson. Being an only son, he was reared tenderly, and they failed not to instil into his youthful mind those valuable principles which, when embraced and maintained, tend to elevate man, giving him dignity and nobility of soul. They were determined, as far as in them lay, to build a foundation of the most substantial nature for the erection of their son's future character—a foundation which the shocks, the changes, and circumstances of life cannot touch nor destroy. They resolved to carry out those plans which a wise power committed to their charge, by cultivating the moral and intellectual faculties—by giving their child a proper estimate of this life, and of that in the far future. By contrasting a good with that of an evil course of life pursued, the good results of the former, and the evils, miseries, temporal and eternal, of the latter.

Richard Mordant, to describe him, must be termed one of the finest specimens of nature's noblemen. A lofty forehead, beautifully formed, attracted the gaze of every one, with jet black hair, of a glossy nature, hanging in large massy curls over his handsome brow—fine and well-formed neck. His eye was of the darkest possible hue, full and prominent, possessing the fire of genius, in which glistened the loftiness of his nature.

When the father and son arrived and traversed the busy streets of New York, Richard seemed pleased with the bustle and confusion; and it appeared to suit the tenor of his mind. He was placed in the counting-house of a very intimate friend of his parent, and soon gained the confidence and esteem of his preceptor. He was now in his his eighteenth year, with a rich, comprehensive mind, and, when leisure from business afforded, his principle delight was to read works of an instructive character, from which he soon acquired an extensive store of knowledge.

He had residing in the city a young and beautiful cousin, and when they met there seemed to exist a congeniality of disposition in their pursuits in the moral and intellectual world, which soon attached them very closely to each other. Emma was just in the flower of maidenhood, with a brow and soft languishing eyes, indicating a heart capable of the emotions and susceptibilities which add true dignity to a beautiful woman. Her lustrous raven hair fell in ringlets down her snowy neck, as though they were actually sensitive, and chased each other in comfort to kiss away the delicately tinted blushes which suffused it in rapid succession upon the slightest impulse. She was in stature rather above than below the middle size, with a contour of body which corresponded faultlessly with her height, and her exquisitely rounded limbs would have bid defiance to the warm imagery of an artist's chisel, and rendered his divine exertions nugatory. But, waiving these physical accomplishments, there lay hidden beneath an artless simplicity of manner—beauties of the mind of a far more attractive character. Few could indeed venture within the limits of her melodious voice and interesting conversation, without experiencing those thrilling sensations within the bosom, which generally affect the romantic. Her elastic and happy flow of spirits, giving evidence of a happy heart, would enliven the most sedate, and bring out the remnant of pleasurable feeling yet in the bosom, and thus she was the acknowledged star of the social circle.

In the course of time, Mr. Mordant had acquired a capacity sufficiently good for the transactions of a mercantile man. He had, during five years' incessant labor in all the intricate and perplexing systems which are brought into requisition in the enactment of business, so informed himself upon all matters relating to commerce, that he felt confident his professional studies had fitted him for the active duties of life. It was the desire of his father, and also that of his preceptor, who took a lively interest in the young man, that he should travel for one year in the United States and another year in Europe, for the purpose of giving him an opportunity to form just views of life, by affording him a knowledge of the pursuits of the people on this and the other side of the Atlantic.

After having made his tour through our States, he embarked for England, and, at the end of a twelvemonth, returned to his native country. Whilst at New York, he was introduced to many of the most prominent families resident there. His pleasing manner and fascinating address seemed to gain him the good feelings of every one with whom he associated.

Chapter II.

On a fine afternoon in June, the thoroughfares of the city presented an imposing spectacle to the general observer. Broadway was crowded with persons, some of whom owed their darkly bright eyes, and ruddy complexions, to some fair foreign climes. The gay, brilliant belle promenading with her devoted gallant—the gorgeous equipages, filled with the fairest of the beautiful in creation—the silvery spray twisting itself into a thousand different wreaths in the Park, all these contributed to heighten the grandeur of the scene. At five o'clock P. M., Mr. Mordant stepped into his hotel, where a letter was handed him, addressed to R. Mordant, Astor House, in a lady's delicate hand-writing. Hastily breaking the seal, and opening the sheet, he discovered a watch-guard, curiously plaited, of lady's hair, of a dark color and lustrous nature, accompanied by these few words—"wear this for thy friend."

Musing for some time in the parlor, with his eyes fixed on the guard, he broke forth into audible language—"Who could have sent me this valued treasure?"

His mind was engaged for several days in reflecting upon this mysterious epistle. He was not able to conjecture from whom it came, and he resolved to mark closely the countenance of every fair damsel of his acquaintance. At successive intervals he received from the same source a number of tokens, of a similar nature. Still more surprised, as letters at different times were handed him of this description, while he could not imagine to whom they owed their origin, or to whom he was indebted for such distinguished marks of favor. "The mysterious author must be discovered," thought he, one day; "I will not rest satisfied until I shall have endeavored to my utmost to find out the fair unknown."

As he was occupied by these reflections, another from the same source was received, and on opening it, he found, to his eager curiosity, it contained a valuable diamond ring. Quick as thought he placed it upon his finger, and, to his astonishment, found it to fit precisely. He was in ecstacies. Upon carefully examining the ring, he found the initials of his name and the word "love" engraven on its inner surface. Matters now assumed a serious aspect, and he felt convinced no one would conduct an affair like this unless the most tender feelings were enlisted toward him. The author must be an intimate acquaintance, too, for how could she know the exact size of his finger? He was determined, if possible, to trace it to its origin.

One day, whilst walking in Broadway, he met his intimate friend James Norvell, a jeweller, whom he had known in England, and with whom he had contracted the most lively friendship; who asked him to accompany him to his jewelry establishment, for the purpose of having a conversation in relation to their travels in the East. Mr. Norvell stated that he had been extraordinarily successful in the collection of his kind of merchandise; that he had brought with him two beautiful diamond rings of the most exquisite workmanship, which he recommended to his friend as something superb.

"Let me see them," remarked Mr. Mordant.

"I can show you but one of them, as I disposed of the other immediately upon the opening of my jewellery," returned Mr. Norvell.

The instant Mr. Mordant saw the remaining one, he found it to match the one on his finger: he held them both to his friend, who ejaculated—

"Happy fellow!—is it possible you can have an acquaintance with the beautiful creature I sold it to?"

"You sold it to!" echoed Mr. Mordant.

"Yes," replied Mr. Norvell, "I have been dreaming nightly of her since I saw her; why, sir, she is the most loveable being my vision ever beheld. May I ask you for an introduction?"

"An introduction!" responded Mr. Mordant, apparently in a reverie.

Mr. Norvell noticed a singularity in the manner of his friend; he felt still a deeper interest in the fair one, and urged him for an explanation; upon which Mordant gave him an account of the mysterious reception of the more mysterious epistles and their contents.

"And is it possible you have no knowledge from whom you received these tokens?"

"No, sir. Can you give me any information upon that point?"

"That is not in my power," answered Mr. Norvell; "but she is so bewitchingly beautiful, that I would travel a thousand miles to discover her, and again feast my eyes upon her transcendant beauty. Her voice has the richest melody my ears ever drank; she must be discovered."

"Describe her to me," said Mordant.

"That were impossible; she is beautiful as a dream—fair as an enthusiast's vision."

"What was the colour of her hair?"

"Dusky as a midnight shadow."

"And her eyes?"

"Ah! they were bright as the gazelle's."

"And her person?"

"Was finely developed; and there was a sylph-like ease and grace in her movements, which I never before saw in any lady."

"She must be discovered!" echoed Mordant; and before the friends separated, they drank to the disclosure of the "fair unknown."

In going to his hotel, Mordant was racking his brain to catch even a supposition of the unknown author of their sweet troubles. He at last could arrive at no other or more satisfactory conclusion than that it may have been his cousin.

"Surely," thought he, "my jeweller friend's description corresponds well with my cousin. She, I must confess, is beautiful: and she, too, knows the size of my finger, for she has a ring of mine at this present moment. So, it is possible it may be my dark-eyed cousin."

Chapter III.

Mr. Ashley, the good old preceptor of Mr. Mordant, was a man of wealth and enterprise; and having in view the future welfare of his young friend, he made a very fair proposition to him—sufficiently so to induce him to embark in trade with a very solid and substantial capital. The mercantile house was to have been established in one of the Southern States, and finally Charleston was selected for its seat. After matters were all arranged, Mordant set out upon his journey southward, for his future residence. On his way thither, he proposed travelling leisurely through the middle States, where a number of his friends resided.

Some ten days after he left New York, he reached a small village in Pennsylvania where an uncle resided, who urged him to remain for a time, partly for the reason that he would be pleased to have him in his family, for they were attached to him, and partly to become one of the guests of a village festival which was to take place in a few days. On the urgent solicitation of his friends, he consented to remain and enjoy himself in the society of people whose whole object of life seemed to be the promotion of each other's happiness. I have myself travelled in this part of the country, and was so fascinated with every thing which presented itself to my view, that I was induced to linger for weeks in this glorious region. As you approach the village, you ascend a high platform of land, which enables you to enjoy a superb sweep of the eye for a distance of twenty miles, presenting a vast vale, shut out by mountains on either side, whose lofty crowns seemed to converse with the clouds, and between whose sides lay, in splendid repose, all that delights the vision of the enthusiast. The village, as it lay in the evening sun, with its white houses and green blinds—the happy abodes of the inhabitants—the silver stream, as it glided musically along, and upon whose small islands the ardent lover repaired to relate the touching story of his love by moonlight alone—the chrystal spring, which ebbed its waters so, meandering through the green fields and meadows—the cool and refreshing glen, which echoed and re-echoed to the sound of your voice, until the reverberations melted into distance and silence;—all, all gave such a charm to the scene, as to envelope the sense of the spectator in an ecstacy of rapture.

At length the day arrived for a village festival. Sylph Island was selected for this occasion. This was a little island rising romantically out of the waters of the silver stream which glided near the village. As you enter upon it, you cross a curiously woven bridge of reeds, which presents to the observer one of the most novel and rustic of contrivances. Sylph Island is about half a mile in length, and one quarter in breadth. One part, the westward, is a flat-topped hill, that projects some twenty or thirty feet above the level of the stream, from which you are presented with one of the loveliest landscapes in this country. The scenery is wildly and variously beautiful and rich, and seemed to be secluded from the bustle and confusion of the harrassing scenes of the business world. To the south, rises to view, in bold and majestic relief, the high summit of a craggy mountain; a glorious vale was extended, smiling cheerfully in the morning sun. Nature luxuriated in all her beauty in this romantic valley. Near the foot of the island there is a narrow glen, some fifteen or twenty feet below the level of the water, covered with shady trees, and in its centre are mossy rocks, out of which spouts a natural fountain to the height of sixteen feet. Multitudes of shrubs and trees of various kinds were growing on the island in wild abundance.

Invitations had been accepted by numerous friends at a distance to participate in the enjoyments of the happy villagers, which swelled the participants to above three hundred—all of which formed in procession to move toward Sylph Island. The morning was balmy and beautiful. Art had been united with nature to render the island as fascinating as possible. A rich archway of flowers was suspended over the reed bridge—winding walks, lined with odoriferous flowers, were woven around in tendrilled drapery, forming shadowy bowers—dark groves of pine clustered in thick profusion, through which the eye could scarcely penetrate, and under which rustic sofas were placed. In short, all was so arranged that you could not help but believe that you were in a fairy land, or a dream too fair for reality. And

"Rich echoes came telling that there were met,
Beauty, and youth, and mirth, whose buoyant wings,
Waving aloft, o'er thoughts that gloom and fret,
Have [illegible] from care, or lured him to forget.
Light maidens dancing with elastic bound,
Like fairy revellers in one place were seen;
And gentle friends were slowly pacing, where
The dark thick boughs formed a bowery screen;
And merry children, like the moonlight fay,
With their wild pealing laughter filled the perfumed air."

Among the revellers was a maiden surpassingly beautiful, who seemed so happy-hearted—so full of bounding spirits—so full of innocence and love—so abounding of the finer feelings of our nature, that she twined herself around your very heart-strings, and impressed her image upon the innermost tablet of your soul. Her rich, clear, silvery voice, rang so joyously upon your ear—those soul-speaking eyes told a thousand tales of love and romance, such as only hover in the visions of an angelic spirit—her wavy, golden hair, floated down her well-formed shoulders—her elastic step and movement, accompanied with a flow of sprightliness the most exhilarating and buoyant—and her frank, confiding manner, constrained every one to love her. Mordant was struck with the beauty and gentleness of Mary Morris, and whilst mixing in the happy throng in search of a friend for the purpose of soliciting an introduction, the whole assembly broke forth with the song—

The woodland bird is on the wing,
A bloom upon the blushing flower;
Sweet odours on the breath of spring,
Are stealing from the rosy bowers.

The timbrel sounds upon the mead,
Then join, oh! join the mirth and song;
And every youth shall gaily lead
A maid to trip the dance along;

While laughing sylph and sporting fairy
Watch us with a smile of love,
And in their bowers so high and airy,
Dance—as we below—above.

Mary Morris' full clear voice was heard above the rest, and Mordant's heart was touched with the thrilling sensations of love. He delayed not in obtaining an introduction, and an hour afterwards you might have noticed them strolling along the flowery walks—ascending the high elevations—lingering beneath the cool, refreshing foliage—listening to the birds' sweet songs—straying in happy solitude near the romantic fountain; and finally walking arm in arm towards a lofty elm, under whose wide-spread branches was a rustic sofa, upon which they seated themselves.

"Your choice, Miss Morris," remarked Mr. Mordant, "is indeed a beautiful one: all nature may not produce a lovelier spot than this; and it is here you are accustomed to pass your summer twilights. I am not at all surprised that you are so attached to this place."

"Yes, Mr. Mordant, and besides the beautiful scenery and quietness which prevail here, in connection therewith, are associated many delightful impressions which must ever be remembered with affection."

"And I too, Miss Morris, have realized here an impression which must ever live to render this spot immortal in my mind: for I have seen a lady this day who has kindled in my breast emotions such as I never before experienced—those of love."

"Is it possible any one could have awakened the spirit of love in so brief a period?"

"Love lingers so heavily in the bosom, that when called forth, it springs to maturity in a moment."

"May it not then be tender, and very easily broken?"

"Nay, believe me, when sown upon true soil, it is fixed unalterably and immovably—the root strikes downward, and in an instant you behold the flower in full bloom."

"Do, Mr. Mordant, make me your confidant—you will find that I will keep your secrets quite close; indeed, I'll make an excellent confessor."

"With all my heart. *She is seated by my side*—my sweet listener—will she hold forth to me the bow of hope? Oh! bid me hope—give me some assurance that my feelings are not disregarded—give me some"——

At this juncture, a young girl came bounding up to them, and interrupted him in his all-absorbing conversation and declaration, breathing out the feelings from an over-charged soul. At the instant the girl saw Mordant, she shrunk back timidly, and was on the eve of leaving them to their *tete-a-tete*, when Miss Morris requested her to remain—but there was a shyness in her manner which Mordant remarked. A slight embarrassment followed, when Miss Morris presented Mr. Mordant to Miss Me-Me of New York.

Chapter IV.

The young girl Me-Me, who interrupted Mordant when in the very act of pouring out the intense emotion of his soul to one who had that day taken his heart captive, was the subject of a singular history. When at the age of five years, she was with her parents on a tour through our far western country, and whilst in one of the Territories, they lost their way into a dense forest, where they met a band of savages, who attacked them with all the fury which their hatred towards the whites prompted. Struggling to the utmost, the travellers saved their lives, but the darling of their hearts was captured and carried to the Indian camp. When they again found their way to the settlements, every assistance was rendered them to regain the fond object, but all exertions proved futile. The mother was almost frantic, and nothing could comfort her; even the soothing influence of time itself was not capable to reconcile her to the unfortunate bereavement.

The captors exulted in having been successful in robbing the distressed parents, and as they conveyed the little innocent into the gloomy wilderness amid all its cries and struggles, they broke forth into hideous laughter, feeling confident that the loss caused sorrow to the pale faces, which pleased them, and they knew their old chief would be highly gratified in gaining so valuable a prize. When the child was presented to the chief he was rejoiced to see the fair-skin beauty, and its innocent and touching appeals softened the bosom of the stern old warrior, so that it became his first favorite, and was adopted into his family. He would embrace and fondle his Me-Me until at last she was won by the kindness and caresses of the warrior and his squaw. They instructed her in all the amusements which the Indian indulges in, and as year after year passed on, she budded into beauty and loveliness, and warrior and chieftain came from a far distance to look upon her fair beauty—dark thrilling eyes and long jetty hair—and she seemed to them as some bright spirit come to delight their vision. Among the nation was a United States Agent, who transacted the business affairs between our government and the tribe; who watched with glowing admiration her expanding loveliness. He loved her with all the energy of an ardent bosom, but was constrained to nurse the flame in secret, nor would he disclose his passion to his most intimate friends, fearing the sweet one would be snatched from him by the old chief, who intended her for his eldest son. Notwithstanding she was much attached to her Indian family and those around her, yet the Agent succeeded in persuading her to leave, and accordingly arrangements were made to prosecute their design in escaping to New York and from her future intended fate. They arrived at the end of their journey safely.

Me-Me was placed with Mrs. Jameson, an intimate acquaintance of the Agent's, who was requested to use every means to fit her for refined society. Every thing seemed strange and novel to the young creature, and there stole occasionally o'er her spirit the recollection of her fond companions in her wild home—but the unceasing attentions of that lady were at length appreciated, and she learned to look upon her guardian as upon a fond parent. No pains were spared in the cultivation of her mind, and it seemed to delight her when she experienced the development of her intellectual faculties.

After having resided in New York some four years, Mr Jameston gave a very brilliant entertainment expressly for Me-Me's sake, and a great number of the elite of the city were present. Mordant and his cousin were amongst the gay and bright. When Me-Me saw Mordant, the sweet feeling of love crept within her heart, and she would by stealth drink in the rich language which fell from his lips. She would linger by the side of Emma in all her movements, until the most free and unreserved intercourse followed. She was a great admirer of trinkets, and noticing a ring on Emma's finger which pleased her taste, she would not be satisfied until she had ascertained the size of it—from whom it came, and where the giver resided: who happened to be Mordant himself. She was furnished with all the information respecting it, and no one suspected there was a tender regard felt for him, but that it was a mere curiosity which is characteristic to the Indian, and which she contracted in her wild western home.

After the party, Mordant was ever in her imagination, and she cherished those sweet emotions which love engenders, singling out a life at once bright and joyous. In one of her romantic moods she had a guard-chain plaited of her own hair, which she enclosed in a letter addressed to the idol of her heart. At different times she presented him with favours of a similar kind, and she one day purchased and presented him with the diamond ring with which the reader is already acquainted. And the surprise and fear of having been discovered, caused her to shrink back on Sylph Island, when she recognised Mordant in company with Miss Morris. Me-Me was the guest of Mary Morris on this occasion, and had passed some time in that part of the country during the fore-part of the summer, but arrangements had now been made to start for Philadelphia and the Northern Springs, the morning following the festival.

On the evening preceding her departure, the two maidens strolled down the valley, entered Sylph Island, for the purpose of witnessing by moonlight the magnificence of the surrounding scenery; and as they ascended the hill-top to glance down the deep vale and bright prospect, the silvery moon was just rising above the eastern hills, shining with resplendent lustre—spreading the horizon in one transcendant glow of beauty. The vapoury clouds were fringed with gold and purple, forming themselves into a thousand different winged cars—the tree tops waived gracefully in the mellow light, and the music of the stream ushered forth its harmonious lullaby as it glided along. On they went, still ascending till they reached the roots of the old elm, where some hours before the spot was made one of moment. When they seated themselves they thought they heard a slight rustling in the bower beyond them, but all was again hushed in deep silence. A strange awkwardness came over Me-Me, and she placed her hand first upon her heart, and then upon her head, which Mary noticed with some anxiety.

"And what," inquired she, "dear Me-Me, is the cause of the distress? I noticed this afternoon a shadow upon your brow; yes, ever since Mr. Mordant was introduced to you."

"Ah, Mary, there is something which burns here," pointing to her head; "and something which aches here," pointing to her heart.

"What can have occasioned it, dearest Me-Me?"

She reclined her head gently upon Mary's bosom, and replied:

"He was the fault—he was the fault. Whenever I think of him my heart grows big with feeling. I like to think of him, and often dream bright dreams of him."

"Did you ever see him before this day?"

"Yes, often, at New York; once at a party; he looked so kind. I will tell you the secret of my soul. I beg you will never divulge it. It was I who presented him with that ring which I noticed him wear to-day, but he did not know me—no, he did not know me. I am forgotten by him, and he is to me the dearest being in the world."

Mary noticed the large tears course down the cheek of Me-Me, when she consoled her by saying fate would arrange all things aright. It was fast verging toward the noon of night, when the two maidens reached their dwelling.

"Did you hear all, Mordant?" exclaimed Frank Hilson, to his friend, as they sat listening to the confidential conversation of Mary and Me-me, behind some intervening shrubbery. They had called upon the ladies in the early part of the evening, but found they were absent; so they wandered to Sylph Island, and in the position in which they were placed, could not avoid overhearing what was spoken.

"Yes," said Mordant; "and is it not strange that I did not recognize to-day one who was the object of so much anxiety? Well, she is truly beautiful, but Miss Morris has gained my heart."

The night was passed rather uneasily by Mordant, and he could not avoid the important matter of the day crowding heavily upon his mind. Love will have a powerful effect upon all, whether upon dispositions romantic or philosophic. The imagination is wrought upon with a mysterious influence, disturbing the regular balance of thought, and bringing the whole force of the mind to centre upon one all-important, all-absorbing object.

Long before daybreak, Mordant was heard pacing up and down his chamber, and some of the members of his uncle's family felt uneasy respecting his health. Just as the sun rose beautifully in the East, the stage coach rattled past the door towards Philadelphia. After a while breakfast was announced, but he could partake of none. The hours seemed to move upon leaden wings. He was burning for the hour to approach when he could unburthen the whole weight which lay upon his heart. His bosom was filled with generous and noble sentiments, and he resolved to offer the wealth of his first love to Mary Morris. He ascended the steps of her dwelling with some agitation, and touched the spring of the bell; and the summons was answered that Miss Morris was not in. He strolled to Sylph Island in search of her, for he thought she had probably sallied forth to enjoy the cool and refreshing morning air. In an hour he returned with a palpitating heart, when he was informed that she had that morning left for Philadelphia.

Chapter V.

The Southern and Western newspaper journals noticed the establishment of a new mercantile house over the signature of R. Mordant & Co. At their establishment were observed indications of a large and well arranged business. Weeks sped slowly to Mordant, and the time passed heavily; restlessness was seen in all his manner. Strange how the first impressions of love affect the young—what bright dreams are indulged in at one time, and what heart-breaking agony is felt at another; what a glorious future is woven out by the imagination of one moment, and again what a desert flits across the mind, when the lover asks himself the question, will she or not bless me with her love? O, suspense created within the human breast—those gnawings, those soul-sickening disturbances of the mind, which, when encouraged, strike a well-directed dagger to the heart. Mordant was in suspense, in horrible suspense. He had left unfinished a portion of the declaration of his heart, to one whom he loved with a generous and noble affection—had received no indication of favour on her part, by which he might even hope for a reciprocity of feeling; had been disappointed in looking again upon her matchless beauty; had been deprived of listening to a voice whose music had touched the silken chords of love, and was compelled to live for a season away from those tones. But he delayed not in starting toward the north in search of her whose image wandered by his side in all his movements: whether he trod the busy mart of trade, or reclined beneath the leafy orange tree, Mary's image was ever hovering above, around him. Whether in the starry night or early morn—the dewy eve or noon of day—she would be his companion; and he sped swiftly as the iron steed could fly, through the balmy air from the Southern to the Northern clime.

Saratoga was crowded with strangers from all parts of our country, and it was said never was a finer display witnessed at this fashionable resort of youthful female beauty, than on this occasion.

On a pleasant day, Mary Morris, with Me-Me by her side, and a stately gentleman, were seen together in a walk at this favourite watering place, when Mordant arrived. Mary looked upon him with pleasure and with pain—with pleasure, because he had lit the lamp of love within her heart, which now burned brightly—with pain, because she could not, would not, accept the hand of one for whom her dear Me-Me nursed and cherished a love of the purest character.

On one occasion Mordant and Mary stole quietly from the bustling throng, when the subject was renewed.

"And must I again return without hope? Why is it," observed he, "that you cannot disclose the secret which prevents you from accepting my hand? You have acknowledged your heart is mine."

"Yes, yes, I must admit, have the full bestowal of my affections—but I would be false to woman's honor did I accept your hand. Let the past be forgotten, since there is so great an obstacle in our way."

"And why, dearest Mary, wilt thou let me live in agonizing suspense? And why not disclose this secret to one whose very existence would be embittered, should you not disclose it?"

"Never, believe me, can I be prevailed upon, under present circumstances, to acquaint you with it. Never—no, never!"

In an hour afterwards, Mordant had left for New York, sick at heart, and ill at ease. At one of the hotels he accidentally met his parents on their way to Saratoga, and they insisted upon it that he should accompany them thither. He did so with reluctance. Some time after their arrival they were ushered into a room where two ladies and gentlemen were seated in conversation. Mordant at once recognised Mary Morris and Me-Me, with Mary's father and brother, to whom he introduced his parents. The moment his mother saw Me-Me, she looked in the most intense manner upon her. It was a long, piercing, steadfast look, as though she was hesitating between doubt and certainty, and then she shrieked "it is Clara," and fell senseless upon the floor.

At the mention of the name Clara, Me-Me stood motionless, gazing with an abstracted air, as though she were awakening out of a long deep sleep; or as if a long vanished, faded vision, flitted across her brain, and opened the flood-gates of memory, bringing to view the early days of childhood, when she breathed the endearing name of mother. Every attention was paid to the restoration of Mrs. Mordant. When she recovered, she called the Indian girl to her, having observed a locket, attached to a gold chain, which she examined with trembling anxiety. She took the locket in her hand, and touching a secret spring, a lid opened, on the inner side of which was engraven "Clara Mordant."

"Yes!" exclaimed the agitated parent, "it is our long lost Clara."

The truth burst upon Me-Me's mind; she gazed wildly around and sprung upon her mother's bosom with a fond embrace, and wept. After their feelings were somewhat subdued, her father approached her with a feeling of paternal love and gratitude, such as a parent under similar circumstances can alone experience. Richard now came nigh, and taking her hand in his, exclaimed, "My dear sister Clara!" She looked into his face with a fond, inexpressible gaze, and a heart too full for utterance. She stood motionless and speechless for a moment, then syllabled the affectionate name of "*brother*."

Every heart was filled with joy—the bereaved had found their long lost child. The brother had found a sister, and the lonely child of the forest, who thought she was without relations, found both parents and brother.

Mordant suspected that the obstacle which prevented Mary from accepting him, was now removed. Again the tender tale of love was breathed into her ear, and her eloquent eye answered the sweet language which flowed to her soul, as her hand nestled unconsciously in the clasp of her lover. There was no refusal now, and upon her finely chiselled features gleamed a beautiful smile of acceptance.

Two years elapsed since the festival on Sylph Island transpired, and once more the same romantic spot was a scene of festivity. Richard Mordant and his happy wife were there in the full remembrance of the past; and Me-Me, now Clara Mordant, was also there; and James Norvell led the jewel he had treasured in his heart since the first time he saw her, before a priest, and Clara became "his bride."

Baltimore, 18[illegible]

THE KENNEBEC SLOOP

And the English Cruisers.

A TALE OF THE LAST WAR.

BY PROF. J. H. INGRAHAM

The river Kennebec, in Maine, is without a rival in New England, either for its historic associations or the beauty of its natural scenery. It rises among the passes of the Highlands that form the north-east boundary line, between the United States and Canada, and after flowing through a romantic region for many leagues, enters a valley of surpassing beauty, through which it meanders between level intervales of the richest verdure. The waters of this river are remarkable for their limpid transparency, while in a body their appearance is nearly black. The hills that rise on either shore are bold and nobly wooded; and here and there frown above the silently gliding wave, dark granite precipices, clad with moss and the graceful wreaths of the mountain vine whose beauty is ever-verdant. Falls and rapids, characterised by wildness and even sublimity, at intervals break the dark rolling tide of this beautiful river, and with their roar awaken the echoes of the forest-clad hills.

Numerous picturesque villages adorn its banks, and substantial farm-houses, with uplands and lowlands shining with golden grain, met the eye at every league. The capital of the State, Augusta, stands upon a fine table or plateau, seventy feet above the river, in the bosom of embracing hills, and commanding some of the loveliest scenery in the north. Its waters are enlivened by the canvass of thriving commerce, and its umbrageous streets of villas indicate a population of wealth and refined taste.

Below the capital, the river laves the shores of other fair towns, rivals in prosperity of the capital, and reflects upon its glassy bosom from either shore the mansions of luxury. Before reaching the sea, it leaps all at once from a deep gorge, in whose rocky arms it has been for some minutes confined, and spreads out into a noble bay a league in breadth. At the southern side of this broad expanse, it enters another narrow pass between rocky islets, and sweeping along a few more miles farther, with stately motion, passing the handsome town of Bath, it rolls between wild precipices with olden time fortresses, to discharge its shining waters frowning into the blue ocean.

It is in the vicinity of Bath, and of one of these fortresses at the mouth of the river, that we lay the scene of our story. If we have lingered to discourse of the fair Kennebec,* it is because our heart is with this beautiful river. Upon its banks we spent our boyhood, and in maturer age we have chosen it as our summer home. We love its dark waters, its green-wooded hills, its valleys and its rocky cliffs. In no land have we found a river of such beauty! The Hudson is majestic and grandly beautiful in its features; the Kennebec is the Hudson *in miniature*, and if the tasteful traveller will come and visit it in the spring and summer time, when the sun is bright and the winds are still, he will gaze upon its pleasant shores and beauteous windings with scarce less pleasure, without the awe, than he has felt in passing up the Hudson.

There is a fortress near the mouth of this river, just on the skirts of the sea, called Fort Hunnewell. It is now dismantled, and is a celebrated resort in July weather for the Kennebeckers. It was erected during the last war to defend the entrance to the river. It is situated upon a low beach, which, half a mile northward, is commanded by a bold headland a hundred feet in height, on which also frown the ruins of a battery. The scenery around is made up of rocky islands, bold headlands, the river penetrating far inland, the ocean spreading its bosom away south and eastwardly, ever and forever heaving as if it were earth's great heart! A few fishermen's huts dot the sides of the shores, and the tower of Seguin light glitters white upon the head of its porpoise-shaped island. The fisher's skiff rocks lightly on the sea, and upon the hazy horizon rests a sail or two, so distant that they seem fixed like shining pinnacles of white marble lifting their tops above the ocean.

At the period of our story, which was near the close of the last war, two British armed vessels had been cruising off the mouth of the river for some days, occasionally running close in with the fort so as to draw its fire, and then tacking and standing seaward again. One of these vessels was a sloop of war and the other a brig of sixteen guns. They were effectually blockading the river, and for some time no vessel had either come out or gone in. Every thing was brought to, even to the small fishing boat, and the strictest vigilance was maintained from the very first day of their arrival on the coast.

One morning in June, just as the sun was rising from the sea, flinging his fiery spears far across the sparkling waves, kindling up every object upon which they lit, the two English vessels were seen standing in towards the mouth of the river, under top-gallant sails, with the wind free on the starboard quarter. They were about half a mile apart, their courses converging to a point. This point was a small Kennebec sloop hugging the land, and endeavoring to make the entrance of the Kennebec. Her broad mainsail was flung to the wind like a great white wing, and she was sweeping along across the water like a gull flying before a storm. She had been discovered by the cruisers only a few minutes before, when they tacked together and pressed after her to intercept her, making sail as they went. Fifteen minutes more of the obscurity of morning, and the adventurous sloop would have got into the river and under the guns of the fort unseen, or seen too late to be cut off.

It was a beautiful sight to behold the three vessels in motion; one small, unarmed and with but three sails to help her flight, bounding along close under the land, the others tall, frowning with batteries and covered with canvass from deck to truck.

The sloop was two miles in shore of the cruisers, and about the same distance westward of the mouth of the harbor, being, when discovered, just stealing round Cape Small Point. She had, therefore, the same distance to run to gain shelter, that her pursuers had to come up with her present position.

The cruisers stood on for about five minutes after tacking in the same converging lines, when the corvette signalized the brig, which immediately luffed and bore up four points eastward, while the former kept her first course. The object had in view by this manœuvre of the brig, it was plainly evident to the fishermen who, from the rocks on which their huts were perched, were watching with interest the pursuing and the pursued, was to intercept her; for they had quickly discovered that a direct chase would be ineffectual, as the sloop showed herself to be a very fast sailer. So the brig stood straight towards the mouth, hoping to reach it in advance of the sloop, while the sloop of war kept on to capture her if she should turn back and attempt to run into Harpswell or Portland.

"We shall be tuk, darned if we ain't, Deacon," coolly remarked a tall, ungainly youth of nineteen, who, with a dipper fastened to a ten foot handle, was bailing up water from the sea and throwing it over the mainsail of the sloop, to swell the threads of the canvass and make it better hold the wind.

As he spoke, he paused in his work, leaned upon his long dipper-handle, and shutting one eye, took a deliberate survey of the two cruisers.

"Not so long as two timbers of the Polly Ann hold together, 'Siah," responded the Deacon, who grasped the helm, and who, with one eye ahead and the other watching the enemy, directed the course of his little vessel towards the shelter he sought.—"If we'd ony had another ten minits afore sun-up, we'd a got in. But the day ain't goin' to stop for any man, and I don't 'spect it to. All we must do, is to keep the Polly out o' the hands o' the Britishers now they've got their eyes on us. Wet the sails, 'Siah! Keep wettin' 'em!"

"I guess they kind o' guess what we've got aboard, Deacon," said 'Siah, as he cast a shower of spray over the mainsail. "They seem to take all-fired trouble to catch us. See how Polly jumps!—The way she tosses water with her bows, I won't have to wet her jib; she *does* that herself!"

"If we don't get into the river, and them chaps overhaul us, what in natur's to be done, Deacon?"

"It won't do to let 'em capture the six big guns and two barrels o' powder, and ton o' shot that we've got for the fort, that's a fact, 'Siah," said, very decidedly, Captain, or rather "Deacon" Paul Butterfield, who both owned and commanded the Polly, which had been, a few days before, engaged by the government agent in Boston to convey armament and ammunition to Fort Hunnewell. This enterprise the Deacon, for he was a lawful Deacon in his own town, which was Hallowell, forty miles up the river, had cheerfully undertaken, assuring the agent he could get the Polly Ann into the river safely, in spite of the cruisers. Shrewd, bold and cool, the Deacon saw that by running only in the night, and hugging the shore, he should probably be able to get into the Kennebec undiscovered, especially as the cruisers used to stand off shore at night a league or two for an offing, and run in again at sun-rise. The agent felt that a small coasting vessel, with so skilful a captain as Deacon Butterfield, would be quite as likely to get into the river as a large one, if not more so, and gave him the commission. For the sum of two hundred and fifty dollars, the Deacon had bargained to take the [illegible] and the munitions to the Kennebec, and also he bound himself, if there was danger of his being captured, to scuttle the sloop and sink her. We now see him thus far in the progress of his enterprise.

The cannon were long battery thirty-two's, six in number, and were laid athwart ships, side by side, upon deck. The shot were piled forward, and in the forecastle was stowed the powder, in casks, and securely protected under canvass; tarpaulins also covered the guns.

"If we can ony stand on ten minutes more, 'Siah," said the Deacon to his mate, "I don't fear them are two cruisers a stick! One on 'em you see has luffed to try and cut us off. If 'twant for this plaguy heavy iron we've got in her, I'd show the enemy how to make a keel cut blue water through! But we must get in, Lot," he added, turning to a ragged old man, who looked like a weather-beaten fisherman, who comprised all his crew, and who was now engaged in tending the main-sheet, the slack of which he held in his iron fist.

"It's get in safely, Deacon," answered Lot Bissel gruffly, "and get two hundred and fifty dollars, or it's sink the sloop, and no insurance!"

"That's a fac, Mr. Bissel," responded the Yankee skipper, with emphasis, and shifting his tobacco from his larboard to his starboard cheek, he glanced under the main boom to see how the fort and shore lay, and then hove his eye to windward and took with it deliberate inspection of the enemy.

"Give a small pull aft on the main-sheet, Mr. Bissel. 'Siah, haul aft the jib a bit! The Britisher a smoking his pipe!" added the skipper, quietly, as he saw a jet of smoke belched from the bow of the sloop of war. He had hardly got the words out of his mouth, when the boom of a gun reached their ears, and simultaneously a shot passed whizzing over their ears.

"I don't stan' that 'are!" said 'Siah, in a very determined tone, which singularly contrasted with his awkward, rustic exterior. "Give me leave, Deacon, and I'll give them a shot back, darn me if I don't!"

"Your gun won't scare 'em, 'Siah. Ease off the main-sheet, Lot. Be ready to dodge, for I guess there'll be another one o' them junks o' iron this way. They an't no pilot, or they would'nt keep so near porpoise rock ledge!"

Cool and steady, the skipper stood at his post, and directed the course of his little craft. All at once he gave a loud hurrah! The sloop of war had struck, under full sail, upon a rock, bare at low water, known as porpoise ledge, and everything was taken aback, while her main-royal mast and yard went over the side.

"That is for not taking a pilot on a strange coast," said the skipper, dryly, while his keen little eyes fairly glittered with pleasure, but he made no further demonstrations of joy; but after taking a second glance at the sloop of war, and seeing that matters on board of her were in too much confusion for them to trouble themselves further about him, he now gave his whole attention to the brig, which was about a mile and a half from him in a straight line, and about equally distant from the entrance to the river.

Upon seeing the accident that had occurred to her consort, she bore down a little, and hoisted a signal. It was responded to on board the sloop; when the brig resumed her course.

"The sloop-of-war, I suppose, says she don't want any aid; so the brig is left at liberty to intercept us," said the skipper. "It looks, too, as if she would be likely to get to the entrance as soon as the Polly, and then I guess it's all up with us! But I don't give up, so long as a timber hangs to her, or I can have a limb to hold on to the tiller by! But what in natur' are you doin' there, 'Siah?"

Well might the Deacon ask this question. The ambitious young Kennebecker had brought from the forecastle a keg of powder, and knocked in the head with a handspike, and was now tying some half peck of it up in a bandanna handkerchief, which he had taken from his neck.

"Doin'? I am goin' to give 'em a gun, darn'd if I an't! If these here guns is got to go to Davy's locker, I'll git one fire out on 'em first, I guess!"

As 'Siah spoke he threw down a moveable section of the bulwark amidships, leaving an open space to the sea, before the muzzles of three of the enormous cannon that lay across the deck. He then took up his huge cartridge, and thrusting it into the muzzle of one of them, began to ram it down with a handspike.

"What on airth is the critter at!" cried the Deacon.

'Siah made no reply, but having rammed the cartridge home, he rolled a thirty-two pound shot towards it, and giving it a lift, shoved it into the muzzle after the powder.

"Now for priming her, and then I guess if I dont give 'em a Fourth o' July salute, they never heard one!"

As he spoke, he poured a handful of powder upon the vent, and then jumping to the caboose, caught up a lighted pine knot, and waving it to keep it bright, approached the gun.

"Stop, 'Siah, stop!" shouted the skipper, at the top of his voice, "you'll blow the Polly Ann to Jericho, if you fire that are gun aboard on her!"

"I don't calculate I'll be took pris'ner by the Britishers, Deacon, and be put in Dartmoor, I guess! I don't mean to fire jist yet, but take a chance for a good aim, and then give 'em saltpetre!"

"It'll shake every bone out o' the Polly!" said the captain, in alarm.

As he spoke, the brig, now within a mile distance, fired a shot across her bows.

"That means heave to, Lot," said the skipper. "'Siah, put out that pine knot."

"I mean to, by 'm by, Deacon! Wait till I get a shot at 'em! I an't afeard o' hurtin' the sloop a bit! You just yaw her a leetle bit, and bring the muzzle o' my artillery piece right agin the brig, and if I don't show 'em how a Yankee gun can speak, I don't never want to see the inside o' Kennebec river agin!"

A second gun came from the brig, and the shot passed within ten feet of the Deacon's head, made a rent a fathom long in his mainsail, and the shock caused his peak halyards to part, and let the peak of his mainsail down. This caused the sloop to fall off a point or two; and while the skipper, unflinching and with a quiet look, was trying to bring her to the wind again, 'Siah, taking advantage of a moment as she swung, in which his loaded gun bore upon the brig, instantly applied the torch to the vent! The roar, the flame, and the concussion were terrific.

The little vessel reeled under the recoil of the vast gun, till the waves poured in over her bows and stern. The skipper and Lot were laid flat upon deck, while 'Siah found himself hanging by the heels in the lee shrouds.

For a few moments the Deacon thought his vessel would go down, she wallowed and plunged so—but she soon steadied herself, though with her deck flooded, her jib blown away, and her windlass unshipped.

"I guess if they got the shot, it 'll settle 'em," said 'Siah, as he dropped feet first out of the rigging, into which he had been blown, upon deck, and tried to see through the smoke.

"You ought to be settled, you 'tarnal critter!" cried the Deacon, enraged. "you like to have sunk her, darn ye!"

"Don't swear, Deacon! I want to see if the brig got it!"

"Got it, you fool! I guess you'll get it if I ever see shore again!"

As the smoke slowly rolled away, the brig was discovered, no longer standing down, but knocking about at the mercy of the waves and winds, her foremast gone by the board, and dragging over the side with all its yards and sails. The shot had cut off her mast within ten feet of the deck!

'Siah was perfectly confounded; but he manifested no surprise, while the Deacon and Lot set up a loud hurrah of triumph.

"Why, what is the matter? Why don't you halloo?" said the Deacon, taking breath.

"Cos it an't nothin' more'n I meant to do!" responded 'Siah, with inimitable sang froid; "I an't surprised, if you be, Deacon."

In twenty minutes more, the sloop, with her valuable cargo, was safely sheltered under the guns of Fort Hunnewell. The sloop-of-war lay upon the rock till the next tide, and the brig lay by her, rigging a jury-mast. Before sunset, both vessels made sail, and steered eastward, on the way towards Halifax, to repair damages. Thus the blockade was raised, greatly to the relief of the commerce of the river.

"'Siah" is now one of the most popular of our Eastern steamboat captains.

THE GOOD LITTLE GIRL.

A gentleman went to visit a woman who was sick. As he was going into the room, he saw a little girl kneeling by the side of the poor woman's bed. The little girl rose from her knees as soon as she saw the gentleman, and went out of the room.

"Who is that child?" the gentleman asked.

"O, sir," said the sick woman, "that is a little angel, who often comes to read her Bible to me, to my great comfort: and she has just now given me sixpence."

The gentleman was so pleased with the little girl's conduct, that he wished to know how she had learned to love the word of God, and to be so kind to poor people. Finding she was one of the scholars of a neighboring Sunday School, he went to the school and asked for the child. She felt rather afraid when she was called to the gentleman; but he was very kind to her, and asked her if she was the little girl that had been to read the Bible to the sick woman.

She said she was.

The gentleman said, "My dear, what made you think of doing so?"

She answered, "Because, sir, I find it said in the Bible, that pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this—to visit the fatherless and the widow in their affliction."

"Well," said he, "and did you give her any money?"

"Yes, sir."

"And where did you get it?"

"Sir, it was given me as a reward."

The gentleman was affected by the goodness of God, in making this little girl so obedient to His holy word, and prayed that the latter part of the text which she had quoted might also be fulfilled in her, that God would keep her unspotted from the world.

HELEN,

THE ADOPTED DAUGHTER.

A Tale of the Black Forest.

BY J. T. S. SULLIVAN.

"Miss Helen, I am glad to find you alone," said the faithful old Max, looking cautiously about him, to see that no one was present.

"Come in, Max! there is no one here!"

"I wanted to say a word or two in confidence, Miss Helen, and I am sure you will not think old Max impertinent, for he loves you as if you were his own child."

"No, Max, I never could doubt your love for me, nor so misinterpret any thing you might say. But what is this portentous secret? Take a seat, for your old limbs are better rested."

Max took his seat, and after again looking about him, to assure himself anew of there being no one present, began in a low voice:

"Miss Helen, you have often heard me say that your father was my dearest friend. Many a pleasant evening did I pass with him in the lodge, while he was game-keeper to the Baron. Then your dear mother had been dead three years, and you were the only comfort left to the old man. That is now more than nineteen years ago since your dear mother died, and you were but three years old when I closed your old father's eyes. You were then left alone in the world. The old man said to me on his death bed: "Max, I entrust Helen to your care!" I asked the Baron's permission to bring you to the castle, and these hands brought you from the lodge. Ah! Miss Helen, you were too young to notice the tears of gladness that stole down these aged cheeks, when I heard the kind Baroness, taking you in her arms, exclaim: "What a sweet child she is! I will adopt her as my daughter, and she shall comfort my old age!"

"I have often heard the Baroness speak of your attachment to me for my father's sake, Max, and I feel grateful for your love!"

"No, no! Miss Helen—not for your father's sake, but for your own!"——

"Well, Max, what means all this kindness and interest?"

"Miss Helen, you have seen and noticed Rodolpho, the man the Baron has taken to fill your father's place."

"Yes, I have noticed him, Max. But what of him?"

"Miss Helen, I like him not. He has now been here four years. He lives much alone, has no companions, and always shuns the honest people of the house."

"That he is gloomy and reserved, I have seen: but that he shuns all honest people? He never shuns me, and you would not say I am not honest!"

"No, no! But it is of his fondness for you I would speak."

"Of his fondness for me, Max?"

"Yes, Miss Helen. I have watched him closely of late. Whenever you go forth, he is always on the look out, and his eye follows you, as if the world were shut out from his vision. Mark me, Miss Helen, he loves you, but I beseech you do not listen to his words. He is false, he is not what he seems!"

"Ah, Max, I fear you do Rodolpho wrong. That he is false I cannot believe, for the Baron puts every confidence in him, and I know he thinks very highly of Rodolpho."

"Very true, Miss Helen; it is this confidence that worries me. He will deceive the Baron yet. I *feel* he will."

"These are mere fancies, Max.—But as there is no danger of Rodolpho's ever addressing me, I think it but folly to make a promise that I may never be called upon to perform. Hark, here comes the Baron."

Max sprang from his seat; "Say nothing of this conversation, Miss Helen, nor be offended at my presumption in speaking to you!"

"Certainly not, Max!" responded Helen, holding out her hand, which the faithful old servant respectfully kissed, just as the Baron entered the room.

"Oh, ho, Max! still watching over your little ward? We shall be jealous of you," said the Baron, putting his hand familiarly on his servant's shoulder. "I give you here some pleasant news. Julius returns to us to-morrow!"

Helen blushed at the mention of Julius, the son of the old Baron, and his only child, who had been absent nearly five years in the service of the King, as a soldier.

"Come, Helen, my girl," addressing his adopted child, "let us hasten to bring this cheering letter to his mother. Julius has proved himself a gallant boy, and shall be thrice welcome to his father's arms." Taking Helen's hand, they proceeded to the chamber of the Baroness.

Old Max remained gazing after them, lost in pleasant meditations, and rejoicing in his heart, that his Helen, as he called her when alone, was so dearly cherished by the Baron and his wife. He was soon aroused from his reverie by the sound of approaching footsteps. He turned his head, and with some expression of displeasure, beheld the gloomy countenance of Rodolpho, his eye fixed upon him with a searching gaze, his hands behind him, and every evidence of mental trouble upon his features.

"Max, where is Miss Helen?"

"Gone with the Baron, to my lady's chamber."

"What news is this that seems to fill them all with joy?"

"Count Julius returns to-morrow!"

"What kind of man is this young lord?"

"As gallant a youth as ever wielded sword, and every way worthy of his father."

"He must be a gallant youth, then!"

"I loved him from his cradle!—Gentle, kind, and noble—he will not only fill his father's place on his estates, but inherit, too, the love of his tenants."

Rodolpho turned away, and left the room, in the same gloomy mood he evinced on entering. Max watched him out of sight, and with an expression of "All is not *right* with him!" made his exit, to attend to his duties.

The morning came. All was expectation in the old castle. Julius was looked for *every* hour. At last the cry came—"He is coming! he is coming!"

All rushed to the gateway, and in a few moments a young officer leaped from his saddle into the arms of his father and mother. Helen was not there.

"Where is Helen? She surely is with you?"

"Oh, yes, my son," replied the Baroness, "she is within, and will be rejoiced to see you once more."

They entered the old halls, but Julius outstripped them all, seeking for Helen. He rushed into the room where she was, and, without hesitation, embraced the poor girl, whose face, suffused with blushes, told more than words could express.

"I thought you would have come to greet me, not wait to be sought by me, Helen?"

"My lord——"

"*My lord?* Helen, what means this——"

But the approach of the household put a stop to any further remarks, and Helen took the first opportunity to escape to her chamber.

After the first rejoicings and mutual gratulations had passed, and the thousand questions one would suppose anxious parents to ask, and an affectionate son to answer, a pause ensued, during which the Baron remarked the presence of Rodolpho.

"Ah! Julius, I had forgotten.—Let me present to you our game-keeper, Rodolpho; a man worthy of your esteem and confidence. I hope you may live to derive the same benefit from his fidelity to your interests, which it has been mine to enjoy."

Rodolpho made his bow, without, however, that gloomy expression of countenance which it was his wont to wear, when not in the presence of some member of the family, and calmly, but coldly, took the hand which Julius had extended him.

"Dear father, I trust your claims upon his services may be of many years to come. In faith, a soldier's life is so precarious, I almost doubt whether I shall live long enough to claim them for myself!"

"Tut! nonsense, boy! No thoughts of death this day!"

"Ah!" cried Julius; "here comes Helen. I was almost afraid she had resolved to shun our circle to-day."

Julius took her hand with an enquiring look, to see if he could read in her face any traces of her girlish tone, which, he feared, from the style of her first salutation, had been lost to him forever. Rodolpho watched every motion; he saw the downcast eye endeavoring to avoid his glance; he observed her timorous manner, and the anxious expression of her face. A light seemed to dawn upon him. He stood a moment, lost in abstraction, then, clenching the hilt of his hunting knife, left the apartment abruptly. No eye was on him at the moment, nor did any one remark his absence.

After the first burst of joy and curiosity had subsided, the household dispersed, leaving the old Baron with his wife, son, and Helen, to talk over the past in greater tranquility. Every word that fell from the lips of the young soldier was greedily listened to by Helen: more so, perhaps, than by the parents. Who knows how weighty to the maiden's heart is every tone of his, on whom her love is deeply fixed?—Let maidens answer—I cannot.

During the day, Julius had at last been left alone with Helen. The longed-for moment had arrived, and Julius did not hesitate to take advantage of it.

He had unexpectedly entered the room, one of those old-fashioned apartments, with deep recesses for the windows, usually found in the castles of ancient days, and beheld Helen at one of the windows, apparently gazing upon the deep forest, which spread its dense branches for miles in the valley, fringing the castle hill. The sound of a footstep awoke her from her dreams. The sight of Julius once again called the blush to her cheek, and she was about to escape, when Julius caught her gently by the hand.

"Nay, Helen, you were not wont in times of old to shun your Julius!"

"The times have changed——"

"But not your love?"

"In those bright days, I knew nothing of the forms and etiquette of the world. Then, love knew no barriers, nor did I *dream* of what, since that time, has told me not to love——"

"Not to love? What barriers?"

"My lord——"

"*My lord*—again? Once it was ever '*Julius*,' why not so now?"

"Ah, spare me, spare me! Remember your are the only son of this old house—the last of your race. It is necessary, by the customs of the world in which you live, that your family name descend by noble alliances. I am an adopted child—I claim no noble line of ancestors,—and it were worse than ingratitude towards your parents, who have cherished me so kindly from my youth, were I to lead you on in a passion, or even to countenance your affection for me, when my duty forbids me to listen to you protestations."

With these words she tore herself from his arms, and fled to her own chamber.

Julius endeavored in vain during the day to get another interview. His friends flocked in to see him, and before they departed in the evening the ladies of the household had retired for the night. Helen was but too glad to leave the gay circle of friends, who had come to welcome the young Baron's return. Once in the solitude of her own apartment, she did not attempt to court repose, but sat at her lattice, looking forth on the night, meditating upon the past, the present, and the future. That she loved Julius, she did not even pretend to deny, nor even to conceal her love. But she considered well her duty. The more she reflected, the stronger seemed the arguments she had used for the course of conduct she had resolved to pursue. Although she could have bestowed upon Julius as pure a heart, and as sincere an affection as any noble dame could boast, and notwithstanding such an union would have been the very realization of all her earthly wishes, yet she resolved to forego all, and continue in that path which her conscience approved. With a prayer to Heaven, beseeching aid to strengthen her in the coming struggle, she closed her eyes that night with a heavy sigh—a farewell to earthly bliss—yet with a sense of having triumphed in the great contest with herself.

The next morning, soon after their meal, and without having had a word of conversation with Helen, the Baron desired Julius to accompany him to a ride to some old friends, promising to return with him by noon. The father and son started with a few attendants, and after their departure the Baroness sought her own chamber, leaving Helen alone in the same room where she had revealed to Julius the determination of her mind, which had cost her such an effort. She sat musing upon the scenes of early childhood, when she dared to love the young scion of the house. She recalled their happy meetings, the many rambles, the thousand little acts a youthful lover performed to prove his love, and then with a sigh reflected upon the impossibility of her ever realising the heaven of bliss she then promised herself. At this moment the door opened, and Rodolpho appeared. His manner was changed. There was an unusual restraint in his movements, and something in his look, indicating a deep emotion.

"Miss Helen," so began the gloomy man, "you will pardon this intrusion. I have a word to say to you, and until this moment have sought an opportunity in vain."

"Be seated, Mr. Gamekeeper."

"Nay, Miss Helen, I am not jesting."

"If, then, you are serious, Rodolpho, I confess my mind is more inclined to such a strain."

"Four years ago, Helen, I was wandering through this part of the country with a heavy heart, undetermined whither I should go. I was sorely troubled. A settled grief had fixed upon me;—a gloom which every thing failed to dissipate. I chanced in my wanderings to become a guest of Baron Eckstein. I saw you, and you seemed to me the guardian angel sent to dispel my sorrows, and remove this burden from my heart. The Baron mentioned in conversation that he needed a gamekeeper. I offered my services—they were accepted—I assumed my office; but in these veins there flows as noble blood as that which Baron Eckstein can boast. I forgot my station to be near you. I have now seen you for four years, and each day has added fuel to the flame. I come now to confess my passion, and to ask that hand. Will you wed Rodolpho?"

Helen was amazed. The depth of emotion, the fervor of his manner, which she had ever seen unmoved, astonished and surprised her. She gazed at him for a moment uncertain what to say, or how to answer this unexpected proposal. At length the thought struck her, that, by accepting this offer, she might avoid any farther temptation to yield to the suit of Julius. Ready to sacrifice herself to her sense of duty, she still started at the thought of for ever resigning the acme of her wishes; and, on the other hand, not willing to exclude the means of rescuing herself from what her heart still doated on, she finally replied:

"This confession, Rodolpho, is indeed unexpected. Whate'er my own feelings may be, I should never think of plighting my faith, unless with the full sanction of my guardian and benefactor, Baron Eckstein. Seek him, and if he consent—then will I give my answer."

"Remember, Helen, your reply may sell me to perdition, or save me from the most fearful fate!"

He left the poor girl, bewildered and racked, now conquering herself—now sinking in the struggle. If she accepted Rodolpho, she would bar the door against Julius. To use any and all means to this end, she felt to be her duty, and yet, when it came to the point, her strength failed her, and she proved unequal to the task.

At noon the Baron returned, and with him came a troop of friends, to make merry on his son's return. All hope of seeing Helen was at once abandoned by Julius, and he saw the evening draw near, and heard the evening hour proclaimed from the castle, when the ladies retired for the night. Sleepless was that night to him. Helen had confessed her love, but would not yield to his suit. He determined to see her once more, to ask her if she would be his, in case his parents consented—and hoping this would remove every objection, he fell asleep.

The morning came. A lucky chance threw Helen in the way of Julius on the terrace. She strove to avoid him, but in vain.

"Helen, Helen—for love of mercy, hear me!—If you but knew how deeply I am moved, how fearfully your last words have worked upon my mind, you would not, could not, if that heart is still unchanged, refuse me what I ask."

"Oh, Julius!—I have endeavoured by all the means I could devise, to shun another interview. you know my love. I here confess it freely, without a blush, for I confessed it in that hour when you left your home five years ago. During your absence I have cherished every recollection of the past. Go to the spot where so oft we have met in secret, and you will find the lilies growing, and the rose-bud opening to commemorate our love. I planted those sweet flowers, for they spoke to me of you. Here, next my heart, I wear the little cross you carved me ere we parted. But, Julius, this is past—over—gone for ever. I cannot forget it—no! I will not even try to do so; they were hours of bliss, the only ones I may ever enjoy in this world."

She burst into tears, and fell, weeping, into his arms.

"Nor have I, Helen, been less constant in my love. Nigh my heart still sleeps that lock of hair which I stole from that sweet neck, and upon the very spot where now your roses bloom. Why, then why, Helen, obstinately refuse my suit, when you confess your love?"

"Julius," exclaimed Helen, looking up through her tears, "because it is my duty!"

"But if my parents consent?"

"It is my duty, Julius, not to put them to such a test."

"Rodolpho!" exclaimed Julius, suddenly starting at the approach of the gamekeeper.

"And to prove, Julius," continued Helen, "to prove that I am able to sacrifice all to duty—you shall see the proof!" Suddenly turning to Rodolpho with extended hand, she exclaimed—"Rodolpho, here's my hand. I'm yours! This my answer!" and fell lifeless into Rodolpho's arms.

At this moment the sound of the Baron's voice calling for his son, aroused the stupified Julius, and he rushed into the castle. Arrangements had been made for a wild-boar hunt. Rodolpho had been sent in search of the young Baron, and met him unexpectedly as above narrated. After bearing Helen to some female attendants, the gamekeeper joined the party just as they were mounting into the saddle.

Julius kept close to his father's side, but could not succeed in broaching the all-absorbing subject of his contemplations. The party was a gay one, and the unhappy lover had to assume the gaiety of his friends. He was at last rejoiced to hear the dogs give bay. A boar had been roused, and the servants rode along the outskirts of the wood to drive the beast towards the den, into which it was resolved to force the animal, if not killed before.

In hunting the wild-boar, it is considered the choicest sport, after baiting him, and exciting his fury, to drive him into a den, so called, or a pen, having two long ranges of fence extending from it, between which the boar, running from side to side, gradually approaches the mouth of the trap. Near this mouth, or opening of the pen, the skilled huntsman stands with his long knife, awaiting the attack of the infuriated animal. As he rushes upon his foe, the huntsman places his knife upon one knee, bracing himself firmly with the other leg, and guiding his weapon skilfully, allows the boar to plunge upon it, meeting his immediate death. If the knife misses, a serious wound is the certain consequence. This danger enhances the sport.

At the mouth of the pen stood the old Baron on one side, with Rodolpho at his elbow. The boar advanced suddenly upon the Baron, before he had time to prepare himself for the attack. It was a moment of intense excitement. The Baron's life was in danger—when Rodolpho, springing between the old gentleman and the beast, struck the boar such a blow with his weapon on his head, that he fell from the force of his impetus against the Baron, but too late to injure him. All saw it, and ran to learn the extent of the injury. Julius was first at his side.

"'Twas nobly done!" exclaimed the Baron; "as fair a blow as was ever struck. Rodolpho, you have saved my life! Ask any favor at my hand, and, if it be within my power, I will grant it."

"I have a favor to ask," responded his preserver, who thought it better to press his suit while the sense of gratitude was warm, "and one on which my happiness depends."

"Name, it, Rodolpho."

"Some other time, my lord."

"No, now's the hour—on this very spot."

"Well, then, my lord," approaching closely to the Baron, "I ask the hand of your daughter Helen!"

"Helen!" ejaculated the Baron, and the sound caught the ear of Julius, who cried out—

"Hold! father, hold!—it may not be in your power!"

Somewhat surprised at the request, as well as the fervour of his son, the old man hesitated a moment, then turning to Rodolpho, replied—

"If it be in my power, I will give my consent."

Rodolpho cast a dark but stealthy look at Julius, and mounted his horse, which had been brought with the others to the spot. The party galloped off, all grateful that their sport had ended without any serious accident.

On reaching home, Julius hastened to the Baroness and related to her the events we have above recorded. Not a little astonished at such disclosures, and freely confessing she had formed other plans for her son, she very soon perceived that the happiness of her child, and of one whom she had learned to look upon as such, were too deeply interested not to claim her utmost consideration. She tested the love of Julius at all points, and found it sincere.—Woman-like, she at once yielded to the entreaties of the pressing lover, whose welfare was nearest her her heart, and promised her consent if the father should join his.

Never doubting the fulfilment of the condition, Julius flew to Helen. He told her all that had passed and inspired her heart with new hopes. Yet, when she spoke of her pledge to Rodolpho, a sadness chilled those bright beams; but Julius at once dispelled them by promising other gifts of money and of land, to compensate him for the loss, which Helen, like a drowning man catching at straws, too readily believed he would accept, and thus free her from the obligations she had voluntarily assumed, though her heart was not in them.

Julius sought his father. He was told that the old Baron was on the terrace in the garden. Thither he flew, but instead of his father, he found Rodolpho there in gloomy mood.

"Well timed, my lord!" exclaimed Rodolpho as the young Baron approached.

"Where's my father, sir?" demanded Julius.

"Answer me, first! What had taken place between you and Helen when I found you here this morning? I demand an answer. Helen is now my affianced bride, and I will not take her to this heart while still a shade of doubt hangs over her love for me! What had taken place, Baron?"*

"You forget yourself, Mr. Gamekeeper! You forget to whom you speak!"

"My lord, there are occasions and circumstances which level rank! This is one!"

"Before you call Miss Helen your affianced, you had better learn whether her heart is her own to give!"—

"Who doubts it?"

"I doubt it! And if you desire conviction, go seek her—I fly to my father, to prevent his giving his consent."

"You are too late, my lord! Your father promised his consent within this hour, and on this spot."

"Cursed fate! And unconditionally?"

"The condition named depends on the word of Helen. I go to learn from her, what I must needs believe without ever a question of the result!"

"And I will seek my father!" said Julius, abruptly leaving Rodolpho, whose manner had ruffled his temper, and excited fears, he now hastened to allay. He found the old Baron alone, still walking in the garden. He explained to him the state of his feelings, relating sufficient of the past to convince the father, that Helen and Julius loved.

"But, Julius, I have given my consent to Rodolpho's union with Helen!"

"Not without some condition, father?"

"Provided Helen would accept his hand!"

"Then I am safe! She never will do that!"

"You have somewhat surprised me, Julius, and I scarcely know what to say to this sudden proposition. Let me see your mother first;—and come you along. We must have this matter decided at once."

The two directed their steps to the chamber of the Baroness, to consult upon the fate of their son and adopted daughter.

On being left alone, Rodolpho sought Helen. She was still in the same room where Julius had left her. The sudden change her future prospects assumed, had gladdened her heart, and she seized the harp to pour forth in strains of touching harmony the joyous feelings which filled her soul. Skilfully calling the chords to her aid, her silver voice was heard, singing the following strain:

STANZAS.

Delicious hour! How swells my soul,
My ev'ry pulse, with pure delight!
The clouds are past! the radiant beam
Of budding hope dispels the night!

Be hush'd my spirit! Let thy strain
Be calm and mild in all its mirth,
Let not thy joy too wildly range,
But seek its heaven here on earth!

He's mine! What rapture in the thought!
The world is once more bright to me!
The shades of care at last disperse,
And sorrow fades from memory.

She ceased. During the song Rodolpho had entered, and stood silently listening to her words. He now advanced. His footsteps startled the poor girl. She sprang to her feet—

"Rodolpho! You here!"

"For whom was that song intended? Nay, no falsehood! Speak! Was it for me? You are silent! I knew it! Think you I want a heart half broken, half another's, sunk in despair? Tell me, and tell me truly,—Helen, when you gave me your hand upon the terrace, had you not been in tears? Why had you been weeping? I must know all—I will know all, before I take the hand you offered."

"Rodolpho, do not speak thus wildly."

"Would you have me calm, when all my hopes of future happiness are set upon this hour?"

"You frighten me, Rodolpho! I have never seen you thus before!"

"No! because I have curbed my spirit, and was lulled to sleep in the sweet conviction I should win your love. From that repose I have been roused, and now suspicions, undefined and dark, seem hovering round me. You know not, Helen, what I have been, what I may become, should I lose you!"

At this moment the Baron with the Baroness and Julius entered. Julius rushed to Helen, seized her in his arms.

"Mine, Helen, mine!"

Rodolpho stood amazed. A paleness passed over his features: his lips quivered, while he leaned upon a chair for support.

"Rodolpho!" said the Baron, "this morning I gave my consent to your union with Helen. You have saved my life, and have served me faithfully. You are far above your station in manner and in education, and I believed you would make our adopted child a good and faithful husband. But I tempered my consent by adding, that you must obtain the free will of Helen."

"That I had obtained, Baron, before I asked the favor of your hand."

"Helen, is this so?"

"It is father! I gave him my hand of my own accord, but I gave it to save me from temptation."

"From temptation!" ejaculated Rodolpho.

"Yes, Rodolpho," continued Helen, addressing the despairing gamekeeper; "I feared my love for Julius might tempt me to listen to his suit. I felt it my duty to avoid this union, for I deemed the Baron would wish to unite his son to some noble house. In this spirit, Rodolpho, I gave you my hand—but my heart was not mine to give!"

"Curses on my folly!" exclaimed Rodolpho—"Fate, do thy work! Adieu to all, this life—and thee!"

With these words he left the apartment.

"Fear him not, children! He will soon be calm again. Then will I make him full reparation for this bitter disappointment. Helen, your noble conduct has endeared you to your parents, and we are happy and proud to claim you doubly our daughter! Come, wife, let us leave the lovers to themselves."

Let us now follow Rodolpho. He fled the castle, wandering listlessly on into the densest part of the forest. Near the very spot he was approaching, stood two men in conversation. Their dress, their manner, and their watchful looks, at once proclaimed them members of some of the lawless bands of robbers, who, at the time to which our story refers, infested the highways and forests of that part of the country.

"I tell you I know him," said one of these two outlaws to his companion. "I saw the scar on his cheek. I was with him when he killed the old Marquis, and that scar he received in the struggle with the old man."

"What Marquis, Fritz?"

"Why, his old guardian who robbed him of his estate."

"I recollect! That was some five or six years ago. I heard of it."

"Yes, he killed the old man, and then joined our band. He staid with us a year, and then left us, but no one knew whither he had gone. They tell me here that Karl has been four years gamekeeper to the Baron."

"Hark! Some one approaches!"

"Nothing but a boar! No—see! Karl, as I live!"

They both retired from the open space where they had been standing, and concealed themselves in the thicket. A moment afterwards, Rodolpho entered the spot. He stood still, evidently moved by some great excitement.

"Why live!" thought he. "Where shall I seek for peace? She might have rescued my bloodstained soul from perdition—but she is lost for ever!"

He drew a pistol from his belt, examined the priming, and was about placing it to his temples, when a long shrill whistle aroused and startled him.

"That sound again?—and here!"

"Hollo! old comrade!" said Fritz, coming from his hiding place. "Welcome once more, Karl!"—for such had been his name.

"Fritz—you here, alone?"

"Not alone, old comrade!—we are all in the neighborhood. What made you put that iron to your head?"

"Is the captain here with you?"

"Yes, and will be on this spot in less than five minutes. My whistle gave him notice. I'll give him another call."

So saying, he put his dagger hilt to his mouth, and the shrill, piercing sound rang through the woods.

In a few moments the captain appeared.

"A stranger!" exclaimed the leader of the lawless band. "No! Karl! You here—and pistol in hand? What, waging war against your old companions?"

"No, captain! I was but waging war against myself."

"Give us that hand again! And has the fearless Karl grown so weary of this life?"

"Captain, I am an altered man. I was sick of blood when I left you, and sought to hide myself from the world. I met an angel in this old castle. She made me wish for honesty once more. I loved her, but she has rejected me, and as I sat here, I had resolved to die—when, in the very act of sending this pill through my head, I was aroused by the familiar call, and Fritz stepped up in time to save me."

"Love, then, Karl, would have robbed us of such a friend? Do you love the girl?"

"Love her? Could you but read my heart—Stuff! I fear I have lost my courage!"

"Has she refused your offer?"

"Yes—and told me she did not love me!"

"Listen, Karl! This very night it was intended to rob the castle here. Come, join our band again, carry off this girl, and wed her in these woods.—We'll have a gay wedding of it, Karl!"

Rodolpho's lips were suddenly compressed—he grasped his pistol convulsively—and after a pause, looking the captain in the face, he exclaimed—

"Thanks, old comrade! Revenge!—revenge on these dastardly lords! I'll join you! yes, I'll lead you in this very night! This afternoon the Baron proposes to visit Uderf castle, two leagues from here, and will not return till late. When they are gone, and night sets in, bring twelve chosen men to the garden gate, and, on the signal given, rush into the castle. I'll be there to meet you!"

"Bravo, Karl! You seem yourself once more!"

"I will now return. I'll make them think that I was but offended—soothe them down, and tell them I was rash. At eight to-night we meet at the garden gate. The portal of the garden shall be open!"

"Be it so! Farewell! At eight to-night!"

"Farewell!" responded Rodolpho, as he turned his steps once more towards the home of those who had cherished and sheltered him for four long years. But not with friendly feelings did he now approach.—His brain, his heart were both on fire. His passions and his dire thirst for blood returned.

He found it no difficult matter to allay all doubts as to his being calm and pacified. He assumed a friendly tone, and was rejoiced to find suspicion lulled to rest. Old Max alone shook his head, and seemed to read more deeply than the rest.

After their noon repast, the Baron ordered his servant to get the horses ready, and told them all to accompany him. Max begged his master would allow him to remain at home. The Baron laughed at his fears for his wife and daughter, but granted his request.—Old Max remained. The party took their leave, and left the castle quite deserted. Helen watched the cavalcade, as it rode down the hill, and waved her hand as Julius took his last look at the castle from the turn of the road.

Night came. The Baroness and Helen sat waiting the return of their friends. The old tower proclaimed the hour of eight. Rodolpho stood at the garden gate and opened it to the captain.

"All's safe," said Rodolpho. "When I discharge my pistol from the window with the light, there, on the right, rush in through that door, up the broad staircase to that apartment."

"All right!" responded the captain.

Rodolpho now entered the main body of the castle through the door he had pointed out to the captain, and at once proceeded to the room where the Baroness and Helen were quietly awaiting the return of the Baron and his companions. He entered without ceremony. Helen looked up, and started at the wild expression of his eye.

"You seem surprised to see me!"

"What mean you, Mr. Gamekeeper, (Herr Jager), by this intrusion?" enquired the Baroness.

"I come to claim my bride!" responded Rodolpho, fiercely. "Hark ye, maiden! Four years ago I wandered hither—I had stained my hands with crime, ay! had steeped my soul in blood! I was tired of it. I sought refuge from the world. My luckless star led me to these halls. I saw you! I deemed you were an angel sent from Heaven to rescue my lost soul from eternal misery. You refused my love—my old fever returned. I thirst for revenge, and have come to feast. Yes! Helen, you gave me your hand, and I now claim you for my bride. Here will I wed you!"

Helen, almost inanimate with fright, ran to the Baroness, who put her arms around her, as if to shield her from the ruffian.

"What would you do, murderer?" exclaimed the Baroness.

"Do!" reiterated Rodolpho—"why set the castle in flames, leave you here to perish in them, and wed my bride by the blazing light!"

"Merciful Heaven!" exclaimed Helen—"Rodolpho, stay your fearful purpose! Spare my mother—spare these ancient halls, and I will wed you still!"

"Too late! My soul is sold! We'll have witnesses at our bridal;—and merry ones, too, Helen!"

He drew a pistol from his belt, and discharged it through the window.—A moment after, Old Max came rushing in.

"Help! Help! the robbers are entering through the garden gate! We are lost! I'll sound the alarm bell!"

"Not in this world!" exclaimed Rodolpho, as he planted his dagger in the old man's breast. Max staggered and fell with a groan.

Now came the robbers. Startled at first on seeing the Baroness and Helen pale with alarm, they soon recovered their courage on hearing Rodolpho's voice, inviting them in.

"Here, comrades, is my bride. Thus do I take her for my wife."

Walking up to the speechless girl, he tore her from her mother's arms, who sank apparently lifeless to the floor.

"Shall we leave her, Karl?" enquired Fritz, pointing to the Baroness.

"Yes, leave her! The flames will have less smothering to do. Now to the treasury chamber! Come, Helen, my own bride!" and dragging Helen after him, he led the way to the vaults beneath the castle.

In the hall they lighted their torches, and Rodolpho entrusted the poor girl to the care of the captain, while he went in search of the keys. He was detained a long time, every moment of which seemed an age to the robbers, but enabled Helen to regain her senses, and decide upon some means to save the lives of those most dear to her. Soon Rodolpho's step was heard descending the stairs, and, with a hasty leap, he sprang among his confederates.

"Here are the keys at last. Here, Fritz, take this bag of gold,—we shall soon have more to carry. This way, captain! Give me the girl! Lead the way, Helen! One moment's hesitation, and I'll plunge my dagger in your heart. Lead on!"

Helen did as she was bid, and they descended into the vaults. Along the dark, damp passages they felt their way, until, coming to a door locked and bolted, they stopped, while Rodolpho hunted for the key.—It was found, the door opened, and the party now awaited further orders.

"Stay!" cried Rodolpho, "I have forgotten to bolt the castle gate. We have lost much time, and they may return on us. Do you go in, captain, seek the treasure with these men, while I make fast the gate. Here, girl, hold this torch! Stand at this door to let them see their way out. More than one step, and, as I live, you die! Dost thou hear?"

Helen took the torch, and the captain passed in with his band. Rodolpho hurried to the gate. As soon as he had gone, Helen closed the door upon the robbers, locked it, took out the keys, and flew to the court-yard, where stood a stack of hay, used to bait the horses in case the stables were full. There stood a light shed over it, to protect it from the rain.—Helen at once set fire to the hay, which communicated to the shed, giving forth a bright and glowing flame.

"This will call the tenants to our help, and give the alarm!"

Seeing Rodolpho coming with hasty step and angry brow, his dagger drawn, she immediately fled into the castle, and concealed herself in the dark recess behind the door leading to the vaults. Rodolpho soon hurried after her, stood a moment on the threshold, and with a curse upon his rashness and the girl, descended to the treasury-chamber, which, in those days, each Baron of a castle always had, more or less, filled with gold and silver, plate, and other valuable articles.

As soon as Rodolpho had descended a few steps, Helen pushed the heavy door, and it closed: but there was no lock. She heard her foe again ascending, and flew at once to the alarm bell. Fortunately the trap-door was open. She reached the belfry, sounded the bell but once, when, with horror, she perceived the form of Rodolpho ascending the stairs. Inspired with giant's might, she seized the trap-door, and with one effort it fell, just as Rodolpho had reached the last step, striking him on the head, and sending his heavy form headlong down the stairs.—Still uncertain whether succor had arrived, and unable to lift the massive door, which excluded her from all below, she continued to sound the alarm. She could hear, whenever she ceased striking the bell, the buzzing of many voices, and hurried steps in the court-yard; but yet she knew not whether they were friends or foes. Almost exhausted with the fearful excitement she had survived, and the intense suspense in which she was kept, she finally sank upon a stone seat, and listened with maddening impatience for some token of delivery. Almost despairing, she struck the bell once more. Soon footsteps were heard, and she recognized the voice of Julius calling her name.

"Thank God!" she exclaimed, and fell insensible to the ground.

Julius raised the heavy door with the aid of some of the servants, and found to his horror the seemingly lifeless form of Helen. He raised her gently, and had her carefully borne to the room below, where she had first been surprised by Rodolpho.—Here, after using every means to resuscitate her, she gradually exhibited signs of returning animation. She opened her eyes, stared wildly about her, and then lifting her hands to Heaven, as if in grateful prayer, fell back again in a swoon. She was, however, soon brought to her senses, and was enabled to sit up.

The Baron now joined them, bringing joyful tidings of the Baroness. She had been restored, but was still too ill to speak. Every thing remained as yet a mystery to the whole party. A pause ensued, in which every eye was turned to Helen, and every ear was alive to catch the first word of explanation from her lips. One of the servants broke the silence by informing Julius that they had found Rodolpho apparently dead, and severely wounded, and enquired whether he should be brought into that room. Helen shuddered at the sound of his name.

"No! no!" she cried, "not here! not here! He is a murderer!"

All stood panic-struck, gazing wildly upon the girl.

"He has murdered Max, and would have murdered me. The treasury chamber is full of robbers—Rodolpho led them on!"

And, exhausted by this sudden emotion, and the fearful recollections of the past hours, she fell back again in her chair.

At the suggestion of Julius, Helen was borne to her chamber, while the Baron went to secure Rodolpho, and attend to his wounds. He found his head severely bruised, but not beyond hope. Taking his arms from him, he ordered him carried to a room in the tower, and gave directions to have his head dressed. As to the robbers in the treasury chamber, the Baron deemed them safely lodged for the night, and requested the tenants who had now gathered in crowds, led by the flames and the alarm bell, to defend the castle, to keep a strict watch in and about the yards, to prevent an attempt at rescue.

By the morning they had learned the detailed history of the night. The robbers were secured, and were conducted to a prison, from which they went forth to meet their death. Rodolpho recovered soon, sufficiently to show signs of life, and in a few days was able to walk about his cell. Notwithstanding the entreaties of the Baron, he maintained a sullen silence. It was determined to remove him, but the murderer was not willing to suffer a felon's death, and in the night succeeded in putting an end to his existence.

As soon as the sorrowful effect of the tragic scenes had worn partially away, and the smile and laugh again cheered the old Baron, the happy Julius led his blushing Helen to the altar, amid the prayers and good wishes of a contented tenantry, and a throng of gay and sincere friends.

On the day of her wedding, Helen made a secret visit to the grave of old Max, and placed upon his narrow, earthy bed, a simple wreath of flowers, bedewed with tears of gratitude and affection, and with a deep feeling of regret, that the good and trusty old man would not behold her happiness.

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CAMILLA CAFARELLI.

A Story of The Florentine Republic.

BY CAROLINE ORNE.

> Full many mischiefs follow cruel wrath,
> Abhorred bloodshed, and tumultuous strife,
> Unmanly murder and unthrifty scath,
> Bitter despight, with rancour's rusty knife,
> And fretting grief the enemy of life.
> [Spenser's *Fairy Queen*

It was a summer morn, and the waters of the Arno, reposing in the unclouded sunlight, vividly reflected the stately domes and glittering spires of Florence that lined its banks. It was the hour when the noble and his household sought repose, and when not even a note of the light guitar or silver-toned lute stole from palace or tower to gather sweetness from the waves, or mingle with the low murmurs of their voice. In one of the palaces, stern and gloomy without, but bright and gorgeous within, was a boudoir, fitted up with an elegance worthy its fair occupant. A drapery of rich purple velvet concealed the walls, which on one side being partially drawn, revealed the entrance to an oratory, where, on a richly carved desk, was a golden crucifix and a prayer book, over which the light, admitted through the stained glass of a high and narrow window, threw a dim and dreamy radiance. A soft, religious gloom pervaded the little oratory, which suited well with the sanctity of the place, and formed a happy contrast with the brighter splendor of the boudoir, where, on a pile of cushions, covered with the same rich velvet that draped the walls, reclined Camilla Cafarelli. The waters of a miniature fountain, that gushed up in a recess within the massive wall, fell with a cool and lulling sound into a basin of snowy marble, throwing a brilliant mist over vases filled with choice and beautiful flowers that encircled it, preserving their freshness while it diffused their fragrance. But the soothing voice of the fountain had no power to bring to Camilla the luxury of the noonday slumber.

"You do not sleep, Signora," at length said Sylvia, her waiting maid. "The heat, I fear me, is too oppressive;" and, while she spoke, she agitated the air with a fan of brilliant feathers.

"It is not the heat," replied Camilla, "my mind is too full of fancies to permit me to sleep."

Sylvia smiled archly, as she replied—

"Ah! when two such handsome signors as Francis Pazzi and Julian de Medici have no eyes for any lady in Florence except you, your mind may well be full of fancies."

"Nay, Sylvia, you cannot think that Francis Pazzi is handsome?"

"In good sooth, lady, I do. He has an eye like a hawk's, and there is a pride and haughtiness on his brow and lip, that well become so brave a gentleman."

"Haughty enough and proud enough he is, I well know, but his bravery—if I can read his dark, malignant countenance aright—would prompt him to use the assassin's knife with as little remorse as to wield the soldier's sword. I like him not."

"Ah, you more affect Julian de Medici, and truly, if the one have the eye of a hawk, the other has the eye of an eagle, and if the Pazzi have a proud lip and a haughty brow, then Medici has a countenance full of nobleness and majesty."

"And if he have, it is nothing to me. He has forgotten me of late, Sylvia."

"Not so, lady. Every time I meet him, he says, 'an' how does the Signor Cafarelli to-day and his daughter, the Lady Camilla?'—But little, I ween, does he care for an answer to his first question, if he obtains one to his second."

"Did I not hear you say that you saw him one day looking at the picture of the Madonna in the church of Santa Reparta?"

"That I did, and if you had sat for the picture yourself, it could not look more like you. The large, liquid eyes, the sweet, pensive mouth, and the smooth, white forehead, from which is parted the hair, soft, and lustrous as some dark bird's plumage when bathed in the evening sunlight, all are yours."

"I fear, Sylvia, that the resemblance is a creation of your own fancy—Julian saw none."

"Nay, lady, it was the resemblance that drew his eye. Had it not been so, fifty Madonnas might have smiled on him, without attracting a second look."

"Is it not to-night that the Countess Faustina gives her splendid fete?"

"It is."

"Bring me the robe that was sent home this morning."

Sylvia obeyed, and assisted her mistress to put it on. It was of black velvet, and nothing could have been better adapted to her style of beauty. Diamonds flashed among the pearls ornamenting the girdle which gathered the folds round her waist, and glimmed like stars amid the rich drapery of the wide open sleeves. Beneath the sleeves of the robe were others of snowy muslin, finished with broad lace of such exceeding fineness, that, with every motion of her exquisitely shaped arm, it floated back and revealed the dimpled elbow.

"Does the robe become me, Sylvia?" said she, when the girl had finished adjusting its folds.

"Yes, lady—a cheek like yours, of a hue even more delicate than the beautiful rose in yonder vase, would look pale contrasted with such showy colors as the Countess Faustina wears."

"Yes, I am pale—too pale, and I should not do well to suffer myself to be compared with one whose beauty is so rich and dazzling as hers."

"Why not? I saw Julian de Medici throw away some gaudy flower the other day, and replace it with a pale rose."

"It may be that he will not attend the fete to-night."

"There is no doubt but that he will. Fillippo told me that all the brave Signors and all the handsome ladies of Florence were to be there, and if all the handsome ladies in Rome were added to the number, there is not one that would outshine you."

"You would flatter me, Sylvia, but if I am but fair in his eyes, let others think of me as they will."

"Who is that sweet young lady?" said a young cavalier to his companion, as Camilla Cafarelli, leaning on her brother's arm, passed along the crowded saloon to greet the Countess Faustina.

"She is the rich Cafarelli's daughter, and is, to my eye, the sweetest rose of all Florence."

"That she is. Did I not hear that one of the Pazzi would win her for his bride?"

"Ay, truly he would, but he may as well yield his claim to his more powerful rival."

"Do you refer to Julian de Medici?"

"Yes, and lo! he approaches her."

As he spoke, a young man of graceful deportment, with a fine, intellectual forehead, round which clustered a profusion of short, thick curls, intensely black, and which, unmarred by the traces of care or passion, was already crossed with the calmer lines of thought, took his place by the side of Camilla, and entered into conversation with her. Thus engaged neither of them noticed the dark form that hovered near with a menacing and angry scowl upon his features, while his hand, ever and anon, unconsciously wandered to the richly chased haft of a poignard that gleamed by his side.

Gladly would the lovers have remained together the whole of the evening, but a few words of playful raillery addressed to Julian, by his kinsman, broke the spell which bound them both, and Camilla, with face suffused with blushes, turned away and joined a group of ladies. Julian, at the same time, drew near an open window, where several gentlemen and ladies were listening to the song of an Improvisatrice, who stood beneath it. It was a merry lay of a successful and happy lover, but as her eye caught the grave and handsome features of Julian, her upturned countenance, upon which streamed the light of a full, unclouded moon, assumed a mournful expression, and she changed her song to a slow and plaintive recitative. Gradually her voice became fuller, and the words flowed more rapidly, forming themselves, towards the close, into the following rhymes:

> "Beware! Beware!
> Though the cloudlet wears a golden crest,
> The lightning sleeps within its breast.
> Shun, while you may, your threatening fate
> Ere another moon, 'twill be too late.
> Beware! Beware!
> For the lightning may burst from the cloudlet's breast,
> Though the sunbeam glows on its golden crest."

While the last word was still ringing in the ears of her auditors, she turned away, and the flutter of her white garments was the next moment seen amid the gloom of an olive grove that grew near. A feeling of apprehension settled upon the little party, for although, at the commencement, her eyes had rested on Julian, they had, as she proceeded, wandered to others. Julian, though in common with his family he possessed a mind more highly cultivated than was usual at that period, was not above the superstition of his age, and with that feeling which makes us fear for the success of what most deeply interests us, could not help imagining that the warning of the Improvisatrice had reference to the resolution he had adopted to seek an interview with Camilla. His mind wavered for a short time, but before the evening closed, doubt and fear, and the warning chant of the Improvisatrice, were all lost in the sweet hopes of an ardent and trusting heart. He had met Camilla alone, and they had interchanged their first vows of love. She had wandered from the crowded apartments to an adjoining garden, and as she stood by a fountain, listening it might be to its dreamy murmurs, or employed in weaving the web of her own sweet fancies more dreamy even than the fountain's music, Julian, without knowing that she was there, had turned his footsteps towards the same spot. Camilla's countenance was of a kind to look lovely in such a place. The more latent and divine emotions of her soul, the expression of which seemed to be lost amid the flood of light which illuminated the apartments and redoubled the glitter and brilliancy of the gorgeous assembly she had just left, revealed themselves in every lineament, as the beams of the full-orbed moon fell with a quiet lustre on her brow.

"Why," said Julian, as they began to feel that it was time for them to part—"why should we not meet at the altar before the close of the present month?"

"Do you remember," said she, "that twelve days only remain?"

At this moment were heard the voices of a merry group, that appeared to be advancing in a direction towards the fountain, and Julian in a few hurried sentences exacted from her a promise to unite her fate to his before the expiration of the twelve remaining days of April. He then turned into the shaded avenue, by which he had reached the fountain, leaving Camilla still there.

The company, however, instead of advancing, turned into another path, and finding herself undisturbed, she bent forward towards the fountain, suffering the diamond spray to fall upon the cloud of dark curls, that formed around her brow a richer ormired than the jewelled tiara of a princess.

While thus engaged, she heard her name softly pronounced behind her; and, turning round, she beheld *Francis Pazzi.*

"Sweet lady," said he, "was it to bathe those locks, more lovely than the plume of the bird of Paradise, that you withdrew from the gay assembly where thy presence was to me the only sunbeam."

"I withdrew," she replied, gravely, "that I might for a few minutes enjoy in solitude my own thoughts."

"In which you have had the misfortune to be twice interrupted," said he, sarcastically, "for if I mistake not, I saw the glitter of a rich mantle through the foliage of yonder orange trees as I approached."

Camilla deigned no reply.

"Nay," said he, "do not suffer thyself to be chagrined. I like thee not the less, because I have to contend with a rival for thy love. Courage and perseverance are the qualities that win, and if I have not the skill of a Medici to judge of a dumb statue, I have the heart to meet a living foe, and if I have little love for the soft notes of the lute, my heart leaps at the clear voice of the trumpet."

"As well," replied Camilla, "as to the hoarse cries of the midnight brawl."

"Thy words are meant as a taunt, sweet one," said he, "but in brawl or battle, a cavalier of true courage will not hesitate to draw his sword if opportunity invite. But these moments are too precious to be spent in bandying angry words, though I find my reward in the increased lustre of your eyes and the deepening roses on your cheeks. Believe me, fair lady, the sternest heart in warrior's tent is ever gentlest in lady's bower, and the lovelier the object the deeper the homage."

As he spoke, he seized her reluctant hand and dropped on one knee.

"Were delicacy one of your virtues," said she, striving vainly to disengage her hand from his grasp, "you would not force your homage upon one to whom it gives pain, and cannot even confer the pleasure of gratified vanity."

"Now the sweet saints shield me from thy anger, but scorn sits so gracefully on those ruby lips, that I would scarcely exchange it for one of thy sunniest smiles, such as I saw thee bestow on the carpet knight, who would dream away hours before a picture or statue."

"You may deem yourself fortunate that the carpet knight hears you not, thus saving yourself from proving to the world, that though you have a bold tongue, you have a craven heart. Now, sir, unhand me, or my cries shall bring me succor."

"You will live to repent this," said he, dropping her hand, while a cloud of demon passions settled on his brow, and drove the color from lip and cheek. "Farewell, and, if you dare, favor the suit of Julian de Medici."

While these words were still ringing in her ears, he had plunged into a thick copse and was veiled from her sight.

A few evenings subsequent to this interview with Camilla, Francis Pazzi, arm in arm with Bernard Bandini, his confidential friend, crossed one of the bridges spanning the Arno. They passed on at a quick pace till they reached the open country. Till then, they had preserved an unbroken silence.

As they passed by mutual consent by a vine-clad hedge—"Well, Francis," said Bandini, "what subject have you to discuss, which requires so much caution that you are afraid to mention it beneath the roof of palace or church, as if their walls had ears."

"*As if*—there is no *if* in the case. I never told a secret within four walls, but that it was the common talk in the market place within four hours.—Nor should I wonder if this hedge have ears. It will be safer for us to hold our conversation in the midst of yonder common, where there is not a leaf big enough to shelter a fairy."

"Nay, Francis, thy secret must indeed be important, that changes thy ordinary rashness into such over-wrought discretion. I am fatigued with our long and rapid walk, and this is a good resting place. I should not fear to plot the murder of the hated Medici in so retired a spot."

"Bernard," said Pazzi, warmly grasping Bandini's hand, "there must be a secret sympathy between us, or that never would have occurred to you, which for the last three days has haunted me like my own shadow."

"Ah! the humiliations they have heaped upon your house, make you grow restive at last. I know not by what right they should lord it over those scarcely inferior to themselves in power."

"They would not dare to do it, were they not countenanced by the rabble, that were besotted by Piero's moderation, and his recent death has obliterated his faults and sanctified acts which are magnified into virtues. His sons are the people's idols. They must fall, or the Pazzi must ever grovel in the dust. Not content with elevating our inferiors over our heads, they presume to thwart me in an affair of the heart. Camilla Cafarelli, whose hand her father promised me, at the time when Piero de Medici was a prisoner in his own house, has been won by the soft words of Julian, and preparation is making to celebrate their betrothment with as great pomp as that of Lorenzo with Clarice Orsini."

"And which so enraged the people, as to come near effecting the father's downfall."

"Yes, but this is a match that will find favor with the people."

"True—we must avenge our own wrongs. Is not that your thought?"

"It is. Let the dagger be planted in his heart, at the moment he pronounces the bridal vow."

"By whose hand?"

"My own—I will trust no other."

"You are right—but the elder brother must fall with the younger, if we would not ensure our own destruction. There are others, too, whom it will be dangerous to let live. If there are any we can trust, we must persuade them to join us."

"I have those in my mind whom it will not be hard to win, but we shall have many opportunities to confer on the subject before the day appointed them to meet at the altar."

They now rose, and slowly departed. When their receding figures began to grow dim in the distance, a female rose from the opposite side of the hedge where they had been sitting, and looked earnestly towards a cottage about a quarter of a mile distant.

"The light is extinguished," said she: "they do not expect me to-night," and passing a ribbon over her shoulder that suspended a lute, she selected a path that led to the city, but which widely diverged from the road taken by Pazzi and Bandini. She paused not till she stood before the palace of Julian de Medici.

"Has the Signor Julian returned yet?" she inquired of a serving-man, who was loitering near the steps.

The reply being in the negative, she walked on a few paces, and, seating herself at the base of a pillar, the deep shadow of which screened her from observation, she patiently awaited his coming. Half an hour had elapsed, and several had passed the spot, when a tall, graceful figure, with a plumed cap and richly wrought mantle, was discerned in the distance. The girl rose and planted herself in the path, so as to intercept his progress.

"Signor," said she, "abandon your intention of celebrating your marriage with Camilla Cafarelli with the pomp and splendor you intend. Let none but a few friends of well-tried fidelity attend you and your bride to the altar, if you would escape the assassin's dagger."

She then attempted to pass him, but he prevented her.

"There must be something more than a stranger's warning," said he, "to induce me to alter my purpose."

"Persons to whom I am not a stranger would deem my simple assertion as enough. You are at liberty to follow or reject my advice. Were I to prove what I say, by giving you the names of your enemies, those who befriended me when I had no friend would suffer anguish for the fate of the guilty."

She looked upwards as she spoke, as if deprecating such agony to those dearest to her, which causing the mantle, which she had drawn over her head in such a manner as to conceal her features, to fall back, Julian perceived the pale but beautiful countenance of the Improvisatrice, to whom he had listened a few evenings preceding.

"Oh," said he, "I have seen you before, I think. Was it not you who addressed to me that kind of prophetic chant beneath the palace window of the Countess Faustina?"

"It was."

"And some say that you can read the future. I have sometimes a presentiment that I shall die early. Will it not be so?"

"If you measure your life by years, it will be short; if by enjoyment, long."

"Explain."

"When we look back upon the past," said she, "which are the moments that occupy the most space? Are they not those of intense enjoyment or intense pain? The unimportant incidents of life fade from the pages of memory, leaving them a blank—or, at best, present themselves in shadowy and indistinct characters. The arrows of anguish, feathered, as it were, with the living lightning, such as search the brain and drink up the life-blood, have never found your heart; but moments of rapture, written as with a sunbeam, have already been yours. Nothing can quench their light. There is an electric chain that ever connects them with the present. In the stillness of the moonlight evening, the deep silence of starry midnight, or the calm brightness of early morning, they flash back upon the heart with a vivid and thrilling power, which makes us forget they are only a dream of the past. It is, therefore, Signor, that your life will be a long one. And now, once more, and for the last time, I warn you to suffer none, save a few well-tried friends, to be present at your bridal."

"The lady's wishes, and those of her friends, must first be consulted," replied Julian. "Before then I can give you no promise. Good night—and if you would have pleasant dreams, you must let your mind run on pleasanter fancies."

Saying this, Julian turned from her with an air of assumed gayety, by which he strove to veil the unpleasant sensations her words had awakened.

"He has too little faith in what I have told him," thought she, "to let it guide his conduct. He, even, as far as superstition will permit, scorns my prediction. I must seek Camilla Cafarelli."

Immediately acting upon this sudden impulse, in fifteen minutes she had gained access to Camilla's presence, and, in a few rapid and impressive words, disclosed all she had already told Julian, and demanded of her the same promise. Camilla, to whom the threat of Francis Pazzi, during their interview at the fountain, immediately occurred, promised, without hesitation, to use all her influence to have the marriage privately celebrated.

"Well, Bandini," said Francis Pazzi, accosting his friend, who had just returned to the city after an absence of several days, "my rival has prevailed."

"What mean you?"

"That Camilla Cafarelli is the wife of Julian de Medici."

"You must be mistaken. At the the time I left the city, the match was said to be broken off."

"That was only a feint. By some means they received intimation of our plot, though not of the persons concerned, and to escape the threatened danger their marriage was kept secret. It was only last evening that I ascertained the truth, though I had before suspected it."

"And, now, you intend to let him enjoy his happiness undisturbed?"

"Not so. This," and he lightly touched the haft of a poignard, "shall drink his heart's blood before eight and forty hours."

"You will thus rid yourself of your rival in love, but your rival in power—is he still to lord it over you and the rest of us?"

"Lorenzo must fall at the same moment by another hand."

"How can it be effected?"

"They will both, without doubt, attend mass to-morrow, at the church of San Reparta. I shall place myself at Julian's side, and at the third stroke of the bell, when the priest raises the host, I shall strike. Nori, his confidential friend, who is ever near him, and who would revenge his death by slaying me, I shall expect you to deal with."

"And who is to take Lorenzo in hand—Montesecho?"

"No—drivelling fool that he is, he refuses to pollute the church with the blood of his enemy; my uncle will see to him."

While the two conspirators were thus coolly planning his and his brother's murder, Julian, with Camilla at his side, stood at a window of their palace, that looked upon a garden full of fruit trees flushed with blooms, which yielded to the light kisses of the night wind the perfume treasured in their hearts. And their own hearts were as fresh as the expanding blossoms beneath them. The poetry and refinement of their own emotions gave a coloring and a voice to all around them. The vault of heaven appeared more beautiful and serene—the stars shone with a sweeter and a holier light—and the tones of their own voices were to each other's ears like a low and thrilling melody. They cast no thought towards the future, but lived only in the present moment. Suddenly a small, dark cloud, which they had heeded not, blotted out the crescent moon that hovered in the west. A circumstance common and unimportant in itself, to Camilla seemed an inauspicious omen, instantly dissolving the charm which was woven of all that is brightest and dearest in human life. The dark spectre of the assassin, with his glittering knife, which imagination had pictured as hovering in the path of Julian, whenever he was absent, ever since she had listened to the warning of the Improvisatrice, suddenly started up before her. She suppressed the cry of terror that rose to her lips, and with an assumed calmness inquired of Julian if he had of late seen Francis Pazzi.

"I met him this morning," he replied, "and he greeted me with the frankness and cordiality of a true friend. He slightly alluded to our late coldness, which he sincerely regretted, half hinted that he was knowing to our marriage, and then broke out into so warm an eulogium upon the charms of the Countess Faustina, as to convince me that she has made a serious impression upon his heart."

"O, Julian, trust him not. He is cruel and vindictive, and, above all, treacherous. This sudden change in his conduct towards you bodes no good. Be assured that it masks some deadly design."

"Nay, Camilla, did I not know that you are not prone to suspicion, I should be tempted to chide you for your distrust. When I look on this sweet face of thine, I can well forgive him for cherishing feelings somewhat bitter against his successful rival, and now, let me not chill his reviving kindness by a cold return."

Camilla, who could feel no confidence in these appearances of amity on the part of Pazzi, though she smiled faintly, made no reply.

The following day was bright and balmy, and the streets of Florence were filled with a multitude of people, of every rank, wending their way towards the church of Santa Reparata, where religious service was to be celebrated. The conspirators, who, unsuspected, mingled with the throng, entered the church, where they found that Lorenzo de Medici had already arrived. Anthony of Volterra and a priest, to whom his assassination was committed, succeeded in stationing themselves near him. The hour approached for the service to commence, but Julian was still absent.

"His guardian saint will again foil me, I believe," said Francis Pazzi, whispering in the ear of Bandini. "Let us go and find him, and persuade him to accompany us back to church."

Bandini assented, and they left the church together. They had proceeded only a short distance, when they descried Julian with his friend Neri. They hastened to overtake him.

"My dear friend," said Pazzi, embracing him, "it appears to me that of late you have grown somewhat remiss in your religious duties—why do you not attend mass to-day?"

"In good sooth," replied Julian, "I have no reason to give you, except that I was just now warned not to attend, by one who pretends she has good reason for her warning."

"Ah, the Improvisatrice has crossed your path.—Only last evening she undertook to warn me. The girl may be a good poetess, but has, to my certain knowledge, proved herself a false prophetess."

"It may be as you say, but to confess the truth, Pazzi, it was with reluctance that I approached the church, before I received her warning. Thrice, ere I met her, a voice seemed to whisper in my ear, 'beware! enter not the church of Santa Reparata to-day.'"

He had just ceased speaking, when a boy, almost breathless from the haste he had made, overtook them, and placing a billet in Julian's hand, told him that it was from the Lady Camilla.

"I should have remembered the message she charged me with had she not sent the billet," said he, smiling, and placing it unopened in his bosom.

"Will you not read it?" said the boy. "The Signora said it contains matter of great moment, which came to her knowledge since you parted with her."

"You should, see this," said Pazzi; "have learnt that many things are of moment to a lady, that may seem trifling to us. I have already commenced accustoming myself to the fact, preparatory to the time when I too may have the felicity of being entrusted with similar messages."

This strain of badinage was purposely adopted by Pazzi to prevent Julian from reading the billet; for the glance he caught of the superscription, showed him that it had been written with a hurried and agitated hand, and his guilt made him fear that she had by some means obtained information concerning the intended murder of her husband. His words had the effect he desired, for although Julian answered in the same style of raillery, he refrained from reading the billet, which, at the boy's suggestion, he had taken from his bosom. The boy, who, when he saw the billet in Julian's hand, doubted not but that he would read it, retraced his steps, and the two conspirators, who knew that the service must soon commence, linking their arms with those of their victims, made all possible speed towards the church. After entering, Pazzi, who had, when he embraced Julian, assured himself that he wore no armor beneath his dress, stationed himself on one side of him and Bandini on the other, Neri being near at hand. It was then, while waiting in silence for the appointed signal, that a deadly paleness crept over the dark features of Pazzi, while the beatings of his heart stirred the folds of the mantle that crossed his breast. His eye sought the face of Bandini. He, too, was pale; while Volterra and the priest, who still retained their places near Lorenzo de Medici, often, with trembling hands, wiped the cold perspiration from their brows. Their evident agitation, by exciting his fears that they would fail in their purpose, restored the courage of Pazzi, and inflamed anew his malignant passions. He succeeded in catching the eye of the priest, and by a stern glance made him feel that, should he fail in his undertaking, his life might pay the forfeiture. From that moment, with his left hand resting in a caressing manner on the shoulder of Julian, the other so firmly closed upon the haft of his dagger, that the somewhat rough settings of the jewels with which it was ornamented pierced the skin, he calmly and resolutely awaited the sound of the bell. The moment at length arrived when the priest was ready to raise the host, and the first sound of the bell smote the ears of the conspirators. At the second sound, Pazzi drove his weapon with such force into the heart of Julian, as to severely wound himself in the hand. Neri, Julian's friend, at the same moment fell by the hand of Bandini. The weapons of Volterra and the priest were less skilfully aimed. They succeeded only in slightly wounding Lorenzo, who escaped into the sacristy. Pazzi attempted to follow him, but was prevented by the people. Soon becoming faint from the loss of blood, he was obliged to return home, where, shortly afterwards, he was seized by the enraged populace, who dragged him through the streets, and hung him, with many others who had joined in the conspiracy, at the windows of the palace. Bandini, who fled, was recognized, carried back to Florence, and shared the same fate.

The beautiful Italian night, with its starry wings, was again brooding over the city of Florence, and Julian and Camilla were once more in the same chamber where, the evening previous, they had, side by side, looked out upon the shadowy landscape, and where, to him, had been inscribed the last page of life's elysium, worth whole years of inanity.—Camilla was now, as then, by his side, but the heart so lately stirred by the warm pulses of a young and vigorous life, was resting cold and still beneath the folds of the snowy shroud, and the dark eyes that had mingled their sunny beams with the mild glances of her's, opened not to her sad and earnest gaze. Not a tear trembled on the long lashes that veiled her own dark eyes, but her heart was bleeding. Suddenly, a fresh gust of air that swept in through the open windows of the apartment, stirred the shroud on his bosom, and lifted the raven curls that shaded his cold, white brow. The cheeks of Camilla became suddenly flushed with crimson, and a wild cry of ecstasy broke from her lips as she threw herself on his bosom—for to her bewildered and excited imagination life had returned. Sylvia, her waiting maid, who had missed her, went in quest of her to the chamber of death. She shrunk back with terror as she beheld her, sleeping, as she imagined, on the breast of her murdered husband. She endeavored to rouse her by calling her by name. Finding her attempts fruitless, she ventured to approach nearer, and at length to take hold of one of her hands, which, half buried beneath the dark, glossy hair, rested on Julian's brow. The touch sent an icy thrill to her heart, but fear of the dead was at once overwhelmed by an anxiety for her beloved mistress. She raised her in her arms, and looked upon her face. Her eyes were closed, but the light of the rapturous smile that lingered round her beautiful mouth, showed that her spirit had departed at the moment when she was deluded into the sweet belief that life had reanimated the form of him she loved.

BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS.

There is something touchingly beautiful in words when rightly put together. They leave an impression that can never be effaced. We have read again and again, till it is familiar to us as the face of a friend, the following splendid thought, and every time we see it, 'tis fresh and beautiful as ever. The author we know not, but he deserves to be immortalized for this morceau alone.

"How beautifully falls
From human lips that blessed word, forgive,
Forgiveness—'tis the attribute of God—
The sound which openeth Heaven—renews again
On Earth lost Eden's faded bloom, and flings
Hope's halcyon halo o'er the waste of life.
Thrice happy he whose heart has been so schooled
In the meek lessons of humanity,
That he can give it utterance; it imparts
Celestial grandeur to the human soul,
And maketh man an angel."

THE UNJUST JUDGE.

BY MRS S. C. HALL.

It was an old lady who related to me the following incident. As it supplies evidence how strong a moral may be inculcated by a picture, I will endeavor to record it in her own simple words. When I knew her she was very aged; her sitting-room was adorned by paintings, generally of the higher class but sometimes the sentiment, the conception of a subject, was so superior to its execution, that I imagined she had more feeling than knowledge with regard to works of art. She moved about her apartment, leaning on the arm of her grand-niece, and pointing out her favorite pictures by a motion of the large old-fashioned fan that dangled from her arm: she was in truth a chronicle of the past—had sat to Sir Joshua when quite a child—and been the companion of West, and Opie, and Northcote, and all the great men of ancient times; seen David Garrick; and been patted on the head by Dr. Johnson; laughed at and with Oliver Goldsmith; and spoke of Queen Charlotte and George III. as a handsome young couple. She was both rich and benevolent, and, despite her age and the infirmity of deafness, she was the best physician that ever entered the close atmosphere of the pale student's chamber: the ease, and grace, and gentleness with which she developed truth, added to its beauty, but did not lessen its power. She was a sound critic—yet a kindly judge. Sir Thomas Lawrence used to say of her, that her very look at ninety was inspiration!

Her general sitting-room was in admirable keeping with its mistress; old chairs, old carvings, old China, old bits of tapestry—with here and there a drapery of golden yellow—a cushion or chair covered by rich deep-toned crimson velvet—and when the sun shone through a little painted window, illumining an angle of the apartment with its fine tints, it threw a sort of halo over those silent but sure indications of pure taste, and made the artist feel at once at home. Then the delight with which, when she found an attentive listener, she would draw forth from an old cabinet some cherished and exquisite miniature—the gem of her treasure-house—and have a little tale to tell of every thing she possessed. Lately she had, as I said, become deaf, but this did not diminish the cheerfulness of her well-toned mind, nor her talking, and it was like a happy voice from the graves of those mighty ones who now live but in their works.

"You said, my dear madam, you would tell me the story of that picture yonder," I observed, one evening.

"Ah, yes!" she replied; "that, my dear, was painted by a young man! Poor fellow, I shall never forget what old Northcote said to me about him; but that does not matter now. It was April—a few days before the pictures went in for exhibition to Somerset House, and I was sitting in this very chair, as I have done for the last five-and-forty years! About noon—when Nancy—(Ah, we have no such servants now-a-days!)—Nancy told me that an artist, she was sure from the country, wanted to show me a picture. I admitted him immediately. He placed his production in the best light, and apologizing briefly for his intrusion, stood opposite to that very picture whose 'story,' as you call it, you wish to hear. Young men, my dear, in those days were more ambitious of painting than dressing, like Raffaelle: they did not wear their hair over their shirt-collars—cultivate a moustache, and scent of cigars; and yet I never saw any human being look more like a creature of glorious invention than the poor pale boy—for he was little more—who painted 'The Unjust Judge.' His cob-like brow would have well become a crown of laurel; and though he was so singularly handsome, that for a few moments he was the picture upon which I looked, I felt sorry at heart for what was stamped upon his features."

"What?" I inquired.

"Death!" was the solemn reply. The old lady rose from her seat, and taking the arm of her beautiful relative, who resided with her, tottered opposite to the picture. "Observe," she continued, "the hard, stern countenance of the magisterial-looking man, who, seated at the head of the table, has decided that the widow—the young widow of an old and faithful tenant—has no further claim on the land, which she imagined secured to her by virtue of a letter, the fragments of which are upon the ground. Observe the look of purse-proud satisfaction the new tenant casts upon the friendless woman, whose faded mourning evinces that she has no means to apply to a higher court. Note how full is the leathern purse he has ostentatiously placed upon the table; do you not see the convulsed clutching of the widow's fingers, as she stretches forth her hands to implore mercy where she might demand justice? the veins of her small white throat are distended by suppressed emotion; her eyes are heavy with unshed tears; and observe also how indignant the boy looks: he has just ceased to grasp the crape shawl that has nearly fallen from his mother's shoulders; his little fists are clenched, as much as to say, 'See how I will be revenged when I become a man!'—The accessories also are well, yet not too strongly developed. The fat and insolent cat has driven the widow's timid little dog into a corner: his eyes in utter helplessness are raised to his mistress' face, whose agony is too great to heed the distress of her puny favorite! I do not often look upon it," she added, returning to her seat, "though it conveys a fine moral; yet whenever I do, I turn my eyes into my own breast, lest I also may have been an unjust judge!"

The old lady paused, and her last observation found an echo in my heart. Great God! how true this is: how apt are we to sit in judgment on each other—how apt to pronounce sentence on a sister's frailty, on a brother's crime—without a knowledge of the temptations which led either to the one or the other; without even inquiring whether what we have heard be true or false! How outrageous we become if we are judged—how careless in judging!

"But the story!" I said at last. "It is not ended!"

"Hardly commenced," she replied, and then continued.

"I expressed my approbation in a few words, for the subject touched me. There were faults in the colouring, but the moral was so true that I saw at once the youth had the elements of high art within him. It is an admirable thing to do justice to nature, to copy faithfully the immortalities amid which we live; but it is still more glorious to embody the workings of the mind, to create, to lead as it were the inventive faculties of our fellow-creatures into a higher world. The avarice of the unjust judge is stamped upon that face forever, and the supplication of the widow seems bursting from her lips. After looking at it for some little time, I inquired what value he put upon his production. He said, 'he had never thought of that: he only wished it to be exhibited.'

'And why, then, did you bring it here?' His pale cheek flushed, while he replied, 'that he resided in Northumberland; was not acquainted with any one in London; and feared that if he sent in his picture it would not be exhibited, unless some one were good enough to speak for it, so that it might obtain a place—a place where it could be seen, particularly by one person.'

"I told him I would purchase it. He thanked me; but that, he said, was not what he wanted. He wished it to be seen at the Royal Academy. He had heard that I knew a great many of its members. Would I, if I liked the picture, say a kind word for it to those who had power? His only wish was to see it hung where one person would be sure to see it. The request was so strange, the picture and the youth both so interesting, that I desired much to unravel the mystery. I soon gained the young man's confidence, and his story was quickly told.

"His father had been one of those upright God-fearing tillers of the soil from whom our greatest men have sprung. His life was the last in the lease he held of his land, but he had received a letter from his landlord promising, in case of his death, a renewal of it on the old terms. His father died, and in less than a week after his father's death, the landlord died also. His mother had so firm a dependence upon the letter, that she never thought of the lease; indeed, as the young man said, she was too much absorbed in her own grief to think of worldly matters, until a notice to leave what had been so long her home was served upon her. It was in vain she endeavored to see the landlord; he would not admit her; she wrote—no notice was taken of her application. 'Beaten down,' he said, 'by circumstances, she would sit day after day looking at a small defaced water-color drawing of my father, which had been done by some itinerant artist, and seemed her only consolation! I was too young to share her griefs, but not to observe them; and I remember the desire I felt to make a picture like the one she loved, that it might be caressed by her. One morning she had been weeping bitterly, and urged as it were by some sudden resolution, she took my hand, and we walked together in silence to the hall, regardless of the rebuffs of the servants. My usually gentle mother forced her way into the squire's library, and discovered, what I afterwards knew she expected from the information she had received, her landlord in the very act of signing the lease that was to deprive us forever of the cherished dwelling of our ancestors. Roused by a sense of his injustice, she placed before him the letter from his father to mine: in an instant he tore it into atoms, and flung it on the floor. Stunned still more deeply, she clasped her hands and uttered a prayer of few words, but deep import, that he might never die until he acknowledged his injustice. Had I known how to curse, I would—boy though I was—have cursed him from my soul, but my mother had taught me nought but blessings. We returned home: she knelt opposite to where my father's picture hung, as if it had been a shrine, and poured out her soul to God in prayer for patience. I stood by her side. 'Kneel with me,' she desired. I obeyed—but she observed the stubborn spirit that reigned within me, and while tears streamed down her cheeks, she made me repeat words which for the first time found no echo in my heart. The softness of the child had altogether departed from me. I felt as if my spirit had sprung at once into manhood. We arose from our knees, I put my hand in hers, kissed her cheek, and said, 'Mother do not weep, I will protect you.' I shall never forget the music of the sweet blessings she poured upon me then, while hot, hot tears coursed each other down her cheeks. From that time I saw her weep no more, though I knew she wept. For me, I grew hard and stern. I shunned my playmates, during the few days we remained in our old dwelling; I could neither eat nor sleep; my soul swelled with indignation and revenge. We left our pleasant dwelling; the shadow of the trees fell no more upon our paths; the hum of my mother's bees, which had been as music of the sunbeams, sounded no more in my ears; the willow, planted by my father on my birthday, which had grown to be a tree, while I was yet a child, no longer waved above my head. We lodged in a small room of a small house in a neighboring village; a small clean room, furnished out of what seemed our abundance, the window all crowded with plants such as my father loved—these perishable yet sweet records of affection.—Our dog, our household friend, shared our exile, but even that I had little sympathy with: my mind was bent upon things above my reach, but not beyond my desires. My mother worked at her needle, and taught me all she knew, and every halfpenny I could procure, could earn—for I was no beggar—by little acts of usefulness, I laid out in purchasing paper and pencils. I did not know then what being an artist meant; but I knew that I should like to copy my father's picture, to draw the scenes of my early childhood, to depict the one particular scene that was burnt into my heart, to grow by some means to be rich and powerful, that so I might be revenged on the unjust judge. This last resolve I dared not impart to my mother, from a consciousness that it was one she would disapprove the most. And yet that man bought pictures and hung them on his walls; and people eulogized his liberality, and praised his taste, and that he had taste I cannot doubt, but he had no heart. 'Is it not strange,' inquired the young painter, 'that a man can tell what is excellent on canvas, and have no appreciation for what is excellent in life; can understand what is natural when delineated by the painter's art, be touched by painted tears, and yet be utterly incapable of feeling and combining the sensations which spring from nature! Is not this strange and contradictory?'

"I told him he would not think so when he had seen more of the world, and understood how many contending currents meet and struggle within the heart of man. Perhaps you are already tired of the young artist's tale? I like, old as I am, to hear of struggles, of difficulties overcome, of mountains scaled by hardy enterprise, of seats upon their pinnacles; and I spoke words of hope to him, which fell like rain upon a fertile soil—for his mind was one large treasure-house of poetry. And then he related much of the past; of his own privations he evidently did not think; but his mother's sorrows, lessened as they must have been by cheerful industry, and lightened by the knowledge of his innate talent, dwelt upon his memory.

"Yet he confessed to moments of most keen enjoyment: the calmness of the Sabbath evening, when the music of the bell had ceased, and the voice of the preacher, or the melody of the choral hymn, chanted by infant voices, mingled with the perfumed air; when the worship was over, and playing with a pencil, which his mother kissed him 'not to use on Sunday,' she read within her little room the scenes from Holy Writ, which, praised be God, have taught many painters the road to immortality! And, when obliged to labor in the fields, his *eye* drank in the hues of cloud and rainbow, sunshine and shadow; in truth, he said, the more he saw of nature the weaker grew his purpose of revenge towards 'the unjust judge.' The beauties of the beautiful world softened his spirit; but when he looked upon his mother's hands, hardened by labor, or saw her feeble frame bending with more than woman's weakness, his purpose revived, the agonizing scene *stamped* upon that canvas rose before him, and as he grew older, he determined, 'so that he lived to be a man,' to do what you see he did accomplish. Several years before, (for an artist's talent is long budding before it blossoms), while his was yet in its infancy, the man who had acted so cruelly left his neighborhood, and came to reside near London. He paid a visit to his property but once, and then offered his *patronage* to the boy artist he had so injured: by whom, I am proud to say, it was indignantly refused. The gentleman was bitterly hurt at this, for he would have greatly enjoyed the notoriety of 'bringing out' such extraordinary talent. How different from the warm and noble zeal which makes and bears the torch to light the path of genius! But I grow prosy," said my old friend, "and will hasten onward: the desire of the young artist was, that his picture might be placed where it could be seen to advantage; he had grown out of the memory of his mother's persecutor, and had resolved to stand where he might watch by it, to see the effect it would produce—not upon the world, but upon him whose injustice he had depicted with so powerful a pencil. 'If,' he said, 'I could but see him change color; if I could perceive the least indication that he felt the reproof; that the circumstance was recalled; that the power he had crushed into the dust had risen, and stood before him to reprove his injustice; if I could only make him *feel*, I should be satisfied; it is now all the revenge I covet.'"

"But his mother?" I inquired.

"She still lives," was the reply; and then my old friend informed me, that his (the artist's) sensations on this subject almost amounted to insanity; he fancied his picture would work a miracle—soften a hard heart—change the current of a man's blood—alter his nature. Like all those who live alone, and who judge of mankind from themselves, his information, his conception of human character, seemed as contracted as his imagination was vast and vivid; and, in addition to this, he was suffering from a constitutional sensitiveness, which made him far more susceptible than rational men are supposed to be.

"His picture went at the appointed time to the appointed place. I studiously kept the secret that the persecutor—the unjust judge—was intimately known to me; and feeling as I did the utmost anxiety for the young painter, I made him consider my house his home. But his spirit had all the restlessness of genius. As a boy at school counts the days, the hours, that must elapse ere he returns to his home, so did this creature—compounded as he was from the finest essences in our nature—count the moments until the academy would open. It was almost frightful to witness his fits of anxiety as to where the picture would hang—if it would have a good place—if it (perchance) might be killed by some glaring sunset or saffron sunrise—when the artist, 'mad with glory,' deepens the hues wherein Almighty God thinks best to steep his landscapes. It was positively fearful, after such ague fits of care, to see the avidity with which he drank in the inspirations poured by the old divinities upon their canvas. It was wonderful to observe how his mind, taught by nature, distinguished at a single glance the gold from the tinsel; and how he spurned whatever was counterfeit or poor. He would, after such excitements, return to his calculations touching his own picture. Sometimes depressed at its inferiority when compared with what he had just seen; at other times full of hope, calculating on the probable result—repeating the difficulties he had encountered—recalling the tears which stood trembling in his mother's eyes when some simple villager would express such natural wonder as to 'how he learned it all!' Then he would picture the rich tyrant acknowledging his injustice, and confessing shame; calculate as to the probability of his picture, the first-born of his brain, being extolled by the critics; portray his mother, her thin fingers trembling, and her emaciated form bent over the column where her son's name was marked with praise; hear her read his commendation, and then fall upon her knees in gratitude to God, remembering, in the hour of triumph, as well as in the hour of sorrow, that it is He who gives or takes away, as seemeth best.—Then, poor fellow, in the fulness of his heart he would describe such pictures as he was to paint; he did not care for poverty—not he! he knew it well! he never could be as poor as he had been. He felt his power, like the infant Hercules strangling his foes without an effort—his fortune in his hand—his patent to immortality made out! He and his mother could live in a garret—ay, and die there! But he would make a name that would defy eternity—he would! Poor—poor fellow!" repeated my old friend mournfully; "and yet there was nothing boastful in this; it was pure enthusiasm.

"Those who had seen the picture here were delighted and astonished; and more than one assured me the placing would be cared for. I felt so convinced that the composition would stand upon its own merits, that I did not desire to lessen the dignity of my new favorite, by requesting as a favor what I felt he had reason to demand as a right. A foolish thought!" said the old lady, taking a fierce pinch of snuff—"a foolish thought for those who want to get on in the world, but a wise one for those who prefer the jewel of existence—self-respect—to aught else.

"The first Sunday in May arrived, to be followed, of course, by the first Monday. He sat with me till late, not here, but at Richmond, where I reside occasionally. He was looking out over the river, floating in the glory of the setting sun, speculating as usual about his picture, and the chance that by that time next night it would have been seen, and its merits acknowledged by its unconscious author, to whom he wished to show the moral of a picture. He was literally wild with hope and excitement, speaking of his mother, wishing for her, and then saying what glory it would be to see some of those mighty masters of his art who had lived and moved among us. Like a young eagle, he panted for the rising sun, towards which he longed to soar. Poor, poor fellow!"

There was a pause, and I longed to hear what was to follow, yet feared to inquire.

"The next morning," she continued, "I ordered the carriage so early as to drive under the gateway at Somerset House about a minute before the hour at which the *doors* were to open. There was the usual *crowd*—the earnest, intense-looking students, some more pale than usual, others flushed by anxiety, mixed up with critics, and poets, and persons wishful to be the first to see the national exhibition, whose quantity, quality, and arrangement indicate the nature, and progress, and power of British art. But few of the academicians were there, though one or two were recognized, and, notwithstanding the density of the crowd, room was made for them, and a murmur ran, 'Do you see Stothard?' or, 'There is Westall,' or, 'That's the young artist, Wilkie,' intimating the current of people's thoughts. My young friend recognized me, bowed, and then the doors were opened. I saw him rush forward with the rest; and, just as he was about to enter, he turned his face towards me: it was lit with a light which disappointment would quench in death. He waved his hat, and disappeared. I waited until the crush had entered, and proceeded to obtain a catalogue. It is marvellous how quickly a crowd disperses: all had passed up stairs. Suddenly my arm was pressed; I turned round; there stood the young painter, his face shorn of its beams, his whole aspect changed from that of a living man to an almost breathless corse. He seemed rooted to the spot, while in a tone, the character of which I cannot describe, he muttered, 'My name is not in the catalogue.' There were doubtless many others that day doomed to the same disappointment—many who, perhaps, deserved the annual oblivion which overwhelmed the industry and hopes of the past year; but, unhappily, there were also many others who were condemned to the same suffering, merely because there was not space in wealthy England to display the treasures of that genius which confers honor upon the land that calls forth its existence. Many worn and anxious faces—many whose hearts were crushed—passed beneath that portal; yet I heeded but the one. I knew the boy could not survive it long. He had never anticipated its rejection, nor indeed had I. I insinuated there might be some mistake; but, easily depressed as excited, he only clenched between his hands the doom-book of so many, and shook his head. I ordered the carriage to be re-called, and taking his arm, led him towards it. As we descended the steps, I felt him start and shudder. I looked up—the unjust judge stood before me! The coincidence was strange. On the instant I invited him to dine with me the next day in town; the invitation was accepted. My footman assisted the lad into the carriage as if he had been a child; he shrunk into the corner, his noble spirit totally prostrated by his disappointment, while he turned his face away to conceal the agony he had not deserved. I think," said the good old lady, "I suffered almost as much.

"After many efforts, I succeeded in turning the current of his thoughts; I assured him the picture should be seen the next day, and that he should witness the effect it produced. I insisted on his remaining entirely at my house; but he had been lessened in his own esteem, and suddenly his manners had become lofty and severe. I let them remain so for a little; but, assured that nothing would so much relieve his overcharged heart as tears, when we were quite alone on the morning of the next day, I spoke to him of his mother, of the scenes of his youth, of her piety, her tenderness, her love; the boy conquered the Stoic—I left him weeping. I had undertaken a most painful task, but it was my duty to complete it.

"As the dinner hour advanced, I placed the picture, which I had reclaimed, in the best possible light, but drew a curtain, so as to shade it from observation till the time of trial arrived; the artist was in the room, and at last my guest came. After a few minutes had elapsed I arose, as I do now, and stood here, the painter remaining in the embrasured window. Suddenly I displayed the picture, and asked him what he thought of the story? 'Do you read the story clearly, sir?' I said; 'perhaps, as it is mine, you will help me to a name for it? A widow, sir, a poor widow believed in her landlord's honor, and intrusted to him a promissory letter for the renewal of the lease, which expired with the breath of her dead husband. You see her there; beauty and sorrow are mingled in her features. He has taken the letter; and behold you how men, ay, and rich men, too, value their honor; its fragments are on the carpet—the weighty purse of the rich farmer has outweighed the woman's righteous cause. Can you name my picture, sir? Her child, her boy feels, though he does not understand the scene; he has dropped his mother's shawl; his hands are clenched; if God spares him to be a man, he will devise some great revenge for that injustice.' I thought the gentleman turned pale, and I knew that my young friend was crouching in his lair. 'Look you, sir,' I continued, 'out of the pictured window; is not the landscape pleasant? the tree is remarkable; a famous tree in Northumberland; the—the—something else. And within, as you observed, the accessories are well made out; the fierce cat pouncing on the little dog; the elk's horns stand out from the panelling; and the emblazoning of the shield and arms upon the wall—the arms are distinct——'

"'Madam!' he exclaimed, in a voice hardly audible from agitation, and then paused.

"'The scene took place,' I continued, without heeding the interruption, 'some ten or twelve years past. Is it not so, Edward Gresham?' I added, appealing to the youth.

"He came forward, pale, but erect in the consciousness of his own rectitude, and satisfied that the great object of his existence was attained.

"Although I was much agitated, I saw the eagle eye of the artist look down upon the hurried glance which the unjust judge cast towards him, and I almost pitied him, humbled as he was by the conscious shame that overwhelmed him. He was stricken suddenly by a poisoned arrow; the transcript of the unhappy story was so faithful, the presence of the youth so completely fastened the whole upon him, that there was no mode of escape; and his nature was too stolid, whatever his disposition might be, to have any of the subtle movement of the serpent about him.

"'And you,' he said, turning away while he spoke; 'you, whom I have known for twenty years, have subjected me to this!'

"'Do you acknowledge its truth, its justice?' demanded the young painter; 'do you acknowledge the fidelity of my pencil? I have toiled, labored, suffered, to show you your injustice in its true colors; but I see you, the proud landlord, turn from the orphan-boy whom, in open defiance of every religious feeling, you sent houseless, homeless, fatherless, friendless upon the world. I see you cannot meet my eye for shame. Ay, ay, proud gentleman, that will live when you, ay, and I too, are in our narrow graves.'

"'I offered you reparation,' said the landlord, overpowered by the energy of the painter and the truth of his picture; 'I offered you reparation.'

"'You offered me *patronage*!' retorted the indignant boy; 'insult with injury.'

"The landlord turned to me; he was greatly agitated. 'Has the patronage I have extended to many, madam, even within your knowledge, been injury?' he inquired.

"I could not but acknowledge that he had purchased many pictures; and replied, his collection would prove that he highly appreciated art.

"'I will,' he added, 'even now give him any sum he chooses to name for that picture.'

"'It is sold,' replied the artist.

"The old gentleman's countenance changed; he walked up and down the room; once or twice he paused and looked at the sad history, which he would then have given much to obliterate.

"'I confess,' he said, 'the faithfulness of the portraiture; but there were palliating circumstances. Still, I confess I acted wrong—I confess it! I will make retribution; we cannot tell what our acts may produce.'

"'Injustice,' said the youth, calmly, 'is the parent of misery to the injured and the injurer; it was a cruel act, setting aside its treachery; it was a cruel act. God can judge between thee and me! My mother, a delicate fragile woman, myself almost an infant; and your father's promise, sir, your own father's promise, that you scorned; oh, sir, how could you sleep with the consciousness of such injustice haunting your pillow?'

"'You have your revenge, young man, your revenge,' murmured the gentleman; 'I acknowledge my injustice; I will make reparation.'

"'You cannot cancel the past, my mother's years of suffering, my own of labor; but enough, I see you feel I have conquered; my feeble hand has sent conviction to your heart, and I'—— He staggered to a chair, and became more pale than usual. I thought he was dying, but it was not so; the heart does not often give way in the moment of triumph—for it was a triumph. I must do the landlord justice; he repeated his regret, he even entered into the young man's feelings, and commended his art; he did all this, and the next morning remitted me a large sum, 'as a debt due by him to those he had injured.'

"How apt are the rich to think that money can heal all wounds. My poor young friend only survived sufficiently long to see his mother, though but for half an hour. It was almost in vain that, kneeling by his bedside, she implored him to think of the world to come. He believed he was too young to die.

"'I triumphed, mother, I triumphed,' he repeated, his eyes glistening with unusual brightness; 'I triumphed; I made his heart quail, and his cheek blanch, and he begged my forgiveness; but it was altogether too much for me; first the disappointment, and then the triumph; it fermented my brain, though I found another mother who taught me that the just and the unjust are mingled together; but now that turmoil is past, you are with me—really, really with me. I will sleep on your bosom, my own mother, as I used when a little child, and to-morrow I will tell you all I mean to do.'

"'Then all is peace,' she murmured.

"'Ay, mother, all is triumph, and peace, and love,' he replied. 'I wonder how I could have hated him so long.' He laid his head down with the tranquility of a sleepy infant, and it was in vain she tried to repress the tears that fell upon the rich luxuriance of his hair—he felt them not.

"'He has slept more than an hour,' she whispered me. I saw he would never waken. I could not tell her so, but she read it in my face. It was indeed a corpse she strained in her arms, and long, long was it ere she was comforted. I never saw my old acquaintance afterwards; but he requested, as I would not yield him up the picture, that I would never suffer it to pass from my possession, or mention his name in connection with it. He died many years ago, and proved his repentance by providing, in a worldly point of view, for her who had been so long the victim of his injustice."

THE YOUNG BRIDE.

How gentle and mild the young bride looked
When first she met my transient view,
I thought that an angel of light had come,
My purest pleasures to renew.

She approached me with a smile divine,
That few but angels can possess,
With gentle looks and soothing words,
Did she my wakening grief repress.

Oh! little thought I then how soon
Her gentle soul would soar above,
To those bright realms of endless day,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love.

And yet I knew by her pale brow,
And by that soft cheek's hectic flush,
She could not long on earth remain,
But she my fears would calmly hush.

And when I asked if she loved life,
Or grieved to think her race was run,
She said, in tones both sweet and clear,
"His will alone, not mine be done."

'Twas thus her bridal months passed on,
In slow, but sure and sad decay;
Too soon, old tyrant Death did call,
"Come, fair one, to me! come away!"

'Twas midnight; all was calm and still,
No sound the waning night beguiled,
Save the dropping of the old man's tears,
As he gazed upon his dying child.

Mildly she oped her sweet blue eye,
Whispering, "He's come!—'Tis he!—He's come!"
Then sweet, as seraphs sing on high,
She sung aloud, "Sweet home, sweet home."

Her father raised her in his arms;
Her head dropped heavy on his breast;
The old man groaned aloud, "She's gone!
Sweet Lizzie is at length at rest!"

They sent for one, her bosom friend;
And bade him to them quickly come,
For she was in her childhood's home,
Where he her true heart's love had won.

Could ye have seen him when they said,
"Your sweet bride lives on earth no more,"
It would have made the hardest heart
In sympathy his grief deplore.

"Oh! God!" he cried, "is this my lot?"
And sank beside her on the floor,
As pale and cold as his dead love,
But life's dark grief was not yet o'er.

He rose, and gazed upon his bride,
And wildly kissed her marble brow,
And sighing, murmured, "She's not mine—
She's with her Heavenly Father now."

Wild grief returned; tears drowned his eyes—
"She is not dead!" he loudly said.
A still small voice then echoed, "Peace!
She sleeps—she sleeps!—she is not dead."

THE BLACK CLOUD;

OR,

THE YOUNG ADVENTURER.

A SEQUEL TO THE VILLAGE FUNERAL AND MOTHER'S LEGACY.*

BY MRS. L. F. MORGAN.

There is no ill I would not brave,
To claim him, even in the grave.
'Twas strange, this mingling of their destinies.—[Miss Landon.
Turn not thine eyes upon the backward view,
Let us look forward into sunny days.—[Coleridge.

The bell of the steamboat had rung its last signal, and already had the captain issued his orders for immediate departure from the wharf of Cincinnati, when Major Crondale and his family came on board. After the confusion and bustle attendant on such a scene had subsided, and the lessening spires of the city indicated that the boat was indeed ploughing the waters of the beautiful Ohio, Mrs. Crondale exclaimed, in a vexed and disappointed tone:

"Farewell then all hope of my childrens' education! We have actually left Cincinnati, and without a governess. Had you but waited five minutes longer, Major Crondale, I doubt not Mr. Woodward would have brought her."

"And we should have lost our passage, my dear wife, which would have subjected me to much greater inconvenience than the loss of a governess. Besides, the lady we expected might not have suited us. We must trust to chance to procure us one in Louisville."

"Chance indeed! I do not consider chance a very judicious provider," retorted his wife, rather pettishly.

"Yet chance introduced us to each other," said the Major, good humoredly; "and you will not deny that was a friendly, if not a wise act. It has contributed to my happiness, at least."

"And you know it has contributed to mine," replied Mrs. Crondale, touched by her husband's kind manner, in spite of her vexation; "but you should have said Providence introduced us to each other, and not chance."

"And why may not the same Providence furnish us a governess, Mary? At least let us hope for it," he said, with his customary readiness to extract good from evil; for Major Crondale possessed that enviable sunniness of temper which takes from the petty annoyances of life half their gloom. "And if we can procure no other teacher," added he, "you and I must instruct them. I am sure they could not have better preceptors. And Charles, too, perhaps, may assist us."

"Charles has not sufficient patience to teach children. He is too hasty and impetuous. I thought all men were until I knew you."

"I am glad to have improved your opinion of my sex," said the Major, smiling.

We will take the author's privilege, and passing over the unimportant incidents of the journey to Louisville, present our readers again the same party in the principal hotel of that city, with an additional personage, who has just been announced by a servant as "Mrs. Harper."

"Major Crondale has probably forgotten the features of his aunt Preston's old friend; for time has added many a wrinkle to them since he last saw her," remarked the lady," after the pause which followed her acceptance of a proffered seat.

"I perfectly remember you now, madam, although I indeed failed to recognize you," said the Major cordially shaking the hand of his guest, and then introducing her to his wife and children, as one with whom many of his boyhood's brightest associations were interwoven, though he had not met her for years. After they had mutually given and received the information naturally sought relative to the past and present, Mrs. Harper said:

"Although my desire to see in his manhood the boy of whom I was so fond, would have inclined me to visit you, I was urged to this call by another motive. I understand you are seeking a governess for those sweet children."

"We are indeed, and should be rejoiced to obtain one recommended by you," said Mrs. Croxdale, eagerly. "My husband is just appointed to the command of a remote fort, and I should like to meet a lady who would prove a companion for myself, as well as a fit instructress for them."

"Such a one I come to speak of," said Mrs. Harper; "her youth is the only objection. She is almost a child in years, but her mind and heart have both been well disciplined, and I have no hesitancy in regard to the propriety of my proposal, either for you or my young friend. She is an orphan, without relatives, and desirous of such a situation as your offer affords. Indeed she is deeply interested in your answer."

"If you consider her suitable, and she is willing to go so far and submit to the confinement and privations we may have to subject her to, in our distant location, we will be glad to engage her. Can she go immediately?" said the Major.

"Immediately. I have endeavored to persuade her to live with me, for although I have known her but a few months, she has won a daughter's place in my affections, but she seems to possess the Yankee spirit of adventure, and has been earnestly desiring an opportunity of going West. Then she has recently experienced a heavy affliction in the loss of her mother and only brother, and I presume the restlessness attendant on grief, impels her to change. My son was on board the boat in which you came hither, and accidentally overheard you express your disappointment at not having procured a governess for your children in Cincinnati. Having heard me speak of you frequently, he mentioned having seen you, and happening to allude also to the circumstance which caused your regret, Miss Rainsworth eagerly caught at the announcement, and persuaded me to call and proffer her services. You will find she is no common person."

After some further discussion of the subject, the arrangement was concluded to their mutual satisfaction, and Major Croxdale and his family engaged to spend the evening at Mrs. Harper's, and be introduced to her young protegee. The appearance of the latter was sufficiently attractive to interest less warm and kindly hearts than theirs, and Mrs. Croxdale declared to her husband that she fully concurred in the wisdom of his theory, "that all things happened for the best."

The ensuing day Miss Rainsworth was installed into her new office, and left Louisville with a family of whose existence she had been ignorant a few short days before. Her pupils consisted of two girls of eight and four years old, and a boy of six. As their father remarked, "they were good physiognomists," and immediately attached themselves to their youthful preceptor. Mrs. Croxdale observed to her in their first conversation, that she feared she would soon tire of the monotony of her employment and their secluded situation. She replied with mingled earnestness and sadness:

"That is not probable. I have but one aim in life, and that impels me with singular pertinacity towards the Indian territories. I have prayed for such an opportunity as your offer brings, and it seems to me that God has sent you hither to strengthen and forward my purpose."

She wished to begin the duties of her situation before they reached their destination, and the children, wearied of travel and the confinement of the boat, readily turned to her instructions for amusement. They stopped but a short time in St. Louis, although a cold taken by Mrs. Croxdale, by remaining too long on deck after nightfall, threatened her with serious indisposition, and her husband wished her to see a physician ere they started for Fort Crawford. She resisted his advice, both on account of her anxiety to reach their future residence, and her unwillingness to submit to the medical treatment a stranger might prescribe, when she would so soon meet her brother, who had been appointed surgeon of the fort which her husband was to command. The delay was most unfortunate. She continued to grow worse, and by the time they reached the fort, she was alarmingly ill. Her brother had gone on an exploring expedition into the adjacent country, and was not expected to return for several weeks. A physician was procured from a neighboring town, who considered her situation very critical, pronouncing her disease inflammation of the lungs. Lucy Rainsworth devoted herself with untiring assiduity to her afflicted friend, and proved indeed an invaluable nurse. Night and day she kept vigil by the invalid's couch, administering all her medicines, and endeavoring to soothe her anxiety relative to her husband and children, which aggravated her danger. After the lapse of a week, the rapid progress of the disorder, and its effect upon her frame, left little doubt of its fatal character. The apprehension and grief of her husband were too visible in his manner, to escape her observation, and she insisted on being told the doctor's opinion. Major Croxdale was too much agitated himself to answer her affecting interrogations, and the task devolved on the young governess. Strengthening and fortifying her mind for its fulfilment, by sincere and fervent petitions to the God who had sustained her during the dark days of her own brief pilgrimage, she took the seat vacated by the unhappy husband by the bedside of his wife, and he hastened from the chamber to give vent to his emotion.

"Do you all think me *very* ill, Lucy? dangerously so?" inquired Mrs. Croxdale, with deep solicitude.

"We hope that there is no immediate danger, my dear madam: but you know where fever exists, there must needs be ground for apprehension," Lucy replied in a calm, affectionate tone. "The physician will exert his utmost skill—your nurse will do her part; but the result, after all, rests with God. Endeavor to look to Him with the hope that he will order all things for your good. His grace is particularly manifest in the hour of affliction. Allow me to ask if you do not feel happiness in trusting in Him now?"

"No, my friend, no. I regard the idea of death with terror. I fear God—but I am afraid, aye, I know, I do not love Him." Mrs. Croxdale spoke with much emotion.

"Why do you fear him?" inquired her youthful counseller, in a gentle, earnest voice.

"Because I have a vague, oppressive idea that I am a sinner and accountable to Him for my past conduct. There is nothing in my whole life to recommend me to mercy. I have always believed in the truths of Christianity. I have not been entirely negligent of its forms. I have often wished to be religious, and intended or hoped to be some future day; but I have never reflected enough on the subject or been sufficiently earnest in my desires. I have led a tolerably happy life, especially since my marriage, and in the enjoyment of His gifts have forgotten the giver."

This hasty detail of the experience of Mrs. Croxdale might have struck her auditor as a correct epitome of the experience of thousands. But she was too intent at that moment on the individual case before her for generalization. With solemn earnestness she said:

"Your present affliction, however, has awakened a keener sense of the need of something that you have never yet possessed; has it not? You feel sorrow for having lived so forgetful of the God who has lavished such blessings upon you, I am sure?"

"Indeed, I do. At this awful moment I would give worlds to enjoy the religion I have heard persons talk of."

"What would you give?" questioned Lucy.—"Worlds are not yours to bestow. Be faithful with your own heart, and enquire whether you would seriously forego any blessing you possess to be assured of the forgiveness and love of God towards you."

There was a calm but solemn earnestness in the speaker's manner, as she gazed with affectionate solicitude on the face of her friend. The invalid shaded her eyes for a few minutes with her hand. She then removed it wet with her tears, and laid it on the arm of Lucy.

"I would give up life," she said, in a faltering but serious tone, "and the society of my husband and children. I see to what your question leads, and unless my own heart deceives me, I am in earnest now."

"Then, without any sacrifice on your part, you may trustingly supplicate of God to give you this instant an assurance of His pardoning love. As you have just proved to me that you are sincere in your desire of a reconciliation with Him, by your willingness to surrender your dearest treasures to procure it, so He has clearly demonstrated His readiness to forgive and restore guilty man to His favor, by the gift of His well-beloved Son, as a propitiation for the sins of the whole world. I implicitly credit the sincerity of your avowal. Cannot you believe in the brighter testimony God has given of His love to you?"

There was a pause, and then Mrs. Croxdale said—

"I can believe in the love of God to the world, but hardly to me as an individual."

"Do not individuals make up the world? If every human being made the same excuse for unbelief, who would constitute the world?"

"But I have been such an offender, I dare not believe that God gave His son for me, lest my presumption be chastised. I could encourage others to hope, but fear to hope myself."

"Your objections would be valid if your personal merit were the plea for pardon; but on the contrary our utter helplessness is that plea. When the world was actually in its utmost need, even without hope, Christ died for it. Your case cannot be more desperate than those words describe."

"But do you really think I have repented sufficiently, Lucy?"

"Repentance implies an acute consciousness of extreme necessity, and a consequent application to God, through Christ, for succor. When we feel this consciousness, our only resource is to trust in Him. We can do nothing for ourselves, but humbly intreat mercy as condemned, undone, and guilty rebels.—Try to pray thus, Mrs. Croxdale, and hang all your hopes upon the Cross."

"Pray for me, Lucy."

Miss Rainsworth knelt beside the bed, and with the simplicity and fervor of genuine devotion, endeavored to express the feelings of her friend. The sufferer's heart breathed itself into every petition. A long silence ensued, during which she seemed engaged in silent supplication to Heaven.

When she again saw her husband, the terror and anxiety he had so dreaded to behold in her countenance, had given place to an expression of hope and peace. She desired to be left alone with him for an hour, and he went from that conference blessing the Christianity which had shed such ineffable tranquility over the spirit of his dying wife, although by him it had ever been an unregarded and an uncared-for thing.

The following night, at her earnest solicitation, he consented to leave her for a while to the entire charge of Lucy, and endeavor to seek repose. Hitherto he had been too uneasy to allow any watch unshared by himself. Lucy remained perfectly quiet after he left the apartment, hoping that her patient slept, and dismissed the attendant to rest also. Mrs. Croxdale at length stirred, and placing her hand on Lucy's said—

"I have been thinking a great deal to-night, my dear Lucy. Although my heart is full of happiness and gratitude to God, the shadow of the past still dims before me. I feel that I have been deplorably culpable as a wife and mother. My duties rise to my view, definite and clear, just as I am about to lose the opportunity of discharging them. If I could be restored to health, I hope that I should be a better woman; but I cannot tell. God knows what is best for me and them: I mean my dear husband and children. I fear to trust myself, and am resigned to His will: and feel very grateful for the comfort He has given me."

She paused for want of breath, and then again resumed—

"Lucy, you have been to me the best friend I ever had. I rejoice that we ever met. May God reward and bless you,—but, I feel sure that He will. Yet, I have another boon to crave, and you must not deny me. You told me you had an object in life—a purpose to fulfil; and I have prayed for its success and that its performance may not interfere with your fulfilment of my request. Something whispers me that it will not. I want you, dear Lucy, to remain with my dear children, and teach them to be like you—teach them as you must have been taught: for oh! you must have had a blessed mother."

"I had indeed!" exclaimed Lucy, with an emotion she could not repress.

"Then grant my petition," resumed Mrs. Croxdale, with greater energy, "and when I meet her in the paradise of angels, I will bear witness to the effect of her precepts, and perhaps the knowledge of her daughter's piety and usefulness may increase her felicity and brighten the jewels in her crown. Deny me not, dear, dear Lucy. I anticipate all your objections—your youth—my husband—the responsibility. I will speak to my husband, and he will heed the wishes of his wife and entrust the children to you when their mother is no more. He will be to you as a brother. And there is Charles, my poor dear brother. How he will grieve for his sister's death!"

Emotion choked her utterance for a while. As soon as she could command her voice, she continued—

"Charles is very dear to me!—my only brother! I have had some fancies relative to you and him ever since we met, Lucy. You must let me speak of them—let me speak freely to you. He is impetuous and resentful, but generous, warm-hearted, and noble. A misfortune which befel our family in our childhood seemed to embitter his spirit. I have imagined you the very being to curb, tame and influence him. When you do meet now, however, I shall not be here. Treat him not as a stranger, and if you at times disapprove, yet look on him indulgently, for my sake. That is all of course I can ask or expect you to promise relative to him. But my children—dear Lucy—sister, friend—you will not forsake them!"

Lucy knelt beside her, and promised, if Major Croxdale concurred in the request, that she would endeavor to be an elder sister to them. Mrs. Croxdale thanked her again and again with the most earnest gratitude. Ere the close of another day, Major Croxdale was a widower.

A few days after the celebration of the funeral, Major Croxdale held a conversation with Lucy, concerning the promise his wife had exacted from her. "Relative to the reasonableness of her request," he observed, "neither she nor I at the time were competent judges. I acceded to all her wishes with scarcely a thought of any one but herself. I hope, however, that you will feel no hesitancy, Miss Rainsworth, in withdrawing from any agreement the melancholy circumstances of the case induced you to make. I release you from all obligation; and, believe me," he added, with increasing emotion, "I shall always entertain a most grateful sense of your unwearied attention to her whose early death has brought such desolation to my family. I wish you to regard me according to her request, as a friend and brother. Speak freely and frankly to me of your wishes and plans for the future, and I shall take pleasure in forwarding them;—feeling that in doing so, I am only making a slight acknowledgment for what we owe you. I understood you had no relatives, and if the proposal meets your approbation, I would like you to remain in this house with my children, until you can determine on a course more consonant to your inclinations. They never more needed a female friend, and to part with you at present, would increase their grief. When Charles returns, I shall consult with him relative to my arrangements for them."

He paused for Lucy's reply. After a little hesitation, she said—

"I feel and am grateful for your kind consideration, Mr. Croxdale. I certainly prefer remaining with the children, for awhile, at least. Relative to the promise to which you have alluded, I will speak freely, and hope you will deal frankly with me—I wish to perform it, unless you think me incompetent for your children's preceptress. Now, they only need a comforter. Hereafter, when you reflect on my youth and inexperience, you may naturally consider them objections for a governess. I hope you will tell me so, without hesitation."

"I ask no better instructress, Miss Rainsworth,—no kinder friend for my children. I commit them to you with perfect confidence in the wisdom of my dear Mary's judgment, and shall henceforth regard your abode here as a settled thing, until you tire of your arduous occupation. Mrs. Winterton, our hostess, is a worthy woman, and wishes you to stay with her. She will, I doubt not, endeavor to make her house agreeable to you and the children. If at any time she should appear less pleasant, inform me, and I will look out another home for you. I shall board with my brother-in-law, at his lodgings, but shall see the children every day."

Mrs. Winterton was the widow of the former surgeon of the Fort. She had one daughter, a few years years older than Lucy, amiable and intelligent. Affliction destroys or dispenses with ceremony, and often links in bonds of intimacy those who might else have remained strangers to each other. Mrs. Winterton and her daughter attached themselves to Major Croxdale's children, and Lucy found them kind and judicious counsellors, and interesting companions. Major Croxdale bade his children love and obey Miss Rainsworth, as they valued his approbation. The former command was superseded by fulfilment, and the latter was an easy consequent.—Laura, the youngest, was the cause of great anxiety to her father. She was devotedly fond of her mother, and the violence of her grief alarmed the bereaved parent for its effect on her health. But Lucy's own acute sensibility suggested to her the best means of comforting the little girl, and her skilful management had its reward. The child soon felt that she was understood and sympathized with, and her affections clung more tenaciously to her young monitress as the intensity of her sorrow subsided. Lucy taught the children to associate the image of their departed parent with their best and brightest thoughts, and the joyousness of childhood soon returned, bringing, however, no forgetfulness of her who had so early been called away. They frequently visited her grave, and planted flowers around it. One evening, Lucy had accompanied them thither, and remained longer than usual. The situation was secluded and picturesque, and she had yielded in an unwonted degree to the influence of melancholy.—Her thoughts were busied with the past, and while Augusta and Herbert were scattering flowers upon the white marble tomb, Major Croxdale's affections had already placed there, she knelt beside it with her head on her clasped hands. Absorbed by her own emotions, she was unconscious of the approach of a stranger, until an exclamation from Augustus startled her. The child bounded forward, exclaiming—

"Uncle, dear uncle Charles!"

When our heroine rose, he was bending over the little girl, whom he had folded in his arms. He advanced hastily to the grave, with his face still turned from Lucy's view, and she, unwilling to intrude upon his feelings at such a moment, walked a few paces off, signing to the children to remain. Augusta and Herbert understood her, and continued near their uncle, the latter whispering words of comfort to his ear, giving Lucy as his voucher for the assertion that "dear mamma was very happy now."

Laura, who was an infant when her uncle last saw her, took her place beside her young preceptress.—

After the lapse of a few minutes, the gentleman turned slowly and sadly from the repository that contained the ashes of the being he most loved. As he stooped to caress his nephew, the boy again directed his attention to "Miss Lucy." Scarcely had his eyes met hers, than he started back as if stung by a scorpion, and she, with a wild gaze of intense anguish, sunk upon the ground insensible. Laura uttered a scream of terror, and her brother and sister were scarcely less alarmed. It needed all the arguments that their greatly agitated relative could adduce, to convince them that their beloved governess was not dead. At his request, Augusta removed her bonnet, and untied the scarf from her throat.—The fresh air thus admitted revived her. Perhaps the cries of Laura aided to restore her consciousness.

"Have I seen a spectre?" she faintly murmured, as her eyes unclosed with a wild, apprehensive expression.

"No one is here but uncle Charles," whispered Augusta, without fully comprehending her words.

The young man had stept aside as her returning color told of awakening sense. He saw that she slightly shuddered as his niece glanced towards him in replying to her interrogation. Although he neither heard that interrogation or the answer, he felt sure that abhorrence of himself caused the convulsive motion; yet, as if reckless of the result of the act, he advanced and stood immediately before her. Lucy had half risen, and being still very weak, had leaned her head against an adjacent tree. She did not raise her eyes as he approached, but she knew that he was near, and gazing on her, and the variations of her countenance were even manifest to the children. Herbert, with a vague perception of some antipathy between his uncle and the friend he so tenderly regarded, said, with a look almost partaking of dislike, as he turned to the former—

"Although you are my uncle, I wish you had not come."

Lucy's cheeks took a deeper dye. With an almost desperate hope that she might be yet mistaken in the identity of Mrs. Croxdale's brother, she once more raised her eyes to his *face*. The expression touched even her heart, with all its reasons for deprecating his presence—it spoke such utter wretchedness.

"We will go home," she said, addressing Herbert; "I feel better now. Augusta, show your uncle the nearest path to our house, where, perhaps, he may find your father."

She spoke with a bewilderment of thought, forgetting that he was probably better acquainted with the localities of the place than herself. He started at the sound of her voice, and perceiving that she tottered with excessive weakness as she rose, he almost unconsciously proffered her the support of his arm. She rejected it, alleging that she was able to walk alone; but whatever was the *character* of her feelings, her tone and manner were courteous and gentle, and she evinced no farther sign of disgust at his presence. It was not in the nature of Lucy Rainsworth to add another drop to a cup of sorrow which she felt was already full. They pursued their way in silence. Major Croxdale was absent, and as soon as they entered the house, Lucy, after bidding the children remain with their uncle, retired to her own room. Scarcely had she closed the door, when Herbert pressed against it, with a request from his relative that she would see him for a few moments in the parlor. Without pausing to consider her most expedient course—indeed, conscious that delay would only increase the difficulty of their meeting, she accompanied the child. The young surgeon was pacing the apartment with hurried steps and agitated countenance. As Lucy entered, he eagerly approached and closed the door after her.

"Miss Rainsworth," he cried, at the same moment, "if that name indeed be yours, relieve my torturing suspense. Oh, do not say you are"——

His eye concluded the inquiry his lips refused to utter.

"I am *his* sister," Lucy replied, in a scarcely audible tone.

"I feared it—I felt it!" he passionately exclaimed; "and I am indeed the most miserable of men. You may well desert, abhor me, for I loathe myself. Yet your generosity has been so measureless, that you saved *his* murderer, and have proved to that murderer's sister an invaluable friend. Major Croxdale informed me, in the brief note which he wrote me on my homeward way, to acquaint me with the death of my precious sister, that they had [illegible] ministering angel in the wilderness; but as [illegible] not reveal her name, I had yet to learn that she was the angel of my dark history too. Oh, why was [illegible] not taught in infancy to *forgive*, like you, and pour the oil of a gentle and forbearing spirit upon the tempestuous ocean of human passion! Ye guardians of my youth, ye have much to answer for!"

There was a wild impetuosity in his manner that startled his auditor. She *replied*, in a mild and subdued voice—

"You ascribe more merit to my actions than they deserve. Your release was but an act of justice from the hand of one whose delegate I was. I only obeyed her dying injunction; nor, did I know, until this evening, that Mrs. Croxdale was your sister. I always heard you spoken of as their 'brother,' and 'Charles,' and knew you by no other name. Most gratefully *do* I thank God that He enabled me to afford comfort to Augusta Derrington's daughter. On her death-bed, all unconscious as she was of the bliss her words were destined to impart, she invoked blessings on my mother. That sweet remembrance will be treasured in my heart through every future hour."

Lucy's voice faltered with emotion, but she checked her tears and endeavored to appear composed.

"You have been nobly avenged, Miss Rainsworth,—you are nobly avenged. Every act of yours but adds to my self-reproach. I stand before you a very wretch in my own estimation. Remorse covers the past, despair rests upon the future. Bear with me awhile longer, Miss Rainsworth: you will, you must, hear my confession, and then I will rid you of my detested presence. When your unparalleled generosity set me free, I learned from the papers which you put into my hand, that my succession to my grandfather's estate was secured to me without the slightest apprehension of dispute—that she whom I had imagined the supplanter of my mother, had, years ago, made *every* provision possible for the advantage of the latter and her offspring, which the most refined sense of justice could dictate—that her children, far from sharing in the property I had considered mine, were even ignorant that such property existed, and the son, who was the pride and idol of a high-principled mother and an angelic sister, was as honorable and generous as I was base and despicable. Yet that son my murderous hand had doomed to an early grave;—his mother slept beside him;—his sister lived to suffer and to loathe me. Can you believe, Miss Rainsworth, that such knowledge could afford me one pleasurable emotion?—Oh! how valueless did the inheritance I had once so coveted become! Freely and gladly would I have laid down in the grave of my victim, if my death could have restored him to life, and the enjoyment of what I now loathed as much as I had once desired. As soon as the circumstances of my case permitted, I returned to your native town, to offer the only restitution in my power. I eagerly sought information relative to your family, and every account but aggravated my wretchedness, and made my turpitude more glaring, for your praises were on every tongue. I endeavored to trace your journey and present abode, for to the sister of Rainsworth I attributed my release, but my inquiries were unavailable; or if those I questioned could have informed me, they would not. I felt that my anguish could not know the slightest mitigation, until I found you, forced some explanation on you, and restored the wealth, whose very idea maddened me. To attempt to excuse my course of action to you, Miss Rainsworth, would, alas! I too well know, be a vain and insane procedure. Yet could you look into my heart, with all your reasons for detesting me, you would still pity me. Your pure mind can scarcely conceive of the perverting, corrupting, poisoning influence an unjust prejudice, habitually indulged and cherished *from* the earliest dawn of infancy until it grew into a passion, would produce on a proud and sensitive temper like mine. I have not naturally a sordid disposition. I never loved money, but I was taught to believe myself the rightful heir of wealth, of which I was also taught to believe that I was meanly and unjustly defrauded. I imbibed, with almost my first impressions, the idea that my mother had been ungenerously supplanted in the affections of her only parent, by one whom she had loved and treated as a sister. I was told that she died of a broken heart, in consequence of the inflexible, cruel, and unforgiving anger of her father, urged on in his unnatural course by his adopted heiress. In proportion to the tenderness and commiseration I felt for my good and gentle mother, whose early death consecrated her memory in my breast, was my hatred and scorn of her imagined foes; and, like the Carthagenian general, I swore vengeance against them. Thus was a rancorous and bitter spirit fostered within me, which only needed opportunity for its deadly work. That opportunity came. Would that I could recall the black hour! It has sent its baleful dye to darken the current of every future hour of my miserable existence. I can make no expiation. The blood-spot is stamped—the deed is done! Oh! surely, great as was my crime, *my* punishment cannot be regarded as a light one. I feel that you will *deem* it sufficient, and not increase the torture of my lacerated heart by refusing it the only balm it *can* receive, the assurance of your forgiveness and the acceptance of the sole restitution left me. And beside my sister's grave I met you!—you could kneel there with the sweet consciousness that the spirit of its tenant bore witness in Heaven to your kindness—while *I*, beside your brother's tomb, had bowed in bitterness and remorse! —what a contrast!"

He paused. Lucy sat with her face concealed by her clasped hands. She could not, she did not, doubt his sincerity, nor could she fail to commiserate his sufferings. Fearful had been the punishment of mother's early fault—not less fearfully visited upon his son, had been the consequent malignity the husband of Augusta Derrington had indulged in his own bosom and fostered in his children towards Mrs. Rainsworth! Covetousness of the possessions to which report said she was heiress, had chiefly influenced him in his choice of a wife, although he probably loved her as much as a selfish, worldly man is capable of loving. His very affection, however, increased his resentment at the unrelenting obduracy of her father, but he possessed neither the delicacy nor the consideration which would have concealed it from her, and the effect of his disappointment on his temper aggravated her unhappiness. She was not formed to struggle with misfortune, and soon found rest within the grave. Her husband took his children to England, where he died in a few years. A widowed aunt educated young Montresor and his sister, and, with the legacy she bequeathed them, they returned to the United States, the former intending to institute a law-suit against his grandfather's heirs, as soon as his pecuniary resources would enable him. He was at that time a mere youth, without friends or influence, and possessed of little money. The marriage of his sister with Major Crondale, a short period after their arrival in America, lessened his difficulties by relieving him of all anxiety for her, and giving him also a kind and judicious counsellor. By his advice he studied medicine, and through his influence obtained the situation of surgeon in the army. As Major Crondale rather dissuaded than encouraged him in his intentions of legal litigation, years elapsed without the execution of his purpose. He cherished his animosity, however, not the less, though the various stations he was appointed to, kept him at a distance from the scenes of his mother's childhood. During an interval of leisure, he was visiting the Eastern States, when his unfortunate and fatal encounter with young Rainsworth, attracted by the name of Edward Derrington (which he knew to have been his grandfather's) on a printed list, he inquired who bore it, and his mother's maiden name. He learnt that the latter was Brentwood, her Christian name Ellen:—that she was a wealthy widow, and resident of the village. Satisfied of her identity with the person he so detested, although he had never before heard her husband's name, he waited with a kind of frenzied impatience for the arrival of Edward, yet without any specific object.

The hapless young man came. Montresor's first salutation was an insult. The spirits of both rose, and the melancholy result ensued. The oozing of his victim's life-blood seemed to cool the fever of his murderer. The subsequent revelations the papers he received from Lucy gave him, completed his cure, and overwhelmed him with remorse and anguish. He spoke but the truth when he said that he was wretched; and Lucy was too anxious to atone for her beloved mother's errors, to cherish hostile feelings against him, although his rash and wicked act had rifled her heart of all its earthly treasures. She therefore assured him of her pity and forgiveness, and even offered him her hand as a pledge of her good-will. He took one hasty step forward, but instantly recoiled, and his arm, which he had half extended, abruptly fell. A flush passed over his pale and haggard features, coloring his very forehead, then faded, leaving them more livid than before.—He looked at Lucy earnestly, and sadly said—

"Yes, I know that you do forgive me, and I bless you for your sweet gentleness. Perhaps, if I had earlier met you, I might have been a better and a happier man; for I realized a strange spell in your influence from the memorable hour when you bade me go forth free from the village prison. The dark passions within me seemed rebuked by your presence. Oh, that I had earlier known you! Now, nothing is left for me but to wander over earth with the malison of Cain upon me, cursing, like Job, the day which gave me the unwelcome boon of life."

"You speak too hopelessly, Dr. Montresor," said Lucy, touched by his wretchedness. "The past cannot indeed be recalled—what is done is done," she added, in a voice tremulous with emotion; "but you have repented, and the malison of Heaven reacheth not the contrite heart. The future is before you, to write upon it what you please."

He listened eagerly while she spoke, and when she paused, asked, with the air of a man whose existence hung upon her reply—

"And will you, sometimes, in your prayers for the miserable, permit my name to dwell upon your tongue?"

"I will," she replied, in a faltering tone; "and now, let this interview terminate; nor, at any future hour, let us refer to this harrowing subject.—You endeavor to find peace; I will try to be resigned to what is inevitable."

A flash of pleasure, like lightning on a thunder-cloud, lit up his gloomy visage. Lucy observed it not, and if she had, would not have divined its cause, for she had never imagined that he expected to be forbidden her presence.

Major Crondale was deeply affected by the recital of the sad events that had marked Montresor's course since their last meeting. His mild and equable temper had no sympathy with the stormy character of his brother-in-law's, and he viewed his conduct with horror and detestation, although he forbore to express his feelings. Towards Lucy, his manner assumed a yet more brotherly character.—His pity and interest increased, and the respect he already regarded her with, grew into reverence. He ceased to address her by the formal title of Miss Rainsworth, and taught his children to call her cousin, a relationship they were eager to acknowledge. He united with Montresor in urging her to take back the property her mother's scrupulous justice had deprived her of, but on this point she was inflexibly determined.

Time passed on, and day after day found Montresor lingering by the side of Lucy, sometimes aiding her in the instruction of the children, sometimes reading aloud while she sewed or drew, but more frequently silent, gloomy and abstracted, manifesting no interest in any person or thing. Gradually, almost imperceptibly to herself, the disgust and horror his presence had at first occasioned her subsided, and his evident unhappiness made her almost wish that he could forget its cause. Even the children observed his variable moods, and one morning Herbert said that "uncle Charles sometimes looked cross at everybody except cousin Lucy."

"Do I?" said his uncle, trying to smile; "I am sure I do not wish to look cross: but I believe I am unfit for the society of civilized people, and am often half inclined to seek a home among the Indians."

"They would probably bestow some such sobriquet on you as they designate the mysterious hunter by, if Herbert's penetration be not at fault," said Major Crondale, who was present; "for you should certainly not take Lucy with you, so you would always look cross, then. Have you seen this hunter, Charles?"

"Yes, did I not tell you he accompanied us in our exploring journey? Indeed, without his aid we could scarcely have accomplished it; but he exercises considerable influence over the Indians. They seem to reverence him. You would not like him, Miss Rainsworth," continued he, observing her attention arrested by his words, "for he frustrates the labors of the missionaries, and asserts that the savages are happier as they are. Perhaps he is half right," he said, more gloomily; "but, however that may be, he has strangely interested me. His wild mode of life, his repulsive air, his striking physiognomy, and above all, his melancholy and studied avoidance of society, attract me. I have fancied that some early disappointment, or perhaps some crime, to which a wayward destiny rather than natural malignity impelled him, may have destroyed his happiness. I frequently have serious thoughts of seeking an abode with him, but he evinces a dislike for all companionship but his dogs and the Indian tribes. I am told he has lived among them nearly twenty years."

"What is his name?" inquired Lucy, with deep interest.

"It is not known. The Indians call him Black Cloud, he is so stern and gloomy, and so rarely seen to smile. The Canadian French call him merely 'Monsieur,' and claim him as a countryman, for he speaks their language fluently. But I should not think he was a Frenchman. I have sometimes fancied, Miss Rainsworth, though having never seen him you will not consider my remark a compliment, that he resembles you. I perceived the likeness while journeying with him; and once noticing the initials E. R. upon his rifle, I fell into a reverie as the possibility of any relationship existing between you. You are ill, Lucy," he exclaimed with sudden alarm, as he marked the death-like hue of her countenance. She took the glass of water he hastily provided, and said, with returning composure,

"I am better now: but tell me more of this strange hunter. I partake your interest in him."

"I have but little more to say. He has built himself a rude habitation, and hunting is his favorite pursuit. I used, while travelling with him, endeavor to draw him into conversation, but never succeeded in eliciting any particular observation which I could connect with his personal history except once, when some incident of Indian life called from me a comment on the self-sacrificing nature of woman. He replied with more vehemence than I had ever before seen him exhibit, and in a tone of biting sarcasm, alleging that such an idea was the veriest illusion that ever mocked the hopes of man,—that from the hour when Eve's unhallowed ambition plucked the forbidden fruit, and made Adam a participator of her crime, woman had been the tempter, torment, and corrupter of the human race."

"He was severe, indeed," said Lucy, with emotion, "and with such false views must be a most unhappy man. I would give worlds to see him."

"Worlds! You shall see him, then. To purchase you gratification is the aim of my joyless existence," said Montresor, in a lower tone. "He comes occasionally to the Fort to buy ammunition. I will introduce him to you, and his theory will soon evaporate."

"Do you think so?" cried Lucy, with more animation than he had ever before seen in her manner.—"But you must not introduce me—at least, not yet. I only wish to see him at a distance."

The next day, while Lucy and her pupils were taking their accustomed ramble, they were joined by Montresor, who said to our heroine—

"The Black Cloud is at the Fort. Come with me and I will point him out to you."

She turned away her face to conceal her agitation, and followed him in silence along the shore. There was a boat moored below the cliff on which they stood. It was occupied by two Indians. They had brought the hunter to the Island. A buffalo robe was thrown across the seat. Lucy gazed intently on it, as if she hoped to read its owner's character in its folds.

"He is going on a hunting excursion, and I have almost concluded to accompany him, if I can get permission," said Montresor. "Yonder he is," added he, pointing with his finger to a party of three or four men. "Observe that tall, dark-looking man, with a rifle in his hand. He is speaking earnestly to that short, thick person, who is a fur-trader."

Lucy looked as directed. Her heart beat tumultuously—for many mingled emotions were struggling there. Her gaze was so fixed and intense, that Montresor remarked—

"I perceive his appearance has not lessened your interest in him."

She continued looking at the hunter until he walked away, then turning her eyes, in which tears had gathered, on Montresor, she said—

"He is even more an object of interest to me than you can imagine."

She paused, perhaps wishing at that moment he would question farther, and longing for sympathy and counsel. He replied rather coldly, and in a tone that grated harshly on her ears—

"My imagination is indeed at fault; but I believe the sympathies of ladies are generally awakened by the conception of imaginary woes."

She did not pursue the subject, and they returned to Mrs. Winterton's in silence. The next day Montresor spoke of his intention of accompanying the hunter in his proposed excursion, and with a dash of bitterness asked Lucy if she did not envy him the privilege.

"I should but speak the truth in saying yes," she replied, without noticing his manner, for her thoughts were not of him. She then inquired how long they would be absent.

"I cannot tell. He accepted the offer of my society with such reluctance that I did not question him farther. Indeed, I know not why I wished to go, but I seem urged by some fatality, perhaps to my own ruin. Well, life cannot be more valueless to him than it is to me, certainly."

"Will the expedition be attended with danger?" asked Lucy.

"Not more than is usual. There will be excitement, and that is what I want, for I believe I grow more unhappy every day."

"Then you will not prove the most healthful companion for the Black Cloud," said Lucy, endeavoring to cheer him, "and I was hoping you would lure him back to civilized society."

"I leave that task for you," he replied, "as you so much desire its accomplishment."

"If you could put me in the way of fulfilling it, you would indeed be a friend," she said, with energy.

At this moment a servant entered, and handed a note to Montresor. After glancing over its contents, he offered it to Lucy, saying,

"The object of your sympathy is too ill to prosecute his purposed excursion, and has written to inform me."

Again he was struck with her excessive paleness, but she took the missive from his hand, and perused it. Could he have known the interest with which she pondered every syllable, he would have been still more surprised.

"He was not well yesterday," added Montresor, "and I advised him to defer the expedition, but he smiled almost scornfully, and said life was not so precious that a slight indisposition should excite his fears."

"You will go to him, will you not?" she asked, almost wildly. "Oh, if he should die!"

She shuddered and burst into tears. The children were at play in the room, and did not observe her. Montresor hastily approached nearer, and taking a seat beside her, said, with considerable agitation:

"You are not wont to be thus affected. You must have cause. If you have met this strange man before you came hither—if he be to you the object of interest I imagine him—that is—in short, if I can do any thing to relieve your anxiety, command me. I do not ask your confidence farther than you may desire to give it me. I will serve you blindfold—in any way, so I can promote your happiness."

"Thank you," murmured Lucy, with a deep-drawn breath, followed by a pause. Checking her emotion, she added—"You can do much to relieve my present anxiety; you may perhaps do more in the future—but my plan is not fully formed. Visit him and report to me the character and danger of his disease. That he does interest me I own. When I see you again, I will tell you more. Now I would have you go to him."

Montresor departed, and wearily did the hours pass to our heroine, until his return: but she sought strength where alone it is to be found, and faith and hope sustained her. Happy are they who in the hour of trial and perplexity, can go to God for succor and encouragement. The hunter was even worse than Montresor had apprehended, and with all his desire to give pleasure to Lucy, he was compelled to acknowledge that he considered him very ill.

"Still," continued he, as he marked the grief his words caused her, "I regard him as most enviable, since he is such an object of interest to you."

"Oh! my life is bound up in his, and to win his affection, and procure him happiness, is the leading desire of my heart. Can you not then guess what he is to me, Charles?"

She turned her tearful eyes on Montresor. His countenance betrayed varied and violent emotion. She had never before called him Charles, although he had often entreated her to do so. Now she pronounced the name unsolicited, and it fell with peculiar sweetness upon his ear. She then entirely forgave him! But she had spoken it in connection with the mysterious Black Cloud, and probably thinking only of him, knew not what she said. As he did not reply, she drew a miniature from her bosom, and presented it to him. The features, though youthful, strikingly resembled the hunter.

"This enabled me to recognise him," she said, "for I never saw him until you pointed him out to me, nor does he know of my existence—yet is his image engraven on my heart."

"Is it possible he can be your brother," exclaimed Montresor, with eagerness.

"He is my *father*," she faintly articulated.

A few more hurried words told him the sad history of her parents. She could not have had a more absorbed and interested listener. He assured her he would be both his nurse and physician, and if his skill and attention could avail, he should soon be restored to health. Lucy's firm resolve was to go to him herself, and watch beside his couch until his recovery, but how to accomplish her object, was the difficulty. His hatred of woman-kind seemed to preclude the possibility of his permitting her attendance as a stranger, and the bitter remembrances which apparently yet rankled in his bosom, created a painful doubt whether she would be welcomed as his daughter. Nor had it been the plan of Lucy thus to be presented to him. A sweet vision of winning his love, and awakening his interest, ere he knew the tie that bound them, flitted before her—but the features of the picture were yet but dimly shadowed forth. Montresor would not believe it possible that the hunter could feel other than rapturous joy in the recognition of Lucy as his daughter, after once beholding her; yet even he admitted the introduction in his present condition, might prove fatal. Lucy's intense anxiety at length suggested a scheme, but she felt some embarrassment in communicating it to Montresor. This was, however, merged in the interests she had at stake, and it was arranged that she should adopt the attire of a boy, paint her face a darker hue, to render the disguise more complete, and be introduced at the residence of the hunter, as a youth who had acquired considerable skill as a nurse, at the Fort. The only deception, indeed, was in the dress. Mrs. Winterton was merely informed that a patient of Doctor Montresor, requiring particular attention, Miss Rainsworth had been induced to undertake the office of nurse. She readily agreed to supply her place to the children, until her return. To Major Crondale Lucy imparted the truth, and he himself accompanied her and Montresor to the Indian settlement in which the hunter lived. It were vain to attempt a delineation of her emotion, as day after day, and night after night, she watched beside her father, who in the delirium of a violent fever, frequently uttered expressions of reproach against his wife, and of lamentations at his own wretchedness, which wrung her heart. Yet were there at intervals words of regret for the rash desertion of his home, which served to soothe and encourage her wounded spirit. Nor was he always insensible to the untiring devotion of his patient and admirable nurse. He would often gratefully thank her for her care, and the comfort afforded him; and manifest anxiety lest such continued vigil should affect her health. As his illness had been violent, his recovery was proportionably slow, but the prayers of his child were not in vain, and he did recover. Perhaps something was due to the skill of Montresor, who, had Lucy permitted his attendance, would never have quitted the house; but though surrounded by Indians, she felt perfectly secure, and while she gratefully acknowledged his kindness, he appreciated the motives that forbade his stay.

"There is a charm in your voice, Louis," remarked the hunter, one day as Lucy was reading for his amusement. (By that name he had been taught to call his nurse.) "I hardly know how I can part with you when I recover."

"Let me stay with you always, then," replied the supposed boy, quickly.

"But what would your parents say?"

"I would rather remain with you than any one else," said the youth, with a touch of emotion.

"But you would soon weary of solitude. I have no society, and need none. You are young, and ought to have it."

"I do not desire any but yours," was the reply. "Let me watch you, read to you, walk with and wait on you, and I shall be happy, for I love you."

There was a depth of earnestness in the speaker's manner, that made itself felt by the listener, and the hunter was silent for some moments. At length he said:

"I believe you are sincere, Louis, but you are an enthusiast. I do not deserve such love."

"Why?" was the questioning answer. "Could not you love me in return?"

There was a degree of eager interest in the youth's air, which made the hunter involuntarily pause again ere he replied. What was there about him to call forth the devotion of that young heart, sick, helpless, and unattractive as he then appeared to himself. Yet he felt a surprised consciousness that the boy's happiness was involved in his answer.

"You cannot," faltered his companion, despondingly.

"I did not say that, Louis: but where are your relatives?"

"I have neither sister nor brother, and my mother is in Heaven."

"And your father?"

"My father does not love me," was the agitated reply.

"Not love you, boy! that is impossible. Were you my child, I feel that I should almost idolize you."

"Then let me be your child. I ask no other parent," and Lucy knelt beside him, and pressed her trembling lips upon his hand, on which her tears fell fast.

"I believe you are actually weeping," said the hunter, half seriously, half sportively.

"No," she said, looking up with a brilliant smile, "I am very happy now." Then rising, she added—"And if you will allow me, I will sing for you, and you shall fall asleep beneath the spell of my song, for you have talked enough for the present."

He signed assent. She lowered the curtain she had suspended from the window of his rude chamber, and in the sweetest voice he had ever heard, sang the following stanzas:

Give me an humble cot,
In some sequestered grove,
With God to smile upon my lot,
And loving ones to love.

Give me the power to bind
The broken spirit up;
Some drops of tempering balm to find,
For the most bitter cup.

Oh! let me live to bless—
This is the noblest quest—
The secret of true happiness—
"To bless is to be blest."

Then, when my task is done,
And life's last link is riv'n,
Sav'd through the merits of the Son,
May I go home to Heav'n.

The Black Cloud had shaded his eyes with his hand. He continued quiet when the song was concluded, but he sighed frequently. Was there indeed a spell in the melody, or did the sentiment attract him? Lucy approached the bed on tiptoe, and, taking a seat beside him, passed her hand gently across his forehead and through his hair, to soothe him to slumber.

"You are the very best of nurses," he said kindly. "You have physic both for mind and body. Where learnt you that song, Louis?"

"My mother taught it me, a long time ago."

"She was not an ambitious woman, then?"

"The song expresses the aim of her ambition, and her life exhibited it. I wish you could have known her, sir, as I did. She was little less than an angel."

"Then she must have been a very happy woman."

"She was happy in one sense, sir, for she trusted in God, and left her destiny in His keeping, but she had deep cause for sorrow, although she never obtruded it upon others."

"Was your father the cause?" questioned the hunter.

"She always told me he was the noblest of men," answered Lucy, evasively; "being too perfect himself to tolerate faults in others."

"The most erring are generally the most intolerant," observed the hunter.

"Then my father must have been an exception," said Lucy. "But I think your remark is just, for who is so indulgent, so forbearing, and so ready to forgive as God? and we are always trampling upon His goodness. I often wonder that all men do not love Him."

The Black Cloud made no reply, and his nurse quietly kept her station until he fell asleep.

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"I feel so well to-day, doctor," observed the hunter one morning to Montresor, "that I purpose a little excursion up the river, to show Louis a place connected with an Indian story I have been telling him. He needs recreation, for he has been an inde-

Montresor readily consented. The Black Cloud, contrary to his advice, insisted on walking to the shore. Montresor went thither first to have the canoe in readiness. A good deal exhausted by his exertions, as the hunter attempted to enter the boat, he was seized with a giddiness in his head, tottered and fell in the water. There was in reality no danger, except from its tendency to produce cold—but Lucy was exceedingly alarmed, and, losing all self-command, screamed franticly,

"Save him—oh! save my father!"

"Fear nothing, Miss Rainsworth," exclaimed Montresor, as he grasped the almost fainting form of the Black Cloud, and startled by her visible anguish into a forgetfulness of her disguise. He bore him to the shore, and supported his head on his arm, while Lucy knelt beside him. He looked indeed excessively pale, and his eyes were still closed.

"He will soon recover," said Montresor; "it is only a sudden faintness from exhaustion."

Lucy was gazing on him with the most intense anxiety, when he opened his eyes with a wild, inquiring glance, and met her agitated look.

"Who are you, boy?" he said, with startling abruptness, "who called the name of Rainsworth?"

Terrified at the sternness of his expression, Lucy clasped her hands convulsively with an appealing glance at Montresor. But ere he could command a reply that would relieve her perplexity, she turned again to the hunter, and exclaimed—

"Oh look not thus upon me. I am your nurse—I am your child. Oh, my father, by all the love you once felt for Ellen Brentwood—by all the sorrow your desertion cost her—by all the trials I have endured—I conjure you not to cast me from you!"

"Cast you from me! What mean you? Would that I could prove your words were not the effect of phrenzy!"

"The dress she wears is a disguise. She is the daughter of Edward and Ellen Rainsworth," said Montresor; while Lucy, overcome by her emotion, fainted away.

"They had no daughter," was the hunter's reply, though he received Lucy in his arms.

"She entered into existence after his desertion of his wife," said Montresor, "just seventeen years ago. I am prepared to prove what I assert. I am the son of Mrs. Rainsworth's cousin, Augusta Derrington."

As the hunter's trembling hands loosened the collar from the neck of Lucy, a miniature attached to a ribbon dropped from her bosom. It was his own, presented to his wife on his marriage. Could he longer doubt?

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"And you really have decided to reside at the Fort for the sake of my children, Lucy?" said Major Crondale, some weeks subsequent to the above incident. "I feel much indebted to you and your father."

"He will be as happy here as at any other place, I believe," replied Lucy, "and the training of your sweet children forms, with his happiness, the object of my life. I could not think of leaving them. My father must become accustomed to the change in his mode of life gradually. I hope in time the abstraction to which he is subject will wear off."

"I do not doubt it will, with the companionship of such a daughter."

"And the children to amuse him," added Lucy.

"But what is to be done with Charles?" said the Major, looking rather earnestly at Lucy. "Now that your father has ceased to require his attention, he seems indifferent to his profession, and evinces no interest in anything. If he could become a child again, and be placed under your guidance, I believe he would be very happy. But as that is impossible, I know not what is to become of him."

There was sadness and seriousness in the countenance of Lucy, as he thus addressed her, but Major Crondale's scrutiny detected no embarrassment.

"We must leave time to work its will with him, too," she replied. "There are acts which, however deeply repented of, bring retribution, even in this life, as an inevitable consequence. It is the law of nature, that those who sow the wind *must* reap the whirlwind! Neither my father nor Charles can ever be truly happy in this world."

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"You are too young to resign yourself to melancholy, Montresor," said Mr. Rainsworth, one day, in the presence of his daughter. "There is probably a long track of time before you. It is not fitting that it should be void of hope and light. I know, by sweet experience, that nothing tends so much to restore the mind its vigor and the heart its bloom as the reciprocation of affection. To recover your interest in existence you must marry."

"I, sir?" said Montresor, starting and coloring. Then adding, after a moment's pause, "I can never offer my hand without my heart, and I have no heart to offer. It has been long ago surrendered."

"Without return?" questioned Mr. Rainsworth.

"I have never asked return," replied the young man, with emotion, "for I know it would be madness."

Mr. Rainsworth's glance rested an instant on his daughter, and her varying color was an explanatory comment on Montresor's words. He paced the room with an agitated step, and murmured—

"Oh! that others would profit by our experience! We, my young friend, are each the victim of a single fault. Yet, you have expiated yours, so far as wrong done the dead, can be expiated to the living. Lucy," he said, pausing before his daughter, "if he robbed you of a brother, his skill probably restored a father to you. What say you, my child?—you have my consent to be the wife of Montresor."

There was a moment's breathless silence, and Lucy replied—

"I do him justice, father. I have long since entirely forgiven him, but," and her voice, in spite of her efforts to control it, trembled with emotion; "Mr. Montresor is right,—we can never be married. It is mere sacrilege to the dead,—it could bring no happiness to the living. Even if I were other than I am, I could not be his wife; for I feel that in that relation I should sympathize so wholly in his regret, that it would entail more misery on me than happiness on him. I have given him a brother's place in my heart, and he is too generous to ask more. I shall never marry any one. We must all find our felicity, my dear father, in doing good to others. You remember my song?"

She had spoken rapidly, and tried to infuse cheerfulness into her manner as she concluded. She rose instantly afterwards to quit the room, but, glancing at Montresor, whose face was bowed upon his hands, she hesitated a moment, and then approached him.

"I hope I have not pained you, Charles," she said, "I did not mean to do so."

He started up, and, taking her half-extended hand, pressed his lips upon it.

"Forgive my rash avowal," he murmured—"henceforth, I am your brother."

* * * * * * *

In a forest of the far west, the sighing of whose leaves mingles with the babble of a neighboring stream, the curious traveller may seek a moss-grown stone, bearing the name of Lucy Rainsworth. Two other graves, of more recent construction, are near it. They have no inscription, but the missionaries may perhaps tell him their tenants were the father and brother of her whose bright and purifying influence is still felt in many an Indian cabin. Nor is she without a witness of her virtues in the more civilized world. The three children of Major Croxdale have each taken the benefit of her precepts to bless and guide a happy household.

TO A MINIATURE.

BY L. J. CIST.

It is *her* image!—Even as
She stands before me yet—
Mirrored in Memory's faithful glass,
When last mine eye she met:
The sweet expression of that face—
The sadness of that brow,
So like—so true—that as I gaze,
I seem to see her now!

'Tis like—how like!—and yet unlike!
I gaze upon it, till
I almost fancy speech it hath,
That image, calm and still;
I breathe to it in softest tone,
That gentle name so dear,
And half expect to hear my own,
Responsive, meet mine ear.

A thousand kisses on that cheek,
And on those lips I've press'd;
But, ah! not mine the sweet response,
With which I once was bless'd.
And yet, though kisses back, the while,
I'd seek to win in vain—
They seem to wear her well-known smile,
Which bade me kiss again!

Oh! wondrous power of mighty art!
Whose magic can restore
Their forms—when those we love depart—
To sight and sense once more!
And thou—fair type of her, whose charms
Thou dost so well recall—
We part not till is in these arms
Thy loved *original!*

Cincinnati, Ohio.

THE FRIGATE'S TENDER;

OR,

THE NAUTICAL RUSE.

A TALE OF THE LAST WAR.—(FOUNDED ON FACT.)

BY J. H. INGRAHAM.

Chapter I.

It was early on a sunny morning during the progress of the last war with Great Britain, that a young naval officer, walking on the Battery at New York, had his attention drawn to a group of persons earnestly engaged in watching two vessels just visible far down the harbor.

"What is it, my friends?" he asked, in a frank, hearty tone, as he joined them.

"The tender, again, chasing in a schooner, sir," answered an old tar, touching the point of his hat as he noticed the anchor button on the officer's coat. "Here is a spy-glass, sir," said a master's mate, who stood near, and at the same time respectfully handing it to him.

"Thank you, my man," answered the lieutenant, with a smile, as he took the instrument and placed it to his eye.

By its aid he could clearly distinguish an armed schooner, of about ninety tons, crowding sail in chase of a trading "fore-and-after" that was making every exertion to escape, both by towing and throwing water upon the sails.

"The chase is about half a mile ahead, sir," said the master's mate, but the tender sails like a shark in chase of a dolphin. The fore-and-after don't stand a chance of getting in past the fort."

"The tender can sail, and I am the one that ought to know it," said a stout, weather-beaten looking man. "She was a pilot boat, and the fastest craft that ever danced over the waves. Three weeks ago I and my crew were out in her, when yon English frigate suddenly made her appearance out of a fog-bank and brought us to. But I took to my yawl, and pulled for the land a league away, and escaped, for the fog was so thick the Englishman could not get a glimpse of me. It is my schooner they have turned into a tender, sir, and that's made so many captures the last three weeks of our small coasters."

"She carries forty men, and a long thirty-two, so I hear," observed a seaman in the group.

"And is commanded by a luff and a reefer," added the master's mate.

"It would be a blessing," observed a man-of-war's-man, who had not yet spoken, "if that craft could be caught napping. It an't safe for a sloop to put her nose out of the harbor, beyond the cape; but while the frigate was there alone, they could slip along the coast in light water, and show her their heels. But now, every thing that ventures out is brought to by that long gun of the tender's."

"That's a fact, Ben," responded another seaman. "She has taken or driven back into port no less than twenty-six craft in the last three weeks. I shall be glad, for one, when our frigate lying off there gets her armament aboard, for then I think we'll swallow the English frigate outside, and pick our teeth with the tender."

All these remarks were heard by the young officer, who all the while continued to look through the spy-glass at the tender and her chase.

"There goes a gun!" cried several of the spectators, as a flash and a jet of azure smoke came from the tender's bows.

"That is bold enough," observed the young officer, as if speaking his thoughts aloud; "the impudent tender is almost up with the fort, and dares to fire at the chase in the very face of the batteries."

"It is only to try and do her mischief, sir," said the master's mate; "for she finds the fore-and-after will escape her—so she fires a gun to cut away something."

"You are right, my man," responded the officer, "for she has got about and stands seaward again."

He continued to watch the retiring tender for some moments in silence.

"It's a pity we had'nt an armed cutter in port that would sail faster than she can, so that we might give her a chase out," said a lad, approaching the group. His dress was that of a midshipman, and his air singularly free and fearless.

"Ah, Frank, are you there!" said the lieutenant. When did you get back from your father's?"

"Last night. I was in hopes to find the ship ready for sea, Mr. Percival; but I am told it will be three weeks before we can get away. I want to have a brush with John Bull's frigate, who hovers off and on the harbour with such bravadoing. When did you get in town, sir?"

"Yesterday morning. Have you been witnessing the pretty chase down the bay, Frank?

"Yes. I would give a year's pay if I could have a hand in capturing that rogue."

"Come aside with me," said the officer, putting his arm in that of the midshipman. "Your words but express my own wishes. I have conceived a plan for capturing that tender."

"In what way, sir?" demanded the youth, with animation.

"I will show you. The tender's game appears to be the coasting vessels, from which she takes men to impress in the British navy, and also plunders the craft of such things as they contain which are of any value. My plan is to charter an old sloop, the worst looking one that it is possible to find in port, yet a tolerable sailer, for she must work well and readily obey her helm. I will load her deck with hen-coops, filled with poultry, pens crammed with pigs, and a few sheep, and a calf or two, by way of variety. You laugh, Frank; but the commander of the tender will find it no laughing matter, if I succeed as I anticipate. I shall ship about thirty-five men, and conceal them in the hold, and taking command of my craft with one hand only visible on deck, I shall set sail out of the harbour. When I get outside, I think I shall be able to show John Bull a Yankee trick he will not be likely to forget very soon. But all will depend on our good management of the affair. Now you see what I would be at, Frank! Will you join me?"

"Heart and hand, sir," responded Frank Talbot, with enthusiasm. "Will you allow me to be the hand on deck to help work the sloop?"

"Yes, if you can talk Weathersfield Yankee."

"Wall, I rayther guess I ken, tho' I ant been to Connecticut among 'em sins last grass!"

This reply was pronounced in such an inimitable Yankee dialect that the lieutenant burst into a hearty laugh.

"You will do, Frank! Now we want to proceed at once to action. I want you to go to the Anchor rendezvous in Pearl street and drum up about five and thirty men. Take only those that are daring and ready for any thing. Let none of them know your object, lest we should be betrayed by information being conveyed to the tender. You will find men enough in these times that will ask no questions. Meet me at twelve o'clock at the Exchange Reading Rooms and report to me."

The midshipman then took his leave and hastened up the battery. The lieutenant returned to the group and taking aside the master's mate, whom he knew, laid briefly before him his project. The old tar entered into it with all zeal. Together they went to the docks, where, on account of the blockade, lay idle a large number of vessels of every description. They were not long in discovering such a craft as suited them: a Hudson sloop of seventy tons. She was immediately put in trim for sailing by the master's mate, and three or four men whom he employed; while the officer proceeded to buy up and send on board his live stock.

Chapter II.

The morning following these events, the Tender of the British frigate was standing off and on under easy sail, and close in with Sandy Hook. The wind was from the south-west and blowing about a five knot breeze. The sky was without a cloud, and only a gentle undulation lifted the surface of the ocean. The tender was a clipper built vessel, very long and narrow in the beam, and constructed wholly with an eye to her fast-sailing qualities; and she gave proof of them by overhauling every thing. She carried amid-ships a long thirty-two pounder. Her crew consisted of about forty men in the uniform of the British Navy. They were now principally assembled in the bows and on the windlass, talking together or watching the shore. Aft, the officer of the deck, a bluff, full-faced young English "middy," was lounging over the quarter railing, smoking a segar. The man at the helm had a sinecure of his post, for the vessel skipped along so easily that she seemed almost to steer herself.

"Sail ho!" cried the look-out, from the heel of the bowsprit.

"Where away?" quickly demanded the officer.

"In shore, two points forward the beam!"

"Aye, aye! I see!" answered the middy, levelling his glass at a sloop just stealing out of the harbour, closely hugging the shore. "It is another of the Yankee coasters. A sail in shore, Mr. Stanley!" said he, speaking through the sky-light.

The lieutenant, a stout, fleshy, port-wine visaged John Bull, came on deck and took sight at the stranger, which was about a league distant.

"It is a lumber sloop; but we will bring her to, if she dares to venture out; for we may get some fresh provisions and vegetables from her, if nothing more."

"Shall I put her on the other tack, sir?"

"Not yet. Keep on as we are, till the sloop gets an offing. If we run for her now, she will take refuge in the harbour!"

The sloop stood out for half a mile, and then hauling her wind, beat down along the land. The tender delayed the chase until she had got too far from the entrance of the harbour to get back again, and then putting about run for her so as to cut her off.—The sloop seemed to take alarm, and putting about, began to make the best of her way towards the harbour she had left. Confident in the speed of his own vessel, the English lieutenant felt satisfied that the chase was already his, and laughed at the efforts of the sloop to get away.

At length they came near enough to see that her decks were covered with pigs and poultry.

"A rare haul we shall make this morning!" said the middy. "Enough chicken pie for the whole of the frigate's crew, to say nothing of turkies and roast pig for the cabin!"

"What a regular slab-sided Yankee skipper she has at her helm! Man and boy, she has a stout crew!" said the lieutenant, laughing. "They look frightened out of their senses, as they begin to think they are gone for it! Sloop ahoy!"

"What ye want?" came across the water, in the strongest nasal of Yankeedom.

"I want you to heave to, brother Jonathan!"

"I'd rayther not, if it's all the same to you! I'm in a mity hurry! Frank!" added the disguised American officer, in an under tone, "when I order you to let go the jib, you must draw it aft as hard as your strength will let you. I at the same time will put the helm hard up, so the sloop will pay rapidly off, and fall aboard of the tender; for I am determined to fall aboard of her. I shall curse your blunders, and order you to let go, but don't mind me; keep pulling the jib-sheet hard to windward. Leave the rest to me. Now, my man," he said, speaking through the companion-way, "take a good grasp of your pistols and cutlasses. When I stamp my foot on the deck over your heads, throw off the hatches, leap on deck, and follow me."

"Heave to, or I will sink you! What are you palavering about?" shouted the Englishman.

The two vessels were now side by side, steering on the same course, abeam of each other, the tender to leeward and about a hundred fathoms off.

"Wall, don't be too free with your powder, and I will. Aminidab, let go that 'ar jib sheet!"

"Yes, I will," answered the young reefer; and with a hearty will he began to draw it to windward. At the same moment the American officer put his helm hard up, and the sloop rapidly payed off right towards the tender.

"Let go that jib sheet!" shouted the English officer.

"Yes, Aminidab, you 'tarnal fool you, let it go, I say! Let it go! Don't you see we are coming right aboard the Capting's vessel?"

But "Aminidab" pulled the harder, and fairly took a turn with the sheet about a belaying pin.

The English officer was about to pour out upon him a volley of oaths, when, seeing that the sloop would certainly fall foul of him, he turned to give orders for the protection of his own vessel; but, ere he could utter them, the sloop's bows struck her near the fore rigging, and swung round stern with stern. At the same instant, the American officer stamped upon the deck, and forty armed men made their appearance from the hatches, forecastle and cabin, and leaped after Percival upon the tender's deck.

The Englishman, taken by surprise, surrendered without scarcely striking a blow; and getting both vessels under sail, in the very sight of the frigate, the gallant young captor sailed with his prize back into the harbor, and safely anchored her off the battery, after an absence of six hours and twenty-seven minutes.

This exploit is doubtless one of the boldest and most spirited affairs that came off during the war. The account given above is a faithful narrative of the transaction, and the chief circumstances will be recognized both by the brave officer in question, as well as by his friends.

POOR ISABELLE.

The dews of night were falling round him,
Coldly on his corpse they fell,
Stiff and still the maiden found him,
And her anguish who could tell?

When a weeping comrade told her,
One who loved her hero well,
That he lived and died a soldier,
Not a tear wept Isabelle.

To a moonlit bank they bore him,
One by one they bade farewell;
Still a gentle form hung o'er him—
Still remained poor Isabelle.

With the morning's dawn they sought her,
And they found her where he fell,
But upon the field of slaughter,
Lifeless lay poor Isabelle.

LADY BARBARA'S WHITE ROSE.

Whitehall was blazing with light and beauty—Cavaliers, the noblest and handsomest that England could boast, wandered through the gorgeous apartments, and ladies, the fairest the world could show, swept along in the graceful Coranto, or listlessly reclined on velvet couches, playing with the jewelled feather fan. It was the most splendid revel of the season. Masque and pageant alike over, the high and mighty James, surrounded by a chosen circle, stood speechifying, in his own inimitable manner, jesuitism, witchcraft, puritanism, and that subject dearer than all, "the right divine of kings to govern wrong;" and his son, with that melancholy brow, which to the Italian astrologer foreshadowed his fate, sat in moody silence, while the royal favorite, Buckingham, passed along—the admired and worshipped of all beholders—nodding to one, laughing with another, or leading some belle of the court a few turns through the mazes of the dance.

Many an eager eye was fixed upon Buckingham, many an ear anxiously listened to catch his words, although they might be mere passing remarks, or mere passing compliments; and when he stepped beside the recess, where an aged man, and a delicately fair girl, his daughter, were sitting, every eye was fixed upon the group. The conversation between the favorite and the old man was long; and at length taking the fair girl's passive hand, he led her forth among the circling dancers, and gracefully stepped a measure.

The maiden was very beautiful, but her beauty was of that delicate kind which half escapes cursory observation; and as she glided with downcast eyes and mournful gaze, as though her thoughts were far away, through the mazes of the dance, many wondered that from among so many more brilliant beauties, the favorite should have chosen that pale maiden. But while many wondered, and anxiously inquired who that maiden—for she was unknown at court—could be, there was one who followed her, with eyes flashing with rage, and with cheeks as pale with suppressed emotion as her own—the Lady Barbara, who had for the whole winter kept the capricious and wayward favorite at her feet, and who, secure in her matchless beauty and talents, had feared not, despite the intrigues of his politic mother, to believe him her own.

The Lady Barbara, with violent effort, assumed a calm air; she began conversing again with the cavaliers, who stood duteously around her, and carelessly inquired the name of the maiden who had alike attracted their attention. She was, it appeared, the daughter of an old and wealthy Leicestershire knight, one Sir Wilfred Beaumanoir, who had lately come to town respecting a lawsuit; and it was conjectured that as he came from the same county from whence the family favorite came, he might probably have been known to the favorite's late father, Sir George Villiers.

"A worthy old knight is Sir Wilfred," said one, "but given, 'tis said, to astrology, and such like studies. Why, his very appearance at court, they say, hath been put off until now, through waiting for a fortunate day."

The Lady Barbara fixed her dark eyes intently on the speaker. "A fortunate day for *him*!" said she.

"No, for his darling daughter, who he verily believes is to attain high fortune in London," was the reply.

"What, is he then the country knight who hath purchased the jewel of Battista Croce, for which he asked three-score pounds—the onyx sigil I mean?" said the second speaker.

"I know not," replied the first, "but 'tis likely enough, seeing that he is wholly bent on such wild fancies."

The dance at length ended, Buckingham replaced the timid girl by the side of her father, and joined the circle where his "dear dad and gossip" was still edifying his admiring auditors with the outpourings of his right royal wisdom. Still and statue-like stood Lady Barbara, heedless—indeed, not even hearing the compliments addressed to her, until the conversation of the group beside her again returned to the old Leicestershire knight and his fair daughter.

"She is truly lovely!" said one, "and methinks the name 'Venezia la Bella,' becomes her well."

"What said you of Venezia?" cried Lady Barbara, fixing her eyes on the speaker with a wildness that startled the whole company.

"That yonder fair maiden's name is Venetia—Venetia Beaumanoir, Lady Barbara."

The lady clasped her hands, and looked wildly upwards.

"'Take care of *Venezia*,' said Battista Croce to me. O fool that I was to think of Venice. It was of a rival, of this Venetia, I was to beware."

Her scarcely articulate words were understood by no one, but her deadly paleness and violent agitation were plainly marked by all; and when Lady Barbara was led away, many conjectures were made as to the cause of her sudden illness, but all were far from the truth.

* * * * * *

It was in vain that James I. fulminated his anathemas in his delectable "Demonologie" against those detestable slaves of the evil one, witches and warlocks, for during his reign, beyond every other period, the thirst for forbidden knowledge pervaded every rank of society, and the fearful profligacy of a court, which, though presided over by one who chose to call himself Heaven's vicegerent upon earth, far more nearly resembled a Pandemonium, encouraged the efforts of the vilest wretches, who, although they might possess little skill in reading the secrets of futurity, were assuredly adepts in the black art of poisoning. Numerous were the adventurers who at this period took up their residence in the outskirts of the metropolis, prepared to wring a precarious livelihood for themselves from the hopes and fears and superstition of others; and perhaps the place where beyond every other the greatest number had congregated was Golden Lane.

In a court leading into this disreputable locality, where the usurer plied his trade, which led his dupes to eat of the prison basket, or perhaps to end their career at Tyburn, and his fitting associate, the scrivener, sat ready to alter deeds, or forge wills, at the behest of the penniless heir or the desperate gamester,—in this court, fitting abode, and amid fitting companionship—dwelt a woman who had long been celebrated as a dealer in charms. The mystery that hung around her—for even her name was still unknown—had probably increased her fame; for numerous were her customers, and often, when day began to close, the cavalier, wrapt in his wide riding cloak, his rank indicated alone by the white leather boot, soiled and grim from the miry pavement, might be seen cautiously tapping at the closely shut door, or the court lady, shrouded from view by the velvet mask and simple muffler, and followed by one muffled attendant, would steal along the unaccustomed way, fearful of notice, yet sure to obtain it, from the stateliness of bearing which neither disguise nor apprehension could wholly conceal.

Such was the lady, who, in the twilight, stopped at the door, at which she tapped thrice, and was instantly admitted. The mask was hastily laid aside, and the beautiful but pale and care-worn features of Lady Barbara met the view of the dealer in charms.

"You are ill, my lady," said she, "and I wonder not. Last night was enough to drive the roses from your cheek. But fear not, all will be well."

Lady Barbara looked anxiously, almost wonderingly, at the speaker; for though she believed her possessed of supernatural knowledge, she scarcely expected to find her information extending to the particulars of the last night's events.

"How can all be well?" she said.

"Easily, Lady Barbara. This girl is but just come from the country. We must frighten her, and send her back again."

"Ah, but is she not the dreaded rival against whom I was warned? 'Beware,' said Battista Croce, 'beware of Venetia!' Alas! in his Italian phrase I believed he meant Venice; but it was at *her* he pointed."

"He did so, doubtless; for few have his knowledge. But still, fear not, Lady Barbara; we must counterwork; and to that end I have caused her nurse to be sent to, and ere long she will be here."

"Her nurse!—and coming here?"

"Yes,—and to know what the good fortune of last night portended. Sir Wilfred is half wild with joy, they say, and so is my lady nurse; but the poor girl is quite woe-begone; so she thinks, perchance, she is bewitched."

"Woe-begone!—and so highly honored by him; bewitched indeed! Would that that bewitchment might continue! But how knew you this?"

"Lady Barbara, what is there I knew not? So I caused a letter to be sent, bidding my lady nurse, who hath greater power over Sir Wilfred, to come here, for that by the stars I have discovered great good fortune in store for her. The nurse was inquiring, as I thought she would, after a cunning woman, even when the letter met her, so she will be here ere long."

Meanwhile an elderly personage, in a sober-colored gown of broad cloth, with stiff ruff of lawn, edged with bone lace, and a silk scarf which she wrapped about her, and looked at with no little pride, entered the court, and cautiously made her way towards the very house where the dealer in charms and the Lady Barbara were engaged in close colloquy. Her knock was the signal for the lady to conceal herself while the "cunning woman" advanced, welcomed her new customer, and by skilful questions and suggestions soon obtained all the information Lady Barbara required, at the same time impressing the old woman so forcibly with a belief of her supernatural powers as to send her away absolutely awe-struck.

"A marvellous woman!—she knows every thing!" said the nurse, as she rejoined her companion, a fellow-servant, who, not without many misgivings, had waited at the end of the court; "she knows all about why Sir Wilfred came to London, and my young lady's good fortune last night, too; and she said great things are in store for her if we do but follow her bidding, but one thing she saith that I doubt if my worthy master will agree to, and that is, to bring her the charm that is tied around my young lady's neck, and for which he gave so many pounds."

"Good nurse, surely you did not tell her of that, when the outlandish man said it was to be kept quite secret?"

"Nay, she told me;—for she's a marvellous woman, and said it was a charm of great power, but that if it were brought to her she could make it ten times more powerful."

"It is very strange," replied her companion, "but I fear she dealeth with evil spirits. Truly I would counsel ye to have naught to do with her."

"Nay, 'twere folly to throw away good luck. And if she makes this great match for my young lady, what is it to us how she doth it?"

* * * * * *

"Look, Lady Barbara," said the dealer in charms, as, a few evenings after, the fair court lady sat in the mean room of the unprincipled adventurer, "the talisman is yours: tie it round your neck, go boldly to the masque to-morrow, and see if your wayward tassel will not again seek his broken chain."

Lady Barbara clutched the precious jewel eagerly,—precious intrinsically, but far, far more precious from the value with which superstition had invested it. That fair and perfect agate, so beautifully engraved, set so richly in purest gold—it was not its beauty, its perfection, its cost, but its power of drawing favor toward the wearer, of attracting those whom she willed to attract, that rendered it so precious in the eyes of Lady Barbara.

"Oh, how greatly am I bound to you," said she to the woman. "Take my purse: but, though filled with gold, it is an inadequate guerdon."

* * * * * *

Again proud Whitehall was blazing with light and beauty—again the fairest and the noblest assembled, and, resplendent in jewels and in beauty, Lady Barbara took her place among them. But although the favor-bringing talisman hung round her neck, her famed returned not at her call. Buckingham, changeful and wayward, had grown weary of a devotion which had lasted the whole winter, and was not unwilling to seek a newer lady-love. Again he danced with the fair Venetia, and again—the prey of the fiercest jealousy—Lady Barbara returned home.

Had the dealer in charms deceived her? No,—for the jewel was shown to Battista Croce, and he acknowledged it was his workmanship. Wherefore this change then? The stars were not sinister.—And Lady Barbara pored over her horoscope, and sought again and again the dealer in charms, to endeavor to account for the caprice of the wayward favorite.

Spring passed, summer came on, the court were about to remove to Theobald's, when, one afternoon, out by the fields, then lone and unfrequented, although long since thickly covered with houses, a masked and muffled figure, attended by a servant, almost as closely muffled as her mistress, stood beneath some trees at some distance from the path—scarcely traceable, for so few passed that way—apparently anxiously waiting. Ere long a third female figure, equally shrouded from view, joined them; and the servant, retiring some distance, left the two to their colloquy. The reader need scarcely be told that these were the dealer in charms and Lady Barbara, who, now that the lengthened days no longer suffered her to visit the woman at her own house, had chosen this unfrequented spot to meet her.

"And does she *really* return forthwith to Leicestershire?" was the hurried inquiry.

"No. Sir Wilfred hath taken lodgings at Enfield, both for the air, and that he may be near the court. We are baffled!"

"Baffled, indeed! There's some hidden charm still—some cursed talisman—at Enfield! at Enfield! Would she were in her grave!"

"And little would send her thither. Poor girl, she's far from health; and so her nurse will come to me to-morrow for a *cordial drink*, forsooth. Shall I make her one?" and the woman fixed her eyes emphatically on Lady Barbara.

"Ay, well *can* you make it. She looks pale, too; she cannot live through the summer."

"I am *ever* ready to do my lady's bidding," replied the woman; "but mine is a dangerous calling. The risk is great; and surely Lady Barbara will bear me harmless?"

"Rely on it. Have I not promised?"

"But should I fall into trouble, some token, however small, by which I might let my lady know without risking a message?"

Lady Barbara paused. At length she took an artificial white rose, which was fastened to her boddice by silver lace.

"I once valued that rose greatly," said she, giving it; "and well shall I know it again.—Be secret—be certain. Farewell!"

The woman returned to her home, Lady Barbara to her noble mansion; and with smiles on her brow she glided through the dance that night.

Three days passed away, and Lady Barbara, in her velvet caroch, was returning to London, from a visit to her godfather, anxiously, yet almost fearful, to learn that intelligence which she dared not openly seek after, when a violent storm came on; and whilst the dappled horses and the velvet caroch were placed for shelter beneath an out-building, the fair court lady and her waiting women were compelled to accept the accommodation which the best room of a way-side inn could afford them.

Through the thin partition and threadbare hangings, the loud and earnest conversation of the men in the kitchen might be plainly heard; and soon did Lady Barbara discover that the subject of conversation, which was the news just brought from London, was that in which she, beyond all others, was most interested.

"Ay," said a rough voice, "more poisonings—and another Mistress Turner's business,—but I'll warrant me, some of your fine court ladies are in it."

"No doubt on't. But is the poor young creature really dead?"

"Why, 'twas the strangest chance. An old nurse goes to a vile witch in Golden Lane, thinking her a wise woman, and asketh for a cordial drink for her young lady. So this servant of the devil giveth her a bottle. The old woman takes it home, and pours it into a tall Venice glass, when, see the poor young lady would drink it, her little dog leaps on the table, overthrows it and begins to lap it, when, behold you, in three minutes he lies dead! There was bustle enough, I promise you; but the best part of the news is, that the witch is now safe in Newgate, for I saw her carried there."

"Nay, good man, better news an' ye had seen her at Tyburn," replied another; "for depend on't the court lady, at whose bidding she did it, will get her off after all."

"Nay, I heard naught of court ladies, though I'll warrant me there is one, as I said."

"And I'll warrant, then, that the witch holdeth some token whereby she will be saved from the gallows. Would that I knew, who that court lady was. But, depend on't, she'll be found out, after all."

Lady Barbara heard no more; she had fainted.

"No wonder," said her chief waiting woman, "no wonder, poor lady, frightened with the storm, and then put into this close, low, shabby room, and a set of noisy clowns swilling their beer just beside us—faugh. I should not be surprised if I fainted myself."

"Only hear yonder madam, with her silk gown, forsooth," muttered the angry hostess. "Fainted! Marry come up. I've heard that these fine waiting women ape their ladies in every thing, so I trow they take up with cast-off fainting fits, as well as with cast-off gowns."

Lady Barbara returned sick in body, but far more sick at heart; her deadly plan had failed; and, oh, on the brink of what awful danger she stood! Mere country clowns had talked of some court lady having instigated the wretched woman to her deadly work. Would not wiser men say the same? Many, many were the anxious hours she passed in forming the wildest schemes. At length, when the dreaded message came that a person wished to see her,—*her alone*,—she took her stern determination.

"Bid the woman meet me when I ride out in the Park to-morrow," said she to her favorite waiting-woman; "I can then speak to her without suspicion."

Morning came, and in richest attire, beaming with beauty, radiant with smiles, Lady Barbara, on her milk-white jennet, followed by her serving men, rode to the Park, while one highly-honored cavalier kept close beside her bridle-rein. Ere long a woman, carefully muffled, was seen approaching them; but even when she came near, Lady Barbara's smile *forsook* not her brow. Waving her hand to her companion, she urged her palfrey a short distance onward, and commenced, as it seemed, an earnest conversation with this woman, who carried somewhat in her hand. There was nothing to awaken suspicion in this, for women with trinkets or perfumes for sale were often to be found in the park at this period; nor did her companion apprehend danger, until a loud shriek startled him, and he hastened to the lady just in time to save her from falling.

"Cause her to be seized," said Lady Barbara, in a faint whisper; "she hath sought to poison me with a *white rose*."

Too occupied with his fainting charge was the cavalier to give the order; nor, when Lady Barbara heard that the woman had escaped—for she felt that her fatal secret was safe—was she displeased. The belief—perhaps a correct one—that artificial *flowers* could be poisoned so as to produce instant death to the person smelling them, was general at this period, and this had suggested to Lady Barbara the scheme of pretending that the woman who was charged with the token flower had been sent to take away her life. That the fairest of the court ladies should be in danger of such murderous attempts, seemed likely enough; and so the high and mighty James edified a select circle that very evening with a dissertation on the fearful abounding of poisoners, as well as of witches, and on the singular chance that the lives of two court ladies should have been attempted, but, happily, attempted in vain; adding, that the vile witch who was then in Newgate should be put on her trial on the morrow, and hanged forthwith.

And so it was. The confession that she made was disbelieved; for, had not all London heard of the story of Lady Barbara and the poisoned white rose? And while the preparer of the deadly draught swung at Tyburn, she who had directed its making, surrounded by sympathizing friends, received their congratulations on her wondrous escape, and heard with scarcely suppressed joy the intelligence that Sir Wilfred Beaumanoir and his darling daughter had quitted London, fearful of a longer stay, and had returned, determined never again to seek court favour, to Leicestershire. There she espoused a gallant knight, who had long loved her, and whom she had not slighted in return; and happiness shone upon this union.

Many years passed away. The wayward favorite Buckingham was married; and Lady Barbara, who had also married, now resided in Northamptonshire. A splendid entertainment was about to be given by Lord Sandes, and invitations were sent to all the neighboring nobility and gentry, and among them to the Lady Barbara and her husband.

The bright summer's day passed pleasantly; and, as evening drew on, the company in separate groups paced along the terraced walks of the garden, or wandered in the Park, where a succession of masques and pageants had already amused the guests, and where the performers in their quaint apparel still lingered. It was now clear twilight. The Lady Barbara was sitting at a short distance from her companions; and it was observed that as a masked figure drew near to her she started. The figure approached quite close,—it was thought she whispered some words,—when a faint cry was heard, and a convulsive shudder was observed to pass over her; but ere a moment passed, the mask had vanished, and Lady Barbara lay lifeless on the green sward, a white rose fastened with a silver lace close beside her.

Swift pursuit was made after the mask, but nought could be discovered, either who she was, or from whence; but when the white rose was seen by the Lady Barbara's favorite attendant, too well did she recognise it; and then she confessed how her lady had given that very rose to the witch of Golden Lane, and how she had refused to acknowledge that pledge when it was brought to her by the woman's sister, and who now had doubtless poisoned her.

The Lady Barbara was buried privately, for the story had flown far and wide; but for many generations the neighboring peasantry firmly believed that in the summer twilight, just under the clump of elms beneath which her last breath was drawn, Lady Barbara, fair and stately, but with horror-struck features, might be dimly seen gazing intently on the fatal white rose which she held in her hand.

THE ART OF PASSING THROUGH LIFE

HONORABLY AND COMFORTABLY.

Trust in God, suspect yourself, act right, and pray;
Seek peace, not grandeur; hear much, little say;
Reveal no secrets; learn the weak to spare;
Own a superior, and an equal bear.

THE CHILD AND THE ANGEL.

A VISION.

BY MRS. E. H. EVANS.

I saw a child—a frolic-boy,
  Beside a river margin straying;
His jetty eyes were wild with joy,
  Methought his very curls seemed playing—
So lightly o'er his shoulders bare,
Each ringlet fluttered in the air.

All heedless down the verdant dell,
  His feet, as lilies white, came bounding,
And now he grasped a tinted shell,
  And bent his ear to list its sounding,
Then looked, with eyes a moment grave,
Within its smooth and fairy cave.

At last, upon the crystal stream,
  A pale and lovely flower came gliding;
With glance uplifted, it did seem,
  Like Christian love that fears no chiding!
Yet little joy it brought to me,
Its pure and glistening leaves to see.

For when the boy its beauty spied—
  To fear, or thought of harm, a stranger,
He leaned far o'er the rushing tide,
  And reck'd not of his mortal danger.
My brain grew dizzy with affright,—
And feeling dim'd my aching sight.

No sudden plash!—no thrilling shriek!
  I turned again, with wonder gazing—
Ah, Memory, is thy record weak,
  Or will the vision bear the tracing?
Still leaned he there in all his charms,
But circled by an Angel's arms!

All airily, 'mid locks of gold,
  His raven hair unconscious floated,—
His cheek of rosiest mortal mould,
  And lips on which my senses doated,
Pressed softly on the seraph's face,
Nor dreamed how fair their resting place.

The flower was gained—the Guardian fay
  Replaced the boy, then smiling, vanished;
The child went singing on his way;
  But thoughts were mine, Time hath not banished,
A joyous sense of Heavenly care,
Of Angel Presence every where.

Pineville, Austin co. Va.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

BY MRS. H. MUZZY.

"Well, Wyndham, how *do* you like the two young ladies to whom you were introduced last evening?" enquired Henry Freeman of his friend, when they were seated at the breakfast table.

"*Like* them!" replied Wyndham; "*like* is too poor a word—they are lovely girls; I admire them both very much, but"—

"But what?" interrupted Freeman; "you seem perplexed in some way."

"Well, then," answered Wyndham, "I think the one you called Isabella, the most charming of the two."

"Indeed!" exclaimed an elderly lady, the aunt of Freeman, who was presiding at the breakfast table.

"Indeed!" was echoed by a younger lady, who was his sister. But this latter checked her look of surprise, and added—"many people admire Isabella more than her sister; she is certainly handsomer."

"Well, for my part," resumed the aunt, "I have always admired Mary most."

"Mary!" repeated Wyndham, "What a sweet name!—I have always loved the name of Mary."

"We not only love the name, but the person who bears it, in this instance," said Miss Freeman.

"I admit," said Mrs. Freeman, the aunt before mentioned, "that Isabella Harwood is generally thought to be handsomer than her sister, that is, on a first acquaintance—but I have known people change their opinion after being accustomed to her beauty."

"It is not her beauty only," interposed Wyndham. "I do not think her personal appearance much more prepossessing than that of her sister; but her manners are so sprightly—she is courteous and conversible—she has a smile for every one; besides, she is witty, and if I mistake not, sensible also; she sings so well too, and how gracefully she dances!"

"You are far gone, Frank," exclaimed Henry Freeman, laughing; "but," he added, "you will have many opportunities of seeing the fair sisters while you remain with us; so you can afford to suspend your opinion for a time; I believe they are to go with us to Mrs. Green's party this evening."

"I do not think," said Miss Freeman, "that they will both be there. I fancy Mary will not go, as she does not like to leave her mother two evenings in succession. Mrs. Harwood is in feeble health, and Mary often denies herself the pleasure of visiting her friends, that she may not be alone; at these times Mary reads to her mother, and receives, no doubt, as much pleasure as she bestows."

"Doubtless she does," remarked Wyndham; "for independent of the pleasure which those who are fond of books are certain to derive from them, the consciousness of performing a duty always brings its own reward. But does not Miss Isabella share this pleasing duty with her sister?"

"Not when she has an invitation to a party, or to any place of amusement," answered Mrs. Freeman.

"Oh, aunt," exclaimed Henry, "do not be too severe—let our friend judge for himself—it is unfair, is it not, dear aunt, to endeavor to bias the opinions of others in such cases?"

"Yes, Harry, I admit it is unfair," replied the lady, with a smile; "so I will not let my partiality for Mary Harwood blind me too far. Your friend must have a fair chance of judging for himself, where two of our loveliest girls are concerned."

Frank Wyndham could not help thinking that all the family present were partial to the younger sister, but as he knew them to be too amiable to be causelessly severe, he determined to suspend his opinion, as Henry advised, until a further acquaintance should prove which of the two beautiful sisters he ought to admire most. It is easy to determine to defer judging, but not so easy to control the wilfulness of fancy, and that evening, when in company with the lovely Miss Harwood, Wyndham thought her the most charming girl he had *ever* seen. As Miss Freeman had predicted, the younger sister was not present—but he felt certain that if she had been there, Mary could not have gained any thing by comparison with Isabella, who was all animation, and who appeared even more beautiful than on the preceding evening; and not till he had retired to his room for the night, did it occur to him that Miss Freeman had said, "Mary denied herself the pleasure of visiting her friends," that she might amuse her invalid parent—and when the thought did occur to him, Frank Wyndham felt a pang of self-reproach for his unqualified preference for the elder sister.

"But then," he argued, "the younger Miss Harwood may not be of so social a temper as the elder; she may be more studious, and more fond of home, without being, in reality, more amiable."

In short, it was easy to imagine many things, rather than admit that the admiration he felt for the beautiful Isabella, would not bear the test of judgment.

Many other parties followed, at the houses of Freeman's friends, who were all eager to show hospitality to the handsome and talented young Southerner, the friend and guest of Henry Freeman, who was deservedly a favorite among his towns-people. There were parties made to ride into the country, and parties on the water; the Misses Harwood were always invited, and Isabella always made one of the company. Mary sometimes accompanied her sister, but more frequently there was some excuse for her absence—and when Wyndham inquired of Isabella why her sister did not join them, her answer confirmed his former supposition.

"Oh!" she replied, "Mary does not love society as well as I do—she has quite a dislike to parties; besides, she is always reading, so I cannot persuade her to come."

But the pleasure which every one manifested when Mary did join their social parties, convinced Wyndham that if she did not love society, she was much beloved by her friends; and he felt, in spite of his predilection for her sister, a growing interest for the gentle girl, which made him prize those opportunities of seeing her, which were "like angel's visits, few and far between;"—her presence seemed to inspire happiness rather than joy; and her own sweet serenity communicated itself to all around her. On one occasion, Isabella and her sister went with Freeman's family on a visit for the day, to one of their relatives, who resided a short distance from town; it was a charming country residence—the weather was fine, and the party were all very happy. The host and hostess warmly urged the party to stay all night, and be present at a little *fete* which would be held in the evening, and enlivened by the presence of some of the neighbors. No one objected—Isabella was in raptures, and eagerly seconded the proposal.

"Oh, it will be so charming!" she exclaimed; "we must—positively we must stay. Henry, Francis Freeman, Mr. Wyndham, all, every one of you say yes!"

Wyndham glanced at Mary Harwood—she looked uneasy, and her eyes were filling with tears—she turned away to conceal them, and no one saw her emotion beside himself.

"Well, Mary," said Mrs. Freeman, "what do you say? Shall we stay? You see your sister is willing."

"I too should like to stay," she answered; "but,"—and she whispered a few words to the questioner.

"You are right, my dear," said that lady aloud; "we cannot stay this time—some other night we will be happy to accept the hospitality of our friends."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Isabella; "this is so like Mary."

And she ran to her sister, and drew her apart from the company.

Wyndham stole a glance at them, and saw that she was speaking earnestly, and apparently trying to persuade. Mary only shook her head. Isabella turned pettishly away—her color was heightened, and she looked displeased; but when she caught Wyndham's eye, her smiles returned, and approaching him, she said:

"I cannot persuade Mary to be obliging; she persists in going home, though *every* one wishes to stay. But come," she resumed, playfully, "let us put it to the vote!—every one who is for staying, hold up the right hand, and whoever is so stupid as to wish to leave this *fete* in prospect, let him, or her, keep the hand *down*, like Mary, holding fast to their dress, lest the hand should fly up of its own accord. Come now, who stays?" Not a hand was raised. "Well," she said, on seeing the result of her trial, "I see which party the majority favours—so if no other person stays, I cannot, I suppose."

"Oh, yes, Miss Isabella, stay, if it will be agreeable to you," said their hostess, "and we will convey you home in a day or two."

Mary cast an imploring look at her sister, who had nodded assent.

"Come, Isabella," said Mrs. Freeman, "you had better go home with us this evening? Mary thinks your mother will be disappointed if you do not return. I advise you to defer making a longer visit till another time."

Thus urged, Isabella prepared to return to town with her party, but it was with evident reluctance. Wyndham was less surprised at Isabella's wish to remain, than at the determined opposition of her sister.

"She is so young," he thought, "to be so resolute and unyielding. Isabella's fine spirits lead her to expect pleasure in every thing new; they are natural to her youth, and constitute her greatest attraction. I am sorry she is disappointed. She is a charming girl."

Wyndham gave expression to these thoughts when alone with his friend Henry. The latter merely answered—

"You are mistaken, Frank; Mary is not unyielding, except in cases where her *duty* is concerned—*Firmness*, I admit, she possesses, in no small degree. She finds a pleasure in her duty, and she is *always* as cheerful as you see her in company."

"Is not such quiet serenity the proof of a cold heart?" enquired Wyndham. "I mean a heart that is not easily moved to joy, or sorrow, or love?"

"No, no!" answered Freeman; "in this instance, Frank, it is a proof of a heart at peace with itself, and of a well-regulated mind."

"Well, perhaps so," said Frank, "I hope it is so. Indeed, I *believe* it is so. But," he added, after a few minutes' silence, "I love a warm heart, a sanguine temper. A person whose feelings are always under control may be more estimable, but cannot be so *attractive*. Don't you think with me, Harry?"

"I will tell you what I do think, dear Frank," replied Freeman, smiling, "I think that a person who forms hasty opinions, and expresses them hastily, may be under the necessity of retracting them."

Wyndham looked a little hurt—but he only shook his head, and said—

"Harry, you are incorrigibly partial."

"Forgive me, dear friend," said Freeman, in a kind tone: and he added—"Your behaviour has been just what it ought to be. You do not express to Miss Harwood the admiration you feel for her, and hitherto you have paid her no more attention than any fine girl has a right to expect;—persevere in so proper a line of conduct, till your judgment, matured by *time*, sanctions your admiration; will you promise to do this?"

"I will *promise*," was the answer that came from Wyndham's heart, and burst spontaneously from his lips.

"Well, then," resumed Freeman, "we shall do very well! Come, shall we take a walk? We will, if you please, call at Mrs. Harwood's, to enquire how the young ladies are, after their excursion."

"I know they are very well," he added, "for my aunt saw them this morning; but it will serve as an excuse for calling."

This was the first time Wyndham had called at Mrs. Harwood's, and he was surprised at the smallness of the house in which she [illegible]. *Surprise* was the only feeling, for his sentiments were too noble, his mind of too elevated a character, to be affected by external circumstances. Neatness and taste characterized the furniture, though *economy* seemed to have been kept in view in the purchase of every article, and Wyndham could not avoid remarking that the dress of Isabella, who was ready to receive them, did not well accord with the almost severe simplicity of their dwelling. Mrs. Harwood came into the room; her appearance and manners were extremely prepossessing, though the paleness and languor of her countenance told of ill health. Freeman enquired for Mary.

"She will be with you presently," answered her mother: "as soon as she can dismiss her pupils."

"Her *pupils*," thought Wyndham, "then there is a reason for her confining herself so much at home, and this charming family must be in straightened circumstances! But where are Isabella's pupils? She is the elder sister, and she is always at liberty!"

When Mary joined them, Wyndham thought he had never seen her look so beautiful. The young men were easily persuaded to take their tea with the ladies; and the cheerful ease and grace of Mary's manners on this occasion, charmed Wyndham. Every person's wishes were anticipated by her, with that quiet, unobtrusive care, which is so delightful in one who has the superintendance of home enjoyments. Isabella chatted, said a hundred witty things, smiled, and looked beautiful, but she appeared entirely occupied with being delightful; without endeavoring, in the least degree, to be *useful*. In the course of this visit, a neighbor entered—Isabella was performing a difficult piece of music on the piano.

"I am glad, Miss Isabella," said the lady, "to see you so much recovered from your fatigue. My little Emma was very much disappointed to-day, and sorry that you were not well enough to attend to her music lesson. You, my dear, had a double task to perform," she added, turning to Mary. "How is it that you bear fatigue so much better than your sister?—you don't appear to be more robust."

"I *did* not suffer any fatigue yesterday, Madam," replied Mary; "the ride was delightful, and I feel much better for our excursion."

"Yes," said Mrs. Harwood, "Mary is always better for going out a little. I often urge her to avail herself more frequently of the kind invitations of our friends, but——"

"Indeed, my dear mother," said Mary, hastily, "I am too much of a rambler already,—do not encourage me to be more so."

"It is a fine thing," returned the neighbor, "when young people really choose to attend to business before amusement, as is, I am sure, the case with Miss Mary," and she cast rather a significant glance at Isabella, which was not lost upon any of the company. Wyndham felt hurt for Isabella, who, however, appeared quite unmoved.

"Can it be possible!" thought he, "that she is selfish and inconsiderate!"

Wyndham had never heard any person make use of these epithets when speaking of Isabella, and yet they occurred to his mind. It is difficult to get rid of first impressions. Wyndham *found* it so. Isabella Harwood had *charmed* his fancy. If not actually in love, he was very near being so. He had at first looked upon Mary rather as a foil to her more brilliant sister. But during the summer he spent at F——, a beautiful town in one of our New England States, this enthusiasm gradually wore away, for Wyndham could not long continue to admire where he could not fully esteem. By degrees, he became convinced that Isabella's conduct towards her sister was in reality "selfish and inconsiderate." She accepted invitations, and made engagements, without reference to her; and Mary was often obliged to attend to her sister's neglected duties, in addition to her own. He saw that in company Isabella assumed towards her sister an air of superiority, and she often jeered her for her scrupulous discharge of those duties from which she shrank herself. Conscious of being beautiful, Isabella seemed to exist only for admiration, and a constant round of pleasure. She shrank almost with loathing from the "slavish details" of domestic avocations, to which Mary gave dignity by the cheerfulness and grace with which she performed them.

It was not possible to regard this little family without mingled emotions of pleasure and regret. The order of nature seemed to be reversed, with respect to Mrs. Harwood and her younger daughter. It was Mary who watched over her mother with anxious solicitude—it was to Mary that the mother clung, with all that confiding trust which a child naturally feels towards a parent. "I must ask Mary to do this," or, "I must tell Mary of that," "Mary will do it," were phrases continually on her lips.—For Isabella, Mrs. Harwood felt a mother's *pride* as well affection; but Mary was the staff on which she leaned—and that staff never failed her.

As the time drew near which had been fixed by Wyndham for his return to his home at the South, his feelings assumed a tone of sadness hitherto unknown to him. He said one day to Freeman—

"I am indebted to you for a great deal of happiness; this has been the most delightful summer I ever spent. Your town is beautiful, its environs enchanting—the society here is hospitable and refined. The beauty of the ladies can no where be surpassed. I shall carry away with me impressions never to be effaced. Next summer, I hope to visit you again. And, perhaps," he added, after a pause, "perhaps, Henry, through your kind offices, I may be enabled to form ties that will fix my home permanently among you. I have no ties of consanguinity to bind me to the South—nothing but *wealth*—which I can better enjoy in your lovely island than any where else."

"I am truly happy to hear this, my dear friend," answered Freeman; "come and reside among us, then, and add to the attractions which our home possesses. But what are the kind offices you expect from me, Frank? How stand your *first impressions*?"

"They are *reversed*," replied Wyndham, with a sigh; "but I scarcely dare hope, Henry, that I shall be the gainer by my change of opinion. I fear Mary regards me with indifference."

"Not with *indifference*, Frank," replied his friend; "you surely do not expect my favorite would *unsought* be won?"

"Tell me, Henry," resumed Wyndham, "if you have no objection, what are the circumstances which have obliged Mrs. Harwood and her daughters—I should rather say, her daughter—to be under the necessity of depending so entirely upon their own exertions? In all our intercourse, I have never inquired more than you voluntarily told me; the deep interest I feel for them will, perhaps, excuse this request."

"Well, Frank," replied his friend, "I will tell you what you wish to know; but there is nothing strange or uncommon in the circumstances of the family, only that they are, perhaps, more refined and attractive than many others in similar circumstances. Mr. Harwood, the father of Isabella and Mary, was a merchant; he speculated too largely, and failed; his affairs were terribly involved, when he died, leaving a wife and four daughters totally unprovided for. Our parents were friends—we were playmates from infancy; my father befriended them as far as was in his power; he, you know, was not affluent, but at his death we were possessed of a respectable independence. Mrs. Harwood lost a most efficient friend in him. While her children were young, she had many difficulties to contend with, which, to a female nurtured in ease and refinement, as she had been, were trying indeed. She was enabled, however, through the influence of her friends, to educate the two elder girls, Isabella and Mary, with the view of their being teachers. They were both girls of good capacity, and their talent for music determined their mother to have them instructed in that accomplishment, that they might be enabled to instruct others when arrived at a suitable age.—Her plan succeeded extremely well—pupils were easily procured—for every one was desirous of aiding the widow in her laudable exertions; and the girls, scarcely emerged from childhood themselves, commenced their labors. Mary Harwood seconded her mother's views most earnestly. From childhood, she was always fondly devoted to her wishes—always hovering near her, and anticipating them before they were expressed; scrupulously obedient, the slightest hint from her mother was a law to Mary, and she has seemed to live for her alone. About four years since, the two younger girls caught a malignant fever, which was then prevalent. Mary shared with her mother in her watchings, in her solitude, and in the most painful duties. Isabella dreaded the infection; she took refuge with us. 'She could be of no use,' she said; 'her nerves were too weak to bear the fatigue of nursing; she should certainly take the fever if she remained at home.'—Mary begged my aunt to keep her sister with us, as her terror and lamentations added to the trouble of her mother. The poor children died, and Mrs. Harwood has never entirely recovered the shock which their death occasioned her, or from the effects of her subsequent illness—for she, too, caught the fever, and it was long ere her health was in any degree restored. Mary was spared, to nurse, and to console her mother in her bereavement. I scarcely know how to speak of Isabella," he continued; "she has some fine qualities, but she is strangely inconsiderate. She cannot bear application. She wastes the time which ought to be employed for their common benefit in frivolous and useless occupations, in dressing and visiting. All their friends are happy to see them. Not one would omit including them in every social party—and, as you see, we have many; but it is known to us, who are so intimately acquainted with them, that Isabella's eagerness to accept every invitation, frequently obliges her sister to decline them; as otherwise their occupations would be too much neglected. The opinion generally prevails that Mary is averse to society, but that is far from being the case. She enjoys society even more than her sister; for she goes with the expectation of being pleased, and is not, like Isabella, wholly occupied with the desire of being admired. Isabella is sometimes disappointed. Mary always returns home delighted with her friends, and grateful for every attention. Isabella is listless and languid when at home, averse to home enjoyments, pining for gaiety, tired of application, 'bored to death' by *work of any kind*—she 'is fatigued'—she 'has the head-ache'—she 'hates to give lessons'—she thinks '*fate* has been cruelly unjust to her.' In the mean time, she sees her mother apply herself to needle-work, by which she contrives to eke out their slender income, and knows that her sister is unremitting and untiring in her exertions for their benefit. *She does not scruple* to purchase expensive articles of dress for herself, without inquiring whether she may not inconvenience her mother and sister by so doing. My aunt once said to her, 'My dear Isabella, I think the errors of which you are sometimes guilty proceeds from thoughtlessness. I think you will excuse me if I tell you that by sharing your duties more equally with your sister, you would give her opportunities for relaxation and amusement which would benefit her health. If you *sometimes* decline an invitation and induce her to accept it, it would be a pleasant reflection, would it not?' 'Yes, madam,' she replied; 'but how should I know *which* party to decline? I might lose the very *pleasantest* by being so obliging; and,' she added, 'if Mary will stay moping at home, I need not do the same, I suppose.' 'But your mother,' answered my plain-speaking aunt, 'your mother, my dear, often needs the presence and attentions of her children, and I should think you would wish to share with Mary the duty which every child owes to a parent, especially to a mother like yours.' 'Oh,' replied Isabella, 'Mary wishes to stay at home, or she need not; my mother does not request it.'"

"Can she be utterly devoid of affection for her mother and sister?—wholly destitute of feeling?" interposed Wyndham.

"I hope not," replied his friend; "but, hitherto, she has evinced very little. Time, however, may effect a change in her character. Mrs. Howard may perhaps be blamed," he resumed, "for not resorting to some decisive measure to induce Isabella to attend in a more becoming manner to the duties which fall to her lot; but her error is perhaps a natural one. She could not be certain that the listlessness and aversion to employment evinced by her eldest daughter, were not the result of ill health; her frequent complaints could not pass unheeded by maternal solicitude; and, fearful of overtasking her child, she yielded, often, when she should have been firm. Her error was that of an indulgent mother, made fearful by experiencing the loss of idolized children, and herself rendered peculiarly sensitive by pain and sorrow. On the contrary, the uniform cheerfulness, and unwearied assiduity of Mary, reassure her mother on her account. Mary never interferes with her sister's plans of amusement unless a positive engagement stands in the way, or when her own powers are inadequate to the performance of a double duty. And now, my dear Frank, I have been thus communicative, because I have some reason to think your happiness concerned in knowing what I have told you."

"I have to thank you, Henry," said Wyndham, "for having required of me the promise which you did some time since. Had it not been for that, I might have been involved in an unpleasant dilemma, for I certainly did admire Miss Harwood exceedingly. I still think her person and manners when she chooses, very charming. I am happy to say that I am heart-whole as far as she is concerned."

"But, Frank," asked Freeman, "what are the 'kind offices' you expect from me? Do you intend to leave us without acquainting Mary with the state of your feelings?"

"Do you think she can be unconscious of my respect—my admiration—my love? If you do, I am not quite without hope, for I know Mary would bestow her regard *only* in return for love. But," he resumed, "I was going to bespeak your good offices. Mary regards you as a brother: speak for me to her; tell her my fondest wish is to win her regard, and"——

"And why not tell her so yourself?" interrupted Freeman. "Of course I can tell her that a handsome young fellow, for whom half the girls in his native city are pulling caps, is in love with her meek eyes. I will tell her, moreover, that this same handsome fellow has an ample fortune—a fine taste—elevated mind and brilliant talents—and, that with all these advantages, and many others to boot, he is *afraid* to sue for her favor, and delegates to me the honor of making the confession that trembles on his lips."

"Nonsense, Harry, you know what I mean," said Wyndham. "*Afraid*, I am not; but"——

"But you are *modest*, as all true lovers are," answered Henry. "Well, Frank, depend on my 'good offices,' but depend more on your own merit. I think you have no reason to despair."

Some trifling obstacles delayed Wyndham's departure for a few weeks; in the course of that time an event had occurred in Mrs. Harwood's family, which increased, if possible, his regard for Mary, and determined him to hasten the avowal of his love. A maiden aunt of Mrs. Harwood's, who was very wealthy, and who resided in one of the Middle States, had repeatedly written to Mrs. Harwood, requesting her to allow one of her daughters to reside permanently with her, promising to provide amply for her; and describing her house, equipage, manner of living, &c., in the most seductive manner. Her choice had fallen upon Mary, because she imagined that Mrs. Harwood could better spare the younger daughter, and because when she saw the children once in their early childhood, the gentleness of Mary's disposition had much pleased her. Mary had always firmly, yet in grateful terms, declined this offer, on the plea that she "could not leave her mother"—and now the old lady wrote again, to renew the request in yet more urgent terms, and she requested that if Mary still adhered to her resolution, the elder daughter would come to her, and promising that she "should have no cause to regret her acceptance of the offer of a permanent home."

Isabella at once decided on accepting the invitation, which Mary positively declined.

"Our mother more than ever requires our presence and attention," she said. "Our assistance is absolutely necessary to her support; if you, Isabella, can leave her, *I cannot*. Here we may be independent," she continued, "if not affluent. I am far happier now than I could be if separated from my dearest friends, though surrounded by splendor."

But Isabella declared she would go. "She was heartily weary," she said, "of her present way of life. A situation was offered her where she *could* enjoy ease and affluence, and not be subjected to the unpleasant memories: *neglected duties*."

It was apparent that Isabella's expectations were of the most brilliant kind—she talked of nothing but the new scenes she was soon to witness, and dwelt on the promises of their relative without ceasing. She joyfully made preparations for her journey, and speedy departure. Mary's tearful eyes, and the anxious countenance of her mother were unheeded—she called on them to assist her preparations without noticing their saddened looks.

"Remember, my child," said Mrs. Harwood, "that your hopes may be too highly raised—our relative may possibly *overrate* her powers of making her home delightful to you. You may possibly miss the kindness and solicitude of your mother and sister, and wish for our sympathy. Should such be the case, there is still a home here, which however humble, is *our own*; where, if you are obliged to pursue some employment, you may, if you choose, be happy. I cannot resolve to oppose my will against your wishes, as I am unwilling to deprive you of those advantages which your aunt's proposal appears to promise—advantages which you prize so highly, and anticipate so joyfully. I can only hope that your expectations may be fully realized."

Isabella had no fears—she trusted to her power of pleasing and gaining the favor of her relative—and she departed, radiant with hope. It is true her voice faltered as she bade her mother "farewell!" and a tear might have been seen by a close observer, when she returned the parting kiss of her sister. But she kissed her hand to them when seated in the carriage, with a gaiety that forced an exclamation of indignation from the lips of Wyndham, who happened to be present.

"What has become of my first impressions?" thought he, as he turned away and saw the blue eyes of Mary obscured by tears. "She weeps," he said, to himself, "she weeps, though released from an unfeeling task mistress—from a sister who could not appreciate her worth, or understand her self-sacrificing generosity. She weeps because natural affection is strong within her, and because she is so free from selfish feeling—that she regrets the separation, though she must know it will contribute to her own comfort."

If Wyndham gave way to a feeling of anger, that made him more severe than was natural to him, the feeling soon passed away, and was succeeded by the pleasure he found in consoling the grief which he could not blame.

Of all the motives which influenced Isabella's decision, Wyndham was not aware, though Freeman and his sister guessed the truth. Isabella was calculating, as selfish people generally are;—from the time she first saw Wyndham, she expected he would, as the novelists say, "throw himself and fortune at her feet." Her feelings towards him never approached to *love*; but he was handsome, accomplished, and above all, *rich*. He was, therefore, a prize worth gaining. She saw he admired her, and she determined to make the conquest sure; but she was not artful enough to conceal the selfishness of her character, or was too indolent to make the necessary efforts—the predominant feeling *would* appear—and Wyndham's heart was extricated from the web which her beauty had woven around it.

Isabella saw the change in his feelings, for Wyndham was unused to dissemble. She had for some time seen his yearning partiality for Mary; and while she imputed the change to fickleness, she determined not to witness the triumph of her sister.—

Possessing, as she thought, her own situation, should he offer his hand to Mary and be accepted, she determined to accept at once the offer of her relative, and thus escape the necessity of depending on her own exertions for support. She judged, as selfish people always judge of others, and she did not do Wyndham justice; for it was his determination, should he gain the hand of Mary, to place her mother and sister above the necessity of making those exertions which Isabella dreaded.

We are not skilful in describing love scenes, and holding, as we do, the opinion that they are seldom well described, we will pass over the period when Wyndham *did* declare his love to Mary, assuring our readers that it was properly done, and received in a proper manner—to prove which assertion, we quote a line from one who knew how to tell such things, who says, "All in sweet disorder lost, she blushed consent," and "The news immediate to her mother brought," for Wyndham assured Mary that he "would never separate her from her mother," and that it would be his pleasure and pride to make *her* life happy.

If Mary had not loved Wyndham for his own sake, she would now have loved him for the sake of her mother, and as she frankly told him, and her lover was satisfied with the confession; for he knew that an ungrateful daughter seldom proves an estimable wife.

Henry Freeman, with his aunt and sister, were delighted with the prospect of happiness that opened for their favorite, and sincerely rejoiced in the felicity of Wyndham. The latter went for a few months to the South, to place his affairs in a proper train for his removal to P——. The tedium of absence was relieved by frequent letters. In due time he returned—and after purchasing a handsome house, with every thing requisite for a liberal establishment, he received the hand of his beloved Mary, while her happy mother wept tears of joy that the dutiful affection, uncomplaining sweetness and unwearied industry of her dear child, would meet an adequate reward, in the love and protection of an estimable husband.

And Isabella! She heard of her sister's marriage with none of the feelings of sympathetic joy which Mary's steady affection and generous forbearance ought to have called forth. Her emotions were of a mixed nature, and she felt half regretful, half indignant; but she wrote a congratulatory letter, in which the splendor of her aunt's dwelling, equipage, and all the etceteras, were copiously dilated on—and she described a gay party to which she had been the preceding evening, and half hinted that "people were not *bled* in the part of the world where it was now her good fortune to reside." In short, Isabella had found the ease and splendor which she had always coveted, and she tried to believe she had found happiness also; but she was subject to the caprices of a being as selfish as herself,—so tie but that of selfish interest kept them together, the lady could bestow splendor and ease—and Isabella, in return, could furnish attractions to the gay and younger part of society, which began to be necessary to one, who, in losing youth, had not lost her devotion to its pleasures. Thus they lived on together, and Isabella reaped the reward she expected—a handsome legacy—which the old lady's promise alone prevented her withholding.

Did Isabella return to reside with her friends at P——, when the old lady died? No. She married, rather late in life, an elderly gentleman, who, being possessed of wealth, wanted a handsome wife, to do the honors of his splendid house, and to visit with him the places of amusement which he loved to frequent. He furnished her with splendid dresses, that his wealth might be duly appreciated—and they were as happy as selfish people can be.

Isabella paid one visit to her mother and sister, and to her native place—but she found every thing so common-place, and the people so dull, that she did not feel very happy when there; and Wyndham often caught himself wondering what had become of his "first impressions."

The Maiden and her Mother.

[FROM THE SPANISH.]

Because my mother yesternight
  Found out the kiss you gave
By stealth, (perhaps it was not right),
  She's done naught else but rave.
Therefore, I think, I'd best at once,
  Return your kiss, to end it;
For if there's harm done, my dunce
  Must know that will amend it.
But mind, I would on no account
  Give for your kiss another,
Nor add the least to love's amount,
  But only for my mother.
So I'll at once my kiss bestow—
  Now then—be quiet, *do!*
So close our lips met—I don't know
  Which first kiss'd—I or you!
Therefore, to save mistake, I must
  Let that for nothing go.
And with one more replace the first
  Don't reckon it as two
But mind, I would on no account
  Give for one kiss another,
Nor add the least to love's amount,
  But only for my mother!

DYING WORDS OF DISTINGUISHED MEN.

The Pittsburg Commercial gives the following account of the dying words of some of the most distinguished men that perhaps ever lived:—"Head of the army"—Napoleon. "I must sleep now"—Byron. "It matters little how the head lyeth"—Sir Walter Raleigh. "Kiss me, Hardy"—Nelson. "Don't give up the ship"—Lawrence. "I'm d—d if I don't believe I'm dying"—Chancellor Thurlow. "Don't let that awkward squad fire over my grave"—Burns. Schiller asked, when he spoke last, that he might be raised up so that he could see the sun, which, glorious as the Poet's fame, was slowly declining beyond the hills of the Rhine.

LOVE MATTERS
ARE BETTER LEFT ALONE.

BY KATE.

"Where away, Ned?"

"To the North!"

"Pleasure, eh?"

"Hum!—yes, I 'spose so' though, in truth, personal pleasure has but little to do with it. In fact, I would rather stay with Jones a month longer."

"How?"

"Oh, I'm only off on furlough. Do you know the old man came last eve to bid me prepare for—don't smile—a wedding tour. Me a married man! Judge! I'd as leave cut life, altogether, as write myself, 'Benedict, the married.'"

"What a fool you are, Ned; you've not stopped to ask who, or what, your bride to be is, I suppose?"

"No, indeed! Why should I? Is n't it enough to be told with a grin—'Eh, Ned, you're a happy fellow—a fortune of your own and beauty for a bride!'

"What do I care for beauty, if so be there is no other considerations with it? No, no—I'm off."

"Luck be with you, Ned; meanwhile I'll set myself to work to occupy the field you so readily forsake."

"Welcome! most welcome!—And hark ye, if it's *game*, I'll be in at the death."

"But how shall I inform you? Where shall you locate?"

"Advertise, of course. I'll keep watch of the papers. As for a locality, I shall have none."

With a farewell, the friends parted, one to his quiet vocation, the other to a sort of half-wilful, half-pleasant jaunt.

We may as well tell you here as any where, (unless you have already found out), that Ned was one of those wayward beings, who would n't do as he was a mind to, if it happened to agree with any body else's wishes. Not he! If he was a man, of course he had mind enough to decide for himself in all things. No need of discretion or advice even,—"was n't he old enough to know," and could n't he manage his own affairs; especially in those nicer matters of the heart, where "all for love" was the only consideration? Occupied with sundry such manly reflections, our hero sped on his way. He was too indignant to think of or care for any thing else. However, passion, like water, will evaporate, and so Ned found it. If he was angry he was too vacillating to retain it, and beside change of circumstance and scene will affect almost any body's feelings. In these days of "annihilation of distances," the transposition from Philadelphia to *New York* is but an item. Then up the North river, by moonlight, is most charmingly sentimental, and wasn't Ned sentimental when he left Philadelphia, and had not he always sentimental? Fastidiousness he abhorred, but sentiment was quite another affair. Nor is Ned the only reasoner on this wise. I'll be bound hundreds have thought so before, and hundreds will think so, if they have occasion. Ned's migrations were often in the pleasantest manner possible. There was no need for haste, and but little lack of pleasure, so what could he do better than enjoy whatever presented itself? Among other tendencies to remove ill humor, Ned found one quite prominent in the person of a young lady, who chanced to be the owner of a demure physiognomy, relieved somewhat by a pair of bright eyes. She was clad in the plain attire of a Quaker, and carefully attended by a gentlemanly Friend. Ned, who was somewhat famous for jumping at conclusions, immediately decided positions to be father and daughter. Nor was he very much mistaken—for the lady was most certainly *a daughter*, and the Friend was *a father*, but not her's. Of this, however, we shall soon be informed. Their baggage was marked "Nicholson"—a respectable name certainly—bound for the Lakes.

"Hum!" thought Ned, "I may as well visit the Lakes, too. However, I'll reconnoitre."

In the course of events—and who wouldn't have expected it?—Ned contrived an exchange of cards. A smile of intelligence crossed the elderly gentleman's face, but Ned saw it not. To him it was only a smile of satisfaction that one bearing so honorable a name as "Edward Warrington" should make their acquaintance, and join himself to their society.

"Who knows," thought he, "but Helen," (as she was called), "is all that's loveable? She certainly is agreeable, well informed, and pretty. If she isn't rich—no matter. Am I not of— age, beside, what else do I wish but an agreeable companion: one I can love, and who will love me, and me only.' Selfish fellow, just as though one man was better worth loving 'all alone, entirely,' than another."

But such reflections would come, and who could help it? As story-tellers generally make circumstances suit their tale, let us fancy the smooth running of Ned's dreams, without the trouble of description. For what can be more dull than endearments by proxy? And what man or woman is there that wouldn't rather make love on their own account and to their own liking? We may as well remark in passing, that our friends soon exchanged the smooth water course for a stage-coach, and every one who has tried it, knows that stage-coaches up North are somewhat different from city coaches. Rough roads may have something to do with it, 'tis true, but each time the traveller happens to rebound, in the jolting process, he is half inclined to regard it as a particular providence—(not the jolting, mind you,)—that he is safe.

Arrived at Glen's Falls, our trio spent an hour about the rocks, made somewhat famous by an American novelist of some repute. Of course, our hero failed not in gallantry. Why should he? Wasn't he in attendance on one but little, if any, less than divine? And beside truth must out,—he was completely enamored of black eyes.

The nine miles from the Falls to the Lake are soon passed. The Nicholsons were fatigued—Ned not a bit. He wished the distance three times as great. Still he would enjoy Helen's society for some days, and who knows what time can and will accomplish? A restless night frequently follows a delightfully spent day; at least so Ned, and—shame to say it—Helen, too, found it. Morning, however, dawns at the usual hour, and those who have seen the sun rise, say it comes up gloriously over the clear surface of the horizon. (I have seen its golden settings;—its risings, ah me! I slept the west side of the house—so that's Sherrill's fault, not mine.)

As chance would have it, Ned and Helen met on the piazza which overlooks the water, to the great disappointment of—neither. Plans of pleasure for the day were discussed, and Ned almost gained courage to plan for the future. What he would have done, is at present a mystery, as our Friend made his appearance at the fortunate moment. Fishing, sailing, tea-partying, &c., are the order of the day with those who resort to the Lake shore, and most charming they are too. Promenades are out of the question—unless jumping stone walls is a part of the process—but quiet nooks, close corners, shady trees, and green grass, are abundant. Friend N—— was more fond of sitting on the porch, watching the graceful movements of the small boats, or gazing on the glorious clouds or mountain shadows, than rambling by the shore—and, shall I say it? our friends Ned and Helen were fond of his so *doing*. At least, the following letter from Ned to his friend, whom he left at P——, will give one some such impression:—

"*Caldwell, June* —, ——.

"DEAR JIM—Will you favor me by calling on the 'old man,' and inform him of my entire inability to fulfil his wishes in the matrimonial line, as I am on the point of consulting my own! I left him in a pet, without the least explanation of my intentions; as in fact I knew not what they were myself. Now, however, I am better acquainted, and can only add, I shall be home next month, with one bearing my name, and whom I hope he will see fit to receive as the wife of his ward. Meet me, Jim, at 'Jones',' the fifteenth, and, *dens volens*, I'll show you the sweetest lip and brightest eye—I ever tasted or saw. I suppose the old man will be angry—but who cares? If I am suited, no one need find fault with the choice of

"Truly yours, E. W."

To say Jim was surprised, would not be true; he only wondered who it could be that had so fascinated his bachelor friend. He fulfilled his mission, however, and, as Ned anticipated, witnessed no gentle ebullitions of anger.

At the time appointed, Ned and his bride made their appearance, accompanied by Mr. N——. As a dutiful ward, Ned presented himself at the counting house of his guardian, passed through the cool civilities of reception, greeting, &c., but could not in the least mollify the anger of his father's friend. Ned was too happy, however, to care much, yet would be gratified, he said, to introduce him. Returning to Jones', he told friend Nicholson of his ill success. He immediately asked him for his guardian's address, went out, and soon returned with the but late enraged guardian. The friendly terms of the two were soon explained by the latter's exclaiming—

"Ned, you dog, why didn't you tell me you had married Helen Nicholson—the very one of all others I at first proposed!"

Ned's turn now came for mortification. He had rejected his sweet bride when proposed by the guardian, but married her to please himself. The secret was soon out. Helen and Ned had never been told by their guardians of the wishes of their parents in regard to each other. By a mutual understanding, both had been informed of the day of our hero's departure—of an anticipated disposal of themselves—

both had left P—— in a pet. Ned was recognized by *friend* N——, but as the recognition was all on one side, he concluded to let matters take their own course; and results proved that love affairs are better left alone—except sometimes.

SONG OF THE FORSAKEN.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

Yes, meet me in my dying hour,
When life is growing cold,
And the story of thy cruel power
Upon the heart is told.
Come, while its strings are yet awake
And trembling still for thee,
And as they quiver, ere they break,
Thy soul shall feel for me.

Go with them when they bear me out
And lay me down to rest,
Then leave me in my loneliness—
The damp sods on my breast:
Go back to her for whom ye gave
The life that once was mine;
I shall not feel, in that dark grave,
This perfidy of thine.

[From the Rochester American.]

SONNET.

[JOHN AUGUSTUS SHEA.]

BY W. H. C. HOSMER.

Another voice is hushed—another lyre
Hangs on a dead and leafless bough unstrung:
Of wrongs that curse humanity he sung.
But changed to ashes is his heart of fire.
Far from the luckless isle that gave him birth
Wrapp'd in the raiment of the grave he lies:
Though Freedom there no more finds home and hearth
Dying he thought of her green fields, and skies—
Before his fading sight, in dim array,
Shades of the martyr'd and the mighty passed,
And light unearthly round the minstrel cast
A harbinger of everlasting day:
They came to guide his spirit to a land
That knows not broken heart, nor fetter'd hand.

ART AND LOVE;

Or, Catharine Lee and the Bachelor.

BY MRS. E. CARTER.

"Les malheurs perfectionnent les ames bien organisées, de même que les orages purifient l'atmosphère." ["Griefs improve the well-organized mind, as storms purify the atmosphere."]

"Mother! dear mother! do lay aside your work and take some rest; you will fatigue yourself to death."

The mother lifted her heavy eye-lids, and her eyes filled with tears as she beheld the delicate form of her daughter bending with unwearying assiduity over her embroidery at which she had been employed for many hours.

"You require rest even more than I do, my child," replied the lady. "Your face has become so thin and your cheek so pale, I do not wonder your acquaintances scarcely recognise you."

"Oh no, I feel very well," said the young girl, drawing up her slight but elastic form; "but lay aside your work, if you love me, mother; I will finish little Ellen's frock as soon as I have shaded this rose-bud."

"You lead a toilsome life, my child! How much does Mrs. Garnet promise to give you for your mantilla?"

"Thirty dollars. To be sure the materials cost twenty, but even that will be a very great help."

"It has cost you a month's hard labor."

"Yes; but we shall find ten dollars a most seasonable assistance just now. If we could only make up ten more to pay the Doctor, I should feel tolerably well satisfied. Do you remember, mamma," she said, after a thoughtful pause, "many, many months ago, before"—and here a slight shudder shook her frame,—"before our misfortune; do you remember how much Mr. Ashton used to praise my paintings?"

"Remember, love! do I ever forget what related to you? I recollect he said that the "fountain," and the "view of the bay" were much better executed than many pieces sent to the exhibition.

"And you know he sold a piece resembling the fountain for sixty dollars, and the gentleman who bought it professed to admire mine equally as much. I know," she continued, blushing, "that there is a vast difference between admiring the works of an amateur, and one who paints for a livelihood; but if I could get twenty, or fifteen, or even ten dollars for my pictures, I might perhaps be enabled to take lessons in miniature painting."

"The life of an artist would be very trying to one so delicate and enthusiastic as you are, my dear," sighed Mrs. Lee, "and yet not more so than the one you lead at present."

"Oh! I should love it above all things, mamma! Madam Gaudet tells me that she makes two thousand a year by it, and with a fourth of that, how comfortable we might be in the sweet little white cottage over the way! It almost seems like a glimpse of Paradise to think of. How charming it would look with a plenty of vines and white curtains, and books and pictures, and——"

Here she cast her eyes around the small, scantily furnished and dimly lighted chamber, which formed their only apartment, sighed, for she felt the uncertain nature of her airy fabrics, and was silent.

A long pause ensued, for thickly-coming thoughts thronged the minds of both. Mrs. Lee was thinking of the entire change which two short years had produced in her circumstances and feelings. Two years before she had been the indulged wife of a devoted husband—the fashionable and indolent mistress of a stylish establishment; and the careless and indifferent mother of the lovely girl on whose exertions she was mainly dependent for her daily bread. She thought of the sudden change from affluence to poverty which had taken place on the death of her husband, and then of the many conspiring causes which gradually reduced them to utter penury. Her mind then reverted with a pang to the conduct of her acquaintances, whose cold commiseration had gradually changed into perfect silence, and apparent forgetfulness of her very existence. But the mother's heart throbbed with thankfulness, when she thought of the noble, self-sacrificing spirit which her hitherto neglected daughter had shown in the hour of trial; when she remembered the patient untiring assiduity with which the gentle Catharine had ministered to her wants, and the fortitude which had supported her amidst all her own personal trials and inconveniences; these things filled her heart with thankfulness. But as she glanced towards her daughter, and thought how soon those bright eyes would dim, and that delicately moulded frame emaciate under the continued pressure of anxiety and toil, her own eyes became so dimmed with tears that she was obliged to put away her yet unfinished work.

"Come, dearest, we must both go to rest now."

"Oh, yes, do, dear mother. I am just putting the finishing touches to my mantilla. I will follow you directly."

The mother rose and approached a small bed in one corner of the room.

"What an exquisite subject for your pencil, Catharine!" said she.

The daughter was immediately by her side, and there they stood, those two weary and toil-worn women, gazing on a being whose loveliness seemed as a gleam of sun-light in that desolate and wretched apartment. Wrapped in the deep unconscious sleep of happy childhood—her rosy cheeks half shaded by the clustering curls of "paly gold," and her balmy breath coming quickly and regularly from between the rich and half-open lips—lay a beautiful child, apparently about five years old; her face and form bore no traces of the penury which reigned around. It was evident that no blight of poverty or sorrow had fallen upon *her*. Weary and toil-worn as *they* might be, struggling for the bare necessaries of life, Ellen's comforts and privileges had been held inviolable, and many a personal comfort had Catharine deprived herself of in order to procure enjoyments for her infant sister.

Faint and exhausted, Mrs. Lee soon after fell asleep; but Catharine, engrossed with her ambitious schemes, remained wide awake, until she had finished both her own and her mother's work. Kneeling at the foot of her sister's bed, she poured forth her feelings in the heart-felt language of earnest supplication; then stooping for a few moments she bent over her sister to press her lips and inhale her sweet breath, then stealing noiselessly to bed by her mother's side, she was soon wrapped in a slumber as sweet, deep, and unconscious as that of the child who slept near her. And doubtless "Guardian Angels"—"ministering spirits"—watched over, and hallowed that repose; for comfortless as was the apartment, it yet contained a jewel whose "price was far above rubies."

The morning of the following day rose clear and bright. The streets of C—— were alive with men, women, and children hurrying to and fro, some intent on business, others on pleasure, others appearing to have no motive but to enjoy the pleasant sensation produced by the sweet sunshiny day. Hurrying along one of the back streets, evidently anxious to avoid observation, might be seen our pretty Catharine Lee, with something which resembled a picture frame, about 20 by 25 inches in size, carefully pinned up in a white napkin. She rung the bell of a large handsome house, to which the surrounding shrubbery and shade trees gave quite a rural air, and was shown up stairs into a handsomely furnished parlor. A lady, dressed with great elegance, leading an intelligent looking little boy by the hand, seemed on the point of going out, but acceded with great affability to Catharine's request that she would spare her a few minutes.

"Place the picture a little more to the right—no, not quite so far. Ah! that is a very good light—Mr. Ashton is very fond of that northern light; he frequently brings his pictures here *for my inspection*. Well, well, it is very pretty! How beautifully the sunset gilds that broken bit of bridge!—and the spray looks so cool and refreshing! But why did you bring it here?"

"I heard, madam, that you were a patron of the arts."

"Yes," said the lady, complacently.

"And as my mother is exceedingly poor, I was anxious to make something by disposing of my picture."

"Humph! you come to try to sell it, then?"

"Yes, ma'am."

The picture seemed suddenly to have fallen ninety per cent. in Mrs. Etland's estimation.

"What do you think of this, Louisa?" said she to an ordinary-looking lady, who entered just then—"This young woman has brought it here to sell."

"A miserable daub," replied Miss Louisa Etland. "See how unnaturally blue the water is and the sky! Did you ever see anything like that in nature?" scarcely glancing at the picture. "You will be too late for your walk if you spend your morning here in this manner."

"It certainly is not well painted," resumed the other lady.

"Mamma," said little Peyton, who had been very much captivated by Catharine's winning manners, "that is the very picture Uncle Frank admired so much at Mr. Ashton's room last summer!"

"Frank is an admirable judge of painting," replied Mrs. Etland, "and as he will be here this evening, I may as well keep it to show him. If he thinks it passable, I may perhaps give you a trifle for it, child. Call at the same hour to-morrow. *Of course* you cannot expect much for so very indifferent a production."

Catharine blushed, courtesied, and withdrew.—She had no heart to pursue her experiment further.

* * * * *

"What lovely young creature was that who paid you a visit this morning?" asked Mr. Frank Etland of his sister, soon after his arrival in the evening, which took place much earlier than was expected.

"I do not know who you mean; there were the two Misses Selby, neither of whom you admire, and old Miss Danby."

"A perfect witch of Endor!"

"And then there was the pretty bride, Mrs. Newman."

"Oh, no! none of those. This was a most lovely, interesting young creature, and she blushed so prettily as she drew her thick green veil over her face—how I anathematized that veil!"

Mrs. Etland began to experience a sort of undefined feeling of fear, for Brother Frank was very rich, and his taste so very fastidious, that his brothers and sisters already considered him as the bachelor uncle who would leave his fortune to his nephews and nieces.

"It was only a young woman," she replied, "who had brought a picture to sell." And she felt vexed with herself for having allowed the painting to remain; but how could she have foreseen that her wealthy brother-in-law would bestow a glance upon the humble picture-dealer.

"It is a beautiful picture, Uncle Frank," said Peyton; "don't you want to see it?"

And leading the way, the child soon had the satisfaction of seeing his friend in raptures with the painting he had admired so much.

"Wouldn't you like to feel that spray upon your face, uncle? It is a much finer fall than the one in our garden."

The mother had followed with as good a grace as she could.

"How beautiful!" rhapsodized uncle Frank. "A rich warm tint pervades the whole picture!—the sky, the water, and foliage, are lighted up with that sunshiny hue which may well be termed the 'poetry of painting;'—and what an admirable effect is produced by that mass of gilded clouds to the left. This is the work of no ordinary genius, unpractised, perhaps, but giving high promise."

"The young lady said she painted it herself, uncle."

"Indeed! Then she is as talented as she is beautiful."

"And good, too, she is, for"—

"Peyton, bring me my work-box directly."

"Yes, mamma."

And the request was literally complied with, for he returned in an incredibly short time.

"And, as I was saying," he persisted, "she is as good as she is pretty, as generous at least; for I saw her give something out of her purse to the poor little lame boy in the alley, who was crying because he had broken his crutch, and she didn't seem to have much there for herself!"

"Give this to the lame boy, Peyton," said uncle Frank, to whom the "little lame boy in the alley" suddenly seemed to become an object of unaccountable interest.

"This is more than he ever had in his life, I am sure," said Peyton.

"And sister, you may order me as many of these pictures as you please. At all events, I must claim this one at the young lady's own price!"

This, however, had again found favour in Mrs. Etland's sight, and she positively refused to give it up.

Catharine, to her great surprise, received on the following day what appeared to her a most liberal price for her picture, and an order for four more at fifty dollars apiece. These were executed in her very best style in a few weeks; and a few months after, her mother, sister, and herself, occupied the charming little cottage whose possession had been the height of her ambition. They found it a delightful residence, so different from the one they had left. Catharine's taste and neatness soon made it the admiration of many a passing stranger. Mr. Francis Erland thought it the most charming place imaginable, and soon became a constant visitor there. At first Catharine rather objected to this.

"Between us," said she, "fortune has fixed a great gulf."

This sentiment, however, she could never impress upon the mind of her visitor; she daily found it more difficult to entertain it herself.

He had at last found the jewel which he had so long sought in vain; and he wished to give it so rich a setting as to make its value universally appreciated. And in the course of time he succeeded. As with mingled pride and fondness he drew the arm of his beautiful wife within his own, he felt that her mother indeed spoke most truly when she assured him that he had won "a pearl of great price."

Mrs. and Miss Erland were soon among Catharine's warmest admirers. Miss Louisa's passion for her dear sister's paintings became so great, that it proved quite inconvenient to that lady—and nothing but the timely present of a handsome pair of mirrors saved her from Miss Erland's importunate requests that she would adorn both Miss E.'s rooms with pictures.

Health soon returned to Mrs. Lee's cheek, and brightness to her eye, when she felt herself so comfortably situated, the object of her daughter's constant tenderness and affection.

Peyton and Ellen were the sweetest little playmates imaginable. And Catharine, in producing and diffusing happiness around her, finds her dearest hopes of happiness in life realized. "She stretcheth forth her hands to the needy."

LOVE, HOPE, AND MEMORY.

AN ALLEGORY.

BY J. STUART CARLTON.

One summer's eve, as I reclined
Within a fairy bower;
Striving in vain to while away
A weary tedious hour;
There came three merry, laughing friends,
A happy company,
Three cheerful, loving friends they were,
Love, Hope and Memory.

A year passed by—I sought the bower
Where I before had lain;
I hoped that those same happy friends
Might visit me again.
Love and Memory appeared,
But they seemed sick and sad,
And when I asked for cheerful Hope,
They told me he had fled.

Another year had passed away,
Again, I sought that spot;
Memory was there—I waited long;
But Love and Hope came not.
I asked of Memory where they were?
He sadly shook his head;
He said—bright Hope had ne'er returned,
And that young Love was dead.

A dozen Summers passed away,
Still Memory was there,
And though I never saw him smile,
He still seemed fresh and fair;
I asked him why he was unchanged—
A tear stood in his eye;
He said—though Memory might be sad,
Yet it could never die.

The warmest Love may die away,
And brightest Hope take wings;
Memory, still the truest friend,
To dark misfortune clings.
And though perhaps it may recall,
Scenes that were best forgot;
It on the barren, withered heart,
Shows many a bright green spot.

Louisville, Ky., 1846.

CHANGING PLACES.

A MYSTERIOUS TALE,

WITH A PLAIN MORAL.

BY HENRY PETERSON.

PART I.

"It's bitter cold," muttered Si Rackets to himself, not so much from there being any particular necessity of calling his attention to that fact, as from a kind of involuntary admiration of the way the wind whistled round the corners and swept past his head, as if it intended to shave his ears off. "It's bitter, bitter cold for a man whose supper will be none of the warmest," reiterated he, as a fresh blast swept by, nearly blinding him with its powdery load of new-fallen snow.

It was growing dusk, though not yet so dark but that objects were easily distinguishable, and as Si uttered these words, a sleigh dashed up to the door of a house near, filled with a gay party, and a young man sprang out, and bidding adieu to the company, gaily, hurried into the house.

"Aye, aye, young Robinson!" said Si, "now, there's that fellow, rollicking and frolicking all the day, and then comes home to his big house, and servants, and rich food; while I, poor dog, must toil hard from morning till night, and then think myself well off if I can get a bone to pick!"

The thought was too much for Si—he stopped and looked up through the window to where the red light from a coal fire played upon the ceiling of the room.

"I've half a notion," muttered Si, "to pitch a stone through the window! It would make the rascal a little uncomfortable, any how. Yes, I'd like to pitch a stone through every pane of glass in his house," continued he, growing excited with the idea. "I'd like him to feel for one night what some other people as good as him have to bear all the time.—And then if I could only pour a jug of cold water in his bed before he got right sound asleep, I'd like it! Ha! ha! that would be fun!"

But inasmuch as the stones were all covered over, and besides being firmly chained down to the ground by the frost, and as the snow was too dry to make snow-balls, Si had to content himself as poor people generally have to do, with the pleasures of the imagination.

During this time, young Harry Robinson, owing, perhaps, to some mesmeric influence, was engaged in a train of reflections, somewhat similar to those that had been racking the brains of Si Rackets.

Upon entering his parlor, he had thrown himself upon the sofa, with the mental exclamation—

"Oh! but it's nice to have a warm, cosy, elegant room like this on such a bitter cold night;" and as his servant brought to him on a tray a dish of smoking stewed oysters, he exclaimed again, mentally, "oh, but it's nice to have a dish of hot oysters on such a bitter cold night!"

It didn't, however, take Harry very long to finish the oysters, and then, finding his appetite somewhat appeased, he began to moralize, for he had received a collegiate education, and had been a member of a debating society, and was so accomplished at the thrust and parry of argument, that he could argue both sides of any question himself, and do it so well that any candid man, and Harry had many such, as they lied, among his friends—would allow that both had gained the victory."

"It's a nice thing to have a hot fire, and hot oysters, and a spring-seat sofa, on a cold night like this; and I'm a good deal better-off than three-fourths of mankind, and should be thankful for it," reiterated Harry's first thought.

"Well, I don't know about that, either," commented second thought. "It's not much difference how a man lives—habit's every thing. See the Hindoo devotees how they'll get used to living on a post or hanging on a hook, and enjoy it, for all we know, as much as a house after they get used to it."

"Do you remember the horse that was to get used to living without eating, but when they got him down to a straw a-day, he died!" laughed first thought.

"None of your vulgar allusions," replied second thought, scornfully. "Give us something classical, or hold your tongue. Don't poor people look as happy as rich people?—don't their children seem as fat and hearty, rolling about the mud?—wouldn't miners rather work underground by the light of a lamp, than above ground by the light of the sun?—to be sure they would. A man that never gets oysters, what does he care about oysters?—a man that never had a good meal's victuals in his life, what does he care about victuals?—it's all habit—habit—nothing else but habit—just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined—it will grow one way as well and fast as another."

First thought was completely dumb-founded by such a concatenation of evidence, and Harry, finding second thought had so completely silenced if not convinced it, gave in his decision—

"Yes," said he, aloud, "It's all habit—I'd as leave be a poor mechanic, as a rich man—in fact, I'd rather be one. I'm nearly worried to death with that lawyer agent of mine, and his bonds and mortgages which, he says, must be attended to—yes, I'd rather any day be a poor journeyman mechanic, with nothing to do but take your wages and buy what you want; take your wages that other men must provide, and buy what you want—and so on, without any trouble, the whole year round. Yes, let me be a poor mechanic, with hard work for the day and sound sleep for the night, and take these houses, and lands, and mortgages, and bonds, to the devil——"

"Ah! what's that!" said a soft clear voice behind him.

Harry turned suddenly and saw a person advancing towards him, who seemed to have just entered the door, although he had neither heard the servant announce him, nor the door open nor shut.

"You spoke to me, I believe?" said Harry, haughtily, motioning his visitor to a seat.

"Excuse me—I never sit, replied the visitor. "I had a little business with you, but I thought I heard you say, as I entered, that you would be willing to exchange your condition, with that of a common mechanic, and it was rather a singular idea for one like you to confess that, you must excuse me, but; ha! ha! ha!—it was a very little laughable."

Harry was rather nettled at the freedom of these remarks, but as his visitor was an old man, dressed in a style of a gentleman of the old school, it would not do to express any resentment—he therefore contented himself with replying with some warmth, "that, laughable or not, he generally meant what he said, and that he would be willing, if it were possible, at that moment, to exchange conditions with any laborer in the land—that is, one as sound in mind and body as he was himself!"

"Excuse me for doubting your word," replied the old man, in the same clear and soft tone, while the smile that perpetually played upon his inscrutable face deepened a little; "but would you, in earnest, be willing to take the place of a hoe and harrow, or jack-plane man, if it were possible—indeed I cannot believe you—you are only joking with me."

"I tell you again I would do it this instant," exclaimed Harry, vexed at the manner of his visitor.

"But," continued the old man, gliding to the window and pointing to our friend Si, who had taken a seat on the fire plug opposite, and sat gazing up at the house, seemingly unconscious of the cold, to the wonder of all those who passed by—"would you, I always like to be definite, be willing to change places even with that poor fellow who sits out there shivering with cold—I don't doubt that he'd be willing to take your place—ha! ha! ha!"

There was something peculiarly disagreeable to Harry in the cold, ironical laugh of his visitor—it irritated him without his knowing exactly why.

"Yes, I would, were it possible, this very minute," cried he, impatiently; "this very minute. Let him come in here and me go out, I'll get used to it as soon as he will, God knows."

A loud laugh shook the walls of the room—the old man grasped him by the arm—Harry felt a pang as if his whole body was turned inside out—and then he heard the cold winds whistle around his ears and felt his feet dangle against the fire-plug.

PART II.

We left Si Rackets on the pavement before Harry Robinson's house, indulging himself with the imaginary application of various disagreeabilities to the person of that rich gentleman, for the perversity displayed by him in preferring to toast his extremities before a good fire, instead of keeping them warm by thumping them against a snowy pavement. Si had heard when he was a boy and attended charity school in the evenings, that the effects of heat and cold upon the system were very much the same; but in spite of the philosophy of the thing, he still adhered to the old superannuated notion that the first was vastly preferable to the latter.

But Si still lingered before the house as if chained there by some mysterious attraction. He sat down on the fire plug and his mind seemed to sit down with his body. He wondered to himself what had come over him, and tried to rouse himself by humming a verse, the production of one of his fellow workmen, who thought himself a genius:

"With plenty to eat
And plenty to wear,
We'll beard e'en the devil
And pluck have to spare."

"So we would!" ejaculated Si, fiercely, turning himself, to a man, that was passing.

"You carry rather too much sail, my friend,—but take care or the watchey will bring you to anchor all of a sudden," said the stranger, calmly, as he shrugged his shoulder and passed on.

"Blast the watchey," exclaimed Si, indignantly. "We'll beard e'en the devil and have pluck to spare!"

"What's that you observed?" said a smiling old man at his side.

"Hallo—where did you come from?" shouted Si.

"You spoke, my dear fellow," said the stranger, in a whisper, "and I thought you wanted something."

"So I do want something," replied Si, more soberly, for a cold chill, notwithstanding he was even then nearly frozen, shot through him as the old man breathed into his face. "I want a good many things. I want a big house like this one of young Robinson's, and plenty of servants, and a hot fire—why blast it I want to live; that's what I want."

"Well, my young friend, but suppose you had Robinson's house—suppose you could jump this very moment right into his skin, you'd be no better off than you are now—indeed you wouldn't." And the old man laughed excessively in his smiling way without making any perceptible sound.

"I wouldn't be better off, wouldn't I old feller," said Si, giving a long whistle. "I'd like to try it for a little while anyhow. I'd just like to try it for a year or two. I'd like to jump into his skin and see if it didn't feel nice and warm."

"Well, I think perhaps it might be brought about, Si," said the stranger, patting him gently on the back with pats that seemed each one as if he was thrusting an icicle through his body; "I think I could if I tried to plump you right down into his skin."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Si. "Who are you?" cried he, breathlessly, as a sudden thought passed through his mind, glancing around to get a view of the old man's back.

"No, no, Si; none of that—play fair," said the old man, backing off. "It's no matter who I am—I'm your friend, that's enough, and you shouldn't quarrel with your bread and butter."

"Well, blame me if I care who you are—but can't you stand a little further off; you make one so confounded cold."

"Now, Si," said the old gentleman, smiling blandly, "you see what it is to have a reputation. The world will have it, notwithstanding all my bosom friends bear continual witness to the contrary, that I am the warmest mortal on earth—that is, in existence—but men were always fools from the beginning. But coming back to your business: I'll try to accommodate you."

"Stay," said Si, in a faint whisper, "are you then in truth the—the devil?"

"Pshaw, pshaw!" exclaimed the old man, interrupting him. "There is no such thing—it's all an invention of the priests to frighten children with;—why Voltaire found that out a long while ago. Do I look like the devil—where's my tail?"

"Why, that's what I wanted to see!" said Si, humbly, again attempting to glance behind the old gentleman's back.

"Pshaw, what nonsense," said he, again backing off, "where's my hoofs, too?" poking out one of his legs—"Is that a hoof?"

"It's a very big foot though!" faltered Si.

"Well, hasn't a man a right to have a big foot, especially if he be old and have corns?" said the old gentleman pettishly. "Besides, if I could put my hoof in boots, why not also put my tail in my coat pocket?"

"I've heard say that the devil daresn't hide both," suggested Si, very modestly.

"Daresn't?—who's to hinder him?" exclaimed the stranger, apparently unable to restrain his indignation; "who can give laws to the devil—say—tell me that, will you?"

Si hoped he hadn't offended. He was the last man in the world to speak disrespectfully of any one—and he thought the ministers were much to blame in what they said.

"Of course they are," said the old gentleman.—"They are too personal—that's the fault I find with them—and then throwing off all their own sins and every body else's on to the devil, as if he hadn't enough to do to take care of his own. But that's neither here nor there: you want to change places with young Robinson for a while: now I have some reasons for believing that he don't value his situation one rush, and I shall be very happy to oblige you, even were it for nothing else than to disappoint my enemies, who villify me by saying that I have never yet done a good deed in my life."

Si was horrified at first at the idea of possibly being so near the evil one: but the old fellow was so smiling and polite, and seemed so anxious to oblige him, that he could not believe, notwithstanding his apparent unwillingness to allow his back to be seen, that he was really his Satanic majesty himself. Besides the liquor that he had drunk on his way home in order to keep off the blues, kept up his spirits, and the wind was so keen, and the cold was so very bitter, and the inside of the house looked so warm and glowing through the window, that he could not regard as his enemy one who professed his willingness to do so much for him.

"Well, as I said afore," exclaimed he, "I say now: I'd just like nothing better than to change places with that 'ere lucky dog Harry Robinson for a while."

"Give me your hand on that," cried the old man, gaily.

Si thoughtlessly stretched out his hand, but the icy grasp nearly froze up his senses, and he liked to have fallen from his seat. As it was, he sunk into an apathy, through which he could just perceive the old man backing from him up the steps, and through the door, as if there was no door there, into the house.

It seemed but an instant ere the old gentleman was again at his side.

"Are you ready?" asked he, taking him by the collar.

"Aye!" feebly murmured Si, "all aboard."

"Then here she goes." And with these words, the old man seemed to tighten his grasp, and lifting him from the ground as if he were a child, slung him three times around his head, and then, with all his might, through the window into the dwelling he had so much coveted. At least, this was Si's belief forever after; for the pain he experienced was just that of being thrown through a pane of glass; and when he came to himself, he was standing upright in the middle of the parlour.

"Well, this is about a little bit the richest old gentleman," said Si, "I ever seen."

No one answered his remark. He was alone in the room. He walked to the window. To his astonishment, on the fire-plug, just in the place he had a moment before quitted, sat an image of himself—

"Confound it!" exclaimed he, rubbing his eyes. But his *face* seemed to feel smoother than usual; he passed his hand down to his chin, but missed his five days' old beard. "Why the old fellow *was* the devil, sure enough," thought he. Glancing down in his perplexity, his eye *fell* upon the polished boot which reflected back the blazing fire; from thence it stole up over black cassimere pants, to a black satin vest, and gold chain and seals. "It *was* the devil, then," reiterated he. A low chuckle answered him from the corner of the room. "Who's there?" cried he.

"Did you call, sir?" said a perfumed waiter, bringing in a light.

"Who am I?" asked he, sternly, letting the rays fall *full* upon him.

"Why, Massa Harry, what d'ye mean by asking of such a question?"

"No matter, Congo, clear yourself—make yourself vacant."

The black retired grinning, saying "dat Massa Harry was *funny* to-night."

No sooner had the waiter closed the door, than Si seized the light, and going before a long pier-glass, surveyed himself from head to foot. Sure enough, there he was, in the skin and clothes of the object of his envy. It seemed wonderful at first, but after a little while he began to feel the dignity of his station, and wondered that it had ever been otherwise. He began to consider himself the rightful heir, and the former occupant an usurper who had been depriving him all along of his rights.

"I wonder," said he, as he rose from the spring-seat sofa on which he had stretched himself, "I wonder if that loafer still hangs about the pavement." Whereupon Si walked hastily to the window, and saw that the fire-plug was still tenanted. Raising the window indignantly, he shouted, "Here, you lazy dog, what do you mean by loafing there all the evening? If you don't vacate shortly, I'll put the servants on to you."

His words seemed to rouse the person addressed from a brown study, for he jumped up suddenly, and muttering loud enough for Si to hear "Mean-spirited villain!" shook his fist at him, and walked slowly up the street.

"I can't begin too soon," said Si, aloud, "to keep up the dignity of my position. What's the use of being rich, if one's to be run down with vagabonds and beggars in this fashion. I must make an example of some of the first, or else I'll have my house a perfect hospital."

Si paused, for he heard the same low *chuckle* which he had noticed before, in the farthest corner of the room. It had not annoyed him then, but it did annoy him now, and he said fiercely—

"And I can tell all eaves-droppers, whoever they may be, that it also is a thing I won't submit to, and the sooner they clear out the better it'll be for their wholesome."

There had been one chuckle before. Now there seemed to be one in each of the four corners of the room.

"I won't submit to it," cried Si, not quite so indignantly as before, edging his way towards the centre of the parlour.

Again there was one low chuckle, but only one, in the farthest corner.

Si gathered courage again; he was mad, hopping mad; but the remembrance of those unearthly sounds all around him, constrained him to keep it to himself.

"I can't, then, be master, even here," said he, after a pause.

Again that odious chuckle in the far corner, admonished him of the danger of giving utterance to his thoughts.

PART III.

It was not with the pleasantest feelings in the world in his breast, that Harry Robinson left the fire-plug on which he had been dozing ever since his transformation, and walked up the silent street.

"The contemptible, mean-spirited villain," muttered he. "But I might have known it—put a beggar on horseback, and he'll ride to the devil. Well, it's all done now, and I must make the most of a bad bargain; but, bless me, it was rather green. It's confounded cold," continued he, as he walked up the street, trying in vain to make his coat meet and button over his breast. "I never knew it was quite so cold in these parts—why, it's a second Siberia—it's the coldest night I ever knew."

At last, when he had reached the outskirts of the town, having stopped before an old, dreary-looking brick house, he felt this was the place. He pushed open the *front* door and walked into the entry.—"This isn't the place anyhow, thank God," said he, as he heard a man's voice, in a room on the first floor, cursing and swearing. Up stairs his instinct led him. He listened at a door. He heard the voices of two females within, but the tone was too low to catch their words. He opened the door and walked in.

"Why Si, my son, you are very late to-night; we were afraid something had happened to you," said a middle-aged woman, with a face still mild and soft, but pale and haggard with care.

"What kept you so late, dear Si?" said the other, a pale, slender girl, coming towards him, and looking into his face with a fearful, sad expression in her blue eyes.

"Don't look at me so, dear sis, pray don't," said Harry, the words coming almost involuntarily to his lips. "I did take a glass or two, but that wasn't the reason; indeed it wasn't, mother, indeed it wasn't."

"Oh, Si, if you only would give up that altogether, mother and I wouldn't care how poor we were—we'd do anything for you we could, dear Si, if you would only say that you would drink nothing any more."

Harry gazed a moment in silence upon the sweet, wasted face and form before him.

"I will give it up altogether, Lizzie, for yours and mother's sake," said he at length.

"Bless you for those words, my son," said the widow, a light passing over her face, such as might have rested upon it in her youth—while the girl passed her arm gently around his neck, and kissed him repeatedly.

"But you've had no supper to-night yet, have you?" said Harry, glancing at the fire-place, "and your fire is nearly burnt out, though it is so bitter cold."

"No matter, dear Si," said the girl, "what you have said to-night will be both food and fire for us in many a long, cold evening, while we are waiting for you."

Harry thrust his hands in his pockets—luckily, right down in the corner of one of them he found a stray shilling; and hurrying from the room, he soon returned with a loaf of bread, some bacon, and some wood.

"But Si, dear, what are we to do to-morrow, if we eat this now? you know you don't receive your wages till to-morrow night."

"No matter, mother, I'll fix it. I know I can raise that much, any how," replied Harry, positively—so positively, that she believed he must have some certainty about the matter, and made no scruple as to gratifying her hunger.

After their meal was *finished*, Harry had a little further insight into the political economy of poverty. Si's mother raked the ashes over the fire, as a thing of course, and lay down with Lizzie in their *clothes* upon a straw pallet, dragging a thin coverlid over them. Poor people cannot afford to burn fire through the evening; and to sleep in the clothes you have worn all day, though not particularly comfortable, is decidedly preferable to running the risk of freezing to death. Harry therefore flung himself down upon another pallet in the opposite corner, and vowing inwardly that he would have the rheumatism before morning, fell asleep.

Harry slept pretty soundly till towards the middle of the night; then he was suddenly awakened by what seemed to be a rude slap in his face. He listened for a moment. What was it that so disturbed the night with noise and confusion? A moment more, and there came another stroke right into his face. He started up in a rage, exclaiming—

"Who did that?"

"It's only the rats, my dear," said a calm voice from the other side of the room. "I often wondered they never woke you before. They've been very bad for a week, now—and the smell of the meat to-night has made them worse than common."

"And so I am to lie still and be eaten to death by rats, am I?" muttered Harry.

"They won't hurt you, Si, dear; they'll smell a little at you, but they'll run as soon as you move."

"But I don't like to be smelled at," said Harry.

"Well, I'm not sleepy, dear; I'll sit up and keep them away," said Si's mother. "I've been keeping them away from Lizzie, poor child; she needs sleep so much; and I was afraid they'd disturb her."

"No, no, mother, no you won't; just you go to sleep as soon as possible; we'll bear them to-night, and to-morrow I'll see if I can't stop up their holes and keep them out."

But, though Harry spoke so philosophically, he had no idea of subjecting himself any longer to such familiarities. He therefore dragged his bed up against the wall, and prepared to sleep out the rest of the night in a sitting posture.

The next morning, Harry was up with the first grey streak of dawn. He didn't wonder any longer why poor people got up so early—his only wonder was how they managed to stay in their hard, cold beds so long. Mrs. Rackets and Lizzie were, however, up before him: and had between them raked up quite a little fire, which they fed with wood in the same manner that the world fed them with sustenance, as slowly as was consistent with the support of life.

The remains of last night's supper furnished a slight breakfast, and Mrs. Rackets having reminded him that they should have nothing for dinner, unless he was able to procure the money he had alluded to on the previous evening, Harry started off to his work.

As he walked along, and thought of the occurrences of the last twelve hours, while he could not account in any rational manner for the metamorphosis he had undergone, he was able to see clearly the nature and extent of it.

That he was not changed into Si Rackets was evident, because his mental perceptions, and modes of thought, were still, to a great degree, his own.—Whatever was material about him, his body, and those sensations that appertain to the body, and to this world, were changed. Even his memory of things relative to his worldly affairs as Harry Robinson, had departed nearly altogether from him, and a perception of Si Rackets' business and worldly connections awoke within him gradually, as it was needed.

He became aware, therefore, now, that Si was employed in a cotton factory—that he had but lately engaged himself there, and, knowing nothing about the business, was a laborer of the meanest grade, and receiving but a trifling pittance for his toil. He became conscious also that the present were "hard times," a phrase which he had often used before, but the meaning of which he never till now realized.

Under these circumstances he formed a plan to this effect. He knew that the owner of the factory, Mr. Simons, had the reputation of being a just and humane man; he would see him personally in the course of the morning, get a shilling from him on account of his week's wages, which, he had no doubt, he could obtain by representing the starving condition of his family, and also prevail on him to increase his wages, by convincing him that they were not such as could be lived upon without great suffering. All this seemed so fair and just to him, that he had but little doubt of a compliance with his demands.

Full of these agreeable anticipations, Harry went to his work with much alacrity, and, though the employment was not particularly pleasant, yet, with the aid of Si Rackets' not too fastidious organs and his stout body, he managed to get through the morning very well.

Upon the first stroke of the bell, at noon, Harry washed himself very quickly, and, making his way to the little room appropriated to Mr. Simons, desired a few minutes' conversation with him.

"Well, Rackets, what have you to say?" said his employer, pushing his spectacles up on his forehead.

"I have taken the liberty, Mr. Simons," replied Harry, "of coming to have a little talk with you about my wages. They are so low, *now*, that it is but just possible to live upon them. And I thought if I could satisfy you of this fact, you would be very willing to increase them to a sum sufficient to give me, and those that are dependent upon me, a decent living. I am willing to work hard, you know, Mr. Simons, and I think a fair day's work ought to be recompensed with a fair day's wages."

Harry paused, confident that such logic was unanswerable. But Mr. Simons smiled—he did not get angry, nor the least ruffled, as many employers would under similar circumstances—no, Mr. Simons was a good specimen of a man, honest, open, and liberal,—but he was also a business man, and prided himself upon his ability to make as much profit from a given capital invested as any man. Mr. Simons smiled, as we have said, as if he had heard such things said hundreds of times before, and saw exactly where the fallacy of them lay.

"Now, *my good fellow*," replied his employer, "I can show you the folly, in a few minutes, of what you have just been saying. You have fallen into the common error of poor and uneducated men—that of supposing it is in the *power* of any man, or body of men, to regulate the wages of labor. You have never read any works upon Political Economy, I suppose?"

Harry hardly knew what to answer; for, as Harry Robinson, he had read several: but again, as Si Rackets, he had not read any, and consequently, it may be supposed, his ideas were rather confused upon the subject. He replied, therefore—

"Yes—no—I believe not."

"I thought as much," renewed Mr. Simons. "Now, my dear fellow, listen a moment. It is proven in these works, written by some of the ablest men that the world has ever produced, that you can no more regulate the wages of labor than you can the rising and falling of the tides. They regulate themselves. See—it is proven, moreover, by these learned men, that any attempt by government or individuals to interfere in the matter, only makes things worse.—Now, I'll show you how it works. There is a certain amount of work to be done every year, and there is a certain number of men to do it: when the quantity of work to be done is larger than common, there is a demand for workmen, and wages go up: these are 'good times;' when there is not much to do, the workmen find difficulty in obtaining employment, and are consequently willing to work for lower wages; these are 'bad times'."

"Then," said Harry, interrupting him, "when a man can only get work three or four days in the week, he must also put up with smaller wages than common—that's hard, I think."

"I am not saying what is hard, or what is not hard," said Mr. Simons, more gravely. "If you're sick, and can't work at all, you get no wages at all, and that's hard, too, but it's a fact. The thing, see, regulates itself. The price of labour, which we call wages, must be determined like the price of everything else, by the demand. If we manufacturers make up too many goods for the market, they fall in value, sometimes even below the cost of production. Now, as to your case, if I had any difficulty in getting men to do what you are doing, of course you could hold back, and I would have to raise your wages. But it is very different, you know. I can get hundreds to do the same things for the wages I pay you, and you cannot expect me to give more than the market value. And suppose I was to do so, not in your particular case only, I mean, but as a general rule—I could not manufacture as cheap as other manufacturers; I should not be able to make a sufficient profit on my goods, and would have to discontinue the business, and, as a consequence, discharge all my hands; and so, instead of the little you now get you would get nothing at all. Don't you see it? It's as plain as the crown of your hat."

Harry scarcely knew what to answer to a discourse apparently so sound and reasonable. He had, moreover, a slight remembrance of having used such an argument himself, often, when he was a college debater; and this tended further to confuse his mind. Making a bold push, however, he said—

"But suppose all the manufacturers were to advance the wages of their men—then *one* would not be able to undersell the other."

"When the sky falls we shall catch larks, I suppose," replied his employer. "What is to make them *all* come into such a measure? And if any number held out the rest would be ruined. Say, Rackets, who's to make them?"

Harry made another bold push—the cloud began to open a little.

"The government."

"Well, but didn't I tell you that all political economists have decided that the interference of government in these matters has always made things worse?"

"Perhaps," suggested Harry, "it was because government did not interfere wisely."

"Rackets, you're incorrigible," said Mr. Simons, rather pettishly. "Do you suppose you know better than learned men, who have studied the thing through and through? The thing regulates itself, just like heat and cold, like the winds, like the tides, like everything else in nature."

"But still, Mr. Simons, we don't submit to nature's regulations. We regulate nature, don't we? We build fires to warm the air when it's too cold—we build houses to keep off the wind and rain—we build steamboats to go right in the tooth of the tide"—

"What nonsense," ejaculated his employer, still more pettishly.

"Then," continued Harry, "if we don't submit to nature in these things, why should we in the regulation of wages?"

"Because you can't help it—that's why," exclaimed Mr. Simons. "There's but one way to help it, and that, you are too full of your carnal natures to pursue."

"What is that?" asked Harry, more submissively, for he began to fear that his chance of obtaining the other request he had to make would be rather small, if he was not more cautious in his opposition to his employer's principle of "self regulation."

"Why, that is to have nothing to do with marrying or giving in marriage. Don't you see that there are too many of you now? There is already so many people on the earth that there isn't near work enough for them—they can't get employment, and therefore have to wander about half naked and half starved, cursing those who were instrumental in bringing them into the world. You yourself have a wife and three or four children, I suppose?"

"No, sir, I have only a mother and a sister. But isn't it according to those laws of nature which you were speaking *of*, which regulate every thing, and which it is impossible to regulate in turn, to get married?"

"What do you mean, sir, by playing upon my words in this manner?" said Mr. Simons indignantly.

"I meant no offence, indeed, sir," said Harry.

"You did mean offence—you meant to ridicule me—but I will put up with no insolence from any man in my employ. Go to the clerk, and he will pay you off, and then never darken these doors again."

In vain Harry apologized—his employer was inflexible. He was indignant at the thought that a common workman had presumed not only to puzzle him a little in the way of argument, but also to ridicule his contradictions. And though generally a very good-tempered man, he was now too affronted to be easily appeased.

"Well," said Harry, as he trudged homeward, "I've got the shilling and more too—but what is to be done next week for victuals! Confound my foolishness!—what business of mine was it if he did talk like a donkey about his order of nature, and all things regulating themselves? It's regulated me out of a situation, and that's all the good I can see that will come of it."

The night that had been passed by Harry so uncomfortably, had been begun by Si Rackets in a far more agreeable manner. Harry's body, tired with the sleigh ride, had soon manifested a disposition to sleep, a disposition that Si had no wish at all to discourage. And when he lay down upon the soft feathers, and mentally contrasted them with the straw pallet he was used to occupy, an expression of peculiar satisfaction passed over his features.

"I wonder who's got the best of the bargain now?" thought he, as he nestled down beneath the warm counterpane.

But warm and comfortable as it was, Si, after having enjoyed it for a few minutes, was not satisfied.

"Dang it! what's to prevent me having a fire in the room all night?" said he, ringing the bell violently. No one answering his summons immediately, he gave another tremendous pull, and in so doing broke the bell-rope.

"Confound the rascals! they must have heard me," he muttered.

He lay silent a few minutes—no noise.

"I'll see whether or not I'm to be treated in this fashion. What's the use of being rich and having plenty of money?" exclaimed he, as he leaped out of bed and groped his way through the dark, for he had blown out his lamp, towards the door. "Oh! the powers—blast it!" he exclaimed, as he, what is vulgarly called, "stumped his toe" against the leg of a chair. "Thunderation!" shouted he, as recoiling from the chair he knocked stars into his eyes against the door which he had carelessly left half open.

Half mad with rage caused by these various discomfitures and the cold, Si made his way down the long stairs.

"I'll see what the ragamuffins are at; and discharge them all this blessed night as sure as my name's Si—Henry Robinson," muttered he. He opened the parlour door—all was dark and silent. He made his way towards the kitchen. "Now I shall catch them!" thought he. He was mistaken: all there, also, was dark and silent. "Dang it, if I don't believe the rascals have also had the impudence to go to bed too. Who's there?" he cried, as he heard a low laugh in the corner.

Si remembered the chuckles in the evening—he overflowed with indignation.

"Oh! yes, you may laugh, but I'll show you that they won't fool me in this way for nothing—they won't."

"They won't!" was spoken in a whisper, in the corner.

"No, they won't," shouted Si.

"They won't!" rang from the corner like an echo.

"Come, what's the use in plaguing me in this way, old gentleman?" said Si, a little apologetically, endeavoring to light a lamp by the coals in the fireplace. "You know I never injured you," continued he, even more apologetically, as he found that it was no easy matter to do so.

At last, however, Si succeeded in lighting his lamp without any further interruption, and then taking a large bell from the table, he went into the entry and began ringing it violently.

"What's the matter? What's going on?" cried several male voices down the stairs, interspersed with several female exclamations of thieves and murder.

"Oh, you're pretty rascals," shouted Si, back—"Come down here, every one of you—what d'ye mean by going to bed this time of night?"

"Massa Harry's cracked, that's sartin'!" said the waiter to his fellow servants loud enough for Si to hear.

"I'll crack your head, you black compound of ebony," exclaimed Si, indignantly.

"We won't come down," said one of the women, in a shrill scream.

"We won't come down either," shouted one of the men.

"You won't?" said Si, "well, I'll turn off every one of you to-morrow, that I will. I'll see if I won't be boss in my own shop. What's the use of being boss, if you can't have your own way? Send down that boy, anyhow."

"Yes, you want to beat him!" cried one of the women.

"I don't want to beat him—I want him to make a fire in my room, you fool, you!"

There was a long consultation—so long that Si began to shiver again with the cold—then it seemed that they had determined that the boy should come, for he heard his footsteps upon the stairs.

"Why didn't you come when I called you?" exclaimed Si, administering a box on the boy's ear, for the double purpose of venting this spleen and warming his fingers.

"They wouldn't let me!" said the boy, whimpering.

"Well, now get to work and kindle me a fire in the crack of a cow's thumb, or you'll pay for it," said Si, giving him another box upon the opposite ear.

"Well, this is a remarkable pretty state of things!" ejaculated our hero as he made his way up stairs again through the cold. "They call this being rich, do they? A man can't have a little fire even in his own room at night, without kicking up a row with the servants, can't he? And then his servants must be boss, after all; must they? Well, I'll turn them all off in the morning, that I will—I'd have turned them off to-night, but there'd be nobody to make the fires and get the breakfast to-morrow."

Si crept back into bed, and in a few moments the boy entered the room, but without any wood or shavings, or anything for a fire.

"Where's your wood?" said Si, glaring out from under the cover.

"Got none," replied the boy. "Cook says we haven't had any for a month; we don't burne wood, but coals."

"Well, now, if this isn't enough to try the patience of Job!" said Si, indignantly. "No wood—plenty of money and no wood. But you think I'll have to do without a fire, do you?" continued he, as he observed a slight grin on the boy's face. "You think you'll boss it over me here too, do you? But I'll show you what's what before I'm done with you. I'll have a fire here this night if I have to chop down one of the doors for wood—blame me if I won't!"

"Cook said," interrupted the boy, "that there was plenty of charcoal, and you might make a fire in the little oven, if you pleased."

"Run, you rascal; run then—am I to be kept awake all night in this way like a beggar?" said Si. "What's the use of being rich, if a fellow can't get sleep when he wants it?"

It was not long before the boy returned with the oven and the charcoal.

"Now that feels good," said Si, after the boy had left the room and the warmth of the fire began to spread over the apartment. "Some poor devils are sleeping, I guess, to-night without a blanket or bed, let alone a fire in their rooms. Well, if they enjoy it, let them do it!—that's all I have to say. What'd be the use in being rich if every body was? A feller enjoys a warm bed when he thinks how many have to sleep on cold boards, hard too as bones.—Every body for number one, that's my notion. Let every feller take care of himself," yawned Si, stretching out one leg. "If he don't like one birth, let him try another"—hauling it back from the cold sheets.

The clear, cold rays of a January sun were streaming into the room, but still Si slumbered on. We have said *clear* rays, and so they were before entering the window—but inside they mingled with a pale blue smoke that filled the apartment. Si lay upon the bed and to any one at the first sight would have seemed to be in a sound sleep, but as you marked his face more narrowly, an unquiet, fearful expression occasionally flitted over it. We have said he slumbered, but it was not slumber—we have said he slept, but God forbid that sleep, sleep, "that balm of hurt minds," that calm power which brings back the disturbed balance of the soul once more to its centre, should ever be the unnatural stupefaction of the faculties which Si now experienced.

All through the long night, fearful dreams had pressed upon his mind. Awful shapes had flitted before his eyes and bade him drink from their goblets, molten gold. One had wound his body around with a heavy golden chain, until he quivered beneath the load to his finger ends. They scoffed at him—they mocked him—they offered him gold to eat instead of bread. They made the atmosphere around him a brazen wall and laughed to see him struggling to breathe it. At last they all disappeared when they had tormented him to the uttermost—and then the old man came who had been the agent of his metamorphose. He came, bland and smiling as ever, and stepping up on to the bed, sat right down upon his breast. In vain Si begged and implored him to choose some other seat. The old gentleman smiled and declined to comply—he was very easy himself and comfortable, and it must be all imagination in Si to suppose that such a trifling weight as his could inconvenience him. But heavier and heavier the old man seemed to grow with every inspiration, until at length Si could just breathe, and still he smiled and chatted on as if his victim was in the most comfortable situation in the world. At length he began to gasp for breath, and then the old man took a handful of coin from his pocket, and every time Si opened his mouth he would try to pitch one of the pieces in—a proceeding which when successful seemed to afford not him only but some others also, to judge by the laughter that then filled the room, a great deal of amusement. We say, not that these things actually did happen—in fact we know nothing about it—but Si always stuck to it that it was the truth till his dying day.

How long the old man amused himself with his game of "pitch penny" Si could not determine, for gradually a feeling of inertness took the place of his suffocation and pain, and finally all consciousness faded away, and when he came to himself, a gentleman with a peculiarly long face and nose was standing by his bedside, occasionally giving directions to one of the servants, who was bustling about the apartment as if a question of life and death were upon the carpet.

"Ah, he's coming too," said the long-faced gentleman, as Si opened his eyes slowly.

"Who's coming too—what's the row?"—Si would have said, but his mouth seemed closed as tight as a miser's fist.

"Now, I trust this will be a warning to you, all the days of your life," continued long face to the servant. "The fumes of charcoal, which is oxygenated wood, are highly hurtful, that is, deleterious to human existence. This natural air we breathe," said long face, with an oratorical flourish of his arms, "may become poisonous, that is gaseous, that is mephitic."

"Laws me," said the servant girl, "you needn't scold me—I didn't do it—Zeb done it."

Si by this time had managed to get his mouth a little open—but before he had time to speak the doctor seized a spoon that lay near and emptied its contents right into his throat.

"Ugh—ugh," said Si, closing his teeth suddenly, as he perceived the doctor had already filled the spoon for another dose. "What's the use of being rich," thought he disconsolately. "First an old fellow flinging his dirty silver into your mouth, and then another dosing oil down your throat—and all because one's rich—that ere feller wouldn't waste his oil on a poor chap that couldn't pay him for doing of it—no, I know he wouldn't."

In the afternoon, having pretty well recovered from the effects of the charcoal *furnace*, Si concluded that he would walk down and see the gentleman who had the management of what was now his estate. What with being nearly suffocated over night and having to pay an exorbitant doctor's bill in the morning, Si was rather dissatisfied. He was, moreover, not only dissatisfied, but a good deal indignant at the remembrance of being turned into a cushion by the old gentleman, and amidst this mingled dissatisfaction and indignation, the unwelcome thought would at times creep into his mind, that after all, this being rich was not exactly what it was cracked up to be.

Si fortunately found his man of business at home, and having feasted his eyes upon a schedule containing all the houses and lands and appurtenances, thereto belonging, which were included in the estate of Harry Robinson, was about to leave the office, when a marvellous bright idea seemed to strike him.

"Did you ever see, Mr. Sharpun," said he gravely, "ten thousand dollars all together in a heap?"

"How do you mean," replied that gentleman, "in notes, or in the hard money?"

"In the hard stuff, the real old silver shiners, just pulled off Uncle Sam's mint like scales off a fish—say, did you ever see ten thousand of them piled up in a heap, altogether?"

"No," said Mr. Sharpun, "I confess I never did."

"Well that's just what I mean to have, Sharpun," said Si. "And the sooner you get them for me, the better.—Didn't you say that feller, Jones, offered ten thousand for that house in Washington Row?"

"But my dear Mr. Robinson," expostulated Mr. Sharpun, "what a singular idea—I do not understand you—what would you do with the money after you got it?"

"Never mind about that," replied Si, "what I'll do with it; you know that *chest* I've got at home, I'll put it in that. I want to *see* my money—what's the use of being rich if a fellow can't feel it? I come down here and you say, see, Rack—— Robinson, I mean, that house is yours, that mortgage yours, that bond's yours,—but blame it, I want to see the stuff—then I'll *feel* I'm rich."

"But, Mr. Robinson," again began Sharpun.

"Not another word, not another word," interrupted Si. "I've made up my mind to it, and I intend to have it done. If you won't do it, Sharpun, I reckon I can find some one else that will."

"Of course, I'll do it, of course, if you desire it, Mr. Robinson—you know I'm but your agent—I'll put it all in coppers, if it would oblige you—"

"You're the fellow for me," exclaimed Si, slapping him on the back. "In coppers? that 'd be fun—In coppers—that would make a fine heap."

"But then we must consider," said Mr. Sharpun, gravely seeming to enter into the spirit of his employer, "what trouble it would be to count it out, when you wanted to pay any body anything. Besides it makes your fingers smell so. A rich man you know, dont want to be fumbling for half an hour to pay a few dollars."

"That's the truth—I never thought of that," said Si, seriously. "What's the use of being rich, if a feller can't pull out his pus and pay 'em off in a jiffey?"

"Even silver," said Mr. Sharpun, "is liable to the same objection. A rich man, you know, don't owe money by quarters and halves, but by fifties and hundreds; he'd scorn to owe a quarter dollar."

"True again," said Si; "I won't have silver—it's the rich man's copper. No, I'll have gold, that's the stuff. In comes the waiter—'Can you pay me my week's wages, sir?' 'Hem—let's see; here, can you change this eagle?—nothing smaller—nothing smaller, hem!' Yes, gold's the stuff, Sharpun."

"And after all," said Sharpun, abstractedly, "nothing is equal to good bank notes. Gold's heavy—gold's deceitful—gold's 'small potatoes' compared to notes. A rich man can pull out his pocket book any time and take out a note *for a thousand*, but he'd get tired if he'd lug that much gold about with him all the time."

"I don't care—I intend to have the gold," said Si, resolutely; "I want to feel myself, I tell you. If gold's heavy, it's all the better—it ain't vulgar, and that's enough."

"Oh, of course," replied Mr. Sharpun, "I was merely discussing the abstract question. Abstract principles, you know, may be true in themselves, and yet it would be very foolish, if not even wicked, to attempt to practice upon them. It is your will, then, that I shall sell the house I was speaking of?"

"Yes, sell it—sell two houses, if you choose—but get me the money," said Si, impatiently. "When can you get it? I must have it by to-morrow; can you get it by that time?"

"I'll try very hard to oblige you," said Mr. Sharpun; "but it may cause me considerable trouble and expense."

"Never mind that," said Si, "you'll find me a different feller from Harry—I mean I'm not the stingy chap I used to be. What's the use of being rich, if you can't make the fur fly?"

"I agree with you perfectly," said Mr. Sharpun.

"Some men have souls and some haven't," continued Si. "When a man's heart's full it overflows and then you see what's inside it. Some man's hearts overflows coppers—them are little chaps; some overflow's quarter and half dollars—them are middling-sized fellers; but some overflows gold pieces," said Si, striking his breast ferociously, "and them's the big, whole-souled fellers."

Mr. Sharpun opened wide his eyes at this burst of enthusiasm, but allowed them to resume their usual half-closed expression; apparently satisfied that the fumes of some liquid stronger than water were beginning to ascend into his employer's brain.

"Shall I send for a cab?—it's a long walk home, I know," said he, as Si moved unsteadily towards the door, reiterating his commands relative to the ten thousand.

"Cab!" exclaimed Si; "cabs are of two kinds—the backups and the sideways; the backups are for them that drives carts and drays, and don't know better, but the sideways are for gentlemen—the sideways are for gentlemen"——

Mr. Sharpun here interrupted Si's remarks by offering him his arm, and begging to accompany him home, as he was going in that direction on an errand—an offer which Si accepted after many apologies and explanations—and, having seen our hero to his own house, left him, revolving in his mind the change that seemed to have so suddenly come over his employer.

PART 2.

Harry Robinson had the next week full leisure to ruminate over those portions of political economy which his quondam employer had expounded, for he found, after repeated applications to other manufacturers, that there was, as is often the case, an over stock of labor in the market.

"I will explain to you, my man, the whole secret of it," said an old gentleman to whom he had applied for work. "The fact is, that there has already been so much produced, there have been such great quantities of stuff manufactured, such thousands of boots, such millions of hats, such immense numbers of every thing needful to the comfort of man, that we have to slacken off and wait till a portion at least is consumed."

"And what are we to do in the meantime?" said Harry.

The old man shrugged his shoulders. "It's a hard case, I know," at last he replied, "but it's the way of the world—it's the law of nature—things regulate themselves."

Harry, as we have said, had full leisure to ponder over these lessons of political economy that he received in place of work and wages, and as it is notorious that nothing sharpens a man's wits like necessity, hit at last on some notable conclusions.

"There has been too much produced," said he to himself a dozen of times; "too much produced—that's strange. That men should complain of short crops and scarcity seems reasonable, but to have to complain of full crops and plenty is strange in the extreme. Let me ——suppose the whole earth and sea belonged to one man or one family, wouldn't it be better for them the more they were able to produce? Suppose it belonged to two families who divided the production equally—to two hundred—to two thousand—to two millions—wouldn't they say 'the more the merrier'—the more we can raise out of the ground, or manufacture out of what grows in the ground, the better we shall be *fed*, the better we shall be *clothed*? But now it seems that the worse it is for some of us, if not all. How is this?"

Harry had to scatter to the four winds all he remembered of political economy, and work out the puzzle with his own head. That it should be 'good times' when things were *scarce*, and 'hard times' when things were *plenty*, seemed at first a paradox, but after a while he studied it out to satisfy himself a little in this fashion. He supposed that instead of the productions of the earth being divided fairly among the inhabitants of the earth, that three-fourths of them got simply their daily living, and the one-fourth not only their living, but the balance that was left of unused productions. The one-fourth would be therefore accumulating from year to year a stock of needful articles both for wear and consumption. At last their stores and warehouses become so full that they say, 'well, we have enough on hand to last a year or two—let us stop producing for a while.' But what in such a case becomes of the three-fourths who cannot labor to supply their own wants, without the co-operation of the wealthy one-fourth? 'The market,' says the manufacturer, 'is already glutted,' but not because there are none that *want* anything, but because those that want, having received nothing for their labor during previous years more than a bare subsistence, have nothing laid up in the shape of money or commodities to subsist on now. If the poorer classes then were paid better wages—in other words allowed a larger share of the yearly production of the earth—they would consume more yearly, and thus prevent the danger of over-production, or be able to lay up sufficient to support themselves during the years when, on account of such excess of production, labor was not in much demand.

"Then it's all a matter of the division of the products of labor, is it?" said Harry aloud, after turning the matter over in his brain a hundred times.

"To be sure it is," said a voice at his elbow.

Harry turned, but saw nobody—saw nothing—save when in passing through a darker shadow than common, a faint outline, as of that of an old acquaintance, was dimly discernible.

"Ah, you're there, are you!" said Harry, a little bitterly.

"Ha, ha, ha! I knew you'd enjoy it—you remember I told you you'd enjoy it. Ha, ha!"

Harry felt too proud to acknowledge his mistake—and besides, his mind was really full of the problem he had been endeavoring to work out.

"Then it's all a matter of the division of the products of labor, is it?" continued he.

"To be sure it is," repeated the voice at his elbow.

"And if the products of the earth were divided with some little regard to fairness among its inhabitants, there would be no complaints of over-production, would there?"

"I reckon not—ha, ha, ha!" said the voice.

"And there'd be enough for every body?"

"They'd work pretty hard if there wasn't, ha, ha."

"And machinery and the steam engine would be considered blessings, would they not?" cried Harry, enthusiastically.

"What's the use of making a fool of yourself by asking such questions?" said the voice; "be sure they would."

"And to buy labour or any thing else as cheap as you can, without any regard to fairness of price, isn't right then?"

"Who says it isn't right?" said the old gentleman, becoming now quite visible, with a sneer, "ask your ministers of the gospel—ask your wise men—your political economists,—your political reformers—they'll all tell you that 'a man has a right to buy as cheap as he can, and sell as dear as he can,' whether it be merchandise or labour, and I say so too."

"*You* say so, do you!" cried Harry, a little angry.

"Yes I *do*—and I'd like to hear any body, who pretends to know any thing about business, deny it."

"The Apostle said," replied Harry, "that masters ought to give their servants what is *just and equal*."

"Oh, if you're going to talk in that way," cried the old gentleman, impatiently, "I'm off. What's the use of lugging in the apostles always—what did they know about business? I'm not going to deny that they were pretty good men in their way—but they were not practical men—I'd assert that any where," said the old gentleman, boldly; "I'd like to see Peter or Paul, either of them, at the head of a mercantile concern for a year or two; they'd blow up as sure as my name is Nicholas. Now that's what I always said—those notions of theirs are pretty good in the abstract, but they won't work—they are not suited to this world. Let one of the Apostles start a manufactory on their principles, and let me start one of the same kind on mine, and we'd see which would succeed. If I wouldn't undersell them and drive them out of the market, cut off my tail—that's all."

"I believe you would," replied Harry, rather amused at the old gentleman's warmth.

"I know it. I'd make more money in one year than all of them together would in five. I dared one of them to try it once, but he only smiled."

"Our manufacturers are crying out very loudly that new markets should be opened for them—if the laboring classes were paid better wages, would not that open a great and constant home market?"

"Of course it would; but what of that?" said the old gentleman, sharply. "But I see what you're after now, young man. The tendency of the present order of things is towards extreme riches on the one side, and extreme poverty on the other, which is right, for the Bible says so, it says that 'the poor shall *never cease* out of the land,'—but you want to introduce a *new* order of things, the tendency of which shall be towards an equalization of property—in other words, you are a leveller, an agrarian—one of those whom I have a most thorough dislike and contempt for."

"You cannot have a more thorough contempt of me than I have of you," replied Harry, scornfully.

Any other old gentleman would have flown into a rage at such language, but it seemed to restore Harry's antagonist to his usual self-possession, and cold, ironical courtesy.

"Of course it is natural you should think so. Men always hate those who confer obligations on them, and you will remember I once obliged you in a small way. No doubt you are well pleased with your change of circumstances. It's all habit, you know. It's nothing when you get used to it."

"I was a fool," replied Harry, while a slight blush mantled his face, "and although the confession will no doubt afford you much satisfaction, yet I shall tell the truth, even if it pleases, instead of shaming, the devil."

"Oh, I'm very sorry, indeed I am," replied the old gentleman, rubbing his hands in a very ecstacy of malicious delight; "but you know it was all your own doings; you would have it so; you cannot blame any body but yourself."

"And I do not blame any body else," said Harry, sternly; "perhaps it is even better as it is, for he who now has the wealth I once so foolishly squandered, knows what poverty is, and in his hands it is no doubt devoted to noble purposes."

"I am very sorry, extremely sorry, exceedingly sorry," replied the old gentleman, with excessive glee, "but a sacred regard for the truth which you know I am so famed for, compels me to undeceive you. He makes a tenfold greater fool of himself than you did. He even disgusts me with his folly, I assure you."

"I can scarcely believe it, and yet his language to me on that first night, was so very mean," said Harry, musingly.

"Why didn't he seek out and relieve his mother and sister?" asked the old gentleman.

"He must have lost all memory of them in the change," said Harry.

"Did you lose *all* remembrance of your former condition?" asked the old gentleman, slyly.

"He could not have the heart, surely, to desert that sweet, heavenly-minded girl, and her old widowed mother. He surely could not have the heart to do it."

"Pooh, what's the use in making such a fuss about it? you would do the same."

"I don't think I would," replied Harry, contemptuously.

"That young girl has often starved herself, that he might have more to eat, and better clothes to wear," said the old gentleman, aggravatingly.

"The angel," exclaimed Harry.

"Oh, yes," said the old gentleman, tauntingly, "she is an angel now you are both poor, but if either of you were rich, you wouldn't touch each other with a pair of tongs, let alone putting your arms around one another so disgustingly."

"If I was rich again to-morrow, it would make no difference in my thoughts of her—I wish I were for her sake."

"Adam and Eve talked just that way one morning, and yet they quarrelled so before night about an apple, (both laying all the blame upon me afterwards, which is just the way with married people,) that they had to be turned out of Paradise."

"The mean-spirited scoundrel—and such a sister, too!" ejaculated Harry.

"Well, he's punished enough, even to satisfy you," replied the old gentleman—"I wish you could see him; he's got the gout all over, it seems to me, and yet he cannot control his appetite and live temperately—and so he goes on eating and drinking at meals, and groaning all the rest of the day and night, abusing his servants, and abused by them, till it would make you crack your sides to see him. He's as sorry as you are that he ever changed places with you—but it cannot be helped now—it's all his own doings; ha, ha!"

"You seem to enjoy it very much," said Harry, indignantly.

"Oh, I *do*, I assure you. When I can oblige a friend and myself too, I enjoy it—ha, ha! You didn't care about being poor, and he wanted to be rich, and so made a mutual transfer of circumstances—and I'm delighted to see you both so well satisfied with your bargain."

"I can hardly credit it," said Harry, again, more to himself than to the old gentleman. "That he should forget that pale, suffering girl, and squander every thing upon his own gross appetites——"

"Well, if you don't believe me," exclaimed the old gentleman, pettishly, "I can easily prove it to you. It's getting about the hour now, and he's got into a fashion lately of staring out the window at the old fire-plug, as if he expected to see you there again, some night, that he may offer to trade back. But that's all gammon—let every one stick to his bargain. I say—if he don't like it, don't make it—that's all."

"Well, I'll go with you, and see with my own eyes," said Harry; "and it must be so, or else why has he not sought out and comforted that lovely girl, who surely cannot really be *his* sister?"

"Pooh, what fools you youngsters make of yourselves—she's a pretty little hussey enough, now; but come this way again in ten years, and she'll be as coarse and ugly as a fish huckster."

PART VI.

Si Rackets, as the old gentleman had for a wonder truly said, had been playing all manner of antics with his easily acquired fortune. He had given himself up to all kinds of dissipation, until his body could no longer endure such treatment, and as he groaned under the necessary consequences of his own folly, he lamented that he had *ever* agreed to exchange evils which he knew and was habituated to, for those which he knew not. He longed therefore to meet Harry, and see whether it were not possible in some way to undo what had been done. His greatest fear was, that when young Robinson should see to what a state his formerly healthy body was reduced, that he would absolutely refuse to take it back again. Besides, at least half of Harry's fortune had been squandered away already in various ways, and Si looked forward in consternation to a time when it should all have disappeared in some miraculous manner, and he be left as poor as at first, and therefore in every respect worse off for the change. And yet to amend his manner of life seemed impossible. He made resolutions daily, but broke them equally often. In short, he saw no other remedy than to get back into his old skin in some way—if that could not be done, he perceived very clearly that in his own language "he was done."

But yet he had never met Harry, and he was ashamed, after his base neglect of his mother and sister, to seek him at his old home, and so he knew not what to do, except to station himself at the window every evening, about dusk, and gaze out sorrowfully upon the fire-plug, in hope that some night he should see the object of his search seated again upon it. It was melancholy, as the young fellows said who had gathered around him like flies around a drop of molasses, to see a chap of such genius giving himself up in that way to the blues and greens. But still, so long as they were allowed to feed freely on his substance, they did not much complain; they would not have complained at all, only they feared that perhaps he was "getting religious."

Si was annoyed, too, in addition to his bodily ailments, by the continued presence of those eaves-droppers who, with their disagreeable chuckling, had so plagued him the first night of his transformation. He couldn't do anything a little out of the way, curse the servants a little harder than common, tumble down stairs when a little intoxicated, or cry out at a sharper twinge than common of the gout, but that some low chuckle would run around the room, as if his misfortunes were a source of the greatest merriment to the beholders. He found also that though habit *is* a second nature, he never could get used to such treatment. Instead of that, it made him completely nervous, and he was afraid almost to stir, lest one of those perpetual watchers of his conduct should find some thing ridiculous to chuckle over. He had tried *storming* at first, but he found that only made matters worse. Then he tried *coaxing*, but that seemed to amuse them infinitely. Then he tried letting them alone, and paying no attention to them, and that succeeded best—but bad was the best. And when in the dreary watches of the night he lay some times unable to sleep for pain, and heard their mocking laughter around him, he cursed the folly that had ever led him to exchange places with Harry Robinson.

PART VII.

"What a bloated-looking object," said Harry to the old gentleman, as they stood before the house and saw Si gazing out of the window.

"Oh, he's nothing to what he will be," said the old gentleman, pleasantly. "And then he will die in the alms-house, I know he will, for he is spending his money as fast as he well can."

"And you could prevent it," said Harry, sternly.

"I—oh no—I couldn't prevent it—I've nothing to do with it—it's entirely his own doings. I wouldn't be guilty of such a thing for the world," said the old gentleman, perfectly delighted.

"You could prevent it and you must," reiterated Harry firmly, "you must change us back again."

"Why you are worse than he," replied the old gentleman, laughing: "you're willing for the sake of half the money to take that vile, repulsive carcass for a dwelling. But I'm too much your friend to ever consent to it—indeed I am. You don't think you'd ever get Si's sister to love such a rum hogshead as he's turned your old body into?"

"I know what I'm about now, any how," said Harry, resolutely. "We were both agreed to make a change before, and you accommodated us—and now we are both agreed to change back."

"And do you think I've taken all this trouble merely to oblige two such nice young men?" sneered the old gentleman. "You must think me remarkably disinterested, my fine fellows. No, I'm not so particularly fond of undoing a good job."

"You shall not escape me thus," cried Harry, indignantly stepping forward and grasping him by the arm.

"What did you let go for?" asked the old gentleman, sarcastically, as Harry recoiled, as if he had taken an electric shock, from the touch. "You didn't know I belonged to the Torpedo genus, did you?—Come, try it again, take another dose, won't you?"

"There is no hope, then, but in Heaven!" said Harry, despairingly.

"No hope but in Heaven!" said Si, throwing up the window, and gazing wildly out.

"Come, if you're going to make a scene of it, I'm off," said the old gentleman hurriedly, preparing to decamp.

"Stay!" said a voice.

Harry started, looked up, but saw no one, nor knew from what direction the sound proceeded, whether from the earth beneath their feet, or the clear blue heaven, with its peerless moonlight over head.

"Stay!" repeated the voice, louder than before, and dying away like the fresh sound of a breeze among the pines at sunset.

"Yes, that's always the way," said the old gentleman, pettishly. "One can't do a little private business, but somebody else must be interfering with it. There's no encouragement to be industrious now-a-days."

Harry's heart grew bolder.

"Is not my foolishness forgiven?—may not my prayers be granted?" said he, in a whisper.

"No, I won't do it,' I declare I won't," cried the old gentleman, sitting down resolutely upon the fire-plug.

"Do it!" said the voice calmly.

"Yes, that's the way always; I get everything in a pretty train, and do all the work, and then some one else comes in and pockets the proceeds. I might as well not trade at all on my own account."

"Then dost not!" said the voice, calmly.

"Well, come, then," said the old gentleman angrily, seizing Harry by the arm.

Whether it was owing to being transferred to such a miserable body, or to the peculiar malice of the old gentleman, Harry never knew, but the pang was most intolerable.

At last he staggered to the window in time to hear the last of the three halloos with which Si had celebrated the restoration of the old order of things, and receive his hearty good-night as he hurried homewards.

As for the old gentleman, he was among the missing.

CONCLUSION.

"And did Harry marry Si's sister?—But she wouldn't have him, would she, with such a bloated mass of flesh hanging about him?—Besides, he wouldn't have her now he was rich again?—Why don't you tell us?"

Softly, my fair readers. More curious things than either of these have happened, and therefore may happen again. You remember the "beggar-maid and King Cophetua," perhaps.

Well, Harry practised abstinence, and at length was himself again, all except a few slight twinges of the gout which will probably keep him in mind of what has passed until his dying day—*if he lives so long*—as an Irishman might add. And when he had grown presentable, he presented himself to Si's mother and sister, who were now pleasantly situated through the benevolence of some unknown *friend*, in a neat little house not far from town. And Si's sister was none the worse looking for the change in their circumstances. And, to make a long story short, they ultimately *were* married, and had as many children as one of Miss Bremer's heroines.—And Si himself was set up in business, and became a very decent man.

And so our story concludeth, as all stories should, in a marriage; for, however crooked and strange the course of a tale may be, young ladies and gentlemen will never be satisfied, without it brings up at the same old stopping place in the end.

Oh, jealousy! thou bane of pleasing friendship,
Thou worst invader of our tender bosoms;
How does thy rancor poison all our softness,
And turn our gentle nature into bitterness!
[Rowe's Jane Shore.

THE USE OF FLOWERS.

BY MARY HOWITT.

God might have made the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small—
The oak tree and the cedar tree—
Without a flower at all.

We might have had enough, enough
For every want of ours,
For luxury, medicine, and toil,
And yet have had no flowers.

The ore within the mountain mine
Requireth none to grow,
Nor does it need the lotus flower
To make the river flow.

And clouds might give abundant rain,
The nightly dews might fall,
And the herb that keepeth life in man
Might yet have drunk them all.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made,
And dyed with rainbow light,
All fashioned with supremest grace,
Up-springing day and night—

Springing in valleys green and low,
And on the mountains high,
And in the silent wilderness,
Where no man passeth by?

Our outward life requires them not—
Then wherefore had they birth?
To minister delight to man;
To beautify the earth—

To comfort man, to whisper hope
Whene'er his faith is dim:
For whoso careth for the flowers,
Will much more care for Him.

DEATH OF AN ONLY CHILD.

BY D. C. COLESWORTHY.

Light footsteps at the door I hear—
I raise the latch and look;
My bright-eyed boy!—thou art not there,
Returning with his book.
Another child, less fair than thou,
Smiles as he passes by me now.

Falls on my ear a gentle tone,
As through the crowd I press,—
'Tis not THY voice, dear cherished one,
Like thine would it were less—
And then this heart, so big with grief,
Would not in tears find such relief.

A gentle hand hath pressed my cheek,
While in my study-chair;
I seemed to hear thee sweetly speak,
"My father—I am here."
When, lo! I saw another child,
Who only mocked me as he smiled.

When dimly burns the chamber-light,
I kneel beside thy bed,
I seem to hear thy sweet "good night,"
But tears profusely shed,
While on that couch I look, where lay
So lately he, now passed away.

And in the morning when I rise,
I hasten to thy room—
But oh! the truth it drowns my eyes—
"Your idol cannot come;"
And then the agony I feel,
No soothing words of love can heal.

Where'er I see a happy boy,
Sadly it speaks of thee;
A mother's love—a father's joy—
All that a child could be—
Now sleeping 'neath the valley's clod—
How could it be—my God—my God!

"MEMENTO MORI."

BY C. L. MEECH.

There is no chord of human sympathy which vibrates so truly, so universally, as that mysterious one which connects the living with the dead. It is a chain whose one extremity rests within our grasp, while the other is hidden in the darkness of eternity, and upon which our thoughts, our fears, and our wishes travel, like the electric fluid. Humanity can exercise no purer, no holier feeling, than that which follows departed friends to the shadowy land, and holds them there in kind remembrance. In our intercourse with the living, we interchange the varied offices of love and friendship, and the graceful courtesies of conventional life; but there is no interchange with the dead—the sympathies, the remembrances we extend to them, are like a voice sent forth upon the Ocean's waste, which returns to us no echo. We feel an interest in whatever pertains to mortality, which extends beyond the circle of kindred and acquaintance. We may be in a stranger land, and the ordinary sights and sounds of active life may fall unheeded upon the sense; the charms of eloquence and music may pall upon the ear, and we may gaze with apathy upon the passing pageant. Yet, when we hear the bell which tells that "another soul floats on the Stygian river," or look upon the funeral train, we are constrained to acknowledge an acquaintance with death, a companionship with the grave.

The memory of the dead!—what a volume of retrospect it opens before us. Perchance the frosts of autumn, or the snows of winter have fallen upon our brow, and as we look back through the long vista of departed years, and recall with sad and mournful pleasure the memories of those who have fallen by our side, the thought naturally occurs to us that soon the chain of memory will be all which will connect us with the living. The desire to leave an unsullied reputation is one of the noblest aspirations of our nature: and when we tread the silent streets of the city of the dead, and pass on either hand the storied urn and the nameless grave; when we "muse upon the distinctions which follow mankind down to the very dust," and mark the oft-neglected resting place of the virtuous and the good, let us remember that partiality, vanity and ill-gotten wealth, may raise the marble tablet, or dictate the fulsome epitaph; yet worth alone, will cause our memory to be revered. When we look upon the monuments which have been raised to commemorate the tyrant and the demagogue, let us remember that the exercise and memory of a simple virtue shall outlast them all. The creations of monumental art, which are a fitting tribute to virtue, will but commemorate its opposite, vice. Our lot in this world may be lowly and obscure—our influence may be but an atom, as it were, in the narrow circle in which we move—we may be suffering under the withering discouragements of ruined health, or the blighting desolation of a wounded spirit—yet, let us remember that the same Almighty hand which rears the gorgeous tulip tree, plants also the humble violet; that if He sends upon one the periodical rain, He gives to the other the daily dew-drop; and that the perennial unfolding petals of the lowly flower, and the multiplied glories of the other, equally fulfil the purposes of their creation. If we have performed our duties as members of the domestic circle, and citizens of the community—if we have respected the rights and feelings of others as if they were our own—if we have not libelled a holy profession by a gloomy, pharasaical spirit, or by indulging the narrow prejudices of sectarian feelings—if we have added an item to the social virtues of society, or blunted a single pang of human misery, we have not lived in vain. There are repeated instances where the example of the humblest individuals have exerted an influence in their own and future times, when the opposing efforts of the high and mighty have been rendered as naught.

In the mausoleums of the Kings of England, is the tomb of one who for many years wielded the destinies of that nation. While he indulged in all the pleasures of a licentious court, he, without the excuse of bigoted feelings, sanctioned the religious persecutions of a large portion of his subjects—persecutions as intolerant and bloody as any that have been dictated by any other power. "He died and was buried" with all the imposing ceremonies of Romish Episcopacy, with all the pomp of heraldry and military pride. His cenotaph was placed within consecrated walls, in mute companionship with kings and prelates—with the gifted and noble of the earth—within the sound of the pealing organ, and surrounded by the master-pieces of ancient architecture and the glories of modern art. Afar off, in one of the wildest glens of Scotland, is the solitary grave of a poor covenanting preacher, who was murdered by the minions of this King for daring to pray to his God as his conscience dictated; his humble followers buried him by night upon the spot where he suffered. The only light which fell upon his bloody vestments and pallid features (features wasted by privation and suffering,) was the fitful moonbeam from between the broken clouds; the only sounds which mingled with the hymn for the dead, were the sighing of the wind through the tops of the broom, and the scream of the frightened night-bird. A fragment from the neighboring cliffs marks his resting place, an unshaped, unlettered stone, a shelter for the humble field cricket—a resting-place where the moor-fowl plumes her wing; yet the memory of the lowly covenanter inspires a respect for human nature which the urned ashes of an hundred tyrants could not. His example will exert an influence upon society, when the achievements of Kings and Princes are forgotten. The spirit which bade an earthly monarch "stand from between him and his God," was a germ of that which prompted our fathers to seek a home upon this western hemisphere, and perfect a system of civil and religious liberty. Nor are the sterner sex alone in the examples which have produced salutary influences upon society, and which contrast favorably with the high and mighty of the earth.

English History records the reign of no sovereign more brilliant than that of Elizabeth. We see her at the commencement of her reign triumphing over every opposing faction, and read the gorgeous descriptions of her coronation. We see her surrounded by a galaxy of the proudest intellects which any age has produced. Philosophy, History, and Poetry, had each its living personification of excellence. Her power was supported upon land and sea by skilful Captains, animated with all the devotion and chivalry of the age. We follow her history through a reign of more than forty years, and while we admire the success of her policy, we look in vain for those private traits and excellencies which should belong to a magnanimous and amiable Queen. We see her during the last days of her life sitting upon the ground within the walls of her palace, refusing all comfort and sustenance, a prey to the most pointed anguish and remorse. Was it the prospects of the future which cast their dreary shadows upon her spirit? or the deeds of the past called up to memory's chamber? Was it the gory locks of a sister Queen, or the phantom forms of the princely Essex, the accomplished Raleigh, or a host of minor victims, who had expiated upon the rack or scaffold offences against her ambition as a sovereign or her jealousy as a woman? We only know that such were the last days of Elizabeth Tudor. Upon one of the little Islets of the British Channel, there lived and died a female in the very humblest ranks of life, whose history we will contrast with the daughter of the haughty Henry. Her simple history first introduces her as the heritor of poverty and toil, clad in the ornaments of a meek and quiet spirit, and bearing the recent bereavement of a member of the household with singular fortitude and propriety. We see her again prostrated upon a bed of sickness, the embodiment of all the graces of the spirit of the Redeemer. Again we approach the cottage. No change is visible around the quiet spot; the repose of nature is only broken by the booming of the waves upon the solitary beach; no pageant is there, no crowd send forth their shouts—yet, beneath this thatched roof is held a coronation for Heaven, and the paeans which welcome the elect of God are not for mortal ears. Historians of her own and future times have recorded the brilliant reign of Elizabeth of England. The few pages of a tract tell the simple story of Elizabeth Woodville. Yet when the arched roof of Westminster Abbey shall have mingled its dust with that of the monuments of the Kings who repose beneath, the memory and example of the Dairyman's Daughter will have multiplied in every land where her history has been read—monuments which time will only embellish.

Pomfret, Conn., 1862.

TO LAURA.

BY WM. F. SPICER, U. S. N.

A vessel homeward-bound with glowing hearts
 Breaks now her moorings in the silver sand,
Link after link above the clear tide starts,
 To cling no more save to its native strand.
Each olden tune the shrill pipe gaily plays,
 And every nerve is swelling in the strain—
Ah, memory lingers in those merry lays,
 And glist'ning eyes behold their home again.

The twilight breeze flows down from "Andes" snow,
 Its influence o'er their yielding sails to strew,
The golden tide to favor glides below,
 And far aloft, the summer sky is blue.
Their voices mingle now in happy song,
 And list that shout, "The anchor is aweigh!"
Her "courses" fall, and, with her gladsome throng,
 She glides in beauty o'er the quiet bay.

To thee, sweet maiden, in this thrilling time,
 When kindly voices breathe a warm good bye,
And homeward turning from a foreign clime,
 The wand'rer's heart knows sweet felicity,
While sails are trembling in the evening air,
 And moistened eyes proclaim the tongue's full meaning,
 My eager soul yields up for thee the prayer
 Which springs from love's unchanged and fervent dreaming.

ANNETTE, THE HEIRESS;

OR,

THE FORAGING PARTY.

A TALE OF THE LAST WAR.

BY J. H. INGRAHAM.

Edward Ogilvie was the youngest of five brave brothers who served their country, both in the field and on the sea during the last war. Their mother was a widow of comfortable estate, who dwelt in a pleasant homestead facing the waters of Boston Bay. Large elms overshadowed the roof, and broad fields interspersed with woodlands extended away on the right, till they met the fields and woodlands of the property of Squire Harwood, a man of substantial wealth, who had an only daughter of eighteen, who was a belle and an heiress. The road from the homestead of widow Ogilvie wound along the seabeach, with a hedge and green fields on one side bordering it, and the white, sparkling sand and blue waves on the other. The distance between the two mansions was little less than a mile; and about half way between was a bridge of stone spanning a small rivulet, that had a course of half a dozen miles from the interior.

It was about an hour before sunset, near the close of the war, in the month of October, that Edward Ogilvie was crossing this bridge on his way to visit Annette Harwood, the beauty and heiress; for the charms of the rustic belle had taken captive the young student's heart; and every evening for the last month he had directed his walk in the direction of her abode. Edward was in his twentieth year, of good figure, of a pleasing but somewhat diffident address, and with that calm, meditative aspect peculiar to students; for such was this young man. Annette was not loved without giving her heart in return; but the Squire, although he had observed with apparent indifference this mutual attachment, had a mind of his own touching a matter so interesting to the lovers themselves.

Edward had got upon the bridge, where he used to linger for a few moments as he crossed, to watch the flowing sea rush through the arch up the creek, and gaze upon its expanse of waters; or from the opposite side of the bridge contemplate the dark inlet, as it lost itself amid overhanging trees in a dell where stood a mill belonging equally to the two manors.

Edward had paused a moment on the bridge to watch the effect of the purple light of the western sky reflected upon its mottled bosom, when his eyes were arrested by a sail in the offing. He continued to watch it for a few moments, and then went on his way, from time to time glancing seaward to admire the stately and slow motion of its trackless passage over the ocean. As he came near the dwelling of Squire Harwood, he discovered that her course was towards the land; but seeing Annette on the piazza he forgot the vessel to hasten to her. The meeting was more like that of brother and sister than that of lovers; that is, it was affectionate, frank, and free from restraint.

"We shall have a lovely evening to walk, the sunset will be so pleasant," said Annette, whom we would stop to describe, if our pen could do justice to her beauty. We will, however, say that the color of her eyes was a deep sea-blue, and they sparkled like waves glancing in the sunlight; her lips had doubtless once been a pair of cherries, stolen from Cupid, to make her mouth the prettiest mouth imaginable. Her smile was sunshine, her form sylph-like and blooming with youth, her voice full of music, and every motion as graceful as a fawn's. She was good-humored, intelligent, and suitably grave, and was just the maiden to ensnare a student like Edward Ogilvie.

"Yes, Annette, the air is rich with golden tints and soft as a June evening. Suppose we ramble towards the village, and listen to the martial music of the soldiers as they march from the ground?"

"I should like it of all things. My father says our company, the Blues, made the finest show of any on parade, to-day."

"He was at the review, then?"

"Yes, and acted as a major or colonel, I believe. At any rate, he has just come home, on horseback, in full uniform, with a sword by his side, and looks as brave, I tell him, as a crusading knight. He told me to hold my little tongue, and so I have for full a minute."

"And the longest time you ever held it, 'Netty,'" said the Squire, coming out of the house, his chapeau in his hand and his sword unbelted and beneath his arm. "Ah, Edward, good evening, man. Fine day we have had for the general muster?"

"Yes, sir! Are the troops dismissed yet?"

"Not all."

"We were going up the road to the hill-top, to listen to the music, father," said Annette.

"No—no! stay at home, child," said the Squire, gravely. "I suppose Master Edward has asked you to go?"

"I did, Mr. Harwood; I thought the walk might be pleasant."

"Humph! Look you, young man," said Squire Harwood, bluntly; "military music is not made for the amusement of studious youths after idling the day over musty books, nor merely to please a lassie's ear. It is the voice of the spirit of liberty, and calls the young men of the land to fight her battles, and the maidens to make them clothes to fight in, and colors to fight under! You, I see, like my Annette, and so far as I can see, she likes you back again. Now, Edward, you are a very correct, excellent young man, that I know; but you see I haven't but one daughter, and I don't mean she shall marry any man who, excellent as he may be, through all this war has never drawn a blade nor pulled a trigger for love of his country. Your brothers are all brave fellows, and serving her with honor. You stay at home to pore over dictionaries in the day-time, and come to make love to Annette by moonlight. Now, I have nothing against you, as I said before; but I've made up my mind Annette shan't marry a man that hasn't had a hand in this war against the English. If you are of a mind to follow the example of your brothers, and let me hear something that you have done I can tell my neighbors of with pride, then you shall have my consent to marry Annette; for her's, I dare say, she's given you long ago. A text, you know, is as good as a sermon, Master Edward. So, if you want my daughter, you know now how she is to be won."

Thus speaking, Squire Harwood took Annette under his arm, and, bowing very kindly, but firmly, to the astonished lover, disappeared within the house.

Edward remained standing a moment upon the spot where they had left him, as if trying to realize what had passed. He then turned away in silence, his cheek burning with the glow of a mortified and sensitive spirit.

The profession which he had in view was that of a clergyman; and although not deficient in courage nor patriotism, he had suffered his brothers to take the field and the deck while he remained at home. The words of the Squire sank deep into his spirit. He walked slowly homeward, very sad, and filled with the painful idea of losing her who was so very dear to him. As he came upon the bridge he had made up his mind. He stopped, and, speaking aloud, said, firmly—

"If Annette is only to be won by my taking up arms, I will enlist to-morrow! It is honorable to serve one's country. I am not yet a clergyman, and I can therefore act freely. This is the last day the reproach shall be thrown upon me, that I remain dallying at home while my brothers are abroad exposing their bosoms to the weapons of their country's foes!"

While he was speaking, he saw that the ship, which he had noticed half an hour before at a distance, had drawn close in with the land, and had dropped anchor about a mile abreast of the inlet.—The sun had already set, yet he could see her distinctly, and discover that she was a merchant-ship. He remained for some time watching her, and listening to the distant drum of a detachment of the militia of the neighborhood, which was retiring homeward from the muster-field. The sound of the drum died away in the distance beyond the mill; and the low dashing of the waves against the bridge fell upon his ear.

"Well, to-morrow, I too shall march to the measure of pipe and drum! I will enlist as a private and make my way up. Annette shall be won!"

He paused, thinking he heard the sound of oars. He looked seaward, but the twilight rendered objects too obscure to detect any boat approaching. Yet each moment the fall of the sweeps came clearer and nearer, and he soon was enabled to discover a barge pulling in towards the bridge. His position, in the shadow of an overhanging limb, shielded him from observation. He saw that the boat contained at least twenty men. It moved slower as it drew nearer land, and a person standing up in the stern directed its landing. It struck the shore close by the bridge within the inlet; and almost beneath where he stood, the party debarked. He now saw that half of them were seamen and half marines, and that all were armed. They were commanded by a young midshipman, who, forming them into a column, marched them up the bank and on the bridge. Edward, as they came near, drew himself up into the limb, and was concealed by its foliage, while he observed with surprise their stealthy movements.

"How far is the grist mill hence, Sambo?" asked the young officer, looking about him after all his party had got on the bridge, save a man to guard the boat.

"The first mill am 'bout a third of a mile up de creek, and the to'ther one, where the most grist be, is a mile. There is a good path along the creek-shore!" answered a man, in the true Yankee negro intonation, but speaking with manifest reluctance.

"If you deceive me, darkie, you are a dead man!" said the middy, very positively.

"I knows dat well 'nuff, so I tells you de truth, tho' I hates to mightily! I knows all 'bout dis place, cos I used to lib here once! Ober dar is wher Squire Harwood live, and ober dat way am widder Ogilvie, an' I wish dis nigger was safe in dark kitchen! I nebber go cook agen in Boston ship, nor no oder one a'ter bein' taken pris'ner by the British, as I am dis time! I wish I may nebber see blue water agen, if I gets my liberty dis time!"

"Hist with your noise! each of you march forward in silence. We are in an enemy's country, and must be cautious!"

"Yes, I guess you better," said the negro, sulkily. "If de country people know'd you was skulkin' here arter corn, and flour, and sheep, and oxen, to keep from starvin' to death, as we have been a week past, they be 'round as thick as snakes in de grass, and debbil one oh you get back to your boat! So, I adwise you, massa, to keep sharp eye to windward! Guy! how mad all on 'em be in de mornin', when dey find out you land here in a prize-ship wid on'y two gun aboard and thirty men, an' carry off clear to Halifax de grist from dese two mills, and sheep and turkeys, too, for de lieutenant's dinner! Dey swore den, and I expec' de Squire swear enuff for a whole regiment!"

"Forward!" cried the middy. "Silence, all of you, and advance swiftly and with caution!"

They filed off the bridge, and taking the path along which the negro led the way, they were soon lost to the sight of Edward in the gloom of the overhanging banks of the creek.

"These men, then, are English," he reflected, as he let himself down upon the bridge; "the vessel is a prize, bound to Halifax, with a midshipman and two-and-thirty men—twenty here and ten remaining on board! My course is decided on! It will take them an hour to visit both mills. Half of that time is enough for me. I shall know where to seek the militia party with the fife and drum; and if I can find twenty brave men among them to put themselves under my orders, I will win Annette before to-morrow's sun-rise!"

As he spoke, he glided noiselessly away from the bridge, and, after getting beyond hearing of the man in the boat, he flew like the wind across a meadow in the direction of what was called the "Cross Road," a cluster of village habitations, the principal of which was a large country tavern where he knew he should find assembled many of the militia-men who had borne a part in the review in the neighboring town. This inn was about half a mile distant from the bridge, on a road in the rear of Squire Harwood's farm, across which, leaping fence after fence, Edward Ogilvie was now flying with the speed of a deer.

The tavern, as he came near, was so quiet that he feared that the men he sought had left for their respective homes. Seeing a light in the tap, however, he hoped yet to find some persons assembled there. Through the windows, as he approached the door, he saw that the bar-room was nearly filled with men. The next moment he was in their presence. His manner was divested of all excitement, and a spirit calm and resolute beamed from his eyes. There were at least twenty men in the apartment, most of them with knapsacks and bayonet-belts upon their persons, and some leaning upon their muskets, while the guns of the rest of the party were stacked in a corner of the room. Some of them were smoking, others drinking, and all listening to a long yarn told by one of the party, of certain exploits by himself, personally performed at the battle of Plattsburg.

On Edward's entrance, the landlord first noticed him—

"Ah—so you can enter a tavern on a training-day, Mr. Ogilvie; glad to see you. Though you are not much of a fighting man, I like you for you brothers' sake, who are all serving their country. But there must be parsons as well as soldiers, and every man to his trade!"

All eyes were now turned upon the young man. Advancing a little way into the floor, he said, with a firm tone:

"I am glad to find so many of you here assembled. If the brave men among you are willing to place yourselves under my direction for the next two hours, I will lead you where you can win both honor and prize money!"

"Spoken with spirit!" exclaimed several.

"That rings like your brother George!" said the landlord. "But what is it?" cried all, crowding round.

"Will you be led by me? There is danger to life and person, but I ask no man to follow me where I fear to lead!"

"The man has courage if he is a student," remarked one to the other with surprise.

"What have you discovered?" demanded two or three of the most forward of the men.

"Will you follow me and obey my orders, if I can place in your hands, as prisoners, twenty English seamen and an officer, who have just landed?"

"Yes—lead on!" was the general response, and the men commenced arming themselves.

Briefly Edward told them what he had witnessed. All was enthusiasm. Among the militia-men was a young man whom he despatched to Squire Harwood. In twenty minutes the Squire was on the spot, mounted on his horse, and armed with his broad-sword. Five of his farm-men had followed him. Others came in from all sides.

Edward, with great coolness and skill, took upon himself the conduct of the whole affair. He suggested that the Squire, with thirty men, should cut off the retreat of the foraging party, and take them prisoners.

"And what will you do?" asked the Squire. "You are not going to keep out of the danger?"

"No sir! If there are twenty brave men here who will volunteer to go with me, I will proceed to their boat, take possession of it, and embark for the ship. In the night we can board her without difficulty, as we shall be taken for their own party. Once on board the ship will easily fall into our hands, for the most of her prize crew are ashore! Who will volunteer?"

This bold proposition at first startled the boldest man among them. But in less than five minutes twenty of them had volunteered, and in ten minutes more he was at their head, leading them to the bridge, while the Squire, with his detachment, proceeded to cut off the retreat of the enemy.

The result was in all respects successful. The English party at the mills surrendered after a brief skirmish, and were taken to the tavern as prisoners within an hour after the Squire had left it. Edward and *his* brave band boarded the ship without suspicion, and, after a short conflict, he was master of her. He took her, by the aid of the released American crew, into Boston harbor the next day; and we need not add that within less than three months, he was rewarded with the hand of the beautiful Annette Harwood!

WE'LL WEEP NO MORE.

'Tis time this troubled heart should learn
To weep no more: treasures fled,
Forgetting and forgetting on,
Till there's no memory for the dead.

What if perchance in earlier time,
A brighter dew-drop crown'd the hour
Must every pulse of memory tell,
The parting of the drop and flower?

And tears flow on, and vain regrets
For that which never may return,
While round our path, by every way,
A thousand living friendships burn!

The dead we may not bring again,
Or wake to life their sleeping clay,
Whose time of pain and tears are done
For joys that pass no more away.

They may not come—they may not come!
But we to them: when life is o'er,
Shall join their host, whose spirit bands
Fill all that bright, immortal shore.

While sweetly sleep as sleep they now,
The temples of our souls in trust
Of angel guards, whose circling bands
Watch round the slumbers of the just.

Then come, my heart, we'll e'en forget
All vestige of the broken flower,
And cherish each unfolding bud,
That comes to cheer the present hour.

For in that dark and threatening cloud
The Heavenly Father sets his bow:
Bright promise when the heart is sad,
And only sorrow seeks to flow.

And the pale mother yearns and weeps
From day to day: her infant lain
In the calm earth, whose bosom keeps
The stricken bud from storm and rain.

And knows she not her cherub one,
A minist'ring angel hovereth near
To cover, with its wings, her sleep,
That e'en in slumber knows a tear.

Faith ne'er would treat the father so,
Whose angels sent to gather home
The bud, the blossom, and the leaf,
E'er yet the storms of winter come.

Behold, where now thy Willie sleeps,
A host of cherub ones are near
While sparkling dew-drops crown the leaf,
And morning glows without a tear.

And birds rejoice in lofty strain,
And all the air is full of praise:
Come, then! dry up each bitter tear,
And mingle with our cheerful lays.

We'll go to Him across the flood:
We'll join him on that heavenly shore
Where parting and all tears are done,
And farewell sighs are heard no more.

Sandy Hill. J. W. L.

DON'T BE TOO PRECIPITATE.

Herbert Hasty is one of those unfortunate individuals who always appear to be "before their time." It is reported that his advent into this "vale of tears," was some two months earlier than the age at which the generality of mankind make their *debut*; but for the truth of this statement we do not pretend to vouch. However, we have incontestible proofs of his peculiar disposition, running back to his earliest infancy. But of these early indications of his peculiar temper, it would be useless to speak; they were manifold. At five years of age, Hasty was sent to school, but I am sorry to say he made but little progress in his studies. His alphabet was soon passed over, he was in such haste to learn how to spell; his spelling was neglected for reading; his reading for writing; his writing for arithmetic; and so on to the end of the chapter, and, finally, at the age of sixteen, he left school with a smattering of almost everything, and a knowledge of nothing.

As young Hasty grew up, the peculiar characteristic of his disposition, instead of being overcome or eradicated, seems to have acquired a stronger hold upon his constitution—displaying new developements and phases more injurious to himself.

Does Hasty go to an evening party—he is in agony all the time. He marks, perhaps, a *couple conversing* together in whispers, a little way retired, and he immediately concludes that he is the subject of secret conference. He advances to the gentleman and demands an *explanation*. The lady blushes, and the gentleman intimates that it would be better if Mr. Hasty would explain himself. Hasty begins to feel that he has placed himself in an awkward position, but he informs the gentleman of his suspicions, whereupon he is assured that the subject of conversation was of a more interesting character than it possibly could have been had Mr. Hasty been the theme. Confused and abashed, Hasty turns quickly away, when his ears are greeted with a burst of loud laughter, upon which he turns round fiercely upon the individual who perpetrates it, of course connecting the laugh with his discomfiture, and exclaims:

"Sir, you are not a gentleman!"

"And what the deuce are you?" exclaims the individual thus addressed, taken all aback.

"My name is Hasty."

"And a very appropriate name it is, too."

"Sir! Do you first laugh at and insult me, and then add taunt to insult?"

"I have no recollection of having laughed at you," says the gentleman, in some surprise.

"And pray, what were you laughing at then?"

"Hum! What was I laughing at? Why, I was laughing at a very witty story my friend here has just been relating."

"Oh! ah! I beg a thousand pardons!" and Mr. Hasty proceeds to apologize for his blunder in the best manner possible, which is but lamely after all, and he wishes himself at the bottom of the sea—any where but where he is.

But his trials are not yet over. His brow is feverish—the fresh air will do him good—he goes out upon the portico. But he still feels a little irritated, and involuntarily, almost, he closes the door after him with a "*slam*." Four or five young bloods are promenading without. The noise of the closing door, causes all eyes to be turned upon Hasty, and while undergoing this scrutiny, he hears one of the party remark, in a drawling tone—

"I say, Fred, isn't he *green*?"

It is needless for us to say, the remark was not intended for Mr. Hasty, but, notwithstanding, he applies it to himself at once.

"I'm *green*, am I; I'm *green*, you say I'm *green*!" he shouts, dashing into the midst of the astounded coterie, and seizing by the throat the unfortunate youth who had uttered the offensive words. What dire events might follow we forbear to speculate upon. Hasty is quivering with rage—he is preparing to dash his victim to the earth—but just then he hears uttered, in a sweet feminine voice, these words:

"I say, Lucy, isn't he green?"

This is too much. His hands drop powerless—a mist swims before his eyes—and with difficulty he supports himself by clinging to the column against which he leans.

But it would be useless to follow him through all the blunders of the evening. He makes miserable, not only himself, but every one with whom he comes in contact.

Hasty is now yforty ears old, and still a bachelor. Not that he is a woman-hater, for he adores the sex; nor because he has any objections to enter into matrimonial bonds, for he is a stout advocate of the marriage union. The fact is, Mr. Hasty would have married long ago, had it not been for his unfortunate disposition. He never could take time to win a woman's heart in the usual way. He always "popped the question" too soon. His courtships were always done up hurriedly, and therefore never well done.

Upon one occasion, however, Mr. Hasty did deem that he had finally linked his destiny with one of the fairer portion of creation. In fact, the vows had been passed between them, and it only remained to set the day for the nuptials.

With the determination of having this and other matters arranged, Mr. Hasty, one afternoon, stepped down to the dwelling of his "ladye love." It was rather an unseasonable hour which he chose to make this visit, if the truth must be told, but then he doubted not the relation in which he stood to the family would excuse the intrusion; or, perhaps, as is most likely, he took no thought about the matter. He entered accordingly, and without knocking; but what was his dismay and indignation, upon seeing *his* Seraphina in the arms—yes, in the arms of a tall, dark, foreign-looking man, who was in the very act of impressing a kiss upon her downy cheek! Ye Gods! what a moment! Mr. Hasty was brimful of wrath, insomuch that he could not speak—he could only stamp his foot upon the floor furiously.

This action was the first intimation he had given of his proximity, and his Seraphina and the foreign-looking gentleman were, as might be supposed, "taken all of a heap." The lady quickly recovered herself, however, and motioning her companion to retire, who obeyed with a peculiar smile, she addressed Mr. Hasty.

"Dear Herbert"—

"Don't *dear* me," exclaimed Mr. Hasty,—"you're"—

"But, dear Herbert, I"—

"Don't *dear* me, I tell you. You're a coquette—a flirt—a jilt—a—a—so you are. You've broke my heart, so you have. I'll never see you any more. I'll leave you, so I will. You allow other men to kiss you; they may kiss and take you, too, so they may. You're no better than you should be, that's what I think; and I'm mad, so I am."

Mr. Hasty reached the door, threw it open, and with a desperate spring bounded out into—a *pail of swill*, which an old woman had just deposited upon the steps.

In his wrath he had neglected to observe that good old maxim, "look before you leap," and thus he paid the penalty.

Bestowing some curses upon the old woman, he gathered himself up, and turned, all bespattered and splashed, toward his lodgings. He had gone but a little way, however, when he was overtaken and accosted by the dark, foreign-looking gentleman.

"There has been a sad misunderstanding, Mr. Hasty," he said, "but if you will pause for a moment, I think I can explain everything to your entire satisfaction."

"You think, do you? Well, now, what do you think of that?" said Hasty, striking the stranger a blow between the eyes.

Had Hasty taken a single thought, he would have perceived the danger, into which he was precipitating himself, for the stranger was a large, powerful man; but it was not his habit to take thought—in lieu of which he took a most severe drubbing from the exasperated stranger; from the effects of which he did not recover for a month. Poor Hasty!—for three days he was confined to his bed, enduring the double misery of his bruises and the consciousness of having lost his Seraphina through his own folly and unfortunate disposition. That he had lost her, was a point settled beyond controversy, the day following, by a note under her own hand, in which he was also informed that the foreign-looking gentleman was *her brother.*

This was Hasty's last love adventure. He has resigned all hopes of ever succeeding with the women; he sometimes sighs when a pretty ankle or a neat waist are brought before his eyes, but he stifles the emotion, and moves away from the dangerous vicinity.

Mr. Hasty has latterly turned his attention to politics. But here, too, his disposition leads him into many difficulties. He gets more curses from his opponents than caresses from his friends; more kicks than kindness, and more bruises than benefits.

He is growing old, too, "before his time." Grey hairs are upon his head, and wrinkles upon his brow; but years and experience have failed to correct his errors. While he is waxing old, his purse waxes light. He gives away of his substance to the undeserving without reflection. His enemies triumph in his decay, while his friends are falling away from him. And yet, he is good at heart, and generous. Poor Hasty!

E. H. D.

LINES TO AN INVALID SISTER.

I gaze upon thine eye, beloved, and mark its light grow dim—
And feel that thou must early yield thy spirit up to Him,
Who gave thee to this trusting heart, and bound with mighty chain,
My heart to thine, and yet will break each massive link again.

I've seen our household gods depart in silence, one by one,
And thought the reaper's weary task ere noontide hour was done.
But death is on thy track, beloved, and claims thee as his own,
And I, a weary, leafless branch, must tread life's path alone.

'Twere vain to weep, tears cannot bring a lustre to thine eye,
Else love for thee would bid the fount of bitter tears run dry.
Love cannot shield thee from the grave, else love like mine would make
The hand of death to yield its hold—for once his grasp forsake.

I mark thee fading, day by day, and know life's feeble thread,
Will soon be cut, and thou wilt rest beside our kindred dead,
And yet for thee I sorrow not, 'tis for myself I weep,
For I must dwell henceforth alone—when thou shalt fall asleep.

G. A. A.

Troy, New York, 1865

ONE DREAM
Better than a Dozen Doctors.

A PECULIAR INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF A PECULIAR MAN.

BY T. MAYNE REID

I am an artist, but the profession by which I "live, move, and have my being," is one of a rare and rather peculiar kind. It is not painting, nor poetry, nor sculpture, nor music, nor magazine-writing, though I make little doubt, that had I turned my attention to any one of the above, I would have reached a degree of eminence in it; but I followed the prompting of Nature, and embraced a calling which, though not of the first rank among the Arts, requires, nevertheless, mental development of a peculiar character else it is completely unattainable either by study or labor.

In the year 1830, I practiced my art in the city of Edinburgh, Scotland. Public attention was at this time directed to the striking developments that were about being made in the new science of Phrenology, and I had the pleasure of being personally and intimately acquainted with its most prominent professor, the celebrated Dr. Combe. I was a frequent visitor at his house, where I had the honor of associating with some of the most noted savans of the day,—gentlemen of literary and scientific eminence, who resided in the Scotch Athens.

Reader, mine is, perhaps, the strangest shaped head you ever saw. It is oblong like a water-melon, of a good size, and on the super-cranium more square than round, possessing angular bumps not to be found in the Phrenological chart. To this queer physiological development, I attribute the talents and taste I possess for my peculiar profession, and so did Combe. It is not to be wondered at then, that my "cocoa," inspired the Doctor with interest and admiration, and that in many of our familiar conversations, it held a prominent rank. Indeed the learned doctor had frequently, though very delicately, offered hints that he should like to have a cast, which hint I as frequently, and with equal delicacy, had refused to take.

The truth is, I could not bear the idea of having my head odd as it was, belabored up in a mass of [illegible] making me feel as, I could easily imagine, half smothered and suffocated.

I had imbibed a decided aversion to plaster of Paris. I could fancy the limy stuff oozing into my eyes and causing pungent pain, like the sensations produced by soap—I could feel it in my nostrils and mouth, half choking me, and on the back of my neck cold and clammy like—pah! I came at once to the determination, in spite of the Doctor's insinuations about the benefit of science, that plaster of Paris should ever encase my *living* skull. Pursuant to this resolve, I was sitting one morning in my studio in the Canongate, when a servant rang the bell, and, entering, handed me a note. I found it to be an invitation to dinner, at the house of Dr. Combe—time, five o'clock. I returned an affirmative answer, and at the appointed hour, presented myself at the professor's house. I found assembled a select company of gentleman—all men of science, and several of them, like Combe himself, professors in the University. They were all more or less believers and advocates of the new science; and after the cloth was removed, the conversation turned principally upon this topic. Some of the party drank wine, others did not. They were all, however, in excellent humor, partaking freely of that hilarious disposition, for which the *literateurs* of the Scotch Athens have become so justly celebrated. Being acquainted with most of the party, I entered fully into the spirit of their mirth.

"Mr. E.," said the Doctor, addressing me, after the conversation had continued about an hour, "you are aware that the physical development of your head is somewhat different from the ordinary formation, and that your intellectual faculties, seemingly in consequence, have taken a somewhat remarkable direction—you will not then be offended, when I inform you that my scientific brethren here, and myself, have concluded to ask you for a certain favor?"

"I shall not be offended, Doctor, at any request that could come from such a source—but I fear me that you must be satisfied with a refusal, as I already guess the favor you would ask."

"What is it?" inquired they.

"You want my head!"

"A fac simile of it, my dear E.; you shall have your head—we only want a cast of it!"

"You cannot have it, gentlemen—I object!"

"But, my dear E., for the benefit of science—consider"——

"I have considered. I regret I cannot comply with your wishes."

"But what reason, E.?" asked the Doctor.

"Why, the truth is, Doctor, I have a horror of the operation—but hear me, gentlemen: though I cannot consent to let you make a *mould of* my living head, I am not particularly anxious that the worms should make *mould of* it when dead, and whensoever that melancholy event comes about, you shall have head, body, and all, to make casts, busts, and even full length statues on, if your pleasure; and you may embalm my body or dissect it, and wire it whichever may please you, and you may clean my skull, and line and figure it, or make a foot-ball out of it! Now, gentlemen, what more can you want?"

"But, my dear sir!" cried out several of them, in the midst of a roar of laughter, "we will all be in our comfortable graves before such an event would happen."

"No likelihood of that. I am older than most of you, and exposed to more vicissitudes."

"But your profession will carry you over the world, and death may meet you a thousand miles from Edinburgh!"

"All the same, gentlemen! all the same! I here promise you that, no matter in what part of the world death may reach me, my last request shall be that my remains be transmitted to Dr. Combe and his brother professors of the University of Edinburgh. Now, gentlemen, you have heard my resolve!"

A loud peal of laughter, loud as intellectual lungs are capable of giving, was the only answer, and the remainder of the evening was spent with the utmost hilarity and pleasure.

A few weeks afterwards, I shook hands with my Edinburgh friends, and departed for the town of Glasgow.

One evening, in the month of November, I was walking leisurely along the Clyde, looking at the busy and ever-varying scenes that presented themselves on the bosom of the beautiful river.

My attention was attracted by a crowd, who had gathered around some object on the bank. I sauntered on towards them, and when I approached, found the coroner and his jury holding inquest upon a human body that had just been taken out of the water dead. It was the corpse of a criminal that had been discovered in trying to make his escape.

"Where will they bury him?" asked one.

"Bury him!—Bury a murderer? No—no! Christian burial is not for such as *him.*"

"What then, neighbor?"

"*Why he'll go to the doctors, and be dissected.*"

"He'll go to the doctors, and be dissected!" was my involuntary soliloquy, as I turned on my heel and walked away from the disgusting spectacle. The words had made an impression upon me, and I could not help thinking of the promise I had made to my Edinburgh friends. A feeling of awe crept over me, and I could not repress an involuntary shudder at the idea of being classed with maniacs and murderers, and "taken to the doctors, to be dissected." I walked off in a kind of reverie, full of melancholy forebodings, from which I was awakened by the noise of two or three drops of rain falling heavily upon the crown of my hat. On looking around, and calculating the distance I had still to walk, I perceived that I was fairly "caught in a shower." It had become intensely cold, too, and as I had left my cloak at my lodgings, I was completely exposed to the bitter elements. All at once came on a heavy dash of rain and sleet, which blew directly in my face, pattering unmercifully against my cheeks. As I was nearly wet through, at the "first onslaught" of the storm, I did not value the shelter of a house, knowing that there would be little chance of dry garments, so I kept on towards my lodgings. When I placed my hand on the door bell, I was so numbed with cold, and wet, and exhaustion, that my fingers would scarce discharge the office of pulling it, and, to add to my misery, the fire that should have been burning in my studio, being neglected in my absence, had gone out. I was not long, however, in divesting myself of my soaked habiliments, and crawled into bed, but the severe exposure, to which I had been hitherto unused, was too much for me, and a chill, succeeded by a high and malignant fever, was the consequence, and from that hour I was stretched upon a bed of sickness.

Three months from the date of my *dinner with the doctors*, I lay upon my couch in the last stage of an incurable malady. The physicians, of whom there were several in attendance, had failed to discover my disease, but the symptoms of death were evident, and they had just retired from the room, having executed their last solemn duty of informing me that there was no hope of my recovery. Of this I myself had been satisfied, previous to their making this declaration, and I was quietly awaiting my last. My breathing was momentarily becoming more difficult and painful; and it seemed as though the passage, through which I inhaled, was closing up.—A single friend—the only one in Glasgow with whom I was sufficiently acquainted to entrust my fortune—sat by my bedside. He had been kind and attentive to me during my illness, and had drawn up my last will and testament, which had just been signed, and in which, after my own children, he had been remembered. They, poor boys, were far distant in another land, and little thought that at that time their only parent was prostrate upon the bed of death! When I thought of them, of their affectionate grief—for I knew that they loved me tenderly—when I thought of their dear mother, who had gone but a short time before me—the hot tear stole over my burning cheek, and then only was death armed with terrors.

My friend (Rowson was his name) sat gazing at me with a sort of awkward earnestness, which I could not comprehend. He evidently wished to say something, which he at the same time feared might give me pain. I could perceive this in spite of my debilitated condition.

"What is it, Rowson?" said I, feebly, at the same time motioning him to proceed.

"It is painful to intrude the subject upon you," replied he, "but your firmness has encouraged me—you have not as yet given me any directions as to the name or place of your burial—you may have some desires?"

I remained silent. Rowson continued—

"If you but state the place, and whether you wish any particular ceremony, it shall be attend to."

He was again silent, and waited my reply.

"I do not wish to be buried, Rowson!"

"Dear E., what mean you?"

"*Send me to the doctors, to be dissected!*"

Rowson started from his seat as though a shot had passed through his brain, and I could hear him mutter, as he gazed pityingly on me—

"Poor E.! he has lost it—it has gone—gone!"

"What is gone, Rowson?" enquired I.

"Oh, nothing—nothing," said he, somewhat confusedly.

"I understand you, my friend; you meant that my reason was gone."

"I could not have meant that, E."

"Yes, but you did, Rowson. I will explain what seems strange to you, but first promise me that when I convince you that I am in the perfect exercise of my reason, you will fulfil my dying request!"

"If in my power, I will fulfil it—I promise."

"It will be perfectly in your power—hear it. As soon as I have ceased to exist, order a large case six feet by four—have it properly and strongly put together—place my body in this case in such a manner that it will not be jolted by carriage—screw down the lid, and, in a plain and legible letter, direct to—'*Dr. Combe and the professors of the Edinburg University, with the parting respects of Mr. E.*'"

After giving these directions, I looked toward

Rowson. There was a kind of a "holy horror" depicted in his countenance, and he evidently still doubted my sanity.

"But, my dear E.," said he, at length, "what can you mean by this?"

I then related the scene at the *dinner of the doctors*, and reminded Rowson of my promise.

"But it is a foolish whim—reject it, E.; no one will blame you for breaking such a promise."

"I will keep it."

"But your children, E.; think of it; they will yet visit the University—they will look upon your bones exposed, wired—horrid! do not will me the performance of such a duty!"

"Rowson, I have kept my promise—remember yours!"

"Enough—it shall be done."

"Who are those that are gathering around?—who are they, Rowson?"

My sight was fast failing, but I could see several forms stealthily approach my bed side.

"They are only your physicians, E.; they wish as a last resource to try leeches."

"Well—but it is needless; they cannot save me."

And with the exhaustion of so much conversation, I fell into a half waking, half dreaming sleep.

* * * * * *

Stretched on my back upon a table near the centre of a large hall, I lay to all appearance dead—but I was not. I was full of life and sense, though I could neither speak, nor move, nor breathe, to signify this to those around me! The hall was lit up with numerous large candles. There were many gentlemen present (all apparently professional men) who crowded around me, and gazed upon what they supposed was my corpse! Among them were Dr. Combe, and my former acquaintances of the University. They one by one examined the conformation of my head, pressing their fingers down upon the bumps, and measuring my cranium with a tape.—My head seemed to be the principal object of their attention. "They are going," thought I, "to make a cast of it; it is wrong—it is rascally! I promised them a cast, but not till after my death. I am not dead—I am tied down—motionless; it is villainous, gentlemen, villainous and unfair!"

But they did not heed me. I could neither speak, nor move, nor breathe—I could only *think!* I was now interrupted. A man with his coat off and sleeves rolled up to his elbows, approached the table. He carried a vessel, which I could perceive contained gypsum or plaster of Paris. I was horrified when I saw this. They will blind me—they will choke me with the nasty stuff—but I cannot prevent them: they have tied me tight—tight—every limb, every muscle—all, but my soul!

I felt the cold clammy paste over my head, and on my face and neck, and for some minutes I could hear and see no more! At length it was removed. The same man, with the rolled up sleeves, washed away the particles that adhered to my cheeks, and I was once more sentient. I could see the cast they had taken. It was in the hands of Dr. Combe, and he was explaining something to his fellows. He then laid it upon the table, and once more turned toward me. So did the others. He took up an instrument and approached me. O God! the instrument was a *scalpel!* "Can it be that they are going"— I was interrupted by the voice of Combe, calling out in a jovial manner:

"*Now, gentlemen, let us cut him up!*"

"Horror!—horror!" but in vain did I cry horror! They neither heard nor heeded.

They crowded around me, Combe still brandishing the scalpel.

"Villain!—wretch!—homicide!—murderer! was this in our contract? You shall answer for it, Combe!"

It was all in vain—he did not pay the slightest attention to what I was saying, but proceeded to open my bosom with the horrid instrument. I could feel his fingers groping for the place of incision. I felt the cold steel resting on my skin, and then came a stinging sensation of pain, and with dreadful feeling I awoke!

* * * * * *

I awoke—but to find my dream a horrid reality! It was no dream! There was the man with his sleeves rolled up to his elbows, and with hands red and bloody—there stood the ominous group—and there were the lights burning around me. "O God! it was no dream; they think me dead, and are dissecting me!" This terrible truth now rushed with fearful distinctness upon my awakened senses, and collecting all my strength in one wild, superhuman effort, I raised myself up and flung the operator sprawling upon the floor, at the same time shouting in a voice of thunder and terror—

"*Stop! stop! I'm not dead yet!*"

I saw no more, having fallen back perfectly insensible.

When I awoke, it was like to a new life! I felt easy—in fact well; all pain was gone and I breathed without difficulty! So great was my pleasure and physical enjoyment, that I was for some time doubtful whether I was still upon the earth or transformed to a happier state of being! I was soon relieved of this uncertainty by hearing a voice which I knew to be Rowson's exclaiming—

"Astonishing, gentlemen! he respires freely and easily!"

"It is very strange!" said one, "it could not have been the leeches."

"No, no, impossible!—such an effect could never take place!" observed a third.

I opened my eyes, and instead of finding myself in the dissecting room of the Edinburgh University, I was lying on my couch in Glasgow. Several faces and forms were around me, whom I recognized as my attending physicians. Rowson was standing by the bed, and the man with the rolled up sleeves was picking up scattered leeches, and the fragments of a broken and bloody basin!

I at once comprehended the whole affair. The scene of the dissecting room was a dream, mingled and blended with which (on account of my half waking state) was the man with the rolled up sleeves, applying the leeches; but I had yet to learn what had happened to restore me so suddenly to almost perfect health.

I found this out afterwards. It was *not* the leeches, nor the doctors *either*—it was the dream!—aye, the *dream!*

Reader, if you recollect, I have stated that my physicians, from the first, were unacquainted with the malady that had prostrated me; consequently, their course of treatment had been worse than useless. It was occasioned by an abscess in the throat, which nearly stopped respiration, and would, consequently, by its increase have caused death. Now, the almost superhuman effort produced by the horror of my dream, burst this abscess, enabling me to breathe *freely*, and restoring me almost instantaneously to health!

Had it not been for the dream this never could have occurred, and death would speedily have ensued; so that in this instance, *one dream was better than a dozen doctors, and forty leeches to boot!*

"*I am not dead yet*," nor "a' weary of the world" either, and from my present feelings on the subject of dissection, I think it will be some time before Dr. Combe and the professors may expect me.—When you do receive me, "pickled and directed," I beg of you, gentlemen, not to be *hard upon my head!*

"There is Nothing worth our Care but Heaven."

I saw one stand, but not in pride,
And gaze, but not in scorn—
She was a mother, and beside
The grave of her first-born;
Her precious one, in life's young bloom,
Was cradled in that cheerless tomb.

She stood and gazed—a burning tear
Came down her fading cheek;
The chastened and the bowed was there—
The patient and the meek;
A sob but ill suppressed—a groan—
Told the sad tale—she was alone!

Oft had she, anxious, while it slept,
Bent o'er its resting place,
Lest e'en the low light breezes swept
Too rudely o'er its face;
But vain her care—the tyrant Death
Had hushed, for aye, its murmuring breath!

One year ago—her home was then
A Paradise to her—
Her brow without a dark'ning stain—
Her eye without a tear;
And now, alas! the world has not
For her, one bright or lovely spot.

Oh! what are we—to what tends all
For which we hope or fear?
Go ask the bier—the funeral pall—
The dreamless sepulchre:
By each the same response is given—
"There's nothing worth our care but Heaven!"

Philadelphia, Sept. 1845. J.

THE FATED RIVAL.

A THRILLING STORY.

"This afternoon will seal my earthly felicity; I shall be the happiest man alive!" ejaculated Edmund, on the morning of the day on which he was to lead his Anna to the hymeneal altar.

It was no marvel, though Edmund exulted in the near approach of the hour which was to consummate the nuptials of two of the most devoted lovers the world ever witnessed; for Anna was possessed of every quality, mental and personal, which could be supposed to administer to the bliss of him who was fortuned to be her husband. But, independently of Anna's abstract fascinations, there were circumstances which must of themselves have produced in the breast of Edmund a peculiar attachment to her. Five suitors had importunately solicited her hand in marriage during her courtship with him, and among these was Malwyn, a neighboring nobleman, high in the esteem of his sovereign. But Edmund, though inferior in station to Melwyn and each of his four other rivals, was unhesitatingly and decidedly preferred to them all. And no less fervent was the affection with which he regarded Anna. His entire existence was bound up in hers, and the world, and life itself, when weighed in the balance with her, were found to be incalculably wanting.

The nuptial morn of the youthful lovers was one of the most congenial and pleasant which ever burst on the world since its creation. It was in the month of April. The superficies of the earth was beautifully carpeted with new-born grass—the garden, the orchard, the hedge, the plantation, the forest, all smiled in their new coverings. The sun poured forth his beams with more than wonted profusion, tinging the entire creation with an exquisitely yellow radiance; innumerable choristers of every species of the singing tribe imparted, by the melody of their warblings, additional charms to that bright morn—Nature herself, in fine, seemed on this occasion to be jubilant at the approaching nuptials of a pair who were so worthy of each other.

The vassals of Emerson, Anna's father, exulted without measure at the circumstance of their chieftain's only daughter being about to be united to the youth of her choice; and as all were that evening to participate in the ample festivities of the baronial hall, they attired themselves in the best costume of their clan, and prepared to celebrate the joyous event with all becoming respect for their chieftain and the young bride and bridegroom.

The afternoon arrived, and at the hour of five, the beautiful bride approached the hymeneal altar, accompanied by her maids of honor, and the wives and daughters of the more respectable of her father's vassals. Edmund was present at the appointed hour, luxuriating in waking dreams of the matchless bliss which was about to be sealed from henceforth to him. The venerable Abbot of Kinloss, a man who was verging on seventy years of age, and whose countenance eloquently discoursed of his unaffected piety, stationed himself beside the interesting couple, and before proceeding to go through the matrimonial ceremony, he uttered, with a mingled air of mildness and solemnity, the usual behest of "join hands." The lovers stretched out their respective hands to each other; Anna's was white as the unsunned snow, while her beautiful countenance was suffused with a deep blush, indicative of her modesty—a blush which, if possible, imparted new fascinations to that unrivalled face. The reverend Abbot now commenced the marriage ritual. With uplifted hands, and a visage beaming with benignity, he was addressing his orisons to the Being in whose service the greater portion of his life had been spent, imploring His special benediction on the youthful pair now standing at the altar, when an arrow from some invisible bow infixed itself in his heart. That instant he dropped on the floor, at the feet of the party who surrounded him. All present were horror-struck at the strange circumstance, and gazed on each other in mute amazement, simultaneously listening at the same time, as if by instinct, in the hope they would hear such sounds in some part of the large hall as would lead them to the discovery of the foeman; but the first thing that broke the death-like momentary silence that prevailed was the expiring groan of Heaven's aged servant. The bride fainted at the appalling scene; and while the bridegroom was in the act of raising her up, Melwyn, attended by a host of myrmidons, suddenly appeared at the portals of the hall, their flaming eyes speaking the deeds of blood on which they were intent.

"See to the protection of Anna!" cried Edmund, and he clenched his dagger in his hand. He burned to revenge himself on his *deadly* foe, but he could not so far master his feelings of affection for his bride as to quit her to engage in combat with Melwyn. Apprised of the presence of the unhallowed intruders, the clansmen of Edmund's virtual father-in-law rushed to the aid of their chieftain, his daughter, and her bridegroom. The hall was now crowded with foemen, ranged under two great divisions—each willing and prepared to shed the last drop of his blood in the quarrel of their respective chieftains.

The conflict now commenced with the utmost fierceness on each side: the *clashing* of the instruments of death might have been heard far and wide, till at length, overpowered by superior numbers, the clansmen of Edmund were almost all strewed on the floor of the hall, either already in the embraces of death, or momentarily expecting to be so, from the number and severity of their wounds. Edmund and Emerson *defended* Anna with a more than mortal bravery; but Melwyn and his leading vassals at last surrounded them, wrenching their daggers from them, and consequently rendered her further protection beyond the compass of human courage and power.

"Spare the two miscreants,"—referring to Emerson and Edmund—"spare the two miscreants, that mortification may be their portion," cried Melwyn, addressing himself to his surviving clansmen, as he seized the affrighted Anna in his arms, and proceeded with her to the door. A steed was there in waiting, which he mounted, and, placing Anna before him, he galloped off with his prize to his own castle, only four miles distant, followed by his vassals.

"Thou art now in safe custody, young bride," said he to Anna, as one of his servants shut the ponderous iron gate which fronted his walled castle.

On reaching his mansion, Melwyn led Anna into the most splendid apartment in it, and having placed before her the most delicious refreshments the house could afford, he pressed her to partake of it, but she refused.

"Is not thy foolish obstinacy yet overcome, lady?" said he to her, in a half-sneering tone. "Whether, think you," continued the haughty chieftain, "are a dungeon and chains, or being made the lady of Melwyn Castle, most to be preferred?"

Anna was silent.

"Nay, young maid, hast not thou the use of that member so characteristic of thy sex?" said Melwyn, sarcastically.

Anna, who had but partially recovered from her swoon when wrested from the arms of Edmund, and who had taken it for granted that both he and her father had been the victims of Melwyn's limitless fury, implored the chieftain, in accents which were repeatedly interrupted by the irrepressible grief which swelled her gentle bosom, and which vented itself in an ocean of tears, to terminate her life that instant, as an act of tender mercy.

"A few hours of a solitary dungeon will perhaps bring thee to thy senses, and cure thee of thy regards for Edmund; if not, I shall then wed thee *per force*!" said Melwyn; and so saying, he dragged the agonized Anna to a gloomy cell, in which he was wont to incarcerate the persons of those of his vassals who had incurred his displeasure.

The enraged chieftain then despatched a special messenger for a priest to unite him and Anna together in marriage, but being some distance from home, several hours elapsed before his services could be obtained.

Emerson and Edmund, who, though worsted in the conflict between them and Melwyn's party, had been permitted to enjoy their liberty unmolested after the latter had decamped with Anna, began to muse on the calamity which had befallen them, and to think whether or not it was within the range of possibility to do anything for the recovery of the person of the bride.

Edmund was intimately acquainted with the localities of Melwyn's castle and its vicinity, and knew that after sunset there was one part of its walls defended only by one person, which to adventurous spirits it would be perhaps practicable to scale, and if they could succeed in this, and slay the sentinel, they might undiscovered enter the castle itself, and yet rescue Anna from the haughty chieftain.

The project wore a sufficiently desperate aspect; but Edmund—yes, and Emerson too, though comparatively advanced in years, were both in that reckless state of mind, which fitted them to undertake any enterprise within the confines of practicability.

Calling to their assistance, and acquainting them with their project, the most spirited of those of Emerson's vassals who had survived the recent conflict, the bridegroom and the bride's father accordingly armed themselves at every point, and hastened towards the neighborhood of Melwyn's walled castle.

The sun had buried himself below the western horizon two hours before they left Emerson's hall on their adventurous purpose. The night was exceedingly dark: hours had to elapse before the moon would show her visage, and not one of the countless lesser luminaries, which at other times festal and sparkle in the firmament, was visible to the eye; all were enshrouded from mortal gaze, by one apparently vast cloud. Emerson, Edmund, and their party, amounting in all to twelve, arrived at the part of the wall they were to attempt to scale, and one of the tallest and stoutest of their number placed himself in the position best adapted for enabling the others to avail themselves of the assistance of his shoulders, in endeavoring to scale it. Edmund, with sword in hand, was the first to make the attempt, and on reaching the summit, was astonished to find there was no sentinel there. Impressed with the idea, from the different voices he heard on the outside—and not being able from the pitchy darkness of the night to correct his error—that there were a vast number of regularly organized besiegers, the sentinel, instead of standing to his post, ran to the castle, for the purpose of giving the alarm. The remaining ten instantly followed Edmund, but the eleventh, not having any one to assist him to scale the wall, was necessitated to remain outside. Edmund's party were at the castle almost contemporaneously with the sentinel, and at the most important part of it before him.

The brilliant illumination visible in one of the most spacious apartments led them immediately to it. Edmund unceremoniously burst open the door, rushed in, and was followed by Emerson and others. There was exhibited to their astonished gaze, the spectacle of Anna in her bridal robes, pouring forth the agonies of her heart in deep-fetched, rapidly succeeding sobs and torrents of tears, and being supported by one of Melwyn's sisters. The lord of the castle held her snowy-white hand in his—around was a numerous party—and the priest, who had arrived but a few minutes before, had just enunciated the first sentence of the matrimonial service.

"Villain!" exclaimed Edmund, with his eyes directed to Melwyn, and flashing at the same time with boundless indignation; and as he uttered the epithet, he rushed towards his hated foe, and ere the latter had time to use a weapon in his own defence, he sheathed his sword in his bosom.

Melwyn fell prostrate upon the floor, but such was the jealous and deadly animosity he bore towards Edmund, that though he survived but two minutes thereafter, he partially rose up, seized his dagger, and aimed it at the breast of Anna, exclaiming at the same time, under the impression the thrust was successful—

"Nor shalt thou, accursed, enjoy her either!" but Edmund had already seized her in his arms, and the thrust which was made at her proved mortal to Melwyn's own brother, who, in the confusion of the moment, occupied the place on which Anna had stood but a moment before.

Entering the castle of Melwyn thus unexpectedly, and finding its inmates anticipating scenes of festivity rather than of mortal conflict, Edmund and his party found no difficulty—not even resistance—in carrying off Anna in triumph. The only obstacle was the massy iron gate fronting the castle, but a sufficiency of it was instantaneously demolished to admit of their exit. They reached home in an hour or two thereafter, and on the following day Edmund and Anna again approached the hymeneal altar, were united together, and spent the remainder of their days in peace and happiness.

BIANCA DE MONTI.

A VENETIAN STORY.

BY R. L., JR.

Bianca de Monti was the daughter of a proud and wealthy patrician of Venice, who boasted of ancestral honors in no small degree. Brought up under the jealous eye of an austere and stern father, Bianca led a weary and cheerless life.

In early life, the loss of a fond mother left her no female companion that might have cheered her almost monastic life in her father's house; true, he granted her every thing she desired, but what could atone for the loss of liberty, her isolated condition and lonely situation? Her father gave no encouragement to visitors, and treated those who had the courage to visit the house, with perfect coldness.

The darling object of his soul was to wed his daughter to some powerful nobleman; his patrician blood recoiled with horror at the bare idea of his daughter uniting herself to one of plebeian blood.

After looking about him for some time, he cast his eyes upon the Marquis Sansovini, a young sprig of nobility lately arrived from Rome, one who was exactly the mould for the haughty De Monti; for it might be said, one was the exact counterpart of the other, so nearly did their natures approach each other. To this worthy did De Monti propose his daughter, which the Don eagerly accepted, as his possessions were nearly squandered through his prodigacy and debauchery; and the prospect of filling his coffers from the broad lands of the Duke De Monti, was to him a glorious anticipation: for Bianca, he cared not a straw—for the simple reason of his never having seen her.

The campaign thus being opened in earnest, his Lordship was invited to an entertainment given for the purpose, and formally introduced to Bianca. Her father had informed her of his design in the morning, but, notwithstanding, she was wholly unable to enact her part. During the evening he paid particular attention to her, but she appeared to receive his compliments and flattery with perfect indifference, if not with disgust.

Her father's eye, as it caught her's at intervals, flashed in anger, as if to reprove her for her cold and ceremonious manner. Observing this, it caused her more embarrassment and confusion—so that the remarks of Sansovini fell unheeded upon her ear. At length, even his cold and reckless spirit saw and felt moved at her situation, and enquired if he could be of any assistance to her, as she appeared to be indisposed.

To hear even these few words of consolation from him, caused her to hope that her release might be effected without much difficulty. She eagerly replied that he could be of assistance to her, by conducting her to her father, as she did indeed feel very much indisposed, so much so, she considered it requisite to retire for the night.

Drawing her arm within his own, he wound his way through the throng and soon reached the entrance end of the room, where stood her father. Resigning her to him with an explanation, he bade them good night, promising to call in the morning to enquire after Bianca's health, which was listened to in silence by her, but warmly responded to by her father.

As they left the apartment, and when about resigning her to the care of her maid, he looked sternly at her, and telling her he desired some conversation with her in the morning, turned and left her.

When she had retired to the privacy of her own apartment with her favorite maid, of whom she had made a confidant, she ga [illegible] She saw that with a man [illegible] termined and unrelenting [illegible] escape from the fate that awaited her, and bitterly deplored her hard destiny.

As soon as Jessica, her maid, could recover from the surprise her mistress had thrown her in, at this unexpected exhibition of feeling on her part, so different from that she had expected—for she anticipated a rich description of the entertainment, of the dresses of the ladies, the gallants, and their witty remarks, &c., that she was thunderstruck at her lady's conduct—as soon as she could collect words, for which it was something uncommon for her to be at a loss, for she was celebrated for volubility of tongue, which, for spinsters in her calling, however, is the predominating trait of character, the questions were put with a rapidity truly astonishing: "Who could have offended her lady?" "What could it be?"—"What had happened?" and a thousand other questions of similar import.

When Bianca had in a measure composed herself, she related to Jessica her situation: stating that it was her belief that her father intended her to wed the Marquis Sansovini. And that with a man of the Duke's character there was no escape from his will, if once his mind was fixed. As she concluded, she gave way to a fresh burst of grief, as she thought of her lonely situation: no friend near her, of her own sex, to console her, save the kind-hearted and unsophisticated Jessica. As for her, she was in a perfect phrenzy, and vented her maledictions upon the Marquis, her father, and the whole world, for treating her lady in that shameful manner.

"And oh! my lady, what will poor Signor Alphonso say when he hears that you"——

"Cease, oh cease; your words harrow my soul.—Oh! Heaven support me in this trial, and grant me strength to bear it!" And poor Bianca gave full vent to her feelings, in spite of the rude consolation offered by the kind-hearted Jessica: who, finding she could not appease her mistress, joined in concert with her.

After Bianca had sufficiently composed herself, she sat down and wrote to the following effect:

"DEAR ALPHONSO—

"'Tis said the darkest hour is always succeeded by sunshine and joy; but alas! my case is, I fear, an exception. Since we parted, sorrow has overtaken me, to be more closely embraced by struggling to escape. Haste thee—haste thee, dear Alphonso, to console

"Thine ever. BIANCA."

This note she sealed and directed to Alphonso Romano, then absent a few leagues from Venice, entrusting it to the care of Jessica to see it safely conveyed in the morning. After committing herself to the care of her Maker, she retired to rest, but passed a sleepless and unhappy night.

Alphonso Romano was a Florentine artist, born of humble and virtuous parents. After struggling through his novitiate in the profession he had adopted, he gradually rose to a considerable degree of eminence; although not possessed of an independence, he was placed far beyond the reach of want. Added to his reputation as an artist, his many virtues rendered him an object of universal admiration—he was charitable almost to a fault, for he had often denied himself, to cater to the comforts of those around him. Nature had also been lavish in her favors towards him, for they were liberally bestowed upon his person. At a glance from his bright eye and sound of his full rich voice, many a light-hearted damsel had felt her heart flutter within her breast, and the crimson current mount to her cheeks. He was in fact one of nature's noblemen, with his patent of nobility direct from his Maker, notwithstanding he made no boast of his ancestry, his shield, which was unsullied—his honor was to him far above all the trappings and blazonry of heraldic device, so much cherished and worshipped by the Duke De Monti.

Is it to be wondered at that Bianca was deeply moved at one possessed of so many amiable qualities? Although her father had fancied his watchfulness had prevented Bianca from holding correspondence with any person without his knowledge, Alphonso and she had met, and passed hours together, for months before the opening of the story. Their first meeting was by accident, a short distance from her father's house, in company with Jessica, whither she had strolled towards sunset, to enjoy the grandeur of an Italian sky. Walking slowly along, they were suddenly alarmed at the appearance of two fierce-looking men, who left them but a short time in suspense as to their object, for they were immediately seized by the men, who commenced coolly divesting them of the ornaments about their persons; it was fortunate for them that Jessica possessed good lungs, for in an instant she made the hills re-echo again before the bandit who had her in charge could place his hand over her mouth. In an instant, as if by magic, a tall and well-dressed young man rushed from a bypath and seized the ruffian, who detained Bianca by the throat, with no child's grasp, and threw him on the ground, placed his foot upon his neck, and drew his sword in time to meet the thrust of the other, who had left Jessica to assist his comrade.—The robber soon found that as his passes were so the same time, receiving a wound in his arm, he had no novice to deal with, thought proper to throw down his sword and take to his heels, leaving his companion behind.

The attention of Alphonso, for him it was, now turned to the villain who lay struggling on the ground, begging to be released, and venting imprecations upon the head of his cowardly companion, who left him in the hands of the Philistines; at the same time vowing upon his honor that should the signor release him, he would return the stolen articles, and ever more lead an honest life; he said he was a poor, weak, innocent fellow, easily led astray by artful advisers, without strength of mind to resist them—that it was his first offence and would be his last; stating that he was the father of ten small children, who, with their mother, would suffer from want, were they deprived of his support—and called upon all the Saints in the calendar to witness the truth of his assertion, at the same offering the trinkets he held in his hand.

Alphonso was hesitating as to the propriety of giving him his liberty, when Bianca, who had recovered from the fright the transaction had caused her, joined her supplications, with so much earnestness, that Alphonso was induced to release him. The ruffian rose to his feet, and with him his courage; for finding himself on his legs, he returned the articles with a sullen look and ill grace, turned on his heel with great indifference and walked away, without uttering a word. He had not proceeded a great distance from the spot, when he faced about, and flourishing his stiletto in the air, poured forth a torrent of abuse and curses upon the head of Alphonso, and vowed to have his heart's blood, should he ever cross his path again.

Alphonso made a motion, as if to pursue him, when the penitent turned about and quickly disappeared.

"What a rascal! How I pity his wife and children," said Jessica.

"If it be true," said Alphonso, smiling: "but I doubt his assertion."

Bianca was profuse in her acknowledgements of gratitude for the timely interference of the stranger, who received them with a becoming modesty, and seemed to be more affected by the dark eyes and beautiful features before him, than the overflowings of a grateful heart.

Bianca enquired the name and address of her deliverer, and, on being informed, told him she had often heard of him by reputation, but never before had the pleasure of seeing him.

Jessica was absolutely mad with joy, and gave way to her feelings in a different strain to her mistress. She said Alphonso was an angel from Heaven; but then again she resumed—

"What else could be expected from such a handsome young man but courage!" She had no doubt but the Duke would be delighted to see him, and be eternally grateful for his services.

There is no telling where her tongue would have ceased, had not Bianca blushingly apologized for the impertinence of her maid, and bade her cease her clamor.

Gracefully offering his arm to Bianca, he proposed to see her in safety to her home, which offer she readily accepted, as the recent event had left her very much discomposed.

Drawing her arm gently within his own, they proceeded in the direction of the palace. Conversing upon the boldness of the robbers to attempt so daring an act, where they might be so easily surprised—the gorgeousness of the sky, and scenery of the surrounding country—they soon arrived at the entrance of the palace, where they met the Duke, who was about starting in quest of his daughter. When he beheld Bianca thus approaching, with a strange young man, his brow became clouded, and his eye rested upon hers, as if to read an explanation of so uncommon an event. Bianca rushed to embrace him, and, quickly describing the adventure, she introduced Alphonso as her deliverer from the hands of the robbers.

The Duke coldly bowed to him, remarked that he was indebted to him for his kindness, and if he could ever be of any service to him, he would exert himself to the utmost; so saying, he made another formal bow, and, taking his daughter's hand, turned away and left him.

As they departed, Alphonso caught Bianca's eye, and in that look there was enough to repay him for a thousand such receptions as the Duke gave him.

He returned to his dwelling an altered man; the abode seemed cheerless and lonely; his favorite pictures and works of art had lost half their attraction, and remained unnoticed. The image of Bianca was ever before him, and seemed to mock the creations of his fancy that hung on the walls around him. He retired to rest, but even in his dreams her lovely form and gentle manners still haunted his imagination.

In the morning he arose, ate a hasty breakfast, and left the house in the fond hope of meeting with the object of his thoughts: but after wandering about the scene of the previous day's adventure for two or three hours, without success, he returned to his studio, to endeavor, if possible, to banish from his mind one whose position would effectually debar him from aspiring to: but it was of no avail—the weary hours rolled themselves away until evening, when he sallied forth determined to see, if possible, his enchantress.

He had just passed the garden at the back of the Duke's palace, when he heard female voices, and, on turning, beheld Bianca and Jessica issuing from the garden gate and approaching him. He was at that moment concealed by the foliage around him, but in a short time a turn in the path brought them face to face. Bianca started, and a deep crimson dyed her face; but it passed away, as she gracefully returned Alphonso's greeting, and replied to his tender inquiries after her health. She then proceeded to reiterate her obligations to him for his assistance the evening before.

"Name it not," Alphonso replied; "that act is a thousand times repaid by the pleasure I enjoy in seeing you recovered from the effects of the fright."

"Yes, Signor, and I myself am very much obliged to you, indeed, for saving an innocent damsel from those horrid ruffians," said *Jessica*; "and my Lady said a dozen times last night she would like to see"—

It is quite probable she would have exposed some little secrets, had not Bianca sternly ordered her to hold her tongue.

They had walked some distance from the palace, farther than Bianca had intended; for it cannot be denied that she hoped to meet Alphonso, and in case she did, had arranged her little plans accordingly: but she had been so wrapt up in his conversation, that she did not observe the distance they had walked. Suddenly recollecting herself, she apologized to Alphonso for leaving him thus abruptly, as her father would be uneasy at her absence, and turned to retrace her steps.

At the name of her father, his heart sank within him at the recollection of the reception the night before by the Duke; but quickly recovering himself, he insisted upon accompanying her, at the same time pointing out the danger of returning unprotected.

Jessica thought it was her turn to expostulate, as she was an interested party, and loudly urged her mistress to consent: "for," said she, "what could two innocent females do, if those two ravenous robbers should meet them again?"

Bianca required but little persuasion to consent, and at length allowed Alphonso to return with her.

Without meeting any of the household they arrived at the garden gate, which was opened by Jessica with a master key. Bianca took leave of Alphonso, and was about entering the garden, when he begged that their acquaintance, so romantically begun, would not thus abruptly terminate, especially as living so near each other, they would often come in contact.

Bianca expected this, but still was not prepared with an answer; but stammering out some unintelligible words, said that it would, perhaps, not be proper to continue an intimacy with one, although he were her preserver, unknown to her father.—But it was uttered in such an undecided tone, that it amounted almost to an assent to Alphonso's proposition. His heart leaped within his breast as he bade her farewell, and he returned to his home in more elevated spirits than he had left it.

It was a most singular circumstance, some might say, that they met by accident, of course, in precisely the same place on the following evening, and passed the time away so imperceptibly that darkness was upon them ere they were aware of it. And so it was the next night, and the next, until their intimacy ripened into friendship, and friendship into love; their destinies had become woven together in such a manner that naught but death could separate them. Months rolled on, in happiness to both; they had pledged fidelity to each other, and vowed that death alone should part them.

Jessica was delighted with her office, as it gave her an opportunity for gossip, conveying billet-doux, &c., so that she was exactly in her element.

The morning after the entertainment previously described, Bianca met her father at the table. The meal passed off in silence, as she felt she was about to receive her sentence. And the Duke was silent, as if to cherish his words for something more important than common-place observations.

At length he broke silence. Bianca started when he opened his lips.

"My daughter," he said, "I am growing old, and in all probability I shall not live many years. It would be a source of extreme regret to me to go down to the grave without seeing you properly settled in life—wedded to one who is worthy the hand of a daughter of the house of de Monti. It has been a matter of great anxiety to me for some time past. I have been constantly on the alert for one suited to your condition, but have met with none whom I could approve of more than the Marquis Sanovini. It is my wish, and I expect you to acquiesce in it, that you give the Marquis all the encouragement that lies in your power. Depend upon it, you will find in him all that could be desired of a husband; as far as I can see, he is amiable, and obliging in his manners; and above all, he is descended from one of the best families in Rome. I suppose he will call here this morning to enquire as to your health. Be sure you give him a warm reception."

Bianca replied that she would receive him as any guest of her father should be received. As she was about retiring, he called her back, and said—

"Was not the name of the youth who rescued you from the robbers some time since Alphonso Romano?"

It was well for Bianca that her father's eyes were directed to the letter he held in his hands; for had a thunder-bolt fallen at her feet, she could not have been more surprised than she was to hear his name mentioned.

In a faltering voice, she answered that it was.

"I simply enquire," he said, "from the fact of having received a letter from the Cardinal de Medici, asking me to introduce him into society, and further his interest as far as possible; he represents him as an amiable young man and an ornament to any society. 'He stands among the first in his profession, and is noted for his benevolence.' It is certainly a very good character; but, notwithstanding the high respect I entertain for the Cardinal, I cannot think of introducing him into society, as he calls it; meaning, I suppose, the society of noblemen: but I will endeavor to advance his interest, professionally."

Bianca could endure it no longer, but hastily retired, to conceal her indignation.

According to promise, the Marquis made his appearance, in great state, late in the morning, and was received by the Duke with all ceremony and parade, and conducted to the presence of Bianca.—She arose to meet him, when he tenderly enquired after her health, and expressed a hope that she had recovered her spirits by a night's rest.

The conversation was not a very animated one, on account of the feelings of the parties. Bianca's heart was too full to speak, for her conscience would not allow her to offer any encouragement to the Marquis, when she knew there was no prospect of him gaining his object: on the other hand he was taken aback at Bianca's reserve, for he expected to have met with a most cordial reception from her, as the Duke had informed the Marquis he intended to acquaint his daughter of his intentions towards him. Finding he could not draw her into conversation, he arose to take his departure. The Duke strongly urged him to repeat his visit, and desired him as a particular favor to consider the house at his command. Bianca took leave of him, and remarked that she considered it quite unnecessary to press him to call again, after the persuasions of her father, and that she was always ready to entertain his guests to the best of her abilities.

The Marquis retired, but determined in his own mind not to be baffled by this formal and cold reception, but to renew the attack thereafter with vigor. His estates were gradually diminishing by his gambling and debauchery, and it required some bold movement on his part to replenish his finances.

The Duke was in an ill humor at Bianca's conduct, and strongly censured her bearing towards him, and desired her, as she feared his displeasure, to be more cautious in future.

Bianca retired to her room, to while away the weary hours that would elapse ere she should meet Alphonso: for, had he received her note, he would have had sufficient time to arrive, as he was but a short distance from Venice, on a visit to an aged relative, whom he had not seen for many years.

When he received the note, he started, the color forsook his cheeks, and he would have sunk to the ground, had he not supported himself by a chair. He immediately made arrangements to return to Venice post haste. It was but a few moments after his arrival, ere he was at the garden gate of the Duke's palace, and in another was Bianca in his arms.

"Thank heaven!" he exclaimed, "thou art safe, my own beloved; but what could have caused this hasty summons—does any danger threaten, or has something already befallen thee?"

In a few words she related to him her situation, and concluded amid a burst of tears. Alphonso was indeed troubled; and as he drew her to a seat, breathed in her ear words of encouragement, that he was as much in need of as herself; for he well knew the firmness of her father. After conversing until a late hour, endeavoring to console each other, they were forced reluctantly to part, Alphonso bidding her be of good cheer, for the cloud would pass away when her father discovered his daughter's happiness depended upon her own will in regard to her marriage, when, fervently embracing her, he tore himself away.

The Marquis set about his plan of operations without delay, well knowing that should the Duke discover his real character, his hopes would be blasted forever. Night after night he gave magnificent entertainments, which to her sorrow Bianca was forced to attend, as it deprived her of the company of Alphonso. In fact the caterers of pleasure were kept constantly employed, to win one smile from Bianca, but without avail. People began to whisper, and wonder why the marriage did not take place, as time enough had elapsed since he became her suitor, for such an event to be brought about, but she was almost as distant to him as the day on which she became acquainted with him. On many occasions had he pressed her to be his, as the world already looked upon them as affianced; but she invariably gave him some evasive answer, as she was not at present in any great dread from her position, and as she also daily met Alphonso, she became gradually more reconciled to her situation.

The Marquis had by this time become desperate; his estate was gradually wasting away through the expense he was daily under, in forwarding his suit. He called the Duke aside one day, and explained his case to him, and told him that if his daughter did not immediately give her consent to the union, he would directly drop the suit, as he considered it an insult to be thus trifled with by a wayward girl.

The Duke was much moved by the words of the Marquis, and pledged his honor that his daughter should give a final answer within three days. With this assurance the Marquis Sansovini took his departure.

The Duke ordered Bianca to attend him in his room. When they were seated, he told her he had brought her there for the purpose of hearing her views in regard to her marriage with the Marquis. "For," said he, "this trifling is quite unbecoming in a daughter of de Monti. I have pledged my honor to give a final answer in three days, and see, for your own welfare, that it is a favorable one."

"Never! never will I be the wife of the Marquis Sansovini," exclaimed Bianca; "my purpose is fixed."

The Duke expected some opposition from her, but flattered himself, by persuasive language, he would gradually gain her consent; but great was his astonishment to hear her speak so decidedly; he knew not what to say; he was astounded at her firm and resolute manner, and was for a moment incapable of utterance, but by the workings of his features it could be seen that he was in a great phrensy. At length he spoke but in accents so terrible that Bianca trembled.

"Hark ye, Bianca," he said; "I have pledged my word to this thing, and it must be done; so in three days prepare yourself to accept the Marquis, or spend the remainder of your days in a convent, for my roof shall never shelter a disobedient child."

So saying, he left the room.

Bianca was placed in a fearful situation. The relation she stood in to Alphonso would never allow her to wed the Marquis, even could she overcome the disgust she entertained for him. The idea of entering a convent, to leave the being she madly loved, was to her heart-rending in the extreme. Heavily dragged the hours that intervened before she could meet Alphonso. Night at length came, and the lovers met at the foot of the garden.

Alphonso was deeply moved as he listened to Bianca's description of the interview with her father. As she concluded, he pressed her to his bosom, and heaved a deep sigh.

"Bianca," he said, "it is indeed a fearful situation, but there is one chance of escape, and but one, which is, for us to fly and become united without the consent of your father."

Bianca started at these words, and strongly objected to such a course; but the powerful arguments offered by Alphonso, induced her to waver, and almost, ere they parted, to give her consent.

Alphonso arranged that they should on the following night repair to the neighboring chapel to be united; after which, they were to fly post haste, and take refuge with the Cardinal de Mendici, who had always entertained kindly feelings for him; with him they were to remain, until the excitement had in a measure blown over, and the Duke became reconciled, for notwithstanding his severity, he had a great deal of affection for his daughter. Alphonso was to appear on this occasion under her lattice, and give notice, by performing some little air, that the horses were prepared, and every thing in readiness for their flight: which Bianca was to acknowledge by throwing her glove from the window, in token she was willing to proceed; she was then to repair to the garden gate, to be received by Alphonso. Jessica was to await their return, to give some excuse for Bianca's absence, should she be enquired for.

THE CATASTROPHE.

It was evening, the soft twilight had given place to darkness, and the stars reflected upon the broad bosom of the noble Adriatic, seemed like dancing diamonds, as they ever and anon flashed upon its dark surface. The moon had just peeped above the roofs of the palaces which lined its bank, and seemed to increase the gloom of their dark shadows, by contrast with the sky. The busy hum of day was over, and naught disturbed the silence of the scene, save the tinkling of distant guitars, or the plash of the oar of the gondolier, as he skims his light bark over the sea.

It was at this time a figure was seen standing beneath the portico of the Duke's palace, in the shadow of the building. Although the darkness rendered it quite unnecessary, the figure was as closely muffled in a large cloak, with his hat drawn far down over his brows, as if for the purpose of disguise. At intervals he would start, and draw more securely around his person the disguise he was in, as he fancied he heard footsteps approaching. Satisfying himself there was no one near, he drew from beneath the folds of his cloak a guitar, with which, accompanied by his voice in a subdued tone, he performed a plaintive little air. After waiting a few moments, a lattice was cautiously opened above, and a glove was dropped at his feet; observing which, he smiled, drew his cloak around him, and disappeared in the gloom. He was soon at the garden gate, whither Bianca had also repaired, and was met as she thought by Alphonso, but in fact by the Marquis, who placed her upon one horse, when he mounted another, and rode rapidly off.

At the time Alphonso and Bianca were in the garden planning their escape, the Marquis called at the palace, and learning from one of the servants that Bianca was in the garden, strolled out there to meet her; as he arrived at the termination of one of the alleys, he heard voices in conversation, and as he approached nearer, he discovered one to be that of a man, the other was Bianca; and as the thick shrubbery rendered him invisible to the parties, he cautiously advanced so near as to hear every word uttered by them. He was at first struck with indignation at the boldness of the scheme, and his first idea was to rush upon them and secure Alphonso, but on second consideration he thought as there was no possibility of gaining Bianca by fair means, he would have her by foul. So, stifling his resentment, he determined to anticipate Alphonso the following night, and bear her away himself. The darkness, and disguise he should adopt, would effectually prevent his recognition by Bianca, as it was natural to suppose she would be in some agitation at the time. Pleased with the idea, he hurried from the place, and the next day privately engaged the services of a priest, to be in readiness at an earlier hour than Alphonso had appointed.

Alphonso arrived under the lattice a short time after the Marquis had left, having left his horses at a short distance in the care of a servant, and gave the signal agreed upon by performing a favorite air of his. When he had concluded, he looked anxiously for an answer from Bianca, but none appeared.—Supposing she hesitated to consent, he commenced again in a more feeling tone, but still no answer. He now became seriously agitated, and as he looked around him in agony, his eye caught Bianca's glove lying on the ground; hastily snatching it up, he shook with a convulsive tremor, for he knew that she had not made her appearance at the lattice since he arrived.

In a moment, he rushed round to the garden gate, where he saw Jessica anxiously waiting their return from the chapel. She screamed with affright at the appearance of Alphonso without Bianca, and in a few words, told him that she had gone off with a gentleman, whom she took to be himself. In an instant he mounted his horse, and bidding his servant follow with Jessica, dashed off in the direction of the chapel.

The place was feebly lighted, and before the altar stood Bianca with her eyes cast to the ground, about responding to the marriage ceremony—not with the object of her affection, but with one she heartily despised. The priest was progressing, when he was arrested in the ceremony, by the noise of horses galloping toward the chapel. The Marquis became extremely nervous, and, losing all self-possession, in a loud voice bade him proceed. At the sound of his voice, Bianca raised her eyes, and, beholding the Marquis, uttered a scream, and fell senseless at the foot of the altar. In a moment, Alphonso rushed in.

"Villain!" he exclaimed, as he reached the Marquis, "draw and defend thyself!"

The Marquis was a good swordsman, but no match for Alphonso. The contest was soon ended, even before the priest had time to expostulate at the desecration of so holy a place. After a few passes, the sword of the Marquis was whirled violently through the air, and fell at the other end of the room, and he was left wholly at the mercy of Alphonso.

"I spare thee now," he said, "but we shall meet again." And, lifting Bianca in his arms, he hastily left the chapel, mounted his horse, and rode rapidly off, followed by his servant with Jessica.

The cool air soon revived Bianca, so that she was able to sit on her own horse, and by that means their flight was greatly expedited. As they travelled on, their expressions of joy knew no bounds, as they discoursed upon her fortunate escape from the perfidious Marquis.

They rode until daybreak, when they arrived at an inn by the wayside, and halted to refresh themselves and horses; after which they resumed their journey, and in the afternoon safely arrived at Padua. Stopping only to engage post horses, they were soon on the road again, and the following day arrived at Verona, where they were united by the Cardinal de Mendici, who was at that time on a visit there, and with whom they proposed remaining until the excitement had blown over. Their cup of bliss was now filled, and all that remained was to pacify the Duke, if possible.

The Marquis thus frustrated in his design, was for a moment incapable of utterance; but quickly recovering himself, he picked up his sword, and muttering curses upon the head of Alphonso, rushed from the chapel, mounted his horse, and rode to the palace, to inform the Duke of his daughter's flight. His rage knew no bounds, and for a time he was perfectly beside himself, and soon was forced to take to his bed. He immediately gave instructions to the Marquis to post after them, and bring them back at all hazards.

He gladly accepted the commission, and collecting force enough to capture twenty runaways, immediately set forth. The party arrived in Padua but a short time after the fugitives had left it.—Whilst the horses were being harnessed to the chaise, the Marquis was pacing up and down the yard, and impatiently urging the hostlers to be more active, promising them great rewards for their diligence, when he was suddenly interrupted in his career, by three officers of the police, who advanced towards him from one of the servants they had been conversing with. The principal one respectfully addressed him, and declared him their prisoner, by virtue of a warrant he held in his hand.

The Marquis replied that there must be some mistake—they certainly could not mean him.

"I am the Marquis Sansovini," said he, proudly drawing himself up.

"The very person we want," said the officer. "You are charged with forgery—behold the warrant."

Burying his face in his hands, he groaned deeply, and sunk into a chair. The tables had now turned. The Marquis, instead of pursuing a pair of fugitives to Verona, was slowly conveyed thither himself—a prisoner charged with a heavy crime.

Some time before, he found that his resources were entirely exhausted, and that if he meant to keep up appearances, he must have money, but how to obtain it, he knew not. Forgery presented itself to him as the only resort, intending to cancel and destroy the paper before it could possibly be discovered, by money obtained from his future father-in-law. He accordingly forged paper to a large amount, which, quite unexpectedly to him, was discovered.

He was taken to Verona, tried and convicted, his title extinguished, and himself banished the kingdom. He died a few years after, in the south part of France, in needy circumstances.

Ten days had elapsed, and the Duke had heard nothing of his daughter. His anger had gradually subsided, and he longed to hear some tidings of her, for he fondly loved her, and required but little persuasion to forgive her entirely. Since she had left him, he had seriously thought of his conduct towards her, and seemed to think her marriage with Alphonso a heavenly interference to save her from the disgrace attending a marriage with a forger.

He was one day speculating upon these things, when a letter from Bianca was put in his hands. It was couched in the most affectionate language, and consideration for his health and comfort, and praying for his forgiveness for the only disobedience she had ever been guilty of.

"Willingly will I forgive thee," said the old Duke, as he prepared to answer Bianca's letter, "for I see the hand of Heaven in it."

His letter was despatched, and received by the penitents; and as soon as the fleetest horses could convey them, they were in Venice. The Duke wept for joy at beholding his daughter again, and slightly reproved her for giving him so much anguish. He warmly received Alphonso, and called him the preserver of his daughter's honor, for though she had not married a nobleman, she had married an honest man, which is far better.

The old Duke gradually became a very little more democratic in his ideas, but still stuck out for the honor of the nobility. In conclusion, we will say that he lived long enough to see the grandson that was to inherit his title and estate, and was often heard drilling the little fellow in regard to preserving his dignity, long before he knew the difference between nobility and gentry.

VARIATIONS OF THE ROSE.

Well pleased to see the roses bloom,
The muse demanded why
Should some the lily white assume
And some the crimson dye.

The cause was sought, but no essays
An answer could afford,
Till fancy, wrapt in ancient days,
The hidden cause explored.

Near where the tree of knowledge grew
 In Eden's hallow'd ground,
A bed of roses struck the view,
 And fenc'd the tree around.

Large sweets diffusing through the vale,
 The milk-white beauties spread—
Their virgins' bosoms to the gale,
 Nor yet assum'd the red.

While Adam strung the manly nerve
 To dress and keep the ground:
His bride well pleased her Lord to serve,
 Would range the garden round,

To cull the fruit, and tend the flowers,
 And mark their early bloom;
With smiling roses strew'd her bow'rs,
 Which breathed a rich perfume.

This favorite spot her nurs'ry made
 New beauties daily rise—
Her morning visits here she paid
 To gather fresh supplies.

One morn (a fatal morn it was,)
 She paid her usual suit:
But ah! from hence destruction rose,
 She coveted the fruit.

Urged on by Satan's false pretence,
 The chief and first of foes,
She dared to break the feeble fence
 And trampled on the rose.

Unaw'd she stretched her impious hand,
 The alluring sweets to prove—
Regardless of her Lord's command,
 Regardless of his love.

The injured rose beheld the theft,
 And, wounded, hung its head;
The snowy-white its bosom left,
 And blushing changed to red.

Its foliage wept a dewy shower,
 Which spoke some strange event,
Eve turn'd and saw the bleeding flower,
 And marvell'd what it meant.

Awhile she stood and gazed thereon,
 Till, trembling, she withdrew—
Unconscious she had trampled on
 The fairest plant that grew.

Here fancy paused and truth began
 The wonder to disclose,
A nobler form than flower or man
 Lies couch'd beneath the rose.

'Tis only trodden to the ground,
 Dishonor'd blushed a red—
'Twas "Sharon's rose" that felt the wound,
 'Twas Sharon's rose that bled.

The atrocious deed no sooner done,
 But Christ the victim stood;
In spotless white his godhead shone,
 His manhood bathed in blood.

And hence the roses now white,
 To exhibit Him that bled:
This wears the justifying white,
 And that the atoning red.

The muse these graces sought to prove,
 And brighter beauties eyed,
Till lost in wonder, praise, and love,
 She kiss'd the rose and died.

Oh, may my soul these blessings share,
 In the decisive hour,
And ever in my bosom wear
 This sweet, this lovely flower.

HASTY TEMPERS;

OR, THE TWO SECRETS.

BY MRS. H. MUZZY.

"Oh! put it back, sir!—*do* put it back! Nobody saw you take it but Elsie and I—and we'll never tell, if you'll put it back!"

These entreaties were uttered by a boy about thirteen years old, who stood beside a not very high wall that enclosed an orchard, and joined a small field, which latter separated the orchard from the public road, and they were addressed to a young gentleman who stood in the field outside the wall.

"Do, pray, do put it back, sir!" said another voice, silvery sweet in its tone, so sweet, that the gentleman leaned a little over the wall to look at her, for the last pleader was a girl between fifteen and sixteen, and the light of the rising moon showed a face and figure that corresponded well with the music of her voice. As the gentleman stepped nearer to the stone wall, the boy resumed—

"Now do, sir, put it back into the hole, or hand it over. I've got a very big dog here, sir, and he'll jump over if I don't hold him."

"The money cannot be of much use to you, sir," interposed the girl, "but it will be of great use to him that it is meant for."

"Money!" exclaimed the stranger: "I did not come here for money!" Then pulling a small packet from his vest, where he had hastily deposited it, he said—

"This, indeed, is *not* what I came for!"

"What *did* you come for, then, sir?" enquired the boy.

"Why, then," resumed the speaker, laughing, and handing the packet over the wall, "I came here—I suppose I must tell you;—but, can you keep a secret, my lad, and you my pretty girl?"

"We told you we could, at first, sir," replied the boy.

"I came here for a letter," resumed the other; "but this is not the one I expected to find."

"No, indeed, sir," said the young girl, "this letter is for a—person who will be here presently, and"—

"But, if he is coming so soon, why not give it him yourselves?" enquired the stranger.

"*You came sooner*, sir," retorted the boy, "and yet you put your hand into the hole in our orchard wall for your letter."

"True!" replied the gentleman. "Then you have a secret too, I am to understand?"

"There is no harm in our secret, sir," said Elsie, "only"—and she hesitated.

"Only father is very angry, sir," interrupted the boy, "and he wont let us speak to poor Ned, nor"——

"Oh! hush, Tom!" said his sister; "don't tell about father—you know he's very kind to us—and the gentleman does not wish to know."

"No, my sweet girl, do not tell me all your little secrets: I have *one* already, which will balance mine," said the stranger. "You put a letter into a hole in the orchard wall, and I came to take one out of the same place—that is all: but I have a father too, who is quite as angry as yours can be: so I hope you will keep *my* secret, and I promise to keep *yours*."

The gentleman, as he spoke, again put his hand into the cavity, which accident or design had made in the orchard wall, and uttering an exclamation of joy, drew forth a folded paper.

"Well!" exclaimed the boy, "I didn't think that hole was big enough to hold two letters at once. I wonder who could have put that one there!"

"It is a singular post office, is it not?" said the stranger. "But, good night, my young friends—remember your promise!" and, kissing his hand to them, he walked rapidly away.

"I wonder who he is!" said Tom, as Elsie, wrapping her cloak around her, sat down on the fragment of rock which was just beneath the large tree which grew near the wall.

"Some one from the town, I dare say," replied his sister: "but I am very sorry he has found out our hiding place. I cannot think who told him."

"Why," said Tom, "the person who wrote the letter, to be sure! as if you didn't guess, Elsie! You know it must be our boarder—but as father is not angry with them, I should think there was no need of being so secret about it."

"We do not know everything, brother," remarked Elsie, to which remark Tom had but just assented, in rather a doubtful manner, when they heard steps approaching through the field.

"'Tis he!" whispered the brother and sister at the same moment. Again Tom whispered still lower—

"Who's there?"

"All right, dear Tom," answered a manly voice; "I have it safe. Thank you, a thousand times. How is dear Elsie?"

"Well, and here, Edward, but I dare not see you," answered the young girl: "for father, you know"—

"Forbade you even to speak to me. I know it, my dear good girl! and you must not disobey him—we shall see each other when times are better. My uncle will hear reason some day. I am sorry that I was obliged to ask you to disobey him this time; but I could not help it! Do not be uneasy about me. I shall do very well now. I may be absent some time: but when I return I will endeavor to see you, and perhaps my uncle's anger will be appeased by that time. God bless him! and you too, my dear, kind cousins. Tom, your hand for once!"

Tom sprang up the wall, and not only his hand was offered, but his arms were thrown round the neck of the young man, and his tears fell fast upon his face. The example was contagious. Elsie jumped upon the fragment of rock, and reached her hand to be clasped for the last time, perhaps, by him whom she had always loved with a sister's fondness.

"Farewell, Elsie! dear, sweet Elsie! Tom, my dear boy, good bye."

"Farewell, dear Edward!" was repeated by brother and sister, and as they listened to his retreating footsteps, they sat down upon the fragment of rock; Tom leaned his head on his sister's shoulder, and they both wept bitterly.

"It is time to return, brother," said Elsie, at length. "I did not intend to stay out so long: but I could not help staying to see if he got it safe, after he came so near losing it."

"He would have lost it if I had minded you, and not climbed up to see him once more, and then I saw it was a stranger who had taken the money."

"He would have brought it back, brother, but not soon enough, perhaps," replied the young girl.

"There's father's horse trotting up the road, Elsie," said Tom, "and it begins to blow and rain terribly—let us make haste."

"Oh! brother, if father should suspect us!" exclaimed Elsie, "I had rather stay out in the rain all night!" and the poor girl felt that, like *Lord Ullin's daughter*, she would "meet the raging of the skies," but "not an angry father."

"We'll get in yet, before he comes!" said Tom.

The two children hastened to gain the house, and on entering the sitting-room Elsie was told by Aunt Amy" that "Miss Cleveland" had "been asking for her." Elsie went up stairs to the boarder's room and Tom ran out to take his father's horse.

Miss Cleveland had been an inmate of the farm-house about three months, and had gained the good-will of the family, and won the love of Elsie, by the gentleness of her manners and the graceful ease with which she made herself at home among them. With Aunt Amy, who had superintended the household for many years, and supplied to the two children of her brother the place of their mother, who had died when the youngest was yet an infant, Miss Cleveland was a great favorite, perhaps on account of the perfect unconcern which she manifested in regard to her own particular accommodations. In that respect "the boarder" differed materially from some town-bred ladies, who seem to expect that degree of perfection in country lodgings to which they could scarcely have been accustomed in their own homes.

Miss Cleveland was much pleased with farmer Waring's daughter Elsie, to whom we have introduced our readers. The simplicity of her manners, and the beauty of her youthful countenance, added to the girl's constant endeavors to please and amuse her, had won the regard of the young lady, and she took pleasure in teaching her many things, which Elsie, though she was well educated for her age and station, had not had opportunities of acquiring.—When Miss Cleveland came to the farm-house, she expressed an intention of staying but a *few* weeks; her stay had, however, been prolonged to three months. She had been introduced to the family by a lady with whom they had some slight acquaintance, as a young lady whose health required country air; and they knew no more of her concerns, than that she was an orphan, and appeared not very liberally endowed with that which is a passport to most hearts, *wealth*.

Elsie found Miss Cleveland in a more serious mood than usual; her beautiful dark eyes looked as if they had lately been dimmed by tears: she spoke to the young girl with even more than her wonted kindness; and, after some preliminary conversation, she said—

"Elsie, I was sitting, *one* day, in the little arbour at the end of your pretty flower-garden; you and your brother came to the place, and were talking outside; you were not aware that I was within, and I heard you speak of a 'hole in the orchard wall,' where you intended to deposite a letter, and money, for some one who would come and take it. This happened nearly a week since. I will not ask you whether you have put your design in execution?"

"*We have*," replied the girl, with a promptness that rather surprised her friend.

"You are very young, my dear," resumed the lady, "and your brother is still younger; is it quite right to do such things privately? Your father, your good aunt, they know nothing of the matter. Your intention was to keep the knowledge of your design from your father. I am older than you are. I know that all actions that require *secrecy*, sooner or later, bring trouble upon those who resort to them."

"We were forced to be secret, Miss," interposed Elsie; "the money we put in the letter belongs to *Edward*, he is our cousin, and has lived with us many years; we only gave him back what was *his own*: he went away in such haste that he forgot to take it, and my father, when he *ordered* him to leave the house, forbade him to return here again: he ordered us, Tom and I, never to see poor Edward, or speak to him again—but when Edward wanted his money *very bad*, because he is going somewhere, and because he has no regular *home* now, he watched and waited for Tom when he went to town, and begged him to contrive some way to send him the money. It is not *much*, Miss, but it is *his own*—he ought to have it. If Tom and I had money of our own, we would give it *all* to poor Edward. So Tom thought of the hole in the orchard wall that he had noticed the day before, and told Edward to come there and get the money. As Tom was afraid to meet Edward again, and father would never think of *that hole*, I do not think he *ever* saw it. What you said about secrets causing trouble, Miss, I think is very true. I have felt very unhappy ever since we thought of disobeying father, and I hope we shall never be obliged to do it again."

"And why is your father so much offended with your cousin?" enquired the young lady.

"It is because Edward thinks differently, in some respects. Father wishes him to be a farmer, and thinks he is wasting his time in applying so much to books. And, in short, Miss, my father would assist my cousin all in his power, if he would follow his advice: but Edward dislikes the thought of being a farmer, and he has learned a great deal, and cannot bring his mind to it, he says. he earned the little money he has by keeping accounts, and writing letters for a gentleman in town. My father is very kind, but when he *does* get angry, he is *very angry* indeed: and perhaps my cousin was a little headstrong, too; but they had high words, and Edward said 'he would be under no further obligation;' and "y father ordered him to leave the house."

Elsie began to weep, and the young lady comforted her as well as she was able. She saw that the heart of the young girl was with her absent cousin, and she pitied the conflict between *affection* and *duty*.

During the foregoing conversation, Elsie's native delicacy had prevented her hinting to the lady her own reasons for supposing that she had had recourse to the same mode of secrecy made use of by her brother and herself. She had not forgotten the circumstance, and if Miss Cleveland had alluded to it, the natural candour of her disposition would have led her to acknowledge what she believed to be the case. As it was, the young lady thought *her* secret safe, and the farmer's daughter trusted implicitly to the promise of the farmer, not to mention her knowledge of Elsie's having had any communication with her cousin.

When Elsie told her brother what Miss Cleveland had said to her, Tom shrewdly remarked—

"Well, Elsie, father is always saying that 'it is much easier for people to give good advice to *other people* than to follow it themselves,' and I suppose," he added, "that *our boarder* finds it so."

When, about two weeks after this period, Miss Cleveland took leave of farmer Waring's hospitable dwelling, she informed the family that it was her intention to return to the town from whence she came, which was situated about forty miles distant, and in a direction contrary to that of the nearest town, which was only distant seven miles from the farm-house. She took leave of the family, particularly of Elsie, with much regret; the warm-hearted girl shed many tears at parting with their gentle inmate, and Tom passed his red hand across his eyes more than once as he carried the lady's trunk across the field to the public road, to meet the stage as it passed. Miss Cleveland would not offer the boy money for performing an act of kindness, but she gave him when they parted a pretty *brooch*, which she had herself worn, and it matched very well with the small gold-rimmed locket, containing a curl of her chestnut hair, which she had tied round Elsie's white neck, suspended by a sky-blue ribband.—Treasures were these to these children of simplicity, and prized by them *for* the sake of the giver—not that their being so very ornamental was entirely overlooked, for Elsie found herself often handling the *blue ribband*, and Tom caught himself lowering his eyes to the bosom of his shirt, even in church.

Shortly after the departure of Miss Cleveland, Mr. Waring was surprised by a visit from a gentleman who resided in the neighbouring town, and who, the farmer knew, had the reputation of being very proud, as well as very rich. The stranger enquired for Mr. Waring, and when the farmer made his appearance, thus accosted him:

"Well, sir, I have come here on rather a singular business; it is to enquire what females you have in your family."

"Sir," replied Mr. Waring, "if they were taxable I should not be surprised at the inquiry; as it is, the question is easily answered—though why you should wish to know, is more than I can guess. There are two of them besides a girl in the kitchen—my sister there, pointing to Aunt Amy, and my daughter, who is somewhere about the premises."

"Your daughter, sir!" resumed the stranger, "then you acknowledge that you have a daughter."

"Acknowledge!" repeated farmer Waring; "yes, sir! I not only acknowledge my daughter, which I understand means owning her, but I am very proud of her, sir, and not ashamed to own that!"

"Well, sir, well—we shall see," said the visitor. "I suppose your daughter can write."

"I should suppose she could," replied the farmer; "considerable pains were taken to teach her!"

"Well sir, did she write this, sir?" enquired the gentleman, evidently becoming rather choleric, and exhibiting a folded paper.

"Can't say, sir, whether she did or not, especially as I don't see any writing," coolly replied Waring.

"The writing, sir, is inside, and I'll read it to you."

"Much obliged," said the farmer, "sit down, sir; take your time, as the song says."

"Then, sir," resumed the stranger, "this scandalous bit of a scrawl"——

"Scrawl is it," interrupted Waring, "then it isn't Elsie's, for the schoolmaster says she writes a very good hand, considering."

"Sir, I must say," resumed the visitor—"but I suppose it is your way to be rather facetious—but first, I'll tell you, sir, my name is Stanton, sir."

Here the farmer bowed low, but, determined not to be put out, this time, Mr. Stanton went on.

"And I live in the next town. You may have remarked, sir, the large house with the marble portico, at the entrance of the principal street?"

Waring shook his head negatively.

"Well, sir," resumed the guest, "you see we are neighbors, only seven miles off, Mr. Waring. Well, I have a son, and he is the only child I have, sir. He is determined to disobey me. He says so, sir—and he left home a few days ago, and is still absent, and since he went away, this paper, sir, was found in his room."

"Did you send him away, sir?" enquired Aunt Amy, who had sat, till now, knitting away in wondering silence.

"Send him, ma'am! Why, not exactly. But why do you ask, ma'am?" said Mr. Stanton.

"Now do excuse me," replied the good lady. "I hardly know what made me ask, only I thought we should, may be, understand it all the better, if we knew that."

"We must not interrupt the gentleman, sister Amy," observed Waring, "or he will never get on with his story, which I acknowledge I am anxious to hear."

Whatever might have been Mr. Stanton's feelings, he repressed them, and continued:

"As I was saying, this letter was found in my son's room after he left home, dropped, I suppose, by accident, and the date shows it to have been written nearly three months ago; the letter proves plainly that some one in your house must have written it, for it refers to a hole in your orchard wall, sir."

"A hole in my wall!" exclaimed the *farmer*, interrupting the speaker; "I should like to see the man, or woman either, that dares to say I don't keep my fences in good repair. A hole in my wall, indeed!"

"Well, sir, hear the letter," resumed Mr. Stanton, not sorry, perhaps, to see the farmer exhibit some signs of the irritation which he himself *felt*. And opening the paper, he read as follows:

"Dear Charles—You urge me to manage, in some way to let you hear from me daily. I fear that is not in my power. I cannot send to the post office, you know. The only way I know of, is one that will put you to much trouble and inconvenience; but there is a place where I can safely deposit my letters till you can take them away. You may also leave yours there, and I will go every evening and look for them. I dare not ask you to come to the house, dearest Charles; my reasons you have in part. Patience is our only remedy. You well know the pretty farm house—the name, you know, is Waring; there is a field next the public road, which joins an orchard; there is a hole in the stone wall of the orchard, as you approach it from the field, just where a large pear tree projects far over the wall; the hole is about half way from the top of the wall; there, on Wednesday evening, you will find a longer letter from your own E——.

"P. S. Your strange messenger waits, or I should not be in such haste to conclude."

Mr. Waring had begun to look grave from the commencement of the letter, and now appeared rather uneasy. Aunt Amy looked as if she would fain speak, but a sign from her brother kept her silent, while Mr. Stanton surveyed them with an exulting look, the open letter in his hand.

"And so, sir?" the farmer at length said, "you accuse my daughter of writing that letter. But here she comes to answer for herself."

And he beckoned to Elsie, who was just then crossing the garden. Elsie entered the sitting room. She had tried to confine her flaxen hair with a small comb, but the curls would escape, and fell negligently over her neck and brow; her blue eyes, beautiful in their soft expression, were cast down when she saw a stranger was present, and the color deepened on her rose-leaf cheek; her figure was graceful, though slight and girlish; she held, by its two corners, her apron, which was filled with a variety of papers containing flower seeds, which she had been collecting, to preserve against the time when she should want to sow them. As Elsie enquired in a soft voice, "Do you want me, father?" Mr. Stanton thought she was a very unlikely person to have written the letter he held in his hand. He had expected to see a very different figure from that which now stood before him—and he said, in rather a hesitating voice,

"I should think, perhaps, it would be needless to trouble the child."

"Oh, yes, yes," answered Mr. Waring, "I'll ask her. Elsie, my dear, did you ever write a love-letter to this gentleman's son?"

"No, indeed, father," replied Elsie, while her countenance expressed fear and surprise.

"Did you ever put any letter for this gentleman (Mr. Stanton's) son, into a hole in our orchard wall?"

"Oh, no, father!" replied Elsie—and she burst into tears—for she feared the time had come when she must betray her own secret, and the secret of *another*, which she had promised to keep.

Tom could stand it no longer. He had been sitting on the stairs, which were contiguous to the sitting room, and heard all that passed, and he would have enjoyed the evident perplexity of the proud gentleman very much, had not his sister's name been implicated. He now came forward, and stood by Elsie's side. He scarcely knew what blame there could be in putting a letter any where, for any person, unless "forbidden by father," but he saw that the stranger thought there was, and he resolved to stand by his sister, while he whispered:

"Never mind—don't cry—you know you didn't do it."

"Well, Tom, did you do it?" asked the father, looking keenly at his son.

"No, I didn't," replied Tom, unhesitatingly; "we don't know that gentleman's son—Elsie nor I either; what should we write to him for?"

"I did not suppose you wrote the letter, my boy," said Mr. Stanton, who now began to feel he was looking rather ridiculous, "but you might know who did. The letter is signed with an E. too; it is rather strange!"

"Why, dear me!" exclaimed Aunt Amy, "Miss Cleveland's name begins with E.—her first name—E. was marked on that beautiful cambric handkerchief that she"——

"Miss Cleveland!" exclaimed Mr. Stanton, "who is she?—where is she?—is she here?"

"No, sir," answered Mr. Waring, "but she was here. As to who she is, or where she is, I cannot tell you. She went from here about two weeks ago. She staid here about three months, or a little more."

"Do you think she was a likely person to write that letter?" enquired the gentleman.

"I cannot say, sir," replied Waring, "but"——

"She was a *very likely* person indeed!" interrupted Aunt Amy, "I never saw a *likelier* young woman—her eyes were so beautiful, and she has such pretty brown hair. There is some of it in your locket, Elsie—show it to the gentleman!"

Mr. Stanton felt nearly frantic—but he made an effort to control himself, while he explained:

"I meant to ask," he said, "if it was probable she would have written that letter."

"I hardly know, sir," replied Waring; "there does not seem to be much harm in the letter. As my sister says, sir, Miss Cleveland is a very pretty young woman. Your son may have persuaded her to write to him, and all I wonder at is the great secrecy that seems to have been necessary; but you may know more about that than I do, sir. But," he added, "if I find a hole in my orchard wall, I shall, may be, believe that Miss Cleveland made use of it to put her love letters in."

Tom here squeezed his sister's hand, and leaving her side, went for a moment to the window, and soon slipped out of the room.

"You need not stand there any longer, child," said the farmer, addressing his daughter; "your catechising is done now, I suppose."

Elsie gladly availed herself of this permission, and left the room. Mr. Stanton seemed unwilling to go, yet doubtful whether he ought to stay longer. At length he said, evidently making an effort to appear calm:

"The fact is, Mr. Waring, I fear my son has got entangled in some way. He spoke to me of marrying. I forbade it positively—he is too young. I cannot bear to think of his marrying a person whom I know nothing of. He hinted that he was in love, foolish fellow! and that his honor was engaged—worse still! In short, sir, he was determined, and so was I. He resumed the subject a few days before he went away—we had high words. He declared it was his fixed resolution to marry a young lady whom he loved, and who would do honor to any family. That is the way those boys always talk. At length I told him that if he married at present, and without my consent, I would never see his wife—and the sooner he began to provide for his family the better, as he need expect no assistance from me. The foolish, headstrong fellow took me at my word, sir, though he knows he is my only son, and that my money will all be his, if he does not provoke me too far; and after he left the house, and this letter was found, I thought it might throw some light upon the subject, if I came here, and"——

"Did you never enquire the name of your son's intended wife?" asked Mr. Waring, who had looked uncommonly grave while Mr. Stanton had been speaking.

"No, I did not," answered the old gentleman; "I was too much exasperated at his obstinacy."

"Is it not strange, Mr. Waring," he resumed, "that people are so determined to have their own way? If they would only hear reason, and give up a little to the wishes of others, how much more happiness there would be in the world! There's my son Charles, now! I have had so much trouble, and been so uneasy about him—but people will go on in their own way, and scorn to take advice; and see what trouble they bring upon themselves! I don't know where the boy is, and all on account of his obstinacy!"

To this rather unconnected and somewhat incoherent speech, the farmer made no answer; and shortly after, Mr. Stanton enquired if Miss Cleveland had left any direction to her present residence.

Mr. Waring told him the place she had mentioned, and added: "If it should turn out that Miss Cleveland is the person whom your son wishes to marry, I think he might easily do worse. She is a modest, sensible young woman, as far as I can judge, and no man need be ashamed of her as a daughter; except, indeed, his affections are fixed on wealth—and I fancy the person in question has but little of that."

Mr. Stanton left the farm-house with little more knowledge than when he entered it, and, perplexed and unhappy, returned to his splendid home, where there was no kindred heart or gladsome smile to welcome him, and where everything reminded him of the son who had disobeyed him but once in his life, and to whose pleadings for love and happiness he had returned threats and revilings. "Perhaps," he said to himself, "perhaps if I had been more patient with him, and used argument instead of invective, he would have listened to me. I knew he was high-spirited and I should have been less taunting in my remarks. I drove him from me, and I have basely tried to throw the blame on him. I am very miserable!"

Mr. Waring searched for the fracture in the wall of his orchard, but none was to be found. If he had found one, he would have been almost certain that his former boarder had used it as the means of writing to Charles Stanton, and he could then have afforded a clue by which the father might have traced his son—but, as it was, he judged it best not to interfere in so delicate an affair, and though somewhat perplexed, he in some measure dismissed the affair from his mind, which was, to say the truth, rather overburthened by unpleasant thoughts of his own. He however said to his sister on entering the house—

"If our boarder did write that letter, she never found the place she meant to put the next one in.—That high-tempered gentleman has been made game of. There is no sign of any hole in any of my walls. To think of his turning his own son out of doors because he wanted to please himself in a wife! A tyrannical, unreasonable, passionate"——

Here Mr. Waring checked the expression of his indignation on hearing a deep sigh from his sister. He felt that he knew the origin of that sigh, and he abruptly left the room.

During the ensuing winter, farmer Waring was more grave and thoughtful than he had ever been in his life. He sometimes alluded to Mr. Stanton, whom he had accidentally met in town. On one occasion he said—

"I wonder whether he has ever heard from his son!"

"He must be very unhappy if he has not," remarked his sister. "It is a dangerous thing to turn a young man out of doors without money maybe, and without friends or good advisers. There is no knowing what evil courses they may take to. I would not have such a thing on my conscience for all the world!"

Farmer Waring sat uneasily in his chair and knocked the ashes out of his pipe with uncommon energy. Elsie hung her head, and dare not "wipe away a tear" lest she should be seen to do it. Tom whittled away most industriously. All thought what neither dared to speak: yet each one guessed the thoughts of the other.

To Elsie, the winter seemed cheerless and sad—she missed the cheerful face, and enlivening conversation of her absent cousin, and Tom seemed as if several years had been added to his short life, for at times even he was sad.

"I fear, Tom," Elsie would often say, "that we did wrong in hiding anything from father! Perhaps I ought to have gone boldly to father and begged him to send poor Edward the money he left behind him in his haste. Yet, he was so very angry and had forbidden us to mention Edward's name, that I had not courage! yet I think he would now be glad to know where our dear cousin is!—and, Tom, one secret led to another, and I'm afraid dear Miss Cleveland may be sorry too, by this time, for she often put letters there for some one. I saw her walk down to the orchard and stop by the wall, many times, before she went away."

Tom tried to comfort his sister on these occasions, but as he felt very much as she did, he could offer little more than sympathy. Yet, who that ever bore the burthen of an oppressed heart, will fail to confess that there is a charm in sympathy, however simple may be the mode of its expression, that never fails to give relief.

It was Christmas Eve: the family at the farm-house were trying to prepare for a "Merry Christmas," but none felt it to be so. Tom had brought in plenty of evergreens to ornament the walls; Aunt Amy had baked plenty of mince pies, and puddings, and cakes. The Christmas turkey was hung up, ready to be roasted. Elsie had a new dress which became her exceedingly, but there was something heavy at the little heart that beat beneath the nicely fitting bodice. "It was so long since they had heard from Edward—too long for such near relations not to hear from each other!" And farmer Waring's thoughts were busy too—busy with the days that were past—with the scenes of his boyhood; of his youth—and this was the anniversary of a day, on which he had accepted a sacred trust. Just twelve years before, he had received from the hand of one, now no more, the child of his love; and the promises he then made were vivid in his remembrance. Edward was the son of a half brother, who, though the offspring of a step-mother, was beloved by him as much as if they had been the children of one mother. That step-brother was something of a scholar, and wholly adverse to the labours of husbandry. He went abroad in the world, and married a portionless girl, who, though amiable and lovely, was of a delicate constitution, and wholly unfitted for the rude storms of life;—she died young, leaving poor Waring one son. Always unfortunate, and constantly the victim of disappointment, the health of the younger Waring suffered in consequence and when his boy was about seven years of age, he died. Previous to his last illness, he conveyed his young son to the farm house where his brother had lived, and toiled, and prospered, while he had been a wanderer. He gave the boy to his care with many a solemn adjuration that he would aid and advise him as if he were his own son. The elder Waring had done all that he had promised, and more. But he wished to do all in his own way. He had a favorite scheme which he imparted to no one. It was that Edward Waring should, in time, wed his young cousin and establish himself on a farm near him, which farm was to be his own free gift to the young couple. There appeared enough of affection between the cousins to warrant a reasonable hope that the plan would succeed; but Edward had no liking for the life of a farmer, though wishing to oblige his uncle; he could never apply himself to its duties as if his heart was in them; though of a grateful disposition, and fully aware of his obligations to his uncle, he could never consent to adopt a way of life which he thought would force him to forego those tastes and pursuits more congenial to his feelings.

The farmer thought that the heart of his young daughter might be entangled by the winning manners and undisguised fondness of her handsome cousin, and his fears were aroused respecting what might be her fate, if Edward should continue obstinate in his refusal of the only means of a respectable establishment which he either *could or would* offer him; hence arose controversies which, till then, had been unknown in that tranquil dwelling: till, on one occasion, roused to an unusual pitch of anger on seeing the tears that fell from the eyes of his daughter at the bare mention which Edward made of trying his fortune elsewhere, and forgetting, in his wrath, that he had never disclosed to the young man the whole of his views for him, but only insisted that he should make choice of an occupation which he had declared was repugnant to his feelings, he so far lost sight of their ties of consanguinity, and of the youth's claims upon his forbearance, as to order him to "leave the house, and return to it no more, unless resolved to obey him."—To the proud spirit of Edward, these words were sufficient. The young man departed in such haste, as to cause difficulties on his first setting out in life, which led to the little incident at the commencement of our story.

It was Christmas Eve. Mr. Waring's family were trying to consider it a festival; but the master of the house rather dreaded the coming of some guests who were expected, from a place some miles distant, to spend the Christmas with his family—because he knew they would enquire why his nephew was absent. Aunt Amy secretly grieved lest the "poor lad should not be in a condition to spend a merry Christmas." Elsie and Tom missed their absent cousin, and grieved at the cause of their estrangement. As the evening began to close in, Tom, who had been out into the road, returned, ushering in a pedlar, who, as usual, stopped at the farm-house to exhibit his wares, and partake of the hospitality which, for many years, he had been in the habit of receiving, when going his rounds. The man exhibited his tempting stores, and each one purchased some small article, intended as a Christmas gift for the others. Elsie slyly bought a pretty pen-knife for Tom, who, in his turn, had secured a "splendid" ribband for his sister; and as the latter leaned over the pack to select some article that might please her father, the pedlar said, in a low voice—

"Here is something for you, my dear; somebody that we know of, told me to sell it very cheap."

Elsie took the packet, which was directed to her, in the hand-writing of Edward.

"What shall I tell him, if I see him when I go back," asked the pedlar, as Tom went up stairs to bring his money, and Aunt Amy had gone into the pantry to make preparations for supper.

"Tell him," said Elsie, "that we long to see him, Tom and I—that this is the dullest Christmas that ever was—that we send our love to him, and"—

The pedlar nodded his head as they heard some one coming, as much as to say—"Yes, yes, I'll tell that, and more, too!"

As soon as Elsie could steal away, she ran up stairs to her own little room to read her letter; and as soon as possible, after she had read it, she communicated its contents to her brother, and they both admired the ingenuity of their cousin in finding such a mode of conveyance. The letter ran as follows:

"*Dear Cousin:*—The pedlar is going his rounds, and will stop, as usual, at the 'dear old homestead;' he will hand a few lines to my sweet Elsie, which is the only Christmas gift I have it in my power send her. I have found employment here, which keeps me from want, but little more. I have a poor prospect, dear Cousin, of rising in the world without friends or resources. I must do the best I can for myself, and have to blame only my own rebellious spirit for my present condition. But I have news that will surprise you. There is a person here who knows you, my dear Elsie, and you, too, my kind, good Tom. In fact, there are *two* persons. One is a lady, who went to board at the farm soon after I was such a blockhead as to leave it; the other is young Mr. Stanton, son of the rich Stanton, at R——; they were married before she went to board with you. He told me about the 'hole in the orchard wall,' and Tom's 'big dog.' We lodge in the same house, and have become well acquainted. We both know what it is to be *very* poor, though he is the son of a rich man. He had a falling out with his father because he *would* marry the girl he loved; his father vowed he would never see her, and Stanton loves her too well to repent what he has done. I am very sorry for them, however, for they are unused to hardships. I wish he would try once more if his father would receive, or assist him, for the sake of his wife, who is not fitted to bear privations and penury. I think he ought to make the trial. I do all I can to comfort them, but my power is very limited. I think I would almost consent to bind myself to follow the plough all my life, for the sake of being near you, my sweet cousin. I am not fit to be the lonely, unconnected being I now am. I pine for the society of my relatives. I was, perhaps, too headstrong: but my uncle—if he were not your father, I *could* think he was rather hasty with me—but, God bless him! he was my friend a long time. Fear nothing for me, however. I shall do, always, the best I can. God bless you all. E. W."

"Ah, Tom," exclaimed Elsie, after they had finished reading the letter for the third time, "I wish I dare show poor Edward's letter to my father; but he would be angry with him for writing to us. Dear Miss Cleveland, too, is in trouble."

Elsie had many fits of musing, after this, and many were the consultations which she and her brother held together; and the result of these musings and consultations was, that Tom one day begged his father to let him have the horse and chaise to take Elsie to town, "just for amusement." Mr. Waring consented. Elsie and Tom set out, arrived safely at the end of their journey, stopped at a very large, handsome house at the entrance of the principal street; and there Tom assisted his sister from the chaise, tied the horse to a post, and making his very best bow to the servant who answered his ring at the door, enquired for Mr. Stanton. Being civilly invited to enter, and holding his sister fast by the hand, Tom followed the servant to the door of a handsome parlour, when they found themselves in the presence of the rich, proud Mr. Stanton. Tom again made one of his best bows, and Elsie summoned all her courage to her aid.

"Well, my lad," said that gentleman, as the servant closed the door, "you want to see me, do you? Come in—come in! Why, bless me," he added, "I've surely seen this pretty face before, eh! haven't I?"

"Yes, sir," stammered Elsie, "you have seen us both; the day you called at our house about the letter"—

"Which Elsie never wrote," chimed in Tom.

"Well, yes, I remember," said Mr. Stanton; "have you anything to say *now*, my dear, about the letter? Speak freely. I shall not be angry with *any lady*."

"Sir," said Elsie, "when you were there, I did not know certainly who wrote the letter. I had promised a person that I would never mention what I knew. I now know, sir, who wrote the letter—but I will *never tell*, unless you promise to forgive both the person who wrote the letter and the person to whom it was written. That was no harm, sir, none in the world. The lady is beautiful and good, and the gentleman must be good, too, or she would not love him—and they are *very poor*, sir, and they suffer hardships—and she is too delicate to bear them—and, sir, you are rich—you are alone; would it not be better to have them with you, to love and be kind to? They are married—they were married when she wrote that letter—and if *he* was disobedient, sir, you can have the pleasure of *forgiving* him!"

Overpowered by this torrent of eloquence, which received additional force from the pleading looks and gestures of the young speaker, who, carried away by her feelings, quite forgot to whom she was addressing herself, and that, in fact, she had told nearly all she knew, Mr. Stanton had remained silent, with wonder and surprise visible in his countenance. At length he said, still looking at Elsie, whose hands were clasped, and whose eyes were fixed on his face, as if she expected there to read her own destiny—

"Well, well, I am absolutely astonished. So you are resolved never to tell *me* of whom you have been speaking, unless I consent to *forgive?* Is that your condition?"

"Yes, sir," replied Elsie: "I will never—that is, I will never tell you where they are."

"You have been speaking of my *son*," resumed Mr. Stanton, "but how you have learned where he is, I cannot guess. I have tried to discover him in vain—I have tried all except advertising, which would disgrace us both."

"Yes, sir, so it would," interposed Tom; "and we can tell you all about them, sir, if you'll only promise to be kind to them, and let them come home, sir."

"And who employed you to come here to teach me my duty?" enquired the gentleman, in a broken voice.

"Oh no one, sir," replied Elsie: "no person, not even father knows of *our* coming—but, sir, I wished so much to tell you, for I am certain you love him, and would be glad to know, and I hoped you would not be angry with me."

"God forbid!" ejaculated Mr. Stanton; "I am hasty and violent; proud I have been, but my pride is humbled. I have suffered much! My girl," he added, taking Elsie's hand, "you may be the means of preventing much misery. Tell me, at once, where my son is, and I promise to forgive and receive him."

"Wife and all, sir?" enquired Tom.

"Yes—wife and all," replied Mr. Stanton.

Of course the required address was given, and Elsie and her brother drove away, much delighted with the success of their mission, and they entertained hopes that all might possibly be adjusted in another quarter.

Charles Stanton had become acquainted with Emily Cleveland while on a visit to a town at some distance from his own place of residence. A mutual attachment was the consequence. Charles knew his father was averse to early marriages, and also disproportionate ones, as he called them; he knew that he also expected him to marry a person possessed of some fortune, and, above all, Charles knew that in choosing a wife, of whom his father knew nothing, he ran a risk of displeasing him—yet, knowing all this, he was so imprudent as to allow his affections to become entangled and to win the love of an amiable girl, who could know nothing of it,—but he flattered himself that he, an only son, and hitherto much indulged by his father, could not plead to him in vain. He knew his father's hasty temper, but he forgot that his own was far from being always under control—he forgot that if his father was proud, he was proud also, though his pride was of a different sort—in short, he forgot all, except that he loved Emily, and that his love was returned. Emily resided with a distant relative, on whom, as she was an orphan, she was entirely dependant, but who had not the means of doing more for her than to afford her a support, as long as she remained with him.—This person was now about to remove with his family to the "far west," as it was then called, and when that circumstance was communicated to Charles, he was nearly frantic at the thought that the object of his love would be separated from him, by such an immense distance. Emily, too, was much grieved at the thoughts of separation, but she told her lover she had no alternative, in answer to his earnest prayer that she would not accompany her friends to their new home. One expedient presented itself to the mind of the sanguine lover—to confess his perplexities to Emily, and urge her to consent to a marriage, which could be kept private until his father was apprized of it, and then, Charles said, he had little to fear. After much hesitation and many misgivings, Emily consented. One person alone, beside her relation, was acquainted with the event, and when they took leave of their adopted child, on departing on their journey, they greeted her as the bride of Charles Stanton.

What to do next, was now the question. Charles had a liberal supply from his father, but he had been educated to no profession, as the elder Stanton considered that his fortune was sufficiently ample to enable his heir to live without one. Charles wished to have Emily near him, while he employed his eloquence to win his father to his wishes, that he could hear from her frequently, if not see her. The friend before mentioned happened to recollect the family of Mr. Waring, with whom she was slightly acquainted; she made application, and they consented to receive a boarder for a few weeks. But when young Stanton broached to his father the subject of love and marriage, he found more determined opposition than he had anticipated. It was too late now for the young man to decide unyieldingly to his father's wishes, even if his own feelings could have been brought to consent,—but he loved his bride too sincerely to allow her to suppose for one moment that he repented the step he had taken. After the last attempt to soften his father in his favor, he removed his bride from the farm house, and took lodgings in a town about forty miles distant, where, after some difficulty, he found employment as a writer for a daily paper; and there he met with Edward Waring, who knew young Stanton slightly. Edward was the means of extricating Charles from an unpleasant dilemma, occasioned by the loss of the pocket-book which contained all the money he possessed. Edward paid the debt, which was nearly the means of depriving his new acquaintance of liberty, and introduced him to the house where he himself lodged. Won by the gratitude of young Stanton, and prepossessed in his favor by his pleasing manners, filled with respectful pity for his gentle companion, Edward befriended them all in his power. Stanton told Edward all his story, and the latter became the more attached to those who knew, and her who loved his gentle cousin.

About three weeks after Elsie's visit to Mr. Stanton, that gentleman called at the farm house.

"Well, sir," said the visitor, "I have found my runaway son. I have seen him, and his wife too, and as you predicted, Mr. Waring, I have no reason to be ashamed of her."

"It is Miss Cleveland, then!" replied the farmer; "I thought as much all along."

"Yes, and she turns out to be the daughter of an old school-mate of mine. A fine girl she is, sir—Charles could not have done better."

"Except in regard to money, sir," remarked the farmer.

"Oh, never mind money," replied the other; "money cannot make people happy; I found that out when I did not know what had become of Charles. Why, sir, there he has been, toiling and starving, and all for the sake of love! I'll make up to the rogue for all he has suffered. I'll let that girl know what it is to have a father's house to go to."

Elsie had been shedding tears of joy in a corner of the room, and Aunt Amy frequently wiped her eyes with the corner of her apron, for Mr. Stanton's joy was contagious.

"I am glad to hear all this, sir," said Mr. Waring, with emotion; "hasty tempers, and hasty words, sir, often bring their own punishment, and I am glad that in your case it is no worse."

"Yes, sir, they do bring their own punishment," replied the gentleman, "and perhaps you have learned that by experience—there is a fine lad there with Charles, a very fine lad, sir, who has assisted my son with his slender means—has comforted him, encouraged him, and worked for him, sir—and this lad was turned adrift upon the world before he was twenty, because he would not consent to follow the occupation that his uncle followed—in short, sir, though the lad did not tell me all this, I guessed it in part from what he did tell me, and the lad's name is Edward Waring, sir—and I mean to make a man of him, sir—he may follow what business he chooses; I shall furnish him with the means, sir."

"No you won't, sir!" replied the farmer, as much excited as his visitor; "you shan't, sir—I'll do it myself—he's my nephew, and I'll keep my promise to his father; he was proud and hasty, but I set him the example, and I'll make it up to him, sir."

"Well, well," returned Mr. Stanton, "cannot we be friends, and agree to act in concert? Cannot you allow me to ease my mind a little, by doing something for the boy?"

"Why, perhaps so," said Waring; "after I've found him, and got him home, you know. I shall go after him, as you went after your son. I will not be outdone, Mr. Stanton."

"Very well, sir," replied Stanton, "we will not quarrel on that head. And here is one whom I have not yet spoken to—a lovely little girl—yours, neighbor Waring—an honor to any man to have such a daughter!" And he whispered to the farmer. "The lad and the little girl there would make a nice couple, hey, Waring?"

"What I always meant, sir," replied Waring, "but he would not listen to being a farmer, so"——

"Never mind that, man," returned Mr. Stanton, "he will listen to it now, I'll be bound."

The farmer nodded his head knowingly.

After Mr. Stanton had taken leave, Elsie said to her brother:

"Now, Tom, is my time to confess all to father."

Tom agreed, and they went hand in hand to their father, and told him all—of the hole in the orchard wall—of their visit to Mr. Stanton—and they laid Edward's Christmas letter before him—and Elsie said:

"Forgive me this once, dear father, and I will never keep a secret from you again."

"Elsie," said the old man, "I forgive you with all my heart. You were afraid of your passionate old father, and you dared not tell him the truth. But as you told no falsehood, I forgive you, and Tom too."

"Only I stopped up the hole in the orchard wall, father," said Tom, honestly; "but I did it to stop Mr. Stanton's questioning."

"Never attempt to deceive me again."

Tom promised he never would.

Spring came with its buds and blossoms. There was the hum of bees all day long in Elsie's pretty flower garden. Already she began to train the vines over the "little arbor at the end of the garden."—Every thing looked fresh, and green, and beautiful, about the farm house; and as Elsie tended her flowers and poultry, and watched her bees, she sometimes called on Edward to look at something which she thought particularly worthy of his attention, for Edward was again an inmate of his uncle's dwelling, and again his cheerful countenance and frank good humor cheered the hearts of those who loved him. And they were often visited by the family of Mr. Stanton, of which Emily was now the delight and pride. Old Mr. Stanton, with his son and daughter, often rode out to take tea at the farm house, and whenever any of Mr. Waring's family went to town, they never failed to call at the "large house with the marble portico, at the entrance of the principal street."

Mr. Stanton did not forget his promise with respect to Edward Waring. He offered to establish him in any way of business that best pleased him. Edward accepted from the rich man the means of purchasing a handsome library, but he gratefully received from his uncle the pretty farm before alluded to, resolved to devote the knowledge which he had gained, to better purposes than mere amusement; he had now become convinced that the cultivator of the soil need not necessarily forego the pleasure of literary acquirements, and that the latter afford an agreeable and useful relaxation, after the fatigues of labor. In short, he was convinced that the life of a *farmer* is not only respectable and independent, but also the happiest. And when, a year or two after, he received the hand of his cousin Elsie, he felt that his uncle's last gift was the greatest blessing he could receive. And the two old men, when they thought of their *hasty tempers* and *hasty words*, looked at Elsie and said, "Blessed are the peace-makers."

TO A STAR.

Twinkling planet, yonder shining,
How I love to gaze at thee;
Would the peace thou art enjoying
Could be felt on earth by me.

Deep into that lonely distance,
Far beyond this vale of care,
Ever holdst thou thy existence,
Smiling through night's lonely hours.

Oh, could I but read thy story,
Could I learn what mystic hand,
Crowned with light of lasting glory,
Placed thee with that watchful band.

It is said that little spirits,
Taken from this vale of wo,
By their pure unsullied merits,
To thy starry regions go.

Canst thou tell me, little ranger,
Through yon deep unfathomed blue,
If there is with thee a stranger,
Lately from this land, and who?

In a garden budding sweetly,
By the woodbine's lofty form,
Was a slender flower, meekly
Bending to the daily storm.

Ere the sun revealed its beauty
To the young morn's balmy breath,
Despite the skill of love and duty,
It was borne to dusty death.

Happy they who, like that flower,
Fade upon the parent stem,
And in childhood's happy hour,
Shine in night's bright diadem.

Twinkling planet, if that flower
Sparkles with thy watchful race;
If thou dost possess the power,
Point me to its shining face.

But I know thou hast for ever,
Little sufferer, gone to rest;
To return I'd have thee never,
From the kingdom of the blest.

Fare thee well, thou little ranger,
High on night's unclouded sphere;
Since thou canst not tell a stranger,
Of that little shining face.

Fare thee well, for I may never
Ask of thee another boon;
I shall know that secret never
'Till I dwell beyond the tomb.

W. H*****.

Philadelphia, 1842.

Written for the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

TO MY ABSENT HUSBAND.

Kind faces mildly beam around me,
Sweet childhood's happy laugh is heard,
No voice I hear can grieve or wound me,
There's tenderness in every word;
Yet still I feel a weight of sadness,
As round I cast a searching eye,
And turning from each scene of gladness,
My heart heaves with the heavy sigh,
I am alone!

At morn I see the bright new day
Spring gaily from her couch of rest,
To dance along her brilliant way,
In robes of light and beauty drest;
The green earth wakes in songs of praise,
At each glance of her kindling eye,
I fain would join her rapturous lays,
But still my heart heaves with the sigh,
I am alone!

And when day's fleeting race is run,
And dims the lustre of her eye,
I sit to view the setting sun,

Array'd in glory's crimson, die;
Sweet monitor! unto thy rest,
Then calmly sink'st with dew-gemmed eye;
I feel thy spell and call thee blest,
But still my heart heaves with the sigh,
I am alone!

And now whilst stars their radiance fling,
All glit'ring from the depths of heaven,
The dove of peace, on hov'ring wing,
Broods silent on the air of even,
And as the new moon's gentle beam,
Descends so softly from on high,
Of bliss in heaven I fondly dream,
But still my heart heaves with the sigh,
I am alone!

Dear husband! vain is every art,
To lure my thoughts away from thee;
I only feel when we're apart,
How little joy 's in life for me.
All earth may smile as glad and bright,
As though ne'er bliss could fade or die,
Yet still I feel at morn and night,
My heart swell with the heavy sigh,
I am alone!

H. J. W.

Beaverville, Ma', 1852.

THE UGLY EFFIE.

BY MRS. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ.

Mr. Horton, a rich and childless widower, made his first visit to his also widowed sister, Mrs. Dushane. A beautiful little girl, of about ten, was introduced to him as the *darling Clara*, his little pet niece, who was prepared to love her uncle better than any body else in the world, always excepting her mama. The child was remarkably beautiful, and all the decorations of dress were made to enhance her juvenile loveliness. The heart of the lonely man melted within him when he felt his neck wreathed by those white velvet arms, and his cheek kissed over and over by those sweet ruby lips.

"God bless her!" cried he, hugging her to his breast, again and again. "What a precious child it is!"

"I love you, dear uncle," muttered Clara, in the softest voice—"I have loved you a long time."

Mr. Horton gave the lovely child another warm embrace, then, releasing her, turned to his sister, with moistened eyes.

"If Heaven had granted me such a child as that, sister, to cheer my widowed heart, I should still be one of the happiest of men."

"You must look upon her as if indeed she were your own, my dear brother," said Mrs. Dushane, drawing Clara fondly towards her. "I am not so selfish as to wish to engross her exclusively, though I acknowledge I have a mother's pride as well as affection."

"But you have another daughter, your eldest born—where is she? My heart yearns to embrace them all. I came here to see if its aching void could not be filled."

"Oh! Effie!" said Mrs. Dushane, carelessly—"I do not know where she is. She is very shy and reserved—likes to be by herself—very different from Clara—remarkably ordinary in her person," continued she, in a lower voice; "and has a very singular and sullen disposition. She is a great affliction to me, but one cannot expect to be blest in all their children."

"Still I want to see the child," said the benevolent Mr. Horton—"I loved her father like my own brother, and he used to say his little girl was the image of himself; I cannot help loving his daughter."

"I fear you will not find much to love in poor Effie," replied the mother, with a deep sigh, "but you shall see her;" then, ringing the bell, she ordered a servant to bring Miss Effie to her uncle.

Soon after, a dark, thin, neglected-looking child was ushered into the room, who hung back on the hand of the servant, and whose looks and gestures expressed sullenness and reluctance. Her long, thick, dark hair hung in tangled masses over her neck and forehead, and it was difficult to distinguish her features, for she endeavored to cover them with her hair, as with a veil. With slow steps and averted face, she approached the centre of the room, when her mother called to her, in a tone of authority—

"Put down your hand from your face, Effie, and come and speak to your uncle—come—quicker."

Effie looked at her uncle through her long tresses, then, letting her hand fall, she drew nearer, with a more willing step.

"Ah! that was her father's glance," exclaimed Mr. Horton, opening his arms as he spoke.

Effie hesitated a moment, then darted like lightning to his bosom, and clung round his neck with both her arms, as if she would never let him go.

"Effie," said her mother, reproachingly, "you are too rude—I did not tell you to tear your uncle to pieces."

"Let her be—let her be," said Mr. Horton pushing back her hair, and looking earnestly in her face. "Why her eyes are full of tears and her heart beats, as if she had been running a race. Don't be afraid of me—I'm your own uncle, who has no little girl of his own to love; I want you to look upon me as a father."

"That will do, Effie, said Mrs. Dushane: "you make your uncle too warm—come and take a seat by me."

Effie withdrew her arms from her uncle's neck, and, sliding from his knee, took the seat indicated by her mother's glance. Mr. Horton's eyes were still riveted upon her face.

"Is that child sick?" he asked, abruptly.

"No," replied Mrs. Dushane;—"she always had that meagre, half-famished look. She is a great deal stronger than Clara."

Mr. Horton did not reply, but looked earnestly at both children, while his sister watched his countenance with silent interest. Mrs. Dushane had anticipated the arrival of the brother with great anxiety. She knew the immense wealth he had acquired—that he had no children of his own to inherit it—that she was his only surviving sister, and she was sure that the moment he beheld her darling Clara, he would adopt her as the heiress of his fortune.

"My dear," said she to her, the morning of her brother's arrival, "you remember how much I have told you of your uncle Horton—your rich uncle. Now, though we have a very decent living, that is all;—I shall be able to leave you nothing, but your uncle is said to be worth a million—and, I have no doubt, will make you heiress to the whole, if you only try to please him, and be a dear, sweet, beautiful child, the whole time he is here."

"Oh! I will be sure to please him," cried Clara, dancing before the looking-glass. "I'll please him without trying."

"How are you sure of that, darling?" asked the mother.

"Oh because I am so pretty," replied the spoiled child, shaking back the ringlets from her bright blue eyes, and looking archly in her mother's face. "You know every body says I am pretty, mama, and that sister is ugly."

"Yes—but you must not repeat what ever body says before your uncle, for he would not be pleased if he thought you vain—and you must be very polite and affectionate to him—get in his lap, put your arms round his neck, and caress him a great deal. You must never get in a passion before him, for it spoils your looks; you know, my dear, you are too apt to do it. You must be very attentive to him when he is speaking, and be sure never to contradict him. I recollect it always displeased him to be interrupted in conversation."

"I hope he will not stay long, if I've got to listen to him all the time," said Clara, "for I know he must be a dry old thing."

"You will not think a million of dollars dry, one of these days," said Mrs. Dushane—"but, never mind, perhaps he will leave it to Effie."

"To Effie!" exclaimed Clara, with a laugh of derision. "To Effie! the ugly thing!—Oh, no! I'm not afraid of her. You see if I don't please uncle, without trying very hard either."

A servant, whose chief employment it was to wait upon Clara, was full two hours curling her hair and arranging her dress, before the arrival of Mr. Horton, and when the business of the toilette was over, she led her in triumph to her mother, asking her "if Miss Clara did not look like a perfect angel?"

A rapturous kiss on her roseate cheek was an expressive answer in the affirmative.

"Oh! mama, you tumble my frock," cried the little belle, in a pettish tone. "I don't love to be squeezed."

"Shall I change Miss Effie's dress?" asked the servant, as she was leaving the room.

"It's of no consequence," said Mrs. Dushane, coldly: "she needn't come into the room to-night—I'm ashamed my brother should see her," continued she, in a kind of soliloquy; "she is so ugly and awkward and wayward, I want to keep her out of his sight as long as possible."

Mr. Horton had not been more than a week with his sister before he discovered that, though she was the nominal head of the establishment, Miss Clara was the real one, and that her varying whims and caprices were the laws that governed the whole household. Effie seldom made her appearance, and then she seemed more like an automaton than any thing else: never displaying any traits of that sensibility which had so touched her uncle's heart the first night of his arrival. When company was present Clara was summoned to the piano to entertain the guests with music, which she had been taught almost from her cradle, or she was called upon to display her graceful little figure in the mazes of the hornpipe, or the undulations of the shawl dance, which her master said she executed to perfection.

One evening Mr Horton sat reading in an upper piazza, which fronted the chamber he occupied. It was shaded by luxurious vines, which trailed their flowery tendrils through the diamond trellis-work, and excluded the rays of the setting sun. Embowered in the rich shades, he sat unseen, enjoying the sweetness and freshness of declining day. He heard the voices of the children in the adjoining room, and he could not but notice that Clara's tones wanted something of the dulcet softness of her parlour accents. He had scarcely ever heard the full sound of Effie's voice, and he now listened unconsciously to a conversation which promised to develope her character to a most interested auditor.

"Don't, Clara, press so hard against this geranium," said Effie, in an expostulating tone, "you know mother will be very angry if it is broken."

"I don't care," replied Clara, evidently persisting in her conduct: "she will not be angry with me."

"But she will with me," said Effie, "for I have the care of this flower, and if any harm happens to it, she will blame me. You've broken off several leaves already."

There was a moment's silence, and then a sudden and vehement exclamation from Effie again roused the attention of Mr. Horton.

"Oh, Clara, see what you've done! The most beautiful branch is broken—and you did it on purpose too."

Clara laughed mockingly, and at the same moment Mrs. Dushane was heard to enter the apartment.

"Effie! Effie!" exclaimed she, angrily, "what have you been doing? How dare you break that geranium, when I've forbidden you to touch a single leaf of it?"

"I didn't break it, mother!" answered Effie; "I wouldn't have broken it for anything in the world."

"How dare you deny it, when you are holding it in your own hand, you good-for nothing little thing!" cried the mother, with increasing anger.—"I suppose you want to make me think that Clara broke it—don't you?"

"Clara did break it!" sobbed Effie; "she knows she did, and I tried to keep her from it."

"Oh! mama, I didn't do any such thing," cried Clara, with the boldness of innocence itself—"you know I wouldn't."

"I could forgive you for breaking the flower," exclaimed Mrs Dushane, in the husky tones of suppressed passion, "but tell such another lie on Clara, and you had better never have been born."

Mr. Horton started from his seat in uncontrollable agitation, dropped his book, and rushed to the open door of the apartment just as Effie, smitten by a violent blow, had fallen prostrate to the floor, her hand still grasping the broken geranium, whose leaves were scattered around her.

"Clarinda!" cried Mr. Horton, sternly, "unjust, unnatural woman—what have you done?"

"She is a liar, brother, and I struck her. She deserved it," answered Mrs. Dushane, pale with anger.

"She is not a liar, and I know it," answered he, in a raised voice. "There stands the liar!" pointing to the now terrified and guilty-looking Clara. "I heard every thing that passed between them. She broke the flower wantonly, purposely, against her sister's prayers she broke it, and then basely denies it. Rise, my poor child," continued he, trying to lift Effie from the ground, "you shall have one friend to protect you, if your own mother casts you from her."

Effie was only stunned by the fall, and when she found herself in the arms of Mr. Horton, she struggled to be released.

"Oh! let me go," cried she, almost frantically—"she will hate me worse than ever. Oh! how I wish I was dead! how I wish I was dead!"

There was something terrible in the expression of the child's large, dilated black eyes, as in a wild paroxysm of passion, she repeated this fearful ejaculation. Mr. Horton shuddered, but he only held her more closely.

"Clarinda," said he, solemnly, "you have that to answer for which will weigh like iron upon your soul at the great judgment day. What has this poor neglected child done, that you treat her worse than an hireling, and lavish all your affection on that selfish and unprincipled girl?"

"Clara," said her mother, "leave the room instantly. This is no place for you. Why do you not obey me?"

Clara began to weep bitterly, but her mother took her by the hand and leading her to the door, gave her in charge to a servant, with a whispered injunction not intended for her brother's ear.

"Now, let *that* child go," said she. "If I am to be arraigned for my conduct, I don't want any listeners. Effie, follow your sister, and mind that there is no more quarrelling."

"She shall not go," cried Mr. Horton. "I fear that there is no safety for her out of my arms. Clarinda, I cannot believe the cruel, unjust, and unnatural mother I see before me, is the sister whom I remember in the spring-time of the heart's feeling, and in the gentleness of early womanhood."

"Brother, if you wish me to speak, let that child go. I will not be humbled before her, or any human being."

"Yes, let me go," cried Effie, again struggling; "I don't want to stay here."

"One question first," said Mr. Horton, "tell me truly, why you wished yourself dead?"

"Because every body hates me."

"And what makes you think everybody hates you?"

"Because I am ugly," cried the child, in a low, bitter tone, looking darkly and sullenly at her mother.

"I will love you, Effie, if you are good, as well as if you were my own child. But you must not give way to such violent passions. Be gentle if you wish to be loved. Be gentle if you wish to be beautiful."

He put her down from his knee, where he had seated her, and motioned that she might depart.—She stood for a moment as if irresolute, then threw her arms around his neck, kissed his cheeks, his hands, and even the sleeves of his garment, in a most passionate manner, and ran out of the room.

"Oh! Clarinda," cried he, greatly moved, "what a heart you are throwing away from you."

"To me she has always been sullen and cold," said Mrs. Dushane; "she has never shown me any affection, but on the contrary the greatest dislike."

"Because the fountain of her young affections has been frozen, and her young blood turned to gall," replied her brother. "She has been brought up with the withering conviction that she is an object of hatred and disgust to those around her, placed in glaring comparison with her beautiful sister, treated like a menial, her dress neglected, her manners uncultivated, and her sensibilities crushed and trodden under foot. Talk about her affections! You might as well take those very geranium leaves, and grind them with your heel, till you have bruised out all their fragrance, and then murmur that they gave you back no sweetness. But that child has affections, warm, glowing affections, though you have never elicited them—and a mind, too, though you have never cultivated it; but if God grant me the opportunity, I will take possession of the unweeded wilderness of her heart and mind, and turn it into a blooming, domestic garden, yet."

Mrs. Dushane was thunderstruck. She saw in prospective her darling Clara disinherited, and she knew not in what way to avert the impending calamity.

"Brother," cried she, putting her handkerchief to her eyes, "you are strangely altered. You used to love me once, but now the stranger within my gates would treat me with more kindness. You don't know what provocations I have, or you would not accuse me of such cruelty and injustice."

"You forget, Clarinda, that I have been a witness myself of your injustice. I do not make accusations, but appeal to self-evident truths—and did you not suffer Clara to depart, without once rebuking her for her falsehood and guilt?"

"Brother, I believe you hate Clara."

"I have no love for her faults, and to speak the honest truth, I never liked *favorites*. From the time of ancient Joseph's coat of many colors, which excited the envy and hatred of his brethren, to our days of modern refinement, favouritism has been the fruitful source of sin and sorrow, and oftentimes of blood and death. Do not accuse me of unkindness, Clarinda, because I speak strongly of the evils you have caused. I would rouse you to a sense of your danger, and place before you, in all their length and breadth, the sacred duties you have too long neglected."

"I may have been wrong," cried Mrs. Dushane, apparently softening; "indeed, I know I have been, but I never could govern Effie in any other way than by severity. She is the most singular child you ever saw, and you are the only person who ever seemed to love her. You remember, brother, when I was a young girl, I was very much admired for my beauty, and perhaps was led to attach an undue value to it. My greatest ambition was to have a beautiful infant, and when Effie was said to be so remarkably ugly, I could not help it, but my heart seemed steeled against her, and she was a very cross infant, too, and cried day and night. I could hear the nurse calling her a cross, ugly thing, till I was ashamed to have her in my sight. Then Clara was so uncommonly beautiful, and such a sweet, smiling, bewitching little infant, I could not help idolizing her. Every body called her an angel, and indeed you must acknowledge she has the beauty of one. Then she is so affectionate and loving. You don't know how she twines around one's heart. To be sure she was very wrong just now, very wrong; but pray forgive her this one fault. You saw how bitterly she wept. It was only the dread of your displeasure. You have no idea how tenderly she loves you. Forgive Clara, for my sake, and I will be kind to Effie for years."

"For your own sake, my beloved sister," said Mr. Horton, seating himself by her side, and taking her hand affectionately in his. "The consciousness of a fault, is one step to reformation. Only cultivate a mother's feelings for Effie, and believe me, you will be repaid for all your care."

Late that evening, as Mr. Horton was walking pensively in the garden, whose walks and arbours were partially illumined by the light of a waning moon, he was attracted by a dark object under one of the trees. Supposing it some animal, which had gained unlawful admittance, he approached to drive it from the enclosure, when he was startled by the appearance of two large black eyes turned upwards to the Heavens, flashing out from a cloud of gypsy-looking hair.

"Effie," cried he, "what are you doing here, so late, and alone?"

"Nothing," replied she, springing on her feet; "I was only looking at the moon and stars."

"You had better go and look at them through your bed-curtains," said he, passing his hand over her dew-damp hair; "it is time for little girls to be in bed and asleep."

"I cannot sleep so soon," said the child; "I think too much, and I wish too much."

"What is it you wish so much, Effie?"

"Oh! I wish to be up among the stars, out of the way of every body here; and then they look as if they loved me, with their sweet, bright eyes."

Mr. Horton took her hand, and led her slowly and gently along.

"You seem to want to be loved, Effie!"

"Oh! yes," answered she, with energy, "I would die to be loved only half as well as Clara."

"Well, listen to me, Effie, and I will tell you how you may be loved even better than Clara.—You must not think that it is only beautiful persons who are loved."

"But they hate me because I am ugly," interrupted Effie.

"You are not ugly, my child, and as you grow older, you will grow handsomer. But you must forget your looks, and think of cultivating your mind and heart. You must try to be loved for something better than beauty, and beauty perhaps will come, without thinking of it."

Effie looked up to him with a smile which really had a beautifying influence on her face, seen by that soft moonlight.

"If I could only be with you all the time," said she, "I should be happy."

"Would you, indeed, like to leave your home, and come and live with me?"

"Would I!" cried she, suddenly stopping—"I would walk barefoot to the end of the universe; I would feed on bread and water all my life, if I could only live near you."

"Perhaps we will live together one of these days," said he, smiling at her enthusiasm, "but will I promise you better fare than bread and water. And now, good-night—and God bless you, my own darling Effie."

Effie retired to bed, but long after she laid her head upon her pillow, she whispered to herself the endearing epithet, which had melted into her inmost heart. It was the first time she had ever been so fondly addressed, and even in her dreams she thought a gentle voice was murmuring in her ear, "my own darling Effie." Oh! how sweet to the neglected, lone-hearted child, was the language of sympathy and love! It was like the gurgling fountain in the arid desert—the nightingale in the dungeon's solitude—the gentle gale that first wakened the wild music of her soul. It seemed that till that moment there had been a chill weight of lead in her bosom, cold and deadening, but that it was now fused in the glowing warmth of love, and flowing in one stream of affection, reverence, gratitude, and almost worship, to the feet of her benefactor and friend.

When Mr. Horton proposed to his sister to take Effie home with him, she could not disguise her mortification and displeasure. Effie the heiress of her uncle's fortune, to the exclusion of Clara, was a circumstance too intolerable to be endured. The ugly Effie chosen in preference to the beautiful Clara! She would gladly have refused the request, but she knew not what plea to urge against it. She had herself acknowledged her unnatural dislike to the child, and her neglect of all a mother's duties towards it, was a too evident truth. In vain she sought to stifle the voice of upbraiding conscience. It would be heard, even amidst the whirlwind of passion that raged in her breast. Mr. Horton's determination was to remove Effie as far as possible from the associations of her childhood, to place her at school, where she could have every opportunity for the developement of her talents and the discipline of her character—and then, if she fulfilled his hopes, to adopt her as his own, and make her the heiress of his fortune, and the inheritor of his name.

Clara was outrageous when she learned the new destiny of her sister. She pouted, wept, and stamped, in the impotence of her wrath. Effie should not go home with her uncle, and get all his money, a whole million of dollars, away from her. She didn't want to be pretty any more. She wished she were ugly. She would be ugly, if it were only to spite her mama, because she had not made her uncle like her better than Effie.

Her mother, instead of soothing and petting her with the halcyon strains of flattery, as she was wont to do when her favorite got up a domestic storm, now vented upon her the anger she dared not manifest before her brother.

"It was your own fault," said she, "you spoiled, ungrateful child; you broke my geranium, and then meanly lied about it. You had better not wish yourself ugly, for you will have nothing but your beauty to depend upon, when you grow up. Not a cent of money will you have for a fortune, while your sister will be an heiress and—a belle——"

"I don't care," cried Clara, scornfully pouting her rose-leaf lips. "I'll be a belle too; and I don't want a fortune. I'll marry somebody with a great big fortune; and you shan't live with me, either, Madame Mama."

Clara's appellation for her mother, in moments of passion, was "Madame Mama;" and Madame Mama began to feel a foretaste of the anguish caused by that "sharper than a serpent's tooth," the tongue of a thankless child.

Having depicted a few scenes in the childhood of the two sisters, and shown the different influences, emanating from the same source, which operated in the characters of both, the lapse of a few years may be imagined, and those who have become interested in the *Ugly Effie*, may see her once more in the period of adolescence—when released from the discipline of a school, she fills a daughter's place in her uncle's household. The mansion of Mr. Horton was such as became his princely fortune. It was on a lordly scale, and presented an elegance of architecture and refinement of taste unequalled in that part of the country where he resided. It was shaded on all sides by magnificent trees, and a smooth lawn stretched out in front, intersected by an avenue of symmetrical poplars, and surrounded by a hedge of perennial shrubs. Underneath one of the trees that shadowed the walls, and looking out on this rich, velvet lawn, sat the benevolent owner of this noble establishment, whose dignified person corresponded well with the other features of the scenery. A young girl stood near him, holding a bow in her left hand, and watching the motions of a young man, who was feathering an arrow fitted for that sylvan bow. Her figure had scarcely attained its full height, but it had all the rounded proportions and undulating outlines of early womanhood. Her head, covered with short raven curls, gave her the appearance of a young Greek, but her clear, dark complexion, of perfect softness and transparency, assimilated her more to the Creole race. Her features were not regular nor handsome in themselves, but they were lighted up with animation and intellect, and illuminated by such large, splendid black eyes, that it would have been difficult for the most fastidious connoisseur of female beauty to have judged them with any severity of criticism. From the bow, on which she partly leaned, the quiver suspended over her shoulder, the wild grace of her attitude, and the darkness of her complexion, she might have been mistaken for one of those daughters of the forest, which American genius has so often glowing described.

"That will do, Dudley," said she, playfully snatching the arrow, and fitting it to her bow; "better reserve some of your skill to fledge your own arrows, for you know I can shoot like Robin Hood himself."

The young man laughed, and the trial of skill commenced. They shot alternately, and scarcely had the gleaming arrow darted from the string, than they each pursued its flight over the lawn, striving for the glory of first reaching the fallen missile. At last the young girl hit the target in the very centre, and Mr. Horton pronounced her the victor.

"You must surrender, Dudley," said he, "there is no disgrace in yielding to Effie—as swift a foot, as true an eye, and as steady a hand"——

"And as warm a heart," interrupted she, approaching him, with a cheek to which exercise had given a color, like the coral under the wave, and seating herself on the grass at his feet. "But what shall be my reward, dear uncle? In the merry days of the 'Lion-hearted King,' the victor always received some crown or trophy of his skill or valor."

While she was speaking, Dudley had been gathering some of the flowers and perennial leaves of the shrubbery, and had woven them into a rustic garland, which, sportively kneeling, he placed upon her brow.

"I suppose, if I were versed in the language of chivalry," said the youth, "I should address you as the queen of love and beauty."

"Beauty!" repeated Effie, with a laugh that made the green walks ring. "What would my mother and Clara say if they heard such an appellation given to their ugly Effie? You needn't look so mockingly, Dudley, for you may ask my uncle if, four years ago, I wasn't the ugliest little gypsy he ever beheld."

"You have, indeed, changed most marvellously, Effie," replied he, passing his hand caressingly over the head that rested against his knee; "and you may thank the daily exercise in the open air, which you have been compelled to take, for its invigorating and beautifying influence."

"I may thank, rather, the parental tenderness, the kindness, and the care, that have been poured like balm into a bruised and wounded heart, healing and purifying it, and changing, as it were, the very life-blood in my veins!" exclaimed Effie, in her peculiarly impassioned manner. "Do you remember the night when you found me under the sycamore tree, and called me your own darling Effie? From that moment I date a new existence—from that moment life became dear to me, and oh! how dear, how very dear it has been to me since!"

Mr. Horton looked down upon her with glistening eyes, and blessed his God that it had been his destiny to appropriate such rich treasures of intellect and sensibility, and as he looked on the fair lands stretching around him, far as the eye could reach, blessed Him again, that he could now leave one behind him who was worthy to be the mistress of those beautiful possessions. There was another pair of brighter, younger eyes, looking down upon her, and wondering if it were possible that she had ever been called the "ugly Effie." Perhaps she read his thoughts, for she smilingly said—

"I wish you could see my sister Clara."

"Why?"

"Because she is so exquisitely fair—so faultlessly beautiful."

"I do not like faultless beauties," replied he, "they are always insipid. I do not like blondes—they have no expression. I like to see a face that changes with the changing feelings—now dark, now bright, like the Heavens bending above us."

"Do you think your mother and sister would know you, Effie?" asked Mr. Horton.

"I do not think they would," she replied, "for I sometimes hardly recognize myself. I should like to see them as a stranger, to see what impressions I might make. When shall I see them, dear uncle? Something whispers me I may yet be blest with a mother's and a sister's love."

"Are you not happy with me? Do you wish to leave me, Effie?"

"Never!—I want no other home than this. But, in looking back, I blame myself so much for the sullen and vindictive feelings I once dared to cherish. I tried so little to deserve the love which was not spontaneously bestowed, I long to prove to them that I am now not utterly unworthy of their regard."

"I honor your wishes," said Mr. Horton, kindly. "And when we return from Europe, they shall be gratified. Two years will soon pass away. You will then have acquired all the advantages of travelling in classic lands. Dudley will have completed his education in the German universities, and in the freshness of transatlantic graces, can present himself to your fair sister, whose beauty you are so anxious he should admire."

Dudley began to reiterate his detestation of blondes, but Mr. Horton interrupted him to discuss more important matters.

Dudley Alston, was a ward of Mr. Horton's, the orphan son of the most intimate friend of his youth. When his father died, he left him to the guardianship of Mr. Horton, with the conditions that he should finish his education in Europe, and that he should never marry without the consent of Mr. Horton.

Mr. Alston had not been dead more than a year, so that Dudley had never seen Effie in her chrysalis state. They had passed together their last vacation, and now again met, free from all scholastic restraints, with spirits buoyant as young singing birds, converting the still house of the widower into a bright scene of youthful exercise and hilarity. Mr. Horton rejoiced in the circumstances which had thrown so closely together these two congenial beings so dear to his affections, and which promised to draw them together in closer and more endearing union. Dudley was handsome, intelligent, and high-spirited: generous almost to prodigality; unsuspicious almost to credulity; impulsive and uncalculating, and possessed of an independent fortune, free from any of those mortgages and encumbrances which so often neutralize the property of reputed heirs. Where could he find a husband for Effie, combining so many rare endowments, and where could Dudley find a being like Effie, with a soul of fire, a heart of love, and a person which he now thought singularly fascinating? He was too wise to speak his hopes, but he thought it as impossible that their hearts should not grow together, as that two young trees, placed side by side, should not interlace their green boughs and suffer their trembling leaves to unite. He wrote occasional letters to his sister, and received from her cold and brief replies. She expatiated chiefly on Clara's extraordinary beauty, and lamented her limited means, to introduce her to the world as she would wish,—hoped that Effie was improving, but declared her readiness to take her home, whenever her uncle was disgusted or weary of his charge. Mr. Horton never made known to her the astonishing improvement in Effie's appearance, for he wanted to dazzle her some day with the sudden lustre of the gem she had thrown from her heart. He always mentioned her in vague terms, expressed his general satisfaction in her good conduct, and approbation of her studious habits.—"As nature did not make her a beauty," said he, "I intend she shall be a scholar, and no fear of her being called a *bas bleu*, shall prevent me from giving her a thoroughly classical education. She is already familiar with Greek and Latin, and during our European travels, she shall become mistress of all the modern languages."

"Oh! there is nothing so disgusting as a pedantic woman!" exclaimed Clara, with a shudder, as her mother finished the perusal of the letter. "I know French and Italian enough to sing all the fashionable songs and repeat all the common [illegible], and that is all a young lady requires. As for Greek and Latin, I detest their very idea. But poor Effie needs something to distinguish her, even besides her uncle's fortune. I wonder if she is as ugly as ever. *I* should really like to see her."

"So should I," replied Mrs. Dushane, with an involuntary sigh, for there were moments when nature spoke in her heart, and she had become convinced, from her own fatal experience, that there were other qualities necessary in a daughter besides personal beauty. There were times "when the whole head was sick, and the whole heart faint," when she would have welcomed a filial hand to bathe her temples or hold her aching brow, even though it were the hand of her neglected child.—There were times when the rebellious will, the selfish vanity, the careless disrespect, or bold defiance of the spoiled favorite, made her feel as if Heaven's retribution might be felt in this world. At others, when she saw her caressed and admired, and heard herself envied as the mother of such a paragon, she tried to convince herself that disobedience and ill-humor were only slight flaws in this matchless diamond, which it would be invidious to dwell upon. She had had no communication with her brother during his residence in Europe, and believing that all intercourse with him would now probably cease, and that there was no hope of his substituting Clara for Effie, she became more and more anxious to secure for the former an establishment worthy of her charms. Clara was now before the world as an acknowledged belle, occupying that place in society for which she had been solely calculated, and which she had been made to believe a part of her birthright.

One evening Mrs. Dushane, accompanied her daughter to the house of a lady who, being a great amateur in music, was very fond of giving concerts. Clara, as a beauty, and a brilliant performer, was always invited. This evening, the lady told Clara to look her prettiest, and do her prettiest, as a young lady was to be present—a stranger, just arrived in town—who was said to have most remarkable and fascinating accomplishments. Clara's vain and eager eye ran over the crowd, in search of one who would have the hardihood to rival her. She had scarcely assured herself that there were none but familiar faces around her, when the lady of the house approached and begged permission to introduce her to Miss Horton, the young lady whose coming she had announced. The company fell back as the hostess led Clara and her mother through the folding doors to the centre of another apartment, where a young lady stood beneath the full blaze of the chandeliers, leaning on the arm of a young and distinguished looking stranger. Clara gazed intently on the form of this rival beauty, and a feeling of relieved self-complacency dimpled the roses of her cheeks. Those on whom nature has lavished her living lilies and carnations, are very apt to depreciate the charms of those whose pretensions to loveliness are based on other attributes than mere beauty of complexion.—That of the young stranger was what Clara called dark, and it might have appeared so, contrasted with the dazzling whiteness of her own, but it had that oriental delicacy and transparency so seldom found except in eastern climes. Her eyes were so dark and resplendent that their brightness would have been almost overpowering had they not been softened by long sweeping lashes, of the same jetty hue as her luxuriant and shining hair. Her figure was exquisite in repose, and from its waving outline promised that grace of motion, which is more pleasing than beauty itself. There was nothing conspicuous in her dress save a small diamond star that sparkled amid the darkness of her tresses, like a lone planet on "night's ebon brow." The gentleman on whose arm she leaned, ah

> "Not his the form, nor his the eye,
> That youthful maidens wont to fly."

Clara marked him as her victim, and met his exceedingly earnest gaze with a glance of soft allurement. The young lady, whose air and appearance betrayed familiarity with the most elegant and fashionable society, nevertheless manifested no small degree of embarrassment while passing through the customary forms of introduction. She colored deeply, and her eyes were bent down with an expression of modesty and humility entirely unexpected from her previous bearing.

"Horton!" repeated Mrs. Dushane, when her name was announced: "I have a brother of that name now in Europe. It is a long time since I have seen him, however," she added, with a sigh.

"Then I hope you will have pleasing associations connected with me, madam," said Miss Horton, in a sweet, low voice.

Mrs. Dushane, who was prepared to wage warfare with one who might rival her daughter, could not help feeling the charm of such affability and sweetness. She wondered who the Mr. Alston was who accompanied her, but notwithstanding his juxtaposition with the attractive stranger, she could not but hope that he was the rich and distinguished individual Heaven had destined for her favourite child.

Music was the order of the evening, and Clara was led to the piano, Miss Horton declining to play first. Being from early childhood accustomed to sing and play in public, she had no faltering of modesty, to mar the brilliancy of her execution. She sang and played as she did every thing else, for effect—and it was generally such as the most exacting vanity could desire. Mr. Alston and Miss Horton stood near her and evinced, by their silent attention, the most flattering interest in the beautiful songster.

"And now, Miss Horton," cried the impatient hostess—and "Miss Horton" passed from mouth to mouth, as the circle pressed and narrowed around her—"Perhaps Miss Horton would prefer the harp?"

"She was more accustomed to the harp," she replied, and a splendid instrument was drawn toward her.

Clara was no proficient on the harp, having, in a fit of obstinacy, given up her lessons, because the chords blistered her delicate fingers. She felt a thrill of envy, as she beheld Miss Horton seat herself gracefully before the lyre, such as the "shepherd monarch once swept," and pass her white hands over the strings. At first her touch was soft, and her voice low, and she looked at Clara, as if deprecating her criticism; but, after a while, she looked at no one—she thought of nothing but the spirit of music that filled her soul, thrilled through her nerves, flowed in her veins, and burned upon her cheek. There was no affectation in her manner—there was enthusiasm, sensibility, fire—but it was the fire from within, illuminating the temple, which its intensity sometimes threatened to destroy. It is true, she once or twice raised her glorious black eyes to Heaven, but it was because music naturally lifted her thoughts to Heaven, and her glance followed its inspiration.

"Are you not weary?" asked Clara, after she had again and again yielded to the entreaties of her auditors to give them another and yet another strain.

"No," answered she, rising; "but I must not forget that others may be, notwithstanding their apparent sympathy with an enthusiast like myself."

"Oh! Mr. Delamere," cried Clara, addressing a pale, pensive, and intellectual gentleman, who had stood, as if spell-bound, by the harp, "do not look so reproachfully at me; I did not think of putting a stop to your ecstacy."

"You are right," said he, drawing a deep inspiration, "I was forgetting the mortal in the immortal!"

"Oh! that we all, and always could!" exclaimed Miss Horton; "but those who speak of immortality in a scene like this, must be singularly bold."

"Perhaps it would be more in keeping by that window, which looks out upon the magnificence of an evening sky," answered Mr. Delamere, with a smile so winning, she could not but yield to the invitation; and seated in a curtained embrasure, which admitted the fresh night breeze, she soon found she was with a companion to whom she was not ashamed to communicate her most glowing thoughts, for she "received her own with usury."—He had travelled over many lands—over the countries from which she had just returned—and she felt as if she heard once more the song of the Alpine peasant, the rich strains of the Italian improvisatore, or beheld again the sublime and storied scenes so vividly impressed upon her memory. But, at times, her abstracted eye told of other subjects of contemplation. She thought of the mother whose unkindness had embittered her childhood, now smiling unconsciously on her neglected offspring, and she longed to throw herself on her neck, and ask her to forget the past, and welcome back her no longer ugly Effie. She looked at her sister, on whose angelic face evil passions had left no more trace than the rough bark on the glassy wave, and forgetting the scorn and contumely she had heaped upon her in the first dark portion of her life, she yearned to embrace her, to press to her own those smiling lips, and call her by the sweet name of sister.

"Not yet," said she to herself; "I have promised my uncle to shine before them a little while, at least till I have won their admiration as a stranger, and triumphed as another, ere I allow them to recognise in me the hated and ugly Effie."

Surprised at her silence, Mr. Delamere watched her thoughtful and varying countenance with an interest that surprised himself. His early history was romantic. In the very dawn of manhood, he had formed an attachment for a fragile and lovely young creature, who expired suddenly on the very morning of her nuptial day, and whose white bridal wreath was placed upon the shroud that mantled her virgin bosom. Delamere, in the anguish of so awful a bereavement, secluded himself long from the world, which, to him, seemed covered with a funereal pall, and devoted himself to the memory of the dead. But, at length, the solicitations of friendship, the energies of youth, and the strong necessity of social life, drew him back to the scenes which he had once frequented, chastened by sorrow, enriched by experience, the history of the past written on his pallid cheek, and speaking from his pensive eye. No wonder that the music of Effie's voice had thrilled through a heart whose strings had once been so rudely broken. He felt for the young songstress a most painful interest, for he saw she was one born to feel and to suffer, for when were deep feeling and suffering ever disunited?

"Is not Clara beautiful, Dudley?" asked Effie, the morning after the sisters met. "Is she not beautiful as the dreams of imagination?"

"She is, indeed, most exquisitely fair," answered he: "she has almost conquered my prejudices against blondes. But she is no more to be compared to you, Effie, than a clear, cloudless day is to a starry, resplendent night.

> 'Thou walk'st in beauty, like the night
> Of cloudless climes and starry skies.'"

"Don't flatter me, Dudley," cried she, impatiently; "I know its exact value, which few girls, as young as myself, can say. Let there be nothing but truth and sincerity between us. Now is the time to prove whether the love you bear me is the result of habit and association, or that passion which would have selected me for its object, though we had been heretofore sundered as far as from pole to pole. Unfortunately, my uncle's wishes are known to both of us, revealed in an unguarded moment. To me, I acknowledge his slightest wish is a law, and you know my heart has not murmured at his will."

She blushed, and averted her eyes, which she was conscious expressed in still stronger language the feelings she was uttering.

"What is it you mean?" exclaimed he, vehemently. "Do you doubt my truth and constancy, when, from the first moment I beheld you, I have scarcely had a thought or wish, which has not been entwined with you? You were the star of my boyhood, you are the cynosure of my manhood, and age will bring no change. No, it is for me to doubt; not you, Effie."

While this conversation was passing between them at the hotel, where Mr. Horton had put up, incog., for the purpose already explained, Mrs. Dushane and Clara were expatiating on the young stranger who had flashed across their path the preceding evening.

"I do not think her really handsome, mother," said Clara; "she is not fair enough for that. She reminded me of some one whom I have seen before, but I cannot think who it is."

"It is the same case with me," said her mother; "I have been trying to think who she is like, but in vain. She certainly created a great sensation, and she was very affable and polite to me. How I wish you had not given up the harp, Clara. It's a thousand times more graceful an instrument than the piano. It was nothing but your waywardness. I told you you would repent of it some day."

"If I did play on the harp," said Clara, pettishly, "I wouldn't put myself in such ecstasies at my own music, as she did. I don't believe Mr. Alston admires her singing much, for he talked to me almost the whole time."

"Yes, because you talked to him. But, seriously, Clara, he is a fine-looking young man, and may be very rich. You had better try to captivate him, even if he is already captivated by Miss Horton. How familiar that name does sound! We must invite them to our house—make a party for them—for they evidently are persons of distinction."

"Not a musical party, mother. One good thing, however, we have no harp here."

The party was given, and Effie crossed once more, with unconquerable emotions, the threshold of her childhood's home. She entered the drawing-room, followed by a train of obsequious admirers, and received by the mistress of the mansion, with all the pomp and ceremony of fashionable politeness. She was magnificently dressed, for it was her uncle's pleasure that she should be so, and Clara felt, with envy and bitterness, that she was eclipsed by this splendid stranger.

"I will win Alston, if I die," ejaculated she to herself: "for I know she loves him, and it will be such a triumph."

Monopolized as Effie was, with Delamere flitting, a pensive shadow at her side, it was difficult for Dudley Alston to claim any portion of her attention. It was therefore an easy task for Clara to monopolize him. She laid aside her frivolity, veiled her vanity, and taxed her mind to the fullest extent of its powers, to interest and amuse him. She had a great deal of tact, and could talk with a fluent tongue, while the loveliest smiles gave a charm to the words she uttered. Dudley could not help being pleased with this flattering attention. He knew from Mr. Horton that she was a spoiled and unamiable child, and was prepared to dislike and avoid her, but he could not believe aught but gentleness now dwelt in a breast so fair. Effie had entreated him to endeavor to think favorable of Clara, forgetting her childish foibles, and, for her sake he ought to do it. Mrs. Dushane was more and more delighted with Miss Horton, for nothing could be more deferential than her manners towards her. She sought her conversation, and turned from all her admirers whenever she had an opportunity of addressing her. Mrs. Dushane could hardly withdraw her eyes from her face. That haunting resemblance! It vexed and pained her.—Once, moved by a sudden reminiscence, she whispered to Clara—

"It is the most ridiculous thing I ever knew—and yet there is something about Miss Horton that really makes me think of our Effie."

"Shocking!" exclaimed Clara, laughing outright: "what would Miss Horton say, if she knew you compared her to such a looking thing as Effie?"

Alston caught the name of Effie.

"You were speaking of some one by the name of Effie," said he, "I have always admired it since I read the Heart of Midlothian. Is the Effie to whom you allude, as beautiful as the lily of St. Leonards?"

"Oh no—it is my own sister, whom my uncle adopted, and who is now in Europe with him. She is very far from being pretty."

"Indeed," said he; "is that possible, and your sister, too? Does she not resemble you in the least?"

"No," answered she, with a shiver of disgust.—"She is lean, swarthy, and almost deformed. But uncle will give her a large fortune, and that will make up for her defects."

"Perhaps she has improved since you saw her last," said Dudley, and he could not help casting an admiring glance towards Effie, whose graceful head was at that moment turned towards her mother—in the act of listening. Effie had been praising the beauty of Clara, and asked if she were an only daughter.

"No—I have one beside," answered Mrs. Dushane, in a confused manner, "but she lives with her uncle, who has adopted her."

"Is it long since you have seen her, Madam?"

"Oh! yes—she was a little child when he took her, and now she is a young lady."

"If she was as beautiful as her sister, I should think you would long to see her," said Effie.

"She wasn't to be compared to Clara; indeed, she was as ugly as her sister is pretty!"

"Poor girl!" cried Effie, "I hope you did not love her less because Nature denied the gift of beauty?"

"Why, no," stammered Mrs. Dushane: "one can't help their looks. But hers were uncommon."

"Do you think you would know her now, after so long an absence?"

"Yes—I should know her any where. She looked like nobody in the world but herself."

A half-suppressed sigh, which followed these words, sounded in Effie's ear like the music of the spheres. She unconsciously echoed it, and it was echoed yet again, for the pensive Delamere was lingering by her side, and this token of sensibility interested him more than all the brilliancy of her attractions.

"Can she have known sorrow?" thought he. The next self-interrogation was—"Has she known love?" —"And oh! how ardently, how devotedly," thus continued his meditations; "such a being must love!—Would she accept the reins of a heart, once impassioned as her own? Would she mingle the unfaded blossoms of her youth with the dark cypress and melancholy yew?"

Effie, touched by the soft gloom that hung like a cloud around him, lent a more than willing ear to his conversation. But, while she listened to him, her thoughts often wandered to one whom Clara kept ever near her, and on whom her eyes turned with an expression of unequivocal admiration. A pang shot through her heart, such as but one passion can inflict. Then another succeeded that she was capable of yielding to such an emotion.

"If he be not mine, wholly mine, heart, soul, and life, I will resign him, though I die in the effort," was the language of the maiden's soul. Her love had hitherto flowed on, a clear, unruffled stream, rising in the green hills of adolescence, its channels margined with flowers, and its current gilded by the sunbeams. Now the waters were becoming troubled, for they were rolling over a rocky bed. Did the rocks betoken that a whirlpool was near, and was the frail bark of her happiness to be wrecked in its vortex?

One morning, when the demon of ill-temper, roused by some petty disappointment, had full possession of Clara, and proud Mrs. Dushane, as usual, was the victim of its inflictions, a letter came from Mr. Horton, announcing his return from Europe, and his intention of visiting her immediately, with his adopted daughter. This annunciation could not have been made at a moment more propitious for Effie, for her spirit was chafed and smarting from the ungrateful conduct of Clara. She sat, however, like one in a trance, for she was ashamed and perplexed in what manner to receive her long-estranged daughter. An acknowledged heiress, fresh from the courts of Europe, was a being of some consequence, no matter how ugly she might be.

"Poor Effie!" exclaimed she, "I did treat her shamefully, and all for the most selfish and passionate of human beings, with nothing on earth to recommend her but a little beauty, of which I am getting heartily sick."

"Oh! *Madam Mama*," cried Clara, who still retained some of the deeply respectful language of her childhood, "it is too late to sing that song: you are ten times more vain of me than I am of myself. If I am vain, you taught me to be so; if I am passionate, you set me the example. It won't do for folks that live in glass houses to throw stones. But, good Heavens, what shall we do with Effie, at all these fine parties, they are making for Miss Horton? Oh! I forget she can talk Greek and Latin and French and Italian. She is a learned lady, and will put me quite in the shade. An heiress, too! Perhaps Dudley Alston will fall in love with her. What in the world shall I say to her? I declare I never felt so strange about any thing in my life."

"You had better treat her kindly, if it is only from policy, Miss Clara, for though you deserve it not, she may share her fortune with you—for I remember well the poor thing was generous to a fault!"

Clara, upon reflection, concluded to act upon this hint, and she began to think too that it would be a delightful thing to have Effie near, as a foil to her own beauty. She would shine still brighter in the dark-beaming eyes of Dudley Alston.

Mrs. Dushane felt in a state of trepidation the remainder of the day. The sound of carriage wheels made her start and change color. The sudden opening of the door made her heart beat almost to suffocation.

"Oh! how I wish it were over," she would say. "If I only knew how she felt towards me, I should be easy. If I only knew how she looked! She can't help being ugly though."

About the twilight hour, the carriage of Mr. Horton did indeed roll up to the door and Mrs. Horton beheld her brother descend with a veiled lady clinging to his arm. A large shawl wrapped her figure, though the weather did not seem to require such a protection. Even when she entered, they could see nothing of her face through the thick green veil that covered it.

"Ugly still!" thought Clara, "or she would not take such pains to hide herself."

"I have brought you back a daughter," said Mr. Horton, after embracing his sister and Clara: "but remember, my sister, if you place the least value on a brother's love, not to wound her feelings again, with regard to her personal deficiencies. She comes to you a good, affectionate and intelligent girl, who cherishes no vindictive feelings for the past, and who is anxious to show you all the tenderness of a child."

"Only promise to love me, my mother, half as well as you do Clara," said Effie, in a trembling voice, throwing her arms around her mother's neck and leaning her head on her shoulder, "and I will not ask for more."

Mrs. Dushane, completely overcome by this unexpected softness and humility, pressed the veiled figure of her child to her heart, and wept and sobbed till her brother led her to a seat, and calmed her agitation.

"And you too, my sister," cried the same sweet tremulous voice; "let us henceforth love one another."

Clara returned the embrace, with a semblance of warmth, but she was dying with curiosity to look under the green veil and the muffling shawl. She saw with surprise, however, that the hand which clasped hers, was of exquisite delicacy and symmetry, soft and jewelled as her own.

"Let me take off your bonnet and shawl," said she, "you must be very warm."

The servant at this moment entered with lights, thus dispersing the shades of twilight which lingered in the room. Effie first gave the shawl into Clara's eager hand, revealing by the act the full outlines of her splendid figure; then throwing off the bonnet and veil, and shaking back her jetty ringlets, she turned and knelt at her mother's feet.

"Behold your Effie!" exclaimed she, "no longer sullen and unloving, and I trust no longer ugly. My dear uncle was determined you should admire me, before you knew my identity, so you must forgive me for having appeared in masquerade. Having assumed his honored name, it was an easier task. I think you liked me as a stranger,—refuse not to love me now."

Mrs. Dushane was so bewildered and astonished and delighted, she was very near falling into hysteric fits. When she was composed enough to speak, she repeated in a kind of triumph:

"I said she looked like our Effie—I said she made me think of our Effie."

Clara's blooming cheek turned to the whiteness of marble. The chill of envy penetrated to her very heart. The fascinating being, whom she dreaded as a rival, was then her own sister: so long the object of her contempt and derision. The transformation was too great. It was incredible! Effie met her cold, fixed gaze, and an involuntary shiver ran through her veins. The image of Dudley Alston passed before her and she feared to think of the future.

Mrs. Dushane was so proud of her new daughter, so pleased and excited by the eclat and romance of the circumstances that attended her arrival, and her home was so thronged with visitors, she had hardly any time to think of Clara. But Clara was not forgetful of herself. To win Dudley Alston, whom she loved as far as her vain heart was capable of loving, was the end and aim of all her hopes and re[illegible]. To win him from Effie was a double triumph.

for which she was willing to sacrifice truth, honor, and that maiden modesty which shrinks from showing an unsolicited attachment. She believed that if she could convince Effie that she herself was beloved by Alston, she would be too proud ever to look upon him as a lover, and that if Alston supposed Delamere a successful and favored admirer of Effie's, that the same pride would make him stand aloof and forbid him to seek an explanation. Effie was too ingenuous and high-souled to suspect Clara of acting this doubly treacherous part. She felt as only a nature like her's can feel, that Dudley Alston was more and more estranged from her, but she believed Clara was supplanting her in his affections, and disdained either by look or word to draw him back to his allegiance.

"What do you think of Dudley Alston, Effie?" asked Clara, abruptly, once when they chanced to be alone.

Effie's quick blood rushed burningly to her cheeks.

"As the associate of my youthful pleasures, as my fellow student and fellow-traveller, he must naturally seem very near to me," she answered, with assumed composure.

"He is very handsome, very pleasing," said Clara, with affected confusion, "and I cannot help liking him better than any one I ever knew; you who have known him so long, can tell me whether I may trust him—I will say it, Effie—whether I may dare to love him!"

Effie turned deadly pale—she looked in her sister's face, and asked the simple question—

"Has he told you that he loved you, Clara?"

"Good Heavens! what a question!" exclaimed Clara, with a look of offended modesty; "do you think I would have made such a confession, had I not been in the first place aware of his love?"

"No, surely you would not," answered she, in a voice so strange and unnatural, that Clara trembled at the bold step she had taken. She began to fear the consequences.

"What's the matter, Effie?" said she; "are you faint?"

"I don't know," she replied, passing her hand hurriedly over her brow; "but the air is very close here. I will go into the balcony."

She rose as she spoke, and Clara rose simultaneously.

"I would rather be alone," said Effie; and Clara dared not follow.

"The hour of trial is come," thought Effie: "let me meet it without blenching!"

She wandered into the garden, and sat down under the shade of the sycamore, where her uncle had found her years before, longing, in the bitterness of her young heart, to *die*. How long she sat, she knew not—she was roused by the approach of Dudley Alston, who, seeing her sitting like a pale statue there, forgot, for the moment, the withering doubts which Clara had been breathing into his ear.

"Effie, why are you here, sitting so pale and still?" cried he, in a tone of the deepest tenderness.

Effie rose and leaned against the tree for support.

"Lean on me, dearest Effie," continued he, passing his arm round her waist, and drawing her towards him: "you are ill—you are faint."

Indignation gave her strength, as she released herself from his clasping arms.

"I can forgive inconstancy, Dudley, but not insult," said she, and the lightning darted from her eyes—"you remember that I told you, if the hour should come, when your heart was not wholly mine, I would not wed my fate to yours, though life should be the sacrifice. Had you nobly and ingenuously told me that you no longer loved me, that my more beautiful sister had won the affection you once thought mine, I would have forgiven, I would still have loved you as a brother. But to mock me still with looks and words of seeming love—I cannot, will not bear it."

"By the Heaven above," exclaimed the young man, vehemently, "I swear this charge is false—who dares to accuse me? If it be Delamere, his lily face shall soon wear another livery."

"No, Dudley—wrong not one who is incapable of any thing mean and calumniating. Clara herself has disclosed to me your love and hers, and I here declare you as free from all allegiance to me, as the cloud that is passing over the sun. But she may as well build her home on that thin, grey cloud, as trust for happiness to a heart so light and vain as yours."

"Effie!" cried he, forcibly seizing her hand, and holding her back as she turned to depart: "you shall not go from me thus. Come with me into your sister's presence, and let her explain this shameful mystery. I have never breathed one syllable to her but the common-place language of admiration. My heart has never wandered from you toward her, or one of woman-kind. Come with me. I demand it as an act of justice—I claim it as a sacred right!"

"Yes," exclaimed a deeper voice from behind, "he has a right, and I will sustain it."

And Mr. Horton emerged from an arbor, which the foliage of the spreading sycamore partially formed. He had been reading in the shade—one of his daily habits in summer—and had overheard a conversation, fraught with intense interest to him. Strange!—the good man despised the character of a listener, and yet it was the second time he had involuntarily acted the part of one, in the really dramatic history of his sister's family. He was indignant and excited, and drawing Effie's trembling arm through his, he led her towards the house, with no lagging footsteps. As they came through a back path, they entered the room before Clara had time to escape. When she met her uncle's stern eye and frowning brow, she knew she was to be arraigned as a criminal, in the presence of the man for whom she had bartered her integrity, and bartered it in vain.

"I have lost him for ever," whispered her sinking heart, "but I will never recant what I have said—he never shall be hers!"

"Clara," said her uncle, approaching still nearer, and keeping his piercing eyes upon her, "tell me the truth, on your soul's peril—has this young man ever made professions of love to you?"

Clara bowed her head slowly, till her ringlets half veiled her beautiful face.

"I have revealed it to my sister, and I cannot deny it to you."

"This is too much!" exclaimed Dudley, his face turning bloodless as ashes—"Oh, if she were but a man!"

"Peace, Dudley!" cried Mr. Horton in a commanding voice. Then again turning to Clara:

"I remember, years ago, a little girl, who wantonly broke the geranium her mother prized, and to screen herself from blame, boldly accused her innocent sister of the fault she had herself committed—Have you forgotten it?—or the shame and sorrow of that hour? Clara, you are still the same—false, false to the very heart's core."

"You always hated me," cried Clara, trying to assume a bolder tone, in the desperation of her situation; "you always hated me, and took Effie's part against me. I wouldn't have told her what I did, though I have said nothing but the truth, if I had thought she would have cared any thing about it.—I'm sure she might be satisfied with her new lover, Mr. Delamere, without making such a fuss about a cast-away, to whom I condescend to show some favor."

"Clara," exclaimed Effie, raising her brow from her uncle's shoulder, where she had bent it in anguish and shame during this disgraceful scene—"Clara, you have betrayed yourself, by this double falsehood. You know that I have refused Mr. Delamere as a lover, but that I honor him as a friend. I considered such a secret sacred, but you have forced me to reveal it. Dudley, my heart acquits you fully, *freely*, humbly—for oh! how much have I erred in thus doubting thy honor and thy truth."

Their eyes met, as they turned towards each other. How they would have sealed their reconciliation cannot be known, for Mr. Horton threw his arms round them both so closely, in the fulness of his joy, that their hearts beat against each other, while they found a parental pillow on his own.—Tears fell from the good man's eyes.

"God bless you, my children," cried he, kissing Effie's crimsoned cheek, "and make you a blessing to each other. Let not the falsehood and guile of others ever again shake your confidence and love. Let your love be founded on a rock—even the rock of ages—then the winds and waves may beat against it in vain."

During this scene, the guilty, foiled, and consequently wretched Clara, stole unnoticed from the apartment, and in the solitude of her own chamber gave vent to the violence of long-suppressed passion.

"Oh! that I had been born ugly!" she said, stamping in the impotence of her rage: then running to a mirror, and gazing on her convulsed features—"I am ugly now—good Heavens! how horrible are the effects of passion! Yes, mother," continued she—for Mrs Dushane, who had heard the loud and angry voices below, without daring to enter, fearing in some way that Clara was involved in the difficulty, softly opened the door of the chamber and looked anxiously in—"yes, mother, come and see your beauty now! See your own work, and be proud!—If you hadn't called me your beauty, your pet, your darling, till I sickened at your flattery, and loathed the author of it—if you had cultivated in me one moral virtue, I should never have been the detected, hated and despised thing I am now!"

Poor Mrs. Dushane! she had sown the wind, and reaped the whirlwind.

Effie, who pitied her unhappy sister, would gladly have shared her fortune with her, but this her uncle forbade.

"If she should be in want and sorrow, you shall relieve and comfort her," said he, in answer to her prayers. "If she marries, for your mother's sake, you may supply her wedding paraphernalia: but I will never make her the guardian of Heaven's bounty—never give her the means of administering to her own evil passions."

The Ugly Effie, soon a happy bride, became her mother's pet and darling. The Beautiful Clara, still unmarried, continued to embitter her peace, and present a fatal example of the evils of maternal favoritism.

POEMS BY MRS. FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

A careless carol—idly, lightly sung,
Perhaps not worth the singing or repeating,—
But would you teach a woman's pen or tongue?
Ah! teach her first to keep her heart from beating!

New York: Published by Clark & Austin. 1846. Philad.: Carey & Hart, Fourth and Chestnut streets. 12mo. 239 pp.

It were a superfluous office to commend Mrs. Osgood's poems to the regards of our countrymen. They have long been universally admired for their grace of fancy, the naturalness of their imagery, and their depth of feeling. Her songs appear to inherit their inspiration from a happy and benevolent heart, and their sentiments find quick transit to the hearts of their readers. In perusing ever and ever again the poems of Mrs. Osgood, one cannot fail to remark the mellifluous rhythm, graphic, airy, almost *speaking* figures which distinguish the gentler verses of glorious Tom Moore. Indeed, for gentleness and purity we must not be blamed for giving our fair authoress the preference. To show how admirably balanced her mind is, and that her heart is "in the right place," we append a picture, the painter of which has evidently drawn from life.

"HAPPY AT HOME."

BY MRS. F. OSGOOD.

Let the gay and the idle go forth where they will,
In search of soft Pleasure, that syren of ill;
Let them seek her in Fashion's illumined saloon,
Where Melody mocks at the heart out of tune;
Where the laugh gushes light from the lips of the maiden,
While her spirit, perchance, is with sorrow o'erladen;
And where, mid the garlands Joy only should braid,
Is Slander, the snake, *by its rattle* betray'd,
Ah! no! let the idle for happiness roam,
For me—I but ask to be "happy at home!"

At home! oh, how thrillingly sweet is that word!
And by it what visions of beauty are stirr'd!
I ask not that Luxury curtain my room
With damask from India's exquisite loom;
The sunlight of heaven is precious to me,
And muslin will vail it if blazing too free;
The elegant trifles of Fashion and Wealth
I need not—I ask but for comfort and health!
With these and my dear ones—I care not to roam,
For, oh! I am happy, most "happy at home!"

One bright little room where the children may play,
Unfearful of spoiling the costly array;
Where he, too—our dearest of all on the earth,
May find the sweet welcome he loves at *his* hearth;
The fire blazing warmly—the sofa drawn nigh,
And the star-lamp alight on the table close by;
A few sunny pictures in simple frames shrined,
A few precious volumes—the wealth of the mind;
And here and there treasured some rare gem of art,
To kindle the fancy or soften the heart;
Thus richly surrounded, why, why should I roam?
Oh! am I not happy—most "happy at home?"

The little ones, weary of books and of play,
Nestle down on our bosoms—our Ellen and May!
And softly the simple, affectionate prayer,
Ascends in the gladness of innocence there;
And now ere they leave us, sweet kisses and light
They lavish, repeating their merry "good night!"
While I with my needle, my book, or my pen,
Or in converse with *him*, am contented again,
And cry—"Can I ever be tempted to roam,
While blessings like these make me happy at home!"

THE GYPSY LOVER.

Danger, long travel, want, or woe,
Soon change the form that best we know—
And blanch at once the hair.
Hard toil can roughen form and face,
Nor does old age a wrinkle trace,
More deeply than despair.
Happy whom none of these befall,
But this poor Gypsy knew them all.

Marmion.

It was now the depth of autumn; and, according to an immemorial custom, the poorer inhabitants of Debretzin, whose lands lie at several days' journey from their homes, pursued their way across the sandy plain; the greater portion in droskies, or little wagons, and not a few on small, lean-looking horses.

On the produce of these acres, though situated so far from them, depend their almost only hopes of sustenance, and thither, for a week or so, twice or thrice every year, do they journey with their families, as cultivation, seed-time, and harvest, call for their presence.

"Thrice did they cross the shade of night," and three times did the horn, blown beneath the morning sun, summon them to arise and be going, ere they halted, at the base of the great Carpathian chain, the scantily tilled fields, enclosed with ranges of thinly scattered poplars; the only inheritance which had descended to them from their fathers. In the course of a few hours they came to a spot marked out by a gibbet, on which a criminal had been hanged, and the road branches out from a central spot in many directions; the calvalcade paused.

After a short halt, to permit of a general palaver, and interchange of amicable greetings, it divided itself into various portions; wagons drove to right and left, accompanied or followed by panniered horses, bearing women and children; while, perchance, a listless donkey lagged in the rear, with its burthen of kitchen utensils. Behind all, stalked the brawny peasant, with his long whip, which, ever and anon, he threw out before him, and smacked over the heads of the jaded animals, as a tale-bearer of threatening castigation; his wide, heavy jack-boots impeding the journey he strove to cheer with a timeous whiff of tobacco smoke, a loud shrill whistle, or the chanting of some old, rude, half-forgotten Sclavonian ditty.

The area of cultivation consisted of small fields, or rather patches of wheat mingled with rye, oats, or maize, the last of which predominated, from its being the most productive in crop, averaging, generally, in the rate of thirty-fold. No houses being erected, as no person took up a permanent residence in the neighborhood, the sound of the hammer echoed in a hundred quarters over the plain, as each family busied itself in fitting up an abode, such as was requisite for accommodation during the time of harvest, varying in shape and dimensions, according to the number intended to be packed in the interior, or as the geniality of the weather seemed to warrant.—Some constructed tents, by fixing four poles in the ground at right angles, stretching a blanket between them, and covering the top by means of skins, or oiled cloth. Others, by nailing boards together, while many contented themselves with simply sleeping in their oblong wagons, screened from the cold and moisture of night, by the envelopements of a coarse cloak, or by burrowing, like pigs in a barn-yard, beneath bundles of fresh straw.

It was now evening. Surmounted by masses of picturesque and illuminated clouds, the great sun was sinking majestically behind the mountain boundary of the west. The voice of song continued from the woodlands, as the birds chanted their vesper hymns; a shrill, murmuring monotonous sound, like the tinkling of a thousand little bells, was heard at a distance, which was afterwards discovered to proceed from innumerable little frogs, collected around the margin of the swamps and marshy grounds. The various encampments were now almost finished; and the cattle enjoyed, beside them, the privilege of a conscientiously long tether, to make up matters with their masters, and annihilate the marks and remembrances of fatigue, encountered in a long and difficult journey. The men in their loose cloaks, during the time that preparations were making for the evening meal, rested before the line of huts, in the fine, serene sunshine, smoking pipes, and making observations on the changes of the landscape, over which their eyes wandered; while, here and there, might be seen some one of the younger females, passing to, or returning, with the napkin on her head, from the stream that flowed beneath its fringe of pollards, at the western extremity of the enclosures. Among these was Theresa, the heroine of our little story, whom we shall now briefly introduce.

This Hungarian beauty was now in her twentieth year, fair as a lily of the brook; and, though born to the estate almost of a peasant, nature had beneficiently endowed her with those gentle and delicate feelings, which can alone add lustre to a higher station, and form the only real distinguished excellence of female character. With her aged parents, who were alike contented, virtuous, and respected by all who knew them, she had come up from their home at Debestzin, to assist in the labors of the harvest. In stature she was rather below the common, and more slender than otherwise, but her form was elegant in the extreme. She had none of that clownish heaviness and insipidity about her, which seems to hang like a dim wintry cloud over a countenance, which is thereby rendered unmeaning, though well favored; but, in the grace of her gait, and in the expressive quickness of her eye, dwelt the life and animation, which communicate themselves to others.—There is no doubt, in a word, that she was a bright, sweet little creature: and whoever glanced down for a moment at her small foot and taper ankle, knew at once that the elastic form to which it belonged was one of fairy agility.

She had reached the stream; one foot rested on a stone a little in from the brink: and, with her right hand, she was dipping down the pitcher, while, with the other, she supported herself by catching hold of a wild lilac bush which grew behind her, when she was accosted unawares by a voice, which caused her to start, as she had perceived no one, and deemed herself alone in the solitary place. Turning round to whence the sound came, she saw an old man rising up from the flowery bank, whereon he seemed to have been resting, clad in the habit of a Cygani, or Gypsy; and, as people belonging to this wandering tribe are to be met with in every section of the country, his appearance, after the first startle of surprise was over, excited no alarm.

"This is a fine, calm evening, my child; may I have a draught from thy pitcher?"

He drank, and proceeded.

"Now, by the sparkle of thine eye, I guess, that since we happen to be here alone, you would confess to me that you would like to have your fortune told. Say at once, now, that I am right. Is it not so, my sweet girl?"

"Nay, now," returned she, making an effort to draw her breath, which her momentary surprise seemed to have impeded, and blushing, as she lingered to answer him: "nay, now, good father, you are wrong, believe me; I have no such anxiety about me. How should I, pray now?"

"These are women's words," answered the Gypsy, "not to be taken just as they are spoken; though, like worn coin, they sometimes pass current at full value. There is one—nay, but look in my face—a secret one, in whose fate and fortune you are not altogether uninterested. Turn not away, child; look up, and tell me, if you dare, you simpering fairy, that it is otherwise."

Theresa looked half playfully at him.

"That may, or may not be. I will not make you wiser. You only want to try me; but, if I had secrets, I know how to keep them, my good father.—Isn't it foolish in an old man like you," added she smilingly, "to be prying into a poor girl's thoughts! But, good evening: I am loitering with you here when I have other things to attend to;" and with this she stooped down to raise the pipkin from the stone on which it rested.

"Nay, stop for a moment, my nightingale; I ask not for your secrets. But what would you say were I to tell you, without asking you any questions at all, what you oftenest think about? Love promises bring long hours of thought after them, before they come to their fulfilment; as the morning sun casts before him many a flattering and fleeting ray, before he shews his bright face over the mountains. Sometimes they may be altogether forgotten, when change of scene, and change of companions, bring about change of heart. Yours are not so—if I have any skill in reading a lesson from a fair face."

"Old man, you are flattering me. Farewell—I must away, good even."

"Nay, nay, another moment, and I have done.—Methinks I see one who is far away; yet, amid strange scenes, and amid strange faces, he is mindful of his home, and of a dwelling still dearer than his home. It stands on the banks of a stream; its windows look to the east; and at each side of the door are two barberry bushes. He is mindful of a love he left there: ah! as mindful as ever you could be of such a one. It will be well for you both when the wars are over, and the weapons put into their sheaths. Now, you look down, and sigh. I knew that I had something which you would like to hear."

"How can you, who are an old man, speak such silly things? or how can you know anything about foreign parts, or about people you have never seen! I could almost think—but I am a foolish girl, or I would not stand listening to your nonsense, as earnestly as if it were one of Father Nicholas' sermons. Really, I am foolish, and the evening coming down so heavily," she added, pointing to the hills, whose declivities were darkening to azure, and to the mass of sombre cloud above them, from whose margin the gold of day was decaying; and lifted up her pitcher to depart.

"Let me look at your hand a moment—but a moment, then, since you have no patience with me, and care not to hear my prattle, however full of good things, and fair promises, and I shall tell you in a breath, fair flower, whether the future shall be sunshiny, or sombred with clouds, like you. Why do you hesitate? Do you doubt my skill? Indeed, you have soon come to think yourself very wise."

Theresa stretched forth her small white hand to him; and, turning up the palm of it, she looked in his face, as, with a semblance of serious thought, he cast his eyes along the lines of life.

"Now I know your destiny, Theresa;—is that not your name?"

She looked at him perplexed, and then nodded assent. He then added, with a degree of fervor, as he gazed over her beauties with a more than momentary steadfastness, which made her shrink, and turn away her eyes from him:—

"He whom you love, Theresa,—he who loves thee as his soul, is not far distant. I, who perhaps have never gazed on you before, am prophet enough to assure you of this; and do you still doubt my skill? Lo, the truth is at hand, and the flight of time shall not be far, till my words be made good. But there are leisure hours till then; and I leave these things, my fair girl, for your dream this night. I bargained for no fee—but you will not refuse me this;" and, gently pressing her yielded hand, he raised her fingers to his lips,—"it is a sufficient reward for my fortune-telling. Despise not a Cygani hereafter.—Weeds are but flowers under a meaner name. Good night, and may Heaven bless you."

With a mind overflowing with meditation, Theresa returned home; and, during the remainder of the evening, her mother observed her pensive and silent. She sat, seemingly attentive to what was going on, yet absent when spoken to, and more inclined to gaze into the fire, than to look her neighbor in the face.

Night passed over, with many a dream, peaceful or perturbed; and, with the morning sun, all were astir, and preparing for the field labors. Theresa, like Juliet, was willing to mistake the nightingale for the lark, such a paradise of vision floated before her heated imagination; nevertheless, she arose with the rest, partook of their slight breakfast, and with her sickle thrown over her arm, passed forth in the early sunlight to the labors of harvest.—To the buoyant mind, toil is scarcely an effort. The birds sang, and the flowers bloomed; the waters made a pleasant sound, and hour after hour passed rapidly away, while Theresa dreamed sweet dreams, and never before felt such a delight in the soft breeze and the verdant landscape.

When the sultry day had journeyed by, beholding an industrious band gathering in the treasures which Providence had furnished so liberally for their support, and the evening star had arisen to light them on their homeward road, Theresa started, and her heart went a fluttering, when the band of females were met by the same old gypsy, who was loitering by the wayside. She knew not whether his eye had singled her out or not, as she turned away her head to avoid his gaze; but, when they had passed on a little way, she glanced behind, and saw him making up to the men, who were escorting the loaded wains. Like an idler, who had nought but his amusement in view, he turned back again with them; and, at a bend of the road, Theresa, mounting on a stone, saw him in conference with her father.

With that hospitality so characteristic of the Hungarian peasantry, he was invited to partake of the evening meal; and, when all were duly refreshed, the old men of the party replenished their pipes and seated themselves on the temporary settle before the door.

"Have you been long in these parts?" said old Peter Shemnitz to the Cygani, after an hour's conversation and fellowship had made them better acquainted; "or do you reside at a distance?"

"You may as well ask the direction to Cain's dwelling as to mine. We are none of your shell-fish that grow to the rock. As the swallow passeth from country to country, so pass we from town to town. Will you have a little music?"

"What can you give us?"

"Why, almost what you choose, on violin or fiddel-sack—Zrinil's March, Maria Carlvitch, the song of Isfolar, or anything you like. I have brought a famous pipe from Vienna."

"So you have been at the great city; come tell us something about it. 'Tis said all the great kings are there, carousing after the wars are over."

"True, indeed," said the Cygani, smiling; "the times are miraculously changed. The French Lion has at length been caught in the toils; and I hope that a long peace will bring prosperity and plenty along with it."

"Come, tell us what you saw. It is a mighty fine thing to have seen the world. 'Tis said the Emperor's town is ten times as big as Pesth."

"Truly I cannot exactly tell, but an immense place it is, without doubt; and so rich and fine!—Ah, if you only saw the nobles there, with their crosses and golden stars, galloping through the streets in their grand chariots!—if you only saw the palaces, and the churches, and the castles, you should never think any more of Pesth, and its bridge of boats. But other things than seeing rare sights caused me to travel. I had an only son, and he was called away to join the army; for we, borderers of Transylvania, must all be trained up as soldiers. He was an only son; and after he was torn from his home, I heard nothing of him for years. I had none to leave behind me, none to care for me, and of what value is life to a man in that case? The news of bloody battles came to us often and often, as the sound of far-off thunder comes upon the wind;—the yearnings of a father's heart are difficult to be borne;—so, having braced my little bundle on my shoulders, and taken my staff into my hand, I even locked the door of my widowed hut, and set out, on what many would reckon, a fool's journey."

"Was it so?—What success had you in your travels? I dare say you found him out after all?"

"Alas! you urge me to recall heavy thoughts to my mind, but"——

"No, no; save yourself the pains. We understand that he perished on the field of battle."

"Yes, indeed he did; but it was some consolation to my old heart (*here he wiped his eyes*) to find, that he still lived in the remembrance of his comrades, who cherished his memory with a fond regard, and welcomed the father from love to his son. There was one of them who had long been his tent fellow, and had stood by his side in many an action, in many an hour of danger. By the by, he came from this very neighborhood. His forefathers had possessed a place at Warlada for many generations, till forced in his father's time to mortgage it.—His name was Ludovico ——; I forget what more."

"Ludovico Marlin! I knew him well, I knew him well!—Theresa," he cried, turning round his head towards the cabin door,—"Theresa, here is one who has seen ——."

"So you knew him!"—said the Cygani, sharply.

"Knew him! how could I not know him,—Ludovico!—For years many, and full of pleasure, he at at my board, and warmed himself at my humble hearth; though he was no doubt, born to a better fate. Our parting was as the tearing asunder of the nearest and dearest kindred, though, poor fellow, his only hold upon us was his good conduct, and our own compassion; for his parents, who were once in better circumstances, died early, and left him on the wide world, unprotected, and an orphan.—And are we to see him so soon again? The news is like a cordial to my heart."

"So you are the man I am in search of?" said the Cygani, catching hold of his hand. "That morning on which I parted from him, he asked me through what part of Hungary lay my road; and, on ascertaining that I journeyed this way on my homeward route to Buda, he begged of me to search out Peter Shemnitz, and tell him of his welfare."

Peter could scarcely refrain from hugging the Gypsy.

"Theresa," he cried, "Theresa, my love, bring us out a flagon of your elder wine, and let us make merry. Girl, why do you stand there, moping? make haste!—You have been crying, child:—a pretty occasion, too, surely."

The wine was set down, and circled: the pipes whiffed; the jest and the song went round; and the Cygani, elevated with the good cheer, shook off the weight of years; and, as he pressed his dudel-sack with might and main, he failed not to make it "discourse most eloquent music," till twilight had sunbed into night, and the glittering stars were high in the forehead of Heaven.

Notwithstanding the most kind and hospitable entreaties, the Cygani could not be persuaded to consent to an abode among them for a few days. When sunrise warned the local colony to the fields, the old man buckled his knapsack on his back, and, taking his staff in hand, prepared for his onward pilgrimage. All set out together, as their paths lay for a quarter of a mile in the same direction. The morning was calm and delightful; the golden sunshine lay on the sides of the far-off Carpathian hills; and fringing the extensive plain, arose dark forests, which, in several places, bounded the horizon.

A delicious odor was wafted on the gentle breeze from the luxuriant wild-flowers; and the mild air was musical with the song of birds. Theresa lagged behind with some of her companions, who failed not to remark the feverishness of her looks, and the languor that slept on her heavy eyelid; but she smiled away their inquiries; listened, or seemed to listen, to their carols, as she pointed out the beauties of hill and dale that expanded around them. The Gypsy loitered with her father at the cross which parted their several roads; and when Theresa came up, he took her by the hand, bade God bless her, and departed.

If the reader is particularly anxious to know what kind of harvest these peasants had to depend upon for their next year's subsistence, we have the ineffable pleasure of assuring him that he may keep his mind easy on that score, as the crop was considerably above an average one; and day after day beheld them with grateful hearts gathering in the bountiful provision which a kind Providence had willed for their wants; but, with leave, we shall let them alone, until all be cut down, bundled up, and stored into the wagons; while we return, in the meantime, to the city of Debretzin, and endeavor to find something there to fill up what might otherwise prove a vacuum with respect to interest.

After six years' participation with the great army of the Germanic Empire, of the fatigues, horrors and casualties of war, Ludovico had returned to his native place. The field of Leipsic, so fatal to Napoleon, was that in which he had last been actively engaged; and though he had received wounds in less desperate encounters, from that great battle he had escaped unharmed. From that time his military career was restricted to garrison duty, till the arrangement, resulting from the throne-overthrowing victory of Waterloo, once more shed a hope of happy days through the wide extent of the continent, and restored many a war-worn soldier to the bosom of his family. Countless, alas! were the thousands that returned no more!

From the constitutional laws of Hungary, it results, that the tenure of property is next to unalterable—a certain way of maintaining the state vassalage to which the great body of the people is subjected, as their claims, when preferred, can be carried in all cases of emergency even from the Herrenstuhl, or court held by the nobles on their own estates, where they are but little likely to obtain impartial justice, to the general council of the nation at Offen. From the operation of an ancient edict, still enforced, property may be transferred on a mortgage for thirty years, but, at the expiration of that term, it is redeemable by the lineal descendants of the ancient proprietors.

Before Ludovico was born, the small property which, from immemorial time, had remained in the hands of the Marlin family, passed, with this feudal burden of course upon it, into the possession of strangers, who, doubtless, reckoned themselves secure in lasting occupation; for, in the lowly estate of a peasant, the only son had been permitted to grow up to manhood, and had been drawn away at the age of eighteen, in the conscriptions for the army. The time, at which restitution could be demanded, had now well passed on. A large placard was exhibited on the house of the Rent-richter, and, failing the appearance of a claimant, with adequate proofs of his consanguinity, the estate passed, within a month, irretrievably into the hands of the present occupier.

Fortunately, at this very era, fate put it into the power of our young soldier to make a personal demand for the restitution of his paternal estate; and immediately on his return to Debretzin, he laid his claims before the constituted authorities; and as immediately were they attended to. For, to conciliate the lower orders, this branch of their claims upon the state is most assiduously attended to—and the occupant, knowing that no countenance will be given either to litigation or refusal, on the mortgage being paid up, tacitly left the house and adjoining fields, already stripped of their autumnal honors, open for the entrance and occupation of their legitimate proprietor.

With all possible despatch, things were put into order, and the dwelling prepared for the reception of the young officer of hussars; for to that rank the fortune of war, and his own exertions, had honorably raised him. Though, from the absence of all his old friends, on their accustomed harvest excursion, he was literally surrounded by strangers, yet money is a rare talisman, and can work wonders which might startle the most profound adept in alchemy. In a few brief days, the house was replenished in a style to which it had not found itself equal for half a century. The plots were weeded and delved into trim; the wild wood pruned away; and the vines festooned with greater neatness about the slender pillars, which form, along with the projecting roof, common to the better houses throughout the country, a kind of piazza, where, during rainy or intensely warm weather, the family may work, sit, or amuse themselves.

In the course of a fortnight, all Ludovico's plans were executed—his grounds set in order—and his house such as he had imaged in his mind's eye,—nor could he look upon either without a degree of pride and satisfaction, that may readily be pardoned to a newly-created landlord. The future appeared bright before him; hopefulness sat upon his heart; dreams, long cherished, seemed verging towards accomplishment; after procrastination and absence, the anticipations of youthful ardor glowed in more beautiful colors, and he wearied for the time when Peter Shemnitz and his family should return; less that they might wonder at his wealth, than that he might shew them all his gratitude, for benefits which had been conferred without expectation of fee or reward.

Ten days had elapsed—and the harvest of the peasantry of Debretzin was nearly over; when, one evening, as the young of both sexes were indulging themselves in their accustomed dance on the greensward, beneath the lilac trees, the Gypsy again made his appearance. He stood for a few minutes looking on with a pleased countenance, seemingly participating in the lightheartedness of youth; and, perhaps, revolving in his mind the many happy times, when long, long ago, on the banks of the far-off Danube, he himself joined in similar festivities—but the remembrance either overcame him, or some other thoughts called him away, for he shortly turned on his heel, and strayed by the hedge-row of pollards down to the temporary abode of Peter Shemnitz.

While yet at some distance, he descried the old man on his bench by the door, smoking his accustomed pipe; and, as he approached still more closely, was somewhat vexed to meet with rather a cold reception, Peter looking much more sombre and demure than usual. His mind seemed either otherwise occupied, or he wished not to take any notice of him, as he was almost upon him before he raised his head, or wished him a good evening. The old man started from his revery, but immediately recovering himself, recognised the face of the stranger, and proffered cordially the right hand of friendship.

"So you have come back to see us once more, have you? You are well met; for we are not right here. Most of your people pretend to skill in the application of remedies; and my daughter, poor soul, is ailing."

"What! Theresa?"

"Yes; I have but one daughter, and I am afraid to lose her. Better 't were that the old died first; but why should I dare to murmur?"

"Why, she looked blooming and healthy but two weeks ago, when I was here?"

"It is exactly since that time that I have observed her not looking well; food she would scarcely look at, and word would she scarcely speak any. Some slow fever is, I am afraid, working within her; but come in, and you shall see her yourself."

Theresa started up from her seat by the hearth, as the Cygani entered; and a faintness came over her heart, insomuch that her head sank back on the wall, but, without complaint, she speedily reassumed her composure, and welcomed back the stranger to their dwelling. "That man," she thought, "somehow or other possesses secrets which give him a control over my destiny. He seems to know more of what lies nearest to my heart, than he seems willing to make me aware of. Sure he must be the bearer of evil tidings—he dares not to leave them unrevealed, yet he has not the heart to communicate them. May Heaven strengthen me for all things!"

"Your father tells me, Theresa," said the Gypsy, gently taking hold of her hand, "that you have been unwell since I saw you. Can I do any thing for you?"

Theresa, turning her beautiful, but languid eyes from him, looked on her father, and said, "My dear father, you deceive yourself; I have nothing to complain of; your affection for me deceives you. Believe me, I am well—nay, shake not your head,—quite well."

"Yes," added the Cygani, smiling, "I insist upon her being quite well; as I have returned back all the way from Debretzin, on a special errand to her. Theresa, believe me, it is true."

Theresa looked anxiously at him, and heaved an involuntary sigh from the bottom of her heart, that made her bosom swell, as if it would have cracked the girdle that surrounded her waist.

"Indeed, it is quite true. A young soldier has returned to his home, and is making bustling preparations to have all things in order against your return. Hither have I come, at his earnest request, to remind you of an old promise, which now demands immediate fulfilment—always providing that your heart remains the same as when that promise was made."

Theresa read in her father's face the lines of doubt and anxiety; and, looking round to the Cygani, he said—

"To whom do you allude? There is but one person alive to whom my daughter shall, with my consent, give her hand; and, if I am not mistaken, that person is far enough away yet, I'll warrant it.—Though, droop not, my Theresa, the day may not be far distant, when the separated may meet to sunder again no more. If faith dwell in a human bosom, fear not. The token which claims you may come to——"

"Knowest thou that?" cried the Cygani, drawing from his breast a golden bracelet, marked with the letters T. and L.—"Knowest thou this?—By this token am I sent to claim attention to my errand."

"Has Ludovico returned?" asked Theresa, eagerly, as she started to her feet, clasping her hands together as she approached the Gypsy—"Oh, say he is well!—Is he at Debretzin?—Oh, he will be here, father, he will not wait; he will be here to see us! Then all my fears and my dark dreams are false. Half did my heart assure me that he had fallen on the field of battle; that I—that we should never see him more."

"Stuff—stuff, Theresa," said old Peter, checking her; "you must be well now, and dream so no more."

"Stuff—stuff," echoed the Cygani. "On the word of an old man, with one foot in the grave, your lover is well, and awaits your arrival at Debretzin. He could not get away immediately, but hurried me back to apprise you of his arrival. He is to meet you on your road home, nevertheless, and I have my fears, Theresa—why do you look afraid, girl?—that when you enter Debretzin, it must be under a different name than that with which you left it. Nay, but you need not blush—neither need you pout and try to look angry. I am only telling you the plain truth."

"To-morrow we set out early," said old Peter, hobbling to and fro, with his hands thrust into his large coat-pockets, and looking ten years younger than he did but half an hour before; "and, methinks, it is a day too late. Warn our neighbors, Theresa, that we delay not in setting out by sunrise."

Peter and the Gypsy spent a blithe night of it together; and as the latter had seen much of the world in his wanderings, the hours passed over, winged with interest and cheerfulness, till the time of sleep arrived.

One of the lowest of the peasantry, with a strong twist of sinister intellectuality, whose province was that of a herd to, and feeder of, the cattle, aroused the little colony, by careering out on a donkey, and parading through the whole extent of the lines, where he summoned by sound of a large crooked horn, to strike their encampment, and prepare for march. Nor was his part ill acted, as, in the course of an hour, the whole machinery of horse and foot was effectually put in motion. The dews of morning, as yet unshaken by the sun, lay on the grass when their journey commenced, and, by an hour before noon, they had gained the height that looked far forth into other valleys. Nothing particular occurred till the ensuing day, when the Gypsy produced a letter, which he seemed to have forgotten, purporting that Ludovico was to meet Theresa at the Chapel of St. John, and to claim her at the altar for his bride.

"And how looked Theresa?" the female reader, with very pertinent curiosity, may be supposed to [illegible] "and what like was the dress which, along with his letter, the Cygani brought her from her lover? It would be a pretty story, indeed, if essentials like these were to be omitted."

Well, then, Theresa looked charmingly. She had ever been considered a beauty, but, on the ensuing morning, when the spire of St. John's rose in sight, on the word of an honest tale-teller, I assure you that, of all days in the year, she looked on that one the most bewitchingly. As to her dress, I suppose that I dare not pass it over, though really—but here it is. Over her head was thrown a square of very thin white muslin, wreathed so as to form a roll in front, one fold falling down the back, and another towards either shoulder, the margin of the whole being adorned with a rich lace, several inches deep. Her vest, which was without sleeves, of a fine crimson cloth, richly embroidered with silver spangles, accurately fitted her sylph-like figure, as far as the waist, which was confined by a girdle of blue silk, scarcely to be discerned, from the multitude of beautiful small beads ornamenting it. Below the girdle, the vest descended in loose folds to a little under the knee, and terminated in a deep fringe, corresponding with the girdle. At the bosom the vest opened, to display the curiously laced front of a satin bodice, held together by silver clasps, yet affording indistinct snatches of a breast fairer and finer than all that enveloped it; amidst the elysium of which, "a thousand little loves in ambush lay." Under the fringe of the tunic, a few inches of snow-white muslin petticoat were allowed to descend, so as only partially to interfere with the elegance of a finely turned ancle in its silken stocking, and contrasting well with the yellow boot, delicately edged with black fur, which enclosed her slender foot. Throw, now, a slight shawl of pale blue over her shoulders loosely, and you have her such as she entered the church for the last time in her state of "single blessedness."

Although no great judge of these matters, yet it may be affirmed that since she looked so passing well, the taste of her lover is not to be disputed. It may be said, that a genuine natural beauty must look well in anything. We stop not to dispute the point—but repeat, that in the costume selected by Ludovico, she appeared beautiful, beautiful as the feigned wood nymph, or the Oriental Peri—the light of love glancing in her dark eyes, and the rose of paradise alternately fading and flushing on her damask cheek.

But where was the expected bridegroom? The company were already assembled, and the priest, in his robes, awaited his arrival. Dressed out in their holiday garments, the whole agricultural colony, male and female, attended in honor and affection to the parties; so that the small chapel was crowded, and a hundred uncovered heads formed a semi-circle around the open space by the altar. Silence and expectation dwelt in the midst of them, and the eyes of every one were turned on the almost angelic beauty of the young bride, who was now led in.—The priest summoned the parties to stand forward. Theresa, attended by one of her companions, in a dress similar in fashion, but less costly than her own, was conducted forward by her father. But where was the bridegroom? The old gypsy, who was standing amid the spectators, exchanged looks of anxiety with the venerable Peter, as if in wonder what could possibly have happened. He read perplexity in every line of the old man's countenance—the perplexity of a father—and he stepped forward, in Christian charity, to breathe some comfort or consolation into his ear. Theresa lifted up her eyes to him as he came forward. His wide clumsy boots had been cast aside, in honor of the auspicious day, and considering his years, his step seemed elastic with youthful vigor. He exchanged a second glance with her, but could no more. The hoary beard and mustaches, which had so effectually disguised him, were in a moment on the ground, and, throwing aside the large Hungarian cloak which shrouded him, Ludovico, in a rich hussar uniform, stood for an instant confessed—he rushed forward to his matchless Theresa—who, meeting him half way, threw her arms about his neck in her surprise and joy, and almost fainted away on his breast.

A murmur of delight and admiration arose—the priest proceeded with the ceremony, and putting the hand of Theresa into that of her lover, acted as the immediate vicegerent of the Deity, in uniting together a most deserving pair, and leading them to the choicest blessings that earth has in store for her children.

TO MY SISTER,

LATELY MARRIED.

Let not my sister, though a wife,
Bid all her fears adieu,
Comforts there are in married life,
But there are *crosses* too.

I do not wish to mar your mirth,
With an ungrateful sound;
But yet remember, *bliss* on earth,
No mortal ever found.

Your prospects and your hopes are great;
May God your hopes fulfil;
But you will find in every state
Some *difficulties* still.

The rites which lately joined your hands,
Cannot ensure *content*:
Religion forms the strongest bands,
And *Love* the *best cement*.

A friendship founded on esteem,
Life's battering blast endures;
It will not vanish as a dream,
And which, I hope, is yours.

But yet God's blessing daily crave,
Nor trust your youthful heart:
You must *Divine assistance* have
To act a prudent part.

Tho' you have left a parent's wing,
Nor longer ask its care;
It is but seldom *husbands bring*
A *lighter yoke* to wear.

They have their humors and their faults,
So mutable is man;
Excuse his failings in your thoughts,
And hide them *if you can*.

No anger nor resentment keep,
Whatever is amiss;
Be reconciled before you sleep,
And seal it with a kiss.

Should he *see cause* to reprehend,
Bear it with mild address;
Remember he's thy *dearest* friend,
And *love* him ne'er the less.

It's not the way to scold at large,
To clamor, rage, and boast:
For wives their duty best discharge,
Who *condescend* the most.

Mutual attempts to serve and please,
Each other will endear;
Thus may you spend your life with *ease*,
Nor discord interfere.

Thus give your tender passions scope,
Yet better things pursue,
Be *Heaven* the object of your hope,
And lead him *thither* too.

Since you must both resign your breath,
And only God knows when:
So live that you may part at death
To meet with *joy again*.

And may the Lord your ways approve,
And grant you both a share
Of His redeeming, saving love,
And providential care.

THE BIBLE LEGEND

OF THE WISSAHIKON.

FROM GEORGE LIPPARD'S SECOND LECTURE BEFORE THE WILLIAM WIRT INSTITUTE.

It was here in these wilds of the Wissahikon,* on the day of the battle, as the noonday sun came shining through the thickly clustered leaves, that two men met in deadly combat. They grappled in deadly conflict near a rock, that rose—like the huge wreck of some primeval world—at least one hundred feet above the dark waters of the Wissahikon.

That man with the dark brow, and the darker grey eye, flashing with deadly light, with the muscular form, clad in the blue hunting frock of the Revolution, is a Continental named Warner. His brother was murdered the other night at the Massacre of Paoli. That other man, with long black hair, drooping along his cadaverous face, is clad in the half-military costume of a Tory refugee. That is the murderer of Paoli, named Dabney.

They had met there in the woods by accident, and now they fought, not with sword or rifle, but with long and deadly hunting knives, that flash in the light, as they go turning and twining and twisting over the green sward.

At last the Tory was down! Down on the green sward with the knee of the Continental upon his breast—that upraised knife quivering in the light, that dark grey eye flashing death into his face!

"Quarter—I yield!" gasped the Tory, as the knee was pressed upon his breast—"Spare me—I yield!"

"My brother!" said the patriot-soldier, in that low deep tone of deadly hate—"My brother cried for 'quarter' on the night of Paoli, and, even as he clung to your knees, you struck that knife into his heart! Oh! I will give you the quarter of Paoli!"

And his hand was raised for the blow, and his teeth were clenched in deadly hate. He paused for a moment, and then pinioned the Tory's arms, and with one rapid stride dragged him to the verge of the rock, and held him quivering over the abyss.

"Mercy!" gasped the Tory, turning black and ashy by turns, as that awful gulf yawned below. "Mercy! I have a wife—a child—spare me!"

Then the Continental, with his muscular strength gathered for the effort, shook the murderer once more over the abyss, and then hissed this bitter sneer between his teeth:

"My brother had a wife and two children!—The morning after the night of Paoli, that wife was a widow, those children were orphans!—Wouldn't you like to go and beg your life of that widow and her children?"

This proposal, made by the Continental in the mere mockery of hate, was taken in serious earnest by the horror-stricken Tory. He begged to be taken to the widow and her children, to have the pitiful privilege of begging his life. After a moment's serious thought, the patriot soldier consented: he bound the Tory's arms yet tighter; placed him on the rock again—led him up the woods.—A quiet cottage, embosomed among trees, broke on their eyes.

They entered that cottage. There, beside the desolate hearth-stone, sat the widow and her children. She sat there a matronly woman of thirty years, with a face faded by care, a deep dark eye, and long black hair hanging in dishevelled flakes about her shoulders.

On one side was a dark-haired boy, of some six years—on the other a little girl, one year younger, with light hair and blue eyes. The Bible—an old and venerable volume—lay open on that mother's knee.

And then that pale-faced Tory flung himself upon his knees, confessed that he had butchered her husband on the night of Paoli, but begged his life at her hands!

"Spare me, for the sake of my wife, my child!"

He had expected that his pitiful moan would touch the widow's heart—but not one relenting gleam softened her pale face.

"The Lord shall judge between us!" she said in a cold icy tone, that froze the murderer's heart.—"Look! The Bible lays open upon my knee. I will close that volume, and then this boy shall open it, and place his finger at random upon a line, and by that line you shall live or die!"

This was a strange proposal, made in full faith of a wild and dark superstition of the olden time.

For a moment the Tory kneeling there, livid as ashes, was wrapt in thought. Then in a faltering voice, he signified his consent.

Raising her dark eyes to Heaven, the mother prayed the GREAT FATHER to direct the finger of her son—she closed the Bible—she handed it to that boy, whose young cheek reddened with loathing as he gazed upon his father's murderer!

He took the Bible—opened its holy pages at random—placed his finger on a verse.

Then there was silence!

Then that Continental soldier, who had sworn to avenge his brother's death, stood there with dilating eyes and parted lips.

Then the culprit kneeling on the floor, with a face like discolored clay, felt his heart leap to his throat.

Then in a clear, bold voice, the widow read this line from the Old Testament:—it was short, yet terrible:

"THAT MAN SHALL DIE!"

Look! The brother springs forward to plunge a knife into the murderer's heart, but the Tory, pinioned as he is, clings to the widow's knees! He begs that one more trial may be made by the little girl, that child of five years, with golden hair and laughing eyes.

The widow consents; there is an awful pause.

With a smile in her eye, without knowing what she does, that little girl opens the Bible as it lays on her mother's knee—she turns her laughing face away—she places her finger upon a line.

That awful silence grows deeper!

The deep-drawn breath of the brother, the broken gasps of the murderer, alone disturb the silence.—The widow and dark eyed boy are breathless.

That little girl, unconscious as she was, caught a feeling of awe from the horror of the countenances around her, and stood breathless, her face turned aside, her tiny fingers resting on that line of life or death.

At last gathering courage, the widow bent her eyes to the page, and read. It was a line from the New Testament:

"LOVE YOUR ENEMIES."

Ah! that moment was sublime!

Oh! awful Book of God, in whose dread pages we see Job talking face to face with Jehovah, or Jesus waiting by Samaria's well, or wandering by the waves of dark Galilee. Oh! awful Book, shining to-night, as I speak, the light of that widow's home, the glory of that mechanic's shop, shining where the world comes not, to look on the last night of the convict in his cell, lightening the way to God, even over that dread gibbet. Oh! book of terrible majesty and child-like love, of sublimity that crushes the soul into awe, of beauty that melts the heart with rapture—you never shone more strangely beautiful than there, in the lonely cot of the Wissahickon, when you saved that murderer's life!

For—need I tell you—that murderer's life was saved! That widow recognised the finger of God—even the stern brother was awed into silence.

The murderer went his way.

Now look ye, how wonderful are the ways of Heaven!

That very night, as the widow sate by her lonely hearth—her orphans by her side—sate there with crushed heart and hot eye-balls, thinking of her husband, who now lay mouldering on the blood-drenched sod of Paoli—there was a tap at the door.

She opened the door, and—that husband living, though covered with many wounds, was in her

He had fallen at Paoli—but not in death. He was alive; his wife lay panting on his breast.

That night there was prayer in that wood-embowered Cot of the Wissahikon!

THE BRIDE'S DEPARTURE.

BY LIEUT. G. W. PATTEN, U. S. A.

Brother! speak in whispers light,
'Tis my last—my last good night!
Never more our steps will stray,
Through the garden's scented way;
By the homestead of the bees—
'Neath the shady chesnut trees;
By the meadow's winding stream,
Glittering in the sunset beam;
Gentle Brother! smile and bless—
'Tis my last—my last caress.

Sister! with thine eyes of blue,
Hither come and weep "adieu!"
Let thy arm around me twine,
Let thy cheek repose on mine,
While I gaze into thy face,
Circled in this dear embrace.
Thou hast ever proved to me
All that love could wish to be;
—Yet I leave thy heart alone,
Brother—Sister! bless your own.

Mother! thou hast rocked my head
Softly on its cradle bed;
When the storm was raging high,
Sweetly sung love's lullaby—
Yes I part—I part from thee.
Who henceforth will sing to me,
—When my forehead aches with pain?
I shall miss that early strain.
Mother! with thy accents mild,
Bless, oh! bless thy weeping child.

Father! thou hast loved me well—
More than human tongue may tell;
More than wealth, since childhood's hour,
Thou hast lavished on thy flower:
Now, thy locks are waxing grey,
From thy heart I pass away;
Never more thy lips at eve,
On my cheek their kiss will leave,
—In thy prayer of under tone,
Mother! Father! bless your own.

MARY AT THE SEPULCHRE.

BY MISS HANNAH F. GOULD.

"Then the disciples went away again to their own home. But Mary stood without the sepulchre weeping."—John xx 10–11.

O, he's gone! the tomb's forsaken!
They have come where Jesus lay,
Roll'd aside the stone, and taken
Him they crucified away!
Here's the shroud, we sorrowing made him
Whom they pierced with nail and spear:
Murderers of our Lord! they've laid him
Far from sight—he is not here.

Lo! I see, where he was sleeping,
Pale in death's cold, shadowy night,
Watchmen, they his place are keeping
Clothed in raiment dazzling white!
And, as consolation giving,
'Twas of him they sweetly said,
"Weep him not; nor seek the living
In the mansions of the dead."

They are angels! and they know me!
Sinful mortal, I'm afraid!
Stranger, sir, wilt thou not show me
Where my blessed Lord is laid!
'Tis his voice! my name he calleth!
Hail, Rabboni! Israel's King!
Conquered, death beneath thee falleth:
Broke his sceptre—lost his sting!

Newburyport, Mass.

[From the New York Saturday Emporium.]

TO "JUNIUS."*

BY "FRIEND" RICHARD.

They sometimes tell me those who dwell
Estranged by time, too long apart,
Smile not as fair, love not as well,
As when they mingled heart with heart.

It cannot be—the flight of years
Has closer knit thy heart to mine;
And every hour but more endears
The light that lures affection's shrine.

We dwell apart, but stronger ties
The distance weaves, than silken cords—
The long remembered smile of eyes—
The golden store of treasured words.

Like those who leave in childhood's day
The hearth they ne'er may see again,
Each sighing breeze, each summer ray
Remind them of their cottage fane.

Thus tossing on the ocean tide,
Where'er our changeful voyage ends,
Though parted long or parted wide,
We were, and ever must be, friends.

New York, Nov. 26, 1853.

THE MECHANIC HERO
OF BRANDYWINE.

FROM THE LECTURE OF GEORGE LIPPARD, ESQ., DELIVERED ON TUESDAY EVENING, BEFORE THE WILLIAM WIRT INSTITUTE, BEING THE FIRST OF A SERIES ON "THE ROMANCE OF THE REVOLUTION."

Near Dilworth corner, at the time of the Revolution, there stood a quiet cottage, somewhat retired from the road, under the shade of a stout chesnut tree. It was a quiet cottage, nestling away there in one corner of the forest road, a dear home in the wilderness, with sloping roof, walls of dark grey stone, and a casement hidden among vines and flowers.

On one side, amid an interval of the forest trees, was seen the rough outline of a blacksmith's shop. There was a small garden in front, with a brown gravelled walk, and beds of wild flowers.

Here, at the time of the Revolution, there dwelt a stout blacksmith, his young wife and her babe.—What cared that blacksmith, working away there in that shadowy nook of the forest, for war? What feared he for the peril of the times, so long as his strong arm, ringing that hammer on the anvil, might gain bread for his wife and child?

Ah, he cared little for war, he took little note of the panic that shook the valley, when some few mornings before the battle of the Brandywine, while shoeing the horse of a Tory Refugee, he overheard a plot for the surprise and capture of Washington. The American leader was to be lured into the toils of the Tories, his person once in the British camp, the English General might send the "*Traitor* Washington" home, to be tried in London.

Now our blacksmith, working away there, in that dim nook of the forest, without caring for battle or war, had still a sneaking kindness for this *Mister* Washington, whose name rung on the lips of all men. So one night, bidding his young wife a hasty good-bye, and kissing the babe that reposed on her bosom, smiling as it slept, he hurried away to the American camp, and told his story to Washington.

It was morning ere he came back. It was in the dimness of the autumnal morning, that the blacksmith was plodding his way, along the forest road. Some few paces ahead there was an aged oak, standing out into the road—a grim old veteran of the forest, that had stood the shocks of three hundred years. Right beyond that oak was the blacksmith's home.

With this thought warming his heart, he hurried on. He hurried on, thinking of the calm young face and mild blue eyes of that wife, who, the night before, had stood in the cottage door, waving him out of sight with a beckoned good-bye—thinking of the baby, that lay smiling as it slept upon her bosom, he hurried on—he turned the bend of the wood, he looked upon his home.

Ah! what a sight was there!

Where, the night before, he had left a peaceful cottage, smiling under a green chesnut tree, in the light of the setting sun, now was only a heap of black and smoking embers and a burnt and blasted tree!

This was his home!

And there stood the blacksmith gazing upon that wreck of his hearthstone;—there he stood with folded arms and moody brow, but in a moment a smile broke over his face.

He saw it all. In the night his home had taken fire, and been burned to cinders. But his wife, his child had escaped. For that he thanked God.

With the toil of his stout arm, plying there on the anvil, he would build a fairer home for wife and child; fresh flowers should bloom over the garden walks, and more lovely vines trail along the casement.

With this resolve kindling over his face, the blacksmith stood there, with a cheerful light beaming from his large grey eyes, when——a hand was laid upon his shoulder.

He turned and beheld the face of a neighbor.

It was a neighbor's face, but there was an awful agony stamping those plain features—there was an awful agony flashing from those dilating eyes—there was a dark and a terrible mystery speaking from those thin lips, that moved and moved, but made no sound.

For a moment that farmer tried to speak the horror that convulsed his features.

At last, forcing the blacksmith along the brown gravelled walk, now strewn with cinders, he pointed to the smoking embers. There, there—amid that heap of black and smoking ruins, the blacksmith beheld a dark mass of burnt flesh and blackened bones.

"*Your wife!*" shrieked the farmer, as his agony found words. "The British they came in the night, they"——and then he spoke that outrage, which the lip quivers to think on, which the heart grows palsied to tell—that outrage too foul to name—"Your wife," he shrieked, pointing to that hideous thing amid the smoking ruins; "the British they murdered your wife, they flung her dead body in the flames—they dashed your child against the hearthstone!"

This was the farmer's story.

And there, as the light of the breaking day fell around the spot, there stood the husband, the father, gazing upon that mass of burned flesh and blackened bones—*all that was once his wife.*

Do you ask me for the words that trembled from his white lips? Do you ask me for the fire that blazed in his eye?

I cannot tell you. But I can tell you that there was a vow going up to Heaven from that blacksmith's heart; that there was a clenched hand, upraised, in the light of the breaking day!

Yes, yes, as the first gleam of the autumnal dawn broke around the spot, as the first long gleam of sunlight streamed over the peeled skull of that fair young wife—she was that last night—there was a vow going up to Heaven, the vow of a maddened heart and anguished brain.

How was that vow kept? Go there to Brandywine, and where the carnage gathers thickest, where the fight is most bloody, there you may see a stout form striding on, lifting a huge hammer, into light. Where that hammer falls, it kills—where that hammer strikes, it crushes! It is the blacksmith's form. And the war-cry that he shouts? Is it a mad cry of vengeance—half howl, half hurrah? Is it but a fierce yell, breaking up from his heaving chest?

Ah no! Ah no!

It is the name of—Mary! It is the name of his young wife!

Oh, Mary—sweetest name of woman—name so soft, so rippling, so musical—name of the Mother of Jesus, made holy by poetry and religion—how strangely did your syllables of music ring out from that blacksmith's lips, as he went murdering on!

"*Mary!*" he shouts, as he drags that red-coated trooper from his steed; "Mary!" he shrieks, as his hammer crashes down, laying that officer in the dust. Look! Another officer, with a gallant face and form—another officer, glittering in tinsel, clasps that blacksmith by the knees, and begs mercy.

"I have a wife—mercy! I have a wife yonder in England—spare me!"

The blacksmith, crazed as he is, trembles—there is a tear in his eye.

"I would spare you, but there is a form before me—the form of my dead wife! That form has gone before me all day! She calls on me to strike!"

And the hammer fell, and then rang out that strange war-cry—"Mary!"

At last, when the battle was over, he was found by a wagoner, who had at least shouldered a cart-whip in his country's service—he was found sitting by the roadside, his head sunken, his leg broken—the life blood welling from his many wounds.

The wagoner would have carried him from the field, but the stout blacksmith refused.

"You see, neighbor," he said, in that voice husky with death, "I never meddled with the British till they burned my home, till they"——he could not speak the outrage, but his wife, his child, were there before his dying eyes—"And now I've but five minutes' life in me. I'd like to give a shot at the British afore I die. D'ye see that cherry tree? D'ye think you could drag a man of my build up that? Place me thar; give me a powder-horn, three rifle balls an' a good rifle; that's all I ask."

The wagoner granted his request; he lifted him to the foot of the cherry tree; he placed the rifle, the balls, the powder-horn in his grasp.

Then whipping his horses through the narrow pass, from the summit of a neighboring height, he looked down upon the last scene of the blacksmith's life.

There lay the stout man, at the foot of the cherry tree, his head sunk, his broken leg hanging over the roadside bank. The blood was streaming from his wounds—he was dying.

Suddenly he raised his head—a sound struck on his ears. A party of British came rushing along the narrow road, mad with carnage and thirsting for blood. They pursued a scattered band of Continentals. An officer led the way, waving them on, with his sword.

The blacksmith loaded his rifle, with that eye bright with death he took the aim. "That's for Washington!" he shouted as he fired. The officer lay quivering in the roadside dust. On and on came the British, nearer and nearer to the cherry tree—the Continentals swept through the pass. Again the blacksmith loaded—again he fired. "That's for mad Antony Wayne!" he shouted, as another officer bit the sod.

The British now came rushing to the cherry tree, determined to cut down the wounded man, who with his face toward them, bleeding as he was, dealt death among their ranks. A fair-visaged officer, with golden hair waving on the wind, led them on.

The blacksmith raised his rifle; with that hand stiffening in death he took the aim—he fired—the young Briton fell with a sudden shriek.

"And that," cried the blacksmith, in a voice that strengthened into a shout, "and that's for"——

His voice was gone! The shriek died on his white lips.

His head sunk—his rifle fell.

A single word bubbled up with his death groan. Even now methinks I hear that word, echoing and trembling there among the rocks of Brandywine. That word was—Mary!

ON A DEAR FRIEND.*

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

I am thinking of thee, Adeline,
Not as thou liest now,
With the damp earth on thy bosom
And death upon thy brow;
But I'm thinking of the olden times—
The times when first we met—
And my heart grows very heavy,
And my eyes are dim and wet.

I am alone, my Adeline,

In the little study-room.
Where we have sat so often
Amid the twilight gloom—
Thy clasp seems warm upon my hand,
I almost feel thy breath
As it was wont to warm the lips
That now are sealed in death.

The past comes o'er me, Adeline,
Like shadows o'er the sky,
I feel the pure and tender love
That brooded in thine eye;
And here, within my silent room,
I seem to hear thy tread,
And feel thy kind hand trembling
Upon my fevered head.

And I am thinking, Adeline,
Of that holy Sabbath time
When our children stood together
Before the altar shrine;
When on their foreheads softly fell
The pure baptismal rain,
And the rich light lay around us
In many a gorgeous stain.

I've not forgotten, Adeline,
The promise often given,—
That I would love these little ones
When thou wert called to Heaven;
We pledged the solemn promise,
With many a sigh and tear.
Dost thou think of it in Paradise
While I am weeping here?

Oh, I am thinking, Adeline,
Of the pathway thou hast trod
Through the dim and silent valley
Which leadeth up to God.
I am praying that my soul may be
As calm and strong as thine
When it passes through that darksome way,
To God's eternal shrine!

EMILY MUSGRAVE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS

In the Highlands, on the Hudson, Mr. Musgrave, a bachelor merchant of New York, had built a small, neat cottage, for his summer residence. It was a beautiful location, but the owner soon found it too secluded and romantic for one immersed in the speculations and bustle of Wall street, and consequently spent but little time there. But a spirit dwelt in that picturesque cottage, fully worthy of the place, a female spirit, whose lofty genius and fervent feelings accorded well with the sublime handiwork of the Almighty, visible all around. She was a poetess, with a heart full of the tender and beautiful. The thoughts which thronged the mind of Emily Musgrave, like sun-beams bursting the germ of a flower, had been arranged into language and sent forth to the world, not from a vain desire of shining before the multitude, but because the good and lofty of mind will seek sympathy with kindred intellects.

There was one room in the cottage to which we wish to draw the reader's attention. It was a small square chamber, lighted by one large window, which opened into a balcony, and commanded a view of the opposite shore. Book cases of dark mahogany filled the recesses on each side of the mantle-piece. Two small tables of rose wood stood to the right and left of the window, one containing a little pallet and a half finished landscape in oils, the other covered with a work bag and other implements of needlework. In the centre of the apartment was a circular table with books, magazines, and a vase of freshly gathered flowers. Ottomans were scattered about the room; a rich soft carpet adorned the floor; a velvet curtain half concealed the window, and flung a rosy light within; and several busts and exquisite pictures ornamented the walls. Every thing bespoke refinement, taste—nay, genius. The ideality lavished on the adornments of that room would have composed a poem or picture. Mind had flung its beauty on every thing.

In this apartment Emily Musgrave had been alone all day. From early morning she had been laboring in the ideal world, and though evening was drawing on, her mind still lingered among her own beautiful creations, as the bee hovers around the honey blossoms. Sunset came, and, absorbed in its beauty, she for a time forsook her work. Insensibly she grew sad; twilight is always saddening. The deep shadows that followed the departing luminary, deepened her melancholy almost to pain, and as a resource, though weary almost to exhaustion, she took up a book which always lay by her side, filled with scraps of poetry, half formed thoughts, and dates of events, and wrote rapidly for a few moments. Her thoughts flowed like music. They always did when she wrote in that book; for there the rough, precious ore of her intellect was flung out without alloy.—There, unshackled by the thoughts of necessity and hire, her genius labored for its own exceeding reward. Every date was the landmark of an affectionate heart; every thought a rough gem snatched from the eternity of the mind. She would not have published a page from that little record for the universe; it would have been like baring her own full, warm heart, to the gaze of the multitude. She closed the book, and then opened it again; placed the date, even to the hour, under what she had written, and then laid it away, murmuring, "I wonder where and how I shall be this day twelvemonth." She had just remembered that it was her birth day. Emily was about to resume her former position, when a steam-boat came ploughing up the river, and slackened its speed just opposite the cottage. She did not expect her brother, yet it might be him they were about to send on shore. Her features lighted up—she ran out upon the balcony, and looked eagerly toward the boat. A barge was lowered, and two gentlemen took their seats in it. One was her brother. With a child-like eagerness of affection she darted back into the study, threw a shawl over her, and ran down to the shore.

Emily Musgrave was not handsome. Nay, to one possessed of no idea of beauty, save that of a mere physical symmetry, she would have appeared nothing more than good looking, if not decidedly plain. In repose, her features were heavy and thoughtful; the eye lacked brilliancy, and the forehead was too massive and full of thought for mere beauty. But when any emotion lighted them up, the effect was like magic. The fire of a brilliant intellect, and the feelings of a kind, loving heart, kindled them into something more impressive than mere loveliness. It was the living beauty of the mind, and it required mind to appreciate it.

If a mind capable of feeling the loveliness, and of forgiving the faults of a nature like hers, could have been found, it was possessed by Charles Woodbury, the companion of Mr. Musgrave. He stood quietly by, as she arose from her brother's embrace, her cheeks glowing and her eyes sparkling with the entire happiness of the moment—for Emily loved her brother. She saw his worldliness of mind, and regretted it; but the crust and iciness of monied ambition had left one green spot in his heart, and his sister knew that his love for her alone preserved its freshness. She was an orphan; he was the only being her affections might rest upon, and they adhered to him with the tenderness of a heart which must love something, and which has found but one object to lavish itself upon. Had Mr Musgrave been of a loftier cast of mind, her heart might have remained content in its rich sisterly affection, to the exclusion of a more absorbing passion; but, as it was, there existed the attachment of habit, of association and of mutual bereavement, but not of perfect sympathy. He admired and loved, without knowing his sister; and she felt that lack of knowledge and of thorough appreciation, without understanding it. Her heart thirsted for something, without defining its own great want. It was sympathy of mind as well as of affection. Happiness gives beauty, even to the plainest features; the spiritual imbues the material with its own subtle influence—an influence to be felt, not described. Emily's face was radiant and alive with pleasurable emotions, when she turned to welcome her brother's friend.—He for the first time thought her almost handsome, as he took the little hand she eagerly extended. And she—it was the hour of her destiny! He had fine eyes, changing in their hue as the neck of a raven, the pupils dilating to his rising feelings, as if the soul itself expanded in their clear depths. The expression of those eyes haunted her forever after. There was unwritten music in their starlight darkness; the strings of her heart awoke to it, and henceforth they thrilled to a new melody.

"And so your friend Holmes is married at last," said Mr. Musgrave at the breakfast table the next morning, as he passed his cup to Emily that it might be refilled; "what choice has he made?—romantic, and what you call intellectual, I dare say; your men of genius have a great fancy for female comets, and Holmes, I believe, is considered a genius."

"Yes, he is a fine fellow, with a great deal of rough poetry about him," replied Woodbury; "but you are mistaken: his wife is soft and gentle in her nature, and very beautiful in person, but has no higher pretensions."

"And Holmes has selected her as he would a flower or a picture, from the fancy of a moment, I dare say," observed Emily, as she passed the fragrant coffee to her brother; "it is astonishing to me that men of deep feeling and of real talent can dream of happiness with minds of an inferior grade."

"Then you do not believe in the love of opposites," said Woodbury, with a little confusion of manner, while a slight color spread up to his clear, pale forehead.

"Yes, in the love, perhaps, but not in the entire contentment; to produce that, the whole nature should assimilate—intellect, feelings and principles."

"You may be right, Emily," interrupted Mr. Musgrave, "but my ideas of happiness are less comprehensive; I could be content with the entire love of a sensible, good-tempered woman, though her taste and pursuits might not exactly agree with my own. Of one thing I am certain; I could not love an ambitious wife, and all highly intellectual women are so."

"And all who are not intellectual, in one form or another," said Emily, smiling. "Ambition in some shape pervades all classes of society, except the utterly degraded. The only difference between the ambition of a strong mind and a weak one is, that the first centres itself on a lofty object, the last is [illegible] on pretty trifles. No matter whether energies be exerted to procure a niche in the temple of fame, or to outshine the belle of a ball-room; if the whole strength is put forth in the struggle, the weaker is just as much amenable to the charge of ambition, as the stronger; the aim may differ, but the arrows come from the same quiver. For my part, I prefer the spirit that will soar to the sun, to that which, from weakness of wing, is contented to flutter around a night-lamp. And now that I have delivered my pretty oration," she continued, blushing and half laughing at her own interest in the subject, "I will give you a fresh cup of coffee—that must be entirely cold."

"No, it will do very well—but I must still defend young Holmes' choice; a man in the daily habit of mental exertion, must require quiet and repose in his domestic relations—a gentle and dependant being in the companion of his life—a creature devoted entirely to himself—a—family. Emily, you are the only woman of genius that I am acquainted with, and you make a capital sister; but I don't think that I should like you for a wife—you are too quick, too abrupt—in short, I could not feel exactly at ease with you."

Woodbury looked up in astonishment at this abrupt speech. The blood rushed over Emily's face, and her eyes sparkled with vexation. She had a quick and dangerous power of repartee, which even her privileged brother did not always escape. A sharp reply sprung to her lips, but she felt that Woodbury was looking at her, and checked the unfeminine impulse. It was the first homage of her heart to his. She had begun to fear his disapprobation. With her, anger was but the flash of a moment; but her better feelings had been shocked, and tears gathered in her eyes as she answered with an effort at badinage.

"I see that we are as far apart as the antipodes—you are for the beautiful—I prefer the sublime; Mr. Woodbury shall be umpire between us," she added, turning to her guest with an animated smile; for her tears, as well as her anger, had vanished with the momentary feelings that produced them; "I pray you decide for us—softness or strength—lilies or diamonds!"

"I shall play the *diplomatist*, and decide for neither," said Woodbury, returning her smile; "my beau ideal blends the beauty and rare delicacy of the flower, with the fire and durability of the gem: power of mind with depth of feeling and strength of principle. I care not how much of intellect, nay, of passion even, may exist in the female character, so long as deep feminine tenderness and true delicacy predominates. Ambition, though in a female breast, is an exalting and glorious passion, so long as it remains womanly in its essentials; while it exists secondary to the affections, and forbears to rush into the *race-course* of manly competition. I could forgive, and even admire its possessor. Indeed, a man of strong mind and lofty feelings can receive but imperfect happiness in the homage of a heart, which loves him as it would any of his race, who had happened to call forth its tenderness. I can imagine nothing more hopeless in its loneliness, than the heart filled with a thousand high impulses and god-like aspirations, which feels that the being it pillows is all incapable of sharing, or even of understanding its enthusiasm; it is the widowhood of the mind."

When Woodbury began to speak, there was a smile upon his lips, and his eye was brilliant and cheerful; but as he proceeded, the tones of his rich voice changed and deepened almost to melancholy; his eyes were misty, and though the smile still lingered about his mouth, it was sad and regretful in its expression. Emily marked the change, and became abstracted and thoughtful. There was a silence of some minutes, which Mr. Musgrave broke by the very original observation, that "after all marriage is but a lottery, and those that gambled least in it were the best off."

Woodbury dropped the spoon which he was industriously balancing on the edge of his coffee-cup, and Emily rose with a confused apology and left the table. The music of that voice was breathing in her heart, and her brother's common-places mingled with its poetry, like the croaking of a tuneless bird among a nest of ring-doves. She went away alone, that she might enjoy the luxury of thought. Her beau ideal had suddenly taken a palpable form, and she mused on it with a new and delicious sensation.

"Emily," said Mr. Musgrave an hour after, when he entered her study and found her buried in the easy-chair, with her morning dress unchanged and her dark ringlets entangled in the white hand on which her cheek rested; "Emily, I shall stay here a week or two, and then we will go to the city for the winter. Can't we, between us, manage to keep Woodbury?—he is a capital fellow, and I shall be decidedly lonely without him; besides, he is about writing a tragedy, or some such nonsense; you must give up this little room to him, and he can't have a better place to finish it in. Come, go down and see what you can do with him; he makes all manner of excuses to me, and be hanged to him! Why, what are you fidgeting and blushing about? Come—but so, I will bring him up."

Women like Emily Musgrave seldom plead in vain. It was soon settled that Woodbury should remain her guest till his tragedy was finished, though he refused to deprive her of the apartment, which had become the abiding place of her spirit. "He would just set his travelling desk on her work-table," he said, "while her avocation went on as usual—she would find him very quiet, and perhaps the genius of the place would inspire him;" and so, with this careless compliment, it was settled that two beings of kindred tastes and pursuits, mentally endowed beyond their kind, and possessed of feelings deep and imperishable as the spirit which gave them birth, should be flung together day after day and hour after hour—that their life should be one continued interchange of thought, till each new and almost mutually originated idea, became a link in the diamond chain, which was even then stealing its glittering folds imperceptibly about them—a chain to be sundered only with the hearts it interlaced; for such hearts change only when the eternal hush of the sodded grave is upon them.

The prominent traits of Woodbury's mind were strength and vigor. His ideas were comprehensive and grasping, rather than delicate; his genius of a kind to grapple with men and things—to obtain an ascendency over the understanding, as well as the feelings. In fanciful creation, and lady-like softness of style, many might surpass him; but in the arena of the world—in the strife of intellectual power—he had few compeers. The whole texture of his mind was essentially masculine; but to strong poetical abilities he added a taste rich by nature, and highly cultivated by study and travel. The lighter walks of literature were, with him, rather an amusement than an occupation; but when he did turn his attention to them, a passion for the beautiful and a love for the ideal breathed through every line of his creations; they were full of fire and originality, yet even there the prevailing quality of his mind predominated. There was nothing effeminate even in his lightest thought; in his very playfulness he was manly. Great was the wealth of feeling hoarded in that noble heart. In its affections it was gentle, enduring and delicate, almost as a woman's: yet, with its deep tenderness was mingled the pride of a holy nature; in its most exclusive devotion, there was dignity and self-respect.—The object of his love felt that he knew the value of the treasure he lavished, and that it exalted the receiver. His faults—and he had many—were those of a generous and too lordly character. They would have been the redeeming points of a weaker man. Such was the man with whom an ardent, talented and aspiring girl was to be thrown into daily companionship. From that day the chances of her fate took to themselves distinct paths; the one might end in happiness, such as few mortals have ever known—the happiness of entire love and appreciation; the other in broken-heartedness and the grave. The event of a moment might decide the track of her destiny; yet she did not dream of a future. She was content with her bed of roses, and forbore, perhaps wisely, to search for the serpents that might lie slumbering among their leaves.

It was the day before their departure from the cottage. Woodbury was busy with his tragedy, and Emily sat patiently working up an old oak in the foreground of a landscape. She rubbed out a dry limb, which she had been laboring over for hours, and, laying down her pencil, stole to the back of Woodbury's chair. Her movements had become less abrupt than formerly. Her steps fell more softly on the carpet, and her face was contented and very happy in its expression, as she bent over and read the lines he was rapidly tracing.

"Let me finish that idea," she said, laying her hand on his when he came to a period; "I have just thought of a beautiful simile."

"This passage is rather vigorous in its expression," said he, doubtfully; "do you think that you can carry it out in the same tone?"

"Oh, I can do anything but paint a dry oak limb! —but what matters it if I do vary a little from your deep bass, so long as the melody is preserved?"

"Well, have your way," he said, pressing his lips to the hand which prisoned his; "but I shall be indebted to you for all my blossoms."

"And so you should," she replied; "men have nothing to do with the flower-garden and the shady nooks of literature—their track should be through battle-fields, and on the wild mountain, 'where leaps the living thunder;' ours is in the valley, among violets and wild-flowers. I could not love even you, if the character of your writings were at all like my own."

"I do not think you would, nor should I like to find a rival in the person of my lady-love; but of that I have little fear—so there is my pen, and here I take my station to see that you do not smother my poor idea in a shower of rose-leaves, or carry it away in a cloud of butterflies. There, now, begin."

There was silence for a moment, and Emily began to write; but she was confused, and her hand trembled. The pulsations of a full heart, which was always tremulous, even in its happiness, rendered it unsteady.

"There—will that do?" she said, laying down the pen, and looking half in triumph, half timidly, in his face; "now you need not praise me—I always know when you are pleased."

"And do you think I can be pleased that you have flung a softness and beauty into that passage, which I certainly could not have given it?" he inquired, laying his hand lightly on her upraised forehead, and looking with his smiling eyes into hers; "I ought to be jealous."

"You are quite too proud for that," she answered playfully; and she was right. He was too confident in his own powers to feel anything but pleasure in the lighter and more graceful exhibition of hers.—He felt that the thoughts which she had mingled with his, throughout that tragedy, like wild-flowers twisted with a chain of brilliants and pure gold, had sprung up fresh from a heart which loved him with too deep devotion, ever to wish for perfect equality of strength or power. Her genius sought only the protection and sympathy of his. It was the vine clinging, with all its beautiful leafiness and sunny fruit, to the tree of its support; or the rill, with its soft murmurs and sparkling wavelets, losing itself in the deep rushing stream. He loved her for her talents, and he loved her the better, that to all her endowments she had not sacrificed any portion of her womanhood; that in all things she had been true to her sex.

"And now," said Emily, moving toward the table on which her picture was standing, "come and help me fling some autumn foliage among these rocks—I want it to look exactly like that clump of trees in the cleft yonder, just below the fort; but I shall want all the colors of the rainbow—come, do, and I will leave the old oak for to-morrow."

"Oh, take a book for half an hour," said Woodbury, "then I shall have finished, and will be at your service for the rest of the day."

"And is it so nearly done?" she murmured, stealing again to his side, while a thoughtful and sad expression deepened on her face; "how I wish that we could live these days over again. I spoke of to-morrow, but then we shall be in the city, apart from each other, and surrounded by a crowd. It is strange how presentiments will haunt one; it is but a few hours' travel, and yet for days I have felt a perfect dread of going. We have been so happy here, that any change must be for the worse."

Woodbury had resumed his writing, and she supposed him carelessly inattentive to her regrets, when he answered in a low voice, "that they had indeed been very happy." Had she observed more closely, she might have detected a slight tremor in that deep, rich voice, and have seen that the pen quivered in its progress awhile, and then remained motionless, while the writer supported his forehead with the palm of his disengaged hand, and fell into a train of troubled thought, which had no relation to the theme of his composition. But the curse of quick, sensitive feelings, was Emily's unquiet inheritance. She felt the coldness of his silence with the keenness of a fond, loving spirit. Her heart was too exacting, perhaps, in its tenderness, but she had lavished the whole great wealth of her being on the object of her love, and anything short of entire devotion seemed coldness to her. After lingering by his chair for a moment, she took a volume from the table and moved to the couch; but though she heaped the cushions commodiously and held the book before her face, it was only to conceal the tears that gathered in her eyes. For the first time since she had learned to love, the deep contentment of her heart was disturbed. Who will deny that "coming events cast their shadows before?"

"Well," whispered Emily's heart, as she leaned on Woodbury's arm, watching with a regretful look the white pillars and shaded roof of the cottage, from which the steamer was bearing them, "well, let what will come, we *have* been happy."

The last quivering gold of the sunset, as it played over her study window, and deluged the withering foliage around it, flashed before her. The boat swept around a point, and she turned sorrowfully away.

Miss Musgrave was right in her fears. The quiet, domestic intercourse, which had been so delightful at the cottage, was broken up when they returned to the city. Woodbury resumed his usual absorbing pursuits, to which were added the thousand petty annoyances which attend the bringing forth of a new play. He visited Emily constantly, but even with her his mind was harrassed, and their interviews were interrupted and unsatisfactory; yet was their mutual attachment in no way diminished. In the crowded thoroughfare, in the halls of fashion, or in the silence of nature, their hearts were the same.

Carriage after carriage set down its burthen of fashion on the steps of one of our theatres; faces gleaming with youth and beauty glanced by, and forms of symmetry moved gracefully to their seats, till the whole box circle was filled with a crowd of breathing loveliness. Flowers and jewels glowed in the brilliant gas lights; eyes sparkled, lips smiled, and white hands waved in graceful recognition; while the sound of soft murmuring voices stole up from among them, till the whole waving surface appeared like an immense flower-bed, stirred by a summer wind and haunted by a swarm of bees, or a cloud of young humming birds. Upward from the densely filled pit to the topmost gallery, was one continued scene of eager faces. The very lobby and passages were thronged, for Woodbury was a favorite, and it was the first night of his tragedy.

The green curtain was still down, when a party of four persons entered a private box on the right of the stage. There was a brief stir: then the drapery was slightly drawn back from the side, and a pale, anxious face looked out upon the audience for one moment, and was withdrawn behind the silken folds again, while a portly gentleman and two gaily dressed young girls took their seats conspicuously in front.

"Sit on this side, Emily," said Mr. Musgrave, for it was his agitated sister who shrank from observation; "you will have a much better view of the boxes."

"Pray do not mind me—I am very comfortable," she replied with an effort.

At that moment the box door opened, and Woodbury entered. He looked at Emily and smiled, but it was an unquiet smile, and he was very pale.

"You seem anxious," he said, addressing her in a low voice; "do you fear the result?"

"Not when I reflect—but I can only feel here," she replied, with a faint smile; "there is something frightful in the thoughts that this great crowd has——"

"The power to hiss my poor tragedy down," he said, with an effort at gayety.

"No—no, I do not fear that—but this is a terrible ordeal—I had no idea of it."

"It is, indeed," replied he, with a sort of shudder; for at that moment the curtain was drawn up with a rushing sound, and the play commenced. Woodbury fixed his look steadfastly on the actors, as they went through the opening scene; but Emily bent her forehead to the railing, and remained breathless and still with intense anxiety. The play went on; now and then a slight murmur of approbation arose from the audience, which was succeeded by the stillness of a rapt multitude—a stillness more flattering to the author than the loudest burst of applause. But by degrees the thrilling passion and deep pathos of the piece roused the house to enthusiasm, and the second act closed with a burst of loud and general applause. Again the silken curtain of Mr. Musgrave's box was thrown back; but the face which glanced out from its shadow was no longer pale nor anxious. The dark eyes flashing with delight—the parted lips—the cheeks, warm with color and alive with smiles—nay, the whole face was radiant with happiness. Her hand trembled with eagerness, and the drapery shivered in its light grasp, as if disturbed by a sudden current of air, as Emily bent over the railing and looked down upon the shouting multitude at her feet. It was the most triumphant moment of her existence; she was revelling in the new and delicious pleasure of reflected fame;—how unutterably dearer to her woman's heart, coming thus from the object of her love, than if rendered directly to herself! The tribute thus offered to his genius, kindled at once the two leading passions of her nature—her love, and the ambition softened and hallowed by that love. It came to her heart through the sweet medium of the affections, like bright waters perfumed by the wild flowers they had kissed in their progress.

Woodbury remained in his seat, apparently but little elated by the enthusiastic applause, which came thundering up from every quarter of the house. The muscles of his mouth relaxed a little from their fixed composure, and the restless brilliancy of his eye softened to a more quiet expression, but his face retained its usual pale tranquility. While wavering under the excitement of uncertainty, his feelings were at the mercy of the lowest news-boy in the pit, for he was sensitively alive to public opinion; but the moment success was decided, his mind swayed around to its own proud anchorage. There was nothing in the praise, which came ringing up warm from the throats of an excitable crowd, to satisfy an ambition like his. There was something coarse and material in its nearness, and though defeat would have given him deep pain, success brought no proportionate pleasure. He loved fame, and he toiled and thirsted for it; but it was that which flows gently through the thousand channels of society, gathering a tribute of respect and power from all classes of men, and bearing them silently to its object; that which haunts the death-bed with tears and lamentations, and which lingers about the grave when its sods have blossomed for ages, and time has eaten away all traces of the sculptor's chisel. Such fame, and such alone, could satisfy the aspirations of a man like Woodbury.

There was one tribute paid to the successful author that night, which went to his innermost heart. The glance of mingled exultation and tenderness which Emily turned on his face as she drew back to her seat, was more to him than all of fame that that vast crowd had to bestow. She did not speak, and he had no desire that she should; but he felt that the bond between them was strengthened by the entire sympathy of her silence. The play went off triumphantly, and at the fall of the curtain, a cry for the author resounded through the house. A proud smile and a prouder glance interchanged between the lovers at the call. Emily had never thought of this demand, but her own heart told her that he had too much of the dignity of real genius to dream of obeying it. He was not ungrateful for the applause which they had lavished on him; but for the universe, he would not have appeared before that curtain, bowing and smiling his thanks for their noisy appreciation. He had neither enough of the actor, nor of the literary lion in him, for such an exhibition.

Emily would have returned home immediately after the play; but the young ladies of her party were eager for the farce, and she consented to remain. Woodbury had left the box, and she was leaning against the partition which separated them from the adjoining one, when the raised voices of its occupants fixed her attention.

"Are you certain that it is an engagement?" enquired a female voice of the gentleman who had been speaking.

"Why, I cannot say positively, but it is an old and mutual attachment—I have the authority of the young lady's mother for that."

"She looks very young from this distance," was the rejoinder; "is she handsome at a nearer view?—lend me your glass a moment;—yes, she is decidedly pretty—but, who is that tall man, half concealed by the curtain? He certainly leans over her with a very lover-like expression; here, take the glass, and tell me who he is."

"Why, that is the very man! He does well to keep in the shadow after the manager's apology; a fine-looking fellow, isn't he?"

"What! is that Woodbury?" exclaimed the female voice, in a tone of eager curiosity; "how I wish he would come into the light, and give me a good view of his face!—there, she has moved her seat—bless her, she is almost an angel for that!"

These broken exclamations were not lost to Emily. After hearing her lover's name thus connected with another, the transition from the most perfect happiness to the keenest torment, was like the sting of a serpent. The fang had shot deep, and for a moment she was alive to nothing but an acute sensation of pain; then she reached out her hand, drew the curtain slowly away, and fixed her gaze on the opposite box. A feverish red flashed to her cheek, when she saw Woodbury bending over a fair young girl, with soft hazel eyes and hair of light chesnut. Her manner was quiet and graceful, and an air of fashion pervaded her whole appearance. Her head was turned, and she was smiling in Woodbury's face. The expression of his eye was enough for the feverish being who gazed so intently upon them. Her look wandered from the slender and jewelled hand hanging carelessly over the edge of the box, to the graceful curve of the white neck, and the cherub head raised with an expression of mingled confidence and timidity to meet the glance of those eyes, till her own ached with the intensity of their gaze. Her cheek grew pallid and her breath came painfully, yet no gasp nor sound was wrung from that heart to betray its agony. She saw Woodbury bend his head and address his companion, who smiled, and whispering to an elderly lady by her side, laid her hand on Woodbury's arm, and they left the box together.

"Brother," said Emily, in a voice of strange calmness, "I am not well—let us go home now."

Musgrave looked into her face and saw that she spoke truth; there was something painful in the expression which he did not understand. "Yes, we will go," he said, kindly—"you have been so much excited—but where is Woodbury?"

"We need not wait for him," she answered, in the same unnatural tone, "he is probably detained; come, I am very tired."

A few minutes after, Woodbury entered the box with the young girl, who had caused so much misery, leaning on his arm.

"They must have gone home," he said, in surprise; "yet I am very certain they were here when we left the other side of the house."

"This is a disappointment," said his companion, evidently feeling what she said, "I believe there is a fate against my knowing Miss Musgrave."

"You shall call with me at her brother's to-morrow—she will be pleased with an introduction," I am certain," replied Woodbury; "shall we return to your mother, now?"

The next morning found Emily extended on the low couch in her bed-chamber. She was asleep—yet how much of the heart's unrest was betrayed in her appearance. The scarlet flowers which she had worn the previous evening, lay broken among her loose tresses. One hand lay on her bosom, clenched among the dark folds of her lace mantilla; and the other fell heavily to the dress of rich satin, flowing in disordered masses about her person. Her breath came painfully, and a sickly white lay about her mouth and beating temples; but a feverish red burned in either cheek; and though her sleep seemed heavy, tears were continually streaming from her closed eyes to the embroidered cushion. The sunshine breaking through the window-curtain, aroused her. She arose languidly, and with a heavy feeling of pain about the heart, rang the bell and gave the servant a note, which she had written in the night. It contained a simple request that Woodbury would call early that morning. A half hour spent in restlessly pacing to and fro in her chamber, her cheeks glowing, and her eyes fixed on the glittering watch in her hand, and her messenger's step was heard on the stairs. She opened the door and took the answer: "I shall be very busy," it said, "all the morning, but will call sometime in the day, if possible."

Another period of anxiety was to be endured, but how? Not there in the stillness of her room.—The last night she had panted for its solitude, but now it was irksome to her. She put the note in her bosom and rang the bell again. "The carriage, John, as quick as possible!" and pulling the crushed flowers from her hair, she began to arrange her dress, eager for some change, she did not care what, so that the time passed. It was seldom that Emily spoke imperatively to an inferior, but when she did it had its effect. The carriage was hastened to the door before she was herself ready.

"Where shall I drive?" inquired the coachman, as she took her seat.

"Towards Harlem—any where, only drive fast!"

"It is nearly twelve—he will surely come before dinner," murmured Emily, as the carriage swept into Broadway on its return; "at any rate I will go home—perhaps I will find him there." But as she spoke, her face changed, and she fell heavily back in her seat. On the pavement opposite she saw Woodbury, and that fair girl was leaning on his arm. They did not see her; his head was bent, and he was deeply engrossed by his companion.

"Where shall I drive now?" inquired the coachman.

"Home—home!" was the faint reply.

As she passed up stairs a card was put into Emily's hand. "Miss Julia Morton!" she muttered; "I do not remember the name," and after twisting it in her fingers awhile, she tore it into fragments and flung them into the empty grate. Had she read the pencil marks on the back of that card, the course of her destiny might have changed. The clock struck ten that evening, and Emily sat pale and calm in her chamber, bereaved but resolute. She had heard nothing from Woodbury during the day. "I will wait till ten—I will do nothing rashly," she repeated to herself a hundred times, as hour after hour crept by, each adding to the intensity of her feelings. When the limited time was sounded slowly from a neighboring steeple, her heart became calm, but oh! how utterly hopeless! She went down to the drawing room, had a long conversation with her brother, and the next morning, at day-break, joined a party of friends, who were on board a packet, waiting for the tide, and sailed for Europe. Before Woodbury had left his rooms that morning, a letter was brought to him. He knew the writing, and a smile of pleasure was on his face when he broke the seal, but it died away as he read the contents. When he finished he turned over the page, as if expecting to find some postscript or afterthought; but he was disappointed, and his hand shook as he smoothed the paper and began to peruse it a second time. He examined the writing, and then the seal, to ascertain if there were no traces of agitation in either. The writing was even more than commonly distinct, but he missed the tasteful seal usually appended to Emily's notes; the wax was firm, but without crest or motto. After satisfying himself that there were no signs of indecision or wavering of purpose in the letter, he laid it down with a deep sigh amounting almost to a groan, and covering his eyes with one hand, remained with his lips pressed firmly together, and his right hand clenching upon the open letter, as if striving to nerve himself for some severe internal conflict. But in spite of his struggles his fine brow became paler and more contracted each instant, and the hand, though clenched terribly, shook till the letter rustled beneath it as if stirred by the wind. At last he started up, snatched his hat and hastened to the Battery, looking impatiently at his watch, as he hurried along. An outward-bound vessel was just discernible hovering on the horizon. He turned sharply to a passer-by, and demanded the name of the vessel.

"I rather think—that is, I am certain—I rather think that it must be one of the packets."

"It is the Gladiator, sir," said an old sailor, who was loitering along the walk.

Woodbury thanked him and turned away.

"And who do you think has called on me this morning?" said Julia Morton to her affianced husband, as they sat together, a few days previous to the one appointed for their wedding.

"I am sure I cannot tell," replied Woodbury, abstractedly; "who was it?"

"No other than the Miss Musgrave you were so anxious that I should become acquainted with—you remember she started for Europe the day after we left cards at her brother's. I thought that it would please you, and so I asked her to be my bridesmaid."

"Did she consent?" inquired Woodbury, in a voice so hoarse and unnatural, that Julia looked anxiously into his face.

"Are you ill?" she inquired softly, when she saw how very pale it was.

"No, no—I am only tired—but you did not tell me Miss Musgrave's answer."

"Oh, she said that she should be very happy, only she made one condition—but that will please you, I am certain."

"What condition could she make?"

"Only that we shall go to her brother's cottage in the Highlands, to spend the first week after——"

"After our marriage, you would say," he added, abruptly, regardless of her timid hesitation. "Well, if Miss Musgrave can find happiness in the plan, she shall be gratified—we will go."

Julia was looking [illegible] the troubled and bitter expression that flitted over his features as he spoke.

"I never saw Miss Musgrave but once before," she said, "and that was across the theatre—but don't you think she looks much thinner than she did then? If it were not for her brilliant spirits I should think her ill."

"Perhaps she is," said he, in a softened voice—but the subject became too painful—he took his hat, and pleading business, left the house.

Emily Musgrave and Julia Morton were alone in the dressing room of the latter, arrayed for the bridal. The same pearly satin adorned their persons, and the delicate orange-blossoms gleamed alike in the bright tresses of the bride, and in the dark ringlets divided from the high forehead of the bridesmaid. The contrast was that of the heart: the one was content in its destiny, and full of timid happiness; the other calm and tranquil also, but hers was the calmness of desolation—the tranquility which eats into the heart's core. Cold and composed she stood in her splendid finery, waiting for the hour of trial. Disease and sorrow had made sad inroad on that form, during the few months of sojourn abroad. The sword had worn fearfully upon its scabbard; the heart had turned traitor to itself, and had torn away its own altar stone.

"It seems like a dream that I am to be married to Woodbury," said the bride, looking with her soft placid eyes into the still face of her bridesmaid; "but I suppose it is because we have been engaged so short a time."

The blood rushed into Emily's cheek, and she gasped for breath; but the bride was intent on her pearl bracelet and did not observe her.

"It is very strange, is it not?" she continued, drawing her ottoman close to Emily's chair, "that every body should have been talking of our marriage, long and long before he said a word about it; mother was always confident that he loved me—but I sometimes think——"

Her eyes glanced on the agonized face of her auditor, and she stopped suddenly.

"How strange you look," she said earnestly; "I suppose you think it wrong for me to talk so freely to you, but you have known him so long that you don't seem like a stranger. Do you know I was almost jealous of you once at the theatre the night his tragedy came out? Charles took me to call on you the next day, but you were out. How white your lips are! Do let me get something."

"No, no—say on. I can endure—I like to hear you talk. You were not engaged then, you say?"

"Oh, no—not till within the last two months—it is a short time, but then I have loved him so long—but I don't think he cared for me till lately. Dear Miss Musgrave what is the matter?—are you dying?"—she almost screamed, as the pale convulsed face of the bridesmaid drooped slowly forward, and the shrinking form slid helplessly to the floor—"What can I do?" And the terrified bride ran to the bell-handle. Before she had time to ring, Emily had partially recovered.

"Do not ring," she said in a broken whisper, "I am better now—let me step into the next room a moment, and I shall be quite well."

She tottered feebly into the chamber, and when summoned for the ceremony appeared pale and calm, as if no indisposition had affected her. Her yet strong spirit had obtained the mastery, and she met Woodbury for the first time since their separation at the theatre, with a composure that more than equalled his own. He was proud and firm of purpose, and he felt that she had wronged him; but he could not look on the changed form, and on the forced expression of that face, unmoved in his feelings, for he had never ceased to love her.

The wedding guests smiled and praised the beauty of the bride and the quiet gracefulness of the bridesmaid, and amid the heartless glitter of a fashionable crowd, Woodbury was married. Compliments and congratulations were showered upon him, but the touch of one cold hand, the wretched expression of a pale face bending to his—the white lips moving, but speechless—the eyes glittering with unnatural lustre, and every lineament stamped with the heart's utter desolation, and yet shaded with long bright curls, and crowned with bridal wreaths. The touch of that hand and the expression of that face haunted him like a guilty thought.

Emily Musgrave had consented to stand up with Woodbury's bride, in the bitterness of a proud and irritated spirit, for she believed the request to have originated in him. While her heart was writhing under the supposed insult to its sufferings, she had made it a condition, that the bridal party should spend the first week after the wedding at the cottage. She felt a kind of resentful exultation in the flinging back the mockery in its most refined form. Strong in the power to witness his happiness with unflinching pride, she anticipated the season of self-inflicted torture with a kind of desperate eagerness. Filled with these bitter and almost [illegible] feelings, she had entered the dressing-room of the bride. But the knowledge which she had gathered from the innocent lips of her rival, had torn away the last consolation of the unhappy—a consciousness of right. The veil had been lifted, and she saw herself the wronger, not the wronged. What was she now, with all her powers? The pride of her high intellect, what had it done for her? Wrecked itself, heart and all, on an ungenerous passion, common to the weakest and lowest of her sex. The pride which had hitherto sustained her was utterly crushed and humbled; yet with her self-reproach there was something of happiness. If she had been deceived into misery, it was by the world and her own wayward heart, not by the idol of its worship. Those few soft words of truth brought a new and more generous sorrow to her heart, and the resentful and bad feelings, which had hitherto nerved it against itself, were swept away for ever. She gave herself up to a flood of regretful tenderness, humble and utterly without hope, yet dignified by a noble sorrow for the wrong she had done. She had performed her part in the ceremony calmly and well, but it was the firmness of a strong spirit resolute to endure the penalty of its own acts. There was no pride nor stubbornness mingled with the deep agony of the moment; her heart was breaking, but it was gentle and patient in its suffering. And all this Woodbury read in that face, as plainly as if words had revealed it to him; but his [illegible], and the tender interest which a knowledge of her [illegible] love for him created, had bound him to another, and he pledged his faith there, in the presence of that noble and suffering creature, with a heart agonized almost as intensely as her own.

Mr. Musgrave had preceded the bridal party to the cottage, and it was arranged that Emily should travel in the carriage with the newly-married pair.—Woodbury's manner toward her was gentle and forbearing to the extreme of delicacy. He fixed his large sad eyes on hers for one instant, as she appeared before him, haggard almost as a corpse, and so feeble that she could scarcely walk to the carriage. She knew that he had forgiven her. She smiled a mournful and patient smile, which had something of the grave in its meaning, as she returned the greeting of the happy bride; and the journey commenced.

Emily was ill when she started, and she became much worse on the way. For two or three hours before they reached the cottage, Woodbury had been obliged to support her. She felt the heavy beating of his heart as her head rested against it, and she could almost hear its increased pulsations whenever one of the frequent spasms of pain started her a moment from her rest. Tears gathered in her eyes when they opened but to meet his commiserating look, and she lay on his bosom, with one hot hand clasped in that of the fair bride.

A feverish strength was lent to Emily as they drew up to the cottage; her cheeks became of a deep, hot red, and her eyes had the brilliancy of a wounded eagle's. She insisted on attending the bride to her chamber—examined the dressing table, with its cushions of azure satin and its glittering essence bottles, to see that nothing was wanting, and drew up the snowy drapery where it had fallen too heavily over the bed. She even re-arranged some flowers on the mantel piece, whose ill-assorted tints had caught her fastidious eye. Then she led that gentle bride to the window and told her the whole—her love, her jealousy, and that she was dying. She spoke of Woodbury—of his high and generous nature, and besought her, with broken but solemn earnestness, to make him happy. She parted the bright curls from that innocent forehead, kissed it, and blessed her; and then she went away, leaving that fair creature bewildered and in tears.

Emily opened her study. The golden sunset was playing over that picture, as it had done a year before; the apartment was flooded with a purple gloom, and the autumn foliage lay without in gorgeous masses, as it had then. *She remembered that it was her birth-day.* A year ago that day, and that hour she had wondered where and how she would be now. She was there, and dying. A smile, broken hearted but very sweet, stole over her face as she looked about. The landscape stood on its easel, with the dry limb half worked into the old oak, as she had left it; the stand of plants sent in their odor from the balcony, and the canary was fluttering, like a light winged spirit, about the window. She tottered to the easy-chair, unlocked the silver clasp of that embossed book of thought, and began to write. It was poetry, and her face beamed with the sweetness of the spirit's last earthly melody, as she wrote; but suddenly the pen began to wander aimlessly over the page; her face fell forward upon the book; and when she raised it, the forehead and mouth were contracted as with pain, and the page was soiled with blood. She struggled hard for one moment more of strength, while she folded up the book and directed it to Woodbury. His name was the last word she ever wrote; and it was blotted and almost illegible, for her hand was becoming helpless.

It was but a few minutes after the weeping bride had been left to herself, when she heard her husband's step on the stairs. She held her breath, and the tears swam, without dropping, in her soft eyes. The door opened, but it was not that which led to her. A half hour crept by, and then a voice of sudden and terrible grief broke from the next room.—She went in, and there, on a low couch, Emily Musgrave lay a corpse, and kneeling over her, with his face buried on her bosom, and his arms wound convulsively around her lifeless form, was her own newly wedded husband. From his strong heart had that cry of agony been wrung. That form was pulseless, and yet the arms were still wound about his bowed neck, as the ebbing life had left them.—Julia crept to the side of the mourner, and her warm white arm was wound around him with the cold ones of the dead. He started at the touch, looked up, kissed her quivering cheek with a passionate burst of sorrow, and over that couch of death they bowed themselves together.

THE PRAIRIE ON FIRE!

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

The following ballad is founded, in part, upon a thrilling story of the west, related by Mr. Cooper, the novelist.

The shades of evening closed around
 The boundless prairies of the west,
As, grouped in sadness on the ground,
 A band of pilgrims leaned to rest.
Upon the tangled weeds were laid
 The mother and her youngest born,
Who slept, while others watch'd and pray'd,
 And thus the weary night went on.

Thick darkness shrouded earth and sky,
 When on the whispering winds there came
The Teton's wild and thrilling cry,
 And heaven was pierced with shafts of flame!
The sun seem'd rising through the haze,
 But with an aspect dread and dire!
The very air appear'd to blaze!—
 Oh, God! the prairie was on fire!

Around the centre of the plain
 A belt of flame retreat denied,
And like a furnace glow'd the train
 That wall'd them in on every side!
And onward roll'd the torrent wild!
 Wreaths of dense smoke obscured the sky!
The mother knelt and pressed her child,
 And all—save one—shrieked out, "we die!"

"Not so!" he cried—"help—clear the sedge—
 Strip bare a circle to the land!"
That done, he hastened to its edge,
 And grasped a rifle in his hand:
Dried weeds he held beside the pan,
 Which kindled, at a flash, the mass!
"Now fire fight fire!" he said, as he ran
 The forked flames among the grass!

On three sides now the torrent flew,
 But on the fourth no more it raved:
Then large and broad the circle grew,
 And thus the pilgrim band were saved.
The flames receded far and wide—
 The mother had not pray'd in vain—
God had the Teton's arts defied!
 His scythe of fire had swept the plain!

AMERICA, I LOVE THEE STILL!

America, I love thee still!
 There's glory in thy name—
There's brightness beaming from thy birth,
 And honor from thy fame;
There's beauty in thy naked soil,
 Bespeaking smiles of love;
Thy rocks and blooming wilds proclaim
 Protection from Above.

America, I love thee still!
 Beneath thy valleys rest
The pilgrims of a tyrant's power—
 Bright emblems of the blest;
And round them, clothed in silence, lies
 The mouldering patriot's fame,
Embalmed in sacred Memory's fire—
 Immortal honors claim.

America, I love thee still!
 Thou art my native land;
Thy joys, so pure, can ne'er be found
 Upon a foreign strand.
Though Pleasure's path and Fortune's smiles
 In other climes seem fair,
The brightest of their hopes and joys
 Can naught with thee compare.

America, I love thee still!
 Resplendent glories gleam
Through all thy deeds;—the sacred light
 Shall ever be my theme.
Pure from the realms of victory's sky
 The crown was given to thee:
'Midst starry lights eternal stands
 The Orb of Liberty.

TRUTH FOR ROYAL EARS.

As the court fool was the only one who in ancient times presumed to speak truth to royal ears, so Punch alone dares whisper many a serious admonition to the Queen, and to their majesties the people, in the guise of jest and song. The verses below are put in the mouths of a choir of German children, who, at the Gregorius' Feast at Coburg, read this lesson to the royal visitor, and the nation she rules.

We're happy German children;
 You praise our glossy hair,
Our wreaths and pretty costumes,
 Our cheeks so fat and fair;
Our little bodies never
 Grew stunted at the loom;
Our infant eyes ne'er ached in
 The pit-seam's choky gloom.
We never sobb'd to sleep, on straw
 Close crouched for warmth, like vermin—
We are not English children;
 No, God be thank'd, we're German

They say our English sisters
 Are never blithe, as we.
But, Queen, you look so gracious,
 That this can never be.
They tell us they're ill-natured,
 Of raiment scant, and rude—
Not picturesque, as we are—
 A wild and wolfish brood!
Then bless good Saint Gregorius,
 That did our lots determine—
We are not English children;
 No, God be thank'd, we're German

When you go back to England,
 You'll think on what you've seen;
Then ask our English sisters
 To dance upon the green.
Perhaps they'll look less savage,
 With seemlier clothes and food;
Perhaps, with kindly teaching,
 You'll change their sullen mood;
'Tis sad that they should go in rags,
 And you, their Queen, in ermine—
We are not English children;
 No, God be thank'd, we're German!

THE SOUTH MOUNTAIN MAID.

BY HENRY DIFFENDERFFER

Beside a crystal, laughing brook,
 I saw a gentle maid,
Seated within a quiet nook,
 Beneath the perfumed shade.

And far above the lovely maid,
 The creeping vine had spread
Its tendrils in a clustering bower,
 Around a flowery bed.

The morn was calm, and sweetly fair,
 The sun rose brightly up;
The trees held whispering converse there,
 Above "Sol's gilded cup"*

The air was filled with odors sweet,
 From breathings of the pink;
The wild bird and its mate did meet
 Upon the streamlet's brink.

The music of the mocking-bird
 Rang joyously around;
The soft wind blew, and rippling stirred
 The bosom of the Sound.

And o'er the gently swelling stream
 The leaves did whisper tales;
The maiden's voice was lost among
 The music of the vales.

Her voice rang loud, and silvery clear,
 As forth she poured her lay;
She saw through leaves the sunbeams steer,
 Like Hope, with Love to play.

She sang of rosy hope buds gay,
 Of opening, flowery love;
How bright is young Affection's day,
 When love is borne above.

And when her mellow voice was hush'd,
 She breathed a tender sigh;
And on her cheek a glow had flush'd—
 A tear-drop fill'd her eye.

And on the breeze was borne afar,
 The secret of her breast;
That he who was her brilliant star,
 Was summoned to his rest.

And then she breathed a prayer to Him,
 To grant her sins forgiven,
That in that blessed, perfect day,
 The loved should meet in Heaven.

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* This is a natural cup, seated upon a ledge of rocks, and receives a portion of the transparent waters of the Sound, a beautiful stream, winding brightly down the South Mountain, towards an expanse of meadows which lie in the prospect. It is called "The Cup of the Sun," because the first beams of the rising sun touch, and play, upon its waters, and gild them with the brightest radiance.

Written for the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

THAT WITCHING SMILE.

BY "D. S."

That witching smile has magic power
 More potent than an armed host,—
Can make the sternest heart to cower,
 And quickly yield its proudest boast.

The might of hosts may fetters bind
 Around the *conquer'd* captive's hands;
But here their power *ends*,—the *mind*,
 Untrammel'd, spurns the tyrant's bands.

But let that rosy, playful smile,
 Hold dalliance with the heart—the sprite
Has amply wrought her work the while
 Supreme, with unresisted might.

The gentlest dews of Heaven that rain
 At midnight's calm and silent hour,
Imparting freshness o'er the plain
 And fragrance to the drooping flower;

And rosy morn whose golden rays
 Unveil fair nature's weeping face,
And scattering night's dim, darksome maze—
 Send light and beauty in its place:

These, these are blessings, in their kind.
 And blessings surely, not the least;
But all this loveliness combin'd,
 Falls like the dew on arid waste.

But in Hope's fainting, darkest hour,
 (Ay, hope abandon'd as it were)
Let "*Mine*" smile, a magic power
 Makes joy and gladness enter there.

May never frown usurp its place,
 Nor wasting grief her furrows plough,
Where lines of fairest beauty trace,
 Perfection o'er that angel brow.

THE POETESS.

I heard her praises from each lip; they told the wond'rous power
That dwelt within her charmed lines, to soothe the weary hour;
She sang of holy things, they said, the great Creator's praise,
The glorious beauty of His works, the bliss of wisdom's ways;
And ne'er to earthly love had been her gifted spirit bowed;
But pure and free as infancy, she moved amid the crowd.
I met her in the lighted hall—within her dark bright eyes
There dwelt a world of shadowy thought; her red lips smiling
 guise;
The calm brow, where the soft, brown hair in wavy ringlets
 swept,
Her low clear voice, her gentle laugh, told that she ne'er had
 wept,
O'er wishes wild, and burning hopes, or false love cast aside;
Or felt the passionate delight of love, the pure and tried;
And ne'er, I fancied, would her heart unlock its treasures rare,
For flattering tones and lovers' vows to her seemed empty air.

Long days passed by, I met her oft; her eyes were still as bright,
The same sweet smile upon her lip, her young foot-fall as light.
We dwelt beneath the same roof-tree; together knelt to pray;
And oft, in gentle converse, passed the hours of summer-day.
One night I found her waving hair with wreaths of fragrant
 flowers,
And wildly, amid admiring throngs, fled swiftly by her hours.
I sat within my quiet room, and thought of her calm face,
And prayed that love or sorrow there might never leave a trace.
I heard her gentle step; she came; her cheek and lip were white;
Her hands were clasped, her dark eyes shone with wild and
 fearful light;
She heeded not my anxious face, but sank upon her knee,
And wildly prayed, "O God, I ask my broken heart [illegible] free!
My pride is passed, no longer now the torturing mask I wear,
Of smiles above a weary heart, whose griefs were hard to bear."
Then with her long hair all unbound, she fell upon my breast,
And the wild throbbings of her heart were slowly calmed to
 rest;
While, with shut eyes, she told a tale that made my pulses thrill,
Of hidden, enduring love, that lived on, hopeless still.
"I loved him, Mary, long ago, when first in youth we met;
We parted, I to dream of him, and he, to soon forget
The pale and silent stranger girl. Oh! you of calmer soul,
Know nothing of this fierce wild love, that mocks at all control,
Save that of pride. We met again, as strangers, in the dance,
And with a beating heart I saw his cold and careless glance.
I turned to poetry for peace. I would not think of him,
And in the dazzling light of fame, I hoped that love would dim.
Ah! vain the wish; his image came when I knelt down for
 prayer;
'Twas in the poet's glorious lays, in music sweet and rare.
The wreath of fame was on my brow, and worshippers bent
 low;
They little knew the calm, proud smile was hiding heart-deep
 woe.
For years I never saw his face—to-night, amid the throng,
I marked his tall and stately form, and faltered in my song.
They spake of him and said he scorned the gifted female mind,

But sought some training, tender girl, to learn a soft caress to bind,
And that the gentle one who stood upbraiding at his side,
Before another day should close, would be his chosen bride.
It fell like lightning on my heart. I hastened home—to die.
O, make my grave by the lone lake, and let me quiet lie;
Nor to the cold and careless world, tell that love's burning flame
Consumed my heart. O, bless him too." The last word was
his name,
The marble lips were crimsoned with the life blood's rushing
tide;
And with one sigh, the Poetess, in her bright beauty, died.

MARY.

Newcastle, N. Y.

THE PAINTING.

BY H. M. KLAPP.

"Gramercy! for your bounty, sir,
There's something else," said he,
"Which never had the traveller
The fortune e'er to see:
Nor shall you for your open hand,
Nor yet your mystic sign,
But rather for your father-land,
Which holds a boy of mine.

"It is that painting there, I wist,
That stands within the wing;
The lady bright, with hawk on wrist,
She withered in her spring;
The aged knight, to mount so fain,
Survived her but a day;
The gallant by her bridle-rein,
He died before, they say.

"They say 'twas taken by Vandyke,
Ere ever I was born;
You see they just are starting out,
Upon a hunting morn;
The gallant's glance is on the maid,
Her's fixed upon her glove,
The father's eye looks pleasantly
Unto the blue above.

"Alack! I may but feebly raise
So dim, so dark a veil;
A feeling for the olden days
Would cause my hand to fail;
The group you see were kinsmen all,
Ah! who could then foretell
That one should by the other fall,
For all they loved so well.

"Alas! it is a mournful tale,
For aged lips," he sighed,
"A bloody death in yonder vale,
That noble gallant died;
But more of this may not be told,"—
He turned his steps to go,
And nothing of that painting old,
Save what he said, I know.

FORGIVENESS.

"Judge not, that ye may not be judged."—Bible.

As God is merciful, and good
To man, in all his wickedness,
And Christ poured out His precious blood,
To purchase his redeeming Grace——
That man, by nature reprobate,
And given up to endless wrath,
Might rise, and live, regenerate
Through Christ, by penitence and faith;
And since our sin is infinite,
Against the holiness of God,
And all have left the path of right,
Perversely seeking selfish good,—
Why should we urge our erring claims?
Why wish all but ourselves adjudged?
While God declares, with warning voice,
"Judge not, that ye may not be judged!"
Condemn not, and be not condemned;
God, and the monitor within
Enjoin on all, to whom descend
The common crime, and guilt, of sin.
Deep from the tomb of centuries,
And from the awful Throne of Heaven,
We hear, with moving emphasis,—
Forgive, if you would be forgiven.
God gave his only Son to die,
That some through Him might hail of Heaven;
Thus, teaching mercy from on high,
Forgive, that you may be forgiven.
Forgiveness, through the Grace of God,
Is freely offered all the living;
It is the source of ev'ry good,
Man must *forgive*, to be forgiven.
Judge not, the voice of mercy cries,
Condemn not, echoes loud from Heaven,
Kindly inviting us to rise,
Forgive! Forgive!! and be forgiven.

Athens, Pa. L. H. PERT.

THE PRESENTIMENT.

BY CHARLES P. ILSLEY.

Chapter I.

Experience teacheth us
That resolution's a sole help at need.—[Steele.

Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose
That you resolv'd to effect.—[Ib.

"I have a presentiment!"—Uncle Ben, as he was called, was greatly given to presentiments, and as he was a rich old bachelor, his oracles were always received with the greatest deference by most of his relatives, who had an eye to the "last will and testament." "I have a presentiment, sister Ruth, that your Fred there will not come to much! He is always moping about the house,—why don't he bestir himself? Let him take his cousin Ben for an example—he is a bright, active fellow, and I have a presentiment will turn out to be a smart man!"

Widow Talbot turned a half reproachful look on her son, and sighed to hear this unqualified praise of her nephew to the detriment of her own child.—Frederic Talbot heard the presentiment of his uncle, and it called a blush, partly of anger and partly of shame, to his cheeks. When young Talbot was left to himself, however, he began to reflect on his course of conduct. This self-examination was anything but satisfactory, although it was not unproductive of good.

"Uncle Ben prides himself on the correctness of his presentiments," said the young man; "I'll see if I cannot falsify this one at least!" and as he uttered this resolve, Frederic's eye brightened, and an expression of determination rested on his fine-looking features.

Mrs. Talbot was a widow in rather straitened circumstances, and it required the closest economy to enable her to provide for herself and only child. Frederic was now about seventeen. As yet, he had never engaged himself in any employment. In his younger years the family had not known want, but since the death of Mr. Talbot poverty had gradually come upon it. Fred had been destined for a professional life, and had entered college, from which he was taken at the death of his father, ere he had completed the course. It was more from thoughtlessness than an indisposition to exert himself that Fred had remained a burden upon his mother.—Buried in his books, he forgot that a duty rested upon him to render himself useful. His mother made no complaint, and although he missed the luxuries he was wont to receive, yet his mind never reverted to the actual destitution of his mother.

The remark of his uncle, however, aroused him from his thoughtlessness. He realized for the first time the true state of things—he saw the struggles to which his mother was subjected, and he reproached himself for his life of inaction. He thought over his past life, and contrasted it with his cousin Ben's, who was a clerk in a wholesale store, and by his activity was fast winning a character for business, and the contrast strengthened him in his purpose.

"Mother," said Frederic, that evening, "I am thankful I heard uncle's remark this morning—it opened my eyes. I have been remiss, I know, but hereafter he shall have no reason to complain. I am determined to exert myself and prove him not, in my case at least, a false prophet."

In accordance with this resolve, young Talbot with a half sigh it must be confessed, locked up his books, and forthwith applied to two or three places *for* a clerkship. He was wholly unsuccessful.—Known as he was in the comparatively small place where he lived for rather an idle character—although that was the only charge that could be brought against him—the store-keepers were averse to employing him. Fred was considerably disheartened at his want of success, and for a brief period there was great danger of an abandonment of his resolve. He remained a day or two idling about the house—he looked wistfully towards his book-case—the obstacles in his path became magnified, and a settled feeling of discontent and despair began to fill his mind. It was no fault of his, he thought—he had sought employment—he would gladly avail himself of any opportunity to obtain business—but what could he do? Nobody would engage him—nobody gave him encouragement.

But a feeling of pride came to his aid. He one day met his cousin Ben, who joked him, and, as Fred thought, in a sneering manner, on his ill-success.—This aroused him anew. He felt that in point of capacity he was Ben's superior, and all he wanted was an opportunity—a field on which to display it. He was well aware that he lacked the habit of application, and this he doubted not he should soon acquire. He resolved to leave his native place, and informed his mother of his determination. Mrs. Talbot could not oppose the project, although the idea of parting with her son cost her many a sigh. On consulting with Uncle Ben, he approved the plan.

"One must try if one would succeed," said the old man, "and although I have not much faith in Fred's perseverance, yet we must encourage him."

Although the old gentleman spoke harshly, he acted generously, for he presented his nephew with a handsome sum to pay his expenses until he could secure a place. With a heavy heart, young Talbot left his mother, for he had strong affections, and started for a distant city. He immediately commenced looking around for employment. For a number of weeks he was indefatigable in his search, but ill success attended him. He advertised in the papers, but his "Situation Wanted" was unnoticed.—He frequently saw notices of "Clerks Wanted," but unfortunately he was always too late in his application, or he did not possess the necessary qualifications, or there was some other obstacle which his evil genius threw in his way. His funds were fast getting low, and he began to despair of success.—What should he do? Remain and pick up a living from hand to mouth, or go home and be a burden on his mother? He thought of her poverty—he thought of his uncle's presentiment—he thought of his cousin's sneer! No—he would resort to the most menial employment before he would go back and be subjected to the animadversions of his relatives.

One morning he started anew on his search, with but faint hopes it must be confessed. He had seen in an evening paper an advertisement for a clerk in a retail store. With a palpitating heart, he called upon the merchant. [illegible] the place was his—for! The salary offered was small—hardly sufficient with the closest economy to board and clothe him. He hardly cast a thought on this, but eagerly closed with the merchant, and that day entered on his duties. A mountain weight was taken off his spirits, and with an alacrity that won for him the good opinion of his employer, he applied himself to his task. He had but little knowledge of book-keeping, but making the most of his spare time, he soon mastered its mysteries. Frederic was naturally quick, and with a light heart and active hands, he became in a short time a proficient clerk. He wrote home to his mother, and with a little pride mentioned the satisfaction he gave to, and the praise received from his employer. Mrs. Talbot showed the letter to Uncle Ben.

"A new broom sweeps clean, but I have a presentiment it will not last long," was his rather ungracious remark.

It may be supposed the widow did not mention this discouraging language to her son in her reply, but congratulating him on his success, and expressing the delight which his conduct inspired, she warmly encouraged him to persevere.

At the close of his first year, Frederic was entrusted with the books of the concern. With his promotion he received an increase of salary, and it was with no ordinary degree of satisfaction that at the end of the first quarter, he enclosed to his mother the amount of money advanced to him by his uncle. Frederic had no small share of pride on this score.—He did not like to rest under an obligation to one who had predicted so badly of him.

"This looks more favorable," said the old man as the widow handed him the money. "I intended it though as a gift, not as a loan. However, it is well. But I have a presentiment, Ruth, that Fred has not a proper idea of the value of money. Mark my words, he will let it slip through his fingers too easily! There's Ben now, instead of returning this, he would have snugly hoarded it up!"

The widow felt really vexed at the seeming antipathy of her brother towards her son. He appeared determined to view him in an unfavorable light. The opposition of his uncle, however, only increased, if possible, her affections for the absent one, and though it took off the edge of her delight as she thought of his success, it did not lower the high hopes she had begun to build upon him.

Chapter II.

"Perseverance is a Roman virtue,
That wins each god-like act and plucks success
E'en from the spear-proof crest of rugged danger."
Havard.

"Take an old man's advice,
'Twill do you good: truth waits on age."—*New Play.*

Before the close of his second year, an opportunity was offered Frederic to obtain a situation in a large mercantile concern. He consulted with his employer respecting the offer, stating that he would not leave him, who had taken him and made him what he was, without his free consent. The merchant said he should greatly regret the loss of his services, and were he to consult his own wishes merely, he should insist on his remaining; but such a course, he said, would be unjust to Frederic, and he therefore strongly advised him to accept the situation, volunteering to give him the highest recommendations.

The situation he had now taken was one of considerable responsibility. He had at first distrusted his ability to perform its duties, but, encouraged by his late employer, he entered upon them, with a determination to devote all his energies to his new calling. Before this brave spirit he found the difficulties he had anticipated were but as shadows, and more than ever was he convinced of the truth of the great poet's words—

"Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win
By fearing to attempt."

The pay he now received was more than sufficient for his wants. He had always been used to economy. It was indeed a habit rather than a virtue in him. He had kept wholly clear from the temptations incident to a great city. He had no taste for the mis-called pleasures, the indulgence in which jeopardizes alike the morals and the health. If he ever felt a desire to mingle in those scenes in which young men delight to participate, and which, if not positively evil, are of a doubtful tendency, a thought of his mother and his mother's prayers restrained him. Thrice blessed is the youth encompassed by such a heavenly shield!

In all his exertions, the crowning thought—the paramount desire of young Talbot—was his mother's welfare. The older he grew, the more experience he had of life, the more did he realize the struggles she must have undergone to provide for her household, and more earnestly did he resolve to devote himself exclusively to place her above want. It was with no slight degree of pleasure then that he enclosed to his mother a liberal sum from his wages, and at the same time forwarded her a number of articles of dress.

"I must write to that boy," said Uncle Ben; "he is altogether too free—too lavish. I have a presentiment he spends all that he earns. It's all very well to think of his mother, but I dare say he is quite as liberal with his money in other matters. These large cities are the ruin of many a young man, and I doubt if Fred has the stamina to resist the temptations that beset him."

One day, Fred was somewhat surprised on receiving a letter, superscribed in his uncle's handwriting; nor was his surprise lessened by a perusal of its contents. The letter was as follows:—

"My Dear Nephew:

"I am glad to hear, through your mother, of your success. You have thus far done better than I thought you would. I am a man of plain words, and what I say I mean kindly. I have a presentiment that it is my duty to give you a little advice, and I hope you will receive it in the same spirit in which it is given. It was well enough, perhaps, to return the money I advanced you as you did, although I intended it as a gift, not a loan. I have not much fault to find with that. Your sending the money and dresses to your mother, too, in one point of view, was meritorious, although she did not absolutely need your gifts—for so long as I live she shall not want. Your presents show a generous spirit, Fred—and that is what I wish to warn you against. I have a presentiment that you are too free with your means—that you do not know the worth of a dollar. I wish you would copy after your cousin Ben in this respect. Catch him returning gifts, or sending such presents to his mother! He knows the proper value of money, and he takes good care that the pennies do not slip through *his* fingers.

"There are many ways in large cities to get rid of the loose change, and I fear, Fred, that you are too easy—too thoughtless. Many a young man has been ruined in this manner. First, his own money goes—then his master's—then comes detection—disgrace. I pride myself than no foul stain as yet is attached to our family—see to it, nephew, that you bring no blot upon it! Imitate your cousin's shrewdness—imitate his prudence. Look twice at a dollar before you spend it—Ben does, I'll warrant you. Be economical in small as well as in great matters.—Keep the 'wet day' always in mind. Above all, be honest. Hold fast to your integrity, as the most precious of life's jewels! Swerve not a hair's breadth from the line of rectitude. Follow this advice, and I have a presentiment that you may make something yet.

"From your uncle and well-wisher,

"Benjamin Bushnell."

Frederic smiled as he read this letter—it was so like his uncle. The old gentleman was a plain, common sense man, who looked well to the main chance. And yet for all his prudential advice—for all his apparent penuriousness, he was by no means an avaricious man. Once Fred thought so. He had looked upon him as a close-fisted, hard-hearted miser. But of late he had formed a juster estimate of his character. Measuring him by his words and outward actions, he would have been of the same opinion still, but he had ascertained that beneath that exterior crust, there beat a warm and kindly heart. He knew that the very liberality, which he condemned in others, was a prominent trait in his character.—The voice of distress found a ready listener in him. He was generous, but his bounty flowed in secret. He was one of those who do good by stealth. The world called him selfish—the poor in blessing their unknown benefactor blessed him unawares. Such was uncle Ben. From his mother, Frederic had this revelation of his character since he left—his mother who knew him well, for often had she been the almoner of his charities.

Frederic smiled as he read the letter, but he appreciated the old man's motive, and resolved to profit by his counsel. Two things were apparent to him, however, viz—that his uncle entertained a wrong idea of his, Talbot's, character—and that he gave his cousin Ben all the credit to which he was entitled. His cousin had, by some means, wormed himself into the old man's favor. He was thoroughly selfish, to the borders of meanness. Truly had his uncle said, Ben never would have returned money advanced to him—he was altogether too fond of "hoarding" for that! Ben had a mother quite as destitute of this world's goods as the widow Talbot, yet little was the assistance he ever rendered her. He was very careful that none of his earnings were wasted in her behalf. It seemed strange to Frederic that his uncle, himself so liberal, should regard with such favor this unnatural illiberality in another. It would not have been such a wonderment to him had he known the whole truth of the matter.

His Aunt Bushnell was as thoroughly selfish as her son. She had an eye to the old man's property. She knew that her son was a favorite with him, and she was in hopes that he would make him his heir. Although she felt at times keenly the indifference manifested by her son to her comfort, yet she never alluded to the fact. On the contrary, she often, in the presence of Uncle Ben, spoke in the highest terms of praise of the attentions to her welfare shown by her son. The old man knew that Ben was prudent, and his kindness to his mother was therefore deemed by him a virtue, while by a singular ratiocination he accounted the same thing a fault in Frederic. The reason was, perhaps, he deemed Fred's liberality as the fruit only of a total disregard of the worth of money. It was no virtue in him to give, because money was no object to him. This was the crotchet he had got into his head, and it bid fair to remain there, to the prejudice of Frederic's interests. Indeed the old man had made his will, and, save a small legacy to Talbot and his mother, the bulk of his property was devised to his favorite nephew and namesake.

Chapter III.

I'll devise some honest slanders
To stain my cousin with: one doth not know
How much an ill word may empoison liking.
[Shaks.

Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou
Shalt not 'scape calumny.—[*Ib.*

One or two years went by, and from a subordinate station, Talbot had become the head clerk of the establishment. With his improved means, combined with his habits of economy, he had been enabled to purchase a neat house for his mother, and provide for all her wants. This was a new source of vexation to Uncle Ben, who felt that the young man had fairly thrust aside the hand which he was wont to extend to his sister. And yet he could not but admire the spirit of affection manifested by his nephew, although he would persist in ascribing Frederic's expenditure in this manner, principally to a careless disregard of money, and he sighed to think his advice had not had more weight. He could not but acknowledge, too, that Fred's success in life thus far gave the lie to his presentiments; still he prophecied evil: and more emphatic than ever were his prognostics, when on one of Talbot's visits to his native place, he learned that the young man had engaged himself to a young lady, who had beauty and worth, but not wealth, to recommend her!

"I have no fault to find with the girl," said the old man to Widow Talbot; "she will make him an excellent wife, no doubt—but time enough to think of getting married, if one must think of it, ten years hence."

"There's Ben, now," he remarked to Widow Bushnell, "no such foolish thought has entered his head, I'll be bound, nor will it until he has laid up enough to support a wife, as a wife ought to be supported. But it is just like that Fred, and I have a presentiment that before such nonsense enters Ben's head, he will be surrounded by half a dozen responsibilities crying for bread!"

"To think he should do such a thing as that," chimed in Mrs. Bushnell, "and to such a girl as Adelaide Brown! My Ben will never be guilty"——

"Nay, sister," said the old man, interrupting her. "I cannot hear a word about the girl. She's good enough—too good, for that matter. I know her well—an industrious, pains-taking maiden—she deserves a better fate than that which awaits her, or I'm no prophet."

"That was what I was going to say, brother," added Mrs. Bushnell, artfully catching the clue. "Ben would never be guilty of plunging such a girl in distress."

The continued disapproval of his uncle would have been a source of vexation to Frederic, had he not possessed great good nature. Setting it all down to eccentricity of character, he let it pass. In time, he trusted, he should overcome his uncle's repugnance, and be viewed by him more justly. At any rate, he had the approval of his own conscience, and whether the old gentleman did him justice or not, that cheered him on. He had the happiness too of knowing, that by his own unaided efforts he had placed his mother in comfortable circumstances, and in the increased affection she lavished upon him, he found ample reward. She at least did not misjudge him—she had no gloomy forebodings—she viewed his conduct in a proper light.

Never were there two persons more unlike than Talbot and his cousin Ben. The former regarded wealth only as a means—the latter as an end: the one for the good to be accomplished by it—the other for itself alone. They both sought the favor of their wealthy uncle—Talbot because he truly admired his generous character—Bushnell because he hoped to reap a rich harvest from his good will. Frederic's views and feelings were so little in accordance with his cousin's, he had no inclination to establish a close intimacy with him; while on the other hand, Ben regarded Talbot with a jealous eye, and was apprehensive he might supplant him in his uncle's good graces. Consequently, there did not exist a very cordial friendship between the young men. There were other points of dissimilarity between them, which will be revealed in the course of our story.

It so happened that Ben paid a visit to the city where his cousin resided. On his return he had a great deal to say of the style in which Frederic lived. True he enjoyed a liberal salary, he said, but liberal as it was he did not see how it could support him in what seemed to him his extravagance. This was not spoken openly, but he took good care it should reach his uncle's ears, to whom he artfully insinuated that Frederic must have other resources besides his pay, to support him. He pretended at the time to excuse his cousin, as being in some sort obliged, from the company he kept, to follow this expensive mode of living. Yet while he seemingly strove to palliate his conduct, he was careful to throw out injurious surmises, all tending to prejudice his uncle against him. Nor was his mother backward in fostering her brother-in-law's ill-will. Although she in heart doubted the truth of her son's story, yet she considered it a good stroke of policy to favor the deception, and to further establish the spendthrift character of young Talbot, as well as to awaken baser suspicions, she cited an instance of his disregard of money on his last visit.

The circumstance to which she alluded was this. There was a family in town of the name of Parkhurst. They were poor, the father obtaining his living by manual labor, in which he was assisted by his wife and daughter, who took in washing. The daughter was very pretty, and quite vain withal of her comely appearance. Ere long, innuendoes touching the fair fame of the daughter, were whispered about. Alas, for her own and her parents' peace, time soon established their truth! No threats or persuasions could wring from her the secret of who was her destroyer. That she was bribed to this silence was evident, for she was from some source supplied with means to ensure her comfort at least. The Parkhursts were a morose couple, and held but little intercourse, especially since their daughter's shame, with their neighbors, and few cared to question them in relation to the matter. They bore their disgrace in sullen silence, neither seeking or receiving the sympathy of others.

On Frederic's visit to his native place, he had, as usual, employed the Parkhursts to do his washing, and in this way he became acquainted with the fact that they were in extreme want. It was apparent, from some cause or other, the supplies they had received through their daughter had failed them. They had also experienced a falling off in their customers—the sins of one had been visited upon all. Perhaps the unsocial characters of the individuals themselves had tended to drive away employment. With the generosity characteristic of him, young Talbot, pitying their distressed condition, had contributed to their necessities. Nay, it was observed by those gifted with a prying propensity, that he took an unusual interest in their affairs, and lynx-eyed curiosity had ascertained that he made one or two calls at their house in the evening. After he returned to the city, it was noticed too that Mr. Parkhurst was not without means. Trifles are magnified in a small place, and gossip wags an unrestrained tongue. It may well be surmised that Mrs. Bushnell did not fail to improve the opportunity.

"I do not wish to insinuate any thing against young Talbot—Heaven forbid I should accuse him wrongfully," said Mrs. Bushnell, in a tone of apparent sincerity, to her brother-in-law—"but I must say it *does* look suspicious, this sudden friendship for the Parkhursts, and their cast-a-way daughter! To think, too, of leaving them a supply of money! It must have been him, for the shopkeeper's wife told me in confidence, that the money paid her husband by Parkhurst, was of the Bank of ——, the same kind of bills Frederic brought with him! I have no disposition to harm your sister's child, Mr. Bushnell—far from it—but one cannot shut one's eyes to every thing!"

"But how can it be?" said the old man, on whom this artful speech was not without its influence—"How can Frederic be implicated in this transaction, seeing that he has been away all the time?"

"Yes, but you forget, brother,"—and a hypocritical sigh accompanied the words—"that a little better than a year ago, soon after Frederic's visit, the shameless creature went away, and was absent some weeks."

"I do recollect now," replied the old man, a stern frown gathering on his brow at the probable disgrace brought upon the family through young Talbot—"she left about the time you went to the city, did she not, Ben?"

"I dont exactly remember—I think—I believe she *did*," was the confused reply of the nephew, a crimson blush overspreading his face.

The uncle was too absorbed in his thoughts to notice the appearance of his nephew, and by a movement of his head Ben contrived to conceal his face from his mother until his color had vanished.

Burdened in spirits, Uncle Ben paid a visit to his sister Talbot. The trouble at the heart was reflected in the face. His was a sad and grievous errand. He doubted not young Talbot's guilt. Young Bushnell's account of his manner of living in the city told against him, and all that he heard; his friendship for the Parkhurst family—his supplying them with money—every circumstance conspired to fix the charge on him. The family had been disgraced, and he came to make known to the mother the infamy of her son. The old man was too full of his subject—too weighed down with the bitter thought of the stigma brought upon the family to regard much the feelings of the mother, and in reply to his sister's inquiry as to what was the matter with him, for his lowering looks at once attracted her attention—

"Matter enough!" said he, in a voice of passionate sternness—"we are disgraced, sister Ruth—disgraced forever! The very children in the street will point and hoot at us, and no blame either!" and in the bitterness of his spirit the old man paced the room with impatient strides.

"Disgraced!—how disgraced—and by whom?" asked the widow in the utmost astonishment.

"Thank God he is not a Bushnell! There is some comfort in that!" said the old man in a still more agitated tone.

"But who is he?" demanded Mrs. Talbot.

"Frederic!"

"Frederic!" echoed Mrs. Talbot, while the color for a moment left her cheeks.

"Yes, Ruth, your precious son, Frederic Talbot—he it is!"

This announcement was so sudden and startling that it was sometime before Mrs. Talbot recovered from the shock. After a brief silence, conquering her agitation, she said in a calm voice:

"There must be some mistake here. Brother, what has he done?"

"I wish to Heaven, sister, there was a mistake—but the proofs are too strong. I tell you, Ruth, he has disgraced the family!"

"But how?" asked the widow, in a forcedly calm voice.

"He is—". The old man paused through a sense of delicacy—perhaps for want of a proper epithet.

"What?—in mercy, tell me what!" exclaimed the widow in a voice of thrilling earnestness.

"*The destroyer of Jane Parkhurst!*" replied the old man through his set teeth.

"It is false!—a thousand times *false*!" rejoined the widow, starting up with a rapid movement, while a flush of scornful indignation passed over her face. "Who dares bring this charge upon him?—What proof have you to countenance this base slander?"

"Would it were a slander merely, sister Ruth—calumny would be a blessing now!"

"The proof!—give me the proof!" demanded the widow in a tone that showed all the mother's instincts were aroused.

The old man was hardly prepared for this energetic manifestation. He expected she should be overwhelmed with the charge against her son, and that he should be called on to soothe and console, instead of confronting her. He little knew a mother's heart jealous of the honor of her child! He *felt* sensibly the awkwardness of his situation, and in rather a confused manner detailed the gossip he had heard.

"And this then," said the widow in a tone of withering contempt, after he had got through; "this then is the paltry evidence on which you condemn him! On this miserable gossip you would pass judgment on my son—rob him of his character, and without a word in his behalf, plunge him in infamy! Ah! brother—brother!"—and the widow's voice sunk to a low, aggrieved tone, and her lids swelled with tears—"I did not think this of you! I believed better of your heart—God forgive your unkindness!" and sinking into a chair, the widow gave vent to her over-wrought feelings.

The stoicism of the old man was not proof against this scene.

"I will believe him innocent, Ruth; for your sake I will believe him innocent!" said he, in a hurried, agitated voice.

"Not so, Benjamin," rejoined Mrs. Talbot, raising her head; "not for my sake, but for his—his only must you hold him guiltless! You have wronged him, brother, heretofore—you have always cherished a feeling of unkindness towards him—always! Whatever he has done you have viewed to his disadvantage, and now, as if you would crush him with one overwhelming blow, you come to me with this revolting charge!"

"Bless me! bless me!" exclaimed Uncle Ben, fidgetting around his sister, and brushing the drops from his eyes, "I have a presentiment that I have been too hasty! I may have wronged him—God knows I would not do it intentionally! I hope I have—don't weep! I believe I have. I will believe him innocent—but—but—ah!" ejaculated the old man, breaking off as if a sudden idea had occurred to him: "I have it! I begin to see through it! Ruth, forgive me! The matter shall not rest here—I will probe it to the bottom let the consequences be as they may. Yes, yes—I will believe him—I *do* believe him innocent!" So saying, the old man hurried away, glad to escape the contagion of his sister's tears.

A bitter, scornful expression flitted over the features of Frederic Talbot as he folded a letter he had just perused.

"The viper!" he muttered to himself, "I have him beneath my heel, and why should I not crush him? After doing what I have to conceal his villainy—after succoring the poor victim of his passions, to be traduced in this manner is beyond endurance! A precious example indeed has my uncle given me to follow! It is my duty to undeceive him. He still harbors suspicions, and I owe it to myself, as well as to my mother, to clear my skirts of this foul stain at least."

The letter Frederic received was from his mother, informing him of the reports abroad respecting his connection with the Parkhurst family, and begging him for her as well as his sake, to visit her and clear up the charges against him. "There are other reports, comparatively insignificant, touching your conduct in the city," she wrote, "set afloat, I have reason to believe, in a certain quarter from interested motives, which it is due to yourself to have contradicted. Your uncle's mind is poisoned in a measure, I am sorry to say, and he is much more ready to listen to suggestions from that quarter, than from any other. Feeling confident that you can nobly and triumphantly vindicate yourself from all these foul aspersions, I hope you will not delay your visit. I need not add that this opinion is cherished by *all* most dear to you."

Frederic lost no time in complying with his mother's request, and it was not until he experienced the cool reception of some of his former friends, that he fully realized the unpleasant position in whic he was placed. From his aunt and cousin he received the most pointed slights. The chilling coldnes of their manner attracted the notice of all.

"He braves it out finely," said Mrs. Bushnell, i a spiteful tone, to her brother-in-law. "How can h hold up his head among those he has disgraced, is mystery to me."

Uncle Ben shook his head gravely.

"We will not condemn him unheard," said he "let us first hear what he has to say for himself. have a presentiment." He did not finish the sentence, but the expression of his countenance wa anything but favorable to the supposed culprit.

Chapter V.

> What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy tongue
> In noise so rude against me?—[Shaks.

> All your attempts
> Shall fall on me like brittle shafts on armor,
> That break themselves; or like waves against a rock,
> That leave no sign of their ridiculous fury,
> But foam and splinters, my innocence, like these,
> Shall stand triumphant, and your malice serve
> But for a trumpet to proclaim my conquest.—[Massinger.

A few evenings after his return, at the request Frederic, there was a gathering of the family, a some of their intimate friends, at the old man house. When Talbot entered the room, which w not until the company had been for some time assembled, a marked restraint was visible among the part Uncle Ben was unusually grave. Mrs. Bushnell, her starched dignity, scarcely condescended to r turn his courteous salutation. Young Bushnell, a though he strove to appear calm, was evidently ill ease. Widow Talbot and Miss Brown were the on ones present who seemed collected.

A smile of triumph played around the lips of youn Talbot, and conscious innocence gave a dignity t his bearing, as after a brief silence he arose and a dressed those present:

"I have requested your presence this evening," h said, with a slight hesitation, which soon passed o "in the hope that I may be able to remove a fo stigma, which, designedly or not I will not say, ha been thrown upon my character."

"I trust you will succeed, Frederic," said the ol man, gravely; "serious imputations have bee brought against you."

"I am aware of them all, sir—the absent seldo lack back-biters," and he glanced scornfully toward his cousin, who returned his look with a disdainfu smile. "I have learned," he continued, "that m conduct while away has been brought in question."

"Nay, we do not so much regard that," said hi uncle, interrupting him, "if you can only exculpat yourself from a more serious charge."

"But I prefer, uncle, to clear up all," said Frederic, proudly; "shall I trouble you to read this," sa he handed his uncle a sealed letter.

The letter was from his employers, addressed t his uncle, and was a warm testimonial of Frederic' character. The old man's eye brightened as he read the following paragraph, with marked emphasis:

"And we would assure you, sir, so highly do we value his services, and such perfect confidence have we in his integrity, that it has been and is our purpose, at the end of the current year, to offer him a partnership in our house."

A murmur of satisfaction ran round the room as the old gentleman finished reading. Two voices only withheld their gratulations.

"Is that satisfactory?" asked Frederic, gazing collectedly around him, although there was a slight glow on his cheeks and a sparkle of pleasure in his eye, for this was the first intimation he had received of the generous intentions of his employers.

"Perfectly, perfectly, my dear nephew," replied his uncle, in a tone of unwonted kindness; "I had no presentiment of this!"

"We come now to that other charge," added Frederic, unable to repress a smile at the old man's admission—"a charge which more deeply affects my reputation. You all know what it is—it is one at which my very nature revolts! And he or she who and whispered in [illegible] contempt in the direction of his cousin and aunt—"knew that it was a base, a most malignant falsehood!"

"That remains to be proved yet," exclaimed Mrs. Bushnell, irritated at his pointed looks, and returning his glance with one of intense passion.

"It is very easy to protest innocence," muttered young Bushnell in a low tone, yet loud enough to be heard throughout the room.

"It will be well, cousin Ben," replied Talbot, significantly, "if others can establish theirs as surely as I expect to mine."

Young Bushnell's glance fell before the fixed look of his cousin, who continued:

"Let us see the grounds on which this charge rests. What are they? Why, that soon after my visit last year, this unfortunate girl left town. This is one link in the chain of condemnatory circumstances. It strikes me that this should tell against my cousin strongest, for if my information is correct, his and the poor girl's absence and return were nearly coincident. Why am I singled out, and he permitted to go unsuspected?"

"What, Ben—Ben Bushnell be charged with such a crime?" exclaimed the old man, hardly allowing Frederic to finish his sentence—"Why, I should as soon think of laying it upon parson Roberts himself!"

"It is well enough to throw out insinuations," was the indignant rejoinder of Mrs. Bushnell, "to cloak one's self!"

"It is a family failing, my dear aunt," replied Frederic, in a tone of mock affection. "But," he continued, "what is the next circumstance? Why, that I employed the Parkhursts to do my washing on my late visit. Was there any thing wrong, or calculated to excite suspicion in that?"

"And was in the habit of visiting them in the evening," added Mrs. Bushnell, unable to repress her ill temper.

"True. I called twice for some articles I wanted," rejoined Talbot, calmly.

"And manifested a singular interest in their affairs, particularly the girl's," continued his aunt, whose hasty temper led her to assume the position of an accuser.

"I found them in trouble, and I sought to alleviate it," replied Frederic, composedly.

"Yes, and supplied the girl with money—will you deny that?" added his aunt, in a tone of triumph.

"I did bestow upon the family a trifle, for they were wretchedly poor," answered Frederic, a little piqued at the disposition manifested by his accuser.

"Hem!—a trifle!—Folks are not so generous without a motive!" was the ill-natured answer.

"My generosity, as you call it, was not without a motive—a double one,"—replied Talbot, in a severe tone—"it was to relieve their necessities, and in some small measure to repair a great wrong."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Mrs. Bushnell, scornfully—"a wrong! we are getting at the truth, it seems!"

"Yes, madam," said Talbot, indignantly; "a truth too, you will not, perhaps, relish quite so well! The wrong I allude to was perpetrated by your *own son*!"

"My son!" exclaimed Mrs. Bushnell, in a voice almost inarticulate with indignant astonishment.

"Mine!" added Ben, starting up, and shaking in every limb with passion or apprehension.

"Frederic," said the old man sternly, "this is going too far—your temper has got the better of you. You cannot mean what you say!"

"No, sir, I repeat *his wrong*—and what I assert I stand ready to prove. I charge your namesake, there, with being the author of that poor girl's misfortune—let him deny it if he can!"

Had the earth opened before them, greater astonishment would not have been depicted on the countenances of those present.

"This is not to be borne!" almost shrieked Mrs. Bushnell. "Mr. Bushnell, will you suffer the innocent to be traduced in this manner?"

"It is false!" shouted young Bushnell, in a voice hoarse with rage—his face distorted, and his lips trembling with excitement. "Let him produce the proof!"

"It is close at hand," replied Talbot, who retained his composure, and stepping into another room, he returned leading by the hand Jane Parkhurst!

At the sight of this unexpected witness—for he thought he had purchased or rather secured her silence—young Bushnell staggered backwards; his countenance assumed the hue of death, and leaning against the wall, he covered his face with his hands.

"Speak, girl!" said Mrs. Bushnell, striding furiously up to the abashed witness, and shaking her rudely by the arm—"Speak, if the truth is in you—who is the guilty one?"

"Your son!" said the girl in a low voice, pointing to the shrinking form of the accused.

"A trick!—a vile trick!—she is bribed! Ha, ha, ha!" hysterically laughed Mrs. Bushnell, and sunk overpowered by her feelings into a chair.

An attempt to portray the emotions of Uncle Ben during this exciting scene, would be utterly fruitless. Too much astonished to utter one word, he sat awhile in silence—his glance resting first on Frederic, standing proudly erect, then on the timid, shame-struck girl, and settling at last on the cowering form of his nephew. Recovering from his surprise, he demanded in a tone of great severity of young Bushnell the truth or falsity of the girl's charge. Unwilling to confess his guilt, and unable to bear the scrutiny to which he was subjected, without heeding his uncle's words, the young man rushed from the room, and was immediately followed by his crest-fallen mother.

A silence of some minutes ensued after they had left, when all present offered their congratulations to Frederic for the triumphant vindication of his character, and foremost and warmest among them all was Uncle Ben.

"I protest, I protest," said the old man, "I had no presentiment of this! Sister, I am an old fool—a brute!—will you forgive me?" and seizing her hand, without waiting for a reply, he shook it heartily. "To think that Ben should be such a rascal, and I so blind as not to see through him!"

It was a nine days' talk of the town. Ben and his mother, to escape from their mortification, thought it best to take up their residence elsewhere. Frederic returned to the city with flying colors. In due time he became a partner in the concern, and took to himself a partner, who, through good report and through evil report, clung faithfully to him. Uncle Ben had a "presentiment" that there never was a wedding that promised a larger share of happiness; and in order to guard against the young responsibilities' "cry for bread," as he had once predicted, a codicil to his will revoked all the former disposition of his property; and, after providing for the victim of his nephew, left the whole of it to Frederic.

When the good old man was gathered to his fathers, the last words that fell from his lips were, "I have a presen—" Death cut short the sentence!

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG SISTER.

She was a child, most gay, and frank, and pure,—
Loving and mild, and wise beyond her years;
And thus in early morn she passed away,—
A budding flower of spring—untimely plucked!
A gem of rarest value—lost to earth!

Sweet sister! thou canst never be forgotten;
For thou art circled round with memories
Of love, and all unspoken tenderness,
That bind thee to my heart's most cherished [illegible].
And though thy step is silent, though thy form
Is seen no more among us—though no more
The music of thy laugh is heard at home,
Thou in my mind dost live for evermore—
E'en as thou art—a treasure of loveliness.

Oh, what a world of teeming fancies shone
From the blue depths of thy bright speaking eyes;
How full of life, and joy, and sprightliness,
Was thy young spirit!—Yet how tuned to all
Of gentleness and truth! And thou didst love,
At eve, to steal away from childhood's sports,
And listen to high converse of the stars;
Seeking with curious aspect to unravel
The hidden wonders of those mighty worlds,—
Till, to thy spell-bound gaze, their fairy realms
Seemed opening visibly! And now—oh, now,
Thou 'rt gone! I may not tell how much I miss
Thy artless gaiety—thy winning grace—
The wisdom of thy childish thoughtfulness—
The cheering brightness of thy sunny smile.
I did not know—alas! till thou hadst fled,
How much of sweet companionship may be,
In childhood's truthful soul, and kindly heart.

Where shall I turn to seek thee? Where in space
Dost thou inhabit? Art thou still of earth?
And dost thou love to visit thine old haunts?
To trace each dear familiar scene, and glide,
With watchful care—unseen—among thy friends?
Art thou a wanderer in those starry depths?
A partaker of their own wild brilliancy?
Was there indeed a secret sympathy
That drew thy young look heavenward? Did thy soul
Claim kindred with the sphered harmonies?
Or hast thou now become the denizen
Of some impalpable world, without the bounds
Of space?

Alas! no spirit's whisper e'er
Hath pierced the solemn stillness of the grave,
To solve us death's "unfathomed mysteries."
In vain imagination wings its flight
Above that shrouded vault—it brings no food!
It finds no resting place! We muse and dream,
Till thought itself grows dizzy with its height—
Then turn and weep to know our ignorance.
And thus blind Doubt denies the unknown world,
And Superstition peoples it with ghosts,
And vengeful demons, and all shapes of fear.

How passing wonderful—this human soul!
Shrined in a fragile form—a fleeting speck
Of earth—lost in the world's multitude,—
Bound by a feeble web—the very sport
Of circumstance,—this restless, [illegible] soul,
Untrammel'd by all chains—still feels itself
An emanation of Divinity!
Th' aspirant of unearthly hopes and loves,
The heritor of immortality!
How oft we strive to trace its origin,—
But strive in vain! We seek its mission, but
We cannot learn it!

Does it spread from Death
Into new life, sense, soul-like, undefined—
A dim abstraction—conscious of the past,—
All former ties forgotten? Can it be,
That friends who through long years of linked being
Have wound each fibre of their hearts—all thought
And hope about each other—can it be
That these shall live, and grow—apart, forever,
Unsought for, unreclaimed, unrecognized?
Believe it not!—it doth belie our nature.
Better the quiet sleep, than that cold waking.

Oh, let us cherish still the fonder creed,
That the bright flame within us is a thing
Of form and beauty—that, in truth, 'tis but
The breathing semblance of its bodily frame!
Cheered that our longing eyes shall greet the same
Familiar features that we loved in here;
And that, in blest re-union, we shall speed
Our high progression, with unbroken ties.
How sweet to think that we with long-lost friends
Shall mingle in yon glorious spirit-land,
And in delightful fellowship, look back
On death as but one portal passed, in our
Eternal pilgrimage towards happiness.

* * * * *

Methinks, dear Mary, that I see thee now,
As with thy sister's spirit thou dost stand,
'Mid those blest angel-playmates, turning back
A wistful look upon the earth thou'st left.
A glimmering smile, half joy, half sadness, sits
Upon thy airy form, and though thy lips
Are calm and voiceless, yet there comes within
Thy beaming eyes, a spirit-glance that speaks
In almost audible longings to the thought—
The wish for us to join thee.

Do I dream?
Can mind indeed hold converse with the dead?
Is it but dimmed by earthly clouds, which make
The vision faint and dream-like? Is the soul
Itself but thought? And can it soar alone—
Whose rays from sense—more vivid than all sight,
Intenser than all feeling? And may Death
Be still a brighter commencement than Life?
Dark riddle all must read, but none can tell.

Sweet, farewell! Thou wilt not wait so long
Th' eternal path no mortal ever missed,—
The path that from a thousand avenues
Leads to a single bourn—the "second birth,"—
Ere many years are past, we all must tread.
Then loved and loving ones shall meet again!
Farewell, dear girl!—Till then—till then, farewell!

* * *

Written for the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

MUSINGS.

BY LYDIA LORIMER.

I sat me by the casement when the shades of evening fell,
And a softly mournful murmur was in the breeze's swell;
And my thoughts reverted to all those, whose friends were glad and gay,
Ere the funeral chimes were telling me that they had past away.

I looked up to the quiet stars that shone so purely bright,
With their blazonry of living gems in the diadem of night;
And methought one trembling orb did in its soft, religious ray,
Seem'd like that lovely one of earth, who early past away.

She was pure as is the snow flake which half way down from heaven,
Ere its spotless hue is tarnished with aught of earthly leaven;
She was gentle as the murmur of a waterfall at play;
But her beauty and her gentleness, all, all have past away.

Oh! forgive me blessed spirit, from thy shining home on high,
That the tears of sorrow at my heart will gush up to mine eye;
'Tis not for thee I sadden—for, far happier are they,
Who from this stormy world of care, like thee have past away.

But 'tis for mine own selfishness these scalding tears I shed,
For I am lonely without thee, mine early lost—my dead;
And yearning for the spirit's home, thee to that starry ray
I pour the musings of a heart that longs to pass away.

THE WIDOW'S DAUGHTER

BY ELIZA WALKER.

"Time, faith, and energy, are the three friends God has given the poor." [BULWER'S NIGHT AND MORNING.

It was towards the close of the busying month of April; but, though early in the spring, the weather was bright and bracing—one of those days which, from their clear, delicious freshness, give added buoyancy to the step, strength and elasticity to the spirit—when the boon of mere existence is felt as a joy and blessing, and the heart, forgetting the shadows which past grief or impending calamity fling over it, breathes unmixed aspirations of praise and thanksgiving to the Author of all good! How appropriate, then, was a day like this for the long-projected *fête* at Morton Grange! What was it commemorative of? Were the nuptials of the young and lovely the event celebrated? The birth or majority of an heir recorded thus by joy and festivity? It was neither of these occasions which collected all the *élite* of ——shire into one focus. It was to mark the recovery from long and dangerous illness, of Eva, the only child of the proud and pompous owner of Morton Grange—a young, still feeble, ailing girl of fifteen. The successive deaths of five other children, the long period which intervened between the demise of the last of these and the birth of little Eva, had made her to her parents an object, it might be said, almost of idolatry. Such affluence of love was scattered over her path, so fenced in was she by the eager, watchful care of parental affection, from the common casualties of peril and danger, that when, despite the vigilance exercised, disease struck her down, and the glad laugh was exchanged for the low wail of anguish, the bright glance dimmed by the films of sickness, the appalled parents started as from a dream. What, then, was she, the only and beloved, whom they had so cherished and caressed, hurrying, like their other little ones, to the dreary grave! There was agony almost to madness in the thought. All that consummate medical skill could effect was rendered; all that ceaseless, unremitting attention accomplish, offered. Heaven was besought with earnest, supplicating importunity, to spare their treasure; and Heaven listened to their prayers! The fever of delirium faded away, and the thin hand pressed once more in recognition the mother's fervent clasp; the pale lip wreathed into a faint smile on the fond father, who bent breathlessly watching each varying turn of the ashy face. Eva was pronounced out of danger; convalescence rapidly followed; and when entire recovery was established, every friend on their visiting list was eagerly bid to share in the exuberant joy which filled the whole household of Morton Grange, from its imperious master to its humblest retainer. And was Eva worthy of this prodigality of love? In truth she was. Not only did her face and figure give promise of singular and exquisite loveliness—not only in the large, deep-blue eye, whose dark lashes swept a cheek round and fair as sculptured marble—not only in the black shining ringlets which clustered round that cherub face, were there beauty and expression; but in every modulation of the low, sweet voice; every movement of the small rosy mouth told of the mind that dwelt within, of the warmth and sensibility of the heart beating in her young bosom. If ever there was a nature from which every taint of selfishness, that poisoner and corrupter of human motives and actions, was banished—if ever one utterly exempt from that cold, calculating, worldly wisdom which, fettering the nobler and more generous impulses, shapes each deed in accordance only with hard systematic policy, it was that of Eva Morton; sensitive, truthful, trustful, with the ready tear for any suffering, the open hand for every distress, the radiant smile for others' joy, the keen sympathy for humanity in all its varied aspects, from her parents, to her the first objects in creation, down to the bird and dog which fed from her hand, to the smallest insect which crawled in her path, the loveliness of her nature was developed and exhibited. The voice of harshness, the tone of reproof, never yet had met her ear. When she should be doomed to listen to these, how would her soft, but vivid and kindling temperament, bear the bitter novelty!

The *fête* at Morton Grange was in no respects dissimilar to the thousands that have gone before it, or the thousands by which it will be succeeded. The appointments, where the outlay of money is the last point considered, and over which exquisite taste presides to direct and design, could scarcely fail to be good. Under the superintendence of Mrs. Morton, they were perfect; for in all matters appertaining to dress or decoration, whether person, rooms, or gardens, were to be embellished, that lady's *assisted* skill was equally displayed, and was ever unimpeachable and faultless. On this occasion, when her heart was filled to overflowing with rapture and thankfulness, there was a peculiar pleasure in tasking ingenuity to its extremest limit in manifesting, by every outward symbol of splendour and gaiety, the feelings which possessed her. The result was quite satisfactory, even to her fastidious eyes, and those of the five hundred guests, partakers of the festivity. Among these, there were none peculiarly noticeable. There was the usual amount of match-making mammas, pretty, marriageable daughters, and handsome, well-dressed men, on whom to practise the authorized artillery of smiles and glances; much rivalry, much scandal—for, alas! in this country, even when "two or three only are gathered together," never is this most odious accessory banished; much *make-believe* love-making, and a little true; divers well-bred and appropriate compliments to the lady *of* the house; and a superabundance of caresses and flattery to the little invalid, the heroine of the *day*; with many speculative guesses as to what would be the probable amount of her fortune at the death of her father. Nor was it only the wealthy and influential who were called to eat the "fatted calf," to rejoice at the preservation and recovery of Eva. Every tenant, every cottager on Mr. Morton's estate, whether tottering with age or helpless through infancy, were invited to participate in the general demonstration of delight and pleasure. But to Eva nothing gave so sweet a joy as receiving from the children of her own Sunday-school their small offering of fragrant flowers, and rendering in return some pretty gift or toy.

But time still leaps onwards to eternity! Whether the hours be chronicled by the dial of joy or despair, unnoted, or bitterly, wearily counted, pass they must.

The *fête* ended amidst bonfires blazing, music pealing, and fireworks glittering. The guests retired to their respective homes; some with heart-aches, which the next morning's sun should chase away; others, it may be, with impressions of a deeper, perhaps indelible character; as if to mock at the instability of all human pleasure, and show to the proud and exulting how slender is the barrier which divides happiness from misery, and that "in the midst of life we are in death." When the next sun shone upon Morton Grange, it dawned upon a heap of smoking ruins! Whether the fire which, in a few short hours, laid the stately fabric in dust and ashes, was the result of carelessness, or the work of an incendiary, was never clearly demonstrated.—Destruction, total and complete, was the consequence, whether accident or design had been the originating cause. Whilst every inmate was buried in profound slumber, overcome by the fatigues of the preceding night, they were roused to consciousness by the fearful announcement that a portion of the house was in flames.

A young officer, on a visit to the Rector of the village, who had risen early in order to reach the first railway-train which should convey him to London, from whence he was to embark with his regiment for the East, was the first person who gave to the horrified inhabitants announcement of the peril which surrounded them. The wind, which howled in terrific gusts, assisted the work of devastation, and they had barely time to escape with their lives, ere the noble mansion was blazing in every part.—And Eva, where was she? The tidings of her danger sufficed to fling her instantly into total insensi bility. Her parents, wild, yet helpless, through excessive fear, rent the air with their screams; but the very abundance of their agony seemed to render them impotent to direct, powerless to save. The domestics, intent on self-preservation, obeyed its instinctive impulse, and sought but their own safety. And she, the beautiful and beloved, might in a few moments have been a blackened corpse, but for the heroic exertions of Cyril Vernon, (the young officer before alluded to,) who, on hearing that she was yet in the house, only waited to ascertain the situation of her chamber, and, regardless of the flames which were gathering around him, rushed to the apartment where the gentle child lay lifeless and motionless, snatched her in his arms, covered her carefully with his cloak, and succeeded, despite the imminent peril which threatened both, in placing her, unharmed, unscathed, in her weeping mother's caressing arms.

Time would not permit the intrepid Cyril to wait to receive the fervent blessings poured on his head; he had only a moment to breathe a prayer of thanksgiving to his Maker, who had preserved him and made him instrumental in saving the precious life of young Eva; and ere she had unclosed her eyes to consciousness, he was again on his route.

Morton Grange, then, existed no longer, and it was the commencement of a train of successive casualties and evils, which ultimately plunged the family in sorrow, poverty, and ruin. A few days only subsequent to the conflagration of his house, Mr. Morton was called on to bear a yet more heavy calamity. Engaged to an enormous extent in speculation in the funds, he accepted the success which had hitherto attended his schemes as an augury and earnest of its perpetuity; but the tide of fortune, as is frequently the case, ebbed suddenly and ceaselessly. Political events darkened and convulsed the horizon of the "money market," a rapid and ruinous fall in the funds was the consequence, and the hapless Morton found himself not only beggared, but involved in liabilities to the amount of thousands, which not the mortgage of every thing he possessed: not even the sale of the family jewels and plate, would avail to discharge. Maddened, desperate, cowardly, he staggered beneath the new and overwhelming evils which met him on every side, and, instead of waiting for the helpful, healing aid of the "time, faith, energy," which one of our first living writers has so exquisitely denominated as "the three friends God has given to the poor," put a pistol to his head, and became a suicide!

The brief limits of a tale forbid us to follow, step by step, the declining fortunes of the devoted family of Morton. The widow and her daughter found—as, alas! to the discredit of human nature, experience has ever proved—that the summer friends of prosperity fly with the first indication of penury's wintry chills. They gathered together the small remnant of property, which, after the payment of all debts, yielded but a poor pittance indeed; and, leaving the scene of their former splendors for ever, proceeded to London. They entered the vast metropolis of the world, as hundreds do daily, without aim, resources, or friends! It was now, and ever since the shadows of adversity had encompassed them, that all the beautiful points in Eva's character more prominently developed themselves. Though but a child still, such events seemed to have forced into sudden and perfect maturity the wisdom and intelligence of ripened years. She saw her mother, weak in nature, even in affluence, now absolutely helpless in grief and indigence, with only tears and sighs, and useless lamentations, to meet the evils which surrounded them, succumbing feebly to the accidents of the moment, without purpose and exertion for the present, or faith and confidence for the future. To add to their already "huge calamities," an attack of rheumatic fever laid Mrs. Morton on a sick bed, and deprived her temporarily of the use of her limbs; and thus was she made doubly dependant on the energies and capabilities of her youthful daughter for support. They had established themselves in a small lodging in Somers Town, as a cheap and obscure locality; but, though the rooms they tenanted were meanly and scantily furnished, and at a low rent, yet how were the swiftly recurring weekly payments to be met, with all the other incidental expenses? Of the money they had brought from the country, a large part had been consumed by the long illness of Mrs. Morton. To the few feminine occupations which in this country give bread (how often little else!) to those who require and seek it, Eva's tender age presented an insuperable barrier. Who would take a child of scarcely sixteen as teacher and instructress? Her surpassing beauty, also, would have retarded rather than have advanced the probability of meeting with an engagement of the kind, even had her years qualified her for the task.

The construction of fancy articles for the bazaars, after days and nights of ceaseless rumination to poor Eva, was the only medium that suggested itself to provide a roof and maintenance for her afflicted mother and self. In the scorching heat, the wintry snow, was the once pampered and delicate child of luxury and pomp compelled to traverse the streets, to procure implements for her work and purchasers for it when completed. She who had commanded wherever she moved, had now to sue for direction and employment from the hard, the ignorant, and the coarse-minded. But she repined not if success were the reward of her endeavours and labours, and they procured—the dearest boon!—the means to purchase some coveted dainty for her sick and querulous, but fondly loved mother. For herself, she cared nothing; her fare the scantiest, her dress the simplest, toiling from the early dawn to the midnight chime, yet no repining word, no fretful murmur, ever escaped her lip: she confided in Him who "cares for the fatherless," and trusted at His own good time the "three friends he has given to the poor" would effect her deliverance from the bitter thraldom of poverty. But, alas! incessant labour, broken rest, exposure to all weathers, worked their effect upon the delicate frame of Eva Morton: day by day her step became feebler, her eye more dim; still the same amount of work must be completed, or they would fall into arrear. Hardly could she drag her tottering steps to bazaars and shops, where she disposed of her pretty merchandise. But she did. The mighty force of will, the strong sustaining impetus of a holy duty, combated with physical weakness, and gave her the power to *do*, when thousands, beneath the paralysing influence of health so shattered, would have sunk in helpless and prostrate despair.

It was after a morning more than usually harassing, when weary hours had been spent profitlessly in endeavouring to dispose of her little wares, that Eva, on her homeward path, took her route through the Regent's Park, hoping that the fresh clear breezes from the Highgate hills might, at least, temporarily brace her. It was the height of the London season, when, at certain hours, all the Parks present so gay and animated an appearance.

The bright sunshine, the glittering equipages, the smiling faces, all were in sad contrast with the pale-faced, sorrowful girl, who was crawling, rather than walking, along the broad thronged path. A nursery maid, with two children, one an infant in arms, the other a beautiful boy of three years of age, were amongst the pedestrians. The baby dropped the toy it held in its tiny hand; the servant stooped to recover it, and at the same instant, the boy, in pursuit of an Italian greyhound which accompanied them, rushed into the midst of the drive where the carriages were rolling carelessly along: another minute, and the child would have been crushed under the wheels of a britscha, when Eva, who saw the boy's imminent danger, at the risk of her own life, and with a strength which, in her debilitated state, was almost superhuman, *dragged* it from the road. But, in her efforts to avert mischief from the child, she herself received a blow from the pole of the carriage, and she had scarcely placed him unharmed on the footpath, ere she fell bleeding and senseless on the ground. To summon the carriage of the grandmother of the boy, which was a little in advance, explain the nature of the accident, lift the lifeless Eva into the vehicle, and convey her to the nearest surgeon's, were events that followed in instant succession. The injuries she had received were found to be, on examination, of a trifling nature. She was driven to her humble lodging, promising to call on Mrs. Leslie, the relative of the child, as soon as she was sufficiently recovered, and receive again and again her grateful thanks. But weeks passed ere Eva could do this,—a long and severe illness followed the event narrated above. Not uncheered, not unsolaced, however, was her sick-bed; Mrs. Leslie, ascertaining the straitened circumstances of the being who had saved her idolized grand-child from death, provided every appliance and accessory which generosity and wealth could supply to mitigate and relieve the sufferings of Eva. Finding, on a near and constant intercourse with her, the beautiful piety her character exhibited, she offered, on her recovery, a permanent asylum to herself and mother in her house in Curzon street. And when the period of convalescence arrived the offer was accepted, Eva becoming the instructress of young Arthur. The mother of the boy (Mrs. Leslie's only daughter) had died in giving birth to an infant, now only a few months old; his father was with the army in India, and the whole charge of the children devolved on Mrs. Leslie, whose love and wealth made her qualified for the task, but who labored under the affliction of total blindness. It was, therefore, with joy she found one so competent, so gentle, so accomplished, as Eva, to associate with her in the care of the children committed to her charge. And in another way also was Eva able to administer to her gratification. Gifted with a voice of exquisite beauty, music with Eva in her palmy days had been joy, almost passion; so was it also with Mrs. Leslie, and being incapacitated by her infirmity from indulging other sources of pleasure, she leaned on this one for solace and amusement. To listen to the songs she had loved in early youth, breathed by the sweet and bird-like voice of Eva, was a source of intense and unfailing delight. Perhaps in the locality of Mayfair, no house possessed a circle where the inmates amalgamated better together, or were more tranquilly happy, than were gathered under the roof of Mrs. Leslie in Curzon street. The disposition of Eva, serene, hopeful, unshaken in adversity, when the shadows had faded which once darkened her path, resumed the buoyancy and radiance which distinguished it in early youth. Hers was the temperament which not only is a boon to its possessor, but diffuses over a whole household its beneficent and genial power.—Whether romping with the children, singing to her old blind benefactress, or combating with loving words and sunny smiles the peevishness of her mother, she was equally at home, equally resistless.—But there was soon another being on whose destiny she should exert a mighty and abiding influence. Captain Stewart, the father of the children, arrived from India. "Truth is stranger than fiction." He that has proved—and where is he who has not?—that our common, every-day life is characterised by passages of such romance that the novelist would scarcely dare invent, will not marvel that in Captain Stewart, Eva identified the heroic Cyril Vernon, who bore her in his arms from Morton Grange on the night of the conflagration. For the life he then saved, she had almost an equivalent *debt* of gratitude to place to his account. His first-born, now in all the pride and beauty of healthy boyhood, had escaped an abrupt and painful death through her intrepidity. And so it is: retribution and reward, even in this world, are dealt out to us according to the deeds we have wrought, far more evenly than many admit. Captain Stewart, on the death of a bachelor-uncle in India had succeeded to his property, and assumed with it the name of his relative.

The reader will guess the sequel. Captain Stewart, after being domesticated under the same roof with Eva, soon found that his riches would avail little as ministrant to his happiness, unless shared with the gentle Eva. Fortunately she reciprocated his feelings, and the bright and blissful courtship of a few months was ratified at the altar of St. George, Hanover Square.

Eva Stewart, while basking in the light of undimmed prosperity, never forgot the deep and solemn lesson she had acquired while treading the thorny path of poverty and sorrow—that "her feet had well nigh stumbled," that she would have been overborne by despair, had she not remembered and confided in the promise, that "time, faith, and energy, are the three friends God has given to the poor."

Hope of the Broken-Hearted.

BY MAYNE REID.

God of Heaven! has she perished,
All on earth I ever cherished?
Can a hope not yet be nourished?
Say not every hope is fled!
Friend—physician—save her—save her!
Oh! but knew you how I love her,
You would try your soul's endeavor!
It is vain then?—she is dead!

Dead and gone, I know not whither—
But her soul returns not hither!
Could I only follow thither,
Thither joying would I fly!
For in life is no more gladness—
And the world is filled with sadness!
Living longer would be madness,—
I am willing now to die!

Shrouded in her long dark tresses,
Feels she not my wild caresses?
Feels she not the lip that presses—
Presses hot upon her brow?
Hears she not my widowed mourning?
No! that eye once passion burning,
Not an answer is returning;
Coldly staring at me now.

Go! and tell me not that sorrow
Such as mine can ever borrow
Consolation from the morrow—
Morrow knows no joy for me:
For each day brings some fresh token,
That in vain kind words are spoken
To the heart that has been broken—
Ever broken must it be!

* * * * * *

I have seen what men call *fairest*—
Each may think his own the rarest—
But my soul conceived *her* nearest
The embodiment of love;
She is there still—look upon her!
For not yet decay hath won her—
And though death's damp hand is on her,
Does she not your pulses move?

Saw you e'er a cheek so tender?
Or a hand so white and slender?
Or a waist that would engender
Such a yearning to caress?
Saw you eye so liquid ever?
Or a lip so loving? Never!
'Twould have made your heart strings quiver
But in life that lip to press!

And she loved me—she had sworn it—
She had won my heart, and worn it—
Oh! the anguish that hath torn it,
They alone can know, who part
With the one and only being,
Who by Nature's kind decreeing
Hath been blended with their being,
And entwined around their heart.

She had neither father, mother—
Without sister, without brother,—
She and I were to each other
All the world and all its joy.
From our hearts each day united,

By our lips fresh vows were plighted—
And our souls, with love-delighted,
Never dreamt of its alloy.

Oft at midnight from my sleeping,
I have woke and found her weeping,
And her jealous vigil keeping
Keeping o'er me in my sleep—
For her love was ever zealous,
Never cold and barely jealous;
For the loss of such love tell us
Is it strange that now I weep?

Oh! then tell me not that sorrow
Such as mine can ever borrow
Consolation from the morrow—
Morrow knows no joy for me!
For each day brings some fresh token,
That in vain are kind words spoken,
To the heart that has been broken:
Ever broken it must be!

* * * * * *

And I know 'tis vain, and folly
Most profane and most unholy,
Thus to mourn, since fate hath lowly,
Lowly laid her lovely form;
Yet far vainer were the notion
That a life-time of devotion
Could allay the wild emotion,
Burning now my bosom warm.

No! I cannot cease to mourn her—
Though 'tis God's own hand hath torn her,
And His angel that hath borne her
To that home where angels dwell!
As I gaze—remembrance reading—
In her dark eye's painful pleading—
Fresh my heart begins its bleeding
And life seems a hopeless hell!

Oh! then tell me not that sorrow
Such as mine can ever borrow
Consolation from the morrow—
Morrow knows no joy for me:
For each day brings some fresh token
That in vain are kind words spoken
To the heart that has been broken—
Ever broken must it be!

* * * * * *

Time passes, and a hope (not earthly)
Dawns upon the bleeding heart.
More cheerfully the mourner resumes.—

And they tell me, I am lonely—
To the world I seem so only—
But I never can be lonely,
For by day, in dreams by night,
There's a love-born spirit near me—
And it seems to see and hear me—
While a dark eye smiles to cheer me
With its pure and holy light.

In the sun at mid-day brilliance,
Round me still its kind surveillance
Luring soon to sweetest dalliance
As when she was by my side:
And when night is closing o'er me,
In the darkling forms before me,
Then an angel watching o'er me
Seems my own sweet spirit-bride.

In the midnight deep and sombre—
In my lone and voiceless chamber—
Pouring bliss into my slumber—
O'er my bosom dark eyes beam,
Till my sense is drunk—yet aching,
With a thirst that knows no slaking,
And my giddy soul awaking,
Half denies it was a dream!

Could a love so well united—
For our very souls were plighted—
Could such love by death be blighted—
Blighted never more to bloom!
Oh! give me hope that's sweeter,
Tell me—tell me, I shall meet her,
And with burning kisses greet her,
In a land beyond the tomb!

Yes! amidst my desolation—
'Tis not fancy's false creation!—
That a strange sweet consolation
Heals my bleeding, broken heart;
And it tells me 'twill be given—
For our hearts thus rudely riven
To unite again in Heaven—
Never—never more to part!

OUR DEPARTED FRIENDS.

It is a beautiful thought that when our friends die, they are not wholly absent from us in this world, but that they sometimes linger about their old accustomed haunts, and the companions they still love here. This consoling idea is finely dwelt upon in the following stanzas, quoted from the Portsmouth Journal:

Forget not The Dead, who have loved, who have left us,
Who bend o'er us now from their bright homes above;
But believe, never doubt, that the God who bereft us,
Permits them to mingle with friends they still love.
Repeat their fond words, and their noble deeds cherish,
Speak pleasantly of those who left us in tears,—
From our lips their dear names other joys should not perish,
While Time bears our feet through the valley of years.

Dear friends of our Youth! can we cease to remember
The last look of life, and the low-whispered prayer—
Oh, cold be our hearts, as the ice of December,
When Love's tablets record no remembrances there.
Then forget not The Dead, who are evermore nigh us,
Still floating sometimes to our dream-haunted bed,—
In the loneliest hour, in the crowd they are by us,
Forget not The Dead! oh, Forget not The Dead!

The Little Hunch-Backed Girl.

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

"Oh, mother," said little Ellen, bursting into tears, and throwing her head into her mother's lap, "how happy I am, that there is a *Heaven*; and I wish I could go to it now; now, dear mother."

Mrs. G—— took the child in her arms, hardly able to speak for tears. She well knew the many trials to which her unoffending daughter was subjected, and she felt for her, as none but mothers similarly situated can feel.

"What has happened to disturb my dear? Who has spoken harshly to you?"

"No one—no one, mother. And I never mind it much when the little girls do call me names; they don't mean any harm. But, oh, mother, how I might be loved, were I as beautiful as cousin Mary. Aunt says I am a better child, more gentle and kind, but every body loves cousin Mary the moment they see her; and they smile upon her and often kiss her.—This morning, Mary and I were playing together, and a lady passed by with a sweet, pleasant face. I loved her as soon as I saw her. She stopped and praised Mary's pretty ringlets and bright eyes, and kissed her rosy cheeks. And then she looked pitifully at me, and said, 'Poor child.' Then, mother, I could not keep from weeping. And—and—she gave me some money. She *couldn't* love me, and so she gave me money!"

"Ellen—Ellen," said the widow, in the bitterness of feeling, "you will break my heart."

"Mother, will you take the money, and buy some clothes for little John, who comes to the door to beg? I shall never bear to think of it. And now, mother, I will read, and not feel unhappy any more."

"I am afraid it troubled Mary to see you so much grieved; had you not better go and speak to her, my dear?"

"Not now, mother; I am afraid she don't love me so much as I do her. When I turned to come away, she said, 'What a fool you are to feel so, Ellen; the lady might, in welcome, have given you the kisses, had she given me the money. I shouldn't mind having a hunch-back, if people would give *me* money.'"

"Poor Mary, I am afraid her beauty will be her ruin. Would you not rather be as your are, dear Ellen, than feel as Mary does?"

"Yes, indeed, mother. But I have tried to feel and think what you say is true, that the *good* are always loved: but, mother, you are mistaken, *beauty* is loved: people hardly ever think of goodness."

"My dear, people cannot tell how you think; they regard you as a mere child. I love you because you are a good and dutiful child. When you are older, others will love you because you will be amiable, useful, and pious. And remember, my dear, that our Father above can see within you a soul, far more beautiful than the body of your cousin Mary. And, in a few years, this covering of the body will be dropped, and we shall all see each other, not the bodies, but that part which is truly, really ourselves. And then, my dear, goodness will be beauty. Cannot my daughter wait patiently for that time?"

"Yes, mother, yes, so long as I have you to love: But I cannot stay long, to be loved by none but you, and pitied by all beside."

"My love, you will think less of the opinion of the world as you live longer. You will feel that we are placed here to do good to our fellow creatures, and be prepared for a better world."

"But, mother, can I ever stay to be as old as you are? I love the little birds, and the green trees, and pretty flowers, but still the world looks cold and dark, and I want to be away."

"My dear, we must wait our Father's time. Though your body is homely and deformed, God has made your spirit perfect, and that, you know, will never die, while the most beautiful body will soon crumble to dust. Think, my dear, of the great blessings you have received, and do not repine for those that are with-holden."

"I will, mother, and be grateful to God for giving me such a mother, who has taught me to be patient and contented under my trials. I might have been ill natured, and envied dear cousin Mary for her beauty, had God given me a different mother."

The widow pressed her closer and closer to her heart, and the child and mother wept long and bitterly.

"Ellen, many and many have been the tears I have shed over you in your infancy, for I well knew if your life was spared, all those trials awaited you. But my prayers, that you might be blessed with a spirit to bear them, have been answered. Your good aunt, with her beautiful Mary, is a less happy mother than yours, Ellen."

"I will be patient and happy, dear mother, that I may grieve you no more," said little Ellen, throwing her arms about her mother's neck. Poor Ellen was scarcely eight years old. She had been subjected, from infancy, to the thoughtless taunts of her young companions, and even when they forbore their unkind and inconsiderate remarks, they unconsciously wounded her sensitive nature, and helped to break her young and gentle spirit. She was indeed sorely stricken; her body was stunted and deformed, and her face, with the exception of a very sweet and intelligent expression, was remarkably plain. She became thoughtful, affectionate and contemplative, and dwelt so much on the holiness and happiness of Heaven, that she longed to lie down and die. The widow felt that the desire of the child would be gratified. She saw her little frame wasting away, and saw a bright, unnatural fire gathering in her eye, while her countenance sometimes wore an expression almost of beauty. Her young spirit seemed already disenthralled from every earthly passion and feeling, and glowed with an intensity of love, a stretch of intellect, and depth of thought, that seemed almost supernatural. Her sufferings were so slight she was able almost to the last, to go about the house, and busy herself with her books and flowers. A few moments before her death, she laid herself upon the sofa, saying—"Mother, I am weary, and will sleep."

The mother felt it was her last sleep. She kissed her cheek. Ellen opened her eyes, and looked up.

"Mother, you will be all alone when I am gone, but I shall be so happy you won't wish me back, dear mother. How very good our Father in Heaven is to let me go up so soon!"

She half raised her little arms, as if to embrace her mother—they fell back—little Ellen had left the body. Mrs. G—— felt she was indeed a widowed and childless woman, but she scarcely wept. She lived many years like one who felt she was a "stranger and a pilgrim" here, administering to the sick and relieving the wretched, and was at length buried by the side of her beloved husband and Ellen.

A HUSBAND'S TRIBUTE.

BY S. D. ANDERSON.

Here, in the quiet of our humble home,
How sweetly falls the sunlight of thy love;
Pure, as some star that's seen in skies above,
By longing eyes, that from the ocean's foam,
Look to its light, and wish no more to roam.
Calm and serene, it sheds a tranquil ray
Of dewy freshness, round each passing day;
As deeply ladened with their bliss they come,
And find us love-link'd in a peaceful land
Of which thou art the soul and centre—thou
More fondly lov'd as Time upon thy brow
Lays the rude impress of his whitening hand,
But leaves untouch'd the fountains of thy heart,
From which a thousand streams of love outstart.

THE DRUID FESTIVAL.

BY EDWARD J. PORTER.

Chapter I.

The last beams of the setting sun were bathing with their gorgeous hues the leaves of the sacred oaks, which formed a delightful grove of circular shape, the chosen retreat, and place of worship, of the Druids, near the west border of Caernarvonshire, when two men had seated themselves beneath the ample shade of one of its venerable trees.

One of them was of the middle size, and his drooping form and whitened locks told, in their own unequivocal language, that the bard Aneurin, for it was he, had long since passed the meridian of life. The other appeared to be a young man, of some twenty-two summers, tall, and of a fine, manly form: his long black hair fell in rich clusters over his shoulders, in accordance with the custom of that age, and his bright black eyes beamed with an intelligence unusual to youths of that darkened period.

"The priests have not been inactive on the eve of this grand festival," said the younger, addressing the bard—for it was the evening previous to one of the great festivals of the Druids, and preparations had already been made for the coming solemnities. The taste, as well as the ingenuity, of that class of the initiated, whose peculiar province it was to pay attention to such matters, had been taxed to the utmost, in order to render the present one of the most imposing spectacles, as well as one of the most solemn celebrations of the mystic rites of the Druidical belief. Arbors had been formed in various parts of the grove, adorned with wreaths of oak-leaves, interspersed with different kinds of flowers; while the branches and gnarled trunks of the old patriarchal oaks were hung with chaplets and festoons of the same delicately woven ornaments—"But I am determined on rescuing the young Isabel from the fate the haughty Archdruid would assign her, let the task cost what it may. She is too young, too beautiful, to die, even by the sacrificial knife, at the altar of the pretended deity, who exists but in the imagination of an ignorant and weak-minded race. She shall not die to-morrow, for I am prepared for any emergency."

"My son," said Aneurin, "the stern rule of the Archdruid is not less displeasing to me, than the late malpractices of which he is guilty are distressing to you, yet it does not become you to impugn the ancient faith of your fathers, nor to deny the existence of those lights of our being, whose reflections we wear on the soul. I am aware of the hatred which the Archdruid bore to the late Earl of Arvon, your lamented father, and my warmest friend. I know its cause; and I know that its malignity has not subsided now that the Earl is no more. It exhibits itself at every opportunity, and like the slumbering fires on the shrine of Lok, it awakens at every breath that passes over it, while each glare that it casts is more lurid than the last. But you should not forsake the religion of your sires, because its most elevated offices, and most sacred rites are performed by the base and intriguing Conon.—Its tenets are not the less pure, its creed is still untained, though delivered by the lips of the most profane. I fear you have lent too willing an ear to the teachings of that crafty Culdee, and reposed too implicit a confidence in his strange doctrines, and hence our revered religion is treated by you with so much mistrust and indifference."

"Eneurin," said the young Earl, "long before the Culdee came to our shores, I felt that there was a secret spring within me, which only required some friendly touch to call into action the power of its movements, like a vein of pure water lying secretly in the depths of the earth, until some chance excavator breaks the chain that enslaved it; then it gushes forth, invigorating and refreshing earth, tree and flower. But we came not here to discuss points of belief, and such converse had better been reserved for a more befitting opportunity. The danger of the Lady Isabel is the cause of our meeting, and to her safety be our deliberations given."

"Be it so, my son!" said Eneurin. "She is about to become the victim of malevolent feelings, rather than a peace offering to our gods; and I hesitate not to say that she should be rescued, and those who engage in delivering her from death, will confer a greater favor, will yield more infinite pleasure, to the guardian deities of our land, than by suffering her to be immolated at their altars. I am in possession of a secret which will thwart the dark designs of Conan, save the Lady Isabel, and hurl the contriver of the secret scheme from his proud elevation, crushed beneath the weight of his detestable machinations, and overwhelmed with the ruin and disgrace his deeds have long since merited. The part assigned to me in the drama of to-morrow, is to sing the sacrificial ode ere the fatal knife be lifted: but my voice shall be raised in accusation—it shall come to the ears of the accused like the deep-rolling thunder; and as the lightning of Heaven blights the tree that it touches, the truth of my words shall sear his perjured soul. Ere the morrow's sun shall set, the pride of the haughty Conan shall be humbled—the victim of his vile projections shall be saved—and the punishment due to his crimes shall attend his guilt."

"Be not too confident of success, Eneurin," said the Earl; "the plans of the wily Conan are too deeply laid to be foiled by such a plan as you propose. None but coercive measures can compel him to submit. You may, however, pursue your purpose: if that fail of success, mine will not. The morrow will prove which will be the more expedient."

At that moment a band of priests, dressed in white robes, and each wearing a chaplet of oak-leaves, approached, in the midst of whom was seen the Archdruid, bearing a branch of that sacred plant, the misletoe, without which they could not celebrate the rites of their religion. Half frantic with joy at having found the object of their search, they shouted rather than sung the hymns with which they usually hailed the harbinger of propitiation, and attendant of their mystic solemnities. The band approached nearer, and Eneurin rising, said to his companion—

"We had better depart, lest some listener should catch a wandering breath, and reveal too soon the purpose of our meeting, and the heartless Conan baffle our intentions by some counterplot, of which his craft is so productive."

They separated, and the bard proceeded slowly towards the grove to meet the procession; but the Earl remained to ponder on the perplexing difficulties of his situation, and the danger that threatened the Lady Isabel, the companion of his boyhood and the idol of his later years, who, by a cruel custom of the Druid sect, was selected for the morrow's sacrifice, to appease the wrath of their imaginary deities.

Chapter II.

The hour of sacrifice had at length arrived, and numbers of the Druids had assembled to participate in, or witness the pageantry and splendor with which they were accustomed to celebrate such solemnities. Groups of priests might have been seen, engaged in some offices, in almost every portion of the grove. Here stood some half a dozen, dressed in their long white robes, chanting hymns; there, another group, arraying the images of their gods with garlands of oak-leaves; while, in the centre, a third performed several mystic evolutions around the principal altar, near which lay the sacred misletoe. In front of the altar sat the bards, on rude stone benches, leaning on their harps, and waiting for some particular part of the celebration, when the spirit of the lyre was to be poured forth in song to the presiding deity of the day.

In the mean time, a procession of young maidens, attended by the Archdruid, and some priest of the higher order, approached the grove. In their midst moved the Lady Isabel. Her dark brown hair fell in massy curls over her rounded shoulders, through the waves of which, at times, her snowy neck shone out, like half-caught glimpses of the moon, when some ragged cloud receives her, and fain would hide her liquid light from earth. Her form was erect, but her Indian step, as well as the pale hue that had usurped the place of the rose on her cheek, told plainly that it was not without reluctance she became the victim of that day's sacrifice, though the Druids neglected no opportunity of reminding her of the duty she owed to her country's gods, and that their decrees should be received with perfect resignation. Thus was she led on, in the first years of youthful loveliness, to yield up her pure spirit at the shrines of her country's gods, beneath the sacrificing knife of the Druid priest. The procession halted at some distance from the grove, for they did not suffer the uninitiated to enter their sacred precincts; and then it was that the little remaining fortitude of Isabel gave way. It was there that she was to take leave for ever of her friends—and having done that, was to be consigned to the grave. It was there that the memory of former years—the long-cherished hopes and fond aspirations of her youthful soul flowed back upon her in all their primeval freshness. Urged on by the impatient priests, she at length bade them all adieu, and having distributed to each some token whereby to remember her, was then borne to her station at the altar in a state of insensibility. The Archdruid having ascended his chair, with a smiling countenance, where lurked as much of malicious triumph as of secret satisfaction, congratulated, in a grave, hypocritical tone, the unconscious maiden—whose impregnable virtue had foiled and humbled him—for the signal honor which the divinities had conferred upon her, in selecting her as the offering of that great day. He then motioned with his hand for the ceremonies to proceed, and took his seat.

It was then that the bard Eneurin rose, and trembling with the consciousness of the duties he had to perform, instead of singing the ode usual on such occasions, thus addressed the assembly:

"Priests and ministers of the ever-living gods of heaven, and guardians of earth! Hear me for a moment ere a deed be committed which you cannot undo—ere a life be taken away which you cannot restore—ere the secret machinations of guilt triumph over unsuspecting innocence. We should have met to consecrate this day to the worship of our country's gods, with purity of intention, sincerity of heart, and a consciousness that our devotion would prove acceptable to the deities we adore. What intimation, what proof have we that the ceremonies of this day are agreeable to them? Has the sacred misletoe, the heaven-sent harbinger of peace to man, proclaimed that they were desirous of our celebrating this their festival? The misletoe has not appeared. That mystic messenger has not revealed to earth the propitiation of heaven. The all-wise beings of that glorious sphere refuse their sanction to this celebration. Need I tell you whence came the branch which graces the altar of to-day? It was plucked at an undue season, kept fresh and green by the fostering care of the Archdruid himself, placed on a tree, and torn from its pretended place of birth by his own hand, to aid a darker design, which no heart but his alone could conceive, and no hand but his put in execution. All, all is known to me."

"Despicable reptile!" cried the Archdruid, no longer able to restrain his rage, and trembling for fear of farther revelations of his crimes, "how darest thou insult the majesty of heaven, with thy slanderous accusations of its minister? How darest thou to impeach in such a place, and at such an hour, one whose irreproachable name and stainless character are well known to all assembled here! Select then a more proper time, and more suitable place, where the truth of thy words shall be tested; and the ordeal of fire shall proclaim my innocence to the world, and pronounce its direful, though well-merited sentence, on the author of such vile falsehoods. Cease, then, ingrate, to interrupt further the sacred ceremonies we are now engaged in." Then turning to the priest at the altar, said, "Madoc! proceed with the sacrifice, nor list the wild ravings of yon frantic maniac."

He then resumed his seat, while a murmur of disapprobation rose from the entire congregation, at the conduct of Eneurin, and Madoc, raising the knife slowly, was about plunging it in the heart of Isabel, when the voice of Eneurin arrested his purpose.

"Friends," cried he, in a voice of thunder, "I am aware of the punishment due to those who accuse falsely, yet I fear not; and I charge you to beware how you trifle with my warning to you. Beware of injuring the Lady Isabel; for here, in the presence of this august assembly, and in the very face of the divinities, I solemnly declare that the Lady Isabel is not the victim those deities require. The Archdruid himself, breathing the very spirit of incarnate wickedness, has contrived that she should die this day—but heaven has raised one voice against him in defence of the innocent maiden."

Upon this the Archdruid, calling down maledictions upon the head of Eneurin, rushed from his seat, and snatching up the knife, which had fallen from the hand of Madoc, was about to put his horrible design into execution, when he fell prostrate before the altar, stunned by the blow of a mace, from one who had come there in the garb of a bard, and held the weapon concealed beneath the folds of his garments. The next moment a band of fifty archers sprung from their places of concealment, and surrounded the grove in all directions.

The confusion created by the appearance of the archers, may be more easily conceived than described. The Druids fled in all directions, leaving the intruders in possession of their grove. The pseudo bard, having laid aside his harp and long flowing robes, carried the fainting form of his long-loved Isabel to one of the rude benches, and having prepared a litter, had her removed to his castle, where their nuptials were celebrated with unequalled pomp and festivity, when she had sufficiently recovered from the shock she had sustained; and the old bard Eneurin, whose task it had been, some time before, to sing the dirge of the lady Isabel, sung sweetly to his unrivalled harp, a splendid nuptial hymn at her bridal.

In the meantime, the Archdruid met with deserved punishment at the hands of the Druid synod, which was convened shortly afterwards, for his trial—and the office was conferred on one who filled the chair with honor, which the hated Conan had disgraced.

The Earl and his beautiful bride lived a long time at the Castle of Arvon, and never did the lovely Isabel give her deliverer reason to regret that he had won for his bride the victim of the Druid Festival.

THE MEMORY OF THE PAST.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

One balmy summer night, Mary,
  Just as the risen moon
Had cast aside her fleecy veil,
  We left the gay saloon,
And, in a green sequester'd spot,
  Beneath a drooping tree,
Fond words were breathed, by you forgot,
  That still are dear to me, Mary,
  That still are dear to me.

Oh we were happy then, Mary—
  Time linger'd on his way,
To crowd a life-time in a night,
  Whole ages in a day!
If star and sun would set and rise
  Thus in our after years,
This world would be a paradise,
  And not a vale of tears, Mary,
  And not a vale of tears.

I live but in the past, Mary—
  The glorious days of old!
When love was hoarded in the heart,
  As misers hoard their gold:
And often, like a bridal train,
  To music soft and low,
The by-gone moments cross my brain,
  In all their summer glow, Mary,
  In all their summer glow.

These visions form and fade, Mary,
  As ages come stealing on
To bring the light and leave the shade
  Of days for ever gone!
The poet's brow may wear at last
  The bays that round it fall;
But love has rose-buds of the past
  Far dearer than them all, Mary,
  Far dearer than them all.

DEAR FATHER, DRINK NO MORE.

Dear Father! "drink no more," I pray,
  It makes you look so sad;
Come home, and "drink no more," I say,
  'Twill make dear mother glad.

Dear Father! think how sick you've been,
  What aches and pains you know!
Oh! "drink no more," and then you'll find
  A home where'er you go.

Dear Father! think of mother's tears,
  How oft and sad they flow!
Oh! "drink no more," then will her grief
  No longer rack her so.

Dear Father! think what would become
  Of me, were you to die;
Without a father, friend, or home,
  Beneath the chilly sky?

Dear Father! do not turn away,
  Nor think from me to roam;
Oh! "drink no more," by night or day,
  Now come—let us go home.

Dear Father! "drink no more," I pray,
  It makes you look so sad:
Come home, and "drink no more," I say,
  'Twill make that home so glad!

Thus spake in tenderness the child—
  The drunkard's heart was mov'd,
He signed the pledge! he wept! he smiled!
  And kissed the boy he loved!

THE GOLD PENCIL CASE.

BY CAROLINE ORNE.

"How provoking!" said Hester Draper, who was sitting in the drawing room with her mother and her sister Emma, "that Lucy Mead should take it into her head to be married just as Emma and I want our ball dresses made. I don't believe, could we have our choice of a thousand, that we should find another girl able to turn her hand to every kind of needle-work as she did, and do it as well and as expeditiously. Do, mamma, for once, break over your usual custom, and let Miss Liscomb finish as well as fit our dresses."

"No," replied Mrs. Draper, "her prices are so high I cannot let her finish them, unless you will consent to dispense with the flounces of *point d'An-*

flounces, or the new evening dresses you talk of having. I am, as you know, trying to make up a sum to purchase some new window curtains, which cannot be done, unless we are very economical."

"Dispense with the flounces!" said Hester. "That I shall never consent to do—Emma can do as she pleases."

"If we cannot succeed in finding some one to supply the place of Lucy Mead," replied Emma, "I am willing to do without them."

"We must find some one to supply her place," said Hester, "and here comes cousin Charles, just at the right moment."

As she spoke, Charles Harleigh, a young man of an elegant figure, and prepossessing countenance entered the apartment.

"I am glad you have called," said Hester, "for we are all so busy we cannot go out, so we want you to go to the Intelligence Office, and see if some one has not applied for a situation, who will supply the place of our old seamstress, Lucy Mead. Unless we can obtain some one, Emma and I will be unable to attend to attend the ball."

"Do sit down a minute, Charles," said Mrs. Draper.

"No, I thank you," he replied, "I prefer to attend to Hester's request immediately."

"As we shall not have sewing enough to employ a girl all the time," said Mrs. Draper," please try to ascertain if there is not some one who can give lessons in music and drawing, and, perhaps, French.—Clementine and Mary are both old enough to begin to attend to them, and we cannot afford to hire a person on purpose."

"But, why not send them to school!" said Charles. "We have schools now, where all the branches you mentioned, are taught."

"If they go to school," replied Mrs. Draper, "they must associate with everybody and anybody. Besides, I consider it decidedly more genteel to have a governess, and you know if we have a girl to do our sewing, she can pass for their governess."

"I will be very particular in my enquiries," said Charles, as he left the room.

"Don't forget to call and report your success," said Hester, calling after him.

After an absence of more than an hour, Charles returned.

"Has any one applied at the office who will answer?" enquired Hester.

"As nearly as I can judge by the description given by Mr. Burt, I think there has," replied Charles.

"Let us hear it," said Emma.

"To begin with: her name is Gertrude Denham—she is about twenty-two, and would like to give lessons in music or drawing, or one of the modern languages."

"But that is all nothing," said Hester, "if she cannot sew."

"Go, on, Charles," said Mrs. Draper.

"If she cannot find employment at giving lessons in these, she will be willing to teach the primary branches of education, or even to do any kind of plain or ornamental needle-work, she being under the necessity of immediately engaging in some employment."

"If she can do everything she says she can," said Mrs. Draper, "she will go beyond Lucy Mead."

"I suspect," said Hester, "that her acquirements will on trial, prove to be of a very humble order.—Persons who can do every thing, seldom do anything well, and I shall be half afraid to let her touch my rich white satin dress."

"I will let her try her skill on mine," said Emma.

"She is so anxious to obtain employment," said Mrs. Draper, "that I shouldn't wonder if she were willing to receive lower wages than we gave Lucy Mead."

"Did you leave word for her to come?" said Hester.

"Yes," replied Charles. "Mr. Burt said that he would send her word if she didn't call, so that she will probably be here by four o'clock."

"I hope she is pretty," said Emma. "Lucy Mead had such a sweet face, it gave me pleasure to look at her."

"It is certainly very desirable to be eclipsed by a seamstress," said Hester, sneeringly.

"It is now nearly four," said Emma, "and you must stay, Charles, till Miss Denham comes, for I have made up my mind to like her, and I want somebody on my side."

"You speak as if you imagined a thing of course, for him to think as you do," said Hester.

"O, no I don't," said Emma, earnestly, but"—

Here she stopt, for a moment's reflection told her that it would not be quite discreet to say that Charles would not be prejudiced against her on account of her humble situation, as it might imply that her mother and sister would.

"I wish, Emma," said Mrs. Draper, "that you would break yourself of the habit you have of late contracted of leaving your sentences unfinished—it is really very impolite."

Charles, whose curiosity was a good deal excited relative to Gertrude Denham, quietly seated himself by the fireside on the strength of Emma's invitation.

"Come, Emma," said Hester, "if you are going to have your dress made first, you must order a fire to be made in the back parlor, for if she don't begin it this evening, she won't have time to finish it in season to make mine."

"It is, as yet, very uncertain whether I engage her or not," said Mrs. Draper. "I certainly shall not, unless her appearance and price both please me."

"We can take her a week on trial," said Hester; "which will be long enough for her to finish the dresses, and then, if we think we shall not be satisfied with her, we can dismiss her."

The fire was accordingly ordered to be kindled in the back parlor, and soon afterwards a girl entered and said that there was a lady at the door who wished to speak with Mrs. Draper.

"It is the seamstress, I suppose," said Hester, "and if it was a washerwoman, Janet would call her a lady."

"She looks like a lady," said Janet, by way of vindicating herself for the supposed mistake.

"You may go and tell her to come in," said Mrs. Draper.

Janet withdrew, and soon returned, conducting a young girl, who certainly, in spite of her faded mourning-dress, looked as the girl had said, like a lady.

"I apprehend," said Mrs. Draper, "that you are the person who applied to Mr. Burt's intelligence office for a situation?"

She replied that she was.

"And your name is?"

"Gertrude Denham."

"Yes, I recollect, now. You can, of course, refer me to some person of respectability, of whom I can make whatever enquiry respecting you I may deem necessary."

"I cannot," she replied; "I am a stranger in this city, having, till within a few months, resided in a distant town."

"And have you neither friend nor relation here?"

"Not one. My parents are both dead, and my only brother, I have reason to fear, has perished at sea."

"Under such circumstances," said Mrs. Draper, "it is very singular that you should come to a large city, where you are unknown."

"I came here with my father," replied Gertrude, "who died a few weeks after we arrived. He had, a short time before, engaged in some speculation, which swept away the whole of a large property."

"A mighty plausible story," said Mrs. Draper, aside to her daughter Hester, "and I shall believe just as much of it as I please. I don't think it will be prudent to engage her."

And without waiting for Hester's answer, she again turned to Gertrude.

"I believe," said she, that under existing circumstances, I shall be obliged to decline engaging you. The mother of four daughters—to say nothing of our son, whom I consider more particularly under his father's charge—holds a responsible situation, and should admit no person into the family who cannot come well recommended."

A look of resentment and wounded pride was for a moment visible in Gertrude's countenance, while obeying the impulse of her feelings, she rose from her chair, in order to immediately leave the house. The thought, however, of her friendless and destitute situation immediately rose up before her, and in a voice rendered almost inaudible from emotion, she entreated Mrs. Draper to at least, permit her to stay a few days.

"Now, mother," said Hester, in an under tone, "the dresses must and shall be done—at least, mine shall; so what is the use of speaking about responsibility and all that, just as if your daughters were going to be influenced for either good or bad by a seamstress."

"But she is to teach Clementine and Mary, who, as they are much younger than you are, may be more easily influenced. Besides, if I throw difficulties in the way, it will increase her anxiety to come, and enable me to engage her at a much lower price than I otherwise should. Upon the whole, young woman," said she, addressing Gertrude, "if you will engage to teach my two younger daughters music, drawing and French, in addition to the common branches of education, and will attend to little George's reading and spelling, and will fill up the intervals by sewing, for two dollars a week, you may remain a short time."

Emma's cheek deepened almost to crimson when she heard the price proposed by her mother, it being considerably less than what Lucy Mead received merely as a seamstress.

"I must accept your terms," replied Gertrude; "though I hoped that you would feel able to offer a little more."

"I cannot see that it would be any real advantage to you to receive more," said Mrs. Draper. "You will have your board, of course, and as we always have our washing done in the house, that will occasion you no extra expense. Half what I offer you will be enough, or ought to be, to furnish you with suitable clothing."

Though Mrs. Draper could not see that it would be any advantage to her to receive more, Gertrude could see perfectly well, she having, since her father died, although she had parted with all the more valuable articles of her clothing, contracted a debt for board amounting to nearly fifty-dollars, which the woman with which she had boarded had for some time been impatient to receive. She, however, saw that it would be useless to endeavor to enlist Mrs. Draper's sympathy by any further explanation of her peculiarly forlorn and unhappy situation, and, therefore, remained silent.

"It is a matter of very little consequence to me whether you accept my offer or not," said Mrs. Draper," after a short silence," as there are alawys a great number of young women, destitute of employment, who will be glad to come for less. On the whole, I think I may as well look further."

"I do accept your offer," said Gertrude, beginning to fear that, after all, Mrs. Draper would reject her.

Mrs. Draper, without replying, rang the bell.

"Janet," said she, when the girl made her appearance, "show this young woman to her room—the same that was Lucy Mead's."

"She is so nervous she will never be able to do anything as it ought to be done," said Hester, as soon as Gertrude had left the room. "Did you mind, Charles, how she trembled!"

"I did," he replied, "but I dare say that the infirmity may be remedied by a little kind treatment.

"Miss Denham," said Emma, "if I mistake not, is one of those persons I have heard Aunt Harleigh speak about, who needs something more to make her happy, than what is generally understood by the term good treatment. She requires sympathy, the same as I should were I an orphan and cast friendless upon the world."

Emma received no reply, though Hester, by a certain motion of her head, and curl of her lips, told as plainly as words could have done, that she considered sympathy a very unreasonable want in a person like Gertrude Denham.

"If you please, Miss Denham," said Mrs. Draper, after tea, "I should like, now Mr. Draper is in, for you to give us a specimen of your skill on the piano before you go back to your sewing."

Gertrude immediately took her seat at the instrument. At first her hands trembled, and her execution was timid and uncertain. Mrs. Draper, with a slight shrug of the shoulders, looked at her husband, who had laid down the newspaper he had just taken up, to listen to the new performer, but his eye being steadily fixed upon Gertrude, he did not notice the look of his wife. The music, however, soon began to carry with it its own animating and soothing influence, and the broken and uncertain notes were gradually exchanged for one of those airs, which, once heard, must ever afterwards, even through a whole life-time, haunt with its sweetness the lonely hours of those who love music. Mr. Draper, Emma and Charles, who were all keenly alive to the power of the divine art, were "not aware of fingers and strings"—they only heard the music; but Mrs. Draper, to whom the mechanical part was all in all, watched the delicate fingers of Gertrude, as they lightly touched the keys, and she too was satisfied. As for Hester, she had almost immediately left the room, that she might examine what Gertrude had done on Emma's dress.

When Gertrude had withdrawn, Mr. Draper again took up the newspaper, but was unable to fix his thoughts upon its contents. While in the midst of a a fit of musing, Mrs. Draper re-entered the apartment.

"I think," said he, "that young lady's name is Gertrude Denham?"

"It is—why do you ask?"

"Because it struck me that she looks exactly as my cousin, Harriet Lee, did at her age. Harriet removed with her parents to one of the Western States, and I heard that she was soon afterwards married. The first time I have an opportunity, I must enquire of her a little concerning her pedigree, for I should not wonder if she were my cousin's daughter."

"Now, Mr. Draper," said his wife, "for the credit of Hester and Emma, who have just entered society, I beg that you will not try to trace a relationship between them and a poor seamstress, who would probably have the art, should she get a hint of the matter, to make it appear that she is your cousin's daughter, if she is not."

Mr. Draper prudently refrained from pursuing the subject, and as he afterwards recollected that Elton was the name of the gentleman whom his cousin married, he relinquished the idea of making the intended enquiries.

Several weeks passed away, and Gertrude was so fortunate as to give Mrs. Draper and Hester entire tisfaction. Her mornings were spent in the school-room, and Clementine and Mary not only improved in the common branches of education, but began to make some progress in music and drawing. Her afternoons and evenings were devoted to needle-work, embracing every variety, from the hemming of a plain handkerchief up to the most delicate embroidery, which alone, as Mrs. Draper found on making an estimate which she communicated confidentially to Hester, saved them more than twice her wages.

Gertrude never passed a day without being weary and worn, added to which, she suffered much anxiety of mind, on account of Mrs. Grover, the woman with whom she had boarded, who constantly harassed her for her pay. She hoped at the expiration of three months, Mrs. Draper would offer her what would then be due, and Mrs. Grover, though she really needed the money, was at last induced to wait till then.

The day which closed the three months arrived, and like those which had preceded it, was spent in unremitting toil. It was nearly nine o'clock, and not a word had been said by Mrs. Draper relative to paying her, though Mr. Draper, who was very exact in all his dealings, had in the morning handed her the money for that purpose. The truth was, she had laid it aside with the sum she was trying to make up to purchase the window curtains.

Gertrude turned pale and trembled, when Janet entered the room and told her that there was a woman at the door who wished to speak with her.

"Who is it?" enquired Mrs. Draper.

"I don't know her name," replied Janet. "It is the woman who has called to see Miss Denham so many times."

"I wish she would keep away," said Hester. "If there is anything I particularly wish to have completed, she is sure to come and take Miss Denham off her work."

"She says she *must* see her," said Janet.

Gertrude rose, then hesitated a moment, and turned towards Mrs. Draper, with the intention to ask her if she could make it convenient to pay her, but there was something in the lady's countenance so forbidding—an expression she knew well how to assume—that her courage failed her, and she left the room without speaking.

"Run, Emma, and listen," said Mrs. Draper, "and try to find out what that vulgar-looking woman wants of her so often."

"Why, mamma," said Emma, "you would not make an eaves-dropper of me."

"What would be the harm?" said Hester. "There is no need of your going though, for I know what she wants. It is the woman she used to board with, and she has come for her pay, I suppose."

The conversation was here interrupted by the return of Gertrude.

"The person at the door," said she, "is the woman with whom I formerly boarded. I am still indebted to her, and have no means of paying her."

"Then she must wait, of course," Mrs. Draper coolly replied.

"She has waited a good while," said Gertrude, "and I thought that perhaps you might make it convenient to pay me the three months' wages now due."

"You thought wrong then," replied Mrs. Draper, "for it would be very inconvenient. I have made my arrangements to pay you at the close of the year, and cannot a minute sooner."

The look of hopelessness and distress depicted in Gertrude's countenance as she turned to leave the room, was an appeal too powerful to the sympathising heart of Emma to be resisted, and quietly rising from her chair, she succeeded in stealing out of the room without exciting observation.

"I have eighteen dollars," said she to Gertrude, whom she overtook just as she had reached the door where Mrs. Grover stood waiting, "which papa gave me to purchase a few articles which I can very well do without. Wait one minute, and I will run and get them."

When she returned, "Not a word, dear Gertrude," said she, as the latter began to remonstrate—"four times the sum would only be your due."

Mrs. Grover received the money with many apologies, saying that she would be glad to wait till Miss Denham could pay her, but that a widow with four small children found it difficult to get along such hard times.

"I shall tell papa all about it, the first chance I have, but I wouldn't have mamma and Hester know what I have done for the world," said Emma, in a low voice to Gertrude. She spoke loud enough, however, to be overheard by Mrs. Grover.

"They will never find out by me, I will promise you," said she, "so you may rest perfectly easy on that score," and repeating the thanks she had already rendered, she bade them good-night.

The following day, Emma received a letter from a Miss Harwood, her favorite correspondent, who, being on the eve of marriage, was very desirous that her friend should be one of the bridesmaids. Emma applied to her father, who gave permission for her to go, and promised to furnish her with the necessary funds.

"I came near forgetting to leave the money for Emma, which I promised her," said Mr. Draper, turning back, and addressing his wife as he was about to leave the house, on the morning of his daughter's intended departure. "Here are twenty dollars which I will thank you to hand her."

In a minute afterwards, Emma came running down stairs in great haste.

"Where is papa?" said she.

"He is gone," replied her mother.

"And without leaving the money he promised me. What shall I do?"

"You don't need any," replied her mother. "He gave you eighteen dollars a few days ago, which will be ample to defray the expenses of your journey both to and from Mr. Harwood's."

Emma raised her eyes, and as they met her mother's stern and piercing glance, the sudden resolution she had formed of telling her what she had done with the eighteen dollars, died away. By running over in her mind the quantity of change contained in her purse, she found she had enough to carry her to the place of destination, and she determined within herself to write to her father when she wished to return, to furnish her with the means. She took an affectionate leave of Gertrude, who saw her depart with deep regret, for except her pupils, Clementine and Mary, and little George, she seldom saw any person but Mrs. Draper and Hester. Charles Harleigh, when he thought his aunt and cousin would probably be in the little back parlor, where Gertrude spent every afternoon and evening, would sometimes call for an hour or two, and these were the *only* intervals cheered by a single ray of sunshine. Even to him, they soon became the hours most dearly prized, and as every word and action evinced the purity and delicacy of Gertrude's mind, he made no effort to subdue a partiality which soon ripened into the most ardent affection, and which one of less just and liberal views, might have considered degrading on account of her humble situation.

Three weeks had passed thus, when one day, among other letters for the family, was one from Emma to Gertrude, from which we give the subjoined extract:

"Letitia Harwood is to be married next Thursday, and the day following I should like to start for home; but will you believe me, dear Gertrude, I have not a shilling in the world. More than a week since, I wrote to papa, to remind him of the promise he made to supply me with funds for my journey. By return of mail I received an answer from mamma, saying that she had read my letter, and should say nothing about it to my father, as I already had more than I ought to expend. Will you, my dear Gertrude, hand him the enclosed note? In it, as you may see, for I give you permission to read it, I have told him all about the eighteen dollars, which I confess I have not the courage to explain to my mother, even were I sure it would not be productive of any unpleasant consequences to you.

"I received a letter from my cousin Charles a few days since, in which he said a great deal about a certain person, which, though I long to tell you, I shall reserve for personal communication."

Unfortunately, Mr Draper was out of town, and the time of his return uncertain; and as Emma's generosity to herself had been the means of involving her in her present unpleasant dilemma, Gertrude felt it to be a duty to make the only effort in her power to assist her. The only thing of value she had in the world was a gold pencil-case, which had been given to her by her mother. It was marked with the initials of her mother's name, which was Harriet Denham, and was the only memento of her beloved parent that she had been able to retain. It was, moreover, associated in her mind with several touching incidents, which rendered it not only a dear, but sacred gift, and she would have endured almost any annoyance or privation, rather than to part with it. Now, however, she did not hesitate, and taking the pencil case from the box in which it had been locked, she put on her bonnet and shawl, and slipped from the house, as she thought, unobserved. As it was still quite early in the morning, there would be time for her to a pawnbroker's shop, which was at no great distance, before it would be time for her to meet her pupils in the school-room. The original price of the pencil-case was eighteen dollars; but five dollars was all that Mr Hawkes, the pawnbroker, was willing to advance, if he complied with her request for him to give her an opportunity to redeem it at the expiration of eight months.

As Gertrude was about to leave the shop, she saw Hester passing slowly along on the opposite side-walk. She immediately drew back, and remained till she had passed, uncertain whether she had observed her or not. When she returned, she wrote a few hasty lines to Emma, and enclosed the five dollars in the letter, which she hoped to be able, after tea, to carry to the Post Office, before it would be time to commence her evening task.

"Where can Miss Denham be?" said Hester to her mother. "This cloak must be finished to-night, and she ought to have been at work a quarter of an hour ago."

"I guess she has gone out," said Janet, who had entered with a fresh supply of coals, "for I saw her pass through the hall just now with her bonnet on."

"That reminds me that I saw her in a pawnbroker's shop this morning," said Hester. "Stop a minute, Janet, while I make a memorandum of some articles I wish you to get at Miss White's."

While speaking, she furnished herself with a slip of paper, and then looked for her pencil in her work-box, where she usually kept it. Not finding it, as the pencil was contained in a valuable gold case, every other probable place was searched, but without success.

"Have you no suspicion where it is gone?" said Hester, after she had dismissed Janet.

"I don't know that I have," replied her mother.

"Don't you know that I told you I saw our seamstress in a pawnbroker's shop this morning?"

"Yes, I recollect now, and I think it does not need the aid of magic to tell where it is gone."

"I will know before I sleep," said Hester. "I will go to the pawnbroker's myself, for a pencil-case that cost eighteen dollars, is more than I can afford to lose, and as it is marked with the initials of my name, and is of an antique pattern, there will not be the least difficulty in identifying it."

"If you are determined to go," said her mother, "you had better take John with you, as it is now quite dark."

As Hester left the room by one door, Gertrude entered it by another, with her face flushed and breathing quick and short, as if she had been walking very fast.

A woman entered the pawnbroker's shop at the moment Hester arrived at the door, whom she immediately recognised as Mrs. Grover, with whom Gertrude had boarded.

"I hope," said Mrs. Grover, addressing Mr. Hawkes, "that you have not sold my silver spoons yet, for I very unexpectedly received a few dollars this evening, and have come to redeem them."

"No, I have not sold them," replied Mr. Hawkes, "though I came very near selling them this morning."

"Did not a young woman, by the name of Gertrude Denham, formerly board with you?" enquired Hester of Mrs. Grover.

Mrs. Grover answered in the affirmative.

"For a very particular reason," said Hester, "I should like to know if she has lately paid you any part of what she owes you?"

"And for a very particular reason," replied Mrs. Grover, who recalled what Emma had said when she gave the money to Gertrude, "I had rather not tell."

"Just as you please, but you may possibly be obliged to tell before long." Hester now turned to Mr. Hawkes, and enquired if a young woman did not call on him that morning in a faded mourning dress.

"Mourning dresses are so common," he replied, "that really I cannot recollect. Cannot you make your description a little more particular?"

"The person I allude to is somewhat taller than I am, and has quite an air with her, that some would call lady-like."

"I think I do recollect such a person."

"And do you remember for what purpose she called on you?"

"I do, distinctly."

"It was, I suspect, to sell or pledge some article?"

"That is what persons generally call on me for," he replied.

"May I ask what the article was?"

"Pardon me," he replied, "but as most persons generally feel some delicacy as regards such transactions, I don't feel myself at liberty to tell."

"I think I know without being told," said Hester, "that it was a gold pencil case."

"As you seem to be well acquainted with the transaction, it will be no harm for me to confess that it was a gold pencil case."

"Will you permit me to see it?"

Mr. Hawkes hesitated. "I promised," said he, "not to exhibit it to any person's inspection, till the expiration of eight months, when I shall be at liberty to sell it, if not redeemed."

"I have reason to believe," said Hester, "that the pencil case belongs to me."

"If you can prove it belongs to you, and will refund the five dollars I advanced on it, I shall certainly make no objection to restoring it to you. If you will favor me with a description of the pencil case that belongs to you, I can readily tell whether it is the one in my possession."

"The one I lost is marked with the initials of my name."

"As you have never honored me with a call before, I am not certain that I recognise you."

"My name, sir, is Hester Draper, and I am the daughter of Mr. William Draper, the merchant."

"Yes, I know Mr Draper very well. The pencil case is probably yours, then, for I recollect that it is marked with the initials 'H. D.' There can be no trouble, I think, for as the young woman has hardly had time to spend the money yet, it can easily be recovered."

"She has, I have no doubt, parted with every cent of it," said Hester, "to the woman who was in here a few minutes ago, who, as you will remember, said that she had received some money very unexpectedly this evening, and who in a very brazen-faced manner refused to tell me who paid it to her."

"Yes, I recollect—but give yourself no uneasiness—all shall be made right, I assure you;"—and bowing very low, he retired to his writing-desk, which was in a distant corner of the apartment, where his attention appeared to be wholly absorbed in the contents of an open ledger.

When Hester reached home, she found her mother in the drawing-room with Charles Harleigh, who had just returned from a short journey.

"I have sent to have our seamstress join us," said she to her mother, with a meaning smile.

In a few minutes Gertrude made her appearance. Charles rose at her entrance and exchanged with her the compliments of the evening with a warmth and interest that formed a striking contrast to the cold greeting he had bestowed upon Hester. The latter, though extremely piqued, inwardly exulted in the thought that she had it in her power to take her revenge.

"I wish to ask you a question," said she to Gertrude.

Gertrude raised her eyes with a look that implied a proper degree of attention.

"Did you not leave a gold pencil case in pledge at the pawnbroker's this morning?" said Hester.

A faint blush broke through the paleness of Gertrude's countenance as she replied that she did.

"I thought that it would be impossible for her to have the effrontery to deny it," said Hester, to her mother. "As I suspected, I found that the pencil case which I lost was in the keeping of Mr. Hawkes."

"Is it possible," said Gertrude, "that you can suspect that it was your pencil case I pledged?"

"I did suspect it," replied Hester, "but my suspicion now amounts to certainty. I saw you in Mr. Hawkes' shop this morning, and he confessed to me that you left a gold pencil case marked with the initials of my name."

"How unfortunate a coincidence," said Gertrude, "my pencil case was marked H. D., for Harriet Denham, which was my mother's name."

"Your assertion is of as little consequence as it is easily made," said Mrs. Draper.

"The assertion of one poor and friendless like myself," said Gertrude, "is, I suppose of no consequence when opposed to Miss Draper's?"

"Why didn't you request Mr. Hawkes to let you take the pencil case home?" said Mrs. Draper.

"I did, but he would not let it go out of his hands till he received the money back which he advanced on it."

"How much did he say it was?" enquired Mrs. Draper.

"Five dollars."

"Miss Denham," said Mrs. Draper, "as the five dollars you received by right belong to my daughter, you will be so obliging as to hand them to her."

"The pencil case," said Gertrude, "as I have already said, was my own, and I have already disposed of the money I have received for it."

"Will you have the complaisance to tell us in what manner you disposed of it?" said Mrs. Draper.

"I don't feel myself at liberty to tell," replied Gertrude.

"Surely," said Charles Harleigh, speaking for the first time, "it is quite immaterial what she did with the money, as the manner of its appropriation can neither prove nor disprove anything that regards the pencil case."

"There is another thing, however," said Mrs. Draper, "that is not quite so immaterial. I think that you will agree with me, that the purloining of an article worth eighteen dollars, is too grave an offence to go unpunished."

"Oh, madam," said Gertrude, turning pale, "can you possibly intend to make the matter public?"

"Why not?" said Mrs. Draper.

"Because, however appearances may be against me, I am innocent. Spare me, and I will labor for you, unremittingly, for months, and even years to come, without any compensation."

"I don't choose," replied Mrs. Draper, "to be bribed into making myself a shield for vice.—Charles, you will oblige me by taking the necessary steps for her arrest."

"Pardon me, Aunt," he replied, "if I decline obeying your request, as I am as well convinced of Miss Denham's innocence, as I am of my own. Let the matter be thoroughly, but privately investigated, and I have no doubt but that her innocence will be made manifest."

"Very well," said Mrs. Draper, "if you don't feel disposed to oblige me, I must find some person that will. If Mr. Draper was only at home—but he won't be here for more than a week. One thing, however, I am determined on, and that is, not to give shelter another night to one who has proved herself so undeserving of the kindness she has so lavishly received."

"I am ready to go at any moment," said Gertrude.

"No doubt," replied Hester, "you would be glad to give us the slip, but we prefer to have you suitably escorted."

At this crisis, Mr. Draper unexpectedly entered upon the scene.

"My dear Gertrude," said he, as soon as he had had time to observe her, "what makes you look so distressed and agitated?"

The kind manner in which Mr. Draper addressed her, overcame what little firmness she had been able to assume, and burying her face in her hands, she she gave way to a paroxysm of tears as violent as uncontrollable.

"What is the meaning of this?" enquired Mr. Draper of his wife.

In reply, she gave him to understand that Gertrude had taken the liberty to pawn Hester's gold pencil-case.

"And did she do this," said he, "after you had paid her her quarter's salary, which I handed you for that purpose?"

"I have not yet paid her," said Mrs. Draper, "but that was no excuse."

"It was, at least, a temptation," he replied; "and if tempted to guilt through your negligence, we should, I think, deal leniently with her."

"It was for her good that I withheld it," said Mrs Draper. "At the close of the year, it was my intention to pay her the whole, which would have been much better for her than to have received it by degrees."

"I think you will be sorry for what has happened," said Mr. Draper, "when I tell you she proves to be our relation."

"Our relation!" said Mrs. Draper and Hester, both at once.

"Yes, I have ascertained that she is the daughter of a cousin, who was once as dear to me as an own sister. Her name, as you have often heard me mention, was Harriet Lee, and she married a gentleman by the name of Elton, who afterwards, though I did not know the circumstance, had his name altered to Denham, at the request of an uncle, who promised, in return, to make his will in his nephew's favor. That uncle has, I find, recently died, so that my cousin Gertrude, if she have no brother nor sister, may, at any time she pleases, take possession of a property which is, at least, worth a hundred thousand dollars."

It was amusing to see the change which this last announcement made in the deportment of Mrs. Draper and Hester. The severe and stern expression of Mrs. Draper's countenance at once vanished, and in a subdued whisper she began to express her regret to Charles Harleigh respecting the pencil case, saying that, after all, she thought it better be passed over as lightly as possible. As for Gertrude, while the shadow of so degrading a crime hung over her, nothing had power to cheer her. The dark picture which the suggestions of Mrs Draper had brought up before her, was one which could admit no ray of sunshine.

"I am not of your opinion," said Charles, in reply to his aunt. "Instead of passing it over lightly, I should, as I have already recommended, give it a thorough and patient investigation, as I have no doubt, could all the circumstances be laid bare, that they would not only prove Miss Denham's innocence, but be an honor to her character."

He was rewarded by a single glance from Gertrude, which told him how deeply she valued his good opinion. Mrs. Draper, who noted all that passed with a vigilant eye, could not, though the hundred thousand dollars were glittering in the back ground, forbear a supercilious toss of her head, while Hester, who was less guarded, was about to make some remark which would have betrayed her vexation, when Clementine entered with a pencil-sketch in her hand, which, having elicited the praise of her instructress, she wished to exhibit. As she crossed the apartment, Charles imagined he saw the top of a gold pencil case partly hidden by her fingers, which were clasped over it, the remainder being passed beneath the sleeve of her dress. Though the little girl resisted him he drew it from its hiding place, and finding that it was marked with the initials of Hester's name, he quietly presented it to her.

"Clementine," said Hester, in an angry voice, "how came you by this?"

Clementine hung her head, but little George, who had climbed upon his father's knee, said,

"I know."

"Tell then," said his father.

"Hester," said he, "laid it down on the table where John puts the letters and papers when he brings them from the Post Office, while she peeped into a letter that was for Miss Denham, so Clementine saw it and took it to draw with, because she said she liked it better than she did her own."

The angry looks which Hester bestowed upon the child, while he innocently disclosed the attempt she had made to gratify her curiosity, was entirely lost upon him, conscious as he was, that, from the profound attention with which all listened to him, he was delivering an important piece of information.

A few days afterwards, as the same party were sitting together, some vehicle was heard to stop opposite the house. Charles, who went to the door, soon returned accompanied by Emma and a young gentleman, whose countenance bore a striking resemblance to Gertrude's. The word "brother," which broke from her lips, as she sprang forward to meet him, confirmed the suspicion which his looks had excited in those present.

The story was quickly told. Impelled by that spirit of adventure which often induces the youth who has been nurtured in the lap of ease and luxury to exchange his pleasant home for the privations and perils of the sea, he embarked in a vessel bound for China. A gentleman who intended to spend several years in that country, offered him a lucrative situation, which he accepted. He sent letters to his parents and sister by the same vessel that he went out in, which being wrecked, and all on board having perished, he was supposed to be of the number.—Letters subsequently sent, failed to reach them: so that they continued to believe that he had found a grave in the ocean. While on his way to the town where he expected that his parents and sister were still living, he met with an old acquaintance, a nephew to the Mr. Harwood, at whose house, Emma was then a guest. The nephew introduced him to his uncle and family, and his name, as well as his close resemblance to Gertrude, soon led to remarks and inquiries on the part of Emma which revealed to her who he was.

Shortly after Gertrude had retired to her chamber, she heard a light tap at her door. She opened it, and Emma entered with a letter in her hand.

"You must read this, dear Gertrude," said she, "now you are an heiress, as it will show you that my Cousin Charles was able to appreciate your worth amid all the disadvantages of poverty and dependence, and that he had fully made up his mind to offer you his hand. We have known each other from childhood, and though I may be somewhat blinded by partiality, I think—and it is saying a great deal—that he is worthy of you."

About three months after this, a young lady entered the shop of Miss Liscomb, one of the most fashionable dressmaker's in the city.

"I should think," said she to Miss Liscomb, "that the dress you have in hand must be a bridal dress?"

"It is," she replied, "and look, here is another exactly like it. They are the richest lace that has been brought into my shop for the season, and are, of course, to be worn over white satin."

"They are very beautiful," replied the lady, "who can they be for?"

"One is for a Miss Gertrude Denham, who has for some months been engaged to Charles Harleigh, the other is for Emma Draper, who is going to be married to Miss Denham's brother, who besides a very handsome property which he is said to have accumulated in China, found himself on his return heir to fifty thousand dollars, a like sum having fallen to his sister."

"I am very glad," said the lady; "that Emma Draper is going to marry so well, for she is, I have been told, as good and amiable as she is pretty. As for the other lady, I never saw her, but it strikes me that I have heard that the Draper's had a governess by the name of Denham."

They had, and Gertrude Denham is the very person."

"And has it not been whispered, that taking advantage of her friendless situation, Mrs. Draper and her eldest daughter treated her very ungenerously?"

"I make it a rule," replied Miss Liscomb, "to be silent relative to all matters of that nature where my employers are concerned—but one thing I may say, and that is, however ungenerously Miss Denham may have been treated, she is quite above retaliating."

JANE GRAHAM;

OR,

I Shan't Marry "that" Man.

BY KATE

"I shan't do it."

"Do what, you vixen!"

"Marry that man."

"Who wants you to?"

"Nobody."

"Great need of will about it, then!"

"Or rather a waste of the commodity, you may think."

"Just so. From your tone, I judge you are in earnest."

"And so I am."

"Yet nobody wants you."

"Not so certain of that."

"Some one, not worth taking?"

"Not that, either."

"Pretty ado you make about nothing. You won't marry somebody, who at the same time don't want you."

"Suit yourself about positions. But I say again, I won't marry that man."

"Enlighten me. Who is it you are disposed to honor so highly by a refusal?"

"Charles Wentworth."

"Has he proposed?"

"No."

"Rather premature in the refusal, methinks."

"This letter tells me he is on his way here, for no other mortal reason."

"Have you ever see him?"

"No."

"Engaged by proxy?"

"Yes, an uncle of mine, blessed with more cash than sense, took it into his head that Charles and I would make a fine pair to torment each other, all that's needful for this life, so he named us as equal heirs, in case we married. I fancy I am woman enough to choose my own husband, and if he was half a man he would say so in regard to his own partner for life."

"Perhaps he is coming to look for himself, and tell you he is man enough for that."

"He takes a deal of trouble, if his only object is to get a peep at the animal mentioned in the documents as an incumbrance."

"Then you won't see him?"

"Not if I can help."

"Has he written you?"

"Yes, there's his letter."

"Poor fellow—he has the worst of it, after all."

"How so? Isn't it bad enough to be speculated upon as a cash article? What can he have worse, I pray?

"If he is a man of delicacy, and his letter bespeaks it, he feels the awkwardness of the thing as much as you."

"Let him prove it then, that's all. It looks to me vastly like wishing to secure a fortune."

"What say you to playing him a trick to try his spirit?"

"Anything on earth, if so be I am rid of him."

"And you won't marry him?"

"No. Shall I tell you again?"

"That's sufficiently emphatic. By your voluntary relinquishment, I conclude whoever wins may wear?"

"Precisely."

"Hear my plan, then. I'll be Miss Jane Graham for the time being, and you plain Anna Cleaveland. If it's the fortune he wants, Miss Lucy Graham pro tem will outwit him."

"Good. By a little management we can make the plan work finely. Old Margaret don't much fancy what she calls 'selling a white body outright,' so she is safe; John must come into the secret, and then good-bye to Mr. Charles Wentworth and his pretensions."

"If he abide the trial, what then?"

"Fate will determine, I suppose."

"When does he arrive?"

"To-morrow. Plenty of time to arrange matters."

"Yes, and as fortune favors the brave, who knows but one of us will win."

The merry girls clapped their hands for joy, at the bare idea of playing a trick upon our luckless hero, while he, poor fellow, as innocent of all blame as need be, was only doing his part, because he felt obliged to. No wish of his led him to comply with his benefactor's request. It was only a simple act of courtesy to the lady, and if she had a spark of delicacy, he was sure she would refuse, and both go their ways in peace. So reasoned Charles Wentworth. His ideas of women were too exalted to admit of her being an article of merchandise, consigned in a bill of sale, as one would a bale of cotton. Besides, as Jane Graham said a decent man would feel, he vastly preferred to choose for himself. He couldn't love an angel, if selected for him by another, and he was sure Miss Graham was no angel. She might be sordid enough to wish to avail herself of the opportunity to possess at the same time a fortune and a husband; but he would not marry her, not he: or if he couldn't in decency help it, he would apply for a divorce the hour after the ceremony was performed. What silly airs a body will assume when conscious of their own importance, and how often a body is made to swallow pretty strong speeches. Did Charles Wentworth keep his word? We shall see.

The girls found no difficulty in making old Margaret coincide with their wishes; but John, the coachman, could not bear to see his old master's daughter only Anna Cleaveland. True, he loved Anna almost as well—still his reverence was too large to allow of such encroachments on family rights. At length, however, he came round, and on condition that the game should be short, agreed to transfer his service to the Miss Graham to be.

By a process almost as expeditious as the modern mode of telegraphing, they were informed of the arrival of Mr. Wentworth at the village inn. Soon after came his card, desiring an interview with Miss Graham. As previously arranged, both girls were in the room when he was announced. The pro tem Miss Graham, with wonderful gravity introduced her friend, Miss Cleavland, who immediately assumed her part in the entertainment of the evening, which, despite the awkward errand they perfectly understood to be the cause of his visit, passed off pleasantly.

Surprised at the lateness of the hour, Wentworth took leave, with a request to be permitted to see Miss Graham on the morrow, and his eyes asked the same of Anna, but his lips did not. He was evidently exceedingly pleased with the latter, though his attentions were mostly confined to the to him Miss Graham.

"Are you sorry you changed conditions with me, Jane?" said Anna.

"Not a bit. I must confess, though, that he is very agreeable."

"Just the man for me. He is frank, courteous and agreeable—three very desirable qualities."

"Perhaps you will regret your metamorphose?"

"Perhaps so. Yet if I've any skill in determining symptoms, I shall be but second best. The plain Anna Cleavland will be the winner if she will."

"She can be won for love, not money."

"So be it, then; but remember, if I forego the pleasure of winning a lover because I chance to wear your honors, I shall deserve a bountiful recompense."

"The fortune goes with the rejected. That you are welcome to."

As Wentworth returned to his lodgings, his thoughts naturally remained with the ladies, whose society he had really enjoyed. Were it not for the awkward construction Miss Graham would put upon his motives, he could really fancy her. She was graceful, dignified and complaisant; but her friend, Miss Cleavland, charmed him with her frankness of manner and brilliancy of wit. To make proposals to the former, involved mercenary motives. To the latter, no such considerations could possibly accrue. His dreams that night were more or less influenced by the events of the evening, and it is no particular matter of wonder that he fancied himself the accepted suitor of the pretty Anna Cleavland. Dream-land is thickly populated, everybody knows; and its density of inhabitants must account for the strange confusion which attends some of their more prominent actions. It's well the laws of our land are not strictly enforced in that region—else some folks would find themselves arraigned for rather queer offences. At any rate, Charles Wentworth thanked his stars he was not accountable for the injudicious acts he knew himself to be guilty of while within its limits. What the particular crimes were, is not my province to relate—and if the culprit don't confess, the world must go unenlightened.—The sharers in his midnight wanderings fortunately lost all consciousness of them long before daylight, even if they knew at all,—and were quite too busy with their own affairs to meddle with other people's. Smith's Philosophy of Dreams, with his descriptions of remarkable hallucinations, were for once thrown into the shade by the fancy flights of the sleepers in question that night. I'll not answer for the half of them, and will be bound they could not either.

The next morning Charles Wentworth was an early visitor. Miss Graham was engaged, but her friend Anna helped to beguile the tedium of the morning. In fact, so interested did they become, that they forgot Miss Graham was absent till she apologized in person. That day Wentworth forgot to go for his dinner, having, by the bye, bespoken the same with the ladies he was visiting. The errand which he had journeyed so far to perform was again forgotten. And that night found him more enamoured than before with the merry, pretty Anna. She on her part congratulated herself that she was not obliged to receive his attentions as a consequent on the unlucky clause in her uncle's will. By the deceit practised, she could learn more of his real character—and judge his moral worth without the drawback of constantly reflecting that she was, after all, but a consideration in trade.

Day after day passed without bringing matters much nearer a conclusion. Riding, walking, singing and dancing, lent their aid, in the way of pleasant variety—till Wentworth found himself quite domesticated.

At length, as if for the first time aware of the impropriety of her course, he resolved on making the effort to broach matters to Miss Graham. His request for a private interview was followed by a speedy arrangement to that effect. He began by a brief allusion to the circumstances of her uncle's decease, and the motives which prompted him to seek her society. He regretted the dilemma in which both were placed, and begged she would forgive him, if aught he had to say gave her offence. Under different and more favorable auspices, he could not say what his feelings might have been

the whole matter savored too much of a mere business transaction to suit the taste of either. From the agreeable acquaintance he had formed, he was led to cherish high respect for her as a lady, and would ever be proud to acknowledge her as a highly-esteemed friend. But in the holy relationship proposed by the deceased, he must in all candor confess he had no wish to urge her to enter. The generous fortune connected with the gift of her hand under such circumstances, was no consideration, and he cheerfully relinquished all to her.

He could not bear that the sharer of his fortune should be a sort of dowry—neither could she, he was sure, be pleased with proffers of attachment from him, under circumstances that must necessarily make him appear mercenary, whatever his true motives might be. He was perfectly aware of the almost ungentlemanly conduct he must seem to be guilty of in thus yielding up a claim on her, for love or anything else, ere he had ascertained whether he had rendered himself agreeable. If she would pardon him for it all, he would assume the responsibility of the rejection, and bear the obliquy, if there were such in the eyes of the world. His agitation of manner, together with his respectful and feeling tone of voice, convinced his listener of his perfect sincerity, and while she keenly felt the almost unwomanly predicament in which she was placed, she assured him of the high regard she must ever cherish for his manly conduct. His feelings perfectly coincided with her own. She could never consent to be disposed of by the will of another; so that the rejection would be mutual. It would always afford her pleasure to be numbered among his friends, and now that the barrier to confidence and friendly attachment was removed, she would be happy to continue his acquaintance, with the familiarity their mutual understanding would warrant.

As Wentworth rose to take leave, he begged the favor of a moment's conversation with Miss Cleveland, which was most cheerfully acceded to. He hardly knew how to begin, as his past interview with Miss Graham had completely disarranged him. Without the slightest disparagement to the charms of her friend, Miss Graham, he begged to be allowed to confess the deep interest he felt for her—and if it were not asking too much, he hoped she would allow him to believe he was not altogether indifferent to her. From the delightful companionship of the few past days he had come to feel how much he could appreciate the same for life. It was premature for him to say that, but if she would only allow him to hope for her favor, he trusted he might be able to prove the sincerity of his regard, though quite sure a life-time would be too short to illustrate the depth and fervency of his attachment.

Poor Anna was overwhelmed by the earnest appeal thus made, as well as a sense of the false relation she had assumed. To him, she was only Miss Cleveland, and as such, received the highest honor a noble minded man can pay a woman. Convinced of his perfect honor, she reproached herself for the wrong she had done him—and this mingling of feeling kept her silent.

Unconscious of the mental operation through which she was passing, Wentworth waited with evident anxiety for a reply.

The tears that forced themselves through her fingers, in spite of Anna's effort to hide them, betrayed her.

Construing them as tokens of sorrow, he approached her, begging her forgiveness, and reproaching himself as the most unfortunate of men. One word and he would leave her—though by so doing he cast aside all hope of happiness. His deep love would lead him to consult her wishes rather than his own; and this, he trusted, would convince her that his words were not mere profession.

Thus appealed to, who could resist? Not many; and Anna was not of that number. Placing her hand in that of Wentworth's, she briefly related the whole manœuvre of which she had been guilty. She would not take advantage of his ignorance: if he could love her for just what she was, she could ask no more.

"Not Anna! Not Anna!" repeated Wentworth.—"To me you are such, and as such have I learned to love you. Speak my fate, and if need be, I am ready to say farewell!"

"There is no need of it, unless you choose."

"Bless you for these words; but"—pshaw! the talk of lovers don't look well in print.

* * * * *

Anna Cleveland, the rejected Miss Graham, is malicious enough to tell Wentworth to this day, that he was perfectly aware which was which, and that he undoubtedly discovered the "crock of gold"—as most men have wonderful penetration in such matters.

Reader, have you found out whether Jane Graham did marry that man? If so, let me assure you, he didn't get a divorce the next day.

THE ORIGIN OF FLOWERS.

INSCRIBED TO MISS ——.

BY EDWARD J. PORTER.

They say that the flowers which I twine for thee now,
Were in earlier ages unknown to earth's brow;
Till the light of earth's maidens drew down from their spheres,
The thoughts of the angels to shine round them here.

And each thought, in those love-breathing moments that fell,
Through the bright air, bore with it a power and a spell,
To gaze from the earth, to some bright being's eyes,
And breathe forth a lover's fond, passionate sighs.

Then how can love's language more sweetly steal forth,
Than from gems that have breathed it from earliest birth!
Then list while they whisper the wish, and the vow—
What they said once for angels, they breathe for me now!

SUMMERVILLE, S. C.

THE TWIN ORPHANS;

OR,

Traits of the Sailor's Character.

BY H. F. WELD.

Chapter I.

The brigs Nereus and Mohawk were lying in port on the N. W. together, and had been for many days. Both vessels belonged to one owner, and while the one was now, after three years' absence, to return home, the other was to remain trading upon the coast. Both vessels were alike short-handed, and an agreement had been made between the masters, to draft two men from the remaining vessel to man the homeward bound. The Mohawks were the last comers, and her crew were called aft, and in a few words the captain expressed his wishes, stating farther that it should remain with them to decide which should be the two. The day was given to them to spend as they chose, and the crew of the Nereus had a similar indulgence.

Liberty with "Jack" is liberty; and to answer his ideas of the same, he must be ashore, if it were on a sand beach even. Now leaving the skippers to overhaul documents, and the mates to write letters, and the remaining functionaries, the cooks and stewards, to talk of Philadelphia, which they are sure to visit when in funds, we will go ashore with the liberty men. Wherever a whaleman may put in to refit, or a chance merchantman may stop to trade, it may with safety be averred a pulqueria or grog-shop is to be found; and here, begging Jack's pardon for the same, you may be sure to find him. So having paid the way why, we will cross the threshhold of Don Jones's groggery, and for the time being seat ourselves with the two crews.—"Hold on a bit," not too fast with your conclusions; we are not about to join a riotous set of vagabonds, but the reverse—intelligent, honest, generous tars, men who would honor any calling, and who are here for the very reason that on shore there is no other place for them.

Homeward bound and outward bound are conversing together, and if you will listen, you will find one theme mostly discussed, home. Yes, here are those destined to be absent, dictating kind messages and affectionate regards to friends, and as each dilates upon the good qualities of mother, wife, or sweetheart, as the case may be, you may believe as he says, that in his opinion there never was sweetheart, wife, or mother, who could compete with his.

The question as to who should embark in the returning vessel has been decided by lot; though to look about on the contented faces of the group, it would be a difficult matter to determine who were the fortunate ones, so buoyant is the sailor's character. It had been a hard trial to some, and one boy had retired to give vent to his feelings unperceived. Young to his profession, he had been months absent on his first cruise; not from home—for home he had none.

"I say, shipmates, but wont I have a time then!" said Bill Smith. He was one of the fortunate ones. He did not leave home in the ship, but had joined on the coast, and was known to have a handsome sum when he shipped. "Once in Boston, I take my land tacks aboard and bear for the country.—Here I am, my old gal, says I, and do you see this, handing over the blunt; well, the standing part of that goes for making you comfortable, and I will lay back in the shade."

"Well, Bill, long as we've sailed together, I never heard of your wife afore," remarks one.

"No more should you, then, my good fellow, but you will allow me to have a mother, and I'm *blowed* if I believe there ever was a better mother, with a worse son to wallop than I've been. I say, though, did you mind how that youngster cried?"

"No."

"Take my word for it, '*mates*,' but his heart is in the right place. If it was not for my old mother, God bless her, I would give him my chance, and stop the cruise with you."

At this moment, the lad in question entered the room; his tears were dried, though their traces were not effaced.

"Round too here, my lad," said Smith, "and give me your flipper. Don't hang down your head, a bantum—never be ashamed of a good heart; there's not the man here but likes you all the better for what you couldn't hide the while ago; and if Bill Smith hadn't a poor old mother on a lee shore, d'ye see he would give his chance up to you. Now, then, I will tell you what you must do. You just tell me how the land lays, and after I've seen my mother all right, I will find yours. I will tell her what a fine lad you have grown; what a good ship you have got, and the best ship's company to sail with I ever knew. She shall know her boy ain't forgot her; and you must send something to please her."

"I have no mother!" sobbed the little fellow.

"Well, your father, then, my boy."

"There is nobody cares for me but my poor twin-sister; my father died when we were children."

"Tell me where she is, and I will find her."

"Oh, she is in the *work-house*!" and no longer able to restrain his tears, he burst out crying afresh.

The lad's lonely state, and his tears for his sister, brought tears in turn from most of his listeners, and caused the thoughts of many to revert to their scenes of home and years of boyhood; and as they drew nearer, there was not one that did not pity him sincerely, and feel the regard they all entertained for him strengthened.

The boy at length looked up and earnestly regarding Smith, said—

"Tell me, will you indeed see her?"

"Aye! my lad, and there is my hand on it"—and whilst the right hand was proffered for his grasp, the left brushed away an unbidden tear.

"Then, Smith," said the boy, "I will ask the captain to pay me, and you will give the Squire the money, and tell him he shall have all I can earn if he will take my sister from the work-house. She can earn something, and my wages will help the rest. You don't know indeed how I feel when I think of her, with nobody to care for her in the work-house, and me so well off with you all so kind to me."

"Ship-mates," said Smith, exultingly, "I was right when I said his heart was in the right place; and now cheer up, my lad; but blubber a bit *I* must, and I don't care who does see it. I count myself a man, but this youngster is more of a man at heart than me, and how do I know how it goes with my old mother? Here, before all hands, I promise to do all for both of you that man can. Aye, I'll be a brother to you—so make yourself easy about your sister; she shall not only leave the work-house, but I will lay a plan that shall keep her clear on't. Do you mind, my mother's roof shall be a lee for her. Now, then, my boy, don't give it another thought; and meantime, just tell us all your life and how 'twas brought about that you fell so far to leeward."

"Aye, aye, my boy, tell us all about it; 'twill lighten your heart, and mayhap we can plan something for you," said the rest.

"I cannot remember my father," said the lad, "but mother used to often speak of him. She told us how when he died they sold his house and land to pay his debts. Mother hired a small house, and kept a school for children and took in sewing."

"We were poor but happy, and we never wanted for clothes or food. We had a small garden and a shed, and they left mother a cow. In the summer the cow used to run in the street, and sister and me helped to take care of the garden. When the farmers got their hay in I worked with one and another, and they gave us hay enough to last all the winter.

"We were ten years old when mother died. She was sick a long time: a kind neighbor took care of her all the while. We did not know how sick she was until we were led to her bedside when she was dying. The kind woman that took care of my mother staid there till the last. Well, the day mother was buried, she took us home with her, and then she told us we could not go to our old home any more. I remember I stole away and went down the lane toward the house, but seeing the Squire and two other men come out, I was frightened and hid. I saw the Squire lock the door, and put the key in his pocket; and one of the men turned the cow out and drove her off. They threw stones at poor Rover, our old dog, but they could not drive him far, and before they were out of the lane he had come back and laid down on the door-step. After they had gone, I went and laid down with Rover, and then I felt how lonely I was in the world, and it seemed as if my heart would break. I staid there a long time: it was dark when my sister came for me—for they watched me, and knew where I was.

"We tried hard to make Rover follow us—he would come a little way, then look up and whine, and go back again. I remember sister began to cry, and then I left off and took hold of her hand and said things to her I could not feel, to make her less unhappy, as we walked to the kind neighbors had taken us to her home.

day I used to steal away and go down to and always carry something for Rover— at he followed me to my new home. We were treated very kindly, and we promised we would cry no more, and I kept my word till one day in going down the lane, I saw them putting all my mother's things in a pile before the door. Rover ran to the house and barked so he frightened them; he went in and they could not drive him away. I had stopped and did not dare somehow to go close to the house, and they called me, saying if I did not come and take the dog, they would kill him. I went and had to tie a string round his neck and drag him away. I tried not to cry, but I could not help it—One man spoke kindly to me and asked me if there was any thing he should buy for me, 'for,' said he, 'the law was that the things must all be sold to pay the doctor and other debts of the estate.' I asked him to get me the big Bible that had our names and father and mother's in it, because I knew it would please sister, as we took turns to read to mother out of it. It was the last thing mother asked us to do when she lay dying, and the minister who was there shewed us what to read. He said he would buy it, and he did, and brought it to us.

"Well, we staid a good while with the kind woman who took us, who was poor herself. At last some of the folks who used to help her, said if she kept us, they would help her no longer, and we might all go to the work-house together. None of the farmers round would take us: they all said we were too small to be of any use. It was like a second death to us when we left her roof for the work-house; but as some of the neighbors had told me how things were, I made my mind up that it was my place to go, and sister agreed with me. The day was fixed on, and our second mother bid us good night the night before hand, telling us where our bread and milk would be in the morning, as she should run into a neighbors so as not to see us when we left.—That night after she thought us asleep, I heard her pray for us.

"Well, we breakfasted, and with full hearts took our road for the work-house—poor Rover following us. I kept my spirits up on account of sister, until we were in the yard, when I saw my faithful dog cudgelled out, and the gate shut; I felt so bad I could not hold in longer, but cried loud and long. Although they had taken us from our friend's house, they could not from her kind heart and remembrance, and every Sunday we were allowed to visit her and read to her.

"At last I took it into my head to run away, and got my sister's consent only, when I promised to come back and take her out. Our benefactress, when I told her, at first objected, as she said boys that went to sea forgot their friends; but at last she said I might. Now, in the work-house there was a good deal of yarn spun, and stockings and mittens knit, which were sent down to Boston to sell by the wagon that used to go with cheese, and such things to market. The driver had long before said he would take me, and help me when we got to the city. So one morning I started, and with my kind friend's blessing and half a dozen pair of socks she knit me, bid good-bye to my native town. The driver kept his word—he looked out for me in Boston till Mr. Titcomb, the Shipping Master, hearing my story, got me a chance in this brig."

"I like that old woman, though," said Bill, "and never fear, my lad, but she has kept an eye to windward for your sister. So give me her name, and I will see her too."

"Her name was Gray."

"Gray!—where did she hail from?"

"From"—

"God bless her, and you too, my boy!—tell me if she was hearty—for it is the first word a runaway son has heard for many a long day of his good old mother. Truly, she could say that sailors forget their friends. If but living, she shall never have room to complain again. Tell me, my boy, does she wear well?"

"Yes, many is the time that I have heard her speak of the good health she enjoyed."

"That's it—hurrah!" shouted the worthy tar, giving vent to his feelings. "Now, then, Don Jones, let it be your best—and we will all drink to a happy old age to her."

"Aye, will we," said another of the sailors; "and mind, shipmate, to tell her that the Mohawks, man and boy, will give her a call when we get in. It will be a first rate lark to charter a coach and take a turn inland; and we shall see a shipmate's sister at the same time, and what ain't ship-shape, we'll put to rights. Now, then, here's the 'old *gal*,' and the young 'un. A dock berth to the one, and a weather set to the other."

Like a band of brothers, with their joys and sorrows in common, all joined in the rejoicing; and Bill and the boy had to shake hands, and receive the congratulations of all again and again.

"Now, messmates," said he who had called himself Smith, "one thing more. I've got a new ship, and there could not be a better time to drop my purser's name—the more so, as I feel right proud of my mother's. For my part, now, with the youngster, I should like to go aboard and see if the skipper will pay him off."

"Heave ahead, my hearty! We will all go with you, for the Mohawks have got a word to say to the old man, too."

The two masters had arranged their business affairs, and sat abaft on the hen-coop; while the mates of both crafts stood chatting in the waist.

"You did not tell the men to be off at this time, did you?" said the masters.

"No, sir, not this three hours," responded the mates. I expect they want to finish their frolic aboard."

"Just see dat, now!" said the cook, "dem boys can't get along widout me;" and the good-natured negro brought a fiddle as black as himself from its hiding-place, and proceeded to put it in tune.

"Supper first, doctor," said the Captain, in a pleasant tone.

"Aye, aye, sar!" and the cook's funnel became a smoke-pipe, while the hiss of the fry-pan struck the ear, though now and then another sound was faintly heard to emanate from the same office, not unlike the twang of a fiddle-string.

The boats had gained the side, and the gangway was thronged with happy faces. As soon as all were aboard, they proceeded aft in a body, stopping and removing their hats when within a few feet of the masters.

"Well, men, have you settled who is to go?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now, then, what else is in the wind?—out with it at once—short yarns."

"Well, d'ye see, sir," said Gray, advancing and leading the youngster forward, while the rest closed round—"we've all got a favor to ask for this boy, if you please. If you have no objection, we'd like to have his wages paid, or an order for them given for me to take home for him."

"So modest a request as that I can't listen to without a sufficient reason," said the captain; "another thing, the boy is under age."

Gray now backed his request by a repitition of the boy's story, not forgetting in his honest pride the share his mother bore in it. A glance of approval was exchanged between the masters, and the request was granted. The men as yet did not retire, and one old tar took the place of Gray.

"Well, Ashton, as you now seem to be the man, what do you want?"

"I would ask a half month's pay for each of the Mohawks, if you please, Captain, to send home to the youngster's sister."

"Why, Ashton, do you know what you're about? Tell us frankly what notion you've got in your head?"

"Well, you see, sir, we've talked the matter over, and thought as how what we could raise put with the lad's wages, would set the gal clear of the land sharks; and put her in the millenary way, or such like as Gray's mother thought best. You see what friends they has are 'hard a weather,' and any of us would feel bad at heart of a night watch, if we'd only one sister to think of, and her's a case like this."

"Cheerfully, my good fellow, will I grant your request; and you are a noble set of fellows to feel so, and count me as one of you"—

"The whole ship's company, if you please, Captain," said the mate.

"The Nereus ask the same favor," said another; "the same amount for the same purpose."

"With the same unanimity," rejoined their Captain, "and they shall have it. We will see to drawing up the proper letters, and you, my boys, will feel happy in thinking you have saved an orphan girl a life of degradation. Away with you, now."

They barely cleared the quarter-deck, when all hands, with hats off, made the bay ring again with three hearty cheers, while the shores responded in distinct echoes, as if nature rejoiced with, and in her own noblemen.

"Stopper that!" shouted the mate; "get your suppers, and we will see who is the best dancer." And the eve of their liberty day was a happy one.

The morrow's dawn saw the Nereus canvass-capped, a cloud in the horizon.

Chapter II.

It would be as utterly impossible to paint the joy of Gray's mother, upon meeting her son, on his return, as it would the gratitude of the orphan girl at finding herself again an inmate of Mrs. Gray's cottage, and an apprentice to the milliner, as well clad as any of the girls in her station, and by far happier, for she had known adversity. The runaway son became strangly attached to home for more than one reason. All the reckless habits of the sailor were forgotten, and 'ere the return of the Mohawk, he trod the quarter-deck an officer; while the work-house girl that was, but awaited a brother's return to become the wife of his former shipmate and friend.

It was summer, and the quiet of the little village where the parties resided was such that one might have ventured on a snooze in the road, if so inclined, 'thout placing himself in great jeopardy. Gray at home, daily employed about the little gar- in front of his mother's cottage. At one of its windows was to be seen a blooming girl plying the needle, while at the other sat a comely old matron, conning over an old-fashioned massive Bible. On the threshold lay the house-dog—not the attenuated and quaint Rover of former days, but as sleek and well-conditioned a dog as you would wish to see.

The cottage of Mrs. Gray was not singular in its repose, for the same air of quiet reigned throughout the place. That quiet was suddenly broken in upon, however; clouds of dust filled the open windows, and some little went down the mouths, and entered the eyes of the gaping curious, who thrust their heads out of these apertures. The village curs barked, and the dirty little urchins halloed; while the elder part of the population were lost in astonishment, their curiosity excited to such a degree, that while the 'Squire was out doors without his wig, his daughter forgot her hair was in papers.—Miss Griggs never thought that her arms were bare and her hands covered with dough: and the very belle of the town ran into the road with her red arm encased in a stocking she was mending. What blushing, simpering, graceful manœuvering was displayed, by the different parties, upon a return to consciousness, as they retreated to their various domicils!

The city resident will smile when informed that the cause of this commotion was the passing of an omnibus. But then it was the first that ever appeared in their streets, and was no ordinary one, either, but very large, and very gaudy, and drawn by six white horses—and the lead horses were decorated with two miniature flags, while from a flag-staff erect on top of the carriage floated the union jack. As it passed, music and song had been heard. It now drew near the cottage of Mother Gray, before it became visible to the family. The burthen of a well-known song caused "Bill" to drop his spade, his mother her book, and the girl her needle; while old Rover looked as though he did not know what sleep was. Now was heard the shout, as dust-enveloped they drew nearer. The "Union jack" explained the matter to Bill, and shouting "Hurrah, it's the Mohawks!" he ran for the gate, accompanied by Rover, who appeared as rejoiced as Bill. By the time he reached the gate the carriage had drawn up, and its happy inmates came tumbling out all manner of ways, save by the door. Bill had his hands and heart full, as he met his old friends, while Rover jumped upon one and another, as if he knew and understood their kindness. Before the shaking of hands was over, and their friendly greetings through, the work-house boy had clasped his sister, and mother by adoption, in his arms.

"All's right, heave ahead, my hearties," shouted old Ashton, as with Bill he led the way to the house. Oh, but there was a joyous evening there. Old Mother Gray received them like so many sons, and the frank, honest ways of the worthy men ingratiated them in her favor, while the blushing girl, surrounded by her benefactors, did not know which way to turn: though it did not matter much, for turn which way she would, there was some one ready with a smile; and the musical cook, with his old fiddle under his arm, made a particular display of ivory.

The best room of the tavern was monopolized that evening by the Mohawks, and the landlord did, as he said, an "average business." The bar-room was full of the curious, but not a syllable of information got they yet from Boniface. He merely told them that his guests paid for their room and refreshments, and that they meddled with none of other people's business. At last the front room was opened, and the Mohawks were about to retire, when the town's people heard something for their pains. Old Ashton exclaimed "all's right" as he was shown to his chamber.

The next morning Gray started for the city in the tavern-keeper's carryall; and through the early part of the day the Mohawks were very busy in and round Mrs. Gray's cottage. The old elm tree was mounted, and a flag-staff lashed aloft, so as to o'ertop the highest limb. Before noon they had finished their tasks, and Mother Gray's front door and parlor were festooned and decorated with evergreens, flowers and pine boughs, in a very tasteful manner. The cottage was left to its inmates, and old Rover even deserted his post to follow the Mohawks, who now felt perfectly at home at the village inn. Before night, Gray returned, and when the vehicle entered the yard, the Mohawks were drawn up under old Ashton to receive their Captain and officers. If the landlord felt important before, he felt more so now. With their natural politeness, the men resigned the parlor to their officers. The villagers were more anxious than ever as the Minister and 'Squire came down the street and entered the tavern together, and they stood round the inn wondering what it would end in. Since Gray's return a clothes-pole had been put in requisition for a flag-staff, and lashed to the chimney, and now the brig's "bergee" was hoisted on it, flying where "bergee" never flew before, over the roof of a country tavern. It lent the house quite an imposing appearance, being a blue flag, with the word Mohawk in large white letters. The sailors now returned to the cottage, and ranged themselves upon both sides, without the door, as precise as men-of-wars-men at muster.

And now the Minister and 'Squire, the landlord of the Inn and the Captain, together with his two officers, approached the cottage, in the porch of which stood Gray and his mother.

"Aloft there," growled old Ashton.

"Halloo!" was the response from the forks of the tree.

"Hoist away as they bear down."

"Aye! aye!"

As the party left the road taking the path for the cottage, the union-jack was run aloft and the heads of the men were uncovered. They entered the cottage in the same order they came down the street, the sailors following. Old Ashton had the honor of giving the bride away, and performed his part to a charm; the grey hairs of the old man lending quite a dignified air to his appearance. The ceremony was over, and the orphan girl was the wife of their shipmate.

The awkward silence which followed the last response was broken by old Ashton's exclamation—

"I say, all's right, hey?"

"Certainly, sir," said the divine, with a bow.

"Away, then—tumble out you lubberly sea dogs, and tell the world the job's done." And the hip-hip-huzza of the Mohawks made echo ring again.

The tavern windows were illuminated that night, and the merry dancers shook the very house—our old friend the cook leading the orchestra: not that the Mohawks were alone in this, for a general invitation to the villagers had been given, and by the many accepted; and a very pleasant affair it proved to all.

The "omnibus" with the Mohawks left town the next morning, after taking a "round turn" through the place. They have never visited there in a body since, for their profession has separated them, although Grays's old ship-mates still visit his wife and mother; and the tavern that used to be, now has become the Mohawk House.

"THE ROCK" HOUSE.

Away within a mountain glen
"The Rock" House stands, now sadly worn
With many an Autumn's wind and rain,
And many a Winter's rugged storm.

And down that glen, as full of life,
As when it ran, long years ago,
A pure clear stream, lifts up its voice,
With music in its every flow.

Whose gentle murmurs, sweet and wild,
Float upward 'mong the whispering trees,
From flowery beds, whose breathings fill
With fragrance, all the summer breeze.

And here the birds together come,
To toss the spray from wing to wing:
While round about the waters play,
Like fairy creatures of the Spring.

And morning's sun and forest shade
Enjoy their frolic till the noon,
When o'er the whole a stillness wakes,
Like the still presence of the moon.

Wide spread and ample as a veil,
In this sweet spot young Ida grew,
A fair bright being of the light,
That nought of tears or sorrow knew.

And yet within that little heart,
A thought of care would come the while,
Like zephyrs to the morning flowers,
That only knew to blush and smile.

And oft, when like a fairy thing,
She wandered forth among the flowers,
Or sat beside the blushing rose,
Still wet with evening's dewy showers,

A gentle stir of mingling wings
And voices in the atmosphere,
Soft as the breathings of a lute,
In mellow slumbers floating near,

Would o'er her senses steal the while,
Till lost in dreamy slumbers there,
Her spirit seemed in converse sweet,
With kindred beings of the air;

And once she dreampt, 'twas when the glow
That marks the fatal spoiler's sway
Had touched the roses on her cheeks,
Where smiling health was wont to stay;

And when the evening's steps were nigh,
And shadows gathered round the flowers,
She told her dream, while o'er her fell
The twilight of those peaceful hours.

'Methought, dear mother, in my dream,
While on my cheek there slept a tear,
Not born of sorrow or of pain,
But love, that placed the truant there;

While to my cheek thy cheek was press'd,
And heavenly love was all our theme;
a that bright world where sorrows cease,
And life is one unsullied dream;

An Angel came on shining wings,
And o'er me threw a robe of light,
and whispering, bade my spirit leave
This world of sorrow, death, and night—

And while I lingered, others came,
And, wooing, caught my soul away,
Then, swifter than the lightning's flight,
We passed the bounds of mortal day.

And far in the bright distance gleamed
A city, like to burnished gold,
Those walls with living sapphires glowed,
That grew not dim, nor ever old.

"Nor sun, nor moon, nor stars were there,
But light from the eternal throne,
With mellow glory filled the skies,
And o'er the heavenly landscape shone.

"And forth from those wide pearly gates,
A host of lovely beings came,
So beautiful, my raptured sight
Grew dim before the sumptuous train.

"And one there was in that bright band,
Who kissed my cheeks, and brow, and eyes,
And welcomed with a smile so sweet,
My spirit to the upper skies.

"He was my father, changed, I knew,
And glowing with immortal youth,
In glittering robes of spotless white,
And on his head the crown of truth.

"And you remember aged Ann,
So long a patient sufferer here,
That child of sorrow and of pain,
She too in royal youth was there.

"And then my heart grew sad for thee,
'Till a sweet cherub, hovering near,
Bade me behold a seraph band,
Upon the wing, to guide thee here."

And so it was: e'er Winter came,
Or Autumn winds to crush the flowers,
Young Ida passed from earth away,
As pass the gentle summer showers.

And soon the mother sought her bed,
As seeks the dying bird her nest,
To quit no more, till death unbound
Her spirit for eternal rest. J. M. L.

Sudsburyville, January 10, 1863.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

BY MISS CATHERINE M. SEDGWICK.

In the year 1836, when speculation—that black art evasion of the laws of God has instituted between labor and property, laws for the protection of human virtue—was at its fever height in the city of New York, Mr. Lyell, a gentleman whose years and position seemed to have moored him in one of those bays past which the stream might rush without dragging him with the torrent, returned to his home much excited. He was too much occupied with his own thoughts to observe that two young persons, whom his entrance disconcerted, were at that moment threading together one of those tangled paths that but for his ill-timed appearance might have led them into the bright world of their hopes. Ellen Lyell threw back the curls that had fallen over her burning cheek, and resumed her worsted-work, heeding neither colors nor thread, and Haskett Mercer snatched the evening paper and seemed devouring its contents.

"I am glad to find you here, Mercer," said Mr. Lyell; "it is not often I leave poor Ellen alone. Any thing new in the paper? Have you looked at the stocks? Still rising, are they not?"

Mercer turned mechanically to the stock-table and read it aloud.

"Yes, up—up—up," resumed Mr. Mercer. "What is the world coming to? every body is getting rich. William and Gordon have made a matter of forty thousand dollars since last week, Ellen."

"Forty thousand since last week!" repeated Ellen, without turning her eyes from her work.

"Yes, forty thousand. Is that such every day news that you answer me like a faint echo. Forty thousand dollars are worth your lifting your bright eyes from your work, Miss Ellen. If your brothers' luck holds, they will soon be the richest men of their name."

"Will they be the happiest?"

"To be sure—that is, they will be as much the happier as they are the richer. Mercer, why don't you go out into this shower of gold? What is the use of always having your plate bottom side upward?"

"I am afraid, sir, that we are deluded by a false light and that which now seems gold will prove to be mist, and melt away."

"Nonsense, Mercer, nonsense! Don't I tell you my boys have realized forty thousand dollars?"

"They have capital, Mr. Mercer. I have none—at least none but my regular business education and my industry. These afford no basis for speculation. Indeed that has no basis. The indolent, ignorant, and unscrupulous are the most daring in these times, and, for the most part, the most successful."

"It was so in the beginning, I admit," said Mr. Lyell, "but now everybody sees the times are peculiar, and all are putting into the lottery. Town and country are alive! Prudent old merchants that have gone on in a jog-trot way the last thirty years, are studying charts of new lots and maps of Western lands; lawyers are getting up monied institutions; literary men are in Wall street, and widows are speculating in the stocks. Common rules won't do now, Mercer. Every thing goes by a succession of accidents. I am sure nobody can explain why property, real property, should be worth fifty per cent more than it was two or three years ago?"

"Perhaps, sir, if you were to say why it should sell for fifty per cent more, next year may solve the riddle. The present prices cannot be sustained.—Land is at this moment selling upon a hypothesis of our having in a few years some millions of population on this island."

"Well, if it be a delusion, why not take advantage of it, Mercer? My sons offered me a share in a purchase they are to make to-morrow. I promised them to consider of it. I have done so during my cool walk home this evening, and come to the conclusion to follow the good old rule and let well enough alone. At my age, the care of new riches would be burdensome. I have been just as I am all my life, which, in this up and down city, few can say. I am not far from the end and I had rather finish as I began. I have enough for Ellen and me—and my sons are getting rich on their own account. But you, Mercer—you are a young man; without a money capital, you will have a long struggle of it.—You will grow gray before you will dare ask a woman to marry you, if, instead of taking advantage of this strange state of thing, you plod on!"

"But what am I to do, Mr. Lyell?" replied Mercer, whose pulses were quickened by some of Mr. Lyell's suggestions. "I have no money for the venture, and if I could obtain credit I would not without property to sustain it. There is quite too much of this dishonorable mode of business carried on among us."

Ellen for the first time put in her word to say: "It seems to me this universal passion for riches is vulgar. Surely there is something better and nobler in this world to struggle for."

"Whew, Miss Ellen! 'Love in a cottage,' is it? 'That is bon pour la campagne,' as the French say; 'very well out in the bush,' as your old Dutch grand-dame would have had it, but in town (and Mr. Lyell winked at Mercer) love can't live in a cottage. It must have at least a neat two story house, with money enough to go to market in the morning and pay the servants on Saturday night.

"Now, Mercer, I am a prudent man, and have no fears. I will endorse your note. You shall go into this speculation with the boys, and, as matters are going, you may sell out at the end of a month with a very decent little fortune. Your share of the purchase will be about twenty thousand dollars.

"Enter not into temptation, Mr. Mercer," said Ellen, with an arch smile. But Mercer had already entered in. His castle was already built in the shape of the neat two story house, and the conviction that Mr. Lyell had discerned his hopes and had presented the only mode of attaining them took possession of him. After a short silence and a stolen glance at Ellen, which conjured up intoxicating images in his brain, he snatched his hat, saying, "I will see your sons this evening, Mr. Lyell, and if they are disposed to let me into this partnership I will accept your very kind offer."

"Not so very kind; no, if there were the slightest risk I would not make it—for twenty thousand dollars is nearly two thirds of all I am worth in the world."

"And if there be risk, I would sooner cut off my right hand than take it, be assured of that, Mr. Lyell."

And never was there a more conscientious assurance, but unfortunately Mercer was beginning to feel the general intoxication. He found the young Lyells eager to admit him an equal partner in their speculation. They particularly liked him. They suspected their sister was not indifferent to him.—They knew he was not to her. They were elated with their recent success, and fancied Mercer had only to embark with them to launch on the flood that led to certain fortune. But, alas! the ebb tide had even then, unperceived, begun.

The purchase was made, all the late gains of the brothers invested and the father's name pledged for Haskett Mercer.

Shortly after Mercer was employed by a company in New York, to go to Illinois to examine some recent purchases of "fancy lots" made there. Before leaving the city he went to Mr. Lyell's to take leave of Ellen. It was four o'clock—the steamer left the wharf at five. He had but fifteen minutes to spare. He had no purpose what to say, but he was in that excited state of mind when fifteen minutes gives the color to one's life. Nature is in some minds more rapid than the magnetic telegraph.

"Miss Ellen is not at home," said the servant who answered to Mercer's ring. "She and the old gentleman have gone down to Mr. Gordon's."

Poor Mercer turned away thinking how interminable the four weeks of his absence would seem, but vainly casting the fashion of the uncertain future, he little thought that was the last time his foot would be upon Mr. Lyell's door step.

As he hastened up the street he met an old mercantile friend of Mr. Lyell's, one of those infallibly weather-wise in the trading world.

"I hope," he said, "the Lyells have not made the purchase they were talking of?"

"They have."

"I am sorry for it. It will be a bad concern. I am glad, at any rate, that my old friend's neck is out of the scrape. It may prove a good lesson to the young men."

Mercer had no time to hear further. He went on his way, and carried with him a load of remorse and anxiety.

His journey was long and painful. Wherever he went the demon of speculation had been before him and ruin was following in his train. His business was perplexing and detained him through the sickly season. He took the fever of the country, bad enough under any circumstances, but alarmingly aggravated by his complicated anxieties. Happily his ravings of Ellen Lyell, of an angry father, and of bankruptcy, fell on the ears of strangers. His discreet physician withheld the letters that came for him, till, though staggering with debility, he was on the eve of beginning his homeward journey. There were several from the brothers Lyell, one from their father, and one from Ellen. This last was first read and ran as follows. "My dear friend, my father told me yesterday that he had written you. I fear his letter is filled with reproaches. You will not be surprised that disappointment and loss should irritate his too susceptible temper. Your agency in this unhappy affair will, I know, grieve you, but you should be consoled by remembering that you embarked in it at my father's urgent request, and with expressed reluctance.

"For myself, I have nothing to regret, our condition is yet far above want. The wise people tell us that fortune and ease are not the best ministers to the human character, and I already find that enforced occupation, if it does not end the evils it opposes, at least furnishes a panoply divine against ennui and repining.

"My brothers have waked from their dreams of illimitable fortunes and have entered upon a career of patient industry. This early check is like to prove a great blessing to them. Already they have time and tranquility for domestic enjoyment. We have heard of your illness. Do not let your friends continue in ignorance of your precise condition."

This letter was four weeks old. If the tears were unmanly that fell upon it, they must be divided between the weakness of Mercer's body and the weakness of his heart. Its generous tone fortified him for the shock that was to follow.

The father's letter began: "Your scoundrelly conduct, Mercer, in sneaking out of town, and hiding yourself in the Western woods, while I was left to bear the brunt of this ruinous business, is not to be forgotten. Never presume to come into my presence again, nor, on any pretence, to speak to my daughter. Past friendships are forgotten—past injuries, which have involved me in remediless ruin, can never be."

The brothers' letters were filled with details of mercantile disasters. They informed Mercer that in default of his payment of his portion of the purchase money, their father, at a great sacrifice of his property, had met his engagements, and that, after satisfying the debt, nothing remained to him but his house and a few thousand dollars. They absolved Mercer from blame, and wrote with the courageous hope of youth.

But Mercer could not absolve himself. He had weakly yielded to the first temptation to join the rash and wicked throng who 'make haste to be rich.' He had departed from the principles which he had adopted as the rule of his life—the principle that fortune is the legitimate result of labor, and the representative of the economical virtues, and that it stands low in the scale of human felicities.

Expiation of his faults was all that now remained to him, and he determined to waste no time in weak inaction and vain repining. "I have lost," he said, as his thoughts reverted to Ellen, with an anguish that cut through his heart, "the greatest blessing ever within the grasp of man. I will not, too, lose true honor."

It was a brilliant New Year's morning in the year 184-. Many may still remember it. Ellen Lyell was still Ellen Lyell—but how changed since that memorable evening five years before, when love and its bright train filled the imagination of the young woman of nineteen! Sudden and sharp disappointment had followed, and to that a softened, thoughtful regret, which gave rather a pensive aspect to a life filled with rigorous duty. She occupied, with her father, a very small house in Madison street, where, by the rent of their nice house in Chamber street, the income of the wreck of her father's property, and her own earnings, she contrived to continue to him the ease and comfort of his more prosperous days. She had risen early to arrange her household for the day, and make her preparations for this pleasant gift season. She and her little German house-maid, her maid of all work, had, before the day dawned, put the last polishing touch of studious neatness, that adornment of a modest condition, to her two small, communicating parlors.

"Now, Miss Ellen," said Gretchen, "every thing is ready and right."

"Not quite, Gretchen; this window curtain has been pulled out of its place. There, now the folds are even; do you hold it while I tie it."

This was done, and both mistress and maid turning their eyes towards the sky at the same moment, saw the moon still shining through the immeasurable depths of a clear winter sky.

"There!" exclaimed Gretchen, "is the waxing n seen over the right shoulder of us both on a w Year's morning: the best token of all the year, l sent, not sought—for no eye but yours, Miss llen, would have seen the curtain was not straight, d but for your seeing that, we should not have en the moon."

"Well, dear Gretchen, what particular happiness of the happy New Year does this lucky sight etoken?"

"Ah, that the day must show, Miss Ellen. If you have a betrothed, he will bring you the gifts you desire, or if you have not one, the day will show him to you. Something will chance concerning what maidens think most of. I see you don't believe a word of it, Miss Ellen, but it is so in my country. Among my people, there are signs and omens for every day in the year, and unseen spirits for every dark hour; but here, you only see and hear with the eye and ear of flesh; not even the blessed Christchild, that comes to prince and peasant in my country, comes to this dreary land."

"Dreary and disenchanted it seems to you, Gretchen, but our matter of fact lives save us from idle expectations. Now, for instance, if you and I, believing in this sign of yours, were looking for our betrothed or his gifts to-day, it would be all moonshine."

"Oh, as to me, Miss Ellen, I am away from my people, and have left my luck behind me; but you—what does Mr. Lawrence come every day for?—and why is it that one bunch of flowers has never time to fade before another comes in the place of it?"

"Nonsense, Gretchen, we are wasting time; bring me down the covered basket from my bureau."

"Miss Ellen," thought Gretchen, as she proceeded to obey her, "thinks I don't know; but I can tell her there are some things that speak the same in all languages. I can tell what that look in the eye, and that melt in the voice, means, as well as another. Well, Mr. Lawrence is a nice man; good, every body says, young and rich, and that is what few ladies despise; and Miss Ellen knows the worth of it by the want of it. It's only by working and sparing from year's end to year's end, that she gets wine for her father's table, and cigars for him to smoke. It's strange how some people do all the work in this world and others all the play. The old man is often fretting and Miss Ellen never is. The workers are the happiest, may be, after all!"

We did not get at Gretchen's thoughts by any necromancy. She was one of those liberal people who inflict the reveries of their solitary moments upon the first doomed ears they encounter, beginning their social chats with, "I was thinking."

The basket was brought, and Ellen arranged the gifts she had prepared for her brother's children on her beautiful laurestina, whose top, as it stood in the corner of the room, brushed the ceiling. Net purses, gay colored bags, embroidered suspenders, for a favorite little nephew, and dainty little bright slippers, peeped from among the rich clusters of white flowers.

Skill and love were inwrought in all these pretty gift. Every stitch in them had been set by Aunt Ellen's kind hand: every flower upon them was an emblem of her unwearied love. Money could not buy gifts so rich."

"There is something for you, my good Gretchen," said Ellen. Gretchen's eyes sparkled as she took from her mistress' hand a small, pretty plaid silk shawl. A shower of thanks was pouring from her lips, when Ellen said, "do you not see there is something within the shawl?" Gretchen unpinned and opened it. It was a picture, a colored view of a small town on the Rhine, done with great exactness of coloring and drawing, by a young artist friend of Ellen Lyell, at her request. Gretchen's words were checked for a moment, but tears, far more eloquent than words, gushed from her eyes as she turned from the picture to Ellen.

"Oh, dear Miss Ellen," she said, "who but you would have ever thought of this?—and now don't you believe the blessed moon, this morning, was a true token? Ah, Branback! my dear old home! Ah, Miss Ellen, look here, look here just under that part of the castle. There is where we lived; there all the Wepels lived back and back in the ages, when the old castle that stands there now, on the very top of the rocks on that high hill—Oh, many's the time Brant and Hildergund and I have climbed to it.—What was I saying? Yes, when the castle, that's as old as St. Mark, had its jolly knights, the Wepels lived in the cottage below it; and when it was a prison of state, it was one of my forefathers that kept the keys of the discarded room of torture, and when it was turned into a hospital, it was my grandmother's mother that tended the sick. There is the old chateau, too, and there the chapel, and there the old stone bench, and those palings; and there the very pile of dirt always before old Weisen's door; and there, where you can almost touch the boats as they pass up and down, the terrace garden to the old chateau; and there you turn and go up to the vineyard planted among the rocks, and so steep that they go on ladders to the vines. Oh, my beautiful land!—my home!—dear old Branback!"

Poor Gretchen had forgotten herself—the picture of her home had worked a spell upon her imagination, and her last exclamations were in German.

"What is all this lingo about?" exclaimed Mr. Lyell, entering the room, and effectually breaking the spell. "The little, dirty village of Branback," he added, turning his eye on the picture. "I remember it well, and the greasy dinner I got there. I see no sign of breakfast, Ellen. Do you think I can eat your New Year's gifts?"

"Not eat them, but wear them, sir," replied Ellen, placing at his feet a pair of new slippers. "We have set the breakfast-table in the next room; it is quite ready. Bring up the coffee and cakes, Gretchen."

"It will be cold there; it's always cold there in the morning. What did you put it there for?"

"The children begged to have their presents hung on a tree, and I could not move my laurestina."

"And they must have it their own way. It used to be 'first come first served,' but now the very last come is first and best served: the brat of a baby before its grandfather."

Ellen made no reply, but opened the door into the next room, where the fire having been kindled long before day-light, the air was genially warm, the coals glowed in the full grate, the coffee sent up its aromatic perfume—incense fit for the gods—and the lightest buckwheats were smoking on the table. There was sausage, too, (Mr. Lyell's *sine qua non*,) and fresh honey, and Scotch marmalade, his favorite dainties, got by Ellen with some trouble, by way of a New Year's treat to her father.—His frosty humor melted; the slippers, he said, "were a nice fit, the room was warm, and, on the whole, he did not care if the children for once had their own way, and it was thoughtful of you, Ellen, to get this delicious honey for me."

Ellen was not hardened to the caprices of her father's temper. She was fortified by the resolution not to resist, but endure. She had long ago made up her mind that it was an infirmity not to be cured, but that patience was armor of proof against it.—Patient continuance in well-doing is a sovereign remedy against most of the evils of life, and a certain salvation from its worst remorse.

"Where is the morning paper, Gretchen?" asked Mr. Lyell. "Can't you remember to put it on the table. You know I always want it."

"There is no morning paper on New Year's, Mr. Lyell."

"Ah! true! Give me last evening's paper then."

"The old gentleman must have his morning and his evening paper," said Gretchen, to a visitor in the kitchen, "though Miss Ellen would not even buy herself one new gown this New Year's: well, she looked pretty enough in her old ones. It seems as if her beautiful soul came out more and more every day into her face."

Mr. Lyell's eyes ran over the paper carelessly. Suddenly his attention was arrested, as Ellen observed, by something keenly interesting. He knit his brows, bit his lips, threw down the paper, lighted his cigar, smoked a few whiffs, then threw it away, walked up and down the room biting his nails according to his habit, when excessively vexed, and was leaving the room when at the door he met Gretchen, all smiles, bringing in a very beautiful lady's writing-desk of ivory, inlaid in ebony.

"Where did that come from?" he asked.

"It is for Miss Ellen, sir, and the servant that brings all Mr. Lawrence's flowers and things, brought it."

"John, from the Astor House; was there no message?"

"None, sir."

"It is from Lawrence, of course, Ellen. Splendid, is it not? Do you hear, Ellen? Do you see?"

"Yes, sir," replied Ellen, looking cold and impassive.

"I would not advise him to waste his gifts here. Strange—strange!" he muttered, "that the only man you ever cared for should have been that rascal!"

"I do not deserve that, nor does Mercer," she thought. "I wish Lawrence would send no more of his gifts here; they ruffle my father, and are embarrassing to me: my father was just getting into the spirit of the day. But it was something in the paper that turned the current. Stocks have fallen, I suppose; but what is that to us!" She was familiar with the stock-table for she read it every evening to her father. She looked it over. Stocks were rising, and she came to the natural conclusion that her father was vexed that he no longer had any interest in the prosperous turn the affairs of the city had taken.

That an old age which should have been serene and grateful should be chafed by sordid cares—that all her pains to soften it with the luxuries that habit had made necessary should be unfelt, filled Ellen's bosom for a moment with sadness and a sense of injustice. It was but for a moment; she wiped away the gathering tears and turned to receive with smiles and caresses the children who were bursting into the room with their clamorous "Happy New Year to Aunt Ellen." The stream must deposit a portion of the golden sands its channel is bearing onward. Ellen Lyell could not be unhappy while she was the source of happiness or cheerfulness.—There are those who would have reckoned it a hard fate to minister to a thankless, fretful, exacting old man; to have been cut off in the prime of youth from the dearest expectations; to receive, as Ellen did at first, employment as favor and patronage; to see her gay young friends and fashionable acquaintances falling away from her; to be obliged to contract the circle of her wants, and to cut off the accustomed gratifications of her past position and the pleasures natural to her time of life. In all this there were elements enough of discontent to a common character.

But my friend Ellen's was not a common character. She began with the great truth that it matters not so much how we are, as what we are—that it is not our circumstances, but what we make of them, that is our great concern; not the agreeable sensations of to-day that are of most import to us, but the retrospect of to-morrow. If her father was more than usually unreasonable, she redoubled her patience. She smiled at the superciliousness of late friends (friends after common parlance) become patrons, and she received gratefully employment from those whose respect was enhanced by the manifestation of virtues which the change of her condition brought into action. If her gay young friends fell away from her she felt no asperity towards them; they had their pleasures, she her duties; there were few points of real sympathy between them, and in her secret heart she might well have thought she was rather the gainer than loser by the change in their relations.

One evil there was in her condition which was a serious unhappiness to her. The Mr. Lawrence to whom we have adverted, was her persevering lover. His sister was her favorite friend. He had an immense fortune. He was a young man of good principles and good feelings. The world said "a splendid match for Ellen Lyell." "You know the most fervent wish of my heart," Margaret Lawrence had once said to her, and she said no more.

"You must do as you choose; all young people do so now-a-days," said her father; "but I would lay any wager you are the only woman in the United States who would not snap at Arthur Lawrence."

"Do as you think best, my dear sister," said her brother Gordon, "but I must say there are few worthier men than Arthur Lawrence."

"You would marry Arthur Lawrence, Ellen," said her brother William, "if you could forget——and those should forget who are forgotten!"

"You misunderstand me, William," she replied, provoked to express the feelings her delicacy had restrained; "I would not marry Arthur Lawrence were he the only man in the world. I do not love him, that should be reason enough. I cannot love a man whose character in no sense accords with mine. Arthur Lawrence is, you know it, William, a common man—nothing more nor less; of virtuous habits, no doubt; amiable and well-disposed; but would you, would my father, would Gordon, would any of my friends esteem him a suitable match for me were he stripped of his fortune? I may seem to you proud or vain, or both; but I should require in my husband some correspondence of endowment, of cultivation, of capability, of taste to my own, and I hold that only to be a pure marriage where this exists. I have not forgotten," she added, blushing to her temples, "that such a marriage was once within the circle of my hope; nor do I forget that it no longer is. I cherish no vain wishes nor vain regrets. I see no danger of coolness or dreariness in single life; no danger of wanting objects for my affections while yours and Gordon's families are multiplying every year."

"Forgive me, dear sister," said her brother, "we have erred in measuring you by common women."

"That is not quite all your mistake, William; women are not allowed to use their powers of independence. The vulgar world has made marriage a necessity to them, and they dare not follow the true impulses of their hearts—the honest demands of their nature; and thus it comes that marriage, God's own most blessed institution, is so often perverted to what it is."

But we have left too long the conclusion of our short story. The day went on; Ellen's visitors were not numerous, but they were old and well-tried friends, with a sprinkling of young ones, who were attracted out of the fashionable beat by Ellen Lyell's charms and graces, which, if they had lost the effect of novelty at twenty-four, in our world of Spring blossoms, had gained by their maturity, expression and force.

Arthur Lawrence came with the first and lingered to the last.

"I have not seen your father to-day," he said to Ellen.

"You can see him," said little Nelly Lyell, "for I saw him take a big parcel of papers off the entry table, and go up stairs with it, and I went up to show him Aunt Ellen's new desk; I could not make him look up from his papers; but he did not look cross, and he did not scold me, though I spoke twice to him."

"Have you seen Aunt Ellen's new desk, Mr. Lawrence?"

"No, Nelly, I did not know your aunt had a new one."

Ellen looked at him with surprise; but as Lawrence was one of those people who never ambush their actions, she was convinced he was innocent of the gift.

"Don't you know, Aunt Ellen, who sent you the desk?" pursued the little girl.

"No, Nelly, I cannot even guess."

"Oh, she does know! she does know!" insisted the child, mischievously; "she knows it's you—because you know you send her every thing: lots of flowers, and lots of books. I should love you if you gave me so many things; don't you love him, Aunt Ellen?"

To Ellen's infinite relief the door opened and her father appeared at it, not lowering as he had left her in the morning, but bright and smiling as a clear October sky at mid-day.

"Ellen, my dear," he said, "I am going out to ask a friend to come home and dine with me; don't ask any other company. You have a good dinner, I hope. Oh, Mr. Lawrence, I did not observe you; good day, sir."

He stood for a moment, as if wavering, then beckoned Ellen to him and whispered—

"If you want to know what company you are to have, look over the arrivals in last evening's paper."

But last evening's paper was not to be found, and Ellen could get no solution of her father's sudden good humor and extraordinary abstraction; for most extraordinary it was that he should have remained for one minute unconscious of Mr. Lawrence's presence.

"There is no use," said Lawrence, that very evening to his sister, "in thinking any longer of Ellen Lyell, she is as cold as an icicle to me."

"You are right, my dear brother," replied his sister: "Ellen knows her own mind, and is not a woman to be won by perseverance."

"No, that is proved—well, it will be all the same a hundred years hence!"

This veritable conclusion of Mr. Arthur Lawrence's love-tale proved that he was not matched with Ellen Lyell in Heaven, where, as we honestly believe, all true matches are made.

All the Lyells—sons, wives, and children—remained, as was their custom on New Year's day, to dine with their father. The communicating doors between the rooms were thrown open. One table was arranged for the little people and their nurses, and the other for their elders.

"You see what your Aunt Ellen has done for you, my children," said Gordon Lyell. "Mind and keep quiet, or my father will stand a chance of having rather too much of what your Aunt Ellen calls the 'music of your voices;' but why does he not come? I never knew him delay a dinner before. Who upon earth can this newly arrived friend of his be? Some old crone of an India merchant, whom he knew forty years ago——oh, it's that old Harvey, who was a school-mate of his, and who has been Consul this hundred years at ——, what do you call the place? I heard yesterday he had come home."

"Whoever it may be," said Ellen, "we should be grateful to him, for his arrival seems to have made it really a happy New Year to my father."

"He must be a special dear friend to reconcile my father to making another place at our small table. You know his notion of Heaven, Ellen?—that there's plenty of elbow-room there!"

"Hush, Gordon—they are coming; ring the bell for dinner, Willie!"

"Now for a reverend white head," said Gordon; "make your best bows and curtsies, children, to grandpapa's friend, and don't speak above your breaths."

The door opened, and old Mr. Lyell, his face smiling all over, ushered in—not an 'old crone,' but a tall young man of six-and-twenty, with his head covered with bright, chestnut hair—his large dark eye brightened and moistened with mingled emotions. Gordon and William Lyell sprang forward and grasped his hand.

"Is it you, Mercer? My dear fellow, welcome—most welcome!"

Ellen's first impulse was to run out of the room, but her feet refused to move. She became frightfully pale, and little Nelly, whose eye, on all occasions, first turned to her aunt, exclaimed, "What is the matter, Aunt Ellen?"

The exclamation produced a re-action. She rallied, and the eloquent blood rushing to her cheek, expressed the welcome she could not utter. She gave Mercer her hand: neither spoke. The awkward chasm was filled by Mr. Lyell.

"Mercer deserves our welcome, boys," he said, "he is a good man and true. He has worked hard for five years, and lived out of humanity's reach in China. I know what it is to live there; and here is some of the fruit of his industry—here are the documents." Mr. Lyell threw on the table a parcel of papers. "He has paid his debt to me, with interest and compound interest—God bless him!"

"A little too much of this, my dear Mr. Lyell," said Mercer, deprecatingly.

"Not a syllable too much; my children and grandchildren shall know who, of all men living, they should most love and honor."

"This is much more," said Mercer, rather embarrassed by Mr. Lyell's excessive enthusiasm, "than an act of simple honesty deserves."

"Not a bit—not a bit. Simple honesty do you call it? Well—yes, paying one's debts is simple honesty; but I can tell you it is the rarest of virtues now-a-days. You have not heard of *repudiation* out in China, have you?—our new way of paying old debts? I hate these new-fangled words and doings. But come, come to dinner, my children."

A few days after, when Ellen imparted to her loving maiden, Gretchen, the secret of her engagement to Haskett Mercer, "Ah, ha! Miss Ellen," she said, "I knew when that mysterious desk came the true love would soon come after it. Remember the waning-moon of New Year's morning, and don't laugh at my country signs again."

THE WAY-SIDE INN;

OR,

The Trial of the Portraits.

A STORY ABOUT A YOUTH AND A MAIDEN.

BY J. H. INGRAHAM.

It was towards the close of an afternoon in August, not many years ago, that a young man with a pack on his back, and much travel-worn, drew nigh to a small inn by the way-side. He was covered with dust, and as the day was sultry, he seated himself for a few moments upon the drinking-trough, before the inn door, and drank freely out of an iron bowl, which was suspended by a chain to the nose of the pump.

The inn was just upon the outskirts of Philadelphia, upon the Old York Road, and situated just on the verge of suburb and country. It was a low, stone structure, with a Dutch gallery running round it, and had, altogether, an air of Dutch comfort, and, to a wearied traveller, like the young man, must have worn a very tempting and inviting look.

He did not look like one who carried much money to expend on hostelry entertainment, yet his appearance was by no means that of a mendicant. His dress, though unfashionably cut and something worn, was neat and becoming, though one of his shoes was broken at the side, and his coat lacked a button. The pack, which he laid by his side, was large, and firmly done up in oil-cloth, secured by two straps, which could also be passed over his shoulders, to sustain it in travelling, something after the fashion of the Jew-pedlars, that in such numbers now traverse the length and breadth of the land. Yet, he did not look like a pedlar, though a careless observer might mistake him for one. There was an air of good breeding and gentleness about him, which, combined with his handsome face and pleasing smile, rendered his appearance prepossessing, and awakened an interest in him, especially among females.

The hostess had been regarding him from her window for some moments, with such feelings. She saw him smile and speak pleasantly to a dog that approached him, and pull his ears and pat him as he drew his head upon his knee.

"Poor young man!" said the good dame—for a benevolent and good body was Jenny Steiner—"poor young man! he seems to love Bose as if he felt he had nobody else to love! It seems to make him happy to have the old dog take notice of him. He looks a nice young man, and I dare say is going away from home for the first time, to seek his fortunes in the city. How genteel he looks, dusty and poor as he is; and with what a pleasant voice and smile he fondles the dog! Poor young man! he is getting up to move on. Perhaps he has no money, or he would like to stop here. See how wistfully he looks up at the house! If I don't get paid for it 'till I get to Heaven, he shall have supper and lodging before he goes further this night!"

Dame Steiner having but little custom that sultry afternoon, had been seated in her window under the shadow of the stoop, in her best cap and cleanest apron, knitting and looking out together, now at the horses frisking in the yard, or at the quiet, cud-chewing cows, or at the occasional traveller, who paused to let his steed drink from the trough. She had, therefore, full leisure to observe and comment upon the appearance of the young foot-journeyer, as he took his seat, unconscious of observation, upon the end of the old canoe which served the inn as a drinking-trough.

Having formed her hospitable resolution, she called from the window, without rising, in a loud, landlady-like, but kind tone, as the young man was resuming his pack—

"Young gentleman, walk in, if you please, and take a chair in the house. You will find it cooler, and perhaps I can give you something better than spring water."

"Thank you kindly, madam," answered the traveller, looking at her with surprise and a gratified expression upon his finely intellectual face. "I will come in with pleasure, as you are so good as to invite me."

And, taking up his bundle, he ascended the cleanly swept stone steps to the piazza, and entered the door, which opened directly into the room where Jenny Steiner sat.

"Your room looks so neat," he said, glancing round upon the white scoured floor, the shining dresser, and the stainless furniture, "I think that I had better take a seat on the gallery."

"Not a bit of it, young man," she said, very positively. "I dare say you've seen nicer rooms than mine in your day. Take that seat, and lay your bundle down upon the table."

"Not upon the table, but the floor, good madam," answered the youth.

"Jeannette!" called the landlady, in a tone elevated so as to reach the ear of some far-off Jeannette. "I will order you a mug of ale—my own brewing. *Jeannette!*"

"Do not, madam," answered the young man, colouring and looking embarrassed. "I have not—"

"Tut, tut," cried Dame Steiner, with a pleasant laugh upon her good-natured face, and speaking as if she would prevent the mortifying confession of his poverty. "I will do as I please in my own house. I mean to give you what I order, and what you order you may pay for if you like! Can't a landlady, pray, give away anything, like other Christian folk? If I thought I should have to take pay for what every body eats and drinks and sleeps in my house, I'd never keep upon inn another day. I will take pay when I please—I will give away when I please. *Jeannette!*"

The door opened, and a young girl came into the room with a bound, her cheek blooming, her hair waving in the wind of her graceful motion.

"What, mother?" she cried, in an animated tone, and with a sort of hoydenish hilarity.

"Where have you been, Jeannette? I have been calling you this good while. One might as well keep the run of a wild pigeon as of you!"

"I have been up the garden, and so through the gate, into the field, and down by the brook, in full chase after Juba!"

"That old black crow is more plague than profit!"

"I love him dearly, and—"

Here the maiden's voice was suddenly arrested, and her face crimsoned, while her eyes dropped to the floor, and she half drew back instinctively, as she noticed, for the first time, the young man, and saw his handsome hazel eyes fixed upon her face with undisguised admiration, united with that reverence with which one would gaze upon a beautiful vision.

"I am glad something can tame you for a moment," said the Dame, laughing at the instant change, and her subdued, bashful air. "Go and bring this young gentleman a mug of Brew No. 3. Take the silver mug."

"Yes, mother," answered the daughter, retiring quickly, as if glad to escape from the gaze of the fine, penetrating eyes of the young stranger.

"She is a wild creature, is Jeannette," said Dame Steiner; "but one can't get vexed with her, she is so good-hearted and clever. If ever there was an angel, she is one, sir."

"I could easily believe it," answered the youth, with an animation of manner and energy of tone that told how deep had been the impression made upon him by the presence of the beautiful maid.

"She has a pet crow that she calls Juba, and if any thing can be more mischievous than Jeannette it is her crow. He——but here she comes!"

Jeannette entered, but with a slow step and a subdued air, and approaching the young man, she handed him the foaming silver tankard, though without more than stealing a glance at his face.

"Bless me, child, you seem to be afraid! The young gentleman, I'll be bound, wont bite you! If you are afraid of him, it is the first time!"

Jeannette blushed, and seating herself by the window, turned her back to the room and amused herself by looking out, while at the same time she hid her confusion; for she was really confused, first by the expressive eyes of the young stranger, which had seemed to penetrate her soul, and produce there emotions novel and delightful, and secondly by the words made use of by her mother, which she feared would betray to the young man the effect the glance of his eye had caused upon her. How wonderful the power of a mutual glance between those whose spirits, though hitherto strangers, are kindred and congenial. One interchange of expression unlocks both hearts, and the river of love forever flows in and out, bearing upon its bosom all the joys of life. The last five minutes had unveiled to these two, the youth and the maiden, a new world. New emotions were awakened! New thoughts—new feelings—new aspirations—filled their bosoms! Never before had the maiden stood abashed, and with drooping eyes before the face of a young man! Never before had the gaiety of her spirits been chastened and tamed for a moment. Wild and free as the chamois, she knew no other world than that of rocks and skies, trees and green sward, birds and water-brooks. She knew not that she had a heart which would become to her the true world. Now for the first time, she sat by the window in thought!

"Your ale, madam, is very nice, indeed. It is refreshing to one who has travelled as far as I have!"

"How far have you walked to-day?"

"Forty miles. I hope to reach the city to-night, and with this rest, and your good ale, I shall do so with ease! It is but four miles, I believe?"

"Four and a quarter. But forty miles to-day, and to go four more, and the sun just setting! No, no! You shall have a room here to-night, and supper and breakfast, and start fresh in the morning."

"You are very kind, but, my dear madam," he answered in a manner courteous and grateful, "I have but little means and——"

"Don't talk of pay, sir. I know young men that walk forty miles a day haven't much silver in their purses! What little you have, keep. You must lodge and eat somewhere to-night. So stay with me and save your money!"

"How good you are!" answered the young man, with real emotion. "I know not how I shall ever re-pay you! I will remain with great pleasure. You are indeed generous to place such confidence in a stranger."

"I know how to read people by their faces. I haven't kept tavern seventeen years without learning something of human nature! I know you are just what your face speaks you. I'd be willing to trust you to-morrow to carry a hundred dollars into the Bank, when you go in. Is your mother living?"

"Indeed I cannot tell you, madam. I wish I could!" he answered, a sad expression coming over his fine features.

Dame Steiner thought to herself that it was very strange he did not know whether his mother were living or not; but she had too much delicacy to press the subject. She sat a few moments knitting in silence. He placed the tankard upon the table and then glanced towards Jeannette, who still looked very steadily out of the window, as if fearing again to encounter the dark, admiring eyes of the young man. Her heart fluttered with unwonted throbbings.

"You have asked if I have a mother," at length said the young man. "I am, I believe, an orphan. Your kindness calls for confidence on my part. I will tell you all I know about myself."

Jeannette bent her ear to listen.

"Indeed I didn't mean to be curious, sir," said the dame, apologetically.

"You were not so. I am an artist by profession. In this pack is contained all my worldly wealth, save a silver dollar and some few pieces of copper which I have in my pocket. But I have health and a knowledge of my art, and I do not fear for the future!" he said, with beaming and ingenuous looks. I have come in the last five days from a valley in the Western part of the State, where I have dwelt from boyhood with one who has been more than a mother to me. You remind me of her in your goodness to me. When I was about seven years of age, so she has often told me, I was discovered in a small skiff floating down the Susquehanna, about sunset. Her husband, who was a boatman and forrester,—that is, cut timber in the majestic forests upon the river, and rafted it down to a market,—discovered the skiff floating by, his attention being drawn to it by a dog standing upon the bows and violently barking, as if to attract his notice. Supposing it contained only the dog, he sprang into his boat and pulling out into the rapid stream, came to it, and discovered to his surprise a boy lying in the bottom, quietly sleeping."

"That was yourself, sir," observed the dame.

"Yes. He took me into his boat, and towing the skiff ashore, hastened with me to his humble home. His wife, kind and good like yourself, received me with joyful surprise; and, as she had no children of her own, she resolved to adopt me if no one came for me."

"Yet you must have been not long before with your dear mother," said the good dame with tenderness.

"Yes. The river for miles above flowed through a wilderness, and only here and there was a woodman's hut. When my father, as I called the man who found me, went up the river after timber in the fall, he made every inquiry, but in vain. He could hear of no one who had lost a child within seventy miles. So, he and his wife resolved to look upon me as their own. My dress being different from that of the children of the foresters, it was thought by them that I must belong to some family emigrating to the west, and that, in crossing the river, I had been separated from the party. As for myself, the account I gave was that I lived in a large house upon the river, and that I had left my father and mother to play by the water-side, when, getting into the boat with the dog, it got loose, and I was drifted down by the current. But as nothing could be heard of such a family for upwards of seventy miles, my account was supposed to be incorrect, and that I was really too young to give a true relation of the facts. As my new mother became very much attached to me, she did not anxiously prosecute the search, and by and by the affair was forgotten in the neighborhood, and I was looked upon as her son.—I grew up with this family as a son. In my twelfth year, her husband was drowned in the lower Susquehanna, and I became her only solace and dependance. So far as my age and strength permitted, I devoted myself to providing for her comfort.

"About this time I began to evince a taste for drawing, and though my sketches were rudely done with colored chalks found in the banks of the river, they inspired me to new efforts. At the age of fifteen, a gentleman who was travelling passed a night at our house, and, seeing my drawings, said he would send me from Philadelphia a box of colors and brushes. He fulfilled his promise. The next year I resolved to visit the city, and see something of the works of art of which I had heard and read in the newspapers, for one of these prints occasionally reached our remote home. I travelled, as now, on foot, sketching likenesses on the way of farmers and their families, at twenty-five cents a head. In this way I paid my expenses to the city and back again. I remained in the city some months, working with the celebrated Mr. Sully, who kindly employed me. At length I returned home, and there devoted myself to my beloved art for three years. Thence I travelled the country, sketching landscapes and taking portraits of remarkable faces that I fell in with. All this was done for art, not for gain. Sometimes I painted signs for inns, to get such little money as I needed. Again I returned to my humble abode, rich in art but not in purse. I would now gladly have sought the metropolis, to study there all the higher works of art; but my mother would not suffer me again to quit her; and I owed her too much to act contrary to her wishes, much as I panted to distinguish myself in the great world."

"You were good, indeed," said Dame Steiner. "I knew you would never desert her."

Jeannette had long since turned round from looking out at the window, and had been during the latter part of his simply told story gazing upon him with intense interest. Her whole soul seemed absorbed in listening. How her heart was dissolving and gushing out into the deep channels of love—sweet, fresh, delightful love, in its first awakenings in the soul. She listened—she sympathized—she admired—she forgot herself in him.

"At length my dear mother—my more than mother—died," continued the young artist. "It is two months since. I have not ceased to lament her, for she was my only friend on earth!"

"Not so—we are your friends," continued the dame, with moist eyes. "I will be to you a mother as she was—you will find me so! Jeannette shall be a sister to you! For one lost you shall gain two!"

"How can I appreciate such kindness!" he said, glancing from one kind face to the other, and appearing deeply moved. "Surely Providence hath directed my steps hither! But I cannot be a burden to you, my dear friend. I am now a man, and can make my own way in the world. But I shall never forget your generous affection."

"But, wherever you are, your heart will want a home to turn to—a home to think upon where hearts throb congenial with your own," said Jeannette, leaving the window, and approaching him with the frankness of youth and the warm enthusiasm of a noble and guileless spirit. "Let this be such a home! We shall ever remember you away from it, and welcome you whenever you revisit it."

"Beauteous maiden, how shall I express my emotions! My heart is indeed taken captive. I will not cease to regard this as my home wheresoever I may wander."

Jeannette ingenuously placed her hand in his.—Her mother took his other hand, and the nameless stranger was at once enshrined in their home as he had already been in their hearts.

"Now, my dear mother and sister," said the young artist, looking from one to the other, with beaming eyes, which gratitude both moistened and brightened, "now will I make known to you my present object in visiting the city, for I know you will both feel an interest in my success."

Here his gaze rested upon the face of Jeannette who, after having impulsively placed her hand in his, had blushingly withdrawn it, and seated herself a little way from him.

"Last week I saw in a city newspaper that the Emperor of Russia had sent to his Consul at Philadelphia to have taken for him a portrait of Washington. The Consul therefore issued an advertisement 'To Artists' of the State, inviting them to compete for the honor, offering a thousand roubles for the best portrait, to be presented to him for inspection within sixty days.

"Upon looking at the date of the advertisement, I saw that it was already five weeks old, and that three weeks only remained. But with my ambition already aroused by the notice, this drawback did not lead me to abandon the determination to become one of the competitors. I resolved to make the attempt. My preparations were soon made, and the next morning I left my lowly home, after bidding adieu to my mother's grave, and disposing of her few articles of worldly goods, which just sufficed to pay her debts. With my pack upon my back, and my staff in my hand, I set forth; and now, on this the fourth day of my journey, has Providence brought me to this hospitable roof and these kind friends!"

Jeannette listened to his words with eager attention. Her soul seemed to enter into his, and participate in all his hopes and plans for fame.

"And, dear young man," said the good lady, "how is it possible you can hope to succeed! You have no room in the city, little money and no friends there, and but two weeks and three days! And then there is such a sight of painters, old ones and great ones, and you so young and unknown!"

"I *know* that he will succeed, dear mother!" said Jeannette, warmly. "He cannot fail!"

"Thanks, a thousand thanks, kind Jeannette! Your words find an echo in my inmost being! I feel that I shall succeed, if I can only obtain a good portrait to copy. This is my only fear."

"What is that, young man?" asked the dame, who had now become as deeply interested in all that concerned the handsome, intellectual-looking young stranger, as if she had known him from infancy.

"I fear I shall not be able to obtain a portrait to copy; there will be so many competitors that every authentic likeness will be hired at a large price."

"I have a picture of the General in a frame up stairs that you shall have," said the lady, eagerly. "Run for it, Jeannette!"

"It is an engraving, dear mother! He cannot wish to paint from an engraving."

"No," said the young man; "you judge rightly, beautiful Jeannette! I can only copy from a genuine portrait. You seem to be reflecting!"

"If you can obtain a likeness for which General Washington sat, will it do?" asked Jeannette, with a finger on her lip, and in a hesitating manner.

"Do! It would insure my success. But there are, I am told, but three in the country, and to these I fear I should find it impossible to obtain access. But why do you ask, and with such a look of knowledge?"

"I know who has a likeness of Washington for which he sat, but"——

"But what!" asked the youth, earnestly.

"But it is only a miniature."

"A miniature would be every way as good as a portrait. But where can such be obtained? I fear you are in error."

"No, I am not," answered the young girl, firmly. "If a miniature will do, you shall have one within the next twenty-four hours!"

"Is it possible you know of the existence of such a picture?"

"Yes. It is in New Brunswick, New Jersey, where I was at school for two years with an aunt. While there, I saw it by accident in the family of General E——. I was told that it was painted by a French Countess, to whom General Washington sat, expressly to oblige her. This Countess presented it to her relative, General E——, whose grandson now has it in his possession."

"This seems too good news to be believed!"

"I saw it, and remember it perfectly. The hair was powdered, with a queue, and his dress was plain, I think, with a sash over the shoulder."

"You were at school then in New Brunswick?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Jeannette has had the best of education, sir," said the mother, with an air of pride. "Her aunt sent for her, and there she learned music, embroidery, and painting; but this didn't spoil her, for she is as good a cook and housewife as her mother, every whit, though I say it!"

"She could not hope for better praise! I must see this picture, if possible."

"I will go and get it for you!" said Jeannette.

"You! Why it is a day's ride in the stage! How generous you are to offer. No, I will go! I will wait upon him and ask permission to copy it. He cannot refuse me! How fortunate every way I am in having seen you!"

"Will you come back and paint here?" asked Jeannette.

"Yes, if he will permit me to bring it away. If not, I must stay there and complete it. But you shall see it, for I will bring it this way."

The next morning our young artist got into the stage, supplied with money in spite of himself by the generous hostess, and the same evening arrived at New Brunswick. He did not hesitate to call, late as it was, at the house of General E——. To his joyful surprise, the account given by Jeannette was confirmed. The miniature, a beautiful work of art, was shown to him, and permission kindly given him to copy it in the house.

Early the next morning he was at work. During the day he snatched a moment to write a few lines to Jeannette and her mother. They were addressed to the maiden.

"DEAR JEANNETTE—I have seen the miniature, and am at this moment at work copying it. I shall complete it in eight days. You shall then see it! A thousand thanks for your information and kindness. Were I a prince and my heart and hand would be accepted by you in return, you should have them, and by the gift, I should be the gainer. But I am only a poor artist, and can offer you but thanks. If you will not be angry, I would tell you how much I love you! The confession is written! I will not recall it, trusting to your forgiveness. My love and gratitude to your mother. One line from you acknowledging this, would inspire me with new courage in my work.

"Your friend, ever,

"HENRY BAYARD."

The reply came. It breathed the depth of Jeannette's pure and delicate affection. It artlessly told her heart's tale of love.

Jeannette was too frank and innocent to conceal her feelings or adopt disguises. She said she was not angry, but happy, that he said he loved her. She said she was glad he was not a prince, for if he were, she should feel they could never be friends, adding that if he should by chance turn out to be a prince one day, she would be ready to break her heart, knowing that he would think of her no more.

Henry was made very happy by this single-hearted letter of the young maiden of the inn, and pursued his task with renewed ardour, for love was now added to ambition, to inspire him to success.

The portrait was at length achieved. The next night after its completion he was at the inn. To say that it was praised by Jeannette and the hostess, would be useless. The artist listened with trembling to their assurances of his success. True genius always doubts itself! It is sanguine in action, but when the work is done, then it trembles and distrusts!

The next day the portrait, in a sealed cover, was taken into town by the artist, and delivered to the Consul, with his name simply upon a card, without any address. The decision upon the portraits offered, was to be made by a committee of five distinguished connoisseurs.

The day of trial came. The artist spent it at the inn, sustained in his hopes of the result by the consciousness of genius, yet fearing the worst.—Jeannette was sanguine of his success, and the hostess "knew well" he would bear off the palm.

The next morning the decision was made public in the Gazette. The market boy had been early sent in, with orders to hasten out with the paper as soon as it was printed. It came. Henry could not open it. He was very pale, and though he smiled, his fingers would not do their office. Jeannette, with a firm hand, unfolded the paper. Her rapid eyes ran over it, and then a glad cry escaped her! The artist sprang to her side, to look over! The good hostess clapped her hands, and laughed aloud, crying—"I knew it! I knew it!"

Jeannette read, with a flushed cheek, and brilliant eye, and nervous lips, as follows:

"The successful aspirant in the competition for the Portrait of Washington, ordered by the Emperor Alexander, is a Mr. Henry Bayard. The committee, three of whom knew Washington personally, decided upon his work unanimously. The number of portraits offered was thirteen.

Who this Henry Bayard is, is now exciting no little curiosity. The name, hitherto, is wholly unknown; and that he should at once burst forth upon the world in the full plumage of fame is not a little surprising, and affords theme for very general conversation. When he applies for the price of one thousand roubles to be awarded for this production of his genius, the world will probably have their curiosity gratified. There is an *on dit* that the picture is Sully's, or Stewart's, under an assumed name; but it is not in the style of either, and both deny the authorship, and are in as much perplexity as to the identity of the artist as others."

What pen shall pourtray the emotions of the young artist, as he read, almost blindly, this paragraph. He staggered to a chair, covered his face in his hands, and burst into tears.

Our story is done. We could not record for our hero any higher glory! He had stepped at once to the summit of the temple of fame, and there received a world's homage. To crown his happiness, Jeannette became his bride a few weeks afterwards, and fitting up one of the rooms of the inn as an *atelier*, he there devoted himself to his profession, and shrinking from the world's unsatisfying admiration, he chose in lieu of it the charms of friendship, made sacred by wifely love.

THE HERO WOMAN.

A Legend from George Lippard, Esq.'s Fourth Lecture on the "Romance of the Revolution," delivered before the William Wirt Institute.

In a thick wood, not more than half a mile from the Schuylkill, there stood, in the time of the Revolution, a quaint old fabric, built of mingled logs and stone, and encircled by a palisaded wall. It had been erected in the earlier days of William Penn,—perhaps some years before the great apostle of peace first trod our shores,—as a block house, intended for defence against the Indians.

And now it stood with its many roofs, its numerous chimneys, its massive square windows, its varied front of logs and stone, its encircling wall, through which admittance was gained by a large and sturdy-built gate: it stood in the midst of the wood, with age worn trees enclosing its veteran outline on every side.

From its eastern window you might obtain a glimpse of the Schuylkill waves, while a large casement in the southern front commanded a view of the winding road, as it sunk out of view, under the shade of thickly-clustered boughs, into a deep hollow, not more than one hundred yards from the mansion.

Here, from the southern casement, on one of those balmy summer days which look in upon the dreary autumn, toward the close of November, a farmer's daughter was gazing, with dilating eyes and half-clasped hands.

Well might she gaze earnestly to the south, and listen with painful intensity for the slightest sound! Her brothers were away with the army of Washington, and her father, a grim old veteran—he stood six feet and three inches in his stockings—who had manifested his love for the red-coat invaders, in many a desperate contest, had that morning left her alone in the old mansion, alone in this small chamber, in charge of some ammunition intended for a band of brave farmers, about to join the hosts of freedom. Even as she stood there, gazing out of the southern window, a faint glimpse of sunlight, from the faded leaves above, pouring over her mild face, shaded by clustering brown hair, there, not ten paces from her side, were seven loaded rifles and a keg of powder.

Leaning from the casement, she listened with every nerve quivering with suspense, to the shouts of combatants, the hurried tread of armed men echoing from the south.

There was something very beautiful in that picture! The form of the young girl, framed by the square massive window, the contrast between the rough timbers, that enclosed her, and that rounded face, the lips parting, the hazel eye dilating, and the cheek warming and flushing, with hope and fear; there was something very beautiful in that picture, a young girl leaning from the window of an old mansion, with her brown hair, waving in glossy masses around her face!

Suddenly the shouts to the south grew nearer, and then, emerging from the deep hollow, there came an old man, running at full speed, yet, every few paces, turning round to fire the rifle, which he loaded as he ran. He was pursued by a party of ten or more British soldiers, who came rushing on, their bayonets fixed, as if to strike their victim down, ere he advanced ten paces nearer the house.

On and on the old man came, while his daughter, quivering with suspense, hung leaning from the window;—he reaches the block-house gate—look! He is surrounded, their muskets are levelled at his head, he is down, down at their feet, grappling for his life! But look again!—He dashes his foes aside, with one bold movement he springs through the gate; an instant, and it is locked; the British soldiers, mad with rage, gaze upon the high wall of logs and stone, and vent their anger in drunken curses.

Now look to yonder window! Where the young girl stood a moment ago, quivering with suspense, as she beheld her father struggling for his life, now stands that old man himself, his brow bared, his arm grasping the rifle, while his grey hairs wave back from his wrinkled and blood-dabbled face! That was a fine picture of an old veteran, nerved for his last fight; a stout warrior, preparing for his death struggle.

Death-struggle? Yes!—for the old man, Isaac Wampole, had dealt too many hard blows among the British soldiers, tricked, foiled, cheated them too often to escape now! A few moments longer, and they would be reinforced by a strong party of refugees; the powder, the arms, in the old block-house, perhaps that daughter, herself, was to be their reward. There was scarcely a hope for the old man, and yet he had determined to make a desperate fight.

"We must bluff off these rascals!" he said, with a grim smile, turning to his child. "Now, Bess, my girl, when I fire this rifle, do you hand me another, and so on, until the whole eight shots are fired! That will keep them on the other side of the wall, for a few moments, at least, and then we will have to trust to God for the rest!"

Look down there, and see, a hand stealing over the edge of the wall! The old man levels his piece—that British trooper falls back with a crushed hand upon his comrades' heads!

No longer quivering with suspense, but grown suddenly firm, that young girl passes a loaded rifle to the veteran's grasp, and silently awaits the result.

For a moment all is silent below; the British braves are somewhat loath to try that wall, when a stout old "Rebel," rifle in hand, is looking from yonder window? Here is a pause—low, deep mutterings—they are holding a council!

A moment is gone, and nine heads are thrust above the wall at once—hark! One—two—three!—The old veteran has fired three shots, there are three dying men, grovelling in the yard, beneath the shadow of the wall!

"Quick, Bess, the rifles!"

And the brave girl passes the rifles to her father's grasp: there are four shots, one after the other; three more soldiers fell back, like weights of lead, upon the ground, and a single red-coat is seen, slowly mounting to the top of the wall, his eye fixed upon the hall door, which he will force, ere a moment is gone!

Now the last ball is fired, the old man stands there, in that second-story window, his hands vainly grasping for another loaded rifle! At this moment, the wounded and dying band, below, are joined by a party of some twenty refugees, who, clad in their half-robber uniform, came rushing from the woods, and, with one bound, are leaping for the summit of the wall!

"Quick, Bess, my rifle!"

And look there—even while the veteran stood looking out upon his foes, the brave girl—for, slender in form, and wildly beautiful in face, she is a brave girl, a Hero-Woman—had managed, as if by instinctive impulse, to load a rifle. She handed it to her father, and then loaded another and another!—Was n't that a beautiful sight? A fair young girl, grasping powder and ball, with the ramrod, rising and falling in her slender fingers!

Now look down to the wall again! The refugees are clambering over its summit—again that fatal aim—again a horrid cry, and another wounded man toppling down upon his dead and dying comrades!

But now look!—A smoke rises there, a fire blazes up around the wall; they have fired the gate. A moment, and the bolt and the lock will be burst from its sockets—the passage will be free! Now is the fiery moment of the old man's trial! While his brave daughter loads, he continues to fire, with that deadly aim, but now—oh horror! He falls, he falls, with a musquet ball driven into his breast——the daughter's out-stretched arms receive the father, as, with the blood spouting from his wound, he topples back from the window.

Ah, it is a sad and terrible picture!

That old man, writhing there, on the oaken floor, the young daughter bending over him, the light from the window streaming over her face, over her father's grey hairs, while the ancient furniture of the small chamber affords a dim back-ground to the scene!

Now hark!—The sound of axes, at the hall door—shouts—hurras—curses!

"We have the old rebel, at last!"

The old man raises his head at that sound; makes an effort to rise; clutches for a rifle, and then falls back again, his eyes glaring, as the fierce pain of that wound quivers through his heart.

Now watch the movements of that daughter. Silently she loads a rifle, silently she rests its barrel against the head of that powder-keg, and then, placing her finger on the trigger, stands over her father's form, while the shouts of the enraged soldiers come thundering from the stairs. Yes, they have broken the hall door to fragments, they are in possession of the old block-house, they are rushing toward that chamber, with murder in their hearts, and in their glaring eyes! Had the old man a thousand lives, they were not worth a farthing's purchase now.

Still that girl—grown suddenly white as the kerchief round her neck—stands there, trembling from head to foot, the rifle in her hand, its dark tube laid against the powder-keg.

The door is burst open—look there! Stout forms are in the doorway, with musquets in their hands, grim faces, stained with blood, glare into the room.

Now, as if her very soul was coined into the words, that young girl, with her face pale as ashes, her hazel eye glaring with deathly light, utters this short yet meaning speech—

"Advance one step into the room, and I will fire this rifle into the powder there!"

No oath quivers from the lips of that girl, to confirm her resolution, but there she stands, alone, with her wounded father, and yet not a soldier dare cross the threshold! Embruted as they are in deeds of blood, there is something terrible to these men, in the simple words of that young girl, who stands there, with the rifle laid against the powder-keg.

They stood, as if spell-bound, on the threshold of that chamber!

At last, one, bolder than the rest, a brave, whose face is half-concealed in a thick red beard, grasps his musquet, and levels it at the young girl's breast!

"Stand back, or, by ——, I will fire!"

Still the girl is firm; the brave advances a step, and then starts back. The sharp "*click*" of that rifle falls with an unpleasant emphasis upon his ear.

"Bess, I am dying," gasps the old man, faintly extending his arms. "Ha, ha, we foiled the Britishers! Come—daughter—kneel here; kneel and say a prayer for me, and let me feel your warm breath on my face, for I am getting cold——O, dark and cold!"

Look!—As those trembling accents fall from the old man's tongue, those fingers unloose their hold of the rifle—already the troopers are secure of one victim, at least, a young and beautiful girl; for affection for her father, is mastering the heroism of the moment!—look! *She* is about to spring into his arms! But now she sees her danger! again she clutches the rifle; again—although her father's dying accents are in her ears—stands there, prepared to scatter that house in ruins, if a single rough hand assails that veteran form.

There are a few brief terrible moments of suspense. Then a hurried sound, far down the mansion; then a contest on the stairs; then the echo of rifle shot and the light of rifle blaze; then those ruffians in the doorway fall crushed before the strong arms of Continental soldiers. Then a wild shriek quivers through the room, and that young girl—that Hero-Woman, with one bound, springs forward into her brothers arms, and nestles there, while her dead father—his form yet warm—lays, with fixed eye-balls, upon the floor.

HOW TO CHOOSE A WIFE;

OR,

THE BACHELOR'S BRIDE.

BY ANGELINE E. ALEXANDER.

Chapter I.

Charles M. Howard was a bachelor, of thirty years' standing, and yet, singular as it may appear, he was not at all afraid of his age being known, though he could readily have passed for several years younger. His countenance possessed that frank, open, intellectual expression, that inspires respect and confidence in the beholder, and tells most certainly of a mind within. His principles were noble and lofty—his disposition confiding and generous, with a heart peculiarly formed to inspire and reciprocate sentiments of affection. His respect for and admiration of the female sex were unbounded, and only in their society was his happiness complete, yet, on his fortieth birth-day, he was an unmarried man. He had created in his imagination the being he could love, but no where could he meet with her in the sober realities of life. Mr. Howard was a wealthy man, and had become impressed with the idea that it was his riches that made him an object of interest, consequently he was very distrustful of the bewitching smiles and cordial welcome with which he was always greeted. He was, just at this time, on the eve of quite an important event. An early friend and college companion, Mr. Thomas Irwin, was about entering the matrimonial state for the second time, and, at his earnest request, Howard had consented to act as his groomsman. He had waited upon his friend in that capacity at his first marriage, and it was in consequence of this, and his great regard for him, that he yielded to his wishes, and, to use his own expression, became a young man again. A few days before the wedding, Irwin paid him a visit at his handsome apartments at the Astor. The approaching nuptials were, of course, the engrossing topic of conversation.

"I have been thinking a good deal about it, Irwin," said Howard to his friend, "and I am almost sorry I consented to stand up for you; I am afraid I shall make an awkward affair of it."

"You are endeavoring to draw out a compliment, I perceive: for, as you well know, it would be impossible for the graceful and accomplished Charles Howard to do anything awkwardly."

"Come—come! don't be throwing your jests at me in that way. Heigh-ho! I wish, with all my heart, that it was I that was to be married, instead of you."

"Not to my lady, I hope—for, if that be the case, instead of standing at my side in a few days, I shall expect to meet you to-morrow morning, face to face at ten or a dozen paces, as our seconds may see fit. But, jesting aside, Howard, you ought to marry, calculated as you are to make a wife happy. It is a duty you owe your Maker and society. Beside, you know not the happiness your are losing——"

"Yes—yes I do—I feel it—I know it all. I gaze around these luxurious apartments and despise their splendid loneliness. I sigh for a gentle voice to sooth me—for soft, loving eyes upturned to mine——for the delicate and unobtrusive attentions which affection alone can prompt, and for a heart in which I can safely trust, and that will understand and appreciate my love."

"Then why not secure to yourself such a treasure—depend on it, you will never repent it."

"It is for this treasure I am seeking. I can easily love—the difficulty is to find one who could love me for myself alone."

"Pooh—pooh! how do you suppose any fair lady could love such a crooked old bachelor as you!—indeed you ought to be thankful to kind Heaven for endowing you with the solid charms, wherewith to attract their attention."

"I am much obliged to you for your compliments, and have no doubt but the 'fair ladies' think just as you do—therefore I am as you see me."

"But to be serious, Charles, you are entirely wrong. Your diseased imagination has conjured up the idea, that you are courted alone on account of your wealth and influence. *Now*, in this, you are mistaken, and until you divest yourself of this foolish notion, you will be a discontented and unhappy man, a prey to ennui, and standing in the way of your own happiness. Take the advice of a friend—clear your vision of this beam, and open your heart to the charms of the sweet creatures who are constantly flitting around your path—and as I consider myself a man of judgment and experience in such matters, any assistance in my power shall be most cheerfully rendered."

"You are a kind soul, Irwin, and now the thought just strikes me—you are the very one to choose a wife for me, as I find it impossible to make a selection. Do you not know of one that you think will suit me?"

"Of one?—yes, I could tell you of several, with either one of whom your felicity would be complete."

"Name them—and as sure as my name is Charles Howard, I'll marry the one that pleases me, provided she'll have me."

"A very good proviso! Well, then, to commence—there is the bridesmaid, as pretty a little girl as trips along Broadway, and would look perfectly bewitching on the night of the wedding, but for my bride, whose charms, I must confess, will throw her's somewhat in the shade."

"She has a beautiful face, and that is all. She lacks expression, fervor of sentiment, and is too inanimate even to dance. She always reminds me of a beautiful piece of statuary—soulless, unimaginative. Depend on it, she could love no one but her own pretty self."

"Well, then, there is her eldest sister, a tall, splendid woman, that can move with the grace of a sylph, possesses a mind of the highest order, upon which rare cultivation has been bestowed, can converse on any subject like a philosopher——"

"Stop—stop! I beseech you. I do not want to marry a female Solon, neither do I relish the idea of looking up to a wife, which would certainly be the case, both personally and mentally, with regard to that magnificent lady, who ought to have graduated long since as 'Mistress of Arts.' No—no, I could not love her:—

> 'What most I prize in woman
> Is her affection—not her intellect.'

I have a very good opinion of my *own* intellectual powers, and imagine they are quite sufficient for any reasonable woman and myself. In a wife I desire an amiable and intelligent woman, who will love me with her whole heart, and be willing to take me for her guide and counsellor."

"Ah, I have one now—a sweet, mild girl, who was made for love and you, who just answers your description—Emily Austin."

"She is too young—not more than eighteen. I do not expect to marry a woman of forty, or thirty-eight either; but I cannot think it possible that a girl of Emily Austin's age, could love a man who is old enough for her father—I like consistency."

"Too young! strange objection for an old bachelor to urge. But I have just thought of a lady who is different from all the others, and I think will suit exactly—Miss Clara Stevens."

"She is too old—at least twenty-seven—a regular old maid. A woman who has reached twenty-seven unmarried, has been in love half a dozen times. Her affections have been divided and frittered away among her conquests, until nothing is left."

"Eighteen too young and twenty-seven too old—you are hard to please: but I have a medium—the beautiful young widow, Mrs. Walters. A highly accomplished and loveable woman, with a plum into the 'bargain'."

"A widow! Heaven forfend it. I should never marry a widow unless her husband had been guilty of treason against the Government or piracy upon the high seas. It would be impossible to please her. Only cross her in the least, then you would have it—'Ah, me! when dear Mr. —— was alive, he used to do so and so, and such a thing for me, and I had everything just as I pleased, and was so happy: but now'—then would follow a fit of the hysterics. I am not particularly fond of having living men held up to me as paragons, much less dead ones."

"Hump! you are so fastidious that I despair of pleasing you. However, I'll try once more. There is the reigning belle of the season—the exquisite Miss Rosalie Montague."

"The reigning belle of the season! The very sound startles me. No man in his senses would think of marrying a belle—that compound of fashion, vanity, and heartlessness. I have too much self-respect to bow at the shrine of such a being."

"Perhaps a lady from the country would suit you. I understand that Miss Herbert expects a young cousin, who lives in the upper part of the State, to spend the winter with her, and if we may credit report, she is as lovely and amiable as fallen human nature can be. I would advise you to apply there as soon as she arrives, ere she is contaminated by fashionable follies, or finds out your peculiar notions."

"I do not think that I could commit my happiness to the hands of a country girl, because they are generally so amazingly taken with the fashion and gaiety of city life. It comes to them with the charm and freshness of novelty, and runs away with what reason and common sense they possess. I'll describe the being I could love:—About the colour of her eyes, or the regularity of her features, I am not particular, so they wear the expression that pleases me. I do not want her to be too wise, yet she must know sufficient to appreciate properly my talents, and make her an intelligent companion. After all, it is the heart I seek for. It is the unreserved, uncalculating, and confiding love of a delicate, refined, and gentle woman, for which I yearn, and in return for which, my whole soul, with its powers, desires, and affections, shall be cheerfully resigned to her keeping, and acknowledge no sway but hers."

"And what woman, do you suppose, would be so foolish as to become the slave of such an overbearing and tyrannical master? I shall take very good care to sound the note of warning to all my fair friends. Upon my word, you must rate your qualifications very high, since none but an angel is worthy to enjoy them. Here have I been compromising the dignity of some of the finest women in the United States, by allowing you to discuss their capabilities of aspiring to your hand, (not one of whom I am sure would have you,) and forsooth, you have found some fault with every one. As a punishment to you, they ought to be informed of your opinions concerning them, that they might seek revenge in their own way. If ever you *do* marry, (which is very unlikely,) I pity you from my heart, and sympathise deeply with the unfortunate being who gets you for her despotic sovereign."

"You had better bestow your sympathy where it is needed—for if it is in the power of a man who can love passionately and devotedly to make a woman happy, the one whom I call wife shall be supremely so."

"We will see," replied Irwin, and after some farther conversation left his friend to sigh amid his "splendid loneliness."

The night of the wedding arrived, and Howard stood beside the groom. Strange thoughts passed through his mind. Ten years before he had occupied the same station at the side of his friend, but many changes had taken place since then. He thought of the fair, gentle girl who leaned tremblingly on Irwin's arm, and with tearful confidence gave her hand, with her heart in it, to him. She had passed away, and left naught to remind him of her save her image in her child. Howard felt sad. He wondered if his friend ever thought of this. Irwin looked so happy that he was afraid he had forgotten her, yet he could not blame him. He had been a tender and affectionate husband, a kind and indulgent father—had waited many years, and had finally made a very judicious choice, and Howard felt that he acted right, still for himself, he determined that he would never marry a second time. 'Twas strange, that an old bachelor who had been searching in vain two and twenty years for the first wife, should be thinking about the second, but strange thoughts will intrude themselves. At length Howard came to the conclusion that he had better not marry at all, lest his wife might die, and he be tempted to violate his sentimental feelings by marrying again, or the event of his death might leave a widow possessed of a handsome fortune, who would bestow it on some young fellow to squander away at pleasure—either of these thoughts were intolerable, especially the latter—The idea that while he was sleeping quietly in the grave, his own money was flying through the four quarters of the globe, by a graceless young spendthrift, was more than could be endured. So he came to the full determination that when he married he would immediately make his will, providing handsomely for his widow as long as she remained such, but leaving the bulk of his property for the establishment and support of a society, to be called the "Indigent Single Gentlemen's Society," and whose object should be the relief and sustenance of those unfortunate beings who had dragged out a life of single blessedness, and at their decease to afford them a decent burial, with the following inscription on their tombstone—"Here lies a Bachelor." In the codicil, it was to be distinctly stated that, in case his widow married again, her portion was to revert to the aforesaid society. Howard felt wonderfully relieved after settling this point in his mind, and at the close of the ceremony was entirely himself again, ready to perform the delightful duties that devolved upon him, which he did in such a graceful and captivating manner as won the heart of many a beautiful damsel present.

The parties that followed the wedding were very brilliant, and produced much effect. The bride, as all brides do, looked charming as she received the congratulations of her friends, and their wishes for her future happiness, which, considering she was the second wife, there was every reason to suppose would be perfect and uninterrupted. The guest would have served as a model of bliss personified.—The bridesmaid and groomsman were a remarkably handsome couple, and showed to great advantage in the conspicuous part they acted. Many were the whisperings and surmises as to the next wedding, although Howard only paid his [illegible] companion those attentions which their [illegible] positions demanded. In vain did scheming [illegible] lay their plans, and lisping daughters smile [illegible] and look languidly, Charles Howard walked [illegible] a free man still—proud of his liberty.

Chapter II.

Lieing among the verdant hills of New England, the river washing their base, is the beautiful village of S——. It is somewhat removed from the regular route of travel, and being at a distance from rail road stations, the go-ahead spirit of the present day is almost unknown among its inhabitants; consequently, they are a happy and contented people, retaining much of their puritan simplicity. Near the upper end of the village, a pretty little cottage peeps out from among the trees. There are other cottages scattered around, but about this one there seems a peculiar charm. From the modest violet, which, in unpretending loveliness, opes its meek eye in the early spring, to the showy chrysanthemum, that lingers to glad us awhile amid the sad and gloomy winds of autumn, all the flowers seem to have chosen this beauty-spot in which to hold their court, and by displaying their charms, if possible, rival each other in loveliness. Around the porch of the door, the sweet honey-suckle clasps its graceful tendrils, while the queen of flowers, blushing at her own beauty, disputes the fragrance with the exquisitely-leaved jessamine, that showers its delicate blossoms beneath the parlor windows, around which it is trained. But the loveliest flower of all blooms within the cottage—sweet Anne Leslie.

Anne Leslie was not sixteen, nor was she twenty-six; she occupied a position between the two, but where we dare not tell, as it is very impolite even to guess at a lady's age, whom you suppose to have completed her sixteenth year. Her father had been the pastor of the church that stands in the centre of the village, and associated with her earliest recollections was his image. Well could she remember how he used to take her by the hand to church, and leaving her in the pew with her mother, would fill his place in the pulpit, to lead the devotions of the people, and as he became animated with his subject, and seemed borne upward, forgetting every thing around, Anne would almost tremble, and fear that her dear papa would never again be willing to share her childish pleasures. Her youthful imagination had invested him with exalted attributes; and often did she wonder how a great man like her father, could love a little simple child like her.

As Anne grew older, and her mind expanded in beauty and richness, under the watchful care of her father, until she could in some degree enter into his feelings, how did she adore that beloved parent; and with what emotions of awe and delight would she listen to the pleading and impassioned tones of eloquence, that fell from his lips, stirring the very depths of her spirit. Proud and happy was she to be the daughter of such a father. But death entered the happy home of her childhood, and marked the husband and father for his victim. The hand of affection smoothed the dying pillow, closed the weary eyelids, and laid gently down the village pastor, to rest from his labors.

Anne Leslie was inconsolable at the loss of her father. In the garden of her soul was hewn a sepulchre, in which lay buried the source of her happiness. Time, that blessed soother of the wounded heart, gradually softened her bitter anguish, and when the image of her sainted father rose before her, Anne would bow her head and weep submissively. Mrs. Leslie and her daughter left the parsonage upon the arrival of the new pastor and his family, and rented the neat cottage which they occupied.

Four years had passed since the death of Mr. Leslie, and Anne felt that their slender means, although husbanded with the strictest economy, would soon be insufficient to support them, without some exertion on her part. She thought much upon the subject, and finally her determination was taken.—Anne Leslie possessed a mind beyond her years, and upon its development her father had devoted a large share of his time and talents. Her plan was to resume her studies, and pursue them with untiring diligence, until she was fully qualified to become a teacher. She could then hope for employment in the female seminary near the village. She quickly made known her intentions to her mother, who at first opposed her, fearing lest the confinement and fatigue attendant upon such a course would injure her health; but Anne assured her there was no occasion for her fears—that the low state of their funds made it absolutely necessary for something to be done—and that she had chosen this in preference to any other employment. Mrs. Leslie gazed upon the plump cheek and sparkling eye of her daughter, blessed her, and gave her consent. So the fair student was to enter upon her duties as soon as a competent teacher could be found to direct them.

Towards the close of a day in the early part of April—that month of sunshine and tears—the stage-coach might be seen toiling up one of the hills by which the village of S—— was surrounded. In a little while it entered the village, and stopped at Mrs. Leslie's gate. Anne went out and received from the driver the roll of music and package of books that she had requested him to bring her from the county town. He then gave his horses the whip, and away went the stage, dashing and rattling along down to the tavern. One passenger was left here, who called for a room, and ordered his baggage into it; then enquiring for the residence of Colonel Ridgway, departed in the direction pointed out to him. The stranger did not return until the next morning, when, requesting a private interview with the landlord, he asked his opinion concerning the prospect of sustaining a female seminary in the place. His host gave him considerable encouragement—so much indeed that the stranger at once decided to remain in S——, and as a consequence engaged board of the worthy landlord at the sign of the Anchor.

In a short time, Mr. Meredith—for such was the schoolmaster's name—was snugly ensconced in a neat school-room, in a retired part of the village. His school was very select, and, as he taught only the higher branches of education and the languages, his pupils were generally young ladies—the daughters of the aristocracy of S—— and its vicinity—and as many of these were too indolent, or too proud to go to school again, he was not overburdened with scholars. His arrival in S—— was most opportune to Anne Leslie, at least so she thought, and eagerly did she enter upon the course of study he recommended.

Days and weeks rolled by, and four months after the opening of Mr. Meredith's school, an observer might have noticed considerable change in the little community, even in that short space of time. Many had become wearied with learning and turned back. Others did not like Mr. Meredith—they thought him too quiet and reserved—and preferred whiling away the warm summer days in their own pleasant homes, to solving problems and parsing Latin sentences with the dull schoolmaster. A few were still eagerly pursuing the path of knowledge. Among these latter was to be found Anne Leslie. But a change had come over the spirit of her dream, and yet she knew it not.

Mr. Meredith, from an occasional call at the cottage to satisfy Mrs. Leslie with regard to Anne's improvement, had become quite a frequent visitor. Anne felt a kind of pleasurable awe steal over her in his presence, which made her very quiet—and, leaving to her mother the duty of entertaining their guest, she would reserve for herself the pleasure of listening. If for an instant his eye rested upon her, or in the course of conversation he addressed himself to her, it would make her tremble, and cause her heart to beat so violently, that she feared he would notice it, and attribute it to awkwardness, in her having lead so secluded a life. Anne thought it strange she should feel so. She could converse with Colonel Ridgway, and Dr. Douglass, the village physician, and even the minister himself, without trepidation; and she was sure there was nothing very terrific in the appearance or conversation of the schoolmaster that would account for her agitation. Ah! Anne Leslie was a novice, and little imagined the state of her heart. Anne had never been to school before, for her father taught her at home, and she thought it a delightful occupation.—Before going out in the morning, she would arrange her pretty hair very smoothly, and often wonder if the schoolmaster liked white muslin dresses better than pink gingham ones. Then she would blush at her own thoughts, and, tying on her cottage bonnet, wend her way to the school-house. Anne was a very attentive student, but oftentimes on the very page she was studying would appear the dark eyes and noble brow of the schoolmaster. Anne would start and shut her eyes, but very soon she would open them again, and then—right down on the book—so plain—would be the same vision, and as it is rather embarrassing to have a pair of eyes looking all the time into yours, it is no wonder that Anne would have to close the book, and look out upon the moonlight to divert her for awhile. In this way time passed on.

Col. Ridgway's eldest daughter was Anne Leslie's intimate friend, and at her solicitation Anne consented to spend a day, that she named, with her. Towards evening, as she was preparing to return home, the clouds assumed a very threatening aspect. Col. Ridgway was from home, and the family urged her to remain, but Anne felt sure she could reach the village before the storm came on. She had proceeded about half the distance, when a vivid flash of lightning, followed by a rattling peal of thunder, told her of her perilous situation. The terrified girl looked around in vain for shelter—pale and breathless, she was ready to sink to the ground with fear, when, to her great joy, she saw Mr. Meredith approaching, apparently on his way to Col. [illegible]

Anne blushed and trembled, and quite forgot that she was in the midst of a thunder storm, as he gently drew her arm within his, and she felt the blessing of having such a support for her faltering steps.—But at length there came a flash of such startling brightness, succeeded by a peal so terrific, that Anne, forgetting every thing but the danger, clung to her companion with convulsive fear. He drew the trembling and almost lifeless girl to his bosom.

"Anne, dearest Anne, are you hurt, or only frightened? Speak but one word to quiet my fears," and Meredith gazed on her pale face with unutterable anguish.

"I am not hurt—and I know it is wrong to be so frightened. But that awful flash! Oh, I cannot endure to see another such!" And the still trembling girl nestled closer to him, and hid her face in his bosom.

Meredith enfolded Anne in his arms to shelter her from the storm, which was now descending upon them in all its fury; and but for his anxiety on her account, could have wished for a perpetual thunder storm, while it procured for him the happiness he enjoyed.

"Anne," said he, "may I speak to you? In this to you, moment of terror—to me, the happiest of my life, may I be allowed to open my heart to you?—Anne, I love you—deeply love you. Long have I desired to reveal to you the rapturous feelings cherished in my yearning bosom—diffusing there the light, the warmth, the fragrance of love; but an indefinable dread of your rejection, prevented me. Yet I have dared to imagine that you sometimes thought of me. Have I presumed too much in fostering such a hope? Look up, Anne, and let me know my fate."

Anne did look up—looked up into eyes that were bent on her in a gaze so tender and impassioned, that it sent a thrill of rapture to her heart. She gave him no answer—there needed none. But as Meredith clasped her yielding form to his heart, and imprinted on her cheek his first most precious kiss, he felt that Anne loved him, and tasted the deepest bliss this world has to bestow.

The rain having abated, they hastened their steps towards the village, for Meredith was alarmed lest serious consequences might ensue from Anne's exposure to the violence of the storm.

Anne Leslie slept but little that night. She was too happy to waste in forgetfulness the precious moments. The next day at school it was very evident that she had not prepared her lessons as carefully as she was wont to do, and many were the awkward blunders made in her recitations. But Meredith overlooked all, lending her an uncommon share of his assistance, and when school was dismissed, he deemed it his duty to walk home with her, doubtless to impress upon her mind the necessity of bestowing better attention for the future. In an incredibly short time it was known throughout the village that Mr. Meredith and Anne Leslie were to be married. It called forth a world of wonderment. Every body was astonished that Anne could fancy a man who was at least sixteen or seventeen years older than herself, especially after having refused the hand of the dashing son of Mr. Lawrence, the wealthiest man in S——. Many thought that her mother ought to have used her influence to prevent such an occurrence as her marrying the poor schoolmaster; while the envious tossed their heads, declaring that in their opinion it was a very good match, as they did not know what reason Anne Leslie had to look higher. But these whisperings and remarks produced no effect upon the object of them, for Anne Leslie had yielded up her whole heart to one in whom she had implicit confidence. Mr. Meredith was by no means deficient in manly beauty. His form was handsome, and his eyes very fine.

> "On his bold visage middle age,
> Had slightly press'd its signet sage,
> Yet had not quenched the open truth,
> And fiery vehemence of youth."

But it was not his handsome person or agreeable manners, that engrossed Anne's love. These doubtless had their due weight. It was the soul enshrined within that Anne worshipped. It was the majesty of thought, the elevated tone of feeling that dwelt upon his broad, serene forehead, that Anne loved to contemplate. Her mind enthroned him lord and king, and proud and delighted was she to yield him the homage that his intellectual powers won from her. The eyes, that kindled with rapture, and from which sparkled the beams of his soul, could also melt with passionate tenderness when bent on her. When conversing with his equals in intelligence, he would draw, from the rich resources of his mind, topics of discussion that would interest all, and support them by unrefutable arguments, with a dignity and eloquence that was sure to command respect and admiration,—how would Anne's heart throb with pride! But when she was alone with Mr. Meredith, in her own quiet parlor, or walking by the river side, leaning on his arm, then he would lay aside those grave and abstruse disquisitions, and subduing his full, rich voice, to milder tones, would converse with her on subjects better suited to her gentle and loving nature. Anne understood and appreciated him [illegible] ated his virtues. The summer had now closed, the falling leaves and withered flowers brought sad thoughts to her happy heart, and amid the subdued sunshine and gorgeous drapery of Autumn, gentle Anne Leslie became the schoolmaster's bride. It had been arranged that immediately after their marriage, Anne should accompany her husband on a visit to his relations in New York, and on their return to S——, he was to resume the occupation of teaching, as the means of support. On the morning of their departure, Anne visited her father's grave, kissed her mother, bade farewell to Col. Ridgway and his family, who were at the cottage to see her off, and was soon seated beside her husband in the stage. It was a lovely season for travelling, and Anne's spirit responded joyously to nature's softened charms. Meredith, who had travelled much, could tell her all she wanted to know.

He pointed out all the objects and places of interest, and would relate some truth or legend connected with them, to amuse her. What she did not understand, he made plain and clear, and was so ready to answer her numberless questions, that she loved to ask him. And then the manner in which he did all this—so full of tenderness and love, and so intermixed with pleasing digressions, and words, and looks of fond endearment, that Anne felt quite thankful she was not very wise, else she would have lost the exquisite happiness she derived from her husband's superior knowledge, and his happy manner of imparting it to her. Their journey was a delightful one, and in due season they arrived in New York. Anne had never before been out of the quiet village of S——. She had heard and read of this great emporium of business and fashion, but the utmost stretch of her imagination failed to convey the least idea of the strange sights she beheld as the boat touched the wharf. It was the dusk of the evening, but not so dark as to obscure the surrounding objects, which Anne gazed on until the novelty became painful. The ships of different nations lying at anchor, with their gay streamers floating in the wind—the numerous steamboats constantly arriving and departing—the springing up of lights on shore—the ringing of bells—the hurrying to and fro—the noise and confusion attendant upon an arrival—was all so new and startling, that it quite bewildered her. She felt frightened, she knew not why, and wished herself again in quiet S——. At length Anne stole a timid glance up to her husband's face, to see if he looked frightened. Had that glance confirmed her fears, she would have been overpowered. But they were quickly dispelled by the look of fearlessness and dignity upon his manly brow, and the promptness and decision with which he gave the necessary directions concerning their landing, showed that he was perfectly accustomed to such scenes.—Anne was reassured, and pressing closer to her husband's side, her heart went up in thankfulness to Heaven for granting her such a guide and protector, while a tear of happiness and gratitude involuntarily started to her eye. Mr. Meridith handed Anne into a carriage, and very soon they were rattling along Broadway, amid carriages, cabs, and porter's barrows. With her husband's arm around her, she felt quite safe, and might venture to admire the beautiful stores, and make observations on the passers-by. After riding some distance, the carriage stopped, and, on looking out, Anne discovered that they were at the door of a large and splendid mansion. She was astonished, for she had never thought to enquire of her husband if his connections were wealthy or otherwise. Anne trembled violently as her husband led her up the steps, but she remembered that she was now to meet his relatives, and for his sake she endeavored to tranquilize her agitated feelings. At the door they were received by a man servant, who ushered them into the brilliantly-lighted and richly-furnished drawing-rooms. Meridith supported Anne to a sofa, upon which she sank.

"How long are we to remain here?" whispered she.

"As long as it pleases you. It is our home, my own sweet wife," replied her husband, as he folded her in his arms."

Anne looked at him in bewilderment.

"Will you forgive me, dearest, for this trial of your love? You have known me as Mr. Meredith, the schoolmaster of S——. My true name is Charles Meredith Howard. Had I been born in humble circumstances, I could have passed along unnoticed and unsought, but, being a favorite of the blind and fickle goddess, I was courted and flattered by all. That my wealth and influence were the cause of this heartless adulation, I was well aware, and it wearied and disgusted me. Col. Ridgway, who has long been my intimate friend and correspondent, had frequently urged me to visit him, and without apprizing him, I suddenly determined to accept his repeated invitation.

"Upon our arrival at S——, the driver stopped at your cottage to deliver some packages he had for you. I was greatly struck with your appearance, but having been deceived so often, I had been so wary of myself. Being of rather an independent turn of mind, I did not wish to order my baggage to Col. Ridgway's, so I engaged a room at the tavern, and then proceeded to the Colonel's. I met with a most cordial reception from my old friend, and passed a very agreeable evening. Your image had constantly filled my thoughts from the time I first beheld you. During our conversation, I managed to draw, from the unsuspecting Colonel, your past history and future intentions. The more I heard of you the deeper became the interest I felt for you, until I determined to gain your acquaintance, that I might study your nature and feelings. With this in view, I frankly confessed to Col. Ridgway the uncommon interest you had awakened in me, who did all in his power to encourage it. But wishing to satisfy myself, we concocted together the plan which I adopted. I was to retain only my second name, which is also the name of my mother's family, and become an humble schoolmaster, while he was to treat me with the politeness due to a stranger only. If I was at first captivated by your beauty, when I came to look down into your mind and heart, and discovered the hidden stores of the one and the trusting affections of the other, my thraldom was complete. The fear that haunted me was, that my love would not meet a response in your bosom. The disparity of years, the circumstances by which I was surrounded—a stranger and unknown to you—filled me with apprehension. I will not attempt to describe the wretchedness I endured until I ventured to tell my love. The rest you know, my own Anne. Once more I entreat your forgiveness for the stratagem that has completed my earthly felicity, by convincing me that I am loved for myself alone. Say, dearest, is it granted?"

Anne's joy was too great to find utterance in words, but Howard read his forgiveness in the beautiful orbs that were raised to his. Then Anne laid her head fondly on his bosom, to hide the tears she could not suppress, but they were tears of happiness, and her husband wiped them away as fast as they fell.

The next day Mrs. Leslie arrived under the escort of Col. Ridgway, upon whom Howard had imposed the delightful duty of explaining all. At the solicitation of Howard and Anne, Emma Ridgway, who accompanied her father and Mrs. Leslie, remained through the winter, and a gay and happy season they spent. Howard's connexions and acquaintances being among the elite of the city, Anne was at once introduced to those circles of taste and elegance where her own accomplishments and refined manners so well qualified her to shine. But her greatest pleasures she finds in her own house, with her husband for a companion. Still she goes into society, as it is Howard's wish, and her pleasure consists in gratifying him. When she witnesses the respect paid to his intellectual powers by men of learning and distinction, and listens to his instructive conversation, displaying the results of varied reading and extensive travel, her heart swells with pride and happiness, and, could her thoughts speak, their language would be that of the fair Portia:

Though for myself alone
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better; yet for him,
I would be trebled twenty times myself;
A thousand times more fair,
Ten thousand times more rich;
That, only to stand high on his account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account: but the full sum of me,
Is sum of something; which, to term in gross,
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd;
Happy in this, she is not yet so old,
But she may learn; happier in this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all is, that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to his, to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.

As a Benedict, Howard's felicity is complete.—Whether his happiest moments are spent amid the gay world, where the grace and loveliness of his beautiful wife make her "the observer of all observers," or at the romantic cottage of S——, which he has purchased, enlarged, and beautified, in an exceedingly tasteful manner, and where he resides the greater part of the year with his beloved Anne, listening to her musical voice, or kissing off from her sweet lips the name of Meridith, which she persists in calling him and he so loves to hear—the reader may judge. Two things, however, are certain: first, he did not make his will on his wedding day; and, secondly, if Indigent Single Gentlemen calculate on a maintenance from him, they will be most egregiously mistaken, as he has entirely changed his views with regard to a society for their support, which he once thought so philanthropic.

MARY'S REQUEST.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

There was a shaded chamber,
A silent, watching band,
On a low couch, a suffering child
Who grasped the mother's hand.

She told her faith in Jesus—
Her simple prayer was said,
And now, that darkened vale she trod,
Which leadeth to the dead.

Red fever scorched her bosom—
Frost chilled the vital flame,
And her sweet brow was troubled,
As anguish smote her frame.

Yet 'mid the grasp and struggle,
With shuddering lips she cried,
"O, mother—dearest mother,
Bury me by your side."

"But where will you be buried"—
My darling Mary—where!—
In the green, shady dell you loved,
With earliest violets fair?

Or in the ancient church-yard,
Where we were wont to stray,
'Mid the white marble monuments,
My little Mary—say?"

But the thought of flowers had faded—
The green dell charmed no more,
Dim grew those marble monuments,
With all their lettered lore.

And one lone image lingered—
Bright 'mid the wreck of earth—
That love, with which her soul was knit,
Even from the hour of birth.

One only wish she uttered,
While life was ebbing fast—
"Sleep by my side, dear mother,
And rise with me at last."

'Tis o'er, the spirit parted—
With that long, tender moan—
Check not thy grief, fond mother—
Thou daughterless and lone.

Weep freely—Christ hath hallowed
The tear that nature wrings—
And see—how peaceful rests the clay,
That pain no longer stings.

Look! look!—the thin lip quivers,
The blue eyes open wide,
And what a hollow whisper steals—
"Bury me by your side."

And did the spirit falter
Upon its upward track,
To strew this never dying flower
In tender token back?—

Even at the gates of Heaven,
Whence songs of angels flow,
Remembered it the cradle hymn
That soothed its infant wo.

LINES ON A STATUE OF HIS DEAD CHILD.

BY RICHARD LANE, ESQ.

I saw thee in thy beauty!—bright phantom of the past,
I saw thee for a moment—'twas the first time and the last
And, though years since have glided by of mingled bliss and care,
I never have forgotten thee, fairest of the fair!

I saw thee in thy beauty! Thou wast graceful as the fawn,
When, in wantonness of glee, it sports along the lawn;
I saw thee seek the mirror—and when it met thy sight,
The very air was musical with thy burst of wild delight.

I saw thee in thy beauty! with thy sister at thy side—
She is a lily of the valley, thou a gem in all its pride;
I look'd upon thy mother—there was triumph in her eye,
And I trembled for her happiness, for grief has made me wise.

I saw thee in thy beauty, with one hand among her curls—
The other with so gentle grasp that seiz'd a string of pearls;
She felt the petty trespass, and the child then, though she smil'd;
And I knew not which was loveliest—the mother or the child.

I saw thee in thy beauty! and a tear came to mine eye,
As I press'd thy rosy cheek to mine, and thought even thou [illegible]
[illegible]
My heart was like a summer bower, by thy joyous presence
made;
But I only saw the sunshine, and felt alone the shade.

I see thee in thy beauty! for thou alone art'st to me,
In marble coming gracefully!—but, oh, the change of eye—
That still serenity of brow—those lips that breathe no more—
Proclaim thee but a mockery of what thou wast before.

I see thee in thy beauty! with thy waving hair at rest,
And thy fairy little fingers folded lightly on thy breast;
But thy merry days are o'er, and thy little race is run,
And the mirror that reflected two, can now give back but one.

I see thee in thy beauty! with thy mother by thy side—
But her loveliness is faded, and quell'd her glance of pride;
The smile is absent from her lip, and absent are the pearls,
And a cap instead of widowhood o'erveils her auburn curls.

I see thee in thy beauty! as I saw thee on that day—
But the mirth that gladden'd then my heart, fled with thy life
away;
I see thee lying marble-cold upon th' accustom'd floor,
But my heart hath blinded both my eyes, and I can see no more.

MY MOTHER.

Tune—*Ma Mère.*

My mother dear, a kind adieu!
Ere with full heart I part from you,
Knowledge in foreign lands to gain
But, soon, I hope, to come again.
Your son from harm kind Heav'n will keep!
Oh, trust in God, and do not weep!
Oh, mother, mother, do not weep!

I see your anxious cares and fears
Suffuse your eyes with bitter tears;
For in your arms as I am press'd,
You seem just dying on my breast.
Your son from harm kind Heav'n will keep!
Oh, trust in God, and do not weep!
Oh, mother, mother, do not weep!

With knowledge fill'd and learned lore,
When I again approach our shore,
A man full grown with joy you'll see,
Mother, you'll then be proud of me.
Your son from harm kind Heav'n will keep!
Oh, trust in God, and do not weep!
Oh, mother, mother, do not weep!

BUBULCUS.

BENEDICT ARNOLD.

A SCENE FROM THE LECTURE OF GEORGE LIPPARD, ESQ., ON THE LIFE, TREASON AND DEATH OF BENEDICT ARNOLD, BEING THE THIRD OF A SERIES ON THE "ROMANCE OF THE REVOLUTION," DELIVERED BEFORE THE WILLIAM WIRT INSTITUTE.

There was a night, when an awful agony was passing in the breast of Arnold; the struggle between Arnold's revenge with Arnold's pride.

You have all seen that old house, in Second near Walnut street, which once the Home of William Penn, once the Palace of Benedict Arnold, is now used as a manufactory of Venus De Medicis, and sugar candies. That old house, picturesque in ruins, with battlemented walls and deep-gabled roofs.

One night a gorgeously furnished chamber, in that house, was illumined by the glare of a bright wood fire. And there, with his back to that fire,—there, looking out upon the western sky, gleaming in deep starlight, stood Benedict Arnold. One hand was laid upon his breast, which throbbed in long deep gasps, the other held two letters.

Read the superscription of those letters, by the light of the stars; one is directed to General Washington, the other to Sir Henry Clinton. One announces his acceptance of the command of West Point, the other offers to sell West Point to the British.

And now look at that massive face, quivering with revenge, pride and patriotism; look at that dark eye, gleaming with the horror of a lost soul; look at that bared throat with the veins swelling like cords!

That is the struggle between Arnold the Patriot and Arnold the Traitor!

And there, far back in the room, half hidden among silken curtains, silent and thoughtful, sits a lovely woman, her hands clasped, her unbound hair showering down over her shoulders, her large blue eyes glaring wildly upon the floor. Well may that bosom heave, that eye glare! For now the wife of Arnold is waiting for the determination of her husband's fate; now, the darkest shadow is passing over the Dial-plate of his destiny.

While Arnold stands brooding there, while his wife sits trembling by the fire—without, in the ante-chamber, three persons wait for him.

One is a base-browed man clad in the blue uniform of the Continentals. Turn that uniform and it is scarlet. That is a British Spy. He is waiting to bear the letter to Sir Henry Clinton.

That handsome cavalier, dressed in the extreme of fashion, with embroidered coat, red heeled shoes and powdered hair, is a nobleman of France; the Ambassador of the French King, the Chevalier De Luzerne. *He* has come here to listen to the offer of Arnold, who wishes to enter the service of the French King.

The third—look! A silent and moody red-man of the *forest*; an Indian chief; wrapped up in his blanket, standing there, proud as a king on his throne.

He has come from the wilds of the forest in the far northwest, to hearken to the answer of Arnold (the DEATH EAGLE, as the Indians call him,) to their proposition, by which they agree to make him chief of their tribes.

Now look: the door opens; the three enter; Arnold turns and beholds them.

Then occurs a hurried and terrible scene.

While the wife of Arnold sits trembling there by the fire, he advances, and greets the Chevalier De Luzerne:

"Look ye," he mutters in quick tones, "Your king can have my sword, but mark! I am in debt, the mob hoot me in the streets, my creditors are clamorous. I must have money!"

This bold tone of one used to command, little suits the polite Ambassador.

"My King never *buys* soldiers!" he whispers with a sneer, and then bowing, politely retires.

Stung to the quick with this cool insult, Arnold—turning his eyes away from the British Spy—salutes the Indian chief—hark! They converse in the wild, musical Indian tongue:

"My brothers are willing to own the Death Eagle as their chief," exclaims the Indian. "Yet are they afraid, that he loves the pale faces too well—"

"Try my love for the pale faces"—mutters Arnold with a look and a sneer that makes even the red Indian start.

The chief resumes: "My brothers who are many—their numbers are as the leaves of the forest—my brothers who sharpen their war-hatchets for the scalp of the pale face, will ask the Death Eagle to lead them on the towns of the pale face; to burn, to kill, till not a single pale face is left in the land."

"TRY ME!" was the hoarse response of Arnold, given with knit brows, and clenched hands.

"Then shall the Death Eagle become the chief of the red men"—said the Indian—"But his pale face squaw there! He must leave her; she can never dwell in the tents of the red men."

Then it was that Arnold—who had embraced with a gleam of savage delight, the proposition, to become the chief of a murderous tribe of wild Indians—felt his heart grow cold!

Ah! how he loved that wife!

Arnold who in his mad revenge, was willing to sweep the towns of the whites with torch and knife, quailed with the idea of leaving that fair young wife.

"The Death Eagle cannot be your chief!" he said as he turned from the Indian. The red man went from the room with a sneer on his *dark face*, for the man who could not sacrifice his wife—the loved one of his heart—to that revenge, which was about to stamp his name with eternal scorn.

"Now take this letter to Sir Henry Clinton!" gasped Arnold, placing the fatal letter in the hands of the British Spy. And then Arnold and his wife were alone.

Then that wife—gazing on the noble countenance of her husband, now livid as ashes,—gazing in that dark eye, now wild and rolling in its glance,—gazing on that white lip, that quivered like a dry leaf—then that wife of Arnold trembled as she felt that the dread Rubicon was passed, that Arnold, the Patriot, *dead*, she sat in the presence of ARNOLD, THE TRAITOR.

HENRY AND CHARLES;
Or, Honesty and Dishonesty.

BY D. C. COLESWORTHY.

O, dark and fearful is the path
That leadeth man astray;
No blushing flowers to love it hath—
No greensward spreads the way.

He is a brother and a friend,
Who when our lot is low,
With pleasant words, will aid extend,
And wipe the tears that flow.

"Be a good boy, Henry. You are now fourteen years old, and I have made arrangements with Mr. Simonton to take you into his store. Be obedient to your master in all things just and reasonable. I have confidence in him, or I would not consent for you to go from home. He will be kind to you and always treat you well, if you do your duty. Be perfectly honest, Henry: never take the value of a copper from your master, even if you stand in great need of money. If you do your duty and are faithful to Mrs. Simonton you will secure his confidence and the respect of all who know you, and become a useful man. Mind what I tell you—be honest—be industrious—attend strictly to your business, and never associate with the vicious and unprincipled."

Thus spake Mr. Jones to his son, who was about leaving the parental roof for a clerkship in a store. Henry was a dutiful *child*, and had received excellent precepts and good examples from his parents.

"I shall try, father," said the boy, "to please Mr. Simonton, and I think he will never have occasion to speak a cross word to me."

"You must do your best to give satisfaction to your master," said his mother. "Remember that you will have to put up with more inconveniences than you would at home, and that you cannot always do as you would desire. Endeavor to be obedient to Mr. Simonton, so that he will never have occasion to reprove you, and so conduct yourself that he will never hesitate to trust you."

With cheerful spirits and a happy heart, the youth left his parents and entered the store of the merchant. Mr. Simonton did an extensive business for the place, and employed another clerk, who was about two years the senior of Henry. His name was Charles Bedford. It was not long before Henry became the companion and friend of Charles—the latter could not help loving the former, he was so gentle and amiable in his disposition. There was a difference in the feelings of the youths. Henry was strict in his adherence to what he considered correct principles. He abhorred deception and profanity, and strictly observed the Sabbath by attending church, as he had been brought up by his parents.—But Charles would often evade and equivocate, and sometimes utter falsehoods. When he was displeased, he did not hesitate to make use of profane words, and as for the Sabbath, he did not believe in its observance, and would often pass the day in strolling about the streets.

The boys boarded together with their master.—One night as they retired to rest, Charles remarked:

"I don't see why you are so plaguey particular about what you do."

"In what respect, Charles?"

"In every thing. You won't stay at home on Sunday, you know, and seem to think it wrong to enjoy yourself on that day. I think as we are confined to the store all the week, there's no harm in enjoying oneself on Sunday."

"But I take more pleasure in attending church than I should in loitering about. In a good sermon I feel considerable interest. I also like good singing. I would not stay away from church on any account."

"And then, Henry, you are so particular to speak just so. I don't know as I ever heard you swear.—There is no harm in using a few trifling words."

"But, what good do they do?"

"Oh! one appears better to use them—and then they come in so easy, that I cannot help using them."

"If I cannot appear well without swearing, I shall be contented to appear badly. I know I shall never learn to use profane words."

"You will get over such feelings by and by. You'll never be thought any thing of unless you do, and there's another thing, you will not smoke a cigar.—What harm is there in smoking, I should like to know?"

"It does no good. I have heard it said that smoking leads to drinking, and that there are few if any drunkards who do not use tobacco in some shape or another. You wouldn't wish to be a drunkard, I hope?"

"No—and I never intend to. I don't exactly like your temperance societies; I wouldn't join one on any account. I like freedom from all restraint."

"I am sorry to hear you talk so. The temperance societies, I believe, are doing a great deal of good."

"You are foolish, Henry, to think so. But you will change your mind before long."

Thus the two youths conversed till they dropped asleep. It was evident that Charles had had a different education from his companion. His parents were of that class who look upon mere morality as a virtue, even though the heart be depraved. If outwardly the man appeared well, it was sufficient—and thus they taught their children.

For a few months Charles and Henry moved on pleasantly together, but a keen observer could have noticed the bad influence that young Bedford exercised over his companion. Being with him constantly, and hearing his conversation and observing his conduct, Henry by degrees learned the disgusting habit of using profane words, and was less particular in his observance of the Sabbath. He less frequently called upon his parents and often spent his evenings walking the streets, or in some improper shanty, where the rum glass was freely circulated. His mother saw the alteration in her son, but knew not to what cause to impute it. One evening when he called upon her, she remarked—

"Henry, where is it that you spend your evenings? You have not been at home for more than a week."

"I generally go with Charles Bedford."

"Where do you go?"

"Sometimes to one place, and sometimes to another."

"I am afraid, my son, that Charles is not so good a boy as he ought to be, and that he will lead you astray."

"So you always say, mother, when I go with any body I like."

"But, my child, I never speak unless it is for your good. It troubles me to have you away from home every evening."

"You no need to have any fears of me. I shall not go into bad company."

"I have known many a boy to be ruined by bad associates, and I fear that boy is not so upright as he ought to be."

Thus would Henry's mother talk with him. She was apprehensive that he would be led away by Charles and ruined. Her fears were not entirely groundless. Young Bedford was loose and irregular in his habits and had so insinuated himself into the favor of Henry, that the latter did not hesitate to follow his advice and example. Charles was in the constant practice of using profane words, smoking cigars and spending his evenings among those who did not hesitate occasionally to take a glass of cordial. Henry had learned to swear and smoke, from his companion, and every night he accompanied him to his favorite resorts. Once Charles took a glass of wine, and invited his friend to partake with him.

"I should rather not," said he.

"Come—don't be afraid."

"No—I don't wish for any."

"It will not hurt you. Come—come, drink a glass with me."

Stopping a moment to think, he replied—"I will not drink any to-night."

"You are foolish, Henry."

"Yes, he's a devilish fool," remarked the retailer, "and I'll be bound he has been to the temperance meetings and heard that cursed Dow, or that brawling Walton, or that notorious Joe Lord speak.—Drink away, Charles, and I'll drink with you."

"I am no fool, sir," said Henry to the bar-keeper, "but what use is there *for me* to drink when I do not need it, and have not the least desire for it?"

"Then drink to please your friend, who has so kindly offered it to you."

"Suppose I drink one glass, it may be the ruin of me."

"Who told you that story? John Crockett, I'll be bound to say. Let John look at home. He has enough to do to mind his own affairs."

"Who is John Crockett? I don't know him."

"You don't. He has been whispering in your ears more than once, that I can swear. Come, take hold and drink."

"Yes, don't be fearful, my little lad," said one who was lying upon a bench; "don't mind what the temperance folk tell ye. What do they care about you or any body else? All they want is power, to rule the State. Then they'll be satisfied. Come, my fine fellow," he continued, rising from his seat, and patting Henry on the shoulder; "take one glass, just to please us all."

"Do, Henry, do," said Charles, putting the glass to his lips; "there, drink. That's a fine fellow—I knew you were no fool," he continued, as Henry took two swallows.

"I knew that youth was too intelligent," said the retailer, "to listen to the harangues of Dow and Walton. Keep him from their influence, and he will grow up a fine fellow."

After conversing for about an hour in a like strain, cursing the temperance societies and all who addressed their meetings—Henry remaining most of the time silent—he and his companions went to their lodgings and retired.

"What's the matter with you?" said Charles, addressing his friend, as he jumped into bed.

"What would my mother say, if she knew how I have conducted! I have tasted of ardent spirits to-night." And the poor boy could not help shedding tears.

"Your mother will never know it—and certainly, she would not object to your enjoying yourself, if she did."

"But what will it lead to? Who knows but I may become intemperate!"

"You'll be a fool if you do. Can't you now and then take a glass of wine or cordial, without being a drunkard? I pity you if you can't."

"The greatest drunkards commenced by one drop. If my mother knew what I have done to-night, she would not rest till I had left this place."

"Your mother is like the rest of the orthodox, always borrowing trouble, and always afraid somebody's going to be ruined."

Without extending the conversation, Henry closed his eyes in sleep—not, however, without resolving in his mind never to go into a grog shop again.

Early in the morning, as he was passing down the street to his shop, he met the retailer, who sold his companion the spirit the night previous.

"Ah, my little fellow," said he, "I was much pleased with you last night, and should be happy to have you call on me again. That Charles Bedford is a capital fellow. Follow his advice, and you'll make something."

Henry made but a word in reply, and entered upon his duties at the shop. All that day he said but a few words, while Charles appeared to be as cheerful as a lark. He felt he had taken a wrong step, and disobeyed a kind mother, and he was unhappy.

But, by associating constantly with Charles, the idea that it was wrong to drink a little spirit occasionally gradually wore away, and he objected less to go into the retailers' shops. With his companion, Henry denounced the temperance people as fanatical, and was as earnest in condemning their course as any of his associates. He now preferred the company of the profane and drinking to the steady and industrious, and often absented himself from church on the Sabbath. So much for the influence and bad example of a companion. His parents noticed the change in their son, and entreated him to keep aloof from bad associates; but they knew not the extent of his departures from their precepts.

After they had got through with the business of the day, and supper was ended, Charles and Henry went into their chamber, when the latter remarked,

"I have an idea of taking a ride this evening—should you like to go?"

"I don't know but I should. But where can you obtain a horse?"

"Say nothing, and I will tell you. On the floor of the shop, under the money drawer, I picked up a two dollar bill."

"It probably belongs to Mr. Simonton."

"How do I know that? I found the money, and it is mine. If you will go with me, I will hire a horse and chaise."

After a moment's hesitation, Henry decided to go. That evening, they spent the two dollars. Henry, by the request of his companion, handed the bill to Mr. Plummer, the stable-keeper, to take out his pay for the horse.

Early the next morning, Mr. Simonton took Henry one side, and remarked—

"I have often missed money from my drawer. It is unpleasant for me to accuse any one of dishonesty; more especially one as young as you are, whose integrity I never wish to doubt. But I must say, I have strong suspicions that you are not so honest as you ought to be."

"Sir, I have taken no money from you," said Henry, shedding tears.

"Look here," continued Mr. Simonton, taking a bill from his pocket-book, "did you ever see that before?"

Henry saw it was the very bill he had passed to Mr. Plummer the night before.

"Yes, sir," said he, "I think that is the bill I passed to the stable-keeper last evening."

"It is the very one, and it belonged to me, and you must have taken it from the money drawer."

"It was handed to me by Charles, who said he found it on the floor."

"A likely story. But if it were true, you knew that it belonged to me. But the story I do not believe. Charles has been with me a number of

and I always found him trustworthy."

rtainly it is as I tell you," said the boy,

ing aloud."

"You should have wept before. I cannot consent to have a dishonest boy in my employment. I shall directly send you to your father."

"I am not so guilty, sir, as you may suppose, and if you'll try me once more, I'll be more careful what I do. I am sorry I consented to go with Charles, and would not do it again for the world."

"I am aware, Henry, if I turn you away—and for dishonesty, too—it will nearly ruin you. Who will trust you again? Where can you get a place?"

"It is this thought that makes me feel so; and I know my mother would not sleep if she knew this. If you will try me again, I will study your interest, and never be guilty of a dishonest or improper thing."

"Henry, you know my feelings towards you. I have felt a deep interest in your welfare, and have always been kind to you."

"I know it, and for this reason I feel so much the worse," said the boy, continuing to weep.

"If I should consent to have you remain in my store, you must turn over a new leaf to day. I understand that you have been in the habit of late of visiting the miserable grog shops in ——— street, and spending your evenings among the people who meet there to drink and carouse—and also that you have sometimes taken of the intoxicating cup. Is this true, Henry?"

"It is true, sir—I am sorry to say I was led away and over-persuaded to drink; but I will not do so again. I'm ashamed to think I have abused your kindness and have come to this. If you'll forgive me this once I will give you no future trouble."

"You know, Henry, I feel for your situation, and would not hesitate to retain you, if I were sure that you would be faithful to me and keep away from bad associates."

"Just try me, sir, this once."

"Well, Henry, as you are sorry for the course that you have pursued, and seem resolved to become a good boy, you may continue with me, and I shall say nothing about this affair. Henry, I wish you would listen to my advice, and never go near a grog shop, or spend your evenings with a gang of unprincipled youth. Use no profane words yourself, and discountenance their use in others. When you came with me, you were free from this charge, and I feel sorry that you ever associated with other than upright and virtuous youth. Guard your heart and your lips—watch against temptation, and you will grow up an honest man, to be respected by all."

Henry thanked his master for his kindness, and resolved, as he attended to his duties, never to do any thing that would displease him.

When Charles had an opportunity of speaking to Henry, he remarked—"How did you like the old man's blowing up?"

"I don't blame him. We have both done wrong."

"He said but little to me, and he'll forget all about it in a few days. Don't be so chop-fallen, Henry."

"Mr. Simonton has been kind to us, and it makes me feel unpleasant to know that he has had occasion to find fault. We must try to conduct better in future."

"Don't be frightened too soon. We've done nothing out of the way."

"We have not spent our evenings as we should, you know."

"What harm is there in enjoying ourselves? I shan't stay in the house for any body, after my work is done."

"I shall visit the shops in ——— street no more."

"The bigger fool you are."

"There is one thing we should look at, Charles. While we disobey Mr. Simonton, and visit improper places, we are injuring ourselves. Suppose we continue in the course we have pursued the last two months—what will be the consequence? If we accustom ourselves to smoking, drinking and swearing, the habits will grow upon us, and we may become unprincipled men and common drunkards.—We should look a little ahead."

"Enjoy ourselves while we can, I say. This is what I intend to do; but you are at liberty to become a deacon, if you please."

Henry did not feel like prolonging the conversation; but he was surprised and grieved at the language of his friend. He felt that he had erred, and was now resolved on a different course. In the evening, instead of going with Charles, he visited his parents; and when he retired to rest, he felt happier than if he had been with unprincipled associates. It was late before his friend came home. He remarked to Henry—

"I have had a glorious time this evening. I never in my life enjoyed myself better."

"I am afraid you have not been in good company to-night?"

"If you were not a ninny, you might enjoy yourself, too. Henry, why don't you join the church?"

"To tell you the truth, Charles, I wish I was good enough to."

"Ha! ha! ha!—so I thought. Well, every one to his taste, I say."

Young Bedford continued to grow more unsteady, and stay out later at night. He was generally cross and disagreeable, and began to find fault with his companion. So different were the tastes and dispositions of the two boys, that they now associated together but very little, except in the way of business. Thus a few months passed away. The leisure time with Henry was passed in reading valuable books, and in various kinds of study, to improve his mind. Charles seldom took a book or a paper into his hands. Mr. Simonton was still kind to the boys, and seldom spoke a cross word to them. While in his shop, they attended to the business, and every thing seemed to go on prosperously. One day, as Henry was sitting at the dinner-table alone—having been detained at the store later than usual—Sarah Simonton, his master's eldest daughter, a girl about eleven years old, came running into the room, and spoke to Henry—

"Pa has lost some money, and you have taken it."

"What is it?" anxiously enquired the boy.

"You have been taking some money from his drawer at the shop."

That moment the girl's mother came into the room and took her out, leaving Henry astonished beyond measure. He knew that he was innocent of the charge of theft, and without half eating his dinner he hastened to the shop. Mr. Simonton being alone, Henry stated to him what his daughter had said.

"It is true, Henry, that I have lost several dollars of late, and it is unaccountable to me where it has gone. Last evening I called Charles to me, and made inquiries, but I could learn but very little from him. Have you seen Charles with money of late?"

"No, sir, I have not."

"Have you had any money?"

"The last I had were the three dollars you let me have a week ago last Saturday."

"Have you the bills now?"

"No, sir; I have but fifty cents in the world."

Upon his stating thus, Mr. Simonton took him into his counting-room, with Charles, who had just entered the store. Being seated, Mr. S. inquired of Charles—

"Did you not tell me that Henry had some money?"

"Yes, sir—I thought I saw him put some bills in his trunk the other night."

"It is a mistake, Charles," said Henry; "I have had no money since the three dollars Mr. Simonton gave me, a little while ago, and my mother bought me some things with the money."

"What made you think you saw him have money, Charles?"

"I saw him put something into his trunk, and I had no doubt it was money, but I may have been mistaken."

"Now tell the truth," said Mr. S., turning to Henry—"have you not money in your trunk?"

"Not but fifty cents, sir."

"Have you any objection to let me have your key, and look into your trunk?"

"Do you not believe me? I tell you the truth."

"Just loan me the key of your trunk."

"I have nothing in my trunk but what is my own:" but the boy could not keep from shedding tears.

By his reluctance to let him have the key, his master supposed he might be guilty, and insisted on having the key.

"Well, sir, you may take it; but you will find that I have not been dishonest nor deceived you."

Mr. Simonton took the key, and went directly to the house. He opened Henry's trunk, and, after looking a moment or two, stowed away in one corner, he found a one dollar bill. With more grief than anger, he locked the trunk, and took the bill with him to the shop.

Calling Henry into his room, he said—

"I am pained to the heart to find that you have deceived me."

"Deceived you I have not."

"Do not add lying to dishonesty, I beg of you. It will be worse for you in the end. It is better to acknowledge the whole."

"I have nothing to acknowledge," the boy wept aloud.

"I found this bill in your trunk," holding it in his hand.

"Then it was put there without my knowledge."

"Henry, I am sorry to hear you talk so. For the last few months, I have put the utmost confidence in you. You remember your promise to me, when I concluded to keep you, and say nothing about the former affair? but I must dismiss you now."

"Say not so—it will ruin me."

"I have tried you, after I found you not to be trustworthy, and this is my reward. I regret you have done this, but I cannot keep you longer. You may take your trunk from the house, and go home to your father."

With his handkerchief to his eyes, Henry left the store, and went directly to his mother. He told her the whole affair, amid sobs and tears.

"Never mind, my son," said she, "the really guilty person will be detected at last. It is hard to be accused of dishonesty, but it will be best not to say a word about it. Mr. Simonton is wealthy we are poor, and, if he were disposed, he could injure us a great deal; but he is deceived. By and by, when he knows who is the really dishonest person, he will not hesitate to do justice by you. Dry your tears, and for the present you can assist me about the house. Perhaps you can find a good opening in the course of a few weeks."

Mr. Jones exceedingly regretted what had happened when he came home to his dinner, but he whispered not a word of reproach against his son nor his master. Like a Christian philosopher, he remarked:

"Never mind, my boy, innocence will be vindicated in the end, while crime alone will be punished. Dwell not on the unhappy circumstance, but be happy at home, till you can obtain another place. It will turn out right in the end. Your motto always has been, 'look on the right side'."

When Henry took his trunk away from Mr. Simonton's, he went into the parlor to bid Mrs. S. and her daughter good-bye, but they took no notice of him. A tear in his eye told how keenly he felt the slight.

"But I'll not mind it," said he, as he brushed the tear from his cheek.

In a few days he met Charles.

"What a fool you was," said he, "to leave that money in your trunk. You might have known the old man would find you out."

"I didn't put the money there, and you know it."

"I know it! Tell me that again if you dare!"

Henry made no reply, and passed on.

It was not a long time before young Jones obtained another situation. He went into the store of a gentleman, who, liking his appearance, asked him if he did not wish for a place in his establishment.—Henry was pleasantly situated with Mr. Roberts and gave perfect satisfaction to his employer. He was attentive to his business, and took care to improve the spare moments of his time.

Henry had been in his new situation about four months, when he received a request from Mr. Simonton for him to call and see him at his house, on the following evening. Without hesitation, Henry called on his old master. When he was seated—Mr. Simonton and he being alone in the room, the former remarked—

"You may think it strange that I have sent for you, Henry; but I must tell you that I think I have done injustice to you. Until very recently, I believed that you were dishonest and lied to me. My opinion is now changed. Charles I believe to be the villain. I have missed money at various times, and a few days ago I accused him of being the thief, and I think I had sufficient proof of his guilt; but he used very insulting language to me, and during the day took away his trunk and went to the South, as I understand, in a steamboat that evening. Since then I have found that he was very dishonest. I have lost more than a little by him. Henry, I am sorry I treated you so unkindly. I think you told me the truth."

"Yes, sir, what I said at the time was what I believed to be truth. I never could tell how that money came into my trunk."

"From what I have learned of Charles, I have no doubt that he opened your trunk and put it in."

"I cannot believe that he would have done it."

"There is no doubt in my own mind. It has always been a rule with me, when I have wronged another, intentionally or otherwise, to ask his forgiveness; and it is my duty to ask yours, for I have seriously injured you."

"Say nothing about it, sir. With all my heart I forgave you a long time ago. I knew you had a wrong impression, and hoped the time would come when the real offender would be detected."

"Another thing I wish to say to you. I should be pleased to have you come and reside with me again. If you are not engaged for any length of time with Mr. Roberts, and will come with me, I will do well by you."

Henry thanked Mr. Simonton, and as he was always pleased with the general treatment he received while he remained with him, he concluded to go with him again. His present master regretted to have him leave, but finally gave his consent, and Henry was once more in the employ of his old master.

No man could be more kind to another than was Mr. Simonton to Henry. He treated him as a son, and favored him in a thousand ways.

Young Jones remained with his kind master till he became of age, and soon after, he was taken into equal copartnership with him. The firm of Simonton & Jones did as much business in their line as any two firms in the place. For moral worth, and sterling integrity, no men in the community stood higher. They dealt fairly and honorably with all, and were perfectly free from those contracted views and mean contrivances that make so many detested and abhorred.

In a few years, Henry had acquired some little property, and in a neat and pleasant part of the town he built him a neat and commodious house.—When his dwelling was completed, he married Sarah, the daughter of Mr. Simonton, than whom a kinder and more agreeable young woman could no where be found. She was well calculated to make him happy—and two more congenial hearts probably never came together.

Mr. Jones had been in business something like six years, when he took a journey to the South, partly for business and partly for pleasure. Among other States he visited, he went to Louisiana, and spent several weeks. One day, in New Orleans, he saw several persons gathering, and inquiring the cause, he was told that a thief had just been placed in the pillory. On his head was a paper cap, on which was printed in large letters the word *robber*. Henry thought the countenance of the felon was familiar, and in a moment it struck him that it was his old companion, Charles Bedford. He could not be mistaken—it was he. But the marks of degradation were on his person. He had the appearance of a man of forty-five, when in fact he was not more than thirty. A tear or two struggled down the cheek of Henry as he gazed upon the miserable man. On the breast of the thief was a placard, upon which his crime and sentence were written. He had been stealing, and was to stand in the pillory one hour, and then received fifty lashes. Henry waited and saw the punishment inflicted upon the person of the young man, nearly every blow of the whip drawing blood with it. Though a painful sight, he remained till he saw the poor fellow removed for the dressing of his wounds.

That day Henry called upon him, but he found him a miserably wicked and polluted being. Without at first making himself known, he remarked—

"My good *friend*, what has brought you to this condition?—if I may ask you the question."

"Intemperance and dishonesty. I have brought it all on myself."

"There is a chance for your reformation—why not forsake the bowl?"

"Sir, I am too far gone, now; I am houseless and friendless."

"None are beyond the reach of hope, while they can move and breathe. You may yet be a man again."

Seeing him in much pain from his chastisement, Henry left him, promising to call again in a day or two. But, feeling a sympathy for the poor fallen wreck of humanity, the next day he was at his side, with some trifles he had bought for his nourishment. The unhappy man appeared exceedingly grateful, and thanked Henry with tears in his eyes.

"Who am I indebted to for this kindness?" enquired he.

"I am a stranger in this place."

"Sir, I can never forget you. No other person but yourself has shown me any pity. I have done wrong, I know. Once I might have been something. I commenced early a career of folly; but I knew not the bitter consequences till now."

"You are not now too old to reform. Give me your word that you will from this time cease to drink ardent spirits, and become a reformed man, and I will see what I can do for you."

"Sir, your kindness astonishes me. Can I have one friend in the world? Is there yet hope for me? O, sir"—and tears checked his utterance.

"You have a friend in me, if you will do your duty."

"I will try to, with all my heart."

"There is one gentleman in New Orleans with whom I am acquainted. Upon my recommendation, he has agreed to take you as a porter in his store. If you are faithful, steady and honest, he will do well by you. If otherwise, I am to sustain the loss."

"A thousand thanks, sir. I will become a man again. Such kindness I never expected to see. Sir, what may I call your name?"

"Jones—my name is Jones."

"Jones, did you say?"—and the poor fellow looked up astonished beyond measure. "I once knew a person by that name—a fine little fellow too—would that I had been like him—but I wronged him"—and the tears again began to flow. "I will tell you what I did: I led him away from virtue. God forgive me—I took money from our employer: for we lived with the same man—and to screen myself, I placed a bill in his trunk—wretch that I was—and our master dismissed him as a thief. How can I be otherwise than miserable, to treat a kind, honest, and virtuous youth in this manner? What has become of him I do not know, but I trust he is yet virtuous and happy, while I am miserable and wretched. You are no relation to this Jones, who lived in a distant State?"

"I know him well."

"You astonish me."

"Charles, without longer deceiving you, I am the very person—don't you know me?"

"True as I live, 'tis he"—and it was sometime before he could speak—while the tears gushed in torrents from his eyes. "Henry, my benefactor and friend, forgive me! O, forgive me!"

"My dear fellow, you have long been forgiven. I never harbor any thing in my heart against a fellow creature."

For an hour they conversed together and each related the history of their past lives. Charles had suffered every thing but death. He had be[illegible] miserable in the extreme. Several [illegible] had he been imprisoned for his dishonesty. Bu[illegible] now by the kindness of his friend, he resolved to re[illegible] form, and before Henry left the place, he saw him pleasantly situated in a store, where, if he should prove faithful, the prospect of a good living and something more was before him.

Henry returned to his native place after an absence of one or two months, and continued to prosper in his business. He occasionally received letters from Charles, who had faithfully kept his promise, and became an altered man. The last time he heard from him, he had been promoted to chief clerk in the establishment, and was about taking to himself a wife.

We have but little to add to our story. Though virtue for a time may be cast down, yet will she triumph at last. All should remember this fact, and let nothing keep them from the path of duty.

Kindness will work wonders in the human heart. When a man errs, reproach him, and you drive him farther from virtue; but be kind, persuade and encourage him, and you change his heart and save a soul from ruin.

THE ADVENTURES
OF A BANK NOTE.

BY J. B. FOSTER.

It has become quite fashionable, of late, for persons who are possessed of any notoriety, to have a sketch of themselves and their adventures written by some friend. And, in many instances, where friends are not easily found, or their discretion not to be trusted, believing that some knowledge of themselves may be of advantage to the public, they have, with commendable zeal, and for the benefit of "unborn millions," consented, though with extreme reluctance, to favor the world with some events in their remarkable career, written by themselves.

While thinking upon this subject, I came to the conclusion that some account of myself might be interesting to the reading public, for I have travelled much, and in almost all kinds of society. I have been the companion of the rich, who looked upon me as only made for their especial benefit; again, I have, by accident, fallen into the hands of the poor, who wept for joy, while thinking that now, with my assistance, they could provide, for a short time, at least, food for themselves and starving families.

And I have concluded to write my adventures myself,—not that I have no friends, for I have many. In fact, there can scarcely be found a person who will not look upon me with pleasure; and, by many, my presence is hailed with joy. Nor am I only received with pleasure by all, but my stay, no matter how long, is looked upon as a matter of kindness;—and many means are resorted to by the not over-scrupulous, not only for the acquisition of my important self, but for my retention, after I have once come within their avaricious grasp.

But there are many, I must confess, who would gladly depreciate my worth, and who make long harangues against me, and all my kin: decrying my power and popularity: and doing all they possibly can to injure my reputation and standing in society. Foolish men! they should know that if my reputation were gone, I should, indeed, be worthless—beneath the notice of any. Why, then, do they slander me? for all that can be said is not only an injury to me, but, in many instances, to the very slanderers themselves.

But I look upon such men as these as mere declaimers and hypocrites, who wish to revenge themselves upon me, for my absence from their pockets. For they will receive me cordially, and with evident pleasure: and that too many times in payment for the tirade of abuse just emanated from their shallow brain.

Therefore, if I trust to friends to write my ramblings, I shall be in danger of being belied. And, in place of a correct narrative of my adventures, my readers will be shammed off with a half-told tale: and that replete with fulsome praise, or mere twattle about my utter insignificance.

So, dear reader! (for dear you certainly are, or you would not read these, my lucubrations), I shall depend upon the friendship of none. For friendship, like the sun's rays, may be obscured, perchance, by the first passing cloud. Stifled by the first ill wind that blows: smiling only when all is fair: blasted, withered, and gone when storms arise and trials come.

The first circumstances appertaining to worldly matters, which I can recollect, is a sort of squeezing sensation I experienced, when first I received an impression. And I remember nothing more until I, with many others, was spread out upon the counter of a banking-house, in the city of New York; (this, and many other things, of which I was then ignorant, I learned after some acquaintance with the people of the world.)

My face was what some would call rather pretty;

then considered it much disfigured, having upon each side the character V stamped in black, and right through the centre of my otherwise handsome face was the word FIVE, in large letters.

A stout built man, with the rotundity of a New York alderman, and small grey eyes, that twinkled like an expiring candle, took me up and after examining my face some time in silence, he exclaimed—"Beautiful impression! Nicely done! Rawdon, Wright, Hatch & Co.* are the fellows after all!—They do their work up in a style of elegance not to be surpassed."

He then wrote his name upon the right hand corner of my face, and, after again praising my appearance, handed me over to a tall, slim fellow, whose skin was as dry as parchment, and who carried a pen behind his ear, and continually muttered to himself some thing about per cent., interest, bonus, and other phrases which I did not then understand. He followed the example of his worthy superior, only putting his cognomen upon the opposite corner of my face, and, finishing the last letter with a flourish, which resembled the contortions of an anaconda in its dying agony.

I was then carefully packed away in an iron box, or safe, with many others, and for a time I feared that my life would thus ignobly pass away. But my fears were of short duration: for one day a man, rather past the prime of life, with care and anxiety plainly stamped upon his features, entered the office.

"Ah! how d'ye do!" exclaimed the officiating clerk, sticking his pen in its accustomed place behind his ear, and muttering to himself—"come after more money, I guess! Good enough!—devilish slack though. Must get good backers—his paper wont go here any longer."

The stranger approached the counter, and, presenting a paper, asked—

"Is that good?"

The clerk took the paper. "Good enough—short time, too, only thirty days—wonder where he got it? none of my business. You can have the money, sir." His last remark was addressed to the stranger, whose face lit up with a smile of joy, and he mentally exclaimed—

"I am saved!"

The clerk then took myself, and many of my kin, from our resting place, and, after counting us over one by one, as though he was loth to have us go, we were handed to the stranger, who, taking from his coat a large pocket-book, safely deposited us therein. He then returned the book to his pocket, took a pen presented him, and wrote upon the back of his paper S. Johnson, and left the office.

My master (such I call him, for I am the slave of my possessor,) walked with rapid steps until he reached one of the North River Hotels.

"Well, landlord," said he, as he entered the house, "how much is my bill? I must be off in the boat at four o'clock, and it only wants half an hour of that time now."

"Yes, sir, in one moment. Ah! by the way, is not your name *Johnson*?"

"Yes."

"Here is a letter left in your absence. I'll make out your bill immediately."

Mr. Johnson took the letter, and quickly tearing the seal, read—

"*Dear Father*—Hasten home as soon as possible. Our creditors are growing quite clamorous, and some of them have the impudence to say that you have absconded. I have promised them that if you are not here by to-morrow, I will then open the store (which I have kept closed since yesterday morning,) and let them take such a course as they may think for their interest. Come home, at any rate, for in a *very few days* money will *do us no good*.

"With many wishes for your success,

"I remain your son,

"*S. Johnson, Esq.* *James Johnson.*"

"I shall be there in season, and with money too," said the old man: "for I have got enough to pay every debt I owe. And when I am once clear, I will never trust to friend again—they have come near ruining me this time, and I will never put faith in man again. But my bill, sir—how much did you say it was?"

"Three dollars and a half."

"Very well—here it is. Good day, sir," and he immediately departed for the boat.

We were soon on board—the bell rang—and puff—puff—we were off up the river at the rate of fifteen miles an hour.

My possessor appeared to think of nothing but myself and companions, for he was continually putting his hand upon the pocket in which we were contained. This, by the way, he ought not to have done: for, if a person is noticed to be particularly anxious about the contents of a certain pocket, there are those who will take extra pains to find what the pocket can contain.

We had *steamed it* some five or six hours, when the boat, panting like a wearied horse, drew near [illegible] at one of the pretty villages [illegible] rise, al[illegible] enchantment, along the ba[illegible] Hudson

"You have come at last," said a young man, as he grasped the hand of my master.

"Yes my son, I am here. Are your mother and sister well?"

"Yes, father, they are well, and everything is safe yet. But have you accomplished your object?"

"Yes," said the old man, and again his hand was placed upon the pocket as though to make sure that we were yet there. "Let me get my baggage," he continued, "and I will accompany you."

Just then a hand was placed upon the pocket—it was not the owner's—he was in search of his trunk or portmanteau, and did not notice the liberty. The book was abstracted—and we were in the possession of a tall, well-dressed individual, who appeared to be anything but a pickpocket. But a fine exterior often hides the vilest sins from observation.

The merchant left the boat with his son; but we were no longer in his possession. How he bore his loss I cannot tell. It is probable he went to his house, greeted his wife and daughter with smiles, and was happy because he believed he had the means of freeing himself from debt, and making his home a pleasant and cheerful one. Alas! how keenly he must have felt the disappointment! Perhaps when the grief occasioned by his loss had somewhat abated, he informed his creditors of the loss of his means. Perhaps they did not believe his tale—called him dishonest—seized his remaining property, and turned him, with his family, into the street, homeless, and without the means of procuring a night's lodging. Broken hearted, and dispirited, the old man, perhaps, gave up all hopes for the future, and thus his family, which no doubt he once prized, was broken up, their prospects in life blasted, and all of them made miserable by the villanous act of my new possessor.

On sped the boat, like a thing of life; while the man in whose possession I was walked the deck with a complacent smile upon his features, well satisfied with his day's work. He had been below, and in a secluded corner of the cabin, counted his ill-gotten wealth.

"By Heaven!" said he "no small sum is this:—three thousand dollars is pretty good pay for one day's work. And how the old man *will* feel when he finds out his money is gone. He walked off just as though he was sure of it. Ha! ha! ha! I was enough for him that time. If he had wanted his money, he should not have been so anxious to let me know he carried something valuable in that pocket. Every time he put his hand upon it, it was just as much as to say, 'it's there, my boy! get it if you can.' Ha! ha! that was a good one."

So saying, he walked to the bar, took a glass of brandy, and waited impatiently for the boat to arrive at Albany.

As soon as that city was reached, my master ordered a carriage, and was conveyed to one of the best hotels. Here it appeared he made his home, for he immediately repaired to his room, which was well furnished, and ringing the bell for the servant, ordered supper to be served, which was soon done.

After supper he threw a cloak over his shoulders and entered the street. This time he did not call for a carriage, but walked rapidly, and seemed to shun observation. The street lamps were already lit, and guided more by their light than by a previous knowledge of the place, he entered an obscure street, and soon stopped before a door, over which, on an illuminated sign, were the words, "billiards, two tables up." Here he entered, and was soon engaged in that all-absorbing game.

It was late in the night when he left this place; and he had succeeded, by losing a few dollars, in getting nearly all his money changed. This was his object, for he was no gambler; in fact it was not, in his estimation, so safe a business as picking pockets. I still remained with him, and now, with no fear of the money being found upon his person, he was well pleased with his good luck, as he styled the theft of the merchant's pocket book. He had nearly reached his hotel, when he was surprised by a hand laid upon his shoulder. He instantly turned around, and a tall, brawny man stood before him.

"What do you wish?" he asked.

"Well," said the stranger, "don't treat your friends so unhandsomely."

"My friends!"

"Yes; don't you know me?"

"No."

"Don't be so short, for I know you do. Didn't we do that pedlar out of a cool thousand, and you had half of it?"

"Yes, yes, I remember; but don't talk so loud—what do you want?—tell quick."

"Oh, you are a fine gentleman now, and afraid to speak to me, I'll warrant. But never mind—I want money."

"I have not got any."

"Yes you have. I watched you while you were playing, and I know you got enough of it. I am run dry—so hand over."

"But I"——

"None of your buts. Money I must have, or I'll set the police to work. I tell you hand over."

"How much?"

"All you can spare."

"How much will you take and never call upon me again?"

"Five hundred dollars."

"I'll give you two."

"Not any more?"

"No—not another cent."

"Well, just look here. Give me five hundred or I'll give you a steady home, and may be a rope's end, with nothing to stand upon. Will you do it?—Tell quick, for I swear I will have the money."

"Will you promise never to speak to me again?"

"Yes, unless you are cut down as poor as I am—then I'll help you if I can."

My master took out his wallet, and I feared that that wretch would have me. But no, he approached a lamp, selected a note next to me, and handed it to the stranger. He carefully examined it to see that all was right, and then, apparently satisfied, turned to leave.

"You will remember you are not to speak to me after this?"

"Yes—honor bright; I'll remember."

My master, with a muttered curse, returned me to his pocket, and turned to go, when he received a blow upon the head that sent him reeling to the pavement. The villain to whom he had just given the money, was standing over him, searching for his pocket book. A shout, long and loud—a struggle, blows—and the watchmen came. They rescued my master from his assailant, and one of them accompanied him to his hotel, while the others marched off with the prisoner.

The next morning the daily papers were eloquent upon "the robbery of outrage attempted upon the person of George Clark, Esq., a Southern gentleman who was spending the summer in that city. He was," they said, "knocked down by a villain, and had it not been for the bravery evinced by him, would in all probability have been robbed of his money, a large amount being at the time in his possession."

With this notice my owner was well pleased. In fact, I more than half believe that he had some hand in its appearance. If he did not, it answered every purpose, for it served to make a *lion* of him for the time; and many called to hear from his own lips an account of the bold assault. This he was very ready to give—stating at the same time that he had that morning received a remittance from the South, of which the villain was probably aware.

In a few days the trial of the robber came on. My master was called upon the witness stand. He stated that he had never seen the prisoner until that night—that the first notice he had of his presence was a blow upon the head—and that had it not been for the watchmen, he believed he should have been murdered. Suffice it to say the prisoner was convicted, and sentenced to prison. While I could not but think that there was little or no difference between the prisoner and the witness, only one was dressed in rags, and occupied the prisoner's box—while the other, dressed in a costly suit, caressed and flattered by all, swore away the liberty of him who, although guilty of crime, was no more so than his accuser.

My possessor soon paid me to the landlord, and for more than a year I met with no adventures worth relating—merely passing from one hand to another: one day with the millionaire, the next with the day-laborer. The fine lady mistress of a lordly mansion, and the kitchen wench, were alternately the dispensers of my humble self. But I was not destined long to remain in such an ignoble sphere, for one beautiful morning in summer I was paid to a young lady by a shop-keeper, in the way of change, and I really felt delight as she wound me around her slender fingers of snowy whiteness, and then deposited me within her bosom, which rose and fell with the aspirations of an innocent and guileless heart.

She had but just reached her father's house,—a splendid mansion—when a visiter was announced. I could feel my fair owner's bosom heave with emotion, as he entered the room in which she was sitting.

"Ah, George," said she, "I thought you had forgotten me;"—at the same time extending her hand, which he passionately kissed.

"Forget you, Ellen! No, never"——

But I heard no more of the sentence, I was so surprised at seeing my old master (for it was he,) so kindly received by an artless and confiding girl.

"When did you arrive?" asked my mistress.

How I wished that I had the power to warn her of her danger—to have told her that he upon whom she lavished her affections, was a villain, beneath her contempt.

"To-day: and this is the first call I have made."

"Thank you for the favor."

"And is thanks all I am to receive from my lovely Ellen, my plighted love?"

"What else, dear George, can I give? You know you have my heart's best wishes—in fact, my love is yours—only, wholly yours."

"It is my turn for thanks now," said George, as he pressed to his bosom the lovely girl, and imprinted upon her blushing cheek a kiss.

"When, Ellen, shall the happy day arrive, that will make you for ever mine?"

"Soon, George; but my father still opposes our marriage."

"On the old grounds?"

"Yes; he says you are, or may be, a nameless adventurer, and that my property, left me by my uncle, has inspired your love."

"But you do not believe him?"

"Believe him! No. But he is cold and calculating. Write to your father, dear George, at the South, and have him write to mine; he will believe him."

"My father"—

"Yes; for my parent, (you know I have but one living,) thinks you are an imposter, and"——

"I shall not stoop to clear my fame from his malicious slanders."

"No, George; do not get angry with him; he means it for my good."

"It may be; but I must leave you now, perhaps for a week or two; and I hope by that time your father will have regained his senses. So good bye."

"Good bye," and again he pressed the lips of the lovely and confiding girl.

It was nearly a week after the departure of George. My lovely mistress was sitting alone in the parlor, thinking perhaps of her absent lover, or obdurate father. She sighed often, and placed her hand upon her head, as though to still her throbbing temples. There was a tumult of thoughts congregated there—for her father had just told her that she must never see her lover again. One moment she thought she would scorn her father's commands, and unite her destiny with that of her lover; let the consequences be what they might. Again her better nature whispered that *he must be obeyed*. While engaged in these thoughts the door opened, and a girl, poorly clad, entered the room.

"I have brought home your work," she said, addressing my mistress.

"Ah! yes, but why did you come in the rain?"

"I did not get much wet."

"But I was in no hurry; I should not have ventured out now."

"Nor I, fair lady, only"—

"Only what?"

"It is no matter—is the work done to your taste?"

"Yes, it is well done. Wait a moment—I wish you to make another dress just like this. Will you?"

"With pleasure."

She gave her the cloth; but still the girl did not offer to go home.

"Is there any thing you want?" asked the lady.

"I want—my father is sick—we have no—in fact, lady, we are poor. My mother is unable to work, my father has been sick for more than a week, and I came here as soon as I had finished that dress, in hope you would pay me for making it; for I can assure you we need it."

"Pay you? so I will, and would have done it before you commenced your work, had I known you were in want."

"Thank you!—I am not used to asking for pay before the work is done."

"But have you always took work to do for other people?"

"Ah! no, lady."

"I thought not. You have met with misfortunes, have you not?"

"My father has."

"Tell me how it was; for I take an interest in you, and will render you all the assistance in my power."

The rain had ceased, and the sun shone brightly out upon the trees and flowers that sparkled in its rays, as though their watery gems were glad to meet its smile. Yet, no greater was the contrast in nature, from the storm to the sunshine, than appeared in that poor girl's face while she listened to the voice of pity and friendship. They were sounds to which she was almost a stranger—and the kind words of the lady had brought to her mind the scenes of former days; and though she tried to restrain her feelings, the tears, in spite of all her efforts, coursed down her cheek while she told to her fair listener the following short but mournful tale.

"My father," she commenced, "was a merchant in a pretty village on the banks of the Hudson. By a bad speculation, he was involved in debt. He went to New York, and by great exertion forced the sale of property he had there to raise money to discharge his debts. He sacrificed nearly half of his property—that is, sold it for half of its actual value, because he must have the money. After he had accomplished his purpose, he returned home, having enough to pay every creditor, and leaving him something besides, with which he could carry on his business. But, before he arrived at home, some villain stole his pocket-book—(I remember it well—it was one I had made for him, and expended upon it a great deal of time.) But, as I was saying, it was [illegible] My father was arrested for debt, our home sold, and we left without a cent in the world."

"But did you not try to recover the money?"

"We could not, lady—for father was thrown into prison and kept there nearly a year, and by that time we could not trace it."

"You have been unfortunate, really, and I will"—

Just then Mr. Clark (my former master) entered the room. How to receive him my fair mistress knew not. Her love almost impelled her to greet him cordially—but then her father's commands. She was not long left to hesitate, for her father entered almost as soon as Mr. Clark. The gentlemen bowed coldly to each other, and the father commenced—

"Mr. Clark, if that is your name (for I believe you have gone by another), I do not wish you to visit my daughter any longer. I have good reason for the course I pursue—and, sir, you will oblige me by leaving the house immediately."

"But, sir, you may be misinformed in respect to me, and my claims to gentility. Tell me what you object to, and perhaps I can satisfy you that you are mistaken."

"Well, sir, you say your father is a planter in a certain town in one of the Southern States."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I have written to men residing there, with whom I am acquainted, and they tell me there is no such man as you have represented your father to be, in that section of the country."

"But, sir, I have letters from men probably well known to you, which will substantiate my assertions."

"I should be pleased to see them."

"You can, sir," said Clark, at the same time drawing from his pocket an elaborately finished pocket-book.

No sooner was this presented, than the poor girl, who had remained a surprised listener to their conversation, uttered a loud scream. All eyes were turned upon her, when she starting up, exclaimed—

"That is the pocket-book stolen from my father!"

"Who the devil are you?" asked Clark.

"I am—a poor girl"—

"A poor girl! What have you to do with my pocket-book? How dare you say I stole it?"

"I did not say that; but it is one that was stolen from my father."

"Liar!"

"Hold, Mr. Clark," said the old man; "I believe you are a thief. Call me a liar if you dare!"

Just then they were interrupted by the appearance of a police officer, who seized Mr. Clark by the collar, exclaiming—

"You are my prisoner!"

"You have planned this to ruin me in your daughter's presence."

"I have planned it, to be sure, but not to ruin you particularly. My friend, here, (turning to a man who accompanied the officer), had his pocket picked to-day. He knew you were the thief. He followed you to my house, and informed me of the circumstances. I came in and conversed with you while he went for an officer. You know the rest. And now, Ellen, was I not right?"

"Yes, father, you have saved me!" faltered she, and fainted in his arms.

I was given to the poor girl, who hastened home and told her parents what she had seen and heard. In a few days I was paid to a lawyer, who I found was engaged by my original owner, to commence suit for the recovery of his lost money. But this I afterwards learned was unnecessary, for the thief acknowledged his crime, restored the money, and the last I heard my present master say about him was, that he was sentenced to twenty years' confinement in *Sing Sing*.

Thus am I out of the hands of villains and pickpockets, and my only wish is to pass the remainder of my days with those who, if they are poor, are also honest.

THE LOST GLOVE.

A Story of Domestic Life.

BY MARIE C. SUBLETT.

Gathered around the large fireplace of an elegantly arranged parlor, one cold winter evening, were a group of interesting young people. They had been spending a social evening with the master and mistress of the mansion—Mr. Weston and his beautiful wife—who had recently taken up their residence in the village, and of whom little was known, except that he was a young physician, eminently handsome, with a dignified and impressive manner. The young being who was his wife had been the talk and admiration of the village since her arrival in it. Rather above the middle height, graceful and elegant, her manner was so fascinating that few could withstand its influence. Her beautiful hair was dark chesnut, and curled in natural ringlets over her neck and face. With a complexion of dazzling fairness, and so very changeable, that many thought it too pale, while others co ed that the deep carnation which sometimes her cheeks was unnatural, her eyes were so d that it was but seldom their blue tint could be d cerned. Then the thrilling glance of those eyes vealed an intellect of great power, and a heart f of warm and passionate emotions.

If the reader is tired of admiring our lovely hostess, and wishes to know the subject of the animated conversation carried on in the parlor to which we have introduced him, his curiosity shall be gratified. It was love, courtship and marriage—subjects more generally interesting, we believe, than any other. Some of the younger ladies, professing profound ignorance on the subject of courtship had requested a widow lady of the company to enlighten them, and she had just given her experience, in which she related, laughingly, that the gentleman whom she married had been, unfortunately, so timid and bashful, that it required much encouragement and patience on her part to enable him at last to make a declaration.

"I am sure that will be my case," said a bashful young gentleman present. "If I loved ever so devotedly I don't think I could ever summon courage to tell my love to the object of it—no, never!" he repeated, despairingly.

"Then you deserve to be an old bachelor all your life!" exclaimed a sparkling little beauty. A loud laugh followed this gay sally. Our bashful man blushed crimson, and the young lady continued, more seriously—"I do not agree with you. I think, if a warm attachment subsist between any two persons, nothing is more easy or natural than the expression of their feelings."

"I am just of your opinion," said Mrs. Weston, with a glance at her husband.

"Oh, Mrs. Weston," said the young lady, eagerly, "I am thinking your courtship must have been very interesting; you are so romantic, so beautiful, and so unlike others, that your love passages must have been very different from any thing we poor girls have any idea of. Now do relate it to us, my dear Mrs. Weston," continued the gay girl; "it will not only be intensely interesting, but it will be of use to a little unsophisticated creature like me."

This request was echoed by the whole company, but the lady playfully refused, until Dr. Weston said—"Suppose you relate it, Isabel; at least that part of which concerns the sleigh-ride."

Mrs. Weston laughed, blushed slightly, and consented. Her listeners disposed themselves to hear the relation of their beautiful friend, and she commenced:

"I was about seventeen when Frederic and I first met, and I believe our destiny was decided at the first glance. We did not see each other very often, nor did he pay me any particular attention, but I fancied that his manner was different when he addressed me, from what it was to others, and I was sure that when his eye met mine it expressed more than it did to any other. As yet, I did not acknowledge even to myself that I loved him, but my heart beat quicker when he approached. I trembled when he touched my hand. Thus several months passed, and our love remained unexpressed, save by that beautiful language of the soul which no one that loves can repress.

"One evening I had promised to attend a large party with Frederic. I was already dressed and awaiting him, when a vehicle dashed up to the door, and in a few minutes Mr. Ashby, a young gentleman who had recently come into the neighborhood, and who was reputed wealthy, entered the room in which I was sitting. He came to request my company to the party; and when I replied that I was under an engagement to accompany another gentleman, he said, 'I regret it extremely, Miss Isabel; but may I ask who was so fortunate as to be before me?'

"I was conscious of blushing slightly, for his eyes were fixed eagerly on my face while I replied, 'Dr. Weston.'

"'Oh,' exclaimed Mr. Ashby, in a tone of vexation, 'I suppose we must all give up to Weston; he is privileged, at least with you!'

"'You are very much mistaken,' said I, considerably annoyed; 'Dr. Weston is no more to me than you or any other gentleman.'

"'Well,' replied Mr. Ashby, 'I suppose I must believe you, though report says the contrary. Now do, Miss Isabel, prove your words by going with me this evening; you would not hesitate, I am sure, if any other gentleman were concerned.'

"This provoked me again, and I began to waver, for I was very anxious to prove to Mr. Ashby and the world that I was perfectly indifferent to Dr. Weston. Mr. Ashby saw my hesitation, and took advantage of it.

"'Be generous for once, Miss Isabel,' said he, 'and consent; besides, I am sure, Weston has been prevented from coming, or he would have been here before; it is already late, and it will require an hour to drive there.'

"'Oh well,' said I, rising gaily, 'if you think so, I will go with you immediately.'

a few [illegible] as we were driving rapidly from the house [illegible] was in high spirits. Conscious of acting ungenerously, I tried to banish my unpleasant thoughts by forced gayety.

"We had gone but a short distance when I saw a carriage approaching.

"'There is Weston after all,' exclaimed Mr. Ashby. 'Now, Miss Isabel, I shall discover the truth or falsity of those reports,' he continued, laughing. 'I shall watch you very closely as we pass.'

"'Do so,' said I, gaily; 'make use of all your penetration.'

"Before he could reply, we had passed the other carriage. Though we were driving very fast, Frederic's eye met mine, and such a look! It haunted me for long months after. Though I was very wretched, I believe I succeeded in appearing as usual during the ride; but my thoughts were so painfully interesting that they were indelibly impressed on my memory, while the frivolous conversation I carried on with Mr. Ashby has long since been forgotten.

"I determined to apologize to Frederic, for he might ascribe my conduct to unworthy motives. Mr. Ashby was very rich, and Frederic was poor, and withal immeasurably proud—he would never forgive me—and all for a thoughtless though foolish act, which I was so bitterly repenting. I was relieved when we arrived at our destination. I wished to escape from Mr. Ashby, whose company had become in a few moments hateful to me.

"I will not describe the weary passing of that long evening. I looked around the rooms in vain for Frederic—he was not there. When would I see him again?—perhaps never. The thought was agony, and I repressed it.

"During the next fine day I looked anxiously for him, but he came not. At last I heard that he had left the neighborhood, to be absent several months.

"For a whole week, which had seemed years, he had been the subject of every thought. I had firmly resolved, when I saw him again, to confess that I had acted wrongly; but *now* he was gone—if he cared for me, he would have forgiven so slight a transgression—pride came to my aid, and before the expiration of the term of his absence, I had persuaded myself that he was forgotten.

"After the lapse of about four months, I heard of Frederic's return, and, in spite of myself, my heart beat wildly at the thought of seeing him again; but I blushed for the momentary weakness, and determined, if I *must* meet him, to be as cold and unconscious as himself.

"After this we met frequently, and treated each other as common acquaintances. I always tried to be gay and thoughtless in his presence, but it was not so with him; he was more grave and serious than usual, and I fancied that he was very pale, and seemed in delicate health. This idea was confirmed one day by the careless words of a lady whom I heard telling my mother that Dr. Weston intended leaving for the South soon, as he had been threatened with consumption.

"Then I knew that I had been deceiving myself, that he was as dear to me as ever, and in the solitude of my own room I wept without restraint. I felt utterly desolate—all hope of reconciliation was over—and I must in reality forget the past—the bright and beautiful past!

"Winter was approaching, and a heavy fall of snow was the commencement of merry-making among the young people in the vicinity; sleigh-rides without number, and that old-fashioned amusement, quiltings, were all the rage. Several young ladies were staying with me, and we had been invited to a quilting at the house of a friend, some miles distant. Early in the morning, some of the beaux arrived in sleighs for us. Dr. Weston was among them: a very unusual piece of gallantry for him—as he had almost entirely relinquished the company of ladies. After a gay discussion as to who were to occupy the different sleighs, and a thousand different opinions had been expressed, I found myself alone in a sleigh with Frederic!

"It had been so long since we had any intercourse with each other, that we were both embarrassed—There was very little said by either of us, but I thought he was less cold to me than he had been since that fatal evening. Our conversation consisted of the most common-place remarks in the world—but then we were friends! Intoxicating thought! He had forgiven me! I knew it—I felt it—and when I sprang from the sleigh on arriving, I was the happiest being in the world. I am sure Mrs. Brown may thank Frederic for the small amount of work I accomplished that day; but fortunately some of the company proved themselves able quilters, for about dark it was finished, and then came the most delightful bustle imaginable—dressing, laughing and talking—for we were to have a regular ball that night. About eight o'clock we commenced, and danced until twelve. I will not attempt to describe it,—all of you have no doubt attended a comedie of the kind.

"I had just wrapt my shawl around me, and was ready to depart, when good Mrs. Brown, our hostess, came up to me.

"'Why, Isabel,' said she, 'you are not going out this dreadful cold night, with nothing on your hands but them little gloves!' pointing to a pair which covered about half my hands.

"'Oh! Mrs. Brown, I shall not be cold,' I said, hastily; 'I can keep my hands under my shawl.'

"'No, no,' replied the good lady, 'you must take mine,' and she gave me a pair of thick woollen gloves, in one of which I could have thrust both my hands. She would take no refusal, and putting them on, I gave my hand to Frederic, and we soon left the door at a rapid pace. For some time, neither of us spoke—I suppose we were admiring the beautiful effect of the moon-light on the glittering snow.

"We had not proceeded far, when I observed that Frederic wore no glove on the hand which held the reins—it was very cold, and at last I ventured to ask him why he wore no glove on that hand.

"'I must have dropped one of my gloves before we left the house,' he replied; 'but it makes no difference.'

"'Your hand must be very cold,' said I, pityingly; 'take one of mine. Mrs. Brown would lend me these great thick things. I am sure they are large enough for you or any one else,' said I, laughing; and, drawing off one, I handed it to him.

"'Oh, of course I would not deprive you of it,' he replied, with a glance which sent every drop of blood to my heart; and you must know that glances in the moonlight are very different from glances any where else.

"'Indeed, you must take it!' I said; 'you are obliged to expose your hand in driving, and mine will be sufficiently protected by my shawl—now do take it: I shall be offended if you do not.'

"'Nothing could be more dreadful to me than your anger,' he replied, in a soft low voice, 'but I cannot take it!' Then smiling, he continued—'except on one condition.'

"'What can it be?' said I, raising my eyes to his; but there was something in their expression which caused me to turn mine away.

"'That you will permit me to clasp that little hand, which I deprive of its covering,' said he, in a thrilling voice.

"I could scarcely speak, but pretending to think him in jest, I said, smiling:

"'But I am really in earnest; you must take the glove: I ask it as a favor.'

"'I too am in earnest,' he said; 'I will wear it on one condition.'

"I was almost dying with vexation—it would be unmaidenly—improper to accept his condition—I could not do it! Then his hand: it would certainly be frozen! For some moments I hesitated—but his poor hand looked so blue and cold that I could not refuse. I handed him the glove with downcast eyes, and a burning blush on my cheeks. Frederic clasped my hand with a look of ineffable tenderness, saying:

"'Forgive me, Isabel—and'"——

Mrs. Weston ceased.

"Go, on! go on!" cried several voices.

"Oh! no," exclaimed the interesting story-teller; "I can tell you no more! Frederic may tell the rest."

But Frederic begged to be excused, and the young people were obliged to content themselves with an unfinished story.

THE CONFLICT.

BY MRS. H. MUZZY.

At night, when all was hushed and still,
The voice of anguish rose—
"Oh, Father! if it be Thy will,
Assuage my bitter woes.

"Restore my drooping lily flower,
My dying babe restore!
And I will bless Thy saving power,
'Till life's last throb is o'er.

"That marble brow, so damp and chill—
Those blue eyes, closed and dim!
Father! Thou canst, if 'tis Thy will,
Give life to me, and him!

"Oh! take him not—my hope, my pride—
My all of earthly joy!
Why, *why* should ruthless death divide
The mother from her boy!"

And midst her bosom's conflicts, still
At intervals arose—
"Oh, Father! if it be Thy will,
Assuage my bitter woes!"

Fainter and fainter grew the spark,
The quivering spark of life;
The feeble ray of hope grew dark,
And fainter grew the strife.

And still she struggled with her woes,
But now on bended knee,
And now at intervals arose—
"I yield him, Lord, to Thee!"

"I bid each rebel wish depart,
Peace! yearning love, be still!
Oh, Father! teach my stubborn heart
To bend beneath Thy will!"

All night she watched the parting [illegible]
And knelt in humble prayer,
And when approached the victor, *death*,
He came in quiet there.

And when the early dawn-light stole
Into that chamber still,
The mourner had subdued her soul,
To meet her father's will!

Kneeling in pallid beauty there,
Beside her first-born son,
The youthful mother breathed the prayer,
"Father, thy will be done!"

Written for the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

WHY SHOULD I LOVE?

BY THOMAS H. LANE.

Why should I love? Love can but be
A meteor light to one like me;
A gleam to gild a passing hour;
A lightning flash in summer's shower,—
A star that glimmers through a cloud,—
Or diamond clasp that binds a shroud;
Take from my heart the baseless bliss,
I dare not taste a draught like this;
The wealthless wretch should never try,
To win what wealth alone must buy.
Loved by a beggar! Woman's soul
Disdains to own the mean control,
Of one whose riches are but pride
And changeless truth! What, be a bride,
And wear no bridal gems, nor dress!
No, rather "single blessedness."
Rather, unloved, uncared for, be
A mateless maid eternally;
Rather a purchased, paid-for slave,
Of age and avarice; or the grave;
Or rather death by dull decline,
Than share a goldless lot like mine.

REPLY TO THE LINES.

WHY SHOULD I LOVE?

There is a bright and peerless gem
Devoid of pride or art,
'Tis pluck'd from Nature's diadem,
Its setting is—the *heart*.
When Summer's sun is in the sky,
And all around is fair,
When fortune's gifts are flitting by
It shines but dimly there;—
But when the clouds of anguish lower,
When sorrow wrings the breast,
When pale distress asserts his power
Then, brilliant is its crest,
And can a poet doubt its charm,
Or say that love is bought?
Has he ne'er felt his bosom warm,
To meet a kindred thought?
Nay—sure 'twas just when time he view'd
That "love's a summer shower,"
"A star that glimmer's through the cloud"
"To gild the passing hour."
Where then would be the poet's song,
Or rather—woman's more?
For *Nature's lords* might deem it wrong
To advocate *our* views
While *they* delight in tempest's roar,
We seek the flowery vale:
They on the Eagle's pinions soar,
We prize loves humble dale.
'Tis well—for in our gushing breasts
Love dwells—with truth combined:
Contentment there forever rests,
With one congenial mind.

HARRIET M. WARD

DEATH TO BE FEARED.

BY L. B. PERT.

"It is not all of life to live, nor all
Of death to die"—this world is but an age,
A stepping-stone to vast eternity.
We live—to die whenever death may call
Our feeble bodies from this fleeting stage—
This fitful scene of brief mortality.
We live—endeavoring to satisfy
Those strong desires which never know control,
With unsubstantial forms of vanity—
Like bubbles on the tide of time, we try
Its angry surge, till bursts upon the soul
In living light, its own reality.
Reality, how dreadful! to the soul
Of him who dies estranged from God;
Since true repentance scarcely wins the prize,
And firmest Christian *faith* but makes us whole:
Prepares our bodies for the silent clod,
Our spirit for its joy beyond the skies.
The carnal heart is *enmity*: it hath
No love for God, nor saving holiness.
So lost, so fallen is humanity,
That all have sinned, departed from the path
Of primitive and perfect happiness,—
Not one from sin originally free.
And though, to reconcile himself, God gave
His own beloved Son to die for man,
And promised life to all who would believe,—
Though, penitence, and love, and faith, may save,
Yet *He* has set his *Awful Throne*, nor can
A soul escape the judgment He will give.
Christ out of God is a consuming fire
To all, who do not faithfully obey
His law, confess his name, fulfil his word;
To all, who do not cheerfully desire
Salvation in His own peculiar way,
Through righteousness and faith in Him their Lord.
How *fearful*, then, to die, and fall into
The hands of God, the judge of quick and dead,
And answer, at that Awful Throne on High,
For ev'ry purpose, thought, and motive, too;
When, in His everlasting word, 'tis said,
Of truth, the soul that sinneth, *it shall die*.
And if the righteous scarcely can be saved,
Where will the enemy of God appear?
"They that are holy, shall be holy still,"
The wicked shall remain, with soul defiled,
Abandoned to eternal shame and fear,
[illegible]

[illegible] OF POCAHONTAS.

"Then farewell, thou earth!
And loveliest spot of earth! farewell Ionia!
Be thou still free and beautiful, and far
Aloof from desolation! my last prayer
Was for thee, my last thoughts, save one, were of thee!"

SARDANAPALUS, ACT V.

One straggling sunbeam found its way alone, through the dim panes and heavy transoms, into a small and dusky chamber, where lay one whose vital spark was fluttering in its earthly tenement, about to be extinguished forever.—Within that narrow apartment, all was as silent, as though it were the grave of her, who was soon to be borne from thence to the last home of poor mortality. The floor was strewed with fresh green rushes, which, in that rude age, supplied the want of carpets, even in the mansions of the great; a faded curtain, once of gorgeous hues and rich material, shadowed the low couch on which the attenuated form [illegible], as it would seem, in that feverish, uneasy sleep, which so often precedes the near approach of death; a small expiring fire of wood was smouldering on the hearth, although the month of June was far advanced in its maturity, so needful was the aid of artificial warmth, to banish the unwholesome damps contracted from the river. A wide reach of the Thames, glancing like silver to the evening sun, was visible from the windows, with the taking masts and long yard-arms of a carvel, that lay at anchor in the stream, tossing against the bright blue sky, as the short tides succeeded one another in quick rotation. Ever and anon, the cheerful voices of the crew rose high on the light air, and, at every recurrence of the sound, a shade of deep anxiety flitted across the brow of a young and noble-looking man, who watched beside the couch of that lovely invalid, with all of woman's care, and more than woman's love. His unchanged [illegible] eyes, were singularly contrasted by the deep tint which had completely [illegible] his brow and hands; and his dress partook of the style common to the camps or courts of the period, as well as of the ruder habiliments of a settler in the wilderness. Several large chests of foreign wood, banded and clasped with metal; arms of unusual materials and strange construction, were piled in the nooks of the chamber, or suspended on the walls; the bow, the hatchet, and the war-club of the Indian, hung beside the musquetoon and rapier; white baskets, moccasons, and girdles, decorated with simple skill by the natives of another hemisphere, were scattered among the highly-prized adornments of European luxury. From time to time, the limbs of the sleeper were slightly agitated; a light shudder, a convulsive groan, and now a few half uttered syllables, showed that she was on the point of awakening from what might have been too surely deemed her last repose on this side immortality. The anxious husband hung over her, in that uncertain state of mingled hopes and fears, which lingers yet in the bosom of affection, even when the reason is convinced that hope is now but self-delusion; she had again relapsed into tranquility, when a brighter ray flashed through the tapestry, as it yielded to his trembling hand, and fell upon her feverish eye-lids. "John," she whispered, in musical but foreign accents. "Dear John, is it you?" A fervent pressure of her delicate hand, was all the answer that the wretched husband could return to the endearments of his dying wife; at length he faltered forth an inquiry, the uselessness of which, his sickening spirit perceived too well; he spoke of happier days to come, of the influence which might be exercised upon her spirits and her health, by the free atmosphere of her native land, to which he trusted they should be restored in safety before a second moon should wane. "Never," she replied, in soothing but yet sorrowful tones, "never shall I again behold the shores of my own lovely land; even now, the spirit is fluttering within my breast, ere it shall wing its flight to the land of souls. Raise me up, John, raise me, that I may look once more upon the bright sun, who is journeying at this very moment, towards the country of my fathers!" Silently he performed her bidding, and as he drew the curtain to permit her eyes to look abroad for the last time upon the beautiful face of nature, the sunlight fell upon the tawny features of an Indian. Dark, however, as were those features, there was a world of thought in the smooth, high forehead, unshadowed by a single tress of the raven locks that were simply braided around her classic head. Eyes still swimming in unutterable tenderness, although the mists of death were gathering fast around them; a mouth, which might have rivalled in its voluptuous curve, the smile of her of [illegible]; and a form, which though wasted from the fullness of its ample proportions by protracted illness, yet bore the traces of surpassing loveliness, would have rendered her, before the evil days had come upon her, a dangerous rival for the proudest beauty of European climes. Long and wistfully she gazed upon the declining luminary, while her husband, undaunted as he had proved himself in scenes of the most terrific danger, completely overpowered by the sense of his approaching misery, bowed his head upon her hands, and wept aloud. It seemed, however, as if there were some spell connected with the sinking of the day god, which had riveted her imagination on the [illegible]; devotedly as she loved the pale-faced youth to whom she had plighted her troth in the far forests of the West, she had neither eyes nor ears for his sufferings, till the last verge of that disk had disappeared behind the hills of Kent. "He is gone," she whispered, after a painful pause,—"gone to bless the land of my birth with his presence, to look down upon the lodges of my people, and upon the bones of my Fathers! He is gone; and when he shall again shine upon the white dwellings of my husband, Pocahontas will be in the land of Spirits. But shame to thee, John," she continued, "is it thus that a warrior, such as thou art, should lament that which he can neither overcome by force, nor escape by cunning. Thou hast often told me how he, who hath been my God, for that he was thine, died that all should live forever. Thou hast told me that the pure of heart, and the humble minded, whatever may be the color of their skin, shall be united beyond the tomb, in happiness that shall have no end, and love that shall know no separation.

"All this hast thou told me, dearest, and all this have I believed! Can it be, that thou hast told me that which thou believest not thyself;—that thou hast taught the Indian girl to forsake the Great Spirit of her fathers, for a God whom thou dost not thyself adore?—Or, can it be, that thou hast not the strength to bow thyself in that submission, which thou dost teach to others? Oh! my husband, my husband, if thou believe indeed that we shall meet again, where [illegible] and where [illegible] the [illegible] tears fall [illegible] a tall and stately figure silently stole into the chamber of death. His bearing was that of a man to whom warfare had been a sport; his swarthy face, seamed by the sabres of the Moslem, and bearing yet more recent traces graven by the ruder implements of savage warfare, was shaded with hair so blanched by years of toil, that its original color could be no longer distinguished; yet there was no symptom of decay in his erect carriage and sinewy limbs. The general expression of his features might have been stern and even harsh, but now their severity was absorbed in a deep though tempered melancholy. It was Smith, the sword and buckler of Virginia—Smith, the founder and the sole support of English dominion in America. It was Smith, who thus, contrary, as it seemed, to the ordinary course of human events, looked down in bitter but self-restrained sorrow, upon the premature decease of the loveliest daughter of the wilderness. When his mind recurred to the free and sportive being, who, just bursting into womanhood, had cast herself down beside him on the block; who at the hazard of her own life—a life which sorrow had never then embittered—had preserved him from a cruel and protracted death;—when he remembered her unchanged affection, manifested by a thousand benefits, proved in adversity, and strengthened by affliction;—when he thought, that perhaps, but for himself, who had projected her alliance with the young and gallant Rolfe, this amiable being, now fading before his eyes in uncomplaining agony, might yet have been carroling free and happy, as when he had first beheld her, in her unconquered wilderness;—his high heart sunk within him, and for a moment he almost felt himself to be the murderer of her, who had so nobly, so devotedly rescued him, the natural foeman of her race, from the very fate to which his policy had doomed, as it would seem, his sweet preserver. But again, when he listened to the pure and lofty [illegible], which in this dark hour, flowed in untutored eloquence from her lips;—when he heard the beautiful consolations, by which she strove to wean the thoughts of her lord from the hopeless present, to the blessed future;—when he heard her proclaiming her own steadfast trust upon the Rock of Ages, better and happier reflections occupied his mind! He thought upon the soul, which, by his humble instrumentality, had been brought from Pagan ignorance into the radiance and glory of that religion, which alone preserveth unto everlasting life; and there was an illumination, as it were, of joy upon his passionless features, as he drew near the death-bed of one whom he loved, even as a father loves his only-begotten child. "Well hast thou spoken, my daughter," said the old man; "well and beautifully hast thou spoken!—and even as thou believest, so shall it be to thee!"—"Father," she replied—"Father, I am going—and I believe, I feel, that you have taught me truly. Father, for the life I gave to thee in that dear land, which I must never more behold; cherish, and love, and be a father to this my husband, as thou hast been to me. My little son, too; teach him to love and honor that great Being, who has dried up all my tears, and given me power to part from those, for whom alone I have lived, without despair;—so shall we all once more be joined together, never again to part. Husband, thou wilt not forget the Indian girl, who left her home, her father, and her god, to follow in the steps of a stranger;—simple and artless have I been, unskilled in the graces of the pale-faced dames; but thou art my witness, husband, that I have never loved but thee! Rememberest thou that green valley by the waters of my native stream—rememberest thou the cool shadow of the pine, beneath whose canopy I first beheld my lord?—and wilt thou not bear my bones to that valley—wilt thou not sometimes lead thine Indian boy to the grassy tomb of his mother; and oh! above all, wilt thou not love him for my sake, dearest; and if he offend at any time, bethink thee, that his mother offended NEVER? If the hapless ignorant Indian should bend the bow, or raise the hatchet against thee, remember that he was the countryman, the kinsman of her whom thou lovedst once, whom thou wilt love always—wilt thou not, husband? Mine eyes grow dim and my breath fails me—give me thine hand—thou art going from me—husband!—my country—dearest—thou wilt not forget my country!"

THE SPIRIT BIRD.

BY EDWARD YOUNG.

The subjoined was suggested by the following incident:—While a mother was watching the cradle in which her infant was sleeping, a bird entered at the open window, and alighting on the pillow, sung a few notes in the babe's ear; then circling a few times round the mother's head, flew out at the window and was seen no more. The bird, (the mother says,) was of a kind she never saw before or since, and remarkably beautiful; its wings, particularly, being of a dazzling brightness. The child, who had heretofore been very healthy, immediately sickened, and in a few days died. However foolish the idea may appear to others, it would be hard to convince that mother that the bird [illegible] was a native of this earth.

Whence comest thou, oh! bird?
Bird of the dazzling and unknown wing,
Thou of the song which no ear hath heard
A bird of our greenwood sing.

From Araby the blest?
Where the odors from gardens of flowers in bloom,
Loaded each breeze that rocked thy nest,
With an exquisite perfume?

Or from some lone isle,
That lieth afar in the Southern sea,
Lovely and pure as an infant's smile,
Nor earth stains its purity.

An isle where the sunlight gleams,
Fairer and purer than gilds our clime,
On groves and meadows and silvery streams,
That never have witness'd crime.

Where man hath never been
To sully the air with his sinful breath,
Where never was sorrow, or tears or pain,
Where never yet was Death?

No! thou camest from none of these,
But from some rank swamp where noxious weeds
Infect with their poison the sweltering breeze,
Where the deadly serpent breeds.

Where the very air is fraught
With death to all save to deadly things;
There wert thou nursed, and thence hast brought
Its poison upon thy wings.

For thou cam'st where an infant lay,
Hover'd awhile around his innocent head;
Breathed on him, chirrup'd, and pass'd away—
Next evening he was dead.

Grief thou dost ever bring,
Sighs and moans in thy train are heard,
Woe unto those who shall hear thee sing,
[illegible]

[illegible] REPLY [illegible] SPIRIT BI

Oh! not in Araby
Are [illegible] are the sunniest bowers,
And many an isle gems the deep blue s
Unknown to the rest of earth.

And, since the curse on Eden fell,
Many a spot on earth there is,
Where loathsome and deadly creatures d
But I come from none of these!

There's a land which never did man behold,
But that every mortal some day shall see,
Whose splendor surpasses, a thousand fold,
The beauties of wonderful Araby.

There flowers more fair than the buds of earth
Are ever in blossom, yet never decay,
And there that sanctified stream has birth,
Whose waters can wash every sin away.

And, oh! the music of that blest land,
That gushes in one never-ceasing song,
As the golden harps of the seraph band
Vibrate to the touch of the choral throng.

There never was sorrow, or crime, or pain;
There never was death; nor ever shall be;
For the breath of God is the air of that land,
And a breath of that air is eternity.

There the sun shines not, yet 'tis never night,
But day, brighter day than the earth hath known;
Beams, ever beams, in eternal light,
From the diamond steps of Jehovah's throne.

A seraph there was in that realm above,
Who had lost one string from his golden lyre;
'Twas the string whose tone praised a mother's love,
And he was banished the seraph choir.

Exiled, he came as a little child,
And nestled awhile upon woman's breast,
'Till he learned from the being that o'er him smiled,
How holy was that mother's love, and blest.

I came to tell him he was forgiven;
To tell him his harp had regain'd its string;
And how that the angelic host of heaven
Were waiting his welcome home to sing.

Saw ye not how the sleeping infant smiled,
When I sang in his ear that seraph-strain?
He knew that no longer was he exiled,
But that heaven was open to him again.

Then say not that sorrow and tears I bring,
And pain unto those who my voice have heard;
Rather, blessed are they who shall hear me sing,
Thrice blest are the called of the Spirit Bird.

Princeton, N. J., [illegible]

I AM WITH THEE.

BY MRS. C. H. ESLING.

I am with thee upon the billowy surge,
In the still watches of the silent night,
My voice is mingled with the winds' [illegible],
Whispering of home, and all its calm delight.

I am with thee, when clouds above thee lower,
In the quick lightning, and the thunder's roar,
Thro' the wild storm a unseen mysterious power
Seems hovering o'er thee, from a far off shore.

I am with thee, when quiet stars look down
From the blue sky, like sentinels above
Placed by His will, who 'neath night's jewell'd crown
Sees the weak heart, and all its hopes and love.

I am with thee, tho' others may surround,
Tho' other voices fill thine eager ear,
Alike impalpable to sight, or sound,
And yet, beloved, than [illegible] I am near.

Yes, yes—the viewless links of that bright chain,
Length'ning with distance, closer round each heart
Tightens its pleasing fetters—and so twain
Making to each its nearer, dearer part.

Yes, I am with thee, whether in the hush
Of gentle night, whose voice speaks in the still
With celestial music—or in day's bright gush,
Believe me ever—I AM WITH THEE STILL.

Written for the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

THE DESERTED NEST.

BY PAULINE A. BANGS.

A beauteous bird, day after day,
That broke my spirit's dreamy spell,
With such a sweet and thrilling lay
As one might fancy, but not tell;
Which waked me at the early dawn,
Which lulled my heart to rest at even,
With strains as sweet at night and morn,
The song seemed less of earth than heaven—

An infant spruce chose for her nest,
That grew beside my cottage door;
Whose deep green fringe half hid the guest,
As happy as those youths of yore,
Who, after years' pursuit in vain,
To reach the Isle of Beauty's shore,
Crowned with success, forgot their pain,
Forgot their toil in that blest grove.

I loved that bright free bird, her lay
So oft had charm'd my weary heart;
I loved to watch her varying play,
And felt it would be pain to part.
Alas! my singing bird is gone!
In careless mood a veil I threw
Across the tree, to dry, one morn,
And frightened thus, sweet bird, she flew!

And thus I mused—may some rash word
Drive from the heart the love away,
That nestles there, like little bird;
Beware! and shorten not its stay.
Oh, tender are its mystic springs,
The heart is sure, alas! in vain;
If love's sweet sounds have left its strings,
We may not call them back again.

[illegible]