SCHOPIN

SARTAIN

MOÏSE EN MIDIAN.

# THE FOUNTAIN

EDITED BY

H. HASTINGS WELD.

WILLIAM SLOANAKER.

# THE FOUNTAIN.

## A GIFT:

"TO STIR UP THE PURE MIND BY WAY OF REMEMBRANCE."

INSCRIPTION FOR A WAY-SIDE FOUNTAIN.

Drink, weary Pilgrim, if athirst thou be,
Know that the stream is gushing forth for thee!
Drink, in CHRIST'S name,—life's painful way who trod,—
Man gives the cup—the Living Water, GOD.....BETHUNE.

EDITED BY

H. HASTINGS WELD.

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# LIST OF EMBELLISHMENTS.

ENGRAVED BY SARTAIN.

# THE FOUNTAIN.

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BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Why art thou here, amid the streams and flocks
Oh foster-son of Egypt,—rear'd in all
The luxury of courts?—Was there no nerve
Of strong ambition in thy secret soul
Twining bright visions round a future throne?
Didst never think 't were sweet to be a king?
Or that her hand who drew thee from the Nile,
Fill'd with compassion for the babe that wept,
Might to its other bounties, add—a crown?

Yet well thou seem'st content with rural charms,
Nor wears thy brow a trace of hope deferr'd,
Or rootless expectation. Thy young heart's
Requited love,—and the free intercourse
With Nature, in her beauty and repose,
Give thee full solace.
And when twilight grey
Lureth thy lambs afold, or twinkling stars
Look from their chambers on the chrystal founts
With tender eye, perchance, thy hand doth sweep
The solitary lyre, weaving in hues
Of sable, and of gold, *his* wondrous fate

Who drank so deep of sorrow and of joy,
The man of Uz. For Poesy doth dwell
With pastoral musing, and the pure response
Of birds and brooks. And he, who feeleth that
Eolian thrill within him, hath no need
Of Fame's shrill trump, and shrinketh from the gong
Of the great, pompous world.
Spake not the voice
Of Midian's gushing waters to thine ear,
Prelusive of the honours and the toils
Decreed for thee? Came there no darken'd dream
Of desert wanderings?—of a manna-fed
And murmuring host?—of thine own burden'd lot
Bearing alone, the cumbrance and the strife
Of mutinous spirits, when the wrath of Heaven
Burn'd fierce among them, and avenging Earth
Opening her mouth, prepar'd their living tomb?

Ah! linger still, amid the quiet groves,
And to green pastures fed by sparkling rills,
Lead on, with gentle crook, thy docile sheep
While yet thou may'st. With holy Nature make
Close fellowship, and list the still, small voice
Of Inspiration, stealing o'er thy soul
In lonely thought:—so shall it gather strength
To do the bidding of Omnipotence,
And walk on Sinai, face to face, with God.

HARTFORD, JUNE 1846.

# THE TEMPTER AND THE TEMPTED.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

## CHAPTER I.

"The lovers lingered by the shore,
Yet neither dared to break the spell:
To part—perhaps to meet no more!
What lip could utter first 'farewell?'"

"FAREWELL!"

Ah! when was that little word uttered to a loving heart, without causing a thrill of pain. How many pulses has it checked in their hurried beat. How many eyes has it deluged with tears—How often has it quenched the last hope of a clinging soul! that little word "farewell?"

Never since the language was created, did those seven mournfully arranged letters fall upon a heart that trembled more painfully with a dread of their coming, than on the night our story commences.

The young girl who heard it stood pale and still in the moonlight, her downcast eyes full of tears—and a tremor now and then stirring her lips, while the full breath came sobbing through.

"Not yet," she pleaded, "Oh surely not yet, the moon is but just risen—you shall not say farewell till its full light is upon the water!"

"Heaven knows I would delay the parting till the last moment Ellen," was the reply, "but we start for Portland

at daylight; it is now ten o'clock, and I have some miles to ride!"

"I know! I know!" cried the young girl eagerly, "but a few minutes, only a few minutes longer; remember how long it will be before we stand here again!"

"I know this—and feel it too, more deeply than you may suppose Ellen—but remember when we do meet it will be forever—successful or not, I shall claim my wife within one week of my return."

"I shall be ready," was the low and sweet toned reply. "God keep you till then."

The tears were checked in her hazle eyes and the moonlight fell upon her beautiful face; it was eloquent with holy tenderness, the heart of that pure young creature was so full of the grief of a parting hour, that her very limbs began to tremble, and she clung to the arm of her promised husband in silence, though a thousand fond and regretful words made her bosom heave and her lip tremble.

"I will walk home with you, at least to the gate," said young Franklin, to whom the protracted parting had become exceedingly painful. "Lean more on me Ellen, all this effects you so much more than I anticipated, try to call up a little more strength, or I shall never find courage to start."

"I am strong now," said Ellen in a low voice, lifting her eyes with a look of troubled affection to the manly face bent over her with such solicitude.

"Let us sit down for five minutes, and then I will not attempt to keep you longer. I know that it is very foolish," she added as Franklin placed himself on a fragment of rock by her side, "but my heart grows faint as the minutes go on. What if you should die at the south?"

"The chances of death are in every place!" replied Franklin.

"Or what," continued the young girl bending her mourn

ful eyes on the waters that sparkled beneath their feet, "what if you forget to love me there?"

"That is impossible, Ellen, you are already the better part of myself," replied the youth with fervour, "I should as soon forget the pulses of my own heart!"

"I believe it," replied Ellen in a voice that was still sad in its tones, though she struggled to speak cheerfully. "Yet it is strange that I cannot conquer this painful foreboding. It seems as if some great evil were to follow this southern tour."

"No evil save death shall be allowed to reach you dearest," was the affectionate reply; but the moment of separation was close at hand, and they both sat in the moonlight silent and with their hands interlinked: it seemed as if a word would hasten the dreaded moment.

"Come I must go," exclaimed Franklin at last starting to his feet; Ellen looked up, arose with a depressed air, and placed her hand upon his arm. "You will go with me through the orchard," she said in a voice choked by a sudden rush of tears.

"Yes! Yes!" was the low reply, and they walked on together. At another time the young pair would not have left the beautiful banks of that lake without some manifestations of regret at parting with a scene so replete with loveliness; but now it was only thought of as associated with the history of two hearts, that had been united almost as naturally as the wild roses entangled upon its banks. Every spot was rife with the memory of some gentle word, some new sensation. They had played at hide and seek among the alder bushes a thousand times, when school children together; they had made dandelion curls, and larkspur chains on the fall of green sward that sloped down from the orchard to the water edge, while in their sweet childhood, as innocent and happy as the birds that filled the orchard with music, and now on the very spot where their childish intimacy had ripened into love imperceptibly, as

the blossom changes to fruit—they were about to part. It might be for months. It might be forever. Was it strange then that soul-absorbed and full of grief, they should shrink from looking back upon the beautiful water scene that, as the birth-place of their loves, had become familiar and dear as paradise was to our first parents?

Still the lake robed in its night beauty was an object to win the admiration of any being not wholly pre-occupied by painful thoughts. It lay among the picturesque and deeply verdant hills of Maine, like a lost crystal around which a wilderness of verdure had tangled itself. A veil of silvery mist shot through and through with moonbeams hung over it, and all around its edges black alders, dog-wood trees, and the wild cherry were chained together with ivy, clematis, and other creeping vines, mostly in flower, and so matted and woven together, that the lake seemed wreathed with one enormous garland. Here and there a grassy slope cut through the blossoming thickets, and dropped greenly to the waters, while a clump of trees stood upon a little promontory opposite the orchard with a host of lusty vines clinging around them, and casting a graceful shadow half across the water.

Still, as I have said, all this world of beauty failed to win a single look from the young couple that had just turned from it, in the heavy-heartedness of a last adieu. They walked on through the orchard very slowly, and feeling that every footstep drew them nearer to the parting moment. The orchard was bending under a cloud of rosy blossoms, and the air that swept through was heavy with fragrance; but all this fell upon Ellen's heart like a mockery: the balm floating on the wind, made her faint with regret; if every thing around had not been so beautiful she might have suffered less; but every object was connected with her lover, and as the links that bound her to him were torn apart, they seemed to sweep the bloom from every thing associated with his memory. A sloping

meadow, where fragrant white clover lay thick and heavy, like a harvest of pearls in the grass, divided the orchard from one of those old-fashioned tree embowered farm-houses that in New England are always a picturesque feature in almost every landscape. When the young couple reached the stone wall which divided the clover lot from the orchard, they paused once more, and Franklin wrung the little hand that clasped his.

"I must go now," he said, "it is late, and young Brownson is at the tavern, expecting me."

Ellen started, and turned a shade paler.

"Young Brownson!" she said, "I—I thought that he had gone south weeks ago."

"No he heard of my intention to go while in Boston, and came back that we might travel together. I thought that you had seen him."

"No," replied Ellen, and her voice faltered; for a new and overpowering foreboding of evil came over her, "I have not seen him." She paused, looked hurriedly around and then holding Franklin's hand between both hers looked earnestly in his face, while the breath came unequally through her parted lips. Franklin mistook this emotion; he thought that her anxious and troubled look arose from a feeling that the parting moment was upon them; the strong control with which he had curbed his own feelings, was fast yielding to a sight of her increasing anguish, and without waiting for the words that trembled on her lips, he flung his arms around her, strained her for a single moment to his bosom, and with a half smothered "God bless you beloved," sprang over the wall, and was out of sight, before the glow of his farewell kiss had faded from her forehead. "Oh heavens! he is gone; and it is too late," sobbed the poor girl, clasping her hands and sinking to a fragment of stone that had cast from the wall. "Franklin! Franklin!" she started up, and her faint cry sounded

plaintively on the still air, for emotion deprived her voice of its usual power. But though faint and mournful, it seemed to have reached the ear of her lover; a rapid step coming along the foot-path, down which he had gone, fell upon her ear: the shadow of a man gliding over the turf met her tearful gaze, and clasping her hands with a sob of joy, she sat down again, striving to compose her thoughts, that her confession might be made in as brief words as possible.

She was scarcely seated, when, with a single leap, the person whom she had seen approaching, sprang over the wall, and stood by her side.

"Miss Fleming."

At the sound of his voice, Ellen started to her feet as if a serpent had stung her; a look of affright broke through her eyes, and she shrunk back against the wall. A young man, some three or four and twenty, stood before her, with his hand extended as if he expected that she would take it, and even in the moonlight she could see that a derisive smile hung upon his lips.

"You seem surprised at seeing me here Miss Ellen," he said, allowing the hand she had refused, to drop quietly by his side.

"I thought—I hoped you had left the neighbourhood," was the faint reply.

"What? without saying farewell—You do me injustice —I could not have been so neglectful;" there was a covert sneer in his voice, and he glanced at the shrinking girl, from under his half closed lashes with a look of sinister enjoyment. She drew back with a thrill of disgust, and cast an imploring look around as if still hopeful that Franklin might be within hearing.

"I am fortunate in meeting you alone, and in this retired place," said the young man, drawing closer to her and speaking impetuously, though in a subdued voice, "I have little time, but enough, to ask if you are still obdurate

against me; if no afterthought has softened your heart toward one who has loved you so devotedly."

"Mr. Brownson why will you intrude the subject on me again?" cried Ellen, raising a portion of her natural dignity. "I have told you how impossible it is for me to think of you as a husband. I have given you a sufficient reason."

"No! not sufficient, because not the true reason," replied the young man, more bitterly than he had yet spoken. "That you have seen me, or rather heard of me overcome by wine, once or twice, is no reason that men would not laugh at."

"Have I not said that I cannot love you," cried Ellen, striving to force away the hand he had taken, in spite of her resistance.

"Yes! that you cannot love me, because I am a drunkard—a drunkard when?"

"I said that I could not love you," replied Ellen, with dignity; though her voice trembled: "not because you were intemperate—had it been otherwise, all hopes of affection from me would have been the same. Still though I had loved you better than my own life, this one habit would have decided my heart against you."

"So you would have me think that indulgence in a glass of wine, now and then, has lost me all chance of this pretty hand," said Brownson, half mockingly; lifting the struggling hand forcibly to his lips. "Now if the night had been less still—and the shadow of the wall not quite so convenient, I might have believed this; but after seeing you in Franklin's arms, with his lips upon your forehead, after ten o'clock at night—"

"That you have seen me taking leave of my future husband, the man to whom I have been engaged during the last three months, is a fact for which you the unwelcome intruder should blush. I can only feel indignant," exclaimed Ellen, interrupting him with modest firmness.

"This scornful expression is piquant and becoming,"

was the quiet reply. "But listen to me Miss Fleming—nay do not struggle, I will be heard; have no fear, I am not about to offer unwelcome love to you again: but I could not leave this part of the country, without thanking you for the pleasure your society has afforded me; both in love and hate you have been an object of great interest to me."

"In hate," repeated Ellen, shrinking from the burning glance which made her shudder though subdued by the soft moonlight. "What have I done to merit so wicked a feeling?"

"You have rejected my love; you have scorned my habits—is not that enough?"

"I have pitied your habits, not scorned them."

"I asked for love, and you gave me pity; in return I rendered hate, that shall reach you years and years from now!"

There is no describing the malignant and bitter expression that swept over Brownson's face; as he spoke, his dark eyes gleamed, and specks of foam flew to his lips. "You refused me, because I sometimes drain a glass with my friends. Look on me Ellen Fleming, you will yet sleep in the bosom of a drunkard!"

"Never! never!" cried the young girl, affrighted by his fiendish look, and more fiendish prophecy; and with sudden strength, she wrenched her hand from his grasp. "Leave me, sir, it is late; and I must go home."

"I will leave you," now cried the young man, seizing her hand, and wringing it hard. "When we meet again, you will remember the words I have spoken this night."

"Would to Heaven I could forget them," cried the poor girl, as she fell shuddering against the rough stones, with both hands pressed upon her eyes.

When Ellen looked up she was alone, but the words of her tormentor were ringing at her heart, and that night

was the most wretched one her innocent life had ever known.

Every human life has its vulture thought, and this it was that fastened itself upon the heart of Ellen Fleming.

## CHAPTER II.

They stood together, Franklin and young Brownson, on one of those magnificent steam-boats, that plough the mighty waters of the Mississippi. The distant shores, heavy with dank foliage, lay on either hand flat and sedgy, while the turbid waters of the great river surged and weltered around them with the force of an unpent ocean.

Every thing was unlike the scenery of his own mountain state, and yet the very contrast that it presented, brought all the sweet home scenes that he had left to Franklin's mind. For the first time in many days, he was alone and thoughtful. The excitement of travel, new scenes, and persons altogether unknown, would have disturbed a mind vivid and imaginative as his at any time; but he had never found a moment's time of that quiet solitude necessary for reflection. His travelling companion was ever at his elbow, full of wit, ready to communicate the knowledge won by former experience and at all times devoting himself as it were to the amusement of his companion with a quiet earnestness that excited no power or wish of resistance.

Brownson had left him for a moment and Franklin leaned over the railing, glad to think of home—and yet with a vague sensation of self-reproach, that made solitude not quite happiness. When before had two weeks gone by without affording hours and hours of sweet reflection, when his full heart panted for the society of that one dear object? When had he ever sunk to rest, without some holy

thought of the being who had become a portion of all his hopes, wreathing his heart, as it were, with blossoms, as slumber stole over him? These thoughts awoke something like tender remorse in Franklin's bosom, as he stood apart from a group of young men with whom Brownson was conversing. It was the first time that he had been alone for a single half hour during their rapid journey from the East, for even in his chamber and state-room it happened that Brownson had been his companion.

It was strange what a fascination this man had woven around the young northerner. His brilliant wit and careless hilarity awoke a new spirit in the student, who had for the first time issued from the seclusion of his native place, and plunged into life. Franklin was kept in a whirl of excitement; he had no time for thought or feeling. The new scenes opening upon him every moment seemed to fling all the old and precious landmarks of his heart into the distance, while the present lay around him in a golden haze. It seemed months, nay years, since he had left the hills of Maine, and every mile that separated him from Ellen Fleming detracted something from the pure and gentle influence that her beauty and goodness had exercised upon his character.

All this was the work of Brownson. The man of the world had begun his work of death upon the student with terrible fidelity. This Brownson was a philosopher in evil. He loved the study of a heart warped slowly to its ruin by his own subtle influence. He watched the blushing cheek, the glow of excitement deepening in the eyes of his victim, with cold and calculating scrutiny. His feast of revenge was preparing, and like an epicure he watched its progress with patient anticipation.

By the time Franklin reached the Mississippi he was fully prepared for a kind of life that would have startled him three weeks before. In the cities through which they had passed, Brownson had found a few friends, to

whom the northerner was introduced. With these persons he had been an object of especial consideration. While they had done nothing absolutely calculated to shock the sensitive morality of the young man, they gradually familiarized him to scenes which swept the freshness away from a young heart, as constant handling, however careful, wears the bloom from newly gathered fruit.

Franklin had not learned to sin himself, but he could look upon the sins of others with leniency. He had learned to blush at his own abstemious habits, and began to sip the ruby wine, while others drank freely. There was nothing like intoxication among the men to whom Brownson introduced his friend, that might have shocked the refinement of Franklin's nature. Wine made them brilliant—nothing more. It dashed their conversation with wit, and shed a rose tinge over the passing scene. Brownson was too subtle for violent transitions. He led his victim to the stream in which he wished him to plunge, and pointed out the surface where waves of purple and gold rippled over the black depths of water underneath. Still there was something at Franklin's heart which told him that all this was wrong, and as he leaned over the railing that night, thoughts of the quiet old homestead, where Ellen was passing the weary time of his absence, brought a pang to his heart. He had never thought of her before with pain; but now her beautiful image, as it rose before his mind, seemed to reproach him.

"Come," said Brownson, touching his friend on the shoulder, "let us go to the saloon; it is just lighted up, and we may find a chess-table unoccupied."

Franklin started—a faint smile swept over his face, and taking Brownson's arm, the friends went into the saloon together. It was the first time he had ever entered the saloon of a Mississippi boat after lamplight, and the brilliant scene which it presented, made him pause by the door in absolute bewilderment. The rich carpets, the

crimson ottomans and couches ranged along the length of the room, were flooded with light, which, striking a thousand glowing pendants of glass, shed a rainbow brilliancy over every object it touched. Several small tables stood in the room, some covered with chess-men, and almost all offering conveniences for games of chance, while beneath the centre chandelier stood a large round table, from which a crimson cloth swept to the floor, and on this cloth lay heaps of gold and silver, glittering and flashing in the light as it was raked to and fro, as fortune proved favourable or adverse to the different members of a group that stood closely around, some watching the game, others deeply interested in its chances.

Franklin started and shrunk back as he saw the eager and excited looks with which this group watched the game. He had never witnessed high play before, and the scene filled him with a sort of terror. Brownson observed the change in his countenance, and without approaching the centre table, led the way to a couch placed at a little distance, from which a gleam of the gold could be caught whenever the group opened to let any one in or out. Brownson seemed to be well known on the boat, and two or three persons left the centre table to join him, when they saw that he avoided them.

"Do you not play to night," said one of these men, a noble looking person with dark hair and a rich olive complexion.

"I never do play," replied Brownson, lifting his eyes full upon the man's face, and turning them slowly with a side glance toward Franklin.

"Ah, true, I had forgotten," replied the man, "but the game is very exciting to night, even I who never bet, as you know, have been half tempted to fling a handful of gold upon the pile."

"It is well that you came away in time to avoid the loss," replied Brownson.

"I deem it so," was the very natural rejoinder, and placing himself on the couch near Franklin the stranger entered into a very pleasant chatty discourse with the young men.

"Ah, the waiter is placing wines on the table shall we have some brought hither?" he said at length, as a mulatto passed them with a tray upon which wines, fruit, and crystal glasses gleamed richly together. "Some fruit and wine well iced, will not be out of place;" he beckoned the waiter with his hand, who placed the tray before them.

As Franklin lifted the first glass to his lips, a rapid sign was passed between Brownson and the stranger, and they went on conversing again. Franklin joined them. He was naturally eloquent, and a single glass of wine was enough to arouse his faculties and divest him of the little remaining diffidence, that was the result of a studious and secluded life, and which his late habits of mental excitement had not quite shaken off. There was something fresh and sparkling in the flow of his language that seemed to captivate the stranger, who smiled and listened, now and then interrupting his eloquence with some sally of quiet wit, as with seeming unconsciousness he filled the young man's glass, who drained it off again and again, during the pauses of conversation. When Franklin's cheek was flowing with crimson, and his dark eyes on fire with excitement, the stranger seemed suddenly interested in what was going forward at the gaming table.

"Ha! there goes a sweep of glorious fortune!" he exclaimed, as a young man at the table swept a pile of gold into his handkerchief, which he was eagerly knotting over the treasure. "Why my young friend there has made his fortune. The first time he ever played too, I must learn the amount of his winnings before they make up another game."

The stranger started up and went toward the gaming table. Brownson followed him, and after a moment's

hesitation, Franklin mingled also with the crowd. A new game was forming, and in the bustle Brownson found an opportunity to answer a question whispered in his ear by the stranger.

"No he is not rich, but is acting as agent for another, and has money with him."

"We shall not feel the difference," was the reply, and turning to Franklin, the stranger continued the conversation that had been broken off over their wine.

At last he turned toward the table, where heaps of coin were already glittering.

"My friend's good fortune almost tempts me to risk an eagle or two," he said, addressing Brownson, "what say you shall we join and thus diminish the stakes?" Brownson shook his head, "I am no gambler," he said.

"Nor am I, you are wrong in thinking me so," replied the other, apparently much hurt. "You must have lived among Puritans at the north, to call the risk of a single gold eagle gambling."

"Forgive me, I meant no offence," replied Brownson, in a tone of regret.

The stranger stepped back to avoid the hand which Brownson had extended.

"To convince you of it, I will stake an eagle or even more against you on any game, at which my friend here can join us," persisted Brownson, he added in a low voice to Franklin, "do not hesitate, you see how deeply he feels my thoughtless speech."

"No, no, I urge no man against his principles; besides I dare say this young gentleman hardly knows one card from another."

"You are mistaken," said Franklin, annoyed by the tone of well bred contempt of his ignorance, in which the man had spoken.

"Well then," exclaimed another gentleman, who had scarcely joined in the conversation before, "as this looks

too much like gambling, let us, who only seek amusement, go into the inner room, where we can be quiet," and he led the way to a little apartment, divided from the main saloon, by a partition of glass ground and richly painted, through which a flood of gorgeous light was streaming.

"Come, it will not do to hesitate now," whispered Brownson to Franklin, "I dislike it as much as you can, but these gentlemen are old friends, and the stakes will be nothing; they never play except for amusement."

Franklin was not quite himself that night; the wine that he had drank, the excitement of the game which he had been watching sharply, had their effect upon his ardent temperament. For one instant the shadow of contending thoughts swept over his face, and then he took Brownson's arm with a laugh that seemed to defy his better angel, and followed the gentlemen who had entered the inner saloon.

It was near daylight before the two young men came forth again, and then the contrast between them was marvellous. Franklin's cheeks were of a hot crimson, his eyes flashed, and the hand which lay upon Brownson's arm trembled so violently that a great diamond on the little finger was agitated till it flashed in the light like a star. Franklin had won the diamond from the very man who had taunted him with ignorance of any game.

Brownson had been a loser, but there was a smile upon his lips—a sweet, quiet smile, that seemed to compassionate his friend. He congratulated Franklin, however, in a low voice, but blended caution with his words, and protested that it was the first time he had ever played for more than a few shillings, and it should be the last. Franklin glanced at his diamond and laughed.

"You have not won this," he said, touching the jewel with his finger.

Half an hour after the two young men were in their state-room. Franklin lay upon his berth sound asleep;

his finely chiselled lips were vividly red, and parted to the force of his heavy respiration. The scent of wine hung faintly around him, and there was an unnatural glow upon his broad forehead, from which the dark locks flowed back in disorder.

Brownson was still up. He bent over that sleeping form; an exulting smile stole over his face, as he turned away, and taking out his watch he wound it up, muttering, "In a few more weeks he may return to her, and welcome!"

Then he retired to rest, and the huge boat swept on its way—the great engine beating and toiling within it like a mighty heart, agitating every timber with its pulsations, and belching forth groans and smoke, as if the beautiful monster had become weary of its eternal strife with the father of waters.

## CHAPTER III.

It was three months after Franklin landed with his friend at New Orleans, deep in one of those glorious nights that are known only to a southern climate, he stood upon the pavement before the St. Charles' Hotel.

"Come, come, you can retrieve it all to-morrow night," said Brownson, persuasively. "Why did you not take my advice, and not tempt your luck again?"

"Would to heaven that I had," cried Franklin, distractedly, dashing one hand against his pale forehead. "No, I will not go in yet—I must be alone;" and tearing his arm from the hold which Brownson had fixed upon it, the unhappy man darted up the street and disappeared.

"I am afraid we have brought his entire ruin on too early," said Brownson to his friend of the steamboat, who joined him that moment.

"How can that be, when we have all the money that he can command?" replied the other.

"I have not been playing the game for money alone," said Brownson, coolly. "Perhaps even now it will be well to return his losses for a time."

The man to whom he spoke laughed, mockingly, and muttered something about "a bird in hand;" but Brownson had left him, and went in pursuit of his victim.

Desperate and wild, with a consciousness of ruin, Franklin hurried along the streets, he cared not whither, till all at once he found himself in the suburbs, and opposite one of those Catholic burial places where the death angel lies slumbering literally in a garment of flowers. There had been a night funeral, and the gate-keeper stood near the entrance of this paradise of tombs. Franklin thrust a piece of money into his hands, and went in, for it seemed as if there only could he find the solitude for which his heart panted. The profound silence reigning within the beautiful wilderness of graves, where the snowy tombs lay dressed in blossoms that made the calm air dense with fragrance, the consciousness that death was all round him, tranquilized the spirit that had been goaded even to thoughts of suicide. Franklin checked the impetuous step, with which he had hurried through the streets, a sensation of awe crept over him, and he sat down near one of the tombs, and bent his forehead against the marble that scarcely seemed whiter than his face. It was one of those clear balmy nights when the sky of a southern clime appears luminous, as if some light more subtle than moon or stars can give, were diffusing itself through the bending azure. The stars hung in this beautiful atmosphere like diamonds, quivering in a powerful light, clear, large, and glittering. There was something in the profound quiet—in the glorious stars looking down upon him, that quenched the fever in Franklin's veins, and chilled him to the heart. The innocent flowers

that surrounded him, bending beneath their dew, in the beautiful starlight, seemed weeping over his fall, and yet smiling gently upon him. These blossoms drooping around him so meekly and so pure, brought one to his mind with whom these sweet children of the soil had ever been associated in his imagination. He thought of Ellen Fleming—and now the hot tears rushed to his eyes—his haughty lips trembled, and the young man wept. The atmosphere he breathed was holy, and in that labyrinth of funeral flowers Franklin seemed to have aroused his good angel from her long slumber. The stars, as they looked down upon him—the blossoms, bending on their delicate stems—the very leaves seemed whispering him that it was not yet too late.

The young man arose and stood up among the tombs, with his head uncovered, in the holy starlight, and there, in the presence of the dead, with the flowers bowing their heads around him as witnesses, he made a solemn and firm determination never to touch cards or dice again.

Franklin was one to keep his resolve. He had intellect, energy, and firmness of purpose, when once aroused; and the demon of play had not woven his toils so strongly that a soul like his might not rend them apart.

Scarcely was the wordless vow taken—scarcely had Franklin dared to look upward, and call the bright stars as witnesses to his promise, when the tempter stood before him. Even where death lay sleeping in his labyrinth of flowers, Brownson had sought his victim. But there was an expression upon the young man's brow—a holy light in his dark eyes, that threatened to baffle the human fiend of his revenge.

"Come," said Brownson, in the sweet soothing tones that he could adopt at pleasure, "let us leave this gloomy place. What possessed you to come hither?"

"It has not been a gloomy place to me," replied Franklin, and a beautiful smile parted his lips. "It has been

my salvation! There and now I have taken an oath never to touch cards again. The dead have heard me, and so help me heaven, I believe that *she* is conscious of my resolve also."

"You are right," said Brownson, with energy, "and would have taken the resolution long ago, had my advice been heeded."

Franklin did not answer, but he reluctantly obeyed the impulse of his friend's arm, and walked slowly from the cemetery.

"And how," said Brownson, "will you repay the money which was entrusted to your care?—how transact the business which was to have been the first great step in your profession, without it?"

"Ellen shall know all. It was her father's money. She will help to redeem me from the consequences of my crime," said Franklin.

"She will cast you off, rather," said Brownson, as if musing with himself.

"Let it be so, then," replied Franklin, in a broken voice, "I shall not have deceived her."

That night Franklin wrote to his betrothed, for the first time in many weeks. He wrote the truth, but not the whole truth; for though he had flung off one terrible habit, the wine serpent lay coiling around his heart; but the viper was not yet full grown; it had not begun to gnaw away the finer chords of his nature, to appease its hunger. He felt it not, and therefore was unconscious of its presence. So of the wine serpent Franklin said nothing.

Brownson read the letter and smiled. Though half his web had been torn away by the stern resolve of his victim, he knew that there still remained fibres enough to entangle that strong man's nature—only he resolved to be more cautious in weaving the threads.

## CHAPTER IV.

On the very night when Franklin took his vow in the Catholic cemetery at New Orleans, Ellen Fleming sat by the death-bed of her father. The old man had died with her hand in his, and blessing her with the last words that quivered from his lips. The poor girl was alone with the dead, for she could not bear to summon strangers to share her mournful vigil. She knelt down, pressing her forehead upon the cold hand that had clung to hers so long as a pulse fluttered in it, and in the grief of her bereavement, her mind turned with a sort of supernatural constraint upon her absent lover. She was worn out with tears and watching, and it may be that slumber stole over her as she prayed. But it seemed that a mirage had reached her from afar, and that she had left the death-bed of her parent for a strange place, flooded with starlight, filled with gleaming marble, and literally tangled over with blossoms quite unknown to her, but around which a most intoxicating perfume floated. Seated among these flowers, and leaning his head mournfully against a block of marble, sat her lover, sad and apparently in deep trouble. She strove to force a passage through the tangled thickets, but the appearance of a third person made her pause. The face of the intruder was dimly seen in the starlight, but she recognized that of her enemy Brownson, and started to find herself still kneeling by the death couch of her only parent.

Spite of her own terrible sorrow—spite of the presence of the dead, Ellen could not withdraw her thoughts from the strange vision that had haunted her mournful vigil,

and in her prayers that night the poor girl forgot her own bereavement, in her spirit struggle before the Father in heaven, in behalf of her absent lover.

Three weeks from the day of her father's funeral, Ellen the orphan received Franklin's epistle.

"Come to me at once, for I am alone; I cannot plead your cause with my father now, for he is in heaven. The money that you have lost, would have been mine by inheritance, and is therefore yours. The homestead must be sold, and instead of an heiress, you will only wed a fond and true heart. Come then, and we may yet have cause to bless the loss which brings you back to the orphan in her deep bereavement."

This was the reply which Ellen Fleming sent to her lover.

The friends were together when Franklin received it; and when the lover started to his feet, and proclaimed his intention of going north at once, Brownson glanced at his flushed forehead and smiled.

They left New Orleans together—the tempter and the tempted, for Brownson could not yet trust his victim to the better influences that awaited him. The villain thirsted to witness the fulfilment of his own prophecy. It was settled that he, the lover's friend, should be his groomsman at the wedding, and so the friends travelled north together, and the wine serpent that began to coil more and more tightly around Franklin's heart, grew and battened during the journey.

Ellen was married at the old homestead in the room where her father died; and with a single white rose relieving the gloom of her mourning garments.

From that day the home which should have been hers, passed into strange hands and Ellen with her husband went forth into the world with the exception of this purchase money, dependent on his exertions as a lawyer for support.

Brownson left the young couple for a season, and but for a vague dread to which she dare not give form or outline even to her own heart, Ellen might have been happy; but why should we trace the sufferings, the deep humiliation of a wife who sees her husband sinking step by step, into that terrible slavery, which has wrecked so many of the most noble intellects on earth. Poor Ellen, that cruel prophecy was realized; she the delicate, the good, the young mother, and the still loving wife, was doomed at last to the deepest misery that a sensitive woman can know, that of seeing the object of her love debased in the presence of his fellow men. Still Franklin was not recognized as a drunkard; he was never seen intoxicated in the street, his profession was not altogether neglected. The entire secret of his degrading habits rested with his wife and his arch enemy, whose revenge was not yet satiated, by the pallid cheek and mournful eyes of the unhappy girl who had wounded his pride, and was therefore, subject to his continued hate.

The time for his complete vengeance at length arrived. Few men at the bar could equal Franklin in that fervid eloquence which is the most beautiful effect of genius. Spite of his irregular habits the young lawyer was often employed in cases of great importance, and was fast gaining a reputation and practice in the higher courts.

One of these cases, in which a heavy amount of property was at stake, came up for argument, one day earlier than Franklin had expected; and he had left the dinner table at a hotel, where a company of convivial friends were feasting, in haste, and entered the court room, flushed with wine, and reeling in his walk. Before the evidence was entirely closed, Franklin fell forward with his arms upon the counsel table and his face downward, fast asleep. That night he returned home a disgraced man.

Ellen had been watching for him, all unconscious of the terrible blow that awaited her, till, weary and overcome

with her wretched vigil, she sunk to sleep in her chair. Franklin entered with his night key, leaving the door open. He was now thoroughly sober, with all the original pride of his nature thoroughly aroused. His clothes were disordered, his cheek deathly pale, and drops of perspiration hung on his upper lip and temples. He went to the cradle, gazed upon his infant a moment, and then softly approached the chair in which Ellen was sleeping. Her slumber must have been profound, or the groan that broke from her wretched husband would have aroused her. For the duration of a minute he stood gazing upon that sweet face, clouded with trouble, and so full of silent sorrow. Then he turned away, opened his desk, and took out a pistol. With a shaking hand he lifted the instrument of death to his temples, when his arm was seized and Brownson dashed down the pistol. It went off; a faint cry like that of a wounded fawn rang up from the cradle, and that was followed by a shriek so wild and full of anguish, that even Brownson turned white with horror. Ellen started from her chair, and staggered a step toward the cradle, and sunk to the floor, senseless and bathed in blood.

Franklin lifted her in his arms, and turned with a look of fearful despair to his friend.

"Go," he said, in a voice of terrible calmness, "we have murdered her at last!"

Brownson bent over the lifeless woman, while her husband tore away the folds of her dress, and searched for the wound. The neck and the snowy shoulder were bathed in blood, and the bullet had pierced her arm, half way above the elbow, shattering the bone.

"Thank God it is not fatal, I am not her murderer," cried the wretched husband, with a burst of passionate feeling. Let her be spared to me, oh great God of Heaven! let her be spared, and my whole life shall be given in atonement for the past."

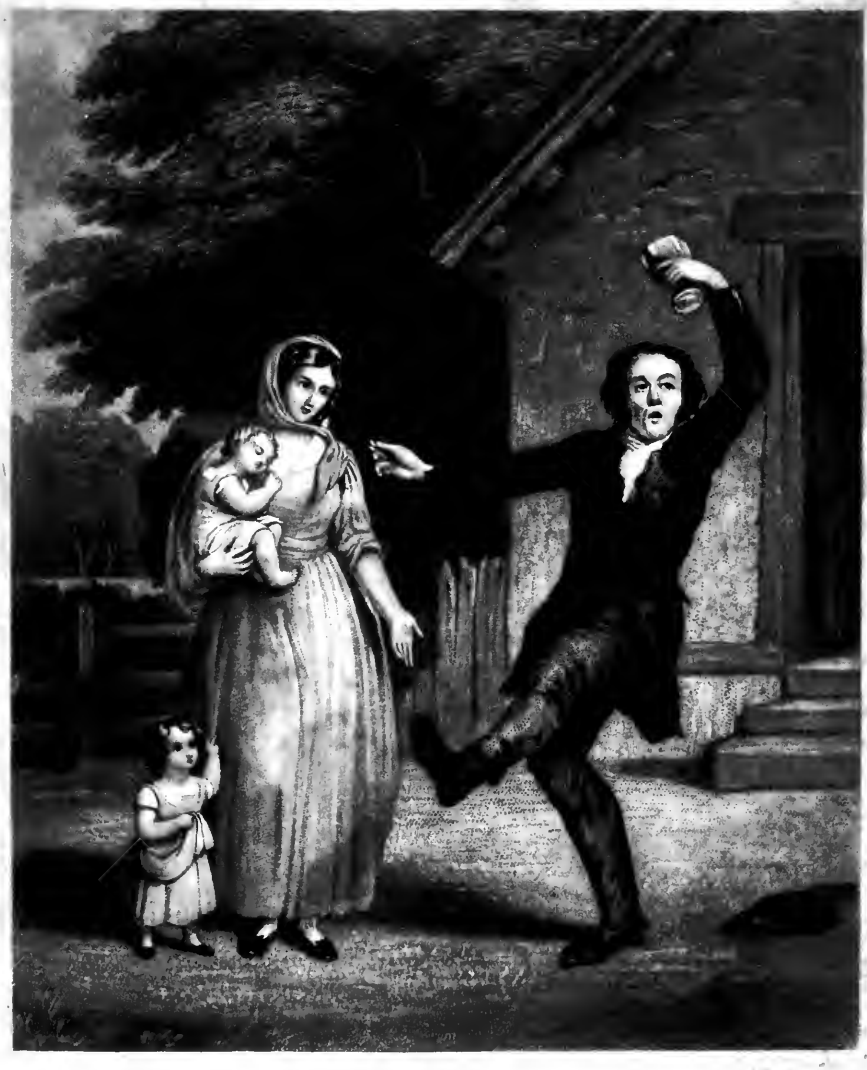
Ellen heard him through all the pain and agony of that

moment. A smile came to her white lips, and lifting herself with sudden energy, she threw her unhurt arm over his neck.

"Thank God! thank God!" broke from her pale lips, and tears gushed through her closed lashes.

He wept also. That evening, then and there, with her wounded form upon his bosom, and her mortal enemy standing by, the husband gave a promise never again to lift the wine cup to his lips. He sealed the promise on her pallid brow, and that moment the husband and wife were happier than they had ever been on earth before.

Brownson turned away, for even his heart was touched. He knew how faithfully Franklin would keep a resolution when once formed; and from that hour the TEMPTER AND THE TEMPTED separated forever. The victim was emancipated, and Ellen was happy on her bed of pain.



## "GIVE ME MY HUSBAND!"

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"HARRY is weak-headed, Davidson. Don't tempt him; you're an old hand at the bellows, and can stand ten times what he can."

"I know. A single glass makes him as merry as a cricket."

"Then why keep asking him to drink? Or why persuade him to meet with us every evening? He is much better at home, with his young wife. Poor creature! If her husband keeps your company long, I pity her."

"Ha! ha!" laughed Davidson, "If he does keep my company, he will find himself in seven leagued boots. I go it fast."

"So you do, and, therefore, should not take a man like Harry Jones by the hand. Let him go his own gait, and do you go yours. There is room enough for you both."

"But I like to get hold of a fellow such as he is, now and then, just for the fun of the thing. It wont hurt him to get a little merry occasionally."

"I am not so certain of that. A man like him is very apt to go down rapidly when he once gets a fondness for drink. You and I can stand it well enough. We can enjoy ourselves; but Harry Jones, depend upon it, is in great danger."

"Never fear. I'll put his head under water a few

times, and half drown him, just for the sport. It will cure him of venturing in beyond his depth."

"But think how it will grieve his wife to have him come home in such a condition. I have met her in the street several times lately, and imagined that she had a troubled look."

"Why should she? We 've never yet sent her husband home drunk."

"Although so near it, many times, that his wife could not have helped seeing it."

"Sally Jones is a nice little body; I always liked her uncommonly well," returned Davidson; "but she must not expect her husband to be always at her apron string, nor always in a condition to walk a chalk line."

"You 're a hard customer, Davidson," returned his companion, laughing, "I suppose I must let you have your own way, even if Jones goes to ruin and his wife's heart is broken."

"I 've ruined you, and broken your wife's heart, hav 'nt I?"

"Not quite. I 'm not so easily ruined; nor is my wife's heart easily broken. But we 'll dismiss that subject. If you are determined that Harry Jones shall be there, let it be so; I 'm not over particular. He 's very good company, to say the least of it."

Davidson, and a few like him, hale fellows well met, had fixed upon the next Thursday evening for a regular drinking frolic. The proposition to invite Harry Jones was met by one of the party in the way just shown.

"I shall not be home until late to night, Sally," said Jones, as he was about rising from the table at dinner time, on the following Thursday. "I have promised to join a small party of friends this evening at Baker's, and shall not have time to come home after the store is closed."

Jones' wife made no answer. But her countenance fell. Her husband noticed this, and understood the cause. He

felt worried all the afternoon. Sometimes he was inclined to find fault with his wife for troubling herself about him; at other times he half resolved not to join the convivial party, but to go home after his store was closed, and spend the evening there. His mind continued to vacillate, in this way, for some hours, but finally settled upon the resolution to do as he had said he would do—join the party.

"Here comes Jones," remarked Davidson, as the former came into the room they had engaged at Baker's. "We 'll have some fun with him before the evening 's over. I 'll lay a wager he 's more than three sheets in the wind in the space of an hour."

"O no," said he to whom this remark was made. Jones is the last man to indulge too freely. I never saw him out of the way."

"Nor I much. But he can't stand any thing. Why, a good strong glass of brandy toddy would make him see double."

"He knows that, I suppose, and will drink very moderately."

"You 'll see. My word for it, he will be under the table the first man."

Possessed of a very demon of mischief, Davidson took a strange delight in seeing the heels of any one tripped up by drink, especially if the person were quiet and inoffensive, and, as he said of Jones, a little weak-headed. The consequences that might follow never seemed to be thought of by him; or, if thought of, never cared for. He seemed to have a particular desire to see Jones intoxicated, and had several times tempted him to drink more than was prudent, much to Jones' subsequent mortification, and the heart-sorrow of his wife. On this occasion, his prophecy was founded upon a resolution to deceive Jones as to the strength of his glass, and thus to make him drink more than double the quantity he supposed he was taking. In order to do this, he privately instructed the waiter, when

brandy toddies were ordered, to have one glass made of double strength, but concealed by a corresponding quantity of sugar, and to be sure to have that glass served to Jones. The waiter understood the trick, and executed the order strictly. As Davidson had said, poor Jones was more than three parts intoxicated in less than an hour.

Fortunately, it happened that one of the party felt a particular interest in the young man and his family, and managed to draw him off from the company before he drank any more. As it was, he had to support him, firmly, by the arm, until he got him home.

After her husband left the house at dinner time, Mrs. Jones went to her room, feeling as if a heavy hand were laid upon her heart. She knew what Davidson had alleged, that her husband was not very strong-minded, and could not stand up very firmly against temptation; she, therefore, trembled whenever he went into company; more especially, as he had, within the past few months, come home several times, much under the influence of liquor. To her, he was ever kind and affectionate,—even after he had been drinking freely, his manner towards her remained the same.

It was in vain that Mrs. Jones tried to compose her mind during the afternoon,—it was in vain that she tried to sit quietly at her sewing as usual. She could not settle herself to do any thing. Sometimes she would endeavor to conquer this unhappy state of mind, by arguments against it. But they fell powerless. She had a woman's perception of evil, and no reasonings could dispel them.

As night closed in, the gloom of her feelings increased. She did not have supper as usual. There was no one to eat but herself, and she had no desire for food. Her babe lay asleep in its cradle, but she could not improve the time in sewing or reading, for her hand trembled too much to do the one and her mind was too much disturbed to enjoy the other. The time wore on heavily.

"Not till late." She murmured, sadly, as she heard the city clock strike ten. "How long will that be? Twelve, one, two o'clock? Oh, it will be a weary, anxious time till then! I wish he would not go into company. There is danger there for him. He used to think home attractive enough. No temptation could draw him away from my side. He would read to me and talk to me for hours. Oh, that was a happy time! He is changed from what he was. Why should it be? I cannot tell. I love him as tenderly: yea, my love for him grows with increasing years. Hark! was not that his voice at the door. I am sure I heard a voice. Yes, there is a hand upon the lock. It is Henry. Why do 'nt he open the door and come in?"

As she said this, the street door opened and was thrown back with a heavy jar, and some one entered and came along the passage with an unequal movement. Mrs. Jones ran out in alarm.

"Oh Henry!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands together. "Can this indeed be you?"

She seized the arms of her staggering husband, and eagerly looked in his face. One glance was enough to sicken her heart. Ah! what an age of misery is condensed into a single moment like this, when a loving wife, for the first time, sees the face of the husband she honors, blank and distorted from intoxication. As best she could, poor Mrs. Jones got her husband up stairs and into bed. She slept little that night.

On the next morning, Henry Jones had but a faint recollection of the particulars of the evening's disgrace. But he saw, in his wife's distressed countenance, enough to satisfy him that he had come home in a sad plight. He was, however, sorely puzzled to understand how he could have fallen so suddenly and so low. He did not remember having taken but a glass or two, which did not appear to have more than the usual strength.

Little or nothing was said at the morning meal, and but

little food taken by either the husband or wife. Jones's head ached badly, but he did not mention it, nor speak of the wretched feeling that pervaded both mind and body. It was late when he got to his store, and found one or two customers waiting. Every one who came in remarked upon his appearance and asked if he were sick. He replied in the affirmative, and then changed the subject as quickly as possible.

While Henry Jones was suffering severely from mortification and the indisposition caused by the evening's excess, and his wife was bowed down in spirit and sorely afflicted, Davidson, who had been the cause of all this pain, was exulting over what he had done, among his companions.

"How I should have liked to have been in the next room when Jones got home," he said to one; "it was, I have no doubt, a rich scene. The way his wife stood aghast when he came in must have been amusing. He was too far gone for a curtain lecture. But that came no doubt in the morning. Ha! ha! How I like to get hold of a green one like him."

"He 'll steer clear of you next time;" was the laughing answer to this.

"Do you think so? He does 'nt suspect me. I managed the thing too adroitly."

"But he 'll keep clear of all drinking parties I fancy."

"No matter. If I take it into my head, I 'll have him drunk once a week for the next month."

"You will?"

"Certainly I will."

"I doubt it, after last night's experience."

"What 'll you bet?"

"An oyster supper."

"Done."

"Done."

"Here 's my hand to it. To day is Tuesday. On next Monday, if he is 'nt too far gone to walk strait, before

twelve o'clock in the day, I will agree to forfeit the oyster supper."

"Very well, we will see."

On the second day after Jones' fall, he ventured to talk freely with his wife on the subject, in order to dispel the distressing gloom that hung over her mind. He made a vow in her presence, that he would never again join any drinking party, nor put himself in the way of temptation. This brought sunshine back to the young wife's heart.

On the next Saturday, Davidson dropped into Jones's store, and after chatting with him some time, asked him if he did 'nt want to see a new silk reel that a friend of his had invented, by means of which the whole process of reeling was rendered much easier and certain as regards uniformity. Now the silk culture was one of Jones's hobbies, and Davidson knew this. He replied at once that nothing would give him greater pleasure. It was arranged that Davidson should call for him on Monday morning at ten o'clock. Precisely at the hour he was there, and Jones, unsuspicious of evil, accompanied him to see the new reel. On arriving at the friend's house, they were told that he was out. Davidson expressed a good deal of disappointment, and said that he had told his friend particularly that he would be there. On their way back to Jones's store, they passed a large drinking house.

"Come, let us have a drink on the strength of this disappointment," said Davidson, taking hold of his companion's arm, and drawing him towards the entrance. Jones did not hesitate. He was in the habit of taking a glass whenever it came in his way. As they walked up to the bar, Davidson gave the bar tender a look of intelligence, which was returned.

"What will you have Mr. Jones?"

"Almost any thing."

"What do you say to a glass of punch?"

"That will do exactly."

"Two punches, weak," said Davidson, to the bar keeper.

In a very short space of time the liquor was ready; in a shorter space the glasses were emptied. The two men sat down and chatted awhile, and then walked away. Jones felt rather light-headed as he gained the street, and his knees were so weak that, every now and then, they would knock against each other. Davidson bade him good morning before he reached his store. Jones walked on, but at every step he felt worse and worse, and was conscious of being unable to move in a straight line. Soon he began to stagger a step or two to the right, and then to the left. Instead of returning to the store, he directed his steps homeward, his power over his muscular frame growing less and less every moment.

In this miserable condition he came in suddenly upon his unsuspecting wife. She was singing gaily over her work when he staggered into the room, like a blasting spectre. In an instant, joy was turned into grief,—the heart that was bounding lightly, sunk heavily in the poor wife's bosom. The wretched man had just sufficient consciousness remaining to clamber up stairs, and, aided by his wife, take off his boots and coat, and throw himself upon a bed. From that moment he became very sick, and remained quite ill the rest of the day and all night.

While Mrs. Jones sat a tearful watcher by the side of her husband, Davidson was enjoying the oyster supper he had won, and making himself merry over the fall of his unsuspecting victim. It must be said for him, that to produce the misery which resulted from what he had done, was not his design. He did not reflect upon consequences. He was one of that class of men who are always ready for a practical joke, but have no power of realizing in their own mind the pain they often occasion. He was called by some a good-hearted man; because, whenever a case of suffering came under his notice, he would promptly empty

his pockets. This was, because what he actually saw reached his feelings at once, and called forth his sympathies. On his way to the oyster supper he had won at the price of a wife's happiness and an honest citizen's good standing, he met a woman with a child in her arms, begging. She told a pitiable story of poverty. Her husband had squandered all they possessed, and at last killed himself by drink. This tale of sorrow and want moved him deeply; he gave her all the money he had with him, some three or four dollars, and sent her on her way with a lighter spirit.

On the following morning, Jones was still too much indisposed to go out. It was the third day before he was in a fit condition to resume his business, and then he felt so mortified that he could hardly find courage enough to venture on the street. He knew that he must have been seen by many persons, staggering along in a state of intoxication. Almost every one he met, seemed to look at him with curious eyes. Nearly all who knew him, certainly did, for the astounding fact that he had been seen drunk in the street spread from one to another with great rapidity.

Grieved and humbled at what had occurred, and unable to understand the reason why a single glass should produce such consequences, Jones suffered deeply. Two or three of his best customers, hearing of what had occurred, and believing, from the way it was told them, that he was getting into idle, dissipated habits, ceased to deal with him. Most men, when they do an act that injures another, seek self-justification by talking about it, and giving reasons for what they have done, thus doing ten-fold the original injury. This was the case with these customers of Jones's; each withdrew one or two more. But this would not have been a permanent injury, had there been no further lapse from sobriety on the part of Jones. There would have been none, if Davidson had been content to let him alone. But this he was not. The success of his first two attempts to trick him into intoxication, had been so entire without

creating suspicion in the mind of his victim, that he determined to see how often he could accomplish the same result.

Sad to relate, once a week, for the next four weeks, as he had boasted he would do, did Davidson tempt, or rather deceive, the weak and unsuspecting young man into over-indulgence to the extent of drunkenness. The consequences that followed, were of the worst kind. Jones not only fell in the public, but in his own estimation, far lower than the actual circumstances of the case, had they been fully known, need have justified. He had not much strength of character to sustain him in any trial or difficulty, and he now sunk down almost powerless. The loss of custom, added to the shame he felt, and the distress of his wife, whom he tenderly loved, completely broke him down, and sad to relate, caused him to resort to the one only course of ruin—drink. Before, he drank with a friend, or, occasionally, when he felt thirsty for the gratification of his appetite:—But now he turned his steps to the drinking house as a means of relief from harrowing self-consciousness.

Now and then he would rally himself, and resolve to break the fetters that were beginning to bind themselves so tightly around him as to be felt. But when his mind was clear to think, so many self reproaches forced themselves upon him, in consequence of the downward aspect of every thing, that he would, in despair, seek the fatal cup again, and drown all in oblivion.

Scarcely a year passed before his store was sold out by his creditors, so rapidly had his course tended downwards. In the same week Davidson, whose wife had died a short time previously, was also sold out by his creditors. Notwithstanding his vaunt of strength, the cup to which he resorted so often had in it a spell more potent than his boasted will. His business was neglected as well as the business of Jones, and both together were thrown upon the world with no means of support beyond their mere ability

to earn it; and this was not much, when their habits were taken into account.

Davidson's downward tendency was, after this, more rapid than Jones's. He connected himself with a second rate grade of gamblers, and in this way sustained himself. But the insatiable desire for drink that burned within him, and which received full gratification, soon rendered him unfit for his new vocation. The cards and dice ceased to be fortunate in his hands. He had no more skill. From this time his external appearance rapidly changed. His clothes became worn, thread-bare, and dilapidated. Few of his old friends and companions cared to know him upon the street.

Two years of privation and wretchedness followed the breaking up of Jones's business. His wife laboured diligently with her hands, and managed the little income thus obtained, and the occasional supplies her husband brought in, with the utmost prudence. But prudence could not keep out the gaunt monster want. She suffered much externally as well as internally. Amid all this, she let no word of reproach pass her lips, nor did her husband ever speak to her harshly. By every means in her power she sought to draw him back from his fatal besetment: to lift him up, and help him to find a power of resistance in himself. She wept and prayed with him and for him, but all availed not. Down, down, down, he went, with an appalling rapidity.

One night he staid away later than usual. When he put on his hat after supper she begged him not to go out, but to remain at home and keep her company.

"It is so lonely here, and you stay so late sometimes," she said, laying her hand upon his arm, while her eyes filled with tears,—"Do 'nt go Henry."

"I wont stay but a little while," he replied—"I promised to go some where this evening, and I must go; but I will be home soon."

"I wish you would 'nt go," urged his wife. I have a strange feeling. Something might happen to you."

"What can happen?"

"I do 'nt know, but I feel dreadfully. You will stay home with me, wont you?"

"I can 't, to night, Sally, but I will be home in an hour at most."

"You are certain of that?"

"Oh yes. I will be sure to be home." And Jones turned away and hurried from the house.

An hour went slowly by, but Jones did not appear at its expiration. His wife had not really expected him so soon, notwithstanding his promise; and yet, as the hour drew to a close, she could not help looking for his return, nor help a feeling of disappointment when she found it delayed beyond that time.

Much longer than an hour did she have to wait.

When Jones left his home, it was his intention to return as he had promised. He meant to go to a favorite drinking house, where he had engaged to meet an old crony and take a glass and a game of dominoes with him. When a short distance from his home he met Davidson, whom he had not seen for some time. His old acquaintance looked even more dilapidated than himself.

"Come my boy," said Davidson, after they had shaken hands, "let us take a good stiff glass for old acquaintance sake."

To a proposal of this kind, Jones had no opposition to make. Nothing could be more agreeable to his feelings. The two men entered a third class tavern, and Davidson ordered the liquor. After a glass had warmed up their feelings, Davidson remembered how he had on a former occasion played off his tricks upon his unsuspecting friend, and the desire to do so again took hold of him. It was such good fun, and he liked fun.

"Jones," he said, with an exulting smile, "do you re-

member that drinking party, where you got drunk before any body else began to feel light in the upper story?"

"Yes, I do confoundedly well. I never yet could make out that matter. I am sure I took only a single glass, or, at best, two."

"That's a fact."

"How then did I get so stupidly drunk?"

"Ha! ha! Do'nt you know?"

"No. Do you?"

"Yes—ha! ha!"

"How was it?"

"You had a double-shotter."

"How could that be?"

"I bribed the bar-keeper to make your glass as strong as three ordinary glasses."

"You are joking."

"It's a fact."

"Why did you do that?"

"Oh! for the fun of the thing. I wanted to see how you would look drunk."

"That was too bad. If you did it once, it was not the only time. I was drunk four or five times in as many weeks."

"I know it."

"And now I remember, it was always after having been in your company."

"Certainly it was. I made a bet that you would be drunk once a week for four weeks, and I won my bet."

Jones sat thoughtful for nearly a minute. He was recalling the past as distinctly as possible. Before he made any reply, he saw clearly the whole matter, and felt a thrilling consciousness that he owed his ruin to the man who sat over against him at the table. With this consciousness, came up the image of his wife who had suffered even more than himself—his pale-faced, patient, ever-toiling wife.—He also thought of what he was when the tempter

came with his insidious wiles and lured him to ruin ere a suspicion of danger had crossed his mind. These remembrances fevered him.—An honest indignation against Davidson burned in his bosom.

"It was the act of a devil!" he said, lifting his eyes to those of his companion, and looking at him with a scowl of anger.

"You are jesting," returned Davidson,—

"I never jest," replied Jones, bitterly,—"I leave jesting for such as you."

"You had better take care, my lark," said Davidson,—"I never allow any man to offer me an insult."

"A base coward like you dare not resent one! None but a base coward could be guilty of conduct so dastardly as yours has been. You are not fit to live."

Jones had become greatly excited. He leaned over the table and shook his fist in the face of his companion, who was a larger and stronger man than he. This was more than Davidson could well bear, partially excited by drink as he was. On the impulse of the moment, he struck Jones on the head with his clenched hand, and dashed him to the floor. But Jones was on his feet in an instant, and sprang over the table and upon his antagonist with the agility of a cat. A wild struggle ensued which continued for some two or three minutes, when Davidson got himself into a position to deal his antagonist a fearful blow on one of his temples. The blow was given with all his strength, and laid his victim insensible on the floor. By this time half a dozen persons had gained the scene of strife. Jones was raised up and efforts used to restore him to animation. His face was shockingly bruised, and cut in several places, and one or two ribs were broken.—The temple upon which Davidson had dealt so terrible a blow, was deeply indented, and, it was feared, the bone fractered.

After trying for over half an hour to restore him without effect, a physican was sent for, who dressed his wounds

properly, and bandaged the broken ribs, after having, by means of bleeding, revived the almost suspended action of his heart. But consciousness did not follow.

In this state, Jones was conveyed home about eleven o'clock that night. His wife, feeling weary and troubled, had lain aside her work, and was leaning her head upon the table at which she had been sitting, when she was startled by the noise of a crowd upon the pavement, just at her door. She had barely time to rise to her feet and assume a listening attitude, when there came a loud knock at the door, which was immediately afterwards thrown open, and the body of her husband borne in by three men, who laid it upon the floor and retired as quickly as possible, and before she had time to make any inquiries.

So shocked was the poor wife by this sudden apparition, that she staggered back a few paces, and fell upon the floor as insensible as her husband. How long she thus lay, she knew not. When the life-blood again flowed warmly through her veins, the first sounds that met her ears was the loud screaming of her babe, and the voice of her husband endeavouring to quiet its distress. Quickly rising up, she found her husband upon the bed, trying to pacify the babe that lay beside him.

"Oh Henry!" she said staggering, rather than walking up to the bed side—"What has happened to you? I have been terribly shocked!" And she pressed both hands against her temples.

"Take the child, Sally," Jones replied in a feeble voice, and I will tell you all."

In a little while the babe was nestling quietly on its mother's bosom. Then speaking with much effort, the unhappy man related to his wife all that had occurred during the evening, dwelling with much feeling upon what Davidson had confessed about having deceived him in the strength of the liquors he drank, which brought him originally into shame and disgrace, and laid the foundation for his

final overthrow and ruin. On concluding his narrative, he wept and moaned like a distressed child. His wife sought to comfort him, and spoke of happier and brighter days to come. But he shook his head mournfully. "No Sally! There are no brighter days for us," he said. "I have brought a curse upon my wife and children, and now I cannot remove it." And again he sobbed bitterly.

The wretched man was right. It was too late to undo what had already been done. Instead of recovering from the injuries he had received, he gradually sunk under them, and died in about ten days, from inflammation caused by one of his broken ribs having lacerated, severely, the flesh over the point of the fracture.

The deep contrition of her husband caused a lively hope to spring up in the mind of Mrs. Jones. She believed, firmly, that the day of his infatuation was over, and that, when he recovered, he would go forth a changed man. So fully was she satisfied of this, that she dreamed of it by night, and made it, by day, the foundation of many an air-built castle. Suddenly, and with a stunning violence, came, within a few hours of his death, the fearful announcement from a physician, that her husband could not live but for a very short space of time. The effect was melancholy in the extreme. With the last expiring sigh of her husband fled, partially, the reason of poor Sarah Jones. Depraved and miserable as he had been, she had loved him tenderly, and amid all the privations she suffered, ever cherished the hope of seeing him yet lift his head as a man. This hope reached its climax during the illness that followed his encounter with Davidson,—the revulsion occasioned by his death, sudden and unexpected, was more than she could bear. Her reason was dethroned. But the abberation was not so marked as to be alarming, or to cause any one to interfere with her freedom. She worked with her needle, as usual, and in this way supported herself, but there were times when she would take her two children, one a

babe in her arms, and the other but little over two years old, and wander away, sometimes two or three miles from the city. Into every tavern that came in her way, she would go and ask if her husband were there, so earnestly that all who did not know her actually believed her in search of a living but drunken husband. This state would continue for a few days, and then she would return home and quietly resume her duties.

Davidson, after the rencontre with Jones, deemed it an act of prudence to leave the city. He regretted the consequences of his angry contest with a much weaker man. But the thing was done and could 'nt be helped, and he did 'nt feel disposed to give himself any very great deal of trouble about it. When, however, he heard of his victim's death, he was not only alarmed lest serious consequences should fall upon him, but troubled with no very light self-reproaches. He did not, however, mend his ways; but continued his downward course of dissipation. Nearly a year after the death of Jones, he returned to the neighbourhood of the place where he had formerly lived, and spent a day or two at a public house.

One afternoon, near the time of sun-set, Davidson was standing at the bar with a glass in his hand, when he saw from the window a woman slowly approaching the house, bearing one child in her arms and leading another. "Who is that?" he said to the bar-keeper,—

"That? Oh, that is the woman who is looking for her drunken husband," replied the bar-keeper,—"I do 'nt know who she is; but she comes this way, now and then, looking after her husband, but I do 'nt believe he visits our house; if he does, she has never yet caught him here. I think she had better stay at home."

"That 's it, is it?" returned Davidson. "She looks young to have a drunken husband. I 'll go out and give her something. No doubt she needs it—I never saw a

wife with a drunken husband, who did not. Thank heaven, I have no wife!"

Saying this, Davidson stepped out, still holding his glass in his hand. The woman had nearly gained the door.

"Here, my good woman, take that: it will help buy your little ones some bread," said Davidson, reaching towards her a piece of money.

"No, keep your money!" she replied in a quick voice, —"I want my husband! Give me my husband! Give me back my husband."

The veil instantly fell from the wretched man's eyes; the woman was no longer a stranger. Sally Jones stood before him and demanded her husband. He staggered back a few paces, the glass fell from his hand; he kept from falling with difficulty. That mournful voice thrilled every nerve,—The woman seemed not to notice the effect of her words, but went past him, and entering the bar room, enquired for her husband. The simple answer that he was not there, satisfied her. She turned away and left the house.

"Why do 'nt you give that woman back her husband?" said the bar-keeper, affecting a stern voice and air as Davidson re-entered the room. He had heard the earnest appeal that had been made, and thought that it afforded a good subject for a jest.

"It is not in my power," replied Davidson, in a serious voice. "I cannot call back the dead."

"Is her husband dead?" asked the bar-keeper, his manner changing. "I did not know that."

"Yes. He has been dead for more than a year."

"I thought you did 'nt know her."

"Nor did I, until I went out."

"Who is she?"

"Her name is Jones."

"The one whose husband was killed by a man named Davidson?"

"The same," was replied in as firm a voice as it was possible to assume.

"Indeed! Poor woman! It has set her crazy."

"So it seems."

Davidson did not remain long at the tavern after this; nor long in the neighbourhood of the city in which Mrs. Jones lived. He went off to the west, haunted with the image of the wife whose husband he had murdered, body and soul. He drank no more. With one firm resolution he abandoned forever the maddening cup. As far as is in his power he is striving to make some return of good for the evil he has done. Every month, Mrs. Jones, who no longer suffers to the extent that she did from mental aberation, receives about twenty dollars in a blank envelope from an unknown source. This has come, regularly, for years. The reader may easily guess from whom.

## TO THE SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

BY FANNY FORRESTER.

On, brothers, on! though the night be gone,
And the morning glory breaking,
Though your toils be blest, *ye may not rest,*
For danger 's ever waking.
Ye have spread your sail, ye have braved the gale,
And a calm o'er the sea is creeping;
But I know by the sky, that danger 's nigh—
There 's yet no time for sleeping!

Still dingy walls nurse midnight brawls;
Up from the vale is wreathing
A fatal cloud, the soul to shroud,
While man its poison 's breathing.
Still vice is seen in glittering sheen,
In the ruby bubble laughing;
But Death his shrine, has reared in wine,
And the young blood he is quaffing.

When the beaker's brim with rust is dim,
Because no lip will press it,
When the worm is dead, which ever fed
On the heart that dared caress it,
When the gay false light of the eye so bright
Be too true for thought to smother,

When the art be lost, hither demon tossed,
And man tempt not his brother—

Then, peaceful and blest, from toil ye may rest;
Else, rest is but in heaven;—
For shame still lies in sad wet eyes,
Still hearts with wo are riven.
Then brothers on! though the night be gone,
And the morning glory breaking,
Though your toils be blest, ye may not rest,
For danger, danger's waking!

# AGNES.

## A STORY OF REVOLUTIONARY TIMES.

BY MRS. C. M. KIRKLAND.

The state of society in rural life in our country, just before the breaking out of the revolutionary war, was one of plain, hospitable, almost primitive simplicity and heartiness. The cities, then, as now, aped foreign manners, and sacrificed much real comfort and respectability, in the vain attempt to imitate English luxury and aristocratic distinction: but the country was as yet, unspoiled by such degrading folly, and perhaps the state of New Jersey, in particular, might be cited as retaining an unambitious, simple mode of living, at once a proof of the good sense of her people, and a security for their substantial prosperity. People of good property resided on their farms, or pursued the callings by which their fortunes had been acquired, without a thought of pushing away the ladder that they might figure upon the dizzy eminence, forgetting the means by which it was attained. Sons and daughters were portioned from the family estate, but they too had been imbued with the honest pride which loves to live on land long owned by one's fathers; and instead of flying off to the cities to spend all in heartless show, they settled about the homestead, thus forming a society who possessed, perhaps, as many of the external materials for quiet happiness, as any on earth. Few of them could be found among those Americans whose extravagant style of living, reported in

England by the officers on their return, encouraged the British government to think that such opulence would bear heavier burdens. They adhered to a republican simplicity, at once prudent and dignified; and their children, secured from many of the temptations of life, grew up among their own kindred, honest, affectionate and respectable.

This state of things, pleasant as it was, and advantageous in many respects, had yet its drawback. The quiet, the easy circumstances, the absence of excitement, led to much social meeting, in neighbourhoods, and these meetings,—alas! that things good and pleasant in themselves, should so often be the source, natural or accidental, of terrible evils —these were too convivial. What was called intemperance, was not common, but it was not then so well understood what *was* intemperance. When a man of standing in society, was observed to neglect his affairs, and spend his whole time in what he had begun merely as a recreation, he was said to "live rather too fast." When his property was mortgaged and brought to the hammer, his "misfortunes" were said to be the cause; and when he went faster than ever the down-hill road after this, men shook their heads, and lamented that "trouble" had driven him to drink. The philosophy of the whole matter was by no means so plain, as it has become in our day, since volumes, nay libraries, have been written, to expose the insidious wiles of that "enemy which men put into their mouths, to steal away their brains." Each new instance was considered and accounted for by itself, singly, and not as coming under one great general law, and good men went on without fear, unwarned by the melancholy cases which met their view occasionally, and quite sure that the exhilaration and good-fellowship which made them prize the cheerful glass, *need* not be productive of any thing but happiness.

This was the judgment of those who were interested in the matter, more than they would have cared to acknowledge. Among women, excluded as they are from all par-

ticipation in the conviviality which leads astray so many of the stronger sex, a clearer and more rational view early prevailed. They experienced not the tempting pleasure, but they observed the next day's depression or irritability, and they *counted the cost.* But hospitality, and hearty good humour, and reconciliation, and farewells, and welcomes, and housewarmings, and births, and marriages, and even death had come to be so associated with the use of strong liquors, that it seemed a vain attempt to bring reason to bear upon so formidable an array of opposition; and many mourned in silence over what they had not courage to oppose openly.

The family of Manning, was one of the most wealthy in its neighbourhood; owning mill-seats, and other valuable property on the Delaware, and living in all the peace, comfort and abundance which so favorable a situation afforded. Mr. Manning was a widower, with four children, of whom Agnes, the heroine of our simple story, was the youngest. She was treated as the "baby" and pet of all the house, and had been her mother's darling, and the constant companion of the heavy hours of her decline. Whether owing to natural temperament, or to the circumstance of having been inured to sad thoughts, at the most impressible age, she was a serious child, given to quiet amusements, rather than to gay sports, and fond of playing the little handmaid to her father, when her sisters were engaged with their guests. As she grew older, more decided elements of character began to display themselves, and her brother and sisters were not always quite pleased with her remarks upon what she saw and heard in the parlor. She was so sweet tempered, however, and always so grieved when she found she had offended, that their resentment was but short lived, and they could not but confess that her good sense was often in the right, even when it reflected severely upon themselves.

It so happened, however, that speaking was not all that

Agnes felt bound to do, touching certain practices which fell daily under her observation. The young people had a great deal of company, and the fashion of the time prescribed that wine or punch, with cake and other refreshments, should be frequently handed them. This the primitive manners of that part of the country, allowed to be performed in person by the daughters of the house, who never thought of disdaining what was considered an honorable office by princesses, and noble ladies of old. But our little Agnes, now fifteen, rebelled resolutely against this part of her duty. "I will do any thing else for you," she said, "but I never will hand wine or spirits to Philip Lybrand, or John Reed, who love them too well already; or to any of the other young men who come here, all of whom become noisy and foolish after drinking."

Here was an *emeute*! such a thing was never heard of! Agnes's pride had come to a pretty pass! And a formal complaint was made to Mr. Manning, that Agnes, the youngest, whose place it was to wait upon the eldest, refused absolutely this part of the family duty.

"Why what does this mean, Aggy," said the old gentleman, "why do you set up to be wiser than every body else?"

"Oh Father! I do not," said the weeping girl, "but the more I see of this drinking in company, the more I am sure it is not good; and I cannot have any thing to do with it."

It was quite a new idea to the father, as well as to the younger members of the family; but finding Agnes really sincere in her objection, the point was dropped after a while, although she was subjected to unsparing ridicule for her squeamishness. Perhaps this very ridicule contributed to fasten her attention upon the subject, and to bring the more strongly to her notice the consequences of the prevailing practice. Certain it is, that she withdrew herself more and more from the gay society which frequented her father's house, and would often steal away from the noisy

mirth too often prevailing there, and, pushing her little batteau out on the calm bosom of the Delaware, sit in tranquil silence, enjoying the pure moonlight, while the songs and laughter which reached her ear would but awaken a sigh of regret.

"How *can* they," she would mentally exclaim, "prefer such amusements to this delicious evening. This soft shade, the glassy water, the song of the whippoorwill and the mocking-bird—what a contrast do they present to the heated room, the noise, the excitement within. Oh my brother! would I could persuade you to try a better way of passing your evenings; but while my sisters think as you do, that all this belongs to a life of pleasure, I have no hope!"

Let us not be mistaken in our description of Agnes. We would not represent her as a self-sufficient sermonizer, who wearies and disgusts where she would instruct. We would but describe the mental exercises of a young girl, who had been able to perceive evils which she had no power to remedy, and who could only act negatively, in influencing those she loved. That she did influence them, in her quiet way, time afterwards showed, but for the present she saw nothing encouraging.

Agnes, without being a beauty, grew up a very charming girl, and her strong good sense and right principle, joined to uncommonly gentle manners and a most benevolent heart, secured for her many friends, and gained respect for her opinions, however "ultra" they seemed at that day. She had plenty of admirers, too, but her manner was not calculated to inspire any of them with the hope that he had made an impression upon her heart. Her sisters married and settled not far from home. The eldest, Elinor, married the handsome, dashing Philip Lybrand, the son of one of the rich men of the county, who gave him at once a fine farm, with every thing that a farmer could desire. Elinor Manning had made one

of the first matches in the country, and she was a proud and happy woman. She remembered what Agnes had said of Philip Lybrand, and reminded her of it jestingly, but assured her that she would not tell Philip. Agnes was painfully embarrassed, for subsequent observation had but served to confirm her impression as to Philip's susceptibility to the pleasures of wine, and she could not, in conscience, say a word in palliation of her remarks at the time of the memorable quarrel about offering the ordinary refreshments to her sisters' guests. Her sister Mary soon after married another of the young men who had been the constant visitors of her brothers, and though not as handsomely settled as Elinor, there seemed every prospect of worldly comfort for the young people.

Agnes was now the only sister at home, and as such the object of much interest to her brother. Her views and habits were so different from those of the elder girls, that William Manning complained not a little of her want of congeniality, while she, on her own part, tried to induce him to acquire a relish for the quieter amusements in which she found so much satisfaction. He was an industrious young man, and attended strictly to business, but, when that was done, his chief delight was in convivial society, and what he termed *frolics*, in which he found abundance of company.

"Come, Agnes," he would say, "you cannot refuse to join our party to the mountain. Mary Ellery and Jane Corwin, and all the girls are going, and James Henry and Norman Finch, and a certain other person that you know you 've a kindness for, if signs are to be trusted."

"I will go, William, on the old condition, that you take nothing stronger than milk," would Agnes reply.

"Oh! a milk and water pic-nic! horrible! we could n't get a soul to go on those terms. Even the girls would exclaim against any thing so stupid!"

Yet parties were occasionally made to humor what

were thought the prejudices of Agnes Manning, and unfortunately these parties were dull to all concerned, accustomed as they were to artificial stimulus on such occasions. Agnes would exert herself to the uttermost, but habit was too strong for her, and she gradually gave up any attempt to join in the various excursions and gatherings, and the more especially as her father had now become very infirm and required much of her attention.

The war was now raging, and the condition of the army such as called loudly on the patriotism of those whose age and circumstances permitted their leaving home. None responded more heartily to this call than many of the young men of New Jersey, as the annals of that time will testify, although the poison of disaffection was not unfelt in the State. William Manning, with his friends, John Reed, Elliot Warner and Walter Greenwood, prepared to join the service, and they were all spending the evening before their departure at Mr. Manning's. We should premise that Greenwood had long been a declared admirer of Agnes, and Warner a no less sincere though as yet unavowed one.

"What shall we bring you, Agnes?" said Greenwood, jestingly. "I suppose there will be no scalping in this war, but perhaps we can find some other trophy to prove to you that we have smelt powder."

Agnes looked very serious. She could not jest on so awful a subject as war; but after a pause, she said,

"If you wish to bring me what I should like best, let it be a certificate from your commanding officer, that you have drank only water during the campaign." All laughed.

"Are you really in earnest?" said Walter Greenwood. "Do you think it would not be ridiculous for a man to decline doing as others do, and to confine himself altogether to water? For my own part, I care nothing for those things, and would just as soon give them up as not,

as far as my own tastes are concerned; but I own I should find it hard to bear the everlasting raillery which I should bring upon myself by such a course. However, I will try, and I promise you a true report when I come home."

Agnes added some kind words of persuasion and encouragement, and the subject was dropped for the time. Reed did not think it worthy of a moment's consideration, and Warner seemed lost in thought. He lingered, however, until all had departed, to say a few words to Agnes. We shall not tell what they were, but we cannot deny that there was a good deal of emotion on both sides; and although Agnes said nothing which she intended should be construed into encouragement of the modest suit of Elliot Warner, yet we ourselves considered Greenwood's cause worth very little, after that half hour on the piazza, with the moon shining through the vine-hung trellices, and the soft-flowing Delaware making gentle music as it passed the willows at the foot of the garden.

## CHAPTER II.

It is well known that the war against our liberties was conducted in New Jersey, as well as elsewhere, in a manner so barbarous as to be utterly irreconcileable even with that sanguinary code which men call civilized warfare. The British seem to have cherished an angry contempt for "the rebels," whom they found so difficult to subdue, which led them to forget at once what was due to their opponents and themselves; and their allies, red men and Hessians, went even beyond them in inhumanity, sparing neither age nor sex. Women of all ranks were subject to the most shameful indignities, yet it should

forever be remembered to their honour, that in no instance was a female, of whatever condition, known to betray the concealed friend, or to aid an insolent enemy. They saw their farms rifled, their furniture destroyed, their houses in flames, without shrinking from their duty in this particular; and in many a sad case was the father, the lover, the husband, the son, indebted for life and liberty to the dangers and sufferings of her he loved best.

In sacrifices of a quieter character, where no excitement was present to sustain resolution, the women of the Revolution were no less forward in aiding the cause of liberty. When the currency was so depreciated that supplies for the army could not be obtained, individual exertion was taxed to supply the deficiency; and women toiled at the needle, day and night, and aroused the generosity of all within their influence, to supply the clothing for want of which their countrymen were suffering. From the wife of the Commander-in-Chief, who set the noble example, to her who could scarce find bread for her children, all the true-hearted daughters of America were engaged in the good work. They encountered contempt and ridicule in abundance from the disaffected, who strove to show their "loyalty" by going even beyond the invaders in their abuse and ill-treatment of their countrymen, who were engaged in the struggle for liberty.

Agnes Manning, whose father's whole heart was in the American cause, was among the most active in her sympathies with the suffering troops. Her brother William was with the army, and of that number who lived entirely at their own expense; and he enlisted her feelings so much by his accounts of the destitute condition of his men, that her whole time was given to this noble object, and, with a few young companions of similar sentiments, she was foremost in the ranks of those noble women who felt deeply their country's woes.

Unfortunately, Philip Lybrand, who, born to wealth and consequence, belonged naturally to the class who sided with the mother country, had at this crisis become one of the most rabid of the tories, and this circumstance produced an entire breach between his family and that of his father-in-law, and Agnes was cut off from all intercourse with her sister Elinor. Lybrand's habits had become more and more irregular, so that the marks of excess were now but too evident upon mind and person; and these habits brought him into society which was calculated to do any thing but foster any germ of virtue which might have been remaining in his breast. His house was the resort of the British, and not those of the better class; and drinking and gambling parties, prolonged far into the night, were no uncommon things in this once quiet region.

Of all this Agnes was kept informed by the old servants of the family, who mourned over Massa Philip's degeneracy, and would fain have renewed the intercourse between the sisters. Elinor, however, sided with her husband, and Mr. Manning's commands were peremptory that Agnes should hold no communication with the Lybrands.

What was her consternation then, when old Brown, a negro who had grown gray in the service of the family, told her that Massa Philip, who was furious at Agnes's devotion to the cause he hated, had, when in his cups, actually proposed to some English officers to carry off Agnes, saying that her father would bleed well for her ransom!

"It was only a jest, Miss Aggy," said old Brown, "and dey was all drunk; but I'm afraid dem Britishers wont forget it nor dose red Indians dat stood round the door hearing all that was said, I tink you better send for Massa William to take care of you."

This seemed indeed her only resource; so without a mo-

ment's delay, she wrote to her brother, and despatched the letter by a trusty messenger, the only mode of communication in those troublous times. She confined herself closely to the house, and endeavoured by assiduity in the good cause, and constant attention to her father, to forget the danger which seemed to hang over her.

At length the British soldiers who had infested the neighbourhood for a time, disappeared; and tranquillity was once more established. Agnes began to regret that she had alarmed her brother, and obliged him to request leave of absence, when every true heart was so deeply needed at the scene of action. She ventured to resume her walks, confining herself however, to her father's grounds, and only trusting herself occasionally in her batteau on the Delaware, in the vicinity of the house. This, her favorite amusement, when the moon shone bright, she felt to be quite secure; for the solitude and silence of that remote region were so profound, that the least sighing of the wind through the trees on the shore, was audible to her, as she floated in the middle of the stream.

The nights were now splendid, and as Mr. Manning always retired immediately after tea, Agnes was at liberty, while the family were about, and the house abounding with lights, to spend an hour in her favorite retreat. She pushed her little boat out from the shore, and sat luxuriating in the quiet loveliness of the scene, when suddenly she became aware of a bark canoe, which glided noiselessly to the side of her boat, and in the next instant a heavy cloak was flung around her head, so as effectually to prevent sound or struggle; and she felt herself drawn swiftly along down the river, by a power utterly irresistible, and in perfect silence. Every effort of hers was promptly repressed, and in a very short time, she sank fainting with terror, into the bottom of the boat.

After some time, she could not guess how long, but the moon which had but just risen, when she ventured upon

her ill-fated indulgence, was riding high in heaven, she was placed upon the ground, at a little inlet, on the left bank of the river. Here the cloak was unrolled from her person, and she found herself in the presence of three Indians, two men and a woman, who signified to her that she must proceed on foot with them. This she was entirely unable to do, for terror had deprived her of all strength; and after some ineffectual efforts to follow her savage conductors, she sank upon the ground, completely helpless. The female tried to re-assure and revive her, but finding her still unable to sustain herself, the Indians after some consultation among themselves, set about constructing a litter out of such materials as the woods afforded. This rude affair finished, they spread over it such things as they had, and laid the trembling Agnes upon it, and bore her upon their shoulders. As daylight began to appear, they left the more travelled road, and struck into a by path, which led deep into the woods; and it was not until the sun had risen some time, that they stopped for rest and refreshment.

The Indian woman had evidently been brought as an attendant for Agnes, and she performed her part as well as she could, endeavoring to induce the poor girl to eat, and offering her such trifling accommodations as their situation permitted. But when Agnes was able to reflect, she came to the conclusion that these Indians were probably the very same whom old Brown had described as listening to the wild suggestions of Lybrand, and that they must therefore understand some English, if they could not or would not speak it. She therefore employed all her ingenuity, and all the eloquence she could command, to induce them to return her to her father, promising them double the reward they were to receive for her abduction, be that what it might; and holding up to them, the severe punishment to which they would be subjected, if their villainy should be discovered. They listened in stolid silence, showing by no

look or sign, that they understood one word of what she had been saying; but when, on their attempting to place her again on the litter, she made some show of resistance, and tried the feminine weapon of a few shrieks and entreaties, they made their intentions intelligible by showing her a tomahawk, with a very expressive gesture towards her forehead. Her courage was not proof against this horrible threat, and sinking once more, she allowed them to place her where they would, deferring her hope of rescue until she should reach the British camp, whither she had no doubt they were carrying her. For the whole day they travelled in silence, through the thick woods, and it was not until sunset that they halted, to prepare food, and arrange a resting-place for the night.

While they were thus absorbed, an American officer, with a file of soldiers, turned the corner of a rock, under the shelter of which they had been resting. Agnes was almost dizzy with joy, but her habitual prudence did not desert her, even when she saw that the new comer was none other than her friend and admirer, Captain Greenwood, and she repressed the exclamation which was rising to her lips. Greenwood, with equal caution, refrained from recognising her as an acquaintance, but addressed himself at once to the Indians, who had seized their rifles, at sight of the strangers. Agnes, had involuntarily risen from the litter, and now stood in the midst of her captors, forming as complete a protection for them, as the strongest entrenchment would have done, since the least hostile movement on the part of Greenwood and his men, would have been the signal for her instant destruction. The young man saw that his only hope was in compromise, bribe or stratagem; and, calling up one of his men, who understood some of the Indian dialects, he caused him to enquire of the savages which side they were on, by way of gaining time for reflection.

"Indian side," was the reply.

"King George?" No answer.

"General Washington?" Still perfect silence, accompanied by an impatient movement, which desired the questioners to pass on.

"Whither are you taking this young lady?"

"What is that to you? We are taking care of her."

"Does she wish to go with you, or is she your prisoner?"

"We know what we do; go your way."

After numerous questions which elicited no answers more satisfactory than those we have recounted, Greenwood ordered his men to bring forward their stores, among which was a quantity of brandy. At sight of this, the Indians, determined as they were, could not help relenting a little; the fatal propensity of their nation being too strong for their determination. Greenwood filled a drinking cup with the liquor, and offered it to the savage, who stood nearest him; but he moved not a step from Agnes, but motioned to the woman to hand him the cup. The other was equally prudent, and Greenwood soon perceived that if brandy was to accomplish any thing, it must be by making the enemy thoroughly drunk; so that the prey might be stolen while they slept. To this effect, he said a few words to the soldiers, who were not sorry to spread their provisions on the ground, and prepare for supper, after a long day's march. They invited the Indians to partake with them, but they signified that their officer must first seat himself, which he did, without taking his eye off their movements. They then made Agnes and her attendant, take a position exactly behind them, while they placed themselves within reach of the canteen of brandy, not disdaining however a share of the other provisions, which the soldiers took care to offer them. Whenever they drank, they insisted that Greenwood should drink too; and in his zeal to disable them, he forgot that a fatiguing march, and perhaps a head less inured to strong drink, would render him liable to be first overcome; and, before the savages

began to show any signs of stupidity, their entertainers were feeling very sensibly the effects of what they had taken. In that—there is no disguising it—Captain Greenwood was excessivly sleepy, and as there was a good deal of liquor left, and the Indians seemed by no means tired of it, he thought that a short, a *very* short nap would refresh him for the duties before him. His head drooped against the bough of a twisted tree, which grew conveniently near; and before he had quite decided upon his plan of operations, he fell fast asleep. His soldiers, concluding their commander had relinquished all hope of rescuing the young lady, followed his example, and the wily savages, not at all disabled by what they had drank, got up quietly, put Agnes into the litter, and proceeded on their journey.

## CHAPTER III.

For three days and nights, did the unfortunate Agnes suffer all the fatigue and deadly terror of this dreadful journey. The Indians had undoubtedly set out with the intention of carrying their prey to Philadelphia, where concealment of their outrage would have been comparatively easy to all concerned; but on the 22nd of June 1778, the British army had evacuated the city, and were on their march through the state of New Jersey. The savages had been so long in hiding, waiting until Agnes should be off her guard, that the movements of their allies were entirely unknown to them; and the first intimation they received of the change of position, was by falling in with a party of Washington's advanced guard, who were hanging on the rear of the enemy. They were made prisoners immediately, and their capture transferred to the charge of the officer in command.

Leaving our heroine thus in safe keeping, though worn and exhausted to the last degree, we must return for a moment, to her desolate home. Old Brown had, of course, told all he knew or conjectured of her abduction; and it is needless to attempt to describe the distress of her aged parent, at the loss of his darling, aggravated as it was, by the treachery of his son-in-law. Lybrand himself, to do him justice, was shocked beyond measure, at the result of his drunken frenzy, and went at once to Mr. Manning, to offer any atonement in his power. After a scene of agonizing reproach, on the part of the father, and attempts at apology on that of the son, it was concluded that Lybrand should set off in pursuit, never to return until he brought Agnes with him. Elinor remained with her father, while her husband made the utmost speed for Philadelphia, the news of the evacuation of that city by the British, not having yet reached this remote point.

William Manning, meanwhile had been lying ill at the camp at Valley Forge, where cold, hunger and distress, of all kinds, had reduced hundreds of poor fellows to the same or a worse condition. He had so far recovered, however, that when the army moved, he was able to mount a horse, and proceed with the rear guard. He obtained leave of absence for his friend Greenwood, and despatched him to the relief of Agnes, supposing it might be necessary for him to remain at Mr. Manning's until the British should have left the neighbourhood; and was now suffering the greatest anxiety, until he could hear the result of his mission. The Indians had taken a by-path, to avoid meeting American soldiers, and Captain Greenwood had chosen the same lest he should be hindered, by falling in with British stragglers. Hence their chance meeting.

Greenwood's bitter mortification, on finding the bird flown, we shall leave to the imagination of those whom temporary forgetfulness, produced in a similar manner, may have led to the commission of solecisms equally unpardon-

able. Goaded by the stings of his own mind, he made his way back to his post, in the main body of the army, in an incredible short space of time; and the first person he met was Elliot Warner, whom William Manning had informed of the errand of Greenwood. To meet and answer the questions of Warner, was a new punishment for the unfortunate Greenwood; and the result would have been a quarrel, but for the temperate firmness of the former, who chose rather to attempt the rescue of Agnes, than to waste time in fighting him who had failed in it. He resolved at once to ask leave of absence, although what course to pursue when he should have obtained it, he could scarcely determine.

"Leave of absence when a battle is in prospect!" exclaimed his commander; "if it were almost any other man than Lieutenant Warner, I should scarce know what to think: but he who has endured the winter at Valley Forge without a murmur, relinquishing to others, the few comforts he might have enjoyed, is above suspicion."

Elliot, colouring deeply, explained the circumstances as well as he could, calling Agnes the sister of his friend Captain Manning, who was disabled by illness.

"And in what manner do you intend to proceed?" inquired Col. R——.

"Indeed I scarcely know," replied Warner; "I had thought of laying the case before the commader-in-chief, and requesting a flag of truce, in order to have an inquiry instituted in the British force—"

"I believe this will be your best course," said the Colonel, "and I will give you a letter to General Washington, which may be of service to you."

Warner took the letter which his commander hastily penned, and with due thanks set out on his blind quest. Washington, whom no circumstances of haste, difficulty, or danger ever disabled from any duty, however discordant,

read his colonel's letter, listened patiently to his recital, and when he had finished, took a letter from a file near him.

"I believe I can save you the trouble of a search, and the mortification of leaving the army at such a time, Lieutenant Warner. I have this morning received notice that a young lady was rescued from a party of Indians, by our advanced guard, and is now under the care of Major ——, who has command of the party by whom she was rescued, as the state of the country is such, that there was in the vicinity no place of safety in which she could be bestowed."

Warner fancied there was something of covert reproof, in the General's manner, and not all the reverence he felt for him, could repress entirely the expression of his feelings.

"I hope—I trust—your Excellency cannot for a moment suppose that I sought an errand which should take me from my post at such a time. This young lady is the sister of my friend, the intimate of my family from childhood, and she was placed in the most cruel jeopardy—"

"Very true," said the General, coldly, "but if I am rightly informed, Captain Greenwood had already been dispatched in search of her."

Warner was on the point of saying that Greenwood had failed in the attempt to rescue her from the Indians, but he recollected himself in time to avoid casting this reflection on a rival, and was silent, though smarting under the implication of the General's manner. He was about taking his leave, when Washington perhaps reading his mortification in his countenance, again spoke.

"You must pardon me, Lieutenant Warner, if I seem to have forgotten your patient endurance of our terrible winter, your fortitude, your temperance, your sacrifices in favour of others. I have not done so, but defections where I least anticipated them, have been so frequent of late, that I have become perhaps too suspicious; scarce knowing where to place any confidence. Return to your post, sir, and I trust

you will find no reason to complain of injustice on my part."

Elliot Warner bowed low and took his leave in silence; at once awed and delighted by the half-confidential tone in which his idolized commander had addressed him, and resolving if possible, to regain his good opinion, when an opportunity should arise for meeting the enemy.

Philip Lybrand, discovering in his fiery course, the movement of the two armies, continued his speed to gain the British lines, but falling in with a reconnoitering party, was taken before their commanding officer, who happened to be Captain Greenwood. Mutual explanations, led to high words, and both being excited, lacking in self command, and conscious of ill-deserts, a challenge was the consequence; the meeting taking place without an hour's delay, lest the battle which was now daily expected, should prevent it. Both were wounded at the first fire—Lybrand in the arm, Greenwood in the side; and but for the interference of the seconds, the quarrel would have been fought to the death.

Sad state of things, for old friends and neighbours, companions from infancy, and bound to each other, by a thousand ties! Sad state of things, chargeable, perhaps, originally to horrid, denaturalizing war, but in no small degree to the influence of the poison which often sets at variance whole neighbourhoods, and ruins a greater amount of happiness every year, than war itself.

Lybrand, still unsatisfied as to the fate of Agnes, of which Greenwood was ignorant, continued on his way, still resolved to seek the British camp, if necessary, rather than allow his errand to await the event of the battle. He met with no hindrance until he reached, just at evening, the advanced posts of the American army, which, after a pretty severe skirmish with a party of the enemy, were preparing for the night. Lybrand was carried at once to the tent of Col. R——. Here he learned that

Agnes had been lodged in safety with the family of a clergyman, Mr. Caldwell, who lived at some little distance from the scene of action, and, obtaining an escort, he set out immediately to seek her, feeling that nothing was left for him to do but to make the only atonement in his power, by confessing his fault. Agnes, much altered by fatigue, terror and anxiety, received Lybrand with a gentleness that cut him to the soul.

"I knew well, Philip," she said, "that your *real* self could never have harboured a thought injurious to me or to my dear father. It was that cruel enemy which is preparing your destruction—which will end in making you what you yourself will abhor and despise—unless—oh, Philip!—unless you will, for my sake, this very moment make the resolution to avoid it forever, as you would shun dishonour, crime, remorse, misery——" She ceased, overcome by her emotion, and Philip was scarcely less moved.

"Agnes!" he said, "if you will accept such a resolution as an atonement for my crime against you, I am ready to forswear from this moment every thing that can lead to such evils. I will promise you never again while I live to touch wine or strong drink; and not without the concurrence of my own reason and judgment, for I feel that you are right."

"I ask it not as an atonement, dear Philip," said she, "but for your own sake—for Elinor's—for the dear children's; and if you are indeed willing to make such a resolution, I shall consider all I have suffered as nothing, in comparison with so great a good. Oh that my dear brother—that all whom I love, would see in the thousand woes which mar the happiness of life, the mark set by Heaven upon that fatal indulgence! But Philip, you are pale, and your arm—what has happened?"

Lybrand blushed, and hesitated, but he was obliged to confess the truth.

"And Walter Greenwood is wounded too?"

"Yes, but I hope not dangerously."

Agnes wept so bitterly that her brother-in-law began to believe her interest in the wounded captain far greater than he had ever supposed it. To some words expressive of this, Agnes replied by a direct negative.

"He could never be any thing to me," she said, "if only on account of his habits, which I consider so destructive of all firmness of virtue. But I cannot but weep when I think of the chain of troubles——"

"Brought on by my misconduct," said Lybrand; "but be merciful, Agnes, and accept my repentance as some atonement. Perhaps Greenwood may find in the bitter mortification he has suffered, reason to forswear forever the treacherous ally which played him so false. Poor Reed has, I fear, gone down rapidly since he left the restraints of home; but another of our friends—Elliot Warner—has, as I am told, been an example of temperance and every manly virtue since he joined the army."

Agnes thought of the parting conversation on the piazza, and felt that even her few simple words might not have been in vain.

Lybrand was hospitally entertained, and his wounds looked to, by the kind clergyman and his wife, and the next day, June 28th, before noon, the firing at Monmouth absorbed the attention of all. The day was intensely hot; there was not a breath of air stirring, no cloud mitigated the fervor of the sun, and the very birds forgot to sing. Hour after hour, until the close of day, did the appalled family listen, with beating hearts, to the sound of cannon; and throughout that dreadful day, when the deepest recesses of the house seemed scarcely to afford a shelter from the sun, scarce a moment's pause in the firing could be observed. Solicitude for the fate of friends and neighbours, and anxiety to learn the fortune of the day, had reached their utmost height, when, late in the after-

noon, a baggage cart approached the house, bearing several wounded men, for whom charitable attention was claimed and readily granted. Among the sufferers was Elliot Warner, who had been shot down while in the act of warding off a sword-cut from a soldier who was already disabled. His wound was both deep and dangerous, and as no surgeon could immediately be obtained, his situation was extremely critical. But his calmness, and the strictness of his habits, were so much in his favour, that the fever was comparatively slight, and when, after considerable delay, a surgeon did arrive, his report was favourable. Philip Lybrand, who was all kindness and activity in assisting in the care of the sufferers, took sole charge of Warner, and as soon as the wounded man was in a condition to bear conversation, imparted to him all that had occurred.

"I fear poor Greenwood is about to suffer cruelly for his blunder," said Warner, "for his wound prevented his being on the field to-day, and he will probably be cashiered for his misconduct in allowing a private quarrel to interfere with the public service. If it were not for this wound—but I know not that I could possibly do any thing to save him."

Lybrand was much disturbed by this new consequence of his impetuosity, and racked his brain in vain to devise some mode of averting the evil. But what could he—a Tory, one known as an abettor of the enemy—hope to effect with the Commander-in-Chief? He informed Agnes of the difficulty, hoping woman's wit might devise some expedient to prevent Greenwood's suffering so severely for his want of tact and self-government, But Agnes's nature was so direct that she could think of nothing but going herself to General Washington, not so much to plead for Greenwood, as to lay before the Commander-in-Chief a full statement of the circumstances, hoping that his consideration for the feelings of a young

man placed in such a mortifying position, would induce him to relax a little the severity of discipline. Lybrand himself could think of nothing better, and he hoped much from Agnes's good sense and sincerity, and the winning gentleness of her nature, in impressing Washington favourably. It was expected that the battle would have been renewed in the morning, and the American troops rested on their arms for that purpose; but Sir Henry Clinton prudently decamping in the night, leisure was given for longer repose, and various matters connected with the conduct of the day became the subject of examination. It is well known that General Lee, who risked the fortune of the attack by a disobedience of orders at the commencement of the engagement, was subsequently suspended from his command for one year, although his gallant conduct throughout the battle might be thought, in some measure, to have redeemed his error. Lieutenant John Reed, for having been intoxicated at the very outset and jeoparding his troop by his incapacity, would have been subject to the severest punishment, but that he was one of that number who dropped dead on the field from the effects of the heat. After many cases were disposed of, news reached the party in which we are interested, that Captain Greenwood was to be tried by a court martial on the following day at noon.

Agnes's courage nearly failed her when the time arrived for her to venture into the presence of Washington, as a suppliant; but the good clergyman encouraged her, promising to accompany her, and representing the General's noted courtesy and the consideration which he always afforded to all reasonable representations. The afternoon of the day preceding the trial was decided to be the latest moment that would do for the attempt, and Agnes and her reverend friend were preparing to set out, when a military cortege approached the house, in front of which rode General Washington himself. In making his usual

round of personal inspection, he sought Lieutenant Warner and the other wounded men, whom he understood to be quartered at Mr. Caldwell's. Warner was reclining on a sofa in the same room with the family when the General and his suite were introduced. The gracious words of Washington, who was not uninformed of the young Lieutenant's behaviour on the field, were like balm to his wounded spirit, and the announcement that he was promoted for his gallant conduct, almost filled the measure of the young man's content, so that the guests were about departing before he recollected the mission of Agnes. As he had been the person principally addressed by the General, he ventured to introduce Miss Manning, and to hint that she had a communication to make to his Excellency. Washington turned to her with great courtesy, and observing her to be painfully embarrassed, requested permission to hear her in another room.

Alone with the General, and quite re-assured by the fatherly kindness of his manner, Agnes told him her little story, and pleaded for Greenwood with all the eloquence of truth and sisterly kindness. Washington hesitated, for he never gave a promise without reflection.

"May I ask you, my dear young lady," said he kindly, "whether you are particularly interested in this young gentleman?"

"I assure you, sir," said Agnes, "that my interest in him is simply that of a friend and neighbour, and that my pleadings refer to what I believe to be the strict justice of the case. I may add, perhaps, without impropriety, that I believe that a public disgrace will be the utter ruin of Walter Greenwood, since he needs all that self-respect can do for him——" She stopped, fearful of going too far, but Washington, who knew the character and habits of every officer under his command, understood her.

"You are right, my dear young lady; you are quite right," said he; "and your noble courage has saved your

friend. Rest assured that he shall be treated with all the mildness which the nature of the case will allow." And so saying, he led her back to the company and took his departure, leaving, as he often did, many gratified hearts behind him. No man ever possessed more personal qualifications for his position than did Washington, and Lybrand, who had, as it were, shrunk into himself while in his presence, exclaimed, as he rode away,

"By heavens! Warner, if I had been under the influence of that man, I should not have been what I am!"

It is scarcely necessary to follow out any further the thread of our simple tale. Agnes was restored to her father, and peace and happiness once more took up their abode in that ancient mansion. Lybrand maintained his promise manfully, and before the close of the war was as good an American as the best. Greenwood, brought to reflection by the vexations he had suffered, turned from the course which would have blasted the hopes of his friends; and Elliot Warner, honourably discharged at the peace, returned to his rural home, and in due time wooed and won her who had been as a loadstone to his thoughts, during years of temptation and trial.

## THE WATERS OF MERIBAH.

BY THE EDITOR.

"Would God that we, before the Lord, had died as
Korah died!
Or fall'n when Dathan's living grave its portals opened
wide!
Oh, with Abiram and his host, if we engulphed had been,
We had not lived to perish in the wilderness of Zin!

"Where are the milk and honey, where, oh lying prophet,
say,
For which, from Egypt's flesh-pots, we have wandered
far away?
Oh, wherefore from the land of Ham unto this evil place,
Did ye, with faithless promises, beguile our stricken race?

"The sterile desert's arid sand our sinking spirit mocks—
We parch with drought, ourselves and wives, our little
ones and flocks—
This is no place of pomegranates, of figs, or vines, or seed,
We thirst, we faint, we pant, we die, in our extremest
need!"

Thus did the house of Israel against the Lord complain,
And thus against his servants rose their murmurings
profane:
And yet did Moses not delay, or halt with parleying word,
But hastened in humility, to plead before the Lord.

Forth from the Ark then Moses drew the wonder-working rod,
And summoned all the host, as he commanded was, of God:
Oh man, of all men meekest, then why did thy patience fail,
When God to Jacob would have shown what his word might avail!

"Hear now, ye rebels!" Moses cried, "ye men of evil stock—
Must we, to stay your mutiny, draw water from this rock?"
His arm he raised, the rock he smote, and smote it yet again—
And forth from out the riven flint the water gushed amain.

Oh water! to man's parching lips, Heaven's welcome, dearest gift,
How, at the boon, e'en murmurers, their voice in praises lift!
The mother hastens to allay her infant's burning thirst,
And ere the hale and strong may drink, the old are sated first.

Alas for him, the man of God, who raised the hasty hand,
For this, both he and Aaron were forbade the promised land!
Take heed, oh mortal, and ne'er let the lesson be forgot—
God's righteousness, poor finite man in anger worketh not.*

* "For the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God."—James i. 20.

# FAMILY INTERFERENCE.

BY F. E. F., AUTHOR OF "A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE," &C. &C.

## CHAPTER I.

"WALTER wishes to be married in church," said Cora Selwyn, addressing her mother and sisters, as they were holding a family council over the arrangements necessary for her marriage.

"In church!" exclaimed Annie, "what an idea! What on earth put that in his head?"

"No matter what put it in," said Augusta, laughing; "he must put it out, for weddings in church are detestable. Sue Hargrave's was as solemn as a funeral."

"Oh yes," echoed Annie, "and besides, full dress is so unbecoming in the morning. If you change the hour and alter the arrangements, we must have other dresses, for as to wearing those we have ordered, in a damp, cold church, I won't for one."

"Oh, nonsense!" said Augusta, pettishly, "tell Walter to leave us to arrange matters. Men always spoil things when they undertake to meddle."

"I think, my love," said Mrs. Selwyn, "it had better take place in the evening, according to the original plan."

"To be sure it had," chimed in Annie, "decidedly. This is a most absurd whim of Walter's. After you have spoken to your bridesmaids, too. So that he *is* married on the first, I don't see what difference it makes

to him the when or the how the ceremony takes place. For my part, this is the first time I ever heard of the gentleman's dictating the arrangements."

"He did not mean to dictate at all, Annie," said Cora, colouring; "he merely expressed the wish; but I do not know that it is a thing he cares about, and since you all dislike the idea so much, I will tell him so, and of course he will leave us to settle it as we please."

The cloud cleared from the brows of the young ladies, who had been not a little shocked by having all their visions of gaiety dashed by the sober and quiet proposition of their brother-in-law elect, and so the consultation was resumed, and wedding guests counted, and the supper planned, with as much animation and spirit as if their prospects had received no check from the open and avowed wishes of one of the persons most interested in the event, viz., the groom himself.

When he called, according to custom, in the evening, the Misses Selwyn were busily occupied at a round table writing invitations. He glanced at one of them, and as he turned away, said, a little gravely,

"It is to be in the evening, then?"

"Oh yes," replied Cora, "the girls would not hear of any thing else, and as I did not suppose you cared much about it, I yielded."

Now Walter Stanley *did* care about it, for he was a modest, quiet young man, and the idea of being married in a crowd, made him decidedly nervous. He could not, however, contend the point with his bride and her family, so he had only to wish most devoutly that the day was over, and pass to another matter that interested him much.

"My old friend Robert Randale has just arrived. I did not think he would have been here these two months, and I was really glad to see him to-day. He is just in time, for I have not yet asked Rutledge to be my grooms-

man. I called upon him yesterday, for that purpose, but fortunately as it turns out, he was not at home, and now I wish to ask Robert in his place, if you have no objections."

"Certainly not," answered Cora; "any one that you are so much attached to, I shall be happy to see. Annie, though, will be a little disappointed not to have Rutledge—and—" not finishing her sentence, she left her lover and crossed over to the table where her sisters were busily writing, folding, and sealing, and said something in a low tone to Annie, to which she replied, coldly,

"And who is he to stand up with? Not with me, for one. Walter can ask who he chooses for groomsman—only you don't have me for bridesmaid. I shall not stand up with Robert Randale, I can tell him."

"And pray, is Tom Rutledge not to be asked at all?" exclaimed Augusta, looking up aghast at the idea, for Tom Rutledge was one of the most elegant and fashionable young men about town, and decidedly a favourite with the sisters. In fact, the chief end and object of the wedding, in their minds, was the having him as Annie's groomsman; and even Mrs. Selwyn looked a little grave and disappointed at this change, for Rutledge, beside being to the daughter's taste, suited the mother's views. He was a good match, as well as a captivating fellow, and she had been very well pleased with the prospect of the increasing intimacy between the young people that the wedding festivities promised.

"Let him stand up with Miss Cranstown," said Mrs. Selwyn, looking up, as if that was a bright idea that obviated all difficulties.

"Oh no," said Annie, impatiently, "that will never do. She is such a spiteful thing, that if she is put off with Robert Randale, and I stand with Rutledge, she will be sure to have something disagreeable to say."

Why such an amiable young lady, or one at least who was held in such a pleasing light by her young friends, should be asked to perform an office generally supposed to be filled by those nearest or dearest to the bride, may perhaps puzzle those not well acquainted with the details of a fashionable marriage. For the benefit of those so unenlightened, we will merely hint, that Miss Cranstown's family being not only rich, but one of the gayest of the gay clique to which they belonged, a party for the bride followed, as a matter of course, wherever she officiated as bridesmaid.

"I don't know what we can do," said Augusta, "for between you and I, Cora, Robert Randale is a horror. We need not tell Walter so, but he is; and besides, he knows nobody. How we shall manage with him, when you see company, is more than I can imagine."

"We cannot," said Annie, decidedly. "I don't see why Walter should think of him at this last minute. He never said anything about him before. Why can't he let matters go on as they have been all arranged before?"

"Randale has just arrived," said Cora, "or I suppose he would have proposed him before. In fact, had he come a day later he could not have thought of him at all, for he just missed Rutledge, upon whom he called this morning."

"How unfortunate!" ejaculated Augusta.

"I wish to heavens he had," said Annie.

"Walter seemed so pleased to have seen Randale," continued Cora; "he says he is such an excellent, warm-hearted—"

"I dare say," interrupted Annie, "but you know all that is not to the point just now. He is the most awkward person imaginable, and so embarrassed, and confused. Oh, invite him to the wedding, and that will do. You can ask him to dinner, too, if Walter makes much

fuss about it; but really, as to his taking Rutledge's place, Walter must not think of it."

"Well," said Cora, reluctantly, half-persuaded by her sister, and yet unwilling to disappoint her lover, "tell Walter so yourself, Annie; I leave the matter in your hands."

"Very well," said Annie, stoutly, "I am not afraid. Here, Mr. Walter Stanley," she called out playfully, "your presence is wanted;" and Walter quitted Mr. Selwyn, with whom he had been talking during this discussion, and crossing the room, joined the coterie at the table.

"Have you any idea, hope, or expectation," she continued in the same gay tone, "of being married on the first?"

"I have not only such an idea and hope, but the strongest expectation of it," he replied, smiling.

"Then," pursued Annie, "don't put another straw in our path, for we have so much to do, and are so hurried, that we have not time to pick them up."

"What have I been doing?" he inquired anxiously.

"Twice to-day," she continued, with mock gravity, "you have upset all our plans with your innovations and changes; and twice in one day is most too much for the patience of any set of ladies. You should have thought of your friend, Mr. Randale, before; but now that Cora has invited her bridesmaids, and told them who the groomsmen are to be, it is too late to settle matters differently. Ask him to the wedding, by all means, or shall I write him a note in mamma's name?"

Stanley looked disconcerted, and answered slowly, "I am sorry you think it too late, for I fear Robert will be hurt—"

"Tell him you are sorry he did not arrive before, and promise to have him next time," said Annie, laughing.

But Walter could not laugh. He was mortified and

disappointed, and showed his chagrin so decidedly, that Annie exclaimed,

"'Pon my word, Walter, one would not think you were discussing your marriage, to look at you. Really, Cora, if my lover looks so grave when I am talking of my wedding, I don't think I shall take it quite as coolly as you do."

Whereupon every body looked up at poor Stanley, who, conscious that he was vexed, and more vexed still at showing it, coloured to the roots of his hair, as he tried to laugh off his embarrassment; but Annie, perceiving her advantage, followed it up with some more bantering in the same style, until he withdrew, saying,

"Do as you please, Annie, so you don't change the groom, or postpone the day, I yield the rest in your hands."

"Well, keep yourself quiet, and don't interfere any more," said Annie, laughing, "or I may be tempted to commit one or the other, or may be, both of the above named atrocities."

"So that is settled," she continued in an undertone to Augusta and her mother. "He is not pleased, but I don't care for that; I am not to be married to him, thank heaven, and his being pleased or not is not my affair."

Stanley, on his side, looked forward with impatience to the time when he should be his own master again, and there was as much temper as love in the earnestness of his desire to have the happy day over. Fortunately the time was approaching very near, for had a week more elapsed before the marriage took place, he and Annie would have hated each other; as it was, a seed was sown that only wanted time and opportunity to spring up and bear fruit of not a very agreeable flavour.

And yet they were neither of them unamiable persons; but the Selwyns being a large, gay family, and all thinking and feeling very much alike, were fond of their own

ways, and not at all accustomed to yielding to others. In fact, they thought that every body who did not think as they did, thought wrong, and those who felt differently, so very unreasonable as scarcely to deserve any consideration at all. Moreover, they had quick powers of ridicule, and were pretty unsparing in their use of them; and the unlucky mortal who happened to displease one of the family, was very apt to encounter a full battery from the whole of them. Now Walter Stanley was rather a slow and very modest young man, and somewhat obstinate withal—just the person to dread wit, shrink from ridicule, and resent opposition. He had fallen in love with Cora because she was pretty and playful; and she had been gratified by the gravity of his admiration and the earnestness of his devotions. Good principles, good temper and good prospects, seemed to promise them as much, if not more happiness than falls to the lot of most mortals.

The wedding day arrived without any more jars or clouds to disturb the harmony of the event. Annie looked her prettiest, and Tom Rutledge looked as if he thought so. The fair bride was very lovely, and the veil faultless. The groom looked as conscious and uncomfortable, and his white vest as conspicuous, as they generally appear upon such occasions, and the rest of the company as wedding guests always do. That is, there was the usual sprinkling of very old ladies whom one never sees on any other occasions, and an odd relation or two, who seemed dragged from their obscurity to amuse their more fashionable relatives, and the young cousins, who seem to feel as if it is a great bore to be dressed up only for each other.

The real enjoyment of the scene seems principally confined to the bridesmaids and groomsmen, and the cutting the cake the only event that at all breaks in on the monotony of the evening, until the supper room is

thrown open. With all its drawbacks of dulness and ennui, however, a wedding is ever accounted a joyous affair, and that of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley was neither less dull nor less happy than occasions of the kind are apt to be.

## CHAPTER II.

Cora was soon settled in a small but very pretty establishment, and surrounded by all the little consequence and occupations that young housekeepers make for themselves, was very happy. Her intercourse with her own family was only just sufficiently interrupted, to make daily meetings a matter of great interest and eagerness to both sides. Cora living in the lower part of the city and her family above, it was most natural that they, in the course of their shopping and visiting, should be frequently drawn in her vicinity, and to stop and see Cora, and half the time to stay and dine with her, soon became quite a matter of course. Stanley was not inhospitable, and the kindly feelings entertained by every well disposed man who loves his wife towards that wife's relations, led him always to receive them with cordiality. But notwithstanding this proper frame of mind, he could not help soon beginning to feel that he should like sometimes to find his wife alone. He had no natural sympathy of either disposition or tastes with the Selwyns, and frequently when he came home fatigued with the duties of the counting-house, and his spirits fagged and jaded with the many cares of a commercial life, wanting rest and repose for both body and mind, his patience was not a little taxed by the high spirits and incessant gossip of his sisters in-law, and his good manners tried to their uttermost in his efforts to do the cordial, respectful and proper to Mr. or Mrs. Selwyn. He began indeed to sus-

pect that instead of withdrawing Cora from the family, he had only drawn the whole family after her; and that the quiet and happy home he had promised himself, was in fact but a smaller branch of the Selwyn establishment.

To Cora, who of course was compelled to pass many of her hours in the solitude that falls to the lot of young married women, and which, transplanted as she had been from a large and gay family, she felt sensibly, the arrival of her brothers and sisters, father and mother, was always so welcome, that she never suspected that they could be *de trop* to her husband.

Thus had passed the first two months of her marriage, when one morning as she was sitting at her mother's, in the full tide of chat and gossip, the clock striking three, she rose hastily to go, when Annie exclaimed,

"Why where are you going, Cora; I have not half done yet, pray set down."

"It is time for me to be going home," replied Cora, "we dine at four."

"Surely my dear child," said Mrs. Selwyn, "you are going to dine with us. Take off your hat."

"No thank you mother," replied Cora, "Walter will be at home and I must return."

"Well," replied Mrs. Selwyn with a twinge of maternal jealousy, "and if Walter is at home, cannot he dine for once without you. You have not spent a day here since Christmas."

"If I had only left word that I was coming up here," said Cora, hesitatingly, "he might have followed me, but as it is—"

"Why of course Cora," said Augusta, "he will know you are here. Where else could you be? He will be in before dinner, depend upon it. Come take off your hat, and make your mind easy."

But Cora could not resolve so readily upon doing either of these things, nor yet upon going at once, as she should

have done, for Annie had a world of fun and news to tell her, and her mother looked a little hurt too at her evident reluctance to staying, and then the whole family chimed in with the assurance of Walter's joining her before dinner was on table as a matter of course, and so by the time it was too late to go, she made up her mind to remain.

When dinner was announced, however, and no Walter had made his appearance, Cora was really annoyed. Her sisters neither understanding nor sympathising in her feelings, were both vexed and amused by them.

"Why really Cora it is too absurd. One would think Walter could not cut up his own meat, or mash his own potatoes, to hear you worry so. Do you suppose the man never ate a dinner by himself before?"

"Ten to one now," said the other, "that he is dining out somewhere, while Cora here is moaning over his solitary dinner."

Cora coloured and said,

"If I had only left word that I was coming up here, I should not care about it, but I am afraid, not knowing where I am, he may be uneasy about me."

"Nonsense, Cora, of course he knows you are here. You are not afraid he will suspect you of dining at Delmonico's are you?"

Cora laughed and said, "No," and Mrs. Selwyn supposed he must probably have thought he was too late for their dinner hour, but of course he would join them before tea. Lights now made their appearance, and the whole family now gathered in the drawing-room, and Cora, dismissing her anxieties, gave herself up to the cheerfulness of the time. The Selwyns were a gay spirited family, full of intelligence and talk, and always had a world of news and gossip to enliven the social circle, as they met together at that pleasantest of hours that elapses between dinner and tea; and this afternoon they were more than usually animated, and to Cora who had been confined so much of the

time to her own little quiet home, the wit and fun of the merry group was really exciting. So the evening wore on cheerfully, till she was roused from the enjoyment of a full tide of cozy pleasant talk with her mother, by the clock's striking nine. She started and exclaimed,

"Oh! how strange it is that Walter does not come."

"Do 'nt make yourself uneasy my love," said Mrs. Selwyn, "one of your brothers will see you home."

This was said a little stiffly, as if she thought Walter *ought* to have come, and then Cora began to feel for the first time as if Walter *might* have come after her.

Charles told her he was ready to accompany her home, whenever she wished to go, but Annie laughed and told her "she need not hurry on her husband's account, as he seemed to take her absence very coolly," and Augusta had some very apropos remarks to make, pretty much in the same spirit; so that between their banter and her own resentment, she let another hour pass on, and then she felt she *must* go, and nobody any longer opposed her. She took her brother's arm, and started for her own house. The street door had scarcely closed upon her, when Mrs. Selwyn said with some spirit, not to say temper.

"I *do* think Walter might have put himself to the trouble of coming for her."

"I think so indeed!" exclaimed Annie indignantly, "it is abominable."

"I expect my gentleman is vexed at her staying," said Augusta.

"It is rather hard, I must say," continued Mrs. Selwyn, in the same tone of excitement in which she had first spoken, "if a daughter is not to be allowed to dine with her mother now and then."

"I wonder if he would hesitate to dine out if he wanted to," said Annie. "But so it is, these men are always ready to follow out their own fancies, have no idea of a poor woman's having the least freedom."

"Poor child!" said Mrs. Selwyn, now beginning to mix pity for her daughter, with anger against her son-in-law, "she has not been accustomed to be held to such strict account."

"I was determined she should not go home early, when I found he was not coming for her," said Augusta, "and I don't care whether he is angry or not."

"Nor should I, my dear," replied her mother, "if it did not re-act upon poor Cora; but if a man is out of temper, depend upon it, there is no comfort for the wife;" and thus they continued their spirited critique upon the delinquencies of their brother and son-in-law, suspected or actual, till they wound up with the emphatic, though not elegant declaration, "that they feared he was '*ugly*' tempered."

The fact had been that Stanley had come home rather later than usual, and much fatigued. Somewhat surprised at finding his wife had not yet returned from her morning's walk, he waited dinner for her some time, and then, having more than a usual press of business, had hurriedly eaten his solitary meal, and immediately returned to the counting-house.

His surprise took a tinge almost of displeasure, when, on his entering the drawing-room again, at seven, he found Cora still absent. He rang the bell as decidedly as if it might some way be in fault, and when the servant appeared, asked, with unusual precision,

"Are you sure Mrs. Stanley left no message for me when she went out?"

"Mrs. Stanley did not leave any word at all, sir," replied the man.

"At what time did she leave home?"

"Somewhere between twelve and two, sir."

"Strange!" muttered Stanley to himself. "If she had only left word where I was to find her. However she must be in presently."

"Shall I bring in tea?" inquired the servant.

"No, wait till Mrs. Stanley returns;" and taking up a book, Mr. Stanley tried to forget his vexation in reading. It would not do, however. As the hours rolled on, his eye glanced occasionally at the clock, and, disappointed in his constant expectation of hearing his wife's ring, he began to grow uneasy, and consequently angry. Once or twice he had risen to his feet, intending to go in search of her, but being extremely fatigued, which added somewhat to his temper, he had again resumed his seat, saying,

"If she had only left word where she was going."

In this pleasant frame of mind Cora found him, as she returned from her father's, where all she had left had been so gay and good humoured.

If she had felt a little ill-used and inclined to complain before she entered the house, her tone quickly changed when she found how much more her husband felt himself aggrieved, and instead of the pretty reproaches she was ready to address him, she found herself making all sorts of apologies and excuses.

"We expected you to dinner, certainly, Walter;—mother waited half an hour for you."

"She was very good," he replied dryly; "but I really do not see what reason you had for expecting me."

"You knew I was there," she replied, reproachfully.

"I presumed you were," he answered, "but even then I should scarcely think of presenting myself at your father's at so late an hour, when I had no reason to suppose myself expected."

"Oh, Walter!" exclaimed Cora, "why should you say so? I am sure they do not use such ceremony with us."

No. Walter knew they did not. He only wished they did. However, he merely said,

"Well, well—I am very glad to see you safely home

again. Suppose you give me a cup of tea now, will you?"

"Tea!" repeated Cora, with surprise; "have you not had tea?"

"No," he replied, "I have been expecting you in every minute, and so did not order it." In fact he had been too angry to give himself any comfort within his reach, and so, because he could not have his wife, had gone without his tea.

The sight, however, of her pretty face, and the refreshing influence of a couple of cups of good bohea, soon restored him to his usual temper; but Cora could not so readily recover the tone of her feelings. Her gaiety had received a sudden check, any thing but agreeable, and the evening soon after closing, she retired to her room with a gloom upon her spirits she had seldom experienced before, and doubting, for the first time, whether after all, there was any such great happiness in being married.

## CHAPTER III.

We very often see a grave, steady young man, domestic and quiet in all his tastes, falling in love with a gay and lively girl, because she is gay and lively, and then, after he has married her, expecting her all at once to become as quiet and domestic as himself. This was something the case with Walter Stanley. He had been captivated by the animated manners and playful conversation of Cora Selwyn, and having caught his singing bird, had very little mercy in caging it in his small and quiet domicil, where every thing was in as strong contrast with the joyous and spirited home she had left as could be imagined.

The same cheerful disposition, however, that had led Cora to enjoy society with so keen a zest, made her happy in the new mode of life which seemed so decidedly her husband's taste, and for his sake she would have entered upon it with willing acquiescence had her family left her to herself. But it was constantly

"Oh, Cora, you must not refuse Mrs. Gore. I want you to matronize me. Mamma says she can't go. Besides, what new whim is this, of your not going out?"

"Walter did not seem inclined to go, so I thought perhaps I had better refuse."

"Nonsense! Walter will make an old woman of you before your time. You are quite too young and pretty to give up society in this way. Walter had better go out a little more himself, and learn to live as others do. Nothing makes people so *crogical* and peculiar as living by themselves. They learn to think that they are the only right-minded, sensible persons in the world, whereas they are growing dull and conceited by the minute. However, Charles will go with us, if Walter had rather not."

To have replied that her husband not only would much prefer staying at home, but that he would be almost equally unwilling to have her go without him, Cora knew would be to stamp him at once in Annie's mind as having reached that climax of dulness and conceit she seemed so much to despise. Moreover, her own disposition leaning decidedly to gaiety, and the hint of her youth and beauty not being thrown away, she remembered "she was only nineteen, and that it was unreasonable to expect her to give up all pleasure so soon," and that perhaps, after all, it would do Walter good to force him out in the world occasionally, made her reverse her decision as to its being "better to refuse Mrs. Gore's invitation," and so she ended by promising Annie to go.

"Poor Cora is moped to death," her sisters would say pathetically. "Then last evening Walter must begin to read aloud. Stupid fellow, why can't he read to himself, instead of boring Cora, as he does?"

"Yes," replied Augusta, "that is just what he dearly loves; to have Cora sewing, and let him read aloud. If the man was only a good reader, the thing would do very well; but nothing could be more tame and commonplace than his manner is. I really pity Cora for the way in which she is compelled to pass half her evenings. If it was not for us she would be bored to death."

Now, here her sisters were mistaken. Cora dearly loved her husband, and the tones of his voice were pleasant to her, whether he chose to read or talk, but perhaps she would have preferred the latter, and she never felt that she was bored except when they were present. Then, indeed, her ear took a quicker sense, and with something of that mesmeric influence we are all conscious of in hearing through the organs of another, she felt that her husband's was not that spirited and elegant reading for which alone her family had any respect.

"Annie," said Cora, one pleasant spring day, "do you and Augusta feel inclined to go with Walter and myself up the river a little way, to see a place we think of taking for the summer?"

"Oh, pray, don't take a country place, Cora," exclaimed both the girls. "What put that in your head?"

"It is Walter's idea, not mine. He says the place is in the market, and can be bought cheap, but first we should try it for the summer before he decided upon purchasing it. It is so near the city that he might come home every evening."

"Of all things, I detest a country seat," said Annie, "for there one is tied down, and there is no getting away from it. Oh no, go to Newport with us, Cora."

"I think, my dear," said Mrs. Selwyn, "that that is

the better plan. It appears to me that the chief benefit one derives from going out of town, is the perfect relaxation from all cares; and you have no idea how troublesome you will find housekeeping in the country."

"What is that, Cora?" inquired her father. "Does your husband think of buying on the river?"

"He talks a little of it, sir," she answered somewhat doubtfully, for she was beginning already to take the infection of discontent.

"He will find it a more expensive plan than he anticipates, I can tell him," continued Mr. Selwyn. "A country seat runs away with a vast deal of money, particularly to one who knows as little about it as Stanley."

"Oh, it is but a small place," replied Cora, now almost ashamed of the proposition.

"Then he had better leave it alone altogether," said Mr. Selwyn, "for there is no comfort in a small place. Nothing can be pleasanter than a residence in the country, but then you must have a large house and fine grounds. Your little boxes are nasty things. The houses are low and hot, and you have all the inconveniences without any of the pleasures of the country; and even then it will cost you more than you have any idea of," continued Mr. Selwyn, who once having made a very expensive experiment of the kind himself, imagined that every body must go to work as blindly, and come out as unprofitably as he had done, from such schemes.

"Oh, Cora, let us all go to Newport together, and then if you will go, we can be off by June. Mamma does not wish to go so soon, on account of the children's school, but Augusta and I are wild to be off early. The southerners come on about that time, and it is delightful, and besides, you are so much more comfortable if you take possession early."

"I should like nothing better for myself," replied Cora, "but on Walter's account, I wished to be some-

where near the city. I cannot leave him, you know, all summer."

"Oh, of course not; but he can come down every Saturday, and spend all Sunday with you," said Annie, as if this wonderful concession of one day out of the seven was as much as any man could require.

"This is the way all the married men do, and you have no idea how much they enjoy it. You and Walter can walk on that beautiful beach, and sit on those delightful cliffs, on such delicious moonlights as they have no where else but at Newport, and be as romantic as you please. You will quite fall in love with each other again."

Cora laughed and said she hoped it was not "necessary to go to Newport for that;" but still the idea pleased her, and upon the whole she thought it would be about the best plan they could hit on, and she would speak to Walter about it.

Cora, who had gone up to her mother's quite full of the country place, returned home feeling very differently with regard to it, and began with great animation to detail the objections that had been raised to his plan to her husband, talking at the same time of Newport.

He, however, was not as easily to be dissuaded from one project, nor induced as readily to accept another, as she had been, and after some discussion the matter ended with

"Well, well, wait till we see this place. Perhaps you may like it better than you think you will. In the mean time we need not decide upon any thing; there is no hurry about it."

In compliance with her husband's wish, she accompanied him a few days after to look at the place already so much discussed. Had she not gone with a mind already stored with objections, she really would have been very much pleased with it. The situation was beautiful, the

grounds pretty, and the house not "low, hot, or uncomfortable." There were some few inconveniences, of which she made the most, but as she did not like to be unreasonable, and she saw her husband's heart very much set upon it, she said,

"Do, however, as you wish about it, Walter. It is not a thing I *like*, but still if you really prefer it so much, of course I will make myself happy wherever you choose to go."

This was said so amiably, so sincerely, showing at the same time her reluctance to going, but her desire to please him, that the obstinate look that was gathering about his mouth cleared off at once. He loved his wife passionately, and to insist upon her doing any thing she frankly said she disliked, was quite out of the question, particularly when she yielded the point so prettily as she had just done this.

"Not at all," he answered. "If now that you have seen the place, you do not like it, that settles the matter."

To go to Newport early in June, according to the wishes of her sisters, followed, as a thing of course; and thus Walter found himself surrounded and thwarted by the Selwyns, at home or abroad, do what he would.

The summer glided rapidly away, and Cora, released from the petty cares of city life, and encircled by her own family, and that gaiety so congenial to her spirit, looked so bright and blooming, and received her husband with such rapture when he came down to visit her, that he had not the heart to tell her at what a sacrifice of comfort and happiness on his part her present enjoyment was procured. In fact, when he gazed in her lovely face, radiant with joy at seeing him, he felt such fulness of content in the one day he was permitted to enjoy her society in the fresh breezes and bright air of the seashore, that he almost forgot the discomforts of his weekday life, and returned without a murmur back to the

busy work-day world, in which it was his lot to toil. Very glad was he, however, when the season was over, and his wife and home were restored to him again, in the quiet routine that suited his taste.

A short time after her return, he one morning received a note, which he read with evident complacency, and turning to Cora, said,

"Mr. —— writes me word that he will take his beefsteak with us to-day, if we are disengaged."

"Mr. ——!" exclaimed Cora, in amazement. "What, the traveller and author?"

"Yes, I met him as I was returning the last time from Newport. We had a great deal of conversation together, particularly about this Indian question, in which it seems he is much interested, and of which, from the nature of my business, I happened to know a good deal. I have some papers that he wishes to see, and I asked him to dine with us. He said he could not then, but should be glad to on his return from Washington. I shall not ask any one to meet him, as he comes chiefly with a view of finishing up our conversation of last summer, and just have our usual family dinner. I imagine he is tired of fine parties, and will be glad of a quiet meal."

Cora assented, not, however, without a certain female mental reservation, as to ordering some oysters and a pair of partridges, as a remove, and getting out the best china and all her silver.

Walter, returning home a little earlier than common, found, with unpleasant surprise, that the table and side tables were set out with a display very different from their quiet every day style, and moreover an additional leaf drawn out.

"Why, Cora," said he, with considerable vexation, "what does all this mean? You know I told you I wished

every thing just as usual, and why have you enlarged the table. I have not invited any one but Mr——."

"I know it," she replied, "but I expect Annie and perhaps my father. Annie certainly, for she is wild to see Mr.——. She heard so much of him this summer, that I knew she would hardly forgive us if she found he had been here, without our letting her know it. I thought perhaps Papa too might like to meet him, so I wrote a note, asking him, and said in case he was engaged, that any of the rest of them who chose to come in his place, might."

Walter was now thoroughly discomposed, but he felt that it was ungracious to show it, though Cora could not but feel rather than see that he was dissatisfied.

She was sorry, but she could not help it; she said to herself she knew her sisters would have been not only disappointed, but vexed; and thought it very "selfish, (their favorite epithet of displeasure) in Walter, to keep his great man to himself," and that he should encounter their blame, was what she could not bear.

So they came, and the real object of the stranger's visit was obliged to be deferred until after their withdrawal from table, and two or three hours of time that was really valuable to him, was spent in civilities to ladies whom he heartily wished at home.

Annie and Augusta however, were charmed with their dinner, and as they sat in the drawing room discussing matters and things, one of them happened to say something about "next summer when we are all at Newport, Cora, we will do so and so," to which Cora answered,

"I shall not go again to Newport."

"Why not?" they both asked almost in the same breath, "I am sure you enjoyed it very much this summer."

"Yes, I did," replied Cora, "but I find it is too far away from home for Walter. He was not comfortable during my absence. That little place up the river is still for sale,

and he is so anxious to purchase it, that I shall not object to it any more."

"Heavens!" exclaimed Annie, "how Walter does hang on to an idea, when he once gets one in his head."

Cora coloured very much as she replied.

"You do not know how uncomfortable and lonely,"

"Oh!" interrupted Augusta, "Walter *likes* the country, and what men *like* they will have," she added with considerable vexation, "However I suppose you may as well yield first as last, for I observe that what Walter makes up his mind to do in the beginning, he does in the end," and so they passed rapidly on to other things, scarcely knowing the thorn that she had planted in her sister's heart.

That they should think Walter obstinate and selfish, hurt her deeply, and moreover being brought up in the family faith of their infallibility, the painful suspicion that Walter might not be as perfect as she was inclined to think him when left to herself, disturbed her much. Why a man should be deeemed obstinate and selfish in carrying out his own views and feelings, in preference to theirs, when they in no way concerned them, never occurred to her, or she might have found that the question bore, as most questions do, two faces. But she sighed and felt as she frequently did, after being with her own family, uncomfortable and dispirited.

She loved Walter, and she loved them. She wished they could think more alike. She could not bear to blame him, and yet she had never been accustomed to think them in the wrong. She was too young, and still too much under the influence of her *first* education, to know where the real root of the evil lay.

Had Stanley been a man of brilliant abilities, the Selwyns in their admiration of his talents, and respect for his position, would have recognised his rights with prompt acquiescence. But Walter was nothing uncommon, and he felt and thought differently from themselves; consequently

he was often voted stupid and selfish, when in fact they were unreasonable and exacting.

The young wife who is thus situated, has much to bear, of which she scarcely knows the origin; and the brother-in-law has more, which he may struggle against as he will, he hardly knows how to shake off.

Years passed on in prosperity and what should have been peace, peace almost undimmed, for the clouds that frequently disturbed her serenity, and the vexations that ruffled his temper, were as unnecessary as they were painful. And years did elapse, before an enlarged knowledge of the world, with the marriages of her sisters, and other domestic changes, gave her a fuller and freer insight of the relative claims and duties of a woman's nearest and dearest connections, and then she recognised in all its bearings, the influence that had clouded so many of her best years, in that commonest of domestic night-mares, Family Interference.

## THE WATER BEARER.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

I saw a child, who toward his cottage home
Two water-buckets bare. The winding path
Was steep and rocky, and his slender arm
Tax'd to its utmost power: awhile he paused,
Setting his burden down, just where the way
Grew more precipitous, and wip'd his brow
With his worn sleeve, and breath'd refreshing draughts
Of the sweet air, while still the summer sun
Flamed o'er his forehead.—
Then another boy
Who neath a poplar in a neighbouring field
Sate playing with his dog, in cool repose,
Uprising from that grassy nook, came forth
And lent a ready hand to aid the toil.
So, on they went together, grasping firm
The heavy buckets, with a right good will,
While their young voices blended, clear and glad—
——And as the bee inhales from humblest flower
Seen by the way-side, honey for her hive,
I treasured up a lesson, and when eve
Call'd home the labouring ox, and to its nest
Warn'd the sweet bird, and clos'd the lily's cup,
I took my little son upon my knee
And told him of the water-bearer's toil
And of the friendly helper.—

When his eye
Wax'd large, and bright, and deeper on mine fix'd,—
Taking the story to his inmost thought,
I said, "My child,—be pitiful to all,
And cheer the weary heart: for God hath sown
In thy young bosom, seeds of sympathy,
Whose buds are virtues and their fruit for heaven—
Yes, when thou art a man, my blessed one,
Keep thy fresh spirit open to the woes
Of foreigner and stranger, to the race
Darken'd by Afric's sun, or those sad tribes
Who bear their burdens in the wilderness,
Lone exiles from the forests and the streams
That once they called their own.—
With bounteous hand
Help, whomsoe'er thou canst. So, may'st thou find
Succour and love, in thine own time of need,
If on thy heart as on a signet ring
Is grav'd that motto from the Book Divine
"Bear one another's burdens, and fulfil
The law of Christ."

## SABBATH MORNING.

BY ROBERT L. WADE.

Soft as the step of the timid fawn
  By the side of the sparkling rill,
Cometh the gentle Sabbath dawn
  O'er the top of the distant hill;
And the sentinel flowers that all the night
  Have kept their vigils in grief,
As they catch a glimpse of her robes of light,
  Glisten with tears of relief.

With the spirit that once came down like a dove,
  She cometh commissioned to win
With offers of mercy and tokens of love,
  The world from the bondage of sin;
And the stars that have follow'd her footsteps all night,
  And lit up her path to earth,
Sing again ere they take their heavenward flight,
  As they sang at Creation's birth.

# THE MOTHER'S TRIAL.

BY SEBA SMITH.

Why should our writers of romance, whether historical or purely imaginative, look to foreign countries for subjects, while there are so many beautiful passages in the history of our own country, to be illustrated? Reader, have patience a few moments, and we will tell thee a story of pioneer life, which, however bald and lifeless may be the manner of its recital, nevertheless has truth to recommend it.

At the close of the revolutionary war, there lived at Middletown, Connecticut, a man by the name of Hugh White; a thrifty yankee, enterprising and well to do in the world. By some means or other, he with three others became the joint proprietors of a tract of land in western New York, called the Sadaquada patent, situated in the valley of the Mohawk. Mr. White was seized with the spirit of emigration, and determined to explore this new country, then a deep wilderness, with a view of making it his future home.

An agreement having been entered into by the four proprietors to meet on the land in the summer of 1784, and make a survey and partition, Mr. White, in May of that year took with him four sons, grown to manhood, a daughter and daughter-in-law, and started for the land of promise. They proceeded to New York, and sailed up the Hudson as far as Albany; there crossing the carrying place

to Schenectady, they procured a batteau, and ascended the Mohawk to the mouth of Sanquoit creek. Here they pitched their tents, and set about surveying and dividing their lands, like Abraham and Lot; one agreeing to go to the right, and another to the left.

Mr. White having got his portion set off, marked and spotted his lines, set up his land-marks, erected a log cabin, and commenced clearing away the forest. In the following January, he returned to Connecticut, and brought his wife and the rest of his family to their new home. Other settlers came in around him, and in four years the settlement was organized under the name of Whitestown. A fact is stated with regard to the laying out of Whitestown, that shows in a striking degree the rapid increase of population and settlement of the country. At the time spoken of, 1788, when the town was first organized, it was bounded on the east by a line running north and south, to the limits of the state, and including all the state lying west of said line. That same territory, which was then Whitestown, contains now *more than a million of inhabitants.*

As the country became settled around him and the tide of population rolled westward, Mr. White became a citizen of distinction, and for many years filled the office of Judge in Herkimer and Oneida counties. He continued to reside at Whitestown till his death, which occurred at a good old age in 1812.

For some years after Mr. White established his residence at Whitestown, many of the Oneida tribe of Indians continued to reside in the vicinity. Among these was an old chief by the name of Han Yerry, who resided at Oriskany, and was a person of great influence in his tribe. During the war of the revolution, Han Yerry and his followers had taken sides with the British; but after the struggle was over, they held a friendly intercourse again with the Americans. Still the memory of their former hostility, caused them to be looked upon with a sort of dread by the white

settlers in the neighbourhood, who were careful to have their doors well barred at night, and often went armed while at their labours in the field.

On a pleasant summer day, Mr. White, or Judge White, as he had now become, was amusing himself with a little granddaughter, about three years of age, who was running about his chair as playful as a kitten, when the door opened, and Han Yerry walked deliberately into the room. He was followed by his squaw, and by a mulatto woman, who lived with him as a sort of servant, or slave, and usually acted as his interpreter in his intercourse with the white people, for Han had not learnt to talk much English. The Judge, who always treated Han with respectful attention whenever he met him, rose and gave him a chair, and also invited the women to be seated. Little Mary clung to her grandfathers knees, and when he sat down, crept up into his lap, where half trembling with fear, she sat and watched the dark eyes and brown faces of the visitors. The child's mother was attending to her usual work about the room, while Han and the Judge held a friendly talk, which was carried on principally by the interpretation of the mulatto woman.

After glancing a little at the former hostilities which existed between the Indians and the white settlers, the Judge urged upon the Indian warrior the importance of the tribe's living on friendly terms with the whites, and keeping good faith with them, and impressed it strongly upon him that the white people were the fast friends of the red man.

"Are you true my friend?" said Han Yerry, fixing his penetrating eye upon the Judge.

"Certainly," said the Judge, "your fast friend, Han, and always to remain so while we live. The chain of our friendship shall always be bright; no rust shall come upon it, and its links shall never be broken."

"Very good," said Han Yerry, "you shall be my friend

while the grass grows and the rivers run. But do you believe Han Yerry is your friend?"

"Yes, Han I believe you are," said the Judge, "I have entire confidence in your friendship and good faith towards me and all our white people."

"You no fraid of Han Yerry," repeated the Indian, still watching with eagle eye, the countenance of the Judge; "You believe sartain Han Yerry is your friend?"

"Most surely," said the Judge with emphatic earnestness, "I have not the least doubt of your good faith and friendship."

"Well, then," said Han, "if you are my friend, and you believe I am your friend, I will tell you what I want, and then I shall know whether you speak true words."

"Well, Han, what is it?" said the Judge.

"My squaw," said Han, pointing to the grandchild which the Judge held in his arms, "wants to take that little pappoose home with us to night, and bring her back to-morrow. If we are both friends, you will now show me that you think so, and speak true."

The test proposed, was very different from what the Judge expected. All the tender feelings of the grandfather were at once roused. He felt the blood mounting to his cheek, and summoned all the powers of his will, to avoid betraying his emotion. The request had imposed on him a most singular and delicate responsibility. He knew the jealous nature of the savage, and the necessity of appearing to place unlimited confidence in him, if he would retain his friendship. He felt how dangerous it might be to give offence to the Indian chief, and through him probably to his whole tribe. But on the other hand, could he risk the life of his darling grandchild in the hands of the wild savages, to be carried away alone into the wilderness?"

The mother of the little child, who was busy at her work about the house, when the appalling proposition fell upon her ear, started as if she had been stung by a serpent.

As the back of the Indian however was towards her, he did not perceive it, and she retired into the next room, to endeavour to recover from her agitation. The reason of the Judge obtained the ascendency over the feelings of the man, and appealing with unhesitating confidence to the Indian's sense of honor he replied.

"Yes, Han, you shall take the pappoose home with you; for I am sure you will deal gently with the tender flower, and will return it safe to-morrow."

Han Yerry looked gratified at the decision, and after turning the conversation for a few minutes upon other topics, and partaking of some refreshments, he prepared to take his departure. The little child was coaxed and encouraged till she yielded herself to the arms of the savages without much apparent fear. But it was with great difficulty the mother could be reconciled to the arrangement. And it was not till the Judge had represented to her, in the strongest terms, the importance of complying with the proposition of the Indian chief, and had given her his most earnest assurances of his confidence in the Indian's promises, and of the perfect safety of the child, that she yielded a reluctant consent. With moistened eyes and a throbbing heart she watched the group, as Han Yerry took her darling child and placed it upon the back of the squaw, and the little party left the house, and walked slowly up the hill, and disappeared in the woods.

That was a long night to the mother of that little child. In vain she wooed sleep to her eyes and slumber to her eyelids, but they came not. Twice she arose and looked out from the window upon the dark woods that lay towards Oriskany, the home of Han Yerry and his tribe. Her heart was far away with her child in the wigwam of the savage. How did she know what terrible fate awaited it? How could she tell but in some wild fit of phrenzy they had offered her sweet babe a

sacrifice to the unknown spirits whom they worshipped? Almost she fancied she could see her writhing in torture, and stretching out her little hands and crying to her mother for help. Every breath of the night-wind, as it came from the dark and moaning woods, seemed to be laden with the sobs and sighs of her darling child. It was a long, long night to that mother.

> "Oft to the east her weary eyes she cast,
> And wished the lingering dawn would glimmer forth at last."

And when at last the morning broke, and the bright sun arose, spreading light and gladness over the earth, it brought no joy to her heart, for it did not restore to her the sight of her beloved child. The family were called to the breakfast table, but the mother could not eat. Pale and anxious, her eyes were still turned to the woods of Oriskany. The Judge endeavoured to sooth her agitated feelings, by assuring her of his confidence in the fidelity of Han Yerry, and in the safety and welfare of the child.

"But, father," said the mother, with quivering lip, "I have been looking out for them all the morning; what do you think is the reason they don't come?"

"Why, my child," said the Judge, "it is not time to look for them yet. It is but just past the breakfast hour. The movement of the Indian is naturally slow; and, besides, it is three long miles to Oriskany, over hill, and valley, and brook, and meadow. It would be unreasonable to look for them before mid-day. Be cheerful and patient, my daughter, and believe me all will yet be well."

The mother for a time was quieted. The avocations of the house and the rugged farm received the usual attention. The day wore on. Nine o'clock had gone by; ten o'clock came and went. The sun rose high in the heavens; the mother looked often at the watch, which hung over the fireplace, and often at the sun to

satisfy herself that the watch was not too slow. Her yearning bosom heaved and her heart throbbed with increasing emotion. Eleven o'clock stole silently by, and at last the sun rested upon the mark on the floor, which announced that it had reached the meridian height. The mother's eye glanced up at the sun, and then instinctively turned toward the solemn woods. The object which she longed to behold was no where to be seen, and her heart sank within her.

It was the hour of dinner, and while the family were seated round the table, the mother was at the top of the house, with her aching eyes bent on the dark forest of Oriskany. Again the reasoning and the eloquence of the Judge were exerted to allay her agitation and give her new confidence.

"Take a little refreshment, my daughter," said he, "and be of good cheer; all will yet be well. It is only mid-day; no time is lost yet. Han Yerry loves a joke. It may be he delays a little on purpose to try our patience and our confidence in his fidelity. I should not have been afraid to risk my own life in his hands in like manner; if I had been, I would not have risked that of the child. I have the fullest confidence that the babe will be returned in safety."

The mother "went her household ways" again with feelings somewhat appeased, but still with a heavy heart. The afternoon wore away. Often she looked up the road, but no friendly Indian, no child was seen coming from the woods. She looked, and she looked again; the sun had now descended almost to the tops of the trees. She was seized with a sudden tremor; her heart was swollen higher and higher, till it was like to burst with the mighty torrent of her feelings. Her eyes streaming with tears, she rushed to meet the Judge as he came from the field.

"Father," said she, "I must go this minute to Oris-

kany. Oh, my child, my child, I shall never see her again alive! Why did I let her go? Those creatures will never bring her back. Father, will you go with me? I can stand it no longer; I must set out this minute for Oriskany."

The Judge was himself now filled with no ordinary degree of anxiety. For the last hour he had been walking on the high ground in the field, and watching the road for the appearance of Han Yerry. Still he dissembled his anxiety before his daughter, and with a confident tone urged her to be comforted, for there was time enough yet. Were they to start for Oriskany, they would not probably go half a mile before they would meet the faithful chief returning with his precious charge. Then the whole object of the affair would be defeated. The chief would perceive their want of confidence, and very probably take offence. But to pacify his daughter, the Judge promised that if they did not make their appearance in half an hour, he would take his men with him and go himself to Oriskany, to see what had become of the child.

But few words were spoken during that half hour. All eyes were turned to the woods, and all hearts beat heavily. Just before the half hour expired, the mother, whose anxiety had sharpened her senses to the greatest acuteness, exclaimed, "there is somebody coming out of the woods." A second look and a moment more convinced all that it was the form of Han Yerry himself. Immediately behind him appeared his squaw, bearing a burden upon her back. It must undoubtedly be the beloved child. Joy was now lighting up every countenance. But as the group approached, a strange misgiving again seized the minds of the mother and grandfather. The burden borne by the squaw appeared indeed to be a child, but to their painful astonishment it was an Indian child! What had become of their own darling?

Had it been killed, or secreted away? And was an Indian child to be given them in return? The mother was about sinking to the earth with the overwhelming apprehension, when the little child was set down upon the ground, at two or three rods distance, and came running with outstretched hands to its mother, dressed out in full Indian costume, and transformed in appearance to a perfect little miniature squaw. The kisses and caresses that were showered upon that little squaw were not a few.

Han Yerry was satisfied with the faith and confidence of his white neighbors, and forever after remained their true and steady friend. The little child of our narrative grew up to womanhood, and in due time married a gentleman by the name of Nathaniel Eells, of Whitesborough, N. Y. She afterwards became a widow, and resided in the State of Missouri, where we know not but she is living yet. The traveller who may chance to pass through Whitesborough, by looking into the graveyard may see a monumuent with the following inscription:

"Here sleep the mortal remains of HUGH WHITE, who was born 5th of February, 1733, at Middletown, Connecticut, and died 16th of April, 1812. In the year 1784 he removed to Sadaquate, now Whitesborough, where he was the first white inhabitant in the State of New York, west of the German settlers on the Mohawk. He was distinguished for energy and decision of character, and may justly be regarded as a *Patriarch*, who led the children of New England into the wilderness. As a magistrate, a citizen, and a man, his character for truth and integrity was proverbial. This humble monument is reared and inscribed by the affectionate partner of his joys and his sorrows, May 15, 1826."

## THE TRIUMPH OF TEMPERANCE.

BY MRS. C. H. ESLING.

Gloomily fell the evening shades,
  Around a wretched dwelling,
Where tearful eyes with grief were wet,
  And hearts with woe were swelling.

The frantic cry of wild despair,
  And broken hearted weeping,
Within one dimly lighted room
  Companionship were keeping.

There, prostrate on his lowly bed,
  A wretched man was lying
Calling on God, with frantic cries,
  To save his soul from dying.

And woman, with a wifelike love,
  Was earnestly imploring
God's aid, for that degraded one
  She could not help adoring.

And little children, with a face
  Of childish beauty darken'd
(By that fell agency of Sin)
  In wonder mutely hearken'd.

And who were they, that maniac man,
That wife, those children kneeling
Around the dying drunkard's bed
With hearts of tortur'd feeling!

He once had stood (in other years)
Proud in his manly glory,
With intellect, and noble mind,
To live in after story.

With shining attributes of power
From heaven's high throne extending—
He stood, as stands a bulwark strong,
The Citadel defending.

But vain, and weak, the wily foe
With bland temptation wooing,
Offer'd the Cup, and his own hand
Thus sealed his own undoing.

But must he perish—must he die,
Thus, in his degradation?
Will no soft pleading voice be heard
For his too great temptation?

Gentler, and gentler, beat his pulse,
As the pale flickering beaming
Of the expiring taper's light
Was through the midnight gleaming.

But morning broke, his wasted frame
Was still the soul enshrining,
And rainbow hopes of days to come
Were thro' his slumbers twining.

The Angel, and the Tempter, then
Were silent conflict waging—
'Till sin fell powerless, and the light
Of Temperance broke presaging.

Now plenty with her ample store
His every want supplying,
Relieves the Beggar at his gate,
And checks the mourner's sighing.

No longer weak, supine, and lost,
But with a heart of daring,
He stands amid his fellow men,
With proud, and noble bearing.

For gentle ministry had ope'd
A pathway bright to heaven,
And glorious promises of life
The Temperance Pledge hath given!

# LE PORTE-BOUQUET,

OR

# GENIUS AND INGENUITY;

## AN INCIDENT IN FASHIONABLE LIFE.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

### CHAPTER I.

"Oh! sweet, pale Margaret!
Oh! rare, pale Margaret!
From the evening-lighted wood,
From the westward-winding flood,
From all things outward, you have won
A tearful grace, as tho' you stood
Between the rainbow and the sun."—TENNYSON.

A RARE and queenly creature was Margaret Leslie, with her dark blue "luminous eyes," and the superb hair that swept in wavy masses round her brow. She had been passing a few weeks in the country, with a fair cousin of hers—sweet little Lizzie Leroy. And the two beautiful girls stood at the white gate of the pretty cottage, clasped in a farewell embrace, for the carriage was waiting to convey our heroine to the neighbouring city. It was a graceful and picturesque tableau—Lizzie in her girlish frock of white muslin, and Margaret in a dark

travelling dress, with a straw hat hanging on her arm, bending that noble form till her pale cheek rested amid the golden-hued curls of her younger companion.

Suddenly Lizzie withdrew from her arms, and searched eagerly in the little garden for a flower, as a parting token of tenderness; but the search was vain, and Margaret, who had watched her with a loving smile, as she flitted like a sylph beneath the grape-vines, drew out her pencil and hastily wrote on one of the palings of the gate the following impromptu:

"You would speak your farewell by some beautiful flower,
And you grieve that none bloom in the sad autumn bower;
But while, with Love's summer, your sunny heart glows,
Ah! do not regret it!—the *wish* was a Rose!"

And by the way, speaking of impromptus, it was about Lizzie's little hand, playfully placed one day before Margaret's magnificent eyes, that a graceful *jeu desprit* was written upon the instant, by one who made no pretensions to the name of poet:

"Those radiant eyes, that charm the soul,
Fear not that tiny hand's control;—
The snow-flake melts before the sun;—
The snow-flake and the hand are one!"

Were ever two women, at once, so skilfully complimented within the compass of a quatrain?

## CHAPTER II.

"Unworthy all the homage thou
Art living to secure,
Unlovely in thy inner life,
Though outwardly so pure!

"Thine eyes are full of light, lady,—
I would they were less bright;
For then the serpents shining there,
Might never pain my sight.

"I would that they were sometims seen
To shed repentant tears
O'er all the ruin of thy heart,
O'er all the blight of years."

THE lady Cleopatra W—— was a very remarkable person. With a weak brain and weaker heart, the homage paid to her beauty and grace had turned the one and completely hardened the other. Yet, gifted with consummate art and a wonderful ingenuity—without a ray of genius,—(how often in this superficial world are the glow-worm sparks of the one mistaken for the starry radiance of the other!) she contrived to pass in a certain set for a high-souled and intellectual woman. But her task must have been a painful one; for, to those who watched her at a distance, untrammelled and undeceived by her allurements, her whole existence seemed to be a series of petty and mean manœuvres for power,—and she sometimes stooped so low to conquer, that it was with difficulty she regained her equilibrium. She had in her train a dreamer, who might have attained some celebrity as a poet, had he not lavished the incense of his intellect upon a shrine so poor that the very offering was degraded thereby. This person, a simple-hearted, well-meaning man, lent himself, with an unaccountable blindness to her schemes;—and with a few high-sounding, cant phrases of his at her disposal—phrases which he had repeated so often that he came at last to believe the sentiments they pourtrayed

his own,—with these, I say, and now and then a stray waif of unclaimed poetry, which she greedily appropriated and showed as written by herself, it is not surprising that she dazzled the weak, and deluded the credulous, to her very small heart's content. Then she had a way of flattering each new individual admirer, (aware that he could not fail to hear abroad stories to her disadvantage,) with the idea that to him alone had love and sympathy unveiled that inner, noble nature, which pride and lofty disdain concealed from the unappreciating world. This was the crowning triumph of her consummate tact, and with this she victimized many a heart that was worthy of a better fate. It has been wisely said, that hypocrisy is the involuntary homage which vice pays to virtue. How must that modest and retiring goddess have been overwhelmed by the perpetual worship of the lady Cleopatra!

In person, she was very tall and very stout:—her shoulders were high, her neck was short; yet she could assume at will a certain voluptuous languor of attitude, which easily passed for grace.—Her face was childishly round and plump, with hair and mouth whose loveliness was indisputable—a singularly bewitching smile—small eyes of greyish green, and a "forehead vacant of all glorious gems." Yet was her manner, when she wished to please, so affable, so caressing, so inexpressibly alluring,—that few could at first resist her. Coarse and mean in mind and heart, illiterate, uncultivated, shocking at times the modest and sensitive of her own sex by her astounding vulgarity of language; yet so enchanting when she chose,—what an enigma she was!

The lady Cleopatra, was dressing with unusual care for a party to which a newly arrived poet,—*the* poet of the day—had been invited, especially to meet her.—A curious wreath composed of those brilliant insects of green and gold, which illumine the dense forests of the South, glanced like

a chain of gems amid the soft braids of her luxuriant hair. Her sultana form was robed in dark green velvet, and the least possible touch of rouge relieved the sallow hue of her cheek.

The neck of her dress was somewhat low,—its sleeves were somewhat *high*, but Fashion sanctioned that, and the lady Cleopatra was a privileged character.

On her toilette table lay some gorgeous flowers, sent to her by the said poet for the occasion, on the strength of a former brief interview during which she had made a certain impression, which it was evident he had not forgotten. How proudly her lip curled in anticipated triumph, as she arranged them in her costly *porte-bouquet*, gleaming with gems and gold, a superb toy fresh from Paris upon which she especially prided herself. Had she known that another and a fairer had received, from the same hand, the same blooming and fragrant token of remembrance, she would have felt less secure of conquest.

## CHAPTER III.

"But day by day the flimsy veil grows thin
And clearer shows the worthless waste within;
And one by one the idolaters resign
The wavering fire of their Phihelion's shrine."

The soiree had commenced. Our poet stood beside the lady Cleopatra somewhat *ennuyeé* by her flattering expressions of gratitude for his lovely gift, and of admiration for his last poem, when a sudden stir and murmur near the door attracted their attention towards it. A group of ladies and gentlemen were entering—among whom was conspicuous Margaret Leslie in all the glory of her intellectual grace—in all the delicate, yet radiant bloom of her unequalled beauty. She looked like a Greek dryad fresh from the woods; for a garland of many-coloured autumn leaves

defined the pure and graceful contour of her head, and in her hand she held a rare cluster of flowers, arranged with perfect taste, not in a vase of rubies, emerald and gold; but in nature's own *porte-bouquet*—a magnificent calla—over the sculptured edge of whose exquisite cup drooped a few, fairy, crimson-tinted bells contrasting brilliantly with the snow-white leaf that sustained them.

The lady Cleopatra was fond of complaining in a lofty tone of the littleness, the petty jealousies, which constantly annoyed her in her own sex; but had any one of her numerous admirers happened to notice the almost demoniac expression which deformed her exquisite lip at that moment, the thought might have occurred to them, that it is not always they who talk most concerning their abhorrence of such feelings, who are least infected by them.

In a voice trembling with restrained spite, yet sweet and bland as Hypocrisy could make it, she said,—"Do you know Miss Leslie? How well she is looking! It is such a pity—is it not?—that with all that talent and beauty 'she has no heart!' I was very fond of her once; but I soon discovered that I was wasting all my tenderness, and I gave her up. And yet I cannot but envy her sometimes her want of sensibility."

By how trifling an incident may the destiny of a life be decided! The sight of his graceful gift, so tastefully, so appropriately disposed, enchanted the poet-heart of —— —— and to the exceeding disappointment of his fair neighbour, who saw herself in all her splendour of attire, in all her panoply of fashionable attractions, at once and completely eclipsed, by the dignified simplicity displayed in the dress and manner of her beautiful rival,—he devoted the rest of the evening to Margaret Leslie.

This happened only last week, dear reader, and that veracious though rather talkative old lady Madam Report already positively affirms that they are to be married in a few months. At all events, of one fact, I myself am cogni-

sant—that the very next morning, Miss Leslie received the following lines entitled——

THE FLOWER SYLPH'S PORTE-BOUQUET.

'T would have fitted a fairy or wood-nymph wild,—
That delicate fancy—thou dreaming child!
Did they pray to thy heart from their balmy bowers?
Did they sing thee a hymn—those pleading flowers?
And thus did it flow—with its cadence low—
Like the music sweet—in the measured beat—
Of a playful fountain's silver feet?—

—"Aye! gather us still with your pure, white hands,
And weave our beauty in blooming bands!
But oh! by the flower-like truth and grace,
That fill thy spirit and light thy face,
Imprison us not—the frail—the gay,—
As Fashion's votaries coldly do,
In a cage as cold and hard as they,
The jewel-light of a *porte-bouquet*
Too soon would wither our bloom and dew!"

'Twas thus they sang—and lo! to the sound
Of a magical melody pealing round,
A flower-sylph came in her white canoe—
The curved Calla of spotless hue—
And moored, by the violet's bank of bloom,
Her graceful bark in its faint perfume,
And as she flew from her golden seat,
A zephyr bore to thy pausing feet,
The beautiful shallop in tender play,
And whispered—"*Here* is a porte-bouquet!"

## QUAFFING.

BY THOMAS G. SPEAR.

You ask what I drink? By the laugh in your eye,
I suppose you would say I was fond of old wine,—
That a jolly red bumper I would not deny,
Or refuse a libation when summon'd to dine:—
Not so—for the fluid that falls from the skies,
And flows from the fountains is dearer to me,
Than any that ever gave Bacchus bleer'd eyes,
Or rous'd up a spirit of mutinous glee.

The juice that I love has its source in the spring,
And as pure is its current and bright as you please;—
'Tis the cherishing friend of each beautiful thing,
And a balm to the languishing frame of disease.
It poureth a cooling and healthful salute
The feverish lips and the palate along,
And the wine-bibber dares not its virtues dispute,
Or hold it unworthy the tribute of song.

Not a humming bird darts from its nest to a flower,
But finding it honeyless turneth away,
While man, with a nectar that waiteth each hour,
From icy December to blossoming May,
Still clings to the achesome and fiery draughts
Of the imp of the bottle—the worm of the still—

And drinks, and drinks deep, and deliriously laughs
At the pleasing damnation of every thrill.

Yet water, sweet water, he may not resign,
The boon of the fountains—the cheerer of day—
'Twas given to bless him—'twas given to shine,
And the rainbow was born in its beautiful spray.
It is dear unto life as the dew to the rose,
Refreshing the thirsty and weary of heart;—
Then away with the wine-cup whose red hues disclose,
Where Nature first blush'd at the triumph of Art.

## THE FUNERAL.—A CITY SKETCH.

BY JULIAN CRAMER.

I KNOW of no sight more heart-rending than that sometimes presented by a funeral procession returning from the place of interment. I say *sometimes*, for we dwellers in cities too often gaze on such scenes, when the pomp and pageantry with which they are invested serve to destroy or greatly weaken the moral effect they should always produce. I regret the destruction of the good, old fashioned, simple custom of my youth—when a whole mourning community, with solemn pace, attended the coffin to the quiet and retired burying-ground—and as sincerely lament the substitution, at the present day, of the fashionable promenades to the courtly Halls of Death.

During a long residence in various cities, I have scarcely ever witnessed the performance of funeral ceremonies, without being painfully conscious that, the immediate friends of the deceased alone excepted, those engaged in them were utterly careless of what had brought them together: and often has it been my lot to witness demeanour, and to hear conversation, which would be morally admissible only amid the ranks of a political festival.

What strangely constituted creatures are we, that we can forget, at such times, that the same disposition awaits our own spiritless bodies—and that the same careless footsteps

will bring those behind us, who, though calling themselves our friends, will discourse with each other on secular news, or perchance the last novel, while before their very eyes moves the slow hearse that bears us to our graves!

If thus regardless of the dead, how little must they regard the silent demand of the mourners for sympathy! Who thinketh of those whose sable weeds are but faint emblems of the darkness that hath fallen on their souls? and there are always such at a funeral: never man died and was buried without leaving some one to mourn. The ceremony once over, who followeth the broken-hearted to their desolate dwelling? Who gazeth on the stricken soul when the bitterness of death is on it? No one—no one. The sufferer must bear his griefs alone: at such an hour as this nothing comes between him and his God.

But I did not intend to write a homily on Death: such an undertaking were time vainly spent. If the living regard not the dead, neither will they what relateth to the dead. These reflections, however, are appropriate to the incident they now introduce.

Accident led me, a few months since, to a house in the upper part of the city, from whence, as I approached it, a bier was being borne by four men. As they passed on, they were followed, first, by a single man, dressed in the deepest black. He seemed to be about thirty years of age, and his features and whole bearing gave evidence of natural and cultivated powers. There was something about his appearance, however, that, without being sinister, was not easily to be read. A practised physiognomist would perhaps have said that there was an ambitious spirit that had either soared too high, or had failed in its Icarus' flight and fallen again to the plains of mediocrity. Such, I afterwards learned, had been the case.

Behind him—the only mourner—came a small train, chiefly of men, who relieved the original bearers on their

way to the cemetery. There was exceeding plainness and simplicity in all the appointments, and the scene brought to mind so vividly many similar ones of my youth, that I could not forbear joining the little band and sharing their melancholy journey. On our way I learned the particulars of the case.

The solitary mourner *had been* a husband and a father, but was such no longer. The coffin contained both his wife and child, and he was alone upon the earth. Much was told me of his history, which I need not relate here. I watched him closely, as we passed on, and could distinctly perceive him shudder as we entered the grounds where he was to leave his treasure.

Not until we reach this crisis do we fully realize what Death has done. We then *feel*, for the first time, that the separation is perfect. The spirit is sustained by a faint, mysterious idea, amounting almost to hope, until the yawning grave, open to receive the loved one to its dark bosom, blots it out forever.

We lowered into the deep vault the coffin containing its double burden: the wife and the mother—who had been in those relations all that the words can imply, and the babe on her bosom—whose advent had been waited and hoped for as for the coming of some promised star, and whose little light had gone out with the first breath of air that sought to sustain it with its soft kisses. Speedily the shapely mound grew over them—and all was done. Solemnly we left the sacred enclosure. The wifeless husband and the childless father! who shall portray his desolation? The grave had claimed and received his *all*. There was that in his attitude, for he could scarcely be said to walk, which plainly betrayed that his spirit was crushed, and that all thought was very agony. Alas for those who at such an hour have no consolation save what they can glean from this miserable world!

Here usually endeth the mission of the attendants of funerals, but we will follow the sufferer farther.

He enters his home—home, alas! no longer, for she who made it dear is not there to greet his footsteps. He wanders sadly through the dismal apartments, and every thing he sees but adds to the poignancy of his grief, for every thing speaks of *her*. Night comes, and sleep refuseth its gentle ministrations: the dear head wont to be pillowed on his bosom now resteth where? he groans as he remembers where. He heareth every stroke of the clock: every nerve is painfully acute: every sound reverberates with thrilling distinctness on his sensitive ear. If, for a few brief moments, he loseth his animal consciousness, it is only that his mind may wander in a world where all is dim and unsatisfying and the tortures of returning sensation are enhanced by the quietude of temporary forgetfulness. The passage of time may and doth relieve him of this incessant burden, but, live as long as he may, it will often return with all its original vividness and power.

Tell me, ye who have endured this fearful ordeal, have I not written truly?

But, in this particular case, there was—oh that I have to relate it!—an additional ingredient in the cup of bitterness drank that night by the lonely sufferer—a cup that must ever be at his lips so long as life endureth. Turn the matter as he would—as he will—his tortured spirit writhed, and ever must writhe, under the horrible consciousness that *he himself was the murderer of the wife of his bosom!* Reformed though he was, and is, it is but too certain that the long years of suffering she endured—all owing to his slavish worship of THE CUP—brought her prematurely to the grave. The wretched man knows this: he cannot escape his doom. Forgiveness from Heaven he may receive—yea, we trust he has received it—but he never can forgive himself. This dreadful consciousness will haunt him at all

times and under all circumstances. The shade of her who slept in his bosom, and there perished, will intercept every ray of light that might beam on his pathway through life. Can any lot be more wretched?

My friend—this peculiar fate, once entered upon, can never be escaped: but, *it may be avoided.* See that thou doest it.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 1846.

## INTEMPERANCE.—A SIMILE.

BY MARIE ROSEAU.

A mother held a bright and smiling babe
Pressed closely to her breast, and tenderly
She gazed upon its face, delighting there
To mark the signs of dawning intellect, or trace
Its father's image blended with her own.
She fondly hoped that in his unformed mind
There were the elements of future good.
He was her joy, her pride: her every hope
Was woven with his being. How her heart
Poured out itself in earnest prayer to Him
The giver of this greatest earthly gift.
The father bent his manly form to lead
The footsteps of his boy, and joyed to mark
With pride parental the expanding mind,
There striving to impress fixed principles
Of right to guide him on through future life.

The boy became a man. Upon his arm
A fair girl leaned, and, with a trustful love,
Broke every tie that bound her to the spot
Where dwelt her childhood's tried and faithful friends.
She only wished to rear a happy home
For him on whom her heart poured out its hoard
Of living wealth—pure love and reverence—
As to some being of superior mould.

His children gloried in their father's name,
And clung to him for aid in untried paths.
The syren voice of pleasure lured him on
To wander mid forbidden scenes, where song
And wit and wine their witching influence lend.
He struggled with his tempters for a time
And then sank lowest in the depths of vice,
To rise no more. Ah who can tell the deep,
The bitter anguish which that fall must bring?

So have I seen the sun, upon a day
In spring, rise midway in the firmament:
A thousand birds that sought their summer home
Sang sweetly as they built their humble nests,
And insects just awakened into life,
Danced joyously beneath his kindly beams;
And children played among the fresh, young flowers:
And as I gazed, a cloud rose o'er the west
But yet so small and thin they heeded not.
Deeper and wider o'er the heavens it spread,
'Till the whole firmanent was clothed with gloom:
Then all the birds their pleasant labour ceased
And hid among the branches of the trees,—
The insects crept to their secluded haunts,
And tearfully the children sought their homes
For refuge, feeling that their sports were done.

Such, oh Intemperance! is thy baleful curse,
Crushing with heavy hand the dearest hopes
And clouding with deep gloom life's brightest days.

# "OUR ELSIE."

BY ALICE G. LEE.

"The poor make no new friends,
But oh, they love the better still
The few our Father sends!"

Dreams are strange things, and it is my opinion that one travels much faster when asleep than on any railway yet laid. Although it was the middle of vacation I imagined myself at school, and was in a terrible puzzle as to my examination composition, which of two themes Miss Stevens would rather I should write on. I had at length decided to ask her, as the quickest method of knowing; and then I thought the monitress summoned me for not having my room in order at the second bell. I knew that I was not guilty of the offence, yet I felt unwilling to go, and shrunk from her as she would have urged me forward. I awoke in my own little room, rudely pushing away Elsie's hand, which was laid upon my arm to awaken me without disturbing Fan, whose red lips almost touched my own. I had commissioned Elsie to call me thus early, for I wished to practise very industriously that morning in some music that uncle had brought me the day before. So I kissed Fan, gently, lest she should wake, for be it known I am dull at the piano, though I love music very dearly, and Fan, who excels, would once in a while laugh at my clumsy movements.

A few moments, and I was leaning from the front portico, watching the dull gray mist that floated slowly up from the surface of the river. Although so early it was very sultry, and as I leaned far over the lattice-work not one breath of air stirred the folds of my muslin wrapper. The perfect stillness, and the heavy atmosphere, gave a strange oppression to my mind, and as I entered the parlor I threw up the large windows, and put aside the light curtains, for it seemed as if the faintest breath of wind would relieve the languor which was stealing over me. Then I threw back the lid of the piano, and though at first it was a very great exertion, I soon forgot the heat in the chords, and *staccatos of vif et leger*, remembering Miss Hemenway's injunctions, and doing as I thought remarkably well at the octaves. At length as I was going slowly over and over a very perplexing passage, I noticed that Elsie was making a most unusual disturbance in the next room, and as the folding doors stood ajar I peeped in to see the cause of the racket. She was sweeping, but our very quiet Elsie rarely raised "a bit of dust," and now the air was perfectly thick with the blinding particles. Tables were whirled with magnetic speed from one side of the room to the other; sober, domestic ottomans went dancing over the carpet, while, at last, with a violent push from the broom, two chairs commenced coqueting in a rapid polka; and as the dust passed through the window, I caught sight of her face. I never should have recognized the expression, and it seemed to me that even her features had changed. Her usually calm brow was contracted, and her eyes had a light not at all natural to them; for the first time since I had known her, I saw Elsie in anger. Then I noticed that she cast most expressive I-wish-you-were-out-of-the-way glances at myself, when perfectly innocent of my share in the commotion, I quickly asked an explanation. Her face was

somewhat smoother when she told me it was very inconvenient for her to put off sweeping the room where I sat, and she wished I would practise at some other hour, for she should not have a minute after six to put it in order. The dust always got into a piano so, when it was open, and of course I did not want to be smothered; dust *would fly* such hot weather—*she* could not help it.

Although it put to flight my project of surprising uncle Charles, by my industry, I saw it was as she said, and not dreaming of disputing Elsie, who was quite a privileged person in the family, I quietly closed the instrument and passed through the window into the garden. Wherever I may be, I always choose a spot for my peculiar with-drawing room, wherein to enjoy the manufacture of air-castles, (a business, I may add *en passant*, at which I am very expert.) A glance at the window of my room told me Fan was not yet stirring, and I passed lazily along to a noble horse-chesnut tree that stood at some distance from the house, and seated myself in a low garden chair placed under its thick foliage. Perhaps it would have been more romantic had I "thrown myself upon the grass," but then you know it is very apt to be damp with the night-dew thus early in the morning, and I never sacrifice comfort to sentiment.

"Next term," was the subject of this day-dream, and just as I decided that I had much rather there was no such thing as Algebra in the world, Elsie, for the third time, roused me. Unaware how much time might have elapsed, I started, with a promise to come directly, for I supposed she had called me to breakfast. But this was not her errand, and she looked very penitent when she asked me to "please not remember" how cross she had been; and here she stopped, as though she wished, yet dared not to say more.

Of course, I "had not intended to speak of it,"—no, she did not mean just that; she was sorry she had disturbed me; there might have been time to put the room to rights after breakfast, but she confessed she was out of temper, and indeed she had enough to make her so; if I only knew one half I would not blame her.

I did not in the least, for I knew that it could be no light trouble that had called a frown to her brow. At length she told me that she wished to ask a favor of me, a very great favor; but it was a long story, and she had not time to tell me now—when could she see me again? All alone—for though there was nothing wrong in it, she did not want the Doctor or his wife to hear; no, nor Miss Fanny either—she laughed sometimes when it did not seem right. This last I did not deny, my music lessons had apprised me of it long before. I remembered that the mirthful young lady was going that afternoon on a visit of some days, so I told Elsie to come to my room after nine, and I would help her all I could.

Here was pabulum for my vanity; to be singled out as a confidant—before aunt Mary, in her wisdom, and Fan, with her kind heart! I grew several inches in my own estimation. Some one says, "ladies," especially girls of fifteen, "have an inherent love for a secret," and I early learned not to contradict people who were older than myself.

Just then, out came Fan to fill the vases, and I forgot Elsie and her troubles, for we always had a "peaceful strife" on such occasions, as to who should arrange the most tasteful bouquet. Fan, as usual, finished her's the first, and showering over me some of the rejected leaves and blossoms, ran along the path towards the house, pelting Beauty with the rest. Unlucky Fan! her exultation quickly vanished, for in her heedlessness she stumbled over the poor dog, and Fan, vase and flowers fell just in the centre of a beautiful clump of English haw-

thorne, uncle's especial favorites. I came up just as he lifted her from the fragrant but uncomfortable bed, consoling her for the mishap with a quotation (I believe from Sternhold and Hopkins,)

> "The race, it is not always got
> By him who fastest runs,
> Nor the battle by those people
> Who shoot with longest guns"—

which lines I have since taken as my motto, as most encouraging to such a plodding individual as myself.

The day was true to the promise of the morning. Work was impossible, for the brightest needles grew dull with the least possible use; reading was too great an exertion even for uncle, and though for a long time I thought him busy at the "Daily Tribune," I found that he was in a sound nap, his hand still grasping the sheet; the piano was voiceless, my pencil had a long vacation, and thus I yawned through one of the longest Autumn days I ever knew.

But the calm evening—how much more beautiful it was for the languid day that preceded it! The full-orbed moon "floated up through the sky," undimmed by even the shadow of a cloud, and the soft light, almost golden it seemed, revealed every spray, and blossom, that now regained the strength and beauty wasted under the fervid sun. Although not a breath stirred the silent leaves, the falling dew freshened the air, and all seemed just called into existence, pure and holy, as the strange, mellow light streamed broadly from on high. How I envied the flowers that could lift their bright faces to the sky, and rejoice in the soft dew as it fell silently upon the upturned leaves, without an uncle Charles to threaten all sorts of dangers and fevers from the exposure. Shall I confess it, I turned from this good uncle in haste, because he would not let me stay in the open air, and

threw myself on my bed with a feeling in my heart very much like passion; and when it was stealing from me in fast gushing tears—such tears as are to the troubled heart as night-dew to the flowers, a low tap at the door brought to my mind Elsie's promised visit, and crushing them back I bade her enter.

Although she well knew that not a soul save ourselves was in that part of the house, she looked cautiously around the room, put aside the curtain and scanned the garden near the window, then seated herself at the foot of my bed, gazing earnestly into my face as if she would read there sympathy for her story; and ere she told it me, she begged once more that not a soul should hear it, and hoped I would not even mention it to herself again, (I am not going to betray her confidence, dear ladies, for last night she gave me permission to tell *you* all about it). "He," she said "would not like it if he knew she had told any one."

Lo it was an *affaire du cœur*! This knowledge did not at all tend to lessen my vanity. Well! Elsie was young, and pretty enough to have played the coquette successfully had she chosen.

"To have you understand it all, I must tell you about a great many things, which do not seem to belong to the story, and it will take a great while Miss Alice."

Here I interrupted Elsie's apologies, for like yourselves ladies I entertain a dislike to the whole race, and as the story was long, I nestled more comfortably on my pillow, as I advise you to do on the sofa cushions.

"My mother died when I was a very little girl, I do not remember her at all, and then I went to live with my aunt, who was in the country, two or three miles from the village where my father worked. Yet not a day was so stormy that he did not walk all the way to see me, after his work was done; and I remember he most always brought me some little present which he told me to share with my cousins, for my aunt had many children, and would not

have taken care of me, only that I looked very much like my mother, who was her only sister, and I was so feeble and sickly she feared I would not live, if I was put among strangers. I was the only child my father had, for my baby brother died when my mother did, and as I looked very much like her as I told you, you may know how dearly my father loved me. When I grew larger and stronger, he used to let me walk back part of the way with him, when it was pleasant weather, and then he would take me to the grave-yard where my mother was buried, and teach me little prayers and hymns, as I knelt beside her grave, and tell me that I must be good as she was, if I wanted to see her in heaven.

"He dressed me very nicely, and when I was old enough sent me to school with my cousins. But I did not like the confinement and used to run away whenever I could, to play in the orchard and the hay meadow, so that when I was eleven years old, I could only read and write a very little. Then, my father changed every day; sometimes he would not come to my aunt's in a week, and then he was so strange and cross, that I did not love him half so well; and I remember he struck me one day, the first time I could remember, because I asked him why he did not go to my mother's grave, and said he did not love me as well as he used to.

"At last, he told my aunt with a terrible oath, that I must go to the factory, for he could not support me to idle around any longer; and though I cried at leaving my aunt, and the pleasant place where I had lived so long, I had to go, and be pent up in the hot dusty town. I found the close long room in which I now spent all the day much worse than the school I so hated.

"I lived so a long time, but at last I grew thin and sick, and my aunt thought I had better go out to service. She would have taken me to her home, but my uncle was poor; he said his own children must work for their living, and so

must I. I had not seen my father then in a long time; they told me he had left the place for he could get no one to employ him there; he had grown so intemperate. He did not come to bid me good bye though, so I did not know where he had gone.

"On my fifteenth birthday, my aunt came for me to make her a little visit she said, and as I knew that I could be spared, I promised to come. I saw she had been crying, for her eyes were swollen, and her voice trembled when she spoke. When I got to the house I found my father, but oh! I hardly knew him, he had altered so much."

Poor Elsie! she turned to the window to hide her tears, and when she went on with her story, I could hardly understand her, so low and tremulous was her voice.

"He lay upon the bed in a raging fever, and aunt said he had not spoken, only to call for me since he came that morning. For a long week I watched by his bed, and, oh, Miss Alice, how terrible it was to hear him rave! Sometimes he would call for my mother, and seem to think she was yet alive—he would ask her to forgive him for deserting her child, for letting me starve—he would plead, and pray her to speak just one word, just to say she forgave him; then his fever would come on, and he would curse me with horrible oaths, and call me all sorts of names—

"He never knew me at all, but died in a convulsion.

"I had worked all that summer very hard, and saved some money to pay my board while I learned a trade, so I had enough to pay the doctor and for the funeral, and my father was buried by the side of my mother. I did not have enough to buy a gravestone, but long before I had planted a white rose-bush by the place, and sweet violets and myrtle grew thickly around it, It was always quiet there, and Sunday mornings I used to go and read my Bible by my mother's grave. When I went back to my place I found there was a new member of the family; they

kept a store, and a clerk had been hired while I was away."

(Blushes are sad tell-tales. I could see in the bright moonlight that Elsie's face grew a deep crimson.)

"Hervey, that was his name, was very kind to me, and helped me in a great many little ways. Sometimes, I would be going for water, and the store pitcher would just be empty, and he said he could just as well bring my pail at the same time. In the winter I often found the fire-wood when I came down cold mornings; and though he did not often speak to me, we soon grew quite good friends. I did not feel half so lonely as I had done since my father died; for in the long evenings he would shut the store early and come and read to me while I sat sewing. Sometimes I did not dare to look up from my work, for I did not like to meet his eyes, yet he was never cross, never. That was a very pleasant winter!"

Elsie made a long pause, perhaps there was some pleasure in thinking of those happy hours.

"After a while my mistress grew very ill-natured. She did not seem to like it when she found Hervey with me; and one day I heard the men in the store laugh at him for spending so much of his time 'with a servant girl.' That night my mistress told me 'she would not have him coming in to hinder me any more, and I need not think he was fool enough to care for me.' I pressed back the tears that came into my eyes, and told her that I could not stay there any longer: as soon as I could put my things together, I left the house forever."

"Did you not even say 'good bye,' Elsie?"

"I would not have seen *him* again, for any thing in the world, Miss Alice, after what she had said. I did not know but what he thought just so too, and I truly had never been bold enough to think he could like me. After I came to your aunt's, for this was the next place I lived at, I did not see him, or hear one word, for a great many

weeks. One Sunday night, just as the roses were in bloom, I went to my mother's grave, and I found the rose-bush full of buds and blossoms, half torn up and lying all torn and trampled on the ground. It had been quite bent over with the weight of the buds, the last time I was there, and I had planted a stake by it, and tied up the branches; but that was pulled up and thrown off some ways.

"I could not help crying when I saw it, for I had not been well for a long time, and the tears came at a word. I had no heart to tie up the bush again, but sat down and thought over all my life, for it seemed to me I was just like the rose-bush. When I was bent almost to the earth with my father's death, I had found a friend who comforted me; and just as I begun to grow less sorrowful, I had lost him, just as the support was taken from the rose, and my heart had been trampled on and despised.

"It grew quite dark before I knew it, and just as I begun to see how late it was, some one touched my hand, and when I started—for I had not heard a step, and the graveyard was very lonesome, there was Hervey! As I sprung up, all that my mistress had told me came into my mind; and then it was quite dark, and I suppose that was what frightened me; for I did not wish to speak to him, and would have gone away, but I felt so weak, that I could not move. Then he spoke *so* kind, and took my hand gently, and I did not wish to leave him, for I saw he was not angry as I had feared. We sat there a long time, for he had much to tell me; how he had tried to find out where I was after I left, but my mistress would not tell him, and he had forgotten where my aunt lived At last he heard your uncle speak of me and found I lived here; that night he had gone to the house, and Chloe told him where she expected I was, and he came directly to find me. He asked me how I came to go away from my last place, and said that I should have told him where I was going.

"I did not dare to tell him all, but I said that I heard the

people in the store talk to him about me, and I was afraid they would teaze him more if I staid. Was it not strange? He said *that* was what first made him know how much he thought of me, and he determined to find me out, and tell me so."

"Then after all, Elsie it *was* for the best, though it plagued you then."

"So Hervey told me, and I found I had at last found a real friend; so I told him about my life, about my father's dying, and showed him the rose-bush, all crushed.

"He said, I must never feel so sad again; and when he helped me to tie up the broken bush, he asked me if I would be his wife when he was older and better off. I had not dared to dream of it before, yet I felt that he did love me, and with my hand clasped in his, upon my mother's grave, I promised that I would.

"That was last summer, and since then he has walked with me every pleasant Sunday night to the grave-yard, till lately he has altered so; he does not seem so happy to meet me as he used to, and last Sabbath I took my walk all alone. I know I have not done any thing to make him angry. *He does not know what it is to have but one to love in the wide world.*

"And now Miss Alice, what I want you to be so very good as to do is—I hardly dare to ask you—but I heard you read some poetry to your aunt last night about being blind, and it made the tears come in a moment to my eyes —and I want you to write a piece for me to give Hervey; about my being an orphan, and the rose-bush, and tell him that I shall be alone in the world, if he loves me no more. If you write it like that one you read, he *can't* be angry any longer."

It seemed Elsie too held the opinion, "there is no road to a woman's heart like flattery;" but though I disclaim this, as also my power to bring tears to the eyes of any—I had much rather bring smiles to faces already bright,—I

promised her that if she would bring me a lamp, I would write for her directly. Though I knew, that could he have listened as I had to her correct and simple language, could he have watched her half averted face, and the warm blushes "that come and went a thousand times," as she spoke of him—for she felt that she might be doing wrong in thus opening her innocent heart, to one who perchance might make light of its holiest thoughts,—it would have done far more than any thing I could pen, to have removed the doubts, and suspicions that had perhaps crept into his mind.

Shall I tell you how I found Elsie, when two years had passed, and I returned to my home, a school-girl no longer?

It was a pleasant spring day, yet my steps were not turned to green woods, or bright meadows. My aunt guided me through a pleasant street, if so it might be called, upon the very outskirts of the town, to the smallest of inhabitable cottages, with cool green blinds, and a tiny door-yard, in which the grass and blue violets sprang freshly. It was Elsie's pleasant face, that looked out from the window, and in a moment she had bidden us welcome to her new home. She had not yet "ceased to blush," for a bright colour flitted to her face, as she said, "my husband, Miss Alice."

A noble, manly fellow he was too; as proud of his pretty wife as ever I could have wished him to be: and after we grew better acquainted, he took from the little bookcase a folded sheet, and asked me if I had ever seen it before. There were the identical lines that I had given Elsie two years before; and my aunt listened now for the first time to the story of their estrangement. It was a struggle between love, and paternal duty, that had for a time kept him from

her side; for some one had told his father, that he was about to marry the daughter of a drunkard. A dark stain had even been cast upon poor Elsie's irreproachable character; and the stern old man bade him see her no more. When his doubts had been the darkest, came her little note, and as he read to his father, the simple story of her life, he asked if she *could be* unworthy of his love. Then when doubts were all removed for the lie of the slanderer was refuted, he won consent to his marriage, and the old man soon learned to love her whom his son had chosen.

I never felt happier, than when Hervey thanked me for being a friend to his wife, when even he had for a time deserted her.

## THE SONG OF THE FREE.

BY S. D. PATTERSON.

Rejoice! rejoice! with a cheerful voice,
For the chain of the tyrant is broken;
And free as the wind is the captive's mind,
In the strength of the promise spoken—
He has thrown aside, in his reason's pride,
The fatal ties that bound him,
And no longer the glow of the cup of woe,
Can cast its spell around him.

Joyous and bright is the blessed light
That holy pledge has given,
For it guides, with its ray, to a happier day
The hearts by affliction riven:
And the thorny road once in anguish trod,
Is illumed by its magic gleaming,
And the care-worn brow we gazed on, now
With hope and peace is beaming.

Noble and high is the victory—
Its trophies are rich and glorious—
Honor and health, content and wealth,
Belong to the victorious:
Then join the band, and let your hand
Declare the thraldom broken;
And free as the wind shall be your mind,
In the strength of the promise spoken.

## THE REFORMER.

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

All grim and soiled and brown with tan,
I saw a Strong One, in his wrath,
Smiting the godless shrines of man
Along his path.

The Church beneath her trembling dome
Essayed in vain her ghostly charm;
Wealth shook within his gilded home
With pale alarm.

Fraud from his secret chambers fled
Before the sunlight bursting in;
Sloth drew her pillow o'er her head
To drown the din.

"Spare," Art implored, "yon holy pile,
That grand, old, time-worn turret spare;"
Meek Reverence, kneeling in the aisle,
Cried out, "Forbear!"

Gray-bearded Use, who, deaf and blind,
Groped for his old accustomed stone,
Leaned on his staff, and wept, to find
His seat o'erthrown.

Young Romance raised his dreamy eyes,
O'erhung with paly locks of gold,
"Why smite," he asked, in sad surprise,
"The fair, the old?"

Yet louder rang the Strong One's stroke,
Yet nearer flashed his axe's gleam;
Shuddering and faint of heart I woke,
As from a dream.

I looked: aside the dust-cloud rolled—
The Waster seemed the Builder too;
Upspringing from the ruined old
I saw the new.

'Twas but the ruin of the bad—
The wasting of the wrong and ill;
Whate'er of good the old time had
Was living still.

Calm grew the brows of him I feared,
The frown which awed me passed away,
And left behind a smile which cheered
Like breaking day.

Green grew the grain on battle-plains,
O'er swarded war-mounds grazed the cow;
The slave stood forging from his chains,
The spade and plough.

Where frowned the fort, pavilions gay,
And cottage windows, flower-entwined,
Looked out upon the peaceful bay
And hills behind.

Through vine-wreathed cups with wine once red,
The lights on brimming chrystal fell,
Drawn, sparkling, from the rivulet head
And mossy well.

Through prison walls, like Heaven-sent hope,
Fresh breezes blew, and sunbeams strayed;
And with the idle gallows-rope
The young child played.

Where the doomed victim in his cell
Had counted o'er the weary hours,
Glad school-girls, answering to the bell,
Came crowned with flowers.

Grown wiser for the lesson given,
I fear no longer, for I know
That, where the share is deepest driven,
The best fruits grow.

The outworn rite, the old abuse,
The pious fraud transparent grown,
The good held captive in the use
Of Wrong alone—

These wait their doom, from that great law
Which makes the past time serve to-day;
And fresher life the World shall draw
From their decay.

Oh! backward-looking son of time!—
The new is old, the old is new,
The cycle of a change sublime
Still sweeping through.

So wisely taught the Indian seer:
Destroying Seva, forming Brahm,
Who wake by turns Earth's love and fear,
Are one, the same.

As idly as in that old day
Thou mournest, did thy sires repine,
So, in his time, thy child grown gray,
Shall sigh for thine.

Yet, not the less for them or thou
The eternal step of Progress beats
To that great anthem, calm and slow,
Which God repeats!

Take heart!—the Waster builds again—
A charmed life old goodness hath;
The tares may perish—but the grain
Is not for death.

God works in all things; all obey
His first propulsion from the night:
Ho, wake and watch!—the world is gray
With morning light!

L. SARTI.

## JACK ALLOWAY'S PRESENT.

### A DOMESTIC SKETCH.

BY THE EDITOR.

"Well, upon my word, Harry,—and my experience is not the briefest,—I never did before meet with a case of such utter and complete ruin as yours. I have seen people partially spoiled by the honey moon—good for nothing for any practical out-door purposes, for a month or two—but they have usually returned to their senses after a while, and become better fellows than ever. Your case is an exception. Instead of being restored to plain prose, and sound discretion, by the dull realities of a wife and babies, you appear to wax more of a lover the longer you are a husband. Trust me, I never will put my neck in such a yoke—or if I do——"

"Well," said Harry, "what?"

"Why," answered his friend, "if I do, I hope that I shall be complimented with the present of an apron and distaff, if I cannot preserve occasional independence—mind, I don't say habitual—but occasional independence, enough to cross the street without consulting my wife, and to take an apple from a fruit-stand, without cumbering myself with one apiece in my pockets for each of the children."

Harry smiled, as the other proceeded, and at the close broke into a hearty laugh.

"Come, come," rejoined the other, "that won't do. Thy laugh is hollow and sepulchral; thy smile like the ghostly glimmer of a sick chamber taper, on a dose of disagreeable medicine that you must take, but don't wish to. Come, acknowledge—upon my honour it sha'n't go any farther—acknowledge, as the song has it, that 'it spoils a man to marry him,' and admit that you are heartily sick and weary of the whole thing."

It will readily be supposed—how could it be otherwise?—that he who said all this was a bachelor—not yet *old*, to be sure, though he had wasted quite enough of his life in uncertainty, whether he should or should not become what the Boston Transcendentalists and their opposites, the Utilitarians, every where define to be a fixed fact, to wit—a married man. The conversation took place at the table, while Harry's wife, our bachelor's sister, presided over the tea-cakes and hyson; for all which trifles our friend expressed a hearty contempt, while he disposed of them as an elephant would of apples, and they seemed to bear a like relation to the extinguishment of his hunger. His sister smiled at first to hear his rhodomontade—but her face assumed a more thoughtful expression as she heard him declare that he must take early leave, to keep an appointment.

"You see, Harry," he added, reaching for his hat, "that as I was born free and independent, so I remain. *I* have no wife to consult; *I* have no children, on whose account I must stop at the apothecary's with a prescription, and return early, lest they be in bed. If you were unmarried—or, if married, you had wedded a reasonable being, who did not bore you to death, and more too—any body but my sister Mary there—I would take you to-night where you would be amused. But—hey-ho!"

"Why that sigh?" said the husband, much amused at his friend's mock gravity.

"Harry, I have injured you deeply. *Can* you forgive

me?" And as he said this, he took his friend's hands and wrung them with diverting mock contrition.

"He *may* forgive you," said Mary, laughing heartily, "but only on condition that you confess."

"*May* he! Hear you that, unhappy man! With queenly condescension, she allows you the exercise of your own impulses—but—with conditions! Bow to the yoke, and I will unbosom. I acknowledge then, with deep repentance, that I am a traitor to my friend. Brotherly love triumphed over honour and chivalry. Had the syren been any but my sister—had you been wooed to destruction by any acts but *hers*—I would have interposed, and——"

"Married her yourself, to save me, I dare say!" answered Harry. And in the pleasant hilarity of good-natured badinage, 'Bachelor John,' as his sister liked to call him, left the house, to go——. But bachelors are not very much in the habit of confessing their occupations, to the ladies, and we will not betray their secrets.

"My dear husband," said Mary, after her brother had taken his leave, "if we do not find some means of marrying John, and thus putting him in custody, he will be ruined!"

"But he is so averse——"

"Nonsense, my dear. No man is a surer victim than he who is constantly declaiming against matrimony."

"You mean to say, I suppose," said her husband, laughing, "that the moth who is continually flitting about the candle will dive into the blaze at last."

"Silence, sir! I shall forbid my brother the house, for, as I am a Christian woman, I perceive that his rebellious principles, and his resistance against the right divine of the woman, are making an impression upon you. Here," she continued, "put your foot on the rocker, and keep this cradle in motion, while I hunt up my work. And now, Sir Selfishness, read aloud, if you please, and

not be chuckling and laughing to yourself over that book, as if nobody could enjoy a good thing but you!"

---

Harry Wendell's was indeed a pleasant slavery. Five years married, he had never yet forgotten the courtesy and attention due his wife, nor had she intermitted the gentle arts with which she won him. But our sketch does not so much relate to this happy couple as to Bachelor John; and we proceed to show how he was taken in the rough, like a Cape May diamond, and made a brilliant example of.

Mary was serious in her fear, that if he was not married he would be ruined, and in earnest in her determination to avert such a catastrophe. How match-making is conducted we leave to other pens to tell, and will only say of this particular case, that Mary had the less difficulty, since, with a woman's keen discernment, she had discovered that there was a maiden who might be obtained by John for the asking; and on the other hand she had inveigled him into the admission, that if he ever was insane enough to wed, he would sooner merit Bedlam on account of that girl than any other. Here was material to work upon amply sufficient; and in due course of time Mary had the happiness to see the contemner of chains fast bound and beyond escape; except by that sure event which sunders all human ties, releases from all earthly engagements, and which, in exacting the last great debt, discharges from all others. That release has not been given yet to John or to his wife. Heaven grant it may be far distant.

And now let us sum the principal accomplishments which the uncivilized bachelor possessed, when Eleanor took the rough material in hand, some dozen years ago, and out of which, in about the time that it required Jacob to win two wives, she has been able to construct one decent—aye more than decent,—excellent husband. Let it be noted that

these graces were possessed by John, up to the very hour in which the nuptial blessing was pronounced upon him—some of them being kept a little in concealment, but all of them being there, and making up the animal.

He smoked tobacco. Sometimes he drew in its fumes through the long stem of the elaborate hookah, and at others sported the plain cigar. He had smoking caps, and all the paraphernalia, including fancy cases, with true bachelor devices.

He snuffed tobacco. The *degage* air with which stage heroes snuff out of imitation silver boxes had enraptured his fancy, and he could thrust powder up his nose with any Sir Peter Teasle, or Sir Any thing Any body of them all.

He chewed tobacco. Oh monstrous!

He tippled—genteelly of course, taking the landlord's or the wine merchant's word for that which we conceal in praising woman, but vaunt in celebrating wine, and with quite as much truth in one case as the other.

He drove a span of fast horses, harnessed to something which looked like the segment of a cobweb, on wheels with thistle down spokes, and hair peripheries.

He clubbed at ten pins, billiards, suppers, and gunning and fishing excursions.

He affected the *outre* in dress.

He mistook profanity for force in conversation, and obscenity for wit, naturally seeking amusement in places where those who appreciate such accomplishments most do congregate.

He attended church on Sabbath mornings, when it was convenient, but could not positively say whether there was an afternoon service or not. Such was his outline; and we leave it to the reader to fill up the picture. The graver derelictions of such a man we need not paint, but that all this froth did not indicate the existence of more serious errors beneath, nobody could suppose. Still John Alloway was by no means what the world considers a bad man; and

such is the perversity of custom, that he was courted for his very eccentricities, and admired for the singular traits which we have enumerated. He was generous—good humoured—public spirited, always obliging, and in his way courteous, making his attentions tell upon the ladies, for the very reason that while his conduct indicated that he placed them in the scale of beings rather below the dog and the horse, he still did not hesitate to forego his nobler and more manly pursuits occasionally, to make them happy.

Eleanor at her husband's request was ready for a ride. "John! My dear John!" she exclaimed, putting two of the prettiest hands in the world one on each of his shoulders—"You *do'nt* think I shall trust myself in that cat's cradle!"

John looked very serious. Eleanor laughed till she cried, and her husband at first vexed, looked at his graceful wife with admiration, as she danced about the room in a storm of fairy glee. It was final. The next day a neat family carriage took them out, and on the next Eleanor discovered that there was quite room to take up Mary and her oldest child. He reserved the "fast" establishment for his own rides—but from some unexplained cause these were weekly growing less frequent.

So dropped one vagary. "Whew!" our friend whistled on another day, as he looked from the window.

"What's the matter?" said Eleanor, hastening to his side.

"There's that fellow Sam the groom, in a hat like my fancy straw—what impudence!"

"Why John," said his wife, "I thought the horrid thing had knocked about the hall long enough, and I gave it to him. You certainly never *could* mean to wear that again!" John's whole wardrobe went through a slow but sure metamorphose. But we cannot take all the items of his reformation up in detail. Pass we a couple of years, and fancy him seated after dinner for a half an hour or so in *his* den

he called it—his peculiar—but Eleanor would be thrusting herself in.

"Now see its father, little dear—gracious how the child coughs! Is that a *very* bad cigar John?"

"Very good, *I* think," answered the husband *rather* gruffly. He began to have awkward premonitions; and to see that his enjoyment in literal smoke was likely to end in smoke figurative.

"Do 'nt the baby like it—well there! Rosy shall carry it away from its naughty father—so she shall! Really my dear, I shall be compelled to follow too—"

John began something very much like an oath—but ended with, "Take care you plague, you 'll burn your own cheek! Can 't a man have a minute's peace of his life for you?" Not while he is smoking, Eleanor might have answered—but she did not. She knew better than to irritate the husband who would have really felt very much annoyed and lost, if her neglect had left him in quiet.—Snuff boxes disappeared so fast that John declared he would have no more, for he lost a little fortune in them. As to the mode in which Eleanor discouraged the weed in the other and worst form, we leave that to the lips of ladies in like circumstances. When two luxuries are incompatible, be assured the least attractive will be surrendered.

It is a fact in natural history that, after due time spent in listening, babies begin to learn to talk. When that period had arrived to John's first born, his second being still in the vocal elements denominated squallics, Mrs. Alloway, for so we must now begin to call her, met her husband one day in the door as he came in to dinner, her eyes—fine eyes they were too—wide open with astonishment, and both hands up:—"Dear John!" she said, "you *must* be careful, indeed you must!"

"Why what 's the matter now?" asked Alloway, puzzled to guess what new restriction was to be put on him. His club memberships had died out by neglect;—his snuff

and cigars were given up—his tobacco was taken very slyly and only at such times as he fancied it was done without detection (Eleanor knew his tricks in this respect, but was too wise to be too rigid); his fancy gig had not only been sold, but his fast horses were exchanged for family nags; his dress was such as became the head of a family; his hours were regular, and he even knew enough of baby-ology, to prescribe for wind in the stomach! All this had been accomplished in about five years, and still the woman looked for more! "What *is* the matter now?" he asked, as his wife continued to signify her astonishment and consternation, in expressive and graceful dumb show.

"Why, my dear our little John to-day said," (here she whispered it in his ear) "as plain as you ever spoke it in your life. I *was* going to correct him, but he said, 'that's what father says, and *he's* a man!' What could I do then John? Can I whip the child for imitating his father? And in a little while baby will begin to talk, and three profane swearers in a family of four is really three too many. Little Johnny will be *sure* to teach his sister, and how terrible that *will* be!"

Poor free hearted, free spoken, free living Jack Alloway! If the truth must be told, his first impulse was to check this domestic eruption on homœopathic principles, *similia similibus curantur*, and administer a word or two of the same kind little John had uttered; but Eleanor now matronly, and more engaging than ever, looked so sweet in the earnestness of her expostulation, that the expression of his face turned to happy interest, as he watched her eloquent countenance. He resolved upon amendment, and though he uttered no word of promise then, Eleanor did not let him sleep that night, till the word was spoken and sealed.

As John's little flock increased around him, he was still further, by gradual and therefore not irksome steps, led into pattern behaviour. He diminished his expenses, and dispensed with the useless ones almost entirely, in

view of the increasing pecuniary responsibilities which grew upon him. He learned that no act on his part, while his trusting children looked up to him, was insignificant, and in seeking the good of his offspring he secured his own. He loved his wife and children dearly, but rationally, and this holy domestic sentiment was made the instrument of a heart-reformation to both parents. He who said of children, "Of such are the kingdom of Heaven," has made them His ministers on earth, and denounced fearful judgments against such as offend these little ones. Truly, to parents careless of these truths, the first prayer of childhood, and the constant form in manhood, must be in the letter only, and not the spirit—for they cannot feel the force of the divine formula, "Our Father who art in Heaven."

Surrounded by a happy, healthy group of little ones, and living in such a residence as comports with their health and his own, and with that innocent freedom in which childhood and manhood best fulfil their duty—when last we saw John Alloway he had just subscribed to the temperance movement; not so much that he himself needed restraint, as for the example of others, and to put an end to the wonder of his children, "why father did not join." And when his affectionate sister Mary dined last with him, upon the anniversary of his wedding, she made him a roguish present, recalling the conversation with which our sketch opens, and caused a hearty laugh to circulate around the board. John's oldest daughter, Mary, obtained the APRON for her doll's Sunday wear; the DISTAFF, a neat golden trinket, Alloway displays at his own watch-chain. Little did he dream, when he invoked the symbolic present, that he should win and wear it; but not all that earth could give, would induce him to resign his title to it now.

## TO YOUNG SPIRITS.

BY J. BAYARD TAYLOR.

Brethren in thought and years!
Ye on whose brows the morning splendors gleam—
Who look on skies undimmed by cloudy fears,
And changed by sunrise to a golden dream;
Or ye whose lips, in childhood's tender day,
The cup of suffering and of wo have known,
Pause for a moment on your hurrying way!
List to a kindred tone!

Come! ye are young and strong;
Give then your strength to Freedom and to Truth,
Till the great throne of many-visaged Wrong
Trembles beneath the ardent fire of Youth—
Till his large empire, like a mountain old,
Quakes with the heavings of the flame below,
And, sundered, crashing from its long-kept hold,
Falls with one mighty throe!

Oh! 'tis a glorious strife!
Life-long and toilsome must the combat be,
But for the fallen, there is nobler life,
And for the victors, immortality!

He who has battled for his struggling race,
Heedless of what the world might name renown
Shall from the glory of his lofty place
On kings and thrones look down!

There's many a toil to bear—
Scoffing and scorn from many a meaner soul,
Heart-sickening struggles with the phantom Care,
And oft despair to reach the far-off goal.
Ye must in silence and in patience wait
For the glad ripening of the tardy seed,
While Avarice, 'midst his golden piles elate,
Reviles the noble deed!

Yet bravely bear it all,
So long as Vice, with bloody chariot-wheel,
Drives o'er the groaning world she keeps in thrall,
And man forgets that fellow-man can feel!
The wronged and suffering, from their darkened sphere,
Will aid you with their eloquence of prayer,
And hearts, whose wishes reach th' Almighty's ear,
Will ask your blessing there!

Not with a warrior tread
Be your proud marching, o'er the waking world—
Not over plains of dying and of dead,
Where the swift death on flaming bolts is hurled!
Speak, in your manhood, words whose potent fire
Lights the dark bosom with a sudden glow;
Bid the crushed spirit from its bonds aspire—
Teach it, *itself* to know!

Touch with a trusting hand
The chords of feeling in the deadened heart,
And by the lonely and the wretched stand,
Drying their bitter tear-drops as they start.

Oh! by that God whose breath inspires the soul,
That work of mercy will not be in vain,
But every kindness to the suffering, roll
In blessing, back again!

Brothers, let us arouse!
Shall we be bound in earth's benumbing thrall?
Is there not freedom written on our brows?—
Then let us keep it, or in losing, fall!
Say, what is Freedom, but the power to be
Unled by Error from the soul's pure light,
And but to God and Truth to bow the knee
In Hope, forever bright?

Feel we not, deep within,
A spirit mighty, deathless and sublime;
Whose high, pure nature, bids us scorn all sin,
Whose power can yield defiance unto Time?
Are there not longings for a loftier crown
Than e'er was wreathed from Fame's unfading bough,
Which, with its blaze of ever-fresh renown,
Shall gild the faithful brow?

Come, then, ere morn be gone!
Ere the pure blossoms of the spirit fade—
Ere in the wildering crowd, as life rolls on,
The heart from all its better hopes hath strayed!
Shake from the soul each sin-alluring snare
That turns to earthly flame its heaven-born fires,
And men, the glorious path with you to share,
Will leave their low desires!

## THE MURDERED CZAR.*

BY W. H. C. HOSMER.

I.

A DARK procession from the tomb
The body of their monarch bore,
With blazing torch and sable plume,
Infolded in a shroud of gore.
From turret and from tower the toll
Of chiming bells rose in the air,
While, muffled in his dusky stole,
The holy priest knelt down in prayer.

II.

A stately figure joined the train,
And slowly walked behind the bier—
Whose haughty spirit strove in vain
To check the unavailing tear.

* "Paul caused the corpse of his father, Peter III., to be taken up and brought to the palace, to receive similar honors with that of the Empress, his wife. Prince Baratinsky and Count Alexius Orloff, two of the murderers of the unfortunate Czar, were fixed on to officiate as chief mourners. The imperial crown was placed on the coffin of Peter; and in presence of the assembled court, and amidst sable hangings, lighted tapers, and all the solemnity of wo, the two mourners took their station. Orloff, whose nerves were strong, endured the scene unshaken; but his companion fainted beneath his emotions."—MAVOR.

No golden circlet graced his head,
Nor glittered on his breast the star,
But funeral garb, and lordly tread,
Proclaimed the *Mourner* and the *Czar*.

III.

When nearer to the palace proud
The bearers drew in dark array,
The princely weeper said aloud,
To young and old—"*Make way! make way!*"
Like flashing waves before the prow,
Assembling thousands round divide;
And solemnly they enter now
The lofty dwelling-place of Pride.

IV.

The chandelier and lamp threw light
On every object in the hall;
And, darker than the wing of night,
Broad hangings rustled on the wall;
While nobles, in superb attire,
And prostrate serf their homage paid,
Paul, on the coffin of his sire,
The diadem of Empire laid.

V.

In presence of the courtiers then,
With downcast eye and timid look,
Reluctantly two noblemen
Their station by the coffin took.
A trembling thrilled each iron frame,
And bloodless waxed their "tell-tale" cheeks—
Oh, *Guilt* and *Agony* and *Shame*
Are vultures with unsparing beaks!

VI.

The taper shed a ruddy glare
On the bruised features of the dead,
And gory beard and clotted hair
In all awoke an icy dread.
Ah! fearfully the brow was still
Contorted by the pang of death,
And pomp with dust accorded ill,
Robbed of mobility and breath.

VII.

Why sits that ghastly watcher by
The corse, with phenzy in his gaze?
The fearful wildness of his eye
A storm, at work within, betrays:
He looks upon the pall and shroud
With face, as stainless marble, pale,
Afraid the slumberer to the crowd
Would tell the heart-appalling tale.

VIII.

The mystic pencil cannot paint
The frightful look his visage wore,
When, reft of consciousness, and faint,
He sunk exhausted on the floor.
Awaking from the swoon, with hands
Outspread for aid, the ruffian cried—
"Vengeful the sheeted victim stands,
With arm uplifted, by my side!"

IX.

These startling words* his guilt reveal,
His bosom wildly throbs with fear;

* See vol. xxii. p. 112, MAVOR'S UN. HIS.

Loud shriek of death, and vain appeal
To stony hearts, ring in his ear:
The *cup* he made the monarch drain,
With poison fraught, he now beholds,
And clenches in his hand again
The *napkin* with its bloody folds.

X.

Ah! phantoms, unallied to earth,
That other eyes cannot discern,
Are *feeding*, with their hellish mirth,
Fierce flames which in his bosom burn:
In vain the *mind-destroying* bowl
Was brought his anguish to allay,
No *draught* will ever from his soul
The stain of murder wash away.

## THE INEBRIATE FATHER.

BY MARIE ROSEAU.

Ashedale had its stream—what village would be beautiful without one? It was a clear, wandering creek, presenting a charming variety to the eye. For a space it would move slowly and demurely along in a straight line, as if it were sinful to make a noise or deviate from a direct course. Again it would wander off a short distance in a gentle curve, and then suddenly retrace its way back, forming a little oblong island, with a water willow to shade it. Oh! how delightful we thought it to step from stone to stone, carrying our shoes and stockings in our hands, our little bare feet more than covered with water, and balancing ourselves as best we could, that we might reach this spot to get a swing upon the grapevine, or gather the prettiest shells we could find. Truly our ideas as to what composes happiness change materially as we grow older! Then our stream would dance playfully along over the stones, reflecting the bright rays of the sunshine, and showing occasionally a golden sunfish, tempting us to convert our pins into fish-hooks for his especial benefit, upon which would be placed something nice to please his appetite. We wondered that he did not bite, for we were very young then, and had not learned the art of *baiting* successfully. Again it would rush impetuously over a rock in the deep woods, its

waters so closely overshadowed by the forest trees that the sun never shone upon them, seeming to bear the dark hues of passion.

Near this spot stood old Simon Hunt's house, if such it might be called. It was a miserable old log tenement with two square openings answering for windows, and an oblong space left for entrance. Nothing would have tempted one of us children to go near Hunt's after dark; and many a day have I sat upon a hill where the place was visible between the trees, listening, by the hour, to tales which one of the larger girls would tell of deeds of darkness which had been done by "old Hunt," as he was familiarly called by us, although he could not have been forty years of age, until my blood was chilled and I was fearful of moving, lest the noise might startle some evil spirit that was at his bidding. Many of these stories were most probably drawn from Ellen Day's own fruitful imagination; still, even the older folks looked upon him with suspicion. He seemed like one formed for evil, although no great crime had been proven against him. He treated his family unkindly—and diminished wood-piles, missing poultry, and broken fruit-trees bore evidence to his plundering propensities; yet these were not considered enough in themselves, by the peace-loving inhabitants of Ashedale, to bring him before a court of justice. No one knew how, or when he came to the place. The owner of the woods lived at a distance, and the dilapidated cabin had long been considered untenantable. I had a great curiosity to see his family, and would frequently, when I knew he was away, go near enough to the house to get a distinct view, but at the same time taking care to keep sufficiently distant to be out of danger. His wife's countenance wore that calm, settled, heart-broken sadness that would of itself have told volumes of domestic trials. There were four children, the eldest ten, and the youngest almost an infant-

They never seemed disposed to mix with the other children of the village, except once, when one of our number, bolder than the rest, having held out a biscuit enticed the little boy near. He started eagerly forward to take it, but his eldest sister, a quiet, gentle-looking girl, with the thoughtful expression of womanhood upon her face, called him back; he instantly obeyed, and taking her hand passed on.

Some weeks afterwards I was walking along the creek, picking blackberries, when a wasp suddenly stung me: I screamed loudly with the pain, at the same time upsetting the whole of my small stock of berries into the water. Almost immediately Mary Hunt and her little brother and sister appeared. They were in the habit of picking berries and disposing of them in the village, and now they were just returning from the woods with their baskets full. Seeing my trouble she came up to me and asked, in a pleasant voice, what was the matter. I started, but her kind tone dissipated my fear, and I told her my difficulty. She put down her basket, and leaning over took off my shoe and stocking, and after applying some cold mud to the place, she wrapped around my foot some dry oak leaves, tying it up with a piece of twine which her brother produced from his pocket; all the while consoling me with sympathizing words. This kindness on the part of one from whom I expected such different conduct, won my heart completely, and I thanked her over and over again. She seemed pleased by my manner, and bidding me good-bye, passed on a short distance, when they paused and her brother whispered something to her; she appeared to give consent to what he asked, for he came back to where I sat, and taking up my empty basket was filling it, when I stopped him.

"Will you not let me give you some of my berries?" he asked.

"Oh, no!" I said, "for I only want a few to play with, while you gather them to sell."

"Yes," he replied, "but then we have a great many more, I know, than we shall sell, or want for ourselves."

I still refused until I had gained a promise from his sister that she would let him take a cake from me the next time they came to our door with berries.

Winter came, and the benevolent inhabitants of Ashedale pitied the family in the log cabin, and helped them as far as the fierce temper of "old Hunt," and the reserve of his wife and children, would admit. Mrs. Hunt received what was given her as though entirely unused to accepting such favors, or, as if performing a painful duty. One bitter cold night, as Mr. Day was passing the woods on his way home from the county town, he heard sounds of distress that seemed to proceed from Hunt's house. He sprang hastily from his sleigh, and pushing aside the thick hanging that served as a door, started at the scene which presented itself to view. There lay Hunt's wife and the younger little girl on the floor, bleeding and insensible. Mary was bending over her mother, and bathing her head with a wet cloth. In one corner on a bundle of rags lay the youngest child sobbing in a smothered tone, as if wishing to relieve itself by tears, yet in too much terror to cry aloud; while in the other end, on the straw bed, lay "old Hunt," overcome by the liquor he had been drinking. Mary raised her head as he entered, and said, in a low, beseeching voice,

"Oh, sir, did you see my brother?"

"Where is he?" asked Mr. Day.

"I don't know; but my father came home angry," replied Mary, her voice trembling as she repeated the words '*my father*,' "and put George out of doors; and when my mother begged him not to do so, he pushed her down, knocking her head against the fireplace. Su-

san screamed and held on by mother's clothes, and fell with her."

This was the first time that Mary had ever spoken of her father's treatment of his family. The neighbors had repeatedly questioned her upon the subject, but she always refused to give any answer.

"But what made your father put George out?" Mr. Day inquired.

"He told George to go out and buy something for him to eat, and he could not go, because he had no money. My father did not understand him, because he had been drinking; so he thought George wanted to disobey him, and he said he would take him down to the creek and make him stay there all night."

It was well for "old Hunt" that Mr. Day was a mild, amiable man, or he might have received summary punishment equal to his offence; but he quietly resolved in his own mind to have him arrested the next day, and then taking a lantern from his sleigh, he proceeded to look for George. He found him insensible and benumbed with cold, and, wrapping him up in the buffalo robe, he put him in his sleigh and took him to his own house. A servant was then despatched to "old Hunt's" with bedding and other necessaries for the relief of his family, followed by Mr. and Mrs. Day and a physician—good Mrs. Day having consented to stay there all night with her husband, leaving little George to the care of a kind neighbor.

The physician found Mrs. Hunt revived and not as much hurt as had been feared, although so weakened as to require medical attendance; but little Susan's head was very much injured, and her recovery considered doubtful. With the help of the articles which Mr. and Mrs. Day had sent, both mother and child were soon as comfortably disposed of as possible under the circumstances. Morning came and Mr. Day spoke quietly to Mrs. Hunt of what he considered his duty—the arrest-

ing of her husband. She started, and her pale cheek became flushed with a deep purple, and for a few moments she spoke not: then rising forward in the bed, and seizing hold of his hand, with a voice trembling in its earnestness, she begged him not to do so.

Mr. Day gazed at her in surprise, as he said, "but, Mrs. Hunt you surely can retain no feeling of affection for one of your husband's bad character—in all probability the murderer of your child!"

Her lip quivered, and with a choking voice, she replied, "he was not always so, and even yet I sometimes hope to win him back to what he once was."

Her entreaties prevailed so far with the good natured Mr. Day, as to lead him to refrain for a time, until they saw whether the child recovered; upon condition that Hunt would promise not to leave the house until then.

It was strange that there should be something very familiar to Mrs. Day, in the heart broken countenance of Mrs. Hunt, and stranger still that the association should be connected with the happy days of youth. She sat gazing steadily into the sad face before her, trying to account for this feeling, when suddenly a new thought struck her, and she repeated aloud, "Rosa Lincoln! Can it be bright, happy Rosa Lincoln?"

A faint smile passed over the face of the invalid, as she answered, "Yes; I am, or rather was, Rosa Lincoln."

It would be useless to endeavour to portray the surprise of Mrs. Day on finding that the wasted being before her had been her dearest friend at school. She knew that she had married Simon Willard Hunt, but she certainly did not expect to find in the wretched inebriate Simon Hunt, the noble, dignified, and talented Willard Hunt, who twelve years before won the heart of the belle of her native village. Rosa's father died shortly after her marriage, leaving a large property solely to Willard Hunt, in whom he placed every confidence, with only this provision, that a liberal in-

come should be allowed to his widow during her life. Hunt then removed with his wife and her mother to New York. Every-where his society was courted, and he, dazzled by the brilliancy of his position, saw not his way clearly. Gradually was he led on, step by step, through the different grades of intemperance, to his present degradation. Mrs. Lincoln's health had always been very delicate. She had been nurtured in prosperity, and, not being able to bear adversity, she sunk under it. This was a trial hard for Rosa to bear. She had long ceased to respect the character of her husband, but she would fain cling with something like affection to him, who had once formed to her a world of happiness. Her mother's death, under any circumstances, would have been a severe trial; but that her mother should die through the misconduct of one with whom she was so closely connected, was misery almost beyond endurance. She had exerted her powers to the utmost to provide for the wants of her children and sick mother. Constant application to her needle, through the long hours of midnight, brought on a disease of the eyes, and she was forced to follow the most menial employments, until her health was gone and her spirit broken: yet for her children's sake she forced herself to live through this the bitterest woe of all. Soon after they were obliged to leave the mean habitation they occupied, on account of her inability to pay even the small pittance demanded for rent, and Hunt removed to their present abode.

It was late in the morning before Hunt was aroused from the stupor of intoxication. Dr. Grant was there, and the sight of him and Mrs. Day recalled to his mind a dim recollection of what had occurred the night before. Degraded as he was, a feeling of shame came over him, but, expecting reproach, he put on an air of dogged carelessness, as he threw himself upon the remains of an old bench under one of the windows. His wife raised her eyes upon hearing the noise, and then, repressing a heavy sigh, turned

away her head. No other notice was taken of him, and the doctor continued giving orders about the removal of little Susan, who still remained insensible,—Mr. Day upon hearing the story of his wife's former friend, having insisted upon the immediate removal of the family to a comfortable house belonging to him, that happened then to be vacant, and which the neighbours by general contribution had supplied with furniture sufficient to ensure their comfort.

"Doctor," asked Mrs. Hunt anxiously, as he was about leaving, "is there any hope of her recovery?"

"I would not deceive you by false hopes;" he replied: "at present she is very low; I shall probably be better able to answer your question to-morrow."

The effect of this answer upon Simon Hunt was electrical. He jumped up hastily, and, seizing Dr. Grant's arm, with a strong force drew him back, as he was crossing the doorway. Then looking earnestly in his face, he said, "Doctor, did you say that Susan would not recover? do not tell me that there is *no hope!* Cure her, and I will give you"—here he stopped, suddenly recollecting his extreme poverty. "I have nothing to give," he continued, "but use all your skill, and here I solemnly promise that I will work steadily for years, until I can pay you; and God will reward you till then, in the sweet consciousness he will give you of having saved the life of one of his own cherubs, as well as saving me from adding the murder of a very angel to the long list of my other crimes."

Dr. Grant was amazed—he had not thought the miserable man capable of such feeling. He did not know that through all his guilt this child had been loved fervently by Simon Hunt. Towards the rest of his family at times he seemed to bear a deep hatred, and, under the effects of intoxication, treated them brutally; but Susan was always treated kindly, and she alone possessed an influence over him. Her little hand often restrained, when a strong arm would have been powerless. This love for Susan was the

hope that supported Mrs. Hunt through many severe trials. She felt while this lasted, he could not be entirely devoid of feeling, and might still be saved. It was not strange that Simon Hunt loved little Susan, for it would have required degradation even deeper than his, to look upon her bright face unmoved. A moss rose blooming upon the burning deserts of Arabia, could not have seemed more out of place, than she appeared to be amid those scenes of wretchedness. The mother, and her other children, bore upon their faces the marks of woe: but not so Susan—a bright smile was always playing upon her face of exceeding beauty; and her bird-like voice rang out the merry thoughts of her heart, when the rest were filled with sorrow. It was not that she was *unfeeling*—oh, no! her changing countenance, and varying expression would have forbade such a supposition. But she was full of hope, and seemed formed to be loved and cherished, and, in return, to love and cheer others.

Dr. Grant, with the rest of the villagers, had often spoken of the extreme loveliness of the child, but, as I said before, he did not know that she had woven herself, as it were into the very existence of her inebriate father, and he wondered at the feeling Hunt displayed. The good doctor had long been president of the Ashedale Temperance Society, and had been the means of reforming many a drunkard; but "old Hunt," seemed so wicked, that he thought all efforts made for him would be vain. Now he saw him in a new light, and he felt that there was still hope; so releasing his arm from the father's grasp, he said, "Mr. Hunt, I will promise you to use every effort in my power for the restoration of your child, not for money, or for years of service, but on condition that you will sign this very hour a temperance pledge that I have in my pocket."

Hunt was silent for a moment, and then replied, "Doctor, if I were to make such a promise, I would keep it, even if it were to kill me."

"I believe you," said Dr. Grant.

Hunt seemed to be thinking for about a minute, when little Susan, after giving a heavy sigh, repeated the word '*father.*' She was unconscious of what she said, but this was the first word that she had spoken since the night before, and it decided the father. He reached his hand to the doctor, and said, "Give me the paper, and I promise you, that if God, whom I have so fearfully disobeyed, will but aid me, and, if with such assistance it is in the power of mortal, I will never drink again."

"With such help you cannot fail," answered the doctor, as Hunt signed the paper.

Little Susan recovered, again to cheer the hearts of her parents. Once more Mrs. Hunt's sorrowful face wore a smile, and Mary's countenance lost its sad expression.

## PAUL BEFORE FELIX.

BY MRS. C. H. ESLING.

Enthroned in state sat Felix of Cesarea,
While Paul, the man of God, discoursed of heaven;
First spake he of the light that gilds the soul,
The glorious light of righteousness, the ray
That like a star illumes the clouds of night,
The blessed faith of Christ, the manger born,
Humble of heart, but glorious of soul.

Felix was mute while the Apostle spoke
Of the bright things of heaven, of messengers
That stood, in vestal raiment, round the throne
Of the great God Almighty—of the choir
That hymned incessant worship to his name,
Of bands of brothers parted on the earth,
United firmly in his kingdom there;
Of weeping mourners, whose wrung hearts attest
That earth is no abiding place—but God,
Won by the light of righteousness for aye
Endureth to the end.

Felix was moved,
But Paul, by holy inspiration fired,
Still pictured to his fast awaking sense
What deeds on earth won that bright home on high;

He spake of Temperance, that pure guide, who leaned
In watchful vigilance beside our souls,
Winning them from that darker fiend, who stood
Between them and their glorious heritage;
That gentle minister, whose pleasing haunts
Are found in grassy dells, and flowery vales,
In nature's walks, beneath a willow shade,
Wherever glides a little running stream,
Wherever leaps a torrent, bold and strong,
Where e'er a fountain sings its silvery tune,
Where e'er a bright cascade, with flashing gleam
Scatters its foamy waters to the sun,
Her influence soft is felt, with peace, and love,
With hope, and health, and happiness, she lures
Her votaries to the shrine, the pure free gift
Of a beneficent and loving God,
She offers unto them, a bright gemm'd cup,
With dewy diamonds sparkling round its brim,
Fresh from the fount of heaven.

He listen'd on
'Till Paul spake of the fearful day to come,
The day of retribution, when the heavens
Shall be roll'd up even as a burning scroll,
And all our acts asked of us at our hands.
Then Felix trembled, bidding him begone
'Till a convenient season.—*Now* it is,
Accept the hand held out to thee in love,
And like those spirits round the eternal throne,
Step forth in all thy purity of soul,
And hymn incessant worship to the cause
Of peaceful, truthful TEMPERANCE.

## LAMENTATIONS III. 33.

"*For he doth not afflict willingly, (in Margin,* 'From the heart,') *nor grieve the children of men.*"

BY REV. WALTER S. DRYSDALE.

As when God's finger shuts the eye of day,
That man may see the bright and countless orbs
That gem immensity—nor think that he absorbs,
With his small world, His utter care;—so may
We, when the night of sorrow settles down,
And a felt darkness o'er the spirit creeps,
Look out upon the wide, mysterious deeps
Of Providence, and see bright stars;—so drown
Our rebel mutt'rings with the silent thought
That God does not afflict us "from his heart,"
But that, when with the light of joy He bids us part,
'Tis that we may look up to stars in heav'n—and love Him
as we ought.

AUGUST 12, 1846.

# MIND AND EDUCATION.

## OR THE EFFECT OF CIRCUMSTANCES ON CHARACTER.

BY HORACE GREELEY.

No reflecting mind can hesitate to admit that to a great extent the Circumstances shape the Man. None of us would have difficulty in pointing out among his circle one at least who would be a Catholic at Rome, a Turk (if born such) at Constantinople, an idolater at Pekin—would it be as easy to instance one who would *not* be thus moulded? As with the highest of all human affirmations—Faith in God—so with our lower deeds and developments. All know that the mountaineer is more hardy than the dweller in the vales beneath—the native of a rugged climate than he who is ripened beneath an equatorial sun. Have not the raw breezes from snow-clad heights been ever held an inspiration to the soul of Liberty? Is not the sailor oftenest born beside the heaving expanse which he chooses for his home? I would not explain *all* differences of character or capacity by the action of extraneous influences on the immortal spirit—the organs of the Phrenologist, the decrees of the fatalist, the circumstances of the Owenite—and yet I shrink from the temerity of setting bounds to their sway. Though we speak of the inscrutable ways of the Deity, we accuse only our own imperfectness of vision. The eye of Faith, and not less that of Reason, recognizes in all His ways

regular successions of effect to cause, from the warming into life of an insect to the creation of a world. If, then, we read that the son and heir of a wise and good ruler proved a weak yet bloody tyrant, let us not rashly infer the procession of evil from good. We have yet to be assured that the good king was an equally good father—that pressing cares of state, or possibly some defect of character, did not incline him to neglect the great duty of training up his son, and imbuing him with the seeds of all moral good. So with the reprobate and outcast scion of an exemplary house—we *say*, indeed, that his opportunities of good were equal to those of his brethren, and his temptations to wrong no greater than theirs; but how do we *know?* It were well for the safety of our ready and confident assertions, if we had first assured ourselves that no inherent vice of physical organization—no bodily defect preceding the susceptibility to a moral impression—no silent, unnoted, but yet potent agency, has produced the disparity we observe and lament—before we had so positively concluded that men may gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles.

Yet let us not hotly and heedlessly pursue this truth till we lose ourselves and it in the mazes of error, the opposite of that we would dissipate. There is very much of human attainment dependent on Circumstances; let us not forget how much also—I will not say how vastly more—depends on essential Man. There is a deplorably immense multitude who live but to eat bounteously and daintily—with whom the sum of life is practically to compass the largest amount of rich viands and gaudy trappings, with the smallest outlay of effort or perseverance to procure them—this mass will be at Rome Romans, at Moscow Russians, and nothing more. There will be some small varieties or shadings of individual character, calculated to gratify by their study the minute curiosity of an entomologist, and interesting to him only.

But let one of these human ephemera be awakened, however casually or blindly, to the higher impulses, the nobler ends of our being, and he is instantly transferred to a different world—or rather the world which surrounds him takes on a different aspect, and what before was bleak waste, or dull expanse of wooded height and low herbage, assumes a deep, spiritual significance. To his unfolding, wondering soul, Nature is no more a poet's rhapsody, a chemist's generalization, but a living presence, a solemn yet cheering companionship. No matter whether he be, in social position, a peer or a peasant, by birth Danish or Egyptian,—one glance at the world within has placed him with those whose countrymen and brethren are mankind. He has no need now to change his daily pursuit or outward condition, for he has risen by inevitable force to an atmosphere of serenity, above the influence of merely external influences and petty limitations. He has not toilsomely but naturally attained a condition in which the soul no longer blindly pants for eminence or homage, but realizes intensely that nobly to *do*, for the sake of nobly *doing* and its intrinsic results—rightly to *be*, for the sake of rightly *being*—discarding "the lust to shine or rule," is the true end of life.

And here let me hazard the remark, that our inquietness, our ant-hill bustle, is the severest criticism on our present intellectual condition and effort. True greatness may be said to resemble the water in some perennial fountain, which rises ever and spontaneously, because in communication with some exhaustless reservoir more capacious and higher than itself; while the *effort* to be great is like the stream forced up by some engine or hydrant, which towers a moment unsteadily, and then falls to water but the weeds by the way-side. And thus our young men of promise, who would seem to be touched by a live coal from off the altar of Genius—whom we are led fondly to regard as the light and hope of our

age—the heralds and the hasteners of that fairer future which our hearts so throbbingly anticipate—seem for the most part to lack that element of natural quietude, of unconscious strength, which we are rightly accustomed to consider a prediction and an accompaniment of the highest manhood. Here in some rude hamlet—in some boorish neighbourhood—there starts into view a rare youth, whom the Divine spark would seem to have quickened—who bids fair to freshen by at least a chaplet the dusty pathway of human endeavour. But forthwith the genius must be bandaged into rigidity—some Education Society, or kindred contrivance for the promotion of dullness and mediocrity, must take hold of him and place him in its go-cart—there must be tomes of word-knowledge and the petrifactions of bygone wisdom hurled through his cranium—he must be led away from all useful labour of the hands, and his already precocious intellect subjected to the hot-house culture of some seminary, no matter how unsuited to his mental or social condition; thus losing his independence, essential and pecuniary, and putting his whole life upon a single throw of the dice, and they so loaded that the chances are heavily against him. And this is called developing the man and making the most of his natural gifts, though it would seem quite as likely to blast them altogether. With new scenes and an utter transformation of attitude and aims, come strange and dizzying excitement, extravagant hopes, inordinate ambition, along with novel temptings to dissipation on the one hand, as well as to excessive study on the other. I will not say that the result of this course may not in most instances be satisfactory; I only urge that you put at hazard the youth whom *Nature* has marked for noble ends, trusting to make of him the man of profound acquirements, who, after all, may be worth less than the material out of which he was constructed. May we not rather trust something to Nature? Would

we willingly exchange to-day the Robert Burns she gave us for his counterpart educated in a University? Would we not prefer that the poor, rudely-taught Ayrshire ploughman had never seen Edinburgh and its cultivated circles at all?

And yet I have only taken hold of one corner of the forcing system. Its widest if not its worst evils are felt by those our *impromptu* collegian leaves behind him—in the conviction impressed upon the youth left in the hamlet that they can never be any thing but ox-drivers, because they cannot enjoy the advantages of what is termed a classical education. There the poison of disquiet and discontent—the irresolution to act worthily under a mistaken impression that adverse circumstances have forbidden that any thing shall worthily be done. I confess I look with anxiety on what seems to me the perverted aspiration so universal among us. There is an incessant straining for outward and visible advantages—to be Legislators, Governors, professional men, Teachers—there is too little appreciation of that greatness which is intrinsic, and above the reach of accident. I am not insensible to the advantages of a systematic induction into all the arcana of science,—of a knowledge of languages, and a mastery of their vast treasures—the possession even of power and its honors. All these are well in their way, but they are not within the legitimate reach of all who feel that they have souls. More intently than even these I would have our young men contemplate and be moulded upon such characters and lives as those of our Franklin, the penniless active apprentice, the thriving, contented mechanic, the peerless philosopher, the idolized yet not flattered ambassador; our Washington, carrying the surveyor's chain through swamp and brier, forming with his own hatchet a rude raft for crossing the deep-shaded, savage-hunted Ohio, long and ably defending his country at the head of her armies, at length laying aside the cares of a nation's destinies, resisting the affectionate entreaties of millions that he

would continue to bear sway over half a continent, in order that he may enjoy for the brief remainder of an active glorious life, the blessing of the domestic fire-side, the untroubled sleep which comes only to the couch of private life. There is here a sweet unconsciousness of greatness, that we realize and cling to at a glance. We recognise under every change of circumstances, the strong and true man, superior to any freak of Fortune. No culture could have made these men more or less than they appear alike to us, and to all observers. Is not the lesson they teach us at once distinct and invigorating?

Let me not be misunderstood. I value and prize learning, knowledge, culture, while esteeming Self-Culture and self-development the sum of them all. I would have no youth reject facilities for acquiring them which may fairly and justly present themselves, so that he may embrace them without sacrifice of his proper independence, or neglect of his proper duties and responsibilities as a son, a brother, a citizen. What I object to, is the too common notion that the higher education of the Schools is *essential* to his development and his usefulness in life; thus making the circumstance every thing, the man nothing. If I have not incorrectly observed, the effect of this prevalent impression is often to pervert and misplace the individual whom it specially contemplates, while it is morally certain to work injury to the great mass of his brethren by original condition. A youth in humble life evinces talent, genius, or the love of knowledge, and facility of acquiring it, which are quite commonly confounded with either or both. Forthwith he must be taken hold of and transplanted, and stimulated to acquirement, in an atmosphere and under influences wholly different from those which have thus far nourished and quickened him. Now I do not say that this novel, stimulating process will necessarily mildew or distort him—I do not say that he is inevitably thrust by it into a strange orbit, for which he is unbalanced and unfitted—I do not say that

he will be educated into flightiness or duncehood, though such cases may be—have been. What I would most earnestly insist on, is this, that the continual repetition of this process, confirms our aspiring youth in the mistaken impression that they can be nothing without a collegiate education, and a "profession," while it depresses and stunts the undistinguished many by a still keener humiliation. *They* had not hoped or aspired to give light to others—they had presumed only to sun themselves in the rays of intellect which had burst on their own unnoted sphere. In the young aspirant, to whom their village, their class, had given birth, they recognised with gladness and pride an evidence of the essential brotherhood of man—a link between the lowliest and the most exalted. He has shed a redeeming halo of glory and beauty, of hope and joy, over the triteness and drudgery of their daily paths. But in the first moment of their fond exultation, the unfolding genius expands its new-formed wings and soars beyond their sphere, leaving them to gaze with sinking hearts on its ascending, receding flight, troubled and depressed where they should have been assured and strengthened. As a farmer, an artisan in their midst, he would have been their glory and blessing—their "guide, philosopher and friend"— for there is nothing in the contact of genius which discourages or disconcerts; but he flies away to some distant city or seminary, and now he is no longer *of* them, but has visibly enrolled himself in a different class, whose members they may admire, look up to, and even reverence, but cannot clasp in the bonds of a true and genial sympathy. There are too many folds of papyrus between his heart and theirs. What I would urge then, is this, that the deep want of our time is not a greater number of scholars, professional men, pastors, educators, (though possibly there may be some improvement here in the quality): the need of new, strong, penetrating and healthy men is felt rather in the less noticeable walks of life. We need to bring the sunlight of Gen-

ius to bear on the common walks—to dignify the sphere as well as facilitate the operations of the useful arts; to hallow and exalt the pathway of honest, unpretending industry. It is here that the next decided movement is needed, and will be made in the way of human progress—not a pushing forward of the van-guard, but a bringing up of the main body. The deep want of the time is that the vast resources and capacities of mind, the far stretching powers of Genius and of science, be brought to bear practically and intimately on agriculture, the mechanic arts, and all the now rude and simple processes of day labour, and not merely that these processes may be perfected and accelerated, but that the benefits of the improvement may accrue in at least equal measure to those whose accustomed means of livelihood—scanty at best—are interfered with and overturned by the change. Not merely that these be measurably enriched, but that they be informed and elevated by the vast industrial transformations now in progress or in embryo, is the obvious requirement. Here opens a field for truly heroic exertion and achievement, far wider and nobler than that of any political heroism of ancient or modern time, because its results must be deeper, more pervading, more enduring. I would insist, then, that our youth of promise, shall not be divorced from the physical toil, the material interests of our and their natal condition, while qualifying themselves for the highest spheres of usefulness and endeavour. I would not have them, like Geography in our atlasses, contemplate that hemisphere in which the greatest advances have already been effected, to the exclusion of that wherein the greatest triumphs yet remain to be achieved. I would not have them bedeck themselves in the spoils of by-gone victories, and forget that the adversaries, Ignorance and Obstacle yet remain formidable and imminent.

But above all I would have no youth feel that he is deprived the opportunities of a useful and honourable, if he please, a lofty and heroic career, because the means of ob-

taining a classical education are denied him. I will not point him to the many who have inscribed their names high on the rolls of enviable fame without such education, for the logic therein implied might as well be used to reconcile him to the loss of an eye or an arm. I will not argue to him that circumstances are indifferent or unimportant; I have freely admitted the contrary. But I would urge to such a one that the *essential* circumstance is the awakening of the soul to a consciousness of its own powers and responsibilities, and that this is determined in the very fact of his seeking, with eye single and heart pure, a larger development, a more thorough culture. This point attained, let him doubt nothing, fear nothing, save his own steadiness of purpose, and loftiness of aim. Be not discouraged, then, awakened youth in some lowly cottage, some boorish valley, by the magnitude of others' attainments, the richness of others' facilities for acquiring and investigating, as contrasted with the seeming poverty of your own; but remember and be reverently thankful that the same high stars which, shining so brightly upon the palace, the university, the senate-house, have kindled the souls of philosophers, sages, statesmen, in time past, now look down as kindly inspiringly on you; and in the fact, that they have touched an answering chord within you, is an earnest that their companionship shall never more be sullen nor fruitless. From this hour shall all Nature be your teacher, your ministrant; her infinite grandeur no longer a barren pageant; her weird and solemn voices no more unmeaning sounds. Though they should come to you no more at second hand, from the lips of her Pindar, her Shakspeare, they can never more be hushed or unheeded; they have passed from the realm of darkness, of doubt, of speculation, and become to you the deepest and grandest realities of Human Life!

## THE TEMPERANCE BANNER.

BY THE EDITOR.

Not in the brazen pomp of war,
  Not with the sound of martial drum,
Not with the blight of wound and scar,
  Doth the mighty conqueror, TEMPERANCE, come:
His arms are the things that make for peace—
His contests bid all warfare cease.

Not in the dew of the widow's tear
  Like the warrior's wreath, is his chaplet green;
Before him runs no shivering fear
  And in his train no woe is seen,—
But he wipes the tear from Sorrow's eyes,
And bids from the dust the stricken arise.

Not in the breath of the orphan's sigh
  Like warlike flag, doth his banner wave,
Around him sounds no wailing cry,
  Beside him gapes no hideous grave,—
But, in his care, the orphans blest
Strew flowers on the place where their fathers rest.

Not in the hoarse and husky voice
  Of fiends triumphant, peals our shout,
But the cheerful heart that must rejoice
  In musical utterance, gushes out,—

As the water glad, from the hidden spring,
Seeketh the light to dance and sing.

Proud is the Banner that we bear,
With Love emblazoned upon its fold,—
Love that can soothe all woes and care,
Love that *does* gild refined gold;
No sense of alms the spirit may fret,
When a brother receives a brother's debt.

Purity washes away the stain,
Fidelity mentions it never more,—
The fallen man is a man again,
And wins more friends than he knew before;
Nor, in adversity, pass they by,
For once become friends, they are friends for aye.

Flock to the Banner then, one and all,
Maiden and mother, and son and sire:
Rescue a world from the deadening thrall!
Deprive of its victims the withering fire!
Save! 'tis a mother appeals for her child—
A daughter implores you in accents wild!

# RETALIATION:

A TALE, BY MRS. HUGHES,

AUTHOR OF "AUNT MARY'S TALES," "ORNAMENTS DISCOVERED," &c. &c.

## CHAPTER I.

"But what are your difficulties, my dear sir?" asked Mr. Dudley, of his friend Dr. Grey, the rector of the beautiful church lately built at Islington. "I confess I never anticipated your having any, as you always appeared to treat my son with particular marks of partiality."

"I will state them frankly," replied the clergyman; "and I hope to hear you acknowledge that they are not unreasonable; though you only do me justice, when you say, that I have always been exceedingly partial to your son."

"Then, if that is the case, what objection can you have to giving him your daughter?"

"You shall hear, if you have patience to listen," returned the rector smiling good temperedly. "But I must be allowed to state my arguments, in my own way!"

"But you must not make your way a very round-about one; you ought to consider the natural feelings of a father."

"I will do so; and in the first place, will state, that my difficulties do not lie altogether on the side of your son. Alice comes in for a share, for I consider her much too young to enter into any engagement of the kind."

"Oh! that is a fault she will keep mending of every day she lives; and as her attachment to my son is not a sudden partiality to a stranger, but an affection that has been growing with her growth, and strengthening with her strength, as I may say, from infancy, she may be allowed, though young, to have a pretty good knowledge of his character."

"You are perfectly right, my dear sir, as far as Temple's character is yet known to any of us. But the same difficulty that I have with respect to Alice, appertains likewise to your son. Alice I look upon as a mere child, for a girl of eighteen is very little better; and Temple, though possessed of as many amiable and prepossessing qualities, both mental and personal, as any young man I ever knew, is yet, in my estimation, too young, for his habits and principles to be considered established."

"Why, Doctor! he has completed his twenty-first year, an age at which the law itself admits a man to be at maturity."

"I must beg to be excused taking the law as my guide in this instance, my friend," said the rector gently; "and with regard to your son, especially, for——"

"For what, Doctor?" interrupted the father of the young man, impatiently. "Can you allege a single thing against my son, either with regard to religion or morality? Did you ever know a young man more regular in his religious duties, or more strictly moral in his conduct?"

"Never! as far as I have had an opportunity of observing him; but, as I said before, I consider him too young yet for his character to be established; and especially, (if you will permit me to finish my sentence,) with the

many amusing and engaging qualities which he possesses."

"I suppose you would be better satisfied to have your daughter marry a stupid humdrum-sort of a fellow that nobody ever cared either to hear or see!"

"No! There is no one I would better like to see Alice the wife of than Temple Dudley, provided he had passed safely through the fiery ordeal that qualities such as his must inevitably be exposed to."

"What do you mean, Doctor? What do you apprehend? I cannot understand your difficulties."

"I mean this, my friend; and I assure you, I do not intend any disparagement to your son, when I say it, that Temple is still very young, and it is only within a short time that he has been in actual possession of one of the most dangerous qualifications that a young man can possibly have. Indeed,—"

"Upon my word, Doctor!" again interrupted the impatient and irritable parent, "you are determined to try my feelings to the utmost. What in the name of goodness is there about Temple Dudley that the most fastidious could call dangerous?"

"An exquisitely sweet voice, and a highly cultivated taste for music! Nay, more—his voice, though so perfectly melodious, is far from having attained its utmost power; and, as it improves, the dangers by which he is beset will increase in proportion."

"But what are those dangers that you apprehend so much? Are you afraid of his vanity being fed to an undue degree? If you are, I assure you, the fear is groundless, for I believe there never was a creature more free from the vice in this world."

"I believe it."

"Then what is it that you fear?"

"I fear the temptations of company, that beset a young man who possesses so high a source of amusement, and

especially when that talent is accompanied (as is very seldom the case,) with great conversational powers, and an almost improvisitorial genius."

"But Temple has no dissipated habits to indulge. His dispositions and principles are all in complete opposition to every thing of the kind."

"That I sincerely believe is the case at present; but, my dear friend, he has not yet been tried. It is not many months since his voice became perfectly clear, and even now, though it is regulated with great taste and science, it is far from what it will be hereafter. But yet, such as it is, united with his other highly pleasing qualities, it has acquired him a name, and caused his company already to be courted by the idle and gay, as a powerful auxiliary to aid the festive party, and I tremble for the consequences to his moral character."

"But have you seen any effect that has yet been produced upon him? Is he not as sober, domestic and regular in all his habits as he ever was? Does he not always show that his highest enjoyment is to be by your daughter's side, and join in all her pursuits, of either pleasure or improvement?"

"Undoubtedly he does, and I again assure you, that I have the highest respect and esteem for him; but still I know too well the weakness of human nature, and the powerful effect of example, not to feel the danger to which those must always be exposed, who are fool-hardy enough to put themselves in the way of temptation."

"One would really imagine, from your manner of talking, that Temple was in the habit of frequenting taverns, and of indulging in all sorts of riotous living; whereas, you know, that five evenings out of the seven are almost invariably spent in this house, or at least in your daughter's company."

"You do not seem to understand me, my dear Mr. Dudley," said the rector, in a tone of urbanity and kind-

ness, "or you would never imagine that I meant to lay any thing to the charge of your son's present character or conduct. In fact, had I had the slightest suspicion of any thing being amiss with him, in either of these respects, he would never have had the free access to my house that he has always had. But I must confess that it has, for some time, been a matter of extreme regret to me, to find that his engagements amongst a set of young men, whose habits are very far from being unexceptionable, are becoming more and more frequent."

"Oh, pooh! pooh! What are they, after all? He may, perhaps, have been at a matter of half a dozen supper or dinner parties within the last six months; but surely, that is not sufficient to throw suspicion on a young man who never yet was seen even in a state of excitement. No, no, Doctor! believe me, you are too rigid, and carry your clerical strictness beyond the bounds of moderation."

"I am very willing to hope that my caution will be found to be unnecessary, my good friend; but yet my duty as a parent requires that I should pause, and examine well, before I entrust the future welfare of my child into the keeping of one who dares to expose himself to temtations and examples of so pernicious and insidious a nature. I heard him enumerating to Alice, last evening, several engagements that he had on hand, for the next few weeks. Such as an oyster supper, which young Winter has to give in the course of a night or two, in payment of a wager that he has lost; a great club dinner is to follow, and a variety of similar appointments, which sounded more dangerous to my ears than an attack of a wild beast, or a station at the cannon's mouth; for these could only endanger the body, but those threaten to demoralize and destroy the inward man."

"But you had better wait till you see that they have had a bad effect upon him, before you denounce them so

bitterly. If you had ever seen him in a state of intoxication, I should not so much have wondered at your alarm."

"Had I ever seen him in that state, I should have given him up, as far as my duties as a Christian minister would have permitted; and as a visiter to my daughter, he would no longer have had admission into this house; but even though that were never to be the case, there are so many other vices attending upon these meetings, so much, that has a deteriorating effect upon the finer points of the moral character, that nothing could ever induce me to give my consent to my daughter's forming an engagement with any one who frequented them."

"But what security is so good for a man's abstaining from all such amusements, as his having an amiable and affectionate wife? With such a home as Alice would make for any man who was so fortunate as to gain her, there would be little inducement to him to go abroad in search of pleasure."

"But the disposition to go abroad in the way, at least, that I have spoken of, must be conquered, before I can possibly commit my Alice's happiness on so precarious a chance."

"Oh, if that is all, I am confident that Temple will give it up the very moment you require it. Indeed, so entirely is he devoted to your daughter, that I am sure he would be willing to make much greater sacrifices for her sake, should you demand them of him."

"But sacrifices, my dear sir, would not satisfy my misgivings, on my child's account. It is not a sacrifice that I require, but a voluntary abandonment of the dangerous course he is now pursuing, from a conviction of its vicious tendency. Nothing short of that can make the reformation secure. Were he to give it up merely for the sake of gaining the object at which he is aiming, the chance is, that he would again be drawn into the

same snare, as soon as the novelty of his married life was worn off; for those who have given themselves up to this mad career, are always on the watch to draw others after them into the exciting vortex."

"Am I then to understand, from what you say, that you have determined to withhold your consent to the wishes of these two young creatures, who have been allowed to indulge their hopes for so long a time?"

"Not entirely; but Alice is much too young to be permitted, at present, to enter into an engagement of so momentous a nature. I must insist, therefore, that things may be left as they at present stand, till one year more, at least, has passed over her head; and perhaps before then Temple may have seen his danger, and escaped from it before it is too late."

"Oh, it will only be necessary for him to know of your alarm, to put a stop to all cause of it at once."

"But that, as I told you before, will not satisfy me. The thing must be done as his own free act and will, or I should feel no confidence in it; and I depend on your well known principles of honor not to make my difficulties known to him. As a parent you have a right to advise and recommend, but not to make it an alternative for the gaining of my consent. My having deferred giving that consent for a twelvemonth must be attributed to Alice's extreme youth entirely."

"That was the only difficulty that he believed to stand in the way of his wishes; and after having obtained Alice's permission to apply to you, he proposed that I should be the speaker—for so little did he anticipate your having any serious objection, that he believed the arrangement of money matters was all that was necessary, and therefore thought that I was the fittest person to speak to you, as best able to tell you what I meant to do for him, and I came prepared to show you that I was not niggardly in my intentions."

"That is a subject on which I have no anxiety, my dear sir," said the reverend gentleman, smiling. "I am not an advocate for young people commencing life in too expensive a manner. Simplicity and economy are two virtues which ought not to be frightened away by ostentation and splendor; and should the day ever arrive when these two young people, who, I am sure, are most sincerely attached to each other, are united, I hope you will agree with me in making their outfit on this principle." As the rector spoke, he held out his hand with a look of cordiality and kindness to his friend, who, as he took it, made an evident effort to reciprocate the sentiment, but his countenance told a tale of disappointment that he in vain endeavored to conceal.

## CHAPTER II.

Alice Grey! Not the Alice Grey sung of yore, but as sweet and lovely a being, as ever minstrel tuned his harp to, or poet poured his lay, was seated in what she had playfully called her palace, till the name became quite established in the family; though it had only a very few additional square feet, to distinguish it from what in common parlance would be called a light closet. It was tastefully fitted up, however, for her excellent father who was a rich man, though he at all times discouraged whatever had the appearance of ostentatious extravagance, was always glad to supply her with the means of gratifying her taste, and exercising her ingenuity; and both had been brought into full play in the arrangement of this little fairy palace within; and so embowered was it with roses, honeysuckles, myrtles, and a variety of other flowering shrubs without, that it might almost have been taken for the centre of that labyrinth, in which the fair Rosamond had once

concealed her charms. Here, as we have said, the sweet Alice was seated, and might have been taken for the queen of a Lilliputian kingdom, for she was surrounded by dolls of every size and description; from the chimney-sweep to the grand turk himself, all arranged in full show on a large table before her. A charitable institution, for the maintainance of destitute orphans, had a short time before the period at which our story commences, been burnt down, and the poor inmates who escaped the flames were thrown upon the charity of the surrounding population, till their asylum could be rebuilt; and in aid of the funds necessary for its re-establishment, a fair, for the sale of all kinds of fancy articles, was in preparation. Mrs. Grey, as being an exceedingly influential woman, whose example would have a great effect in leading others into "the path they should go" but still more it is believed, as being the mother of a daughter, whose charms would give popularity, and attraction to the place of exhibition, had been solicited by the committee of managers to take a table; and as it was simply a charitable institution, unconnected with any sectarian restrictions, her husband had warmly seconded the application; and had overcome even her maternal scruples, which long resisted the idea of exposing her beautiful blossom, that she had matured and tended with so much care, to the vulgar and unhallowed gaze of every casual visitant. But as she of course would always be by her side, and the rector no less watchful than herself of their treasure, promised to keep constantly hovering near them, she at length yielded her reluctant consent; and for this fair Alice had long been engaged in preparing. She had when a mere child, been famous for her taste in dressing dolls, and that period was not so far past, as for her to have lost any of the art; and as her father's purse was always ready to open at every demand she made upon it for materials, it may well be imagined, that there was a gorgeous display of beauty and elegance arranged before her. Thus Alice

sat enthroned in her fairy realm, arranging the folds of a beautiful lace polka, and at the same time, practising her part of a duett, that she expected to sing that evening with Dudley, (for Alice though in love, felt so assured of the worth of the object and the approbation of all connected, that her love had nothing of sadness in it) when the door opened, not as by the touch of a magic wand, but by her father's hand being placed on the lock; and that same parent immediately entered. The roses that peeped in at the window, as if anxious to view their kindred blossom, might have envied the rich hue that tinged Alice's cheeks, as her eyes encountered those of her father; and had Temple been within hearing of the sounds that at the same moment were emitted from her lips, though she struggled to sing in her usually unconcerned manner, he would have thought there was but a poor prospect of their having harmony in their music, whatever there might be in their hearts, when they mingled their voices in the duett.

"I am glad to find you alone Alice," said the rector, as he placed a chair by his daughter's side. Alice stopped her singing, but kept pulling and twitching the poor polka with as little mercy as fashionable dress makers often exercise, when fitting larger babies, who for the sake of dress exhibit a degree of patient endurance unknown to them, at any other time. "Put that doll aside for a while, my dear," said the parent, "for at present I want your undivided attention."

Alice did as she was desired, and began to examine her nails with intense interest. "Do you know that I have had a visiter already this morning?" asked the doctor, looking at his daughter with a smile. Alice was strongly tempted to say "no!" but she was above the meanness of a falsehood, and therefore replied, "Yes! sir!"

"And I suppose you are aware of the business that he came upon?" continued the father. Alice was silent and still continued to examine her nails very minutely; but on

observing as she held up her beautiful little hands for that purpose, that they might actually be seen to tremble, her kind parent took pity on her confusion, and speaking in a more serious tone, he said, "I hope my dear child you will not think me unkind when you hear that I have refused to sanction any engagement between you and Temple Dudley for the present; both because you are too young yet, to venture upon any thing so momentous, and because Temple's character is yet to be tried." Alice raised her eyes for the first time to her father's face, and fixed their large full expressive orbs on it, with a look that said as plainly as any words could have spoken it: "Can it be possible that you have a doubt of Temple Dudley's character?" The rector saw and understood all that her looks expressed; and immediately proceeded to state the arguments which we have already heard him detail, that led him to consider it necessary to give the young man a longer trial, before he ventured to place so sacred a trust in his hands. "Temple," he continued in a gentle, affectionate voice; "has had but a short trial of the wonderful powers he possesses, for he is yet a very young man, and his voice was later in developing itself than common. Its extraordinary sweetness and power, now however, and the science with which he manages it, excite so much admiration, and make him so desirable a guest at the festive board, that it will require more than common prudence and resolution to withstand the temptations by which he is sure to be surrounded. We must, therefore, wait a while my Alice, and see how he stands the test; for I could never forgive myself, were I to allow you to expose yourself to the misery of finding that you were a neglected wife, while he was contributing to the bacchanalian hilarity of those who valued him, only in proportion as he contributed to their amusement. But if my child, by the time that you have completed your nineteenth year, I find him still uncontaminated by the voice of popularity, and disposed

rather to withdraw from, than seek the dangers to which he has lately so frequently exposed himself, I shall no longer make any objection to your union; for it is not what Temple Dudley now is, but what I dread his becoming, that makes me hesitate."

Alice looked at her father with an expression of love and gratitude, for she saw in the stipulation that he had made nothing but the sweet assurance that she would ultimately be the wife of the man she loved; and as to the year of probation, she felt it was both prudent and right for them both; for though she had no doubt of her lover's acquitting himself in every thing as she could wish, she had too much good sense, not to see the propriety of her father's determination. After a few minutes pause the rector continued in a more solemn tone. "Alice you have ever been an obedient and dutiful child, and are convinced I am sure that my object in every thing I do, is to secure your happiness, as far as lies in my power. You will not therefore I hope, refuse me one promise, which is, that if he should once so far forget himself as to give way to inebriety, you will promptly withdraw from him nor seek again to prevail upon me to sanction the connection. Can you venture to promise this Alice?" continued the affectionate parent, as he looked with tender solicitude in his daughter's face.

"Yes! my dearest father on my bended knees, I make you the promise," and as Alice spoke she sank on her knees, and raised her beautiful eyes to heaven; "and I do it the more readily, because the request is sanctioned by my own judgment, and because I feel confident that the fulfilment will never be required of me." The rector raised the lovely being whose happiness was so infinitely dear to him, and pressed her fondly to his breast. "You were ever good Alice," said he, "and I trust there is as much happiness in store for you, as your father could reasonably desire. Let Temple only continue to be what he now is, and my highest wishes for you will be gratified."

"Oh! he will continue so, my father," said Alice, with enthusiasm, for the timidity that she had hitherto felt was overcome by her anxiety to vindicate the character of her lover. "He has an innate love and reverence for virtue, that will always protect him from offending against its laws. I will pledge myself for his invincibility against all the insidious attacks that may be made upon him."

"I should grieve to see your confidence shaken, though I would advise you to act as though you did not feel it, and use your influence, which is very great, in drawing him from the paths of temptation. The best way of escaping the danger will be always to act as though you were afraid of it; and though I do not wish that he should know the promise I have exacted, there is a quiet influence that a female always has it in her power to exert, which, though unseen, will, like the effect of the sun and dew on the germ that still lies hidden under ground, bring forth fruit to ripen in eternity." As the kind parent said this, he pressed the coral lips of his lovely daughter, and left her to pursue her labors and her reflections at her will.

Nor was it long before Alice's voice was again heard, singing, "I will meet thee by moonlight alone," with much more precision than when her father had interrupted her strains. As we have before said, Alice's love was not of the sighing kind, for she had the most unbounded confidence in the being on whom she had bestowed it, and a bright and sunny path seemed to be stretched out before her. She had often heard it said, that "the course of true love never did run smooth," but she felt that her's would be an exception, for she saw nothing to oppose their happiness but the simple restriction of one year's probation, and that she was very sure would be passed through with credit and honour; and her judgment told her that, as far as she was herself

concerned, the arrangement was judicious and proper; for while her love remained unchanged, her mind would be more matured, and she would have become more worthy of him who possessed her whole heart.

Alice's peculiar characteristic was affection,—pure, steadfast, unwavering affection,—warm and glowing as a summer's sun; but pure and spotless as her own virgin innocence. A feeling of kindness pervaded her soul towards every thing around her, whether animate or inanimate. She loved the whole world, because the whole world, as far as she had known it, had been kind and good to her; but her God, her parents, and her lover, were entwined with every cord and fibre of her heart. For them, and in them, she seemed to live, and the conviction that her love was returned with equal, if not with tenfold warmth, threw such a charm over her existence, that the world appeared to her a rich and beautiful garden, in which she had nothing to do but to cull the fairest and most fragrant flowers. And what could that garden produce more delightful to a young, sensitive and generous heart, than the pleasure she was then enjoying, of assisting in protecting the innocent and providing for the destitute—and these, whenever they met her view, her father's liberal bounty was always ready to provide her with the means of relieving.

When Dudley appeared in the evening she found him a little disposed to be gloomy and low-spirited, at her father's decision, but she sang, talked and laughed with so much sweetness, and rallied him with so much gentleness and grace, on his want of confidence in either himself or her, that she soon chased the clouds from his brow, and he at length left her with the acknowledgment, that, enjoying as they did a daily intercourse with each other, he had not much right to complain. Delighted to see her lover again cheerful and happy, Alice retired to her chamber with a heart overflowing with gratitude for

the mercies by which she was surrounded. Her head had scarcely touched her pillow when she was roused by the sound of a guitar, called forth by a hand which could not be mistaken; and after listening awhile, a voice no less rich and sweet, that never failed to bring gladness to her heart, fell upon her ear, while she distinguished the following words:

"Sleep! dearest, sleep!
'Mid myrtles and roses—
Sleep! dearest, sleep!
Where beauty reposes!

"Sleep! dearest, sleep!
For naught shall distress thee!
Sleep! dearest, sleep!
For angels will bless thee!

"Sleep! dearest, sleep!
And sweet be thy slumbers!
Sleep! dearest, sleep!
And dream of my numbers!"

"I will try to sleep and dream that I hear them again," said Alice, as the simple words, sung to a strain of exquisite sweetness, died away on her ear.

## CHAPTER III.

"POLE, have you been at the Orphans' Fair?" asked a gay and fashionable-looking young man, of a friend whom he met on the Islington road.

"No, I never go to such places. When I part with my money, I do it with my own free will. I do not like to have it screwed out of my pocket."

"I would advise you to go, however," returned Sir Charles Somerville, the first speaker, "for you will see a

creature there worth all the money you have in your pocket, and a great deal more into the bargain—simply to look at her."

"Who is she?"

"Alice Grey."

"That's Dudley's lady love. Is it not?"

"Yes, and the very personification of his own sweet music. So much so, that in doing homage to her, I think he must feel as though he were worshipping his own inward self."

"I have often heard that she was very pretty," said Pole.

"Pretty! that is not at all the word to apply to Alice Grey," returned the other. "It is not merely that she has bright eyes, rosy cheeks, coral lips, and white teeth, though I believe she has all of these—at least, I did not notice the want of them; but there is a soul-breathing harmony about her, a sprightliness mingled with sensibility, a ——, I cannot tell what to call it; in fact, it is just what I said before—it is Dudley's music personified."

"I must certainly go and see this wonder, whatever it may cost me. Whereabout in the hall is she to be found?"

"You can have no difficulty in finding her; only go where you see the greatest number of gentlemen, and the fewest ladies."

"You may as well turn back and go with me."

"Not I, indeed! I have escaped now with only a scratch, but I should not like to risk the consequences of another look."

"Why, she is not engaged to Dudley. I was told, the other day, on very good authority, that the rector has refused his consent."

"That may be, but her affections are engaged, if ever woman's eye told a true tale in this world. Not that

there is any fulsome love languishing about her, but a quiet, calm, gentle expression of love and confidence, that is never obtrusive, yet cannot be misunderstood."

"Well, all that may be, but she is so young that it is not to be supposed she could not be won by one who was more favored by the rector."

"I would not advise you to make the attempt," said Sir Charles, and putting spurs to his horse, he rode off, while his friend pursued his course to the hall in which the Fair was held. The directions that had been given him were found to be amply sufficient to guide Mr. Pole to the spot where Alice presided, and on seeing her he could not but acknowledge to himself, that, warm as the encomiums of his friend had been, the object of them was superior to the expectations that had been raised. At the moment of his arrival Alice was showing off a cap, that a coarse-featured, middle-aged lady seemed to think of buying, and saying she would like to see it on before she made the purchase. Alice, with great simplicity, placed it on her own head.

"It looks very well now," returned the lady, "but I am afraid I may be deceived with it, as I once was with a bonnet."

"How was that?" asked Alice, still keeping the cap on.

"I once saw a very beautiful young lady," said the cap fancier, "with a bonnet on, that I liked very much. I went off immediately and ordered one like it. It was sent home, made exactly according to order, but when I put it on it did not seem like the same thing, and then I recollected that *I* had it on, and not Peggy Humble." A soft tinge suffused Alice's cheek at this well-applied compliment, and the cap was taken off without any further remark. "I will buy it, for the sake of the wearer," said the lady, putting the money into Alice's hand as she spoke, with a look of great admiration. Our heroine thanked her in so courteous and graceful, and yet so per-

fectly unaffected a manner, that the lady, as if unwilling to lose sight of her, begged her to show some more things that she thought would suit her, that she might extend her purchases. While Alice was thus engaged, Dudley entered the hall, and coming forward joined Pole, who had been standing near Alice and watching her from the moment of his arrival. Till Temple joined him, Pole's presence had been unnoticed by Alice, but immediately her attention was directed towards him, and she heard him say,

"You will be at Winter's supper to-night?"

"Yes, I have promised to be there," was the reply.

Alice involuntarily turned her head and looked at her lover, whose countenance betokened surprise at the expression of hers.

"Well, take care of yourself, for I shall not be there to look after you," said Pole, laughing.

Alice's cheek first flushed and then turned pale, which Dudley seeing, he said, in a tone of petulance,

"I have always, hitherto, been able to take care of myself!"

"But, you know, I have always, *hitherto,* been with you, to bring you home with me at a good sober hour," returned Pole, still laughing as he spoke; but to Alice's ear the laugh seemed to have the discordant sound of a fiend exulting over a victim.

"You will find that I shall be equally safe without your protecting care," said Temple, evidently much chagrined, for he saw the uneasiness that was depicted in Alice's face.

"Ah! you are one of the immaculate ones, who fancy you can never trip, but perhaps the danger is not the less on that account; so I would advise you to take care."

"The advice is good, and shall be attended to," replied Dudley, in a tone of mortification; for though at any other time what Pole had said would have passed as a

mere joke, he saw that it made Alice uneasy, and therefore it vexed him. At this moment, and before Pole had time to speak again, a lady, from an opposite table, came forward, and holding out a guitar to Temple, she said,

"Mr. Dudley, may I beg the favour of you to try this instrument? A gentleman wishes to purchase it, as a present for a friend, but is anxious first to hear its tone."

The young man bowed, and taking the guitar and throwing his fingers over the strings, brought forth such tones as he only could. No sooner were the sounds heard than listeners crowded round the performer from all parts of the room, and numberless requests were made that he would accompany them with his voice. For some time he turned a deaf ear to the petitions, but happening to cast his eye upon Alice, and seeing an expression of uneasiness still on her beloved countenance, a sudden thought seemed to strike him, and after preluding a few notes, his full, rich voice burst out, and with an indescribable expression of persuasive tenderness, he sung the following extempore stanzas:

"Gay and cheerful be thy bosom,
Drive all troubles from thy breast,
For in so bright, so pure a blossom,
No corroding worm must rest.

"Think not that the heart that loves thee
E'er could plant a thorn in thine!
Oh, then, loved one! it behoves thee
To trust the faith and truth of mine.

"For like the buds that close and languish,
When Sol withdraws his cheering ray,
I pine in sad and bitter anguish
When thou appear'st less bright and gay.

"Then light and cheerful be thy bosom—
Drive all troubles from thy breast—
For in so bright and pure a blossom
No corroding worm must rest."

Reiterated bursts of applause and admiration resounded through the hall, long after the music had ceased, and then followed repeated requests for more; but Dudley saw, by the countenance of her he loved, that she had understood and felt his attempt to re-assure her, and that object being accomplished, he turned with indifference from the voice of praise, gave back the guitar to the lady, and then turned to Pole, with a determination that he would make him pay the penalty of the uneasiness he had caused, by drawing him in to making some considerable purchases. This he did, till he had satisfied himself that Pole's purse was considerably lighter, and Alice's proportionably heavier, which gratified him the more, as he knew that money was a thing that the gentleman always parted with reluctantly.

"Are you really going to that supper to-night?" asked Alice, as Dudley stood near her, when there were a few moments cessation from business.

"I must go. It is a promise of two or three weeks standing."

"It is very unpleasant to me to think of your associating with such company," said Alice, and as she spoke a watery gleam shot from her beautiful eyes.

"You need not be afraid, Alice; such company will never do me any harm. All that Pole said was a mere joke."

"I cannot bear the idea of your being the subject of such coarse jokes. As well might you attack a woman on the want of purity in her manners, and then say it was only a jest. Indeed, it is degrading yourself to associate with such men."

"Well, only let me fulfill one or two engagements that I have standing, and I will decline all invitations of the kind. For those who would not be scorched, must keep away from the fire. So, cheer up, dear Alice, and let me not see another anxious look. You shall find that I

have returned from the supper as well as I am at present."

"I must take your word for it in the morning," said Alice, smiling sweetly on her lover; "for I hope to be asleep long before you leave your party. I am already pretty nearly worn out." Here an influx of purchasers claimed Alice's attention, and the lovers parted.

In the midst, however, of all her occupations, for crowds of company kept continually flocking round her table, our heroine's mind frequently recurred to Pole's unpleasant speeches, though it was more the pain of offended delicacy than of shaken confidence, that disturbed her. It was not love alone that she felt for Dudley—it was affection, mingled with esteem, admiration, and respect; and she could not bear that any grosser mind should put him so much on a level with itself as to attach vices of so mean and disgusting a nature to him. Worn out with fatigue, however, to which she was little accustomed, she extended herself on her couch, when the business of the day was over, and was soon locked in the arms of sleep. We will not pretend to say how long she had slept, but she was at length aroused by the sound of Dudley's well-known guitar; and when the minstrel had got directly under her window, his voice mingled with the strain, and Alice distinguished words that she knew to be particularly addressed to herself.

"Ah! why should'st thou ever
Be gloomy and sad?
Will faith and hope never
Teach thee to be glad?
Why—why this caressing
Of doubts so distressing;
This seeking of sorrow,
Not due till to-morrow?
A lover more faithful no maiden e'er had!

"Ah! cheer up, my lov'd one,
Nor longer pursue
Those doubts of thy prov'd one,
Who still will be true.
No more this caressing
Of doubts so distressing—
This courting of sorrow,
Not due till to-morrow!
But hope, cheering hope, keep forever in view."

Then changing the strain to a different measure, he continued—

"Oh! let not fear, sweet maid, distress thee!
Drive the dread phantom from thy breast,
For, trust me, Heaven designs to bless thee,
And love alone can make thee blest.

"Then let sweet hope, thy bosom cheering,
Chase every painful doubt away,
While thy soft smiles, through tears appearing,
Seem brighter through the glittering ray.

"Thus buds, by moisture all pervaded,
When shines again the bright'ning beam,
Before the rainbow's tints have faded,
Are glist'ning in the watery beam."

"That is neither the language nor the voice of a bacchanalian," said Alice, and sunk again into a sweet sleep.

## CHAPTER IV.

The "Fair" was over, the receipts satisfactory, and Alice so far from being gratified with the notice and admiration which she had excited, would have been very well pleased to withdraw to the quiet retirement to which she had hitherto been accustomed; but her mother thinking it now time that she should mix more generally with the world, had determined to give a ball as an introduction for her daughter into fashionable society. Though this fete had neither been solicited, or even thought of by Alice, before her mother announced her intention, it was far from disagreeable when suggested to her, for what girl of eighteen is stoic enough not to enjoy the thoughts of a ball? The business, too of preparation was an important one, and Alice had no small degree of pleasure in exercising her taste in the various arrangements; but especially in the decorations of the ball room, in which she was assisted by Eugenia Grafton, one of her most intimate friends; and as they laughed, talked, danced and joked, the two light hearted girls often declared, that if they had but as much pleasure at the ball, as they had in preparing for it, they would consider themselves fully rewarded for all their trouble. "I intend to enjoy myself in an especial degree," said Eugenia, "for I understand my quandom beau Pole called just in time to have an invitation; and I shall endeavour to show him that my heart is not quite broken."

"They must be determined to be miserable who would mourn for the loss of him," said Alice, to whom that gentleman was particularly disagreeable.

"Ah! Alice you who are the only daughter of a rich father, are not calculated to judge of the charms of such a

lover as Pole!" returned Eugenia with a half repressed sigh.

"But I can judge," returned her companion, "that he is at the very least, far on to fifty years of age, notwithstanding all the pains he takes to conceal the disagreeable truth: that he loves himself too much ever to care for any one else, and that next to the worship that he bestows on himself, is his devotion to the god Plutus."

"But then Alice you must consider all that the reverse of the picture presents. There is his immense wealth, his splendid establishment, and his great family. And besides, though there is no doubt of his loving himself better than all the rest of the world put together, that very circumstance will secure his being liberal to his wife; for he would not for the world, that any thing he called his own, should be short of the utmost pinnacle of elegance and fashion."

"And what would all that do towards making a woman happy," asked Alice in the simplicity of her heart. "If you could neither love your husband, nor believe that he loved you, all the gold and fashion and elegance by which you were surrounded, would only be so many heavy chains, which goaded whilst they bound you, and he who bestowed them would require feudal homage, even though they were bestowed only for the gratification of his own pride."

"Ah! Alice! Alice!" said Eugenia, "wait till like me you have passed two winters in the world of fashion, and you will begin to find out that hearts and love, and reciprocity of affection, and all such fine things, have less to do with the affairs of life than you at present imagine. A good settlement is one of the most important objects of a young woman's life; and I believed myself sure of one till Pole met with a lady whom he thought handsomer and more fashionable than myself."

"The truth is Eugenia I do not believe that he has any

idea of marrying at all; but bestows his attentions first on one, and then on another, simply to gratify his pride, by seeing how many of the young and beautiful are willing to sell themselves for a share of his wealth. I only wish they could all see him with my eyes, and he would soon have his vanity humbled."

"He shall be mortified at least, if not humbled, some day or other; or my name is not Eugenia Grafton. And do you know Alice that like other vain people, who pride themselves upon the splendour and show with which they think they are dazzling the world, he is remarkably susceptible of ridicule. I have not had an opportunity since he left off visiting me, to give him a taste of it, but I hope I shall not die before I have the chance."

"It is a great pity, Eugenia, that you should allow him to share so large a portion of your attention. You too, who have always so many admirers around you, and one noble and devoted heart in particular at your command."

"You mean Dr. Woodford; yes poor fellow he has affection enough I believe. It is a pity but he had a little of Pole's superfluous wealth into the bargain."

"But he is getting rapidly into practice I understand, as might be expected from his talents. And a heart such as his is worth all Pole's money."

"But unfortunately my dear Alice I have no taste for making puddings, and darning stockings, and all the other elegancies of domestic life, that a woman must practice, who marries a man that has his fortune to make."

"Then there is Dorrisville he is rich enough surely!"

"Yes! he has money, but unfortunately he has not any thing else. However if he can screw his courage to the sticking place, he may do instead of a better."

"But if you think so you surely would not treat Woodford so ungenerously, as to allow him to keep hanging on in hopes, whilst you have it in contemplation to accept another."

"Oh! as for that he must take his chance, as others have done before him; and certainly I can neither accept nor refuse, till I know my own mind upon the subject; and that I cannot do at present. I must wait to see what is to be had, before I can determine what I will have."

"Ah Eugenia!" said Alice with a look of serious remonstrance, "I am afraid you will suffer some day, for making your heart such a mere piece of merchandise."

"Oh! It is very easy for you to talk with contempt of making a merchandise of hearts. You who have already secured the heart of one, who possesses all, and a great deal more than all that my two lovers can boast of between them. Give me Temple Dudley, and I will promise never to regret the loss of Pole again."

"We have talked so much about these beaux," said Alice, while a heightened colour suffused her cheek, "that our work has been quite at a stand. Come! Eugenia help me to arrange this drapery, for I cannot get it to hang to my satisfaction." Eugenia obeyed, and at length every thing was in a state of readiness; and Eugenia returned home, to make her own personal preparations for the great occasion, which was to take place the night but one after. Eugenia, as she would have expressed it herself, had now been two years in the market; for though not a great deal older than Alice, she had been brought forward much earlier; her parents, who had a large family, being anxious to have her disposed of as soon as possible. As things however had not turned out exactly as they wished, there was now a considerable degree of solicitude experienced on the subject, by both parents and daughter; and the latter had began to think it necessary to economise her resources, and consequently, to encourage by various little indirect marks of favour, Dr. Woodford's attentions, as a dernier alternative, (though he was the only man whose affection she had ever felt assured of,) till she saw what were the intentions of her wealthier lover. With this determination

she appeared at the ball with all the advantages of dress and fashion, united to a degree of beauty far above the common standard, and was soon surrounded by a train of admirers, amongst whom Alice observed, with no small curiosity, to see how she would acquit herself to each, Dorrisville and Woodford. Eugenia, however, was too well practised in such little arts, to be at any loss how to manage both gentlemen; and being determined to get quit of Woodford without offending his feelings, and thus give herself an opportunity of flattering Dorrisville's weak mind by a display of more undivided attention, she turned to Woodford, and said, "there are some distinguished strangers in the room, and as Mrs. Grey is desirous that they should receive particular attention, I have promised her and Alice to turn over some of my beaux to them, and shall if you please, begin with you. So come, and I will introduce you."

"As the one you can most easily spare I suppose."

"Nay," returned Eugenia smiling. "I promised Mrs. Grey to be generous, and that would be no way of keeping my promise."

"Then you are going to offer me up a sacrifice at the altar of conscience. But I must declare against being made a martyr. I have no taste for such distinction."

"No, I am rather myself sacrificing at the shrine of vanity. You see Alice has given up Dudley, and I do not wish to be outdone by her."

"But you promise to dance with me afterwards?"

"Certainly with pleasure."

Alice, who was near enough at the time to hear this coversation, and then saw the lover go flattered and delighted to be presented to the distinguished foreigners, breathed a half-suppressed sigh, as she said within herself, "If this is the way of the world, I care not how little I see of it." But she was interrupted in her moral reflections, by the gentleman with whom she was engaged to dance, taking her

hand and leading her out; and as dancing was an amusement of which she was exceedingly fond, she soon forgot Eugenia, and her coquetry in the enjoyment of it. In an instant however the busy whirl was stopped, and every foot stood motionless, as if seized with paralysis; for to the astonishment of all Mr. Pole entered the room in the fancy dress of a French nobleman of the ancient regime. His rich satin coat and other appendages were loaded with embroidery and sparkling with jewels, his feet nearly covered with his large diamond buckles, and his hands almost equally concealed by his long point lace ruffles, his hair loaded with powder was confined behind in a large black bag, while his *chapeau de bras* under his arm and the long sword, highly ornamented with jewelry which hung at his side, completed his equipment. Walking straight up to Mrs. Grey, he paid his devoirs in a style perfectly in character; but being struck with the expression of her face, he began to look around. "How is this?" he exclaimed, "am I the only person in costume."

"Did you understand that the invitation was given for a masquerade?" asked Mrs. Grey, smiling with as much politeness as her mortified feelings would permit.

"No, not so!" returned the glittering beau, "but I received a note yesterday from Dudley saying that a number of Miss Grey's friends intended to play a little trick upon you, by coming in costume, and begging I would join the party."

"It was a very extraordinary thing in Mr. Dudley to take such a liberty; and exceedingly unlike him to do so," returned the lady of the house. "But here he comes, to speak for himself." And at the same moment Temple whose partner had very unceremoniously quitted him to join the gazing throng that was rapidly crowding round Mrs. Grey and her jewelled companion, came up to learn the cause of the extraordinary sight. "Dudley," cried Pole turning fiercely round to the young man as he spoke,

"what was the purport of the note you sent me yesterday morning?"

"I did not send any note to you yesterday, either morning, noon or night," replied Dudley, in a quiet but firm tone.

"What sir?" cried the enraged beau, while his eyes flashed with a fire that rivalled even the diamonds on his coat. "Do you mean to give me the lie?"

"No, but I mean to say that you *lie* under a mistake."

"This is intolerable! exclaimed the furious coxcomb. To make a fool of me, and then laugh at it into the bargain."

"This is a scene got up for the occasion no doubt," said Dr. Woodford, to Eugenia, at whose side he had, in the confusion again contrived to place himself. "But Dudley is too tame over his part. I wish he had commissioned me, I think I could have done it better. Pole, however, hits off his to admiration. I had no idea he could have acted so well."

"Somebody must have played a trick upon you undoubtedly Mr. Pole," said Dr. Grey, who had been standing with a countenance of great mortification, listening to the dispute; "but as there has been as little delicacy shown towards me, as to yourself, I believe we may fairly acquit Mr. Dudley of all suspicion.

"No, sir it is impossible that he can be acquitted. The hand writing sir which—"

"Has been counterfeited, as many a man's has been done before," interrupted Dudley, "or we should not hear of so many executions for forgery."

"A mere paltry subterfuge!" returned the furious man, whose passion displayed the irritability of the Frenchman as perfectly as his dress exhibited the personal appearance. "I know your hand-writing as well as I do my own. You have insulted me, sir, and I will have satisfaction."

"I hope to be able to give you the satisfaction of finding you charge me unjustly, by discovering the real offender," said the accused, still speaking with the utmost

calmness. "I will come to you to-morrow morning, and we will set about an investigation."

"No, sir, there is no need of investigation; the thing is self-evident, as your own hand-writing will prove; and I will have satisfaction, or ——"

"Or you will blow me up! You have certainly brought powder enough with you to do it," said Dudley, laughing, as the sudden starts that Pole gave his body in his passion made the powder fly about the room. If every Englishman carried as much powder, the Americans might give up all thoughts of Oregon. "But, after all, Pole," he continued, in a remonstrating tone, "what great harm has been done?—unless, indeed, the wearing of this dress should cost you as much as Prince Esterhazy's is said to do every time he puts it on. You have certainly appeared many a time in a masquerade dress before."

"What harm has been done? Is it no harm to be held up to ridicule?" cried Pole, almost choking with passion; for, besides having caught a glance of the look of high enjoyment depicted on Eugenia's face, his own laughable figure, multiplied before him by the many mirrors that surrounded him, almost drove him to madness. And, indeed, his appearance was, by this time, truly ludicrous, for the heat into which he had put himself had displaced the rouge that had been very liberally bestowed on his cheeks, and the powder from his loaded locks, had transferred itself to replenish the vacant places. "I will prove the falsehood of which you have been guilty, and demand the satisfaction of a gentleman," he continued, "Your own writing shall convict you;" and so saying he rushed out of the room without further ceremony.

A general silence for sometime ensued, interrupted only by an occasional burst of laughter, as the recollection of his ludicrous appearance flashed across some young mind; but even that died away, for it met with no genial response. Even those who were unaffected by anxiety,

were too full of curiosity and conjecture to give way to risibility. The music, which had been silenced by the general tumult, again sounded; the gentlemen again claimed the hands of their partners, and the show of amusement again commenced; but even the poor imitation of pleasure, which, in general, is all that can be found on such occasions, here failed. The host and hostess were both deeply mortified, and Alice, notwithstanding all Temple's assurances that he would not stand to be shot at, to make amends for another man's offences, could not help feeling so anxious that it was painful to her to perform the duties of the night. The dancing went on, it is true, and the refreshments were partaken of, as usual; but though, we presume, that on such occasions the moment of the departure of her guests is generally the happiest period for the hostess, to Mrs. Grey it was doubly so: she smiled and bowed and looked the lady to the last, but she felt that nothing would be so delightful to her as to retire to her chamber, where she could be silent and alone.

"Oh, Dudley," cried she, as that young man came to make his parting bow, "I am tired to death of smiling, and want of all things to look grave."

"Then I will make you so at once, by withdrawing myself," returned he gaily, bowing and retiring as he spoke.

"If that young man be the author of that contemptible trick, he is the most extraordinary hypocrite I ever saw," said the rector, after Dudley had left the room.

"I beg you will not suspect him of such a thing," returned the lady; "he is incapable of any thing so mean and dishonorable."

The next morning, before Alice had left the breakfast table, the following note was handed to her:

"My dear Alice,

"Though I believe there is not much danger of Mr.

Pole's calling me out, every body may not be equally safe, and, therefore, to prevent serious consequences, I think it best to acknowledge that I was the writer of the note sent to him. My skill in imitating any hand-writing is known to you of old, as I used to practice it at school, out of a love of mischief. It was employed in the present instance to gratify an equally natural, though, I fear, not quite so innocent a propensity; but when I recollect how ridiculous Pole made himself, I cannot pretend to say I am sorry for what I did. I have no objection to his seeing this note; indeed, it is due to Dudley, that he should be able to show it. I hope your papa and mamma will forgive me, as I am sure Dudley and you will. Yours, truly,

"Eugenia Grafton."

"What a strange world this is!" said Alice, as she handed the note to her father. "I begin to be tired of it already."

"Yes, my child, it is a strange world undoubtedly," returned the rector. "It is one, however, through which you have to pass, and ought therefore to know something about it. But you are now old enough to look upon it in its proper light, and keep yourself unspotted."

"I am really glad this unpleasant affair is cleared up," said Mrs. Grey, "for I could not bear that Temple should be suspected of any thing so contemptible. It was a most unpardonable liberty for Eugenia to take with us all; but what will a woman not do when she thirsts for revenge?"

"I will get Dudley to go with me, as soon as possible, to call upon Pole," said the rector. "No time should be lost in making the explanation." This was done. Pole expressed himself satisfied; the gentlemen shook hands, and the thing was dropt. It is hardly necessary to say that Alice never was on the same intimate terms with Eugenia from that time.

## CHAPTER V.

"Mind, Dudley, the Winters are to be here this evening, and I have promised them some music. So be sure you send your guitar round," said Alice, one morning, a few weeks after the ball, to her lover, as he sat by her side.

"I am sorry it happens so, but I am engaged to dine with Pole to-day."

"I thought you had got to the end of all those engagements," said Alice, in a tone of disappointment.

"So I had, but Pole, who is to have a large party, urged me so much to dine with him to-day, that after the unpleasant affair at your ball, I did not feel that I could well refuse."

"I do not see how you could; but how glad I shall be when you have done with all such appointments."

"I shall be as glad as yourself," returned Temple, "for I have been exceedingly disgusted with some of the scenes I have witnessed lately, and am convinced they are dangerous places for a young man to frequent."

"And to think, too, that the reason of their making such a point of your joining them is, that you should help to entertain their guests, is too bad! Let them hire their musicians, if they must have music. By the bye, I really think you must be out of love with me," she continued, playing upon the words in the gaiety of her heart, "for you have not given me a serenade this long time."

"You shall have one when I come home to-night, if you will promise to give me some token that you hear me. It is dull work to sing to stone walls, or even flowers—for though flowers are frequently said to smile, they certainly do not often speak, and their approving looks, even should they bestow them, are lost in the dark."

"Well, I promise to give you a token. I will throw you out a sprig of box from the window of my palace, and I suppose you will understand it."

"Yes, perfectly, and would give twenty serenades for such a reward; so be sure to keep awake till I come."

"I will provide myself with two little sticks to prop my eyelids up with, in case I should get sleepy," said the laughing and playful girl, as her lover left her. But though Alice had laughed and joked whilst Dudley was with her, an unaccountable weight hung over her spirits the rest of the day, and she found herself unable to settle to any regular occupation. She felt glad that the company of her friends called for her exertions during the evening, and she sung and played, not from the lightness of her heart, but as a relief from its heaviness; and when at length they took their leave, she hastened to her chamber, not because she was sleepy and needed the little sticks to prop up her eyelids, but because she was anxious to conceal from her parents the restlessness she could not repress. Long did she lie listening, and though she frequently found herself wiping away a tear, as often did she ask herself why it had sprung to her eye. Twelve, one, two o'clock struck, and still he came not. Every now and then she stopped her breath, lest it should prevent her catching the distant sounds of his guitar. At length a few faint notes struck her ear, and she listened with almost breathless attention. Again it sounded—but could it be Temple's fingers that passed over those strings? There were none of his full, clear tones to be distinguished, but an indistinctness and incertitude in the touch perceptible, even at that distance, which never before were heard in his performances. Then a voice, which, in spite of all her endeavors to persuade herself to the contrary, she could not but acknowledge to be his, struck her ear—but oh! how unlike its usual self! It was still too distant for her to hear the

words; but whatever they might be, they were succeeded by a loud and boisterous burst of laughter, which proved he had several companions. In a minute or two the trampling of feet told their near approach.

"Now, Dudley, begin," said a voice that made Alice shudder and turn sick; for though the sound was suppressed, she immediately recognized it to be Pole's; "and we will join in the chorus."

Alice, trembling, and scarcely able to command her steps, stole softly to the window, and through the venetian she saw the lover who had hitherto been the pride of her heart, balance himself against a tree, and then raising his instrument and preluding for a minute or two, he began to sing, but with such huskiness of voice and indistinctness of utterance, that the following words could scarcely be understood:

"Come, fill a bumper to the brim,
And drink to her whom I adore,
'Till all around in joy shall swim,
And care can grieve our hearts no more.
Come, send the bottle round, my boys!
And drink to love and all its joys,
'Till ——"

But here the inebriate, notwithstanding the prop he had the precaution to seek before he had begun, lost his balance, and was in danger of falling, when some of his companions, not much steadier than himself, attempted to catch hold of him, but having nearly lost the power of supporting themselves, a scuffle ensued, which was accompanied with so many shouts and bursts of laughter that windows in all directions were thrown open, and the cry of "Watch!" was repeated on all sides.

"Gentlemen," said a watchman coming up, and speaking in a respectful tone, "such a disturbance cannot be allowed at this time of night. Mr. Dudley," he added,

placing his hand gently on Temple's arm, "you are very near your own door—allow me to walk home with you."

"No—I must have my token before I go!" cried the young man, shaking himself loose from the guardian of the night as he spoke. "I must have my token!—I must have the sprig of boxwood that was promised me!"

Poor Alice stood trembling and writhing with distress and shame, which was increased to the utmost pitch on hearing Pole cry out,

"That's a man, Dudley!—stand up for your rights!—knock the fellow down, if he is impertinent."

"Gentlemen, I must spring the rattle, if you do not disperse and go quietly home," urged the man, with gentle firmness.

"I say, I must have my token!" reiterated Dudley; "and nothing shall stir me from here till I get it."

"That's right, my boy!—stand firm, and we will help you to stop this old fellow's mouth." As Pole said this, he made a menacing motion to the watchman, who immediately sprung his rattle, and in an instant an overpowering number of auxiliaries coming to his aid, the whole party was immediately conducted to the watch-house. At the same moment Alice's room door was opened, and her mother entered. The agonized girl turned, with the intention of throwing herself on her bosom, but before she could do so, her limbs sunk under her, and she fell fainting on the floor.

## CHAPTER VI.

Poor Alice!—Sad and dreary were the hours passed by her from the time of her return to consciousness, when, at her own particular request, she was left alone till the morning dawn brought her tender and anxious mother to her side. Too acutely miserable, however, to bear conversation, she begged to have the room darkened and to be again left alone; and then she closed her eyes, as if in hopes by that means of shutting out from her but too wakeful mind the dreadful images of the preceding night. But in vain, alas! was the attempt. Dudley, the long-loved Dudley, sunk in all the loathsome degradation of debauch, was ever present to her imagination, and made her writhe with agony. Here was an end to all the gay dreams which had hitherto brightened her path; for she had promised her father solemnly, that if ever her lover yielded to the temptations by which he was so frequently beset, she would drive him at once, and forever, from her heart. She even rejoiced that she had actually witnessed his disgrace—for now, instead of the Dudley that had so long possessed her affections, she saw only the boisterous bacchanalian, who had lost all sense of delicacy for either himself or her; and she imagined, for the moment, that she would never wish that they should meet again. Several days elapsed before she could be prevailed upon to change the scene, so far even as to go into her formerly so much loved little palace; but at length, on her mother telling her that her father wished to have some conversation with her, she arose, and dressing herself as plainly as possible, and binding up her luxuriant tresses, so that no straggling ringlet could make its escape and give the slightest approach to

gaiety to her appearance, she begged that her father might be told that she was ready to see him. But how different was the Alice that the rector now saw, from the one whom he had found in the same apartment a few weeks before. The then happy girl, a stranger to sorrow, and in all the buoyancy of hope and expectation, and averting her eye from his gaze only, that he might not read in it the happy tumult of her throbbing breast—was now pale and motionless, and might have been mistaken for a marble statue, erected to the memory of perished joys.

Doctor Grey, though indulgent and affectionate, was firm and even stern in the cause of truth and honor; and not supposing that one so young, so tender, so full of the tender sympathies of the heart, could at once yield up her fond and cherished hopes at the shrine of injured virtue, he had deferred the meeting with his daughter till he had braced his nerves and strengthened his resolution to withstand the pleadings with which he expected to be assailed. He entered the room, therefore, with a look of the tenderest compassion, but at the same time of firm resolve, and kissing his child affectionately, he seated himself by her side, and took her hand in his.

"I have asked to see you, my Alice," he said, in a gentle and sympathizing tone, "because I thought it right that you should be informed of the result of my conversation with Temple, that suspense might not add another pang to those you have already to bear. It is hardly necessary for me to say that he and his companions were soon liberated from their temporary confinement, and after allowing him a day or two, that he might be entirely restored to himself, I called upon him, and found him, as I fully expected, sunk in the bitterest remorse and shame for what had past; and with the delicacy that he has ever evinced, when in possession of himself, grieved beyond measure at the disgrace he had brought upon

you. I then told him of the fears I had entertained, from seeing the company with which he had begun to associate, and the engagement that you and I had consequently entered into, the reasonableness of which he frankly acknowledged, declaring that purity, such as my Alice's, should never be contaminated by an association with any thing that had ever been sullied by vice. I then said that, in accordance with the promise you had solemnly given me, and which, I had too much confidence in you to think you would wish to revoke, I expected that all communication between you would cease for the future, as it would be much easier to both not to meet at all, than to meet as comparative strangers. He heard all this with the utmost humility, and exhibited throughout that propriety of feeling that has ever, on all occasions, except on that one unhappy night, accompanied all his words and actions."

"After such a testimony in his favor," said Mrs. Grey, who had, according to Alice's request, followed her husband into the room, "I really think your sentence too severe. A single lapse is certainly not sufficient to counterbalance so many noble qualities; and I should esteem it more consistent with justice and Christian charity to allow him a chance of redeeming himself, by abandoning, for any number of years you think right to stipulate, his dangerous companions, and carefully avoiding a repetition of his offence."

"Oh, no, my dearest mother," said Alice, who had never before spoken on the subject, since the moment of the dreadful scene she had witnessed, "it is better as it is. If he loves me, and I cannot but believe he does, this punishment may be the means of his salvation; but if the strong motives that he had before for avoiding the transgression, were insufficient to protect him, nothing short of the sentence that papa has passed will have the effect." And as Alice spoke, the recollection of the

especial tenderness she had evinced the last morning they were together, rose to her mind and checked the hopes that her mother seemed disposed to cherish.

"I believe you are right, my child," returned the rector, "and especially so, as Temple acknowledged to me that an intimation had been given him of what would be the consequence if he permitted himself to be overcome; so that there is little reason to hope that his resolution will stand the test any better now than it did before; and your being exposed to a repetition of such scenes is frightful to think of. It is hard, very hard, I know, to part with that which we have so much loved and valued—but hard as it is now, it would be much more so if additional years had confirmed and strengthened every tender tie. And if the scene you witnessed the other night was so distressing, what, my Alice, would be the feelings of a wife, if she saw the being on whom she depended for every earthly comfort, sunk, night after night, into the same state of degradation? No, Alice, dear as you are to my heart, and fondly as all my hopes in this life are twined around you, rather would I see you laid in an early grave, than exposed to the misery of being the wife of a debauchee."

"I am perfectly willing to accord with all you say in that respect," said Mrs. Grey, "my only objection is, that you have set him down for such too hastily. There are few men who have not been drawn occasionally into excess. I cannot therefore think it just to stamp his character for one error."

"When that error could be committed under a knowledge of the consequences," said Alice, whilst offended pride as well as wounded tenderness, rose in arms at the recollection; "and notwithstanding all my remonstrances and entreaties, I fear there is little room to hope that the same companions will not again succeed in drawing him aside; for it is the company, not the dissipation that attracts him."

"It is a lure,' said her father, "to which many have fallen a sacrifice, and those who possess so many attractive qualifications as he does, are doubly exposed; and happy are they who have resolution to avoid exposing themselves to temptation."

At this moment a servant entered the room and put a note into Alice's hand—It was from Dudley, and was as follows.

"To Miss Alice Grey.

"I have come to the determination of leaving the country immediately, for I cannot bear to remain in it, and be estranged from you. I have engaged a passage in a vessel bound for South America, that is on the point of sailing. Alice, I do not ask you to remember me, because it would be better for you that you should forget me; and I have deserved that you should do so. But whatever may be my fate, Oh! Alice, may happiness be thy portion. Happiness pure and perfect as thy own spotless bosom; and never mayest thou know a pang like that which now tears the breast of him, who under every circumstance of life, will ever be thy devoted lover.

"Temple Dudley."

The paper dropped from Alice's hand, as she finished reading it, and she sat without either heaving a sigh or shedding a tear; and though she had not fainted, she had no appearance of either thinking or feeling: and it was long before she began to discover signs of consciousness. Gladly would they have seen tears come to her relief, but her eyes were dry, and her countenance fixed, in an expression of unutterable misery. At length to their great delight she spoke, and requested to be allowed to return to bed, and left to herself; and hoping that if left to the unrestrained indulgence of her feelings she might be able in time to give a natural vent to them, she was left alone. And here in

the silence and loneliness of her chamber, with no eye upon her save His who governs all things, did she pour forth her heart in supplications for the safety and welfare of him on whom she so fondly doated. The conviction that it was right they should part, remained unchanged; but every vestige of resentment, or wounded pride was fled from her mind. He was giving an irrefragable proof of the sincerity of his repentance, by flying far from the snares that had beset him, and on her account exposing himself to all the dangers of a long sea voyage, and the perils of a foreign climate. His father too, whose whole soul was wrapt up in his son, through her means was about to be deprived of the prop and pride of his age, and would perhaps sink into the grave, unattended by his beloved and only child. Was her mother not right? Had not her father been too severe in his decision, and had she not acquiesced too hastily in it? Had not offended pride swayed, in an undue degree her judgment of his offence; and the idea of its being committed almost at the very moment of her remonstrances, and of her having assured him so frankly of the constancy of her affection, given additional enormity to it? The vice, it was true, remained the same; but surely one offence might be obliterated, by a long and rigid adherence to the paths of virtue. Or rather a careful avoidance of that one dangerous step; for in every other he might defy envy itself to point out any thing that was not worthy of applause and admiration. His tearing himself at once so promptly from his insidious companions, was so decided a proof, (whatever she might have thought a few nights ago,) of her power being far superior to any influence which they had yet acquired over him, that she became gradually sensible of a mitigation of her feelings, with regard to his offence; and though she never wavered with respect to the propriety of their present separation, she was not without a latent hope that the time might come, when they should again be united. As the hours passed on, her agitation gradually softened

down, from the painful tension of extreme agony, to the gentle and tender feelings more natural to her character; and her mother, who had frequently been in to look at her, at length kissing her affectionately, bade her "good night" with the hope that she was likely before long to sink into a refreshing sleep. She had not left the room many minutes, before Alice started and her heart began to beat violently, for a sound struck her ear, that she could not mistake. It was Dudley's guitar. It came nearer and nearer, paused, then began again, and at length it was evidently stationed at the accustomed place. For some time the notes seemed to have no regular arrangement; but as was often his custom, his fingers seemed to be passing almost unbidden over the strings, but always in a soft and plaintive tone; and Alice fancied more than once, that she heard a faint attempt to sing which as often failed. But at length a sweetly tender melody issued from the instrument, and then as if with a considerable effort he raised his voice, and Alice heard distinctly the following words—

"Ah! soon alas! the spreading sails,
Shall bear me, lov'd one, far from thee;
What now alas! to me avails,
The love thou oft hast own'd for me!

"Ah! yes remembrance of thy love,
Shall cheer me on my lonely course;
And to my aching bosom prove,
Of sweetest, purest hopes the source.

"My midnight hours, it shall illume,
And give its brightness to the day;
Like that sweet lamp, that lights the tomb,
And cheers the dying christian's way.

"Ah! then farewell! my lov'd, my lost,
But when in foreign climes afar,
Or on the ocean's billows tost,
Thou still shalt be my guiding star."

These simple but tender verses, and perhaps still more the exquisitely touching strain in which they were sung, brought that aid to Alice's overcharged heart, that kind nature has so mercifully provided for the relief of the mourner; and before the music had ceased, her tears that had refused to flow since the moment of her receiving the first cruel shock, were streaming copiously down her cheeks. "He is gone," she exclaimed, as the last strains of the instrument died away on her ear;"but perhaps not forever. A mind so refined, so sensitive, so full of affection, can never fall a prey to vicious indulgences;" and after raising her heart in prayer to the Great Father of all, that He would protect, strengthen and bless him, she sank into a sleep that had for many nights been a stranger to her eyes.

## CHAPTER VII.

Five weeks had elapsed, since Alice, when casting her eyes one morning carelessly over a newspaper that lay near her, had seen an announcement that the ship Britannia had sailed the previous day for Lima and in the list of passengers, her eye had caught the name of Temple Dudley Esq; and with the certainty that he was actually gone—gone to encounter all the dangers of a long sea voyage, as well as the hazards attendant on a foreign climate—the faint glimmering of hope that had begun to kindle died away, and she sunk into calm but settled melancholy. Life seemed to have lost all its charms; and a thick black veil to be drawn close around her. It is true she still had her parents, who were if possible, more tender and affectionate than ever; nay her father, who had hitherto been much disposed to treat her merely as a child, had lately united to the affection

of the parent, the respect and deference of a friend; for the firmness with which she had adhered to what she believed to be right, had gained at once, his esteem and admiration: but yet, much as she loved them, they failed to fill the aching void that was in her heart, for he who had given charms to every scene, who had shared her little troubles, and given double zest to every pleasure, was far, far away, perhaps never to return; nay he might even at that very moment be suffering the miseries of shipwreck and death. And as the idea that if such should be his fate, she would have been the cause of it, shot through her mind, she would start convulsively, and fly to hide her misery in the silence and solitude of her own chamber. Then again gentler thoughts would succeed and she would dwell upon the tenderness with which he had devoted the very last moments, previous to his departure to her, and the sweetly pathetic tones in which, he had breathed out his "farewell" would seem to float upon her ear, as if she still heard them, and produce a sad but not unpleasing melancholy. She was in one of these moods one day as she sat by her father in his study,when a gentle tap was heard at the door and in compliance with the Doctor's "come in" the door opened, and a man who had some years before been employed by the rector in his stables, but had been dismissed in consequence of his intemperate habits, advanced a step or two into the room. When he first came into the service of the Doctor, he was a very fine looking man, but his intemperate habits had very materially injured his appearance. He was now however perfectly sober, and looked as if he had been so for a considerable time. His dress though perfectly clean, consisted of no other article than a striped shirt, and a pair of ragged duck trowsers. "I would be glad to speak a word or two to master," said the man, who was a native of the same part of the north of England, from which the rector originally came.

"Well Tommy, what hast thou to say to me?" inquired

the Doctor, in a tone of great benevolence and encouragement, and addressing him as he generally did those much beneath him, especially if in distress, in the second person, as sounding more fatherly and kind.

"Why sir," said Tommy, who had on his entrance taken something off his head, that had served the purpose of a hat, but which he now rolled up in his hand, as if to hide its deficiencies; "I 'm tired of drinking, but I can 't get no 'ployment, and I 'm 'shamed to beg now."

"Well, Tommy, I am glad to hear all that, but what dost thou think of doing that is better?"

"I do 'nt know sir! But I thought I would come to you and maybe you would tell me."

"And dost thou really think Tommy, thou wouldest stick to work, if thou hadst it?"

"Yes sir. I only wish somebody would try me!"

"But Tommy thou canst not go to seek work as thou art!"

"I know that, sir. But I thought you would tell me what to do."

"Well, Tommy, I will tell thee what we must do; we must, first of all, get thee some clothes to put on. So come with me, and I will try to manage that business for thee, and then we will think of the rest," and taking up his hat, the rector was about to leave the room, when Alice, who felt a degree of interest about Tommy, that she had not been conscious of, for several weeks, stopped him to beg that when Tommy was equipped in his new suit, her father would bring him back with him, that she might have the pleasure of seeing him. It was not very long before they returned, for money can very soon clothe the naked, and Alice's eyes emitted something of their natural brilliancy, when she saw the poor fellow look so respectable and happy. "Now Alice," said the rector, who was delighted to see any thing excite an interest, even for a moment, in the mind of his drooping daughter, "suppose you go with

us, for I mean to try to get Tommy some employment in Mr. Falla's nursery. It will do him good to work in the open air." Alice, who had never before been prevailed upon to leave the house, since the night on which all her earthly hopes were blasted, immediately consented, and being soon equipped for the walk, the father and daughter set out, with Tommy walking with no small pride and delight, at their heels. On arriving at the garden, the rector inquired for Mr. Falla, and being shown into a parlour the nurseryman soon came to them there.

"William," said the benevolent Doctor, "I have brought you a new man."

"Have you sir! But I do not think we want one."

"William," continued the Rector, smiling, "I did not ask you if you wanted a man, I only said I had brought you one!"

"Well, then, sir, if that is the case, I suppose we must take him."

"But remember, William," added Doctor Grey, and as he spoke he turned with a serious look to Tommy, "though I have pressed you to take him, I do not wish you to keep him any longer than he is well-behaved and industrious."

Tommy bowed his acknowledgment of what his patron had said, but made no noisy professions, and the rector promising to be a friend to him as long as he proved himself worthy of his kindness, drew Alice's arm within his and returned home.

"How I wish he may persevere in his good resolutions," said Alice, after they had left the house.

"I hope he will, indeed," returned the father. "You must go with me frequently to see him, my child. It is a pretty place to go to, and it will be an encouragement to poor Tommy to see you take an interest in his well-doing." The kind father had another motive for what he said, that he did not explain to his daughter; but he

was anxious to make use of the first thing that had in the slightest degree drawn Alice from her own sorrows, and hoped, by means of it, to be able to draw her into taking some little exercise—for her faded colour, beamless eye, and almost total loss of appetite, had begun to awaken the most serious alarm for her health. Before many days had passed, Alice was invited by her father to take another walk to the nursery, to see how their protege was getting on. On arriving at the garden, however, they were told that Tommy was at home, for he was too sick to work. Half afraid that his sickness might be the effect of his own imprudence, the rector, after learning where he lodged, proposed to his daughter that they should call and see what was the matter with him, to which she readily agreed. They found poor Tommy really labouring under a feverish attack, and had the satisfaction of hearing, at the same time, from his landlady, that she did not believe his indisposition arose from any fault of his own. As Alice was fatigued with her walk, they accepted the invitation of Tommy and the mistress of the house, "to be seated," and as they sat, a bullfinch that was in a cage just over Alice's head, began to sing, and to the young girl's utter astonishment, went through, with perfect correctness, the air to which Dudley had set the simple stanzas of "Sleep! dearest, sleep!" Alice's agitation was so great that her colour went and came every instant, and her father, in pity for her emotions, asked Tommy how the bird happened to catch that tune.

"When I was in Mr. Pole's service, your honour," replied Tommy, "Mr. Dudley used often to come to his house, and happened one day to come to the stables, to look at a new horse that Mr. Pole had bought, and Bully, that was hanging in his cage in the front stable, began to sing a tune that it had just learnt, and Mr. Temple was so taken with him, that he used to come and take a great deal of pains to teach him the tune that he has just been

singing, as he said it was a favorite tune with a friend of his; and after it had learnt it perfectly, he said he meant to take it to let his friend hear it. Indeed, he said, if I would sell it, he would give me almost any thing I chose to ask for it."

"Will you sell it to me, Tommy?" asked the rector.

"No, sir," replied Tommy; "you must please excuse me."

Doctor Grey said no more, for he felt that to urge the man to dispose of his pet, would be like extorting it from his gratitude; besides which, he could not but acknowledge to himself that Alice, whose agitation was now so great that he was afraid of her fainting, was better without this remembrancer of her lover's fond affection. As soon as she appeared sufficiently composed to be able to walk, he proposed their return home. The walk was a silent one, for poor Alice's heart was too full to admit of conversation, and the moment she got into the house she hastened to her chamber, to dwell upon the tenderness and affection of him who was now far away from her, and whom, in all probability, she would never see again. This little incident had given such a shake to Alice's nerves, and so completely destroyed the small portion of composure she had been able to acquire, that it was several days before she could be prevailed upon to mix again with the family, even though they had, on her account, withdrawn almost entirely from either paying or receiving visits. One day, however, in compliance with her mother's earnest entreaties, she dressed for dinner, and went down into her father's study, there to wait his return, as he was out walking. She had not been there long before he came in, and she noticed immediately that he appeared considerably discomposed. On her asking him if any thing was amiss, he replied,

"Only what I might have expected, though it has mortified me a good deal, now that it has happened. Our

protege, Tommy, has fallen from his good resolution, and has again began to apply to the brandy bottle."

"Oh, papa, have you good authority for thinking so? Indeed, I can hardly believe it possible."

"As I was near his lodgings, this morning," continued the father, "I thought I would call and see whether he had got back to work again, and if he had not, to give the poor fellow a trifle to help him on, as he was not at present earning any money. On inquiring for him, his landlady said 'he was still too sick to work, but Bully had happened to get out of his cage this morning and fly away somewhere, and nothing could persuade Tommy from going to seek for him.' I said I was afraid he would fatigue himself, and throw himself back again; when she replied, 'Oh, there is no fear, sir, for he took Brandy with him.' I asked her if he had often done so? and she said 'he had pretty often since he was sick and had nothing to do.'"

"And did the woman not seem to feel any concern at his having broken through his good resolutions?"

"Ah, no!" replied the rector; "when people are accustomed to such things, nothing but the most excessive drunkenness seems to make any impression on them."

Here the ringing of the bell for dinner put a stop to the conversation, but a tinge of still deeper sadness overspread Alice's pale but beautiful face; and though the most delicious viands were placed upon her plate, they were sent away untasted, and she mourned poor Tommy's lapse with as much interest as though he were an old and intimate friend. Such are the ties of sympathy which bind us to each other, independent of the adventitious circumstances of wealth and station, and make us feel that we all belong to one universal family.

## CHAPTER VIII.

The dinner was scarcely removed, when a servant came into the dining-room and said Tommy wished to see Miss Alice.

"Show him in," said Mrs. Grey, as Alice hesitated what reply to make.

"Is he sober?" asked the Doctor.

"Yes sir, quite," replied the man.

"How could you ask such a question, my dear?" said Mrs. Grey, as the man went to obey her order. "Poor Tommy would be exceedingly hurt if he had heard it."

The husband's reply was prevented by Tommy's entering with Bully in his hand.

"Here he is, ma'am," said he, as he held the bird towards Alice. "I was afraid he was fairly gone, and I really believe he would have been, if I hadn't had Brandy with me."

"Had what?" asked the Doctor, with a look of displeasure, for he thought Tommy was making use of some cunning, by way of excuse, for having provided himself with 'the liquor that he loved.'

"Brandy, sir," replied Tommy; "you never saw any thing like it in your life, sir, for catching birds."

"Pooh! nonsense, Tommy," replied the reverend gentleman, impatiently; "you must not think to palm such folly on me. I wish it had never caught any more men than it has birds."

"Oh, men, your honour, it would do for the men pretty quickly, if they happened to make too free."

"If you are of that opinion, Tommy, how does it happen that you persevere in making so free yourself?"

"Me! your honour? Lord love your honour! It would n't harm me however free I was to make."

"I was in hopes you had learnt to the contrary by this time, Tommy, and had determined to forsake it."

"Forsake it, your honour!" exclaimed Tommy, in extreme astonishment. "Forsake Brandy! I would n't do it, your honour, if even your honour was to order me." And as he spoke he cast his eyes, with a look of great tenderness, on a dog which had accompanied him into the room, and laid itself down at his feet.

"Papa," said Alice, and her countenance brightened, almost, with one of her wonted smiles, "I believe you and Tommy are playing at cross purposes. Tommy," she added, pointing to the animal at his feet, "was it this dog that caught Bully?"

"To be sure it was, ma'am; what other dog could have laid hold of a little bird like that, and held it fast, without hurting a hair of its head, or a feather of its body, as I should more properly have said?"

"And is your dog's name Brandy?" asked the Doctor.

"Yes sir—that 's Brandy that you would have me forsake. Oh, sir, if you knew what a dog he is, you would never expect it of me."

"I must really ask your pardon, Tommy, for the suspicions I have had of you; but when your landlady told me that you had taken Brandy with you, I thought to be sure you were falling into your old practices."

"Ah! your honour, you knew very little of me when you thought that," said Tommy, in a tone of deep feeling. "I once committed a sin for the sake of drink, that has lain heavy at my heart ever since. It troubled my mind so that it cured me of all wish to drink from that time. I have often thought of consulting you, sir, on the subject, and now that we have touched upon it, I will ease my mind. A few weeks back, as I have told you before, I was employed by Mr. Pole, about his stables,

and one day he came to me and told me that a gentleman had played him a trick, and he wanted to play the gentleman one in return, by getting him intoxicated at a dinner party that he was going to have the next day; but as he was sure it would be impossible to prevail upon him to drink more than would do him good, of his own accord, he wanted to cheat him into it, and proposed to have me dressed up to wait at the dinner; and as I was well acquainted with the young gentleman, I was to make it my particular business to wait on him; and he, Mr. Pole that is to say, promised to give me twenty sovereigns if I managed to put something that he would give me into his first drink, without being suspected. He engaged that it should not be any thing that would do him any harm, further than to put him off all command of himself, and in short make him drunk. I did n't then think so seriously of a man getting drunk as I do now, so I promised to do it, and succeeded, when the gentleman asked me to give him a glass of porter, as his custom was, when he finished his dinner. I got my money, but——"

"And who was the gentleman?" cried Alice, in an agony of impatience that cannot be described. "Speak! Tommy, speak instantly! Who was the gentleman?"

"It was young Mr. Dudley, ma'am—him that learnt my poor Bully to sing so prettily, and——" but here Tommy was again interrupted, for Alice had fallen off her chair in a state of insensibility. She was scarcely however extended on her couch before she revived, and looking at her mother with all the tenderness of her heart swimming in her eyes,

"I have often heard of people dying of grief," said she, "but I really believe an excess of joy is, for the first few moments, harder to bear. But where is papa? I must speak to him. My dearest father," she continued, as her parent at the moment entered, "let me follow

Dudley to Lima. Let me go to him as soon as possible, for my heart would break if I thought he suffered the miseries of a condemned culprit a day longer than I could help."

"Compose yourself, my child," returned her father tenderly, 'and be assured that every thing shall be done to shorten the period of Temple's sufferings as speedily as possible. I will go, however, in the first instance, to Mr. Pole, and see how far he confirms the truth of Tommy's tale."

"But, papa," remonstrated Alice, "he will deny it, for he of course will be ashamed of the act, and then you will conclude that Tommy's tale is false."

"He will not deny it, my love, if the thing be as Tommy says. There is a code of morals amongst these people, which, though it differs essentially from ours, which is 'to do to others as you would be done by,' still holds them by a species of false honour; so that, though they do not care for blowing out a man's brains, or what is often more cruel still, destroying his character and respectability, by what they would term a joke, they would not condescend to tell a falsehood. Compose yourself, therefore, my beloved child, and depend upon it, neither expense nor trouble shall be spared to restore our injured Dudley to his friends and you." So saying, the affectionate father kissed the fair forehead of his lovely daughter, and again urged her to compose herself. At the same moment that he did so, the bullfinch, which at Tommy's request had been hung up in her little palace, began to whistle the air that Dudley had taught it.

"Hark!" said her father, with a smile, "Temple himself is saying, 'Sleep! dearest, sleep!' and you cannot show your affection for him better than by taking care of yourself, that you may be able to welcome him on his return."

Alice submitted, and as the sweet bird continued to

whistle, as if conscious of the soothing effect of its music, Alice gradually became more calm, nor was her tranquility much disturbed by hearing that this little musician was now her own—Tommy's motive for bringing it having been to present it to her, and that it was his intention to do so that had made him decline selling it to her father. Alice accepted the bird with pleasure, and determined that Tommy should not be a loser by the gift.

## CHAPTER IX.

"I ACKNOWLEDGE the fact Doctor," said Pole, after the rector had explained his errand; I owed Dudley a debt for the trick he played me at your house, and took that way of revenging myself."

"The trick that was played upon you, at my house, was satisfactorily explained Mr. Pole, as you acknowledged at the time yourself."

"It was explained, but I cannot acquiesce in its being satisfactorily so: I always believed him to be the guilty person, and think my retaliation was a very moderate one."

"It is one by which you have gone far towards destroying two virtuous young people. Indeed even now it is impossible to say how far the evil may extend."

"It is to be hoped it will teach him better manners in future."

"You seem to forget Mr. Pole, that by persevering in charging Dudley with the offence, you implicate both Miss Grafton and me in the falsehood."

"As to Miss Grafton, I know her, and can easily believe her to be so accommodating, as to take the credit of the thing upon herself. But as for you, Doctor, I have not the

slightest doubt of your believing all that Dudley said. I am exceedingly sorry your lovely daughter has been a sufferer, but yet I cannot regret what has been done."

"As it seems impossible to convince you sir of your mistake, I will wish you a good morning," said the rector, as he took his leave. On his arriving at home, he was met in the lobby by Alice, in a state of excitement even greater than that, in which he had left her; and holding out a newspaper, she exclaimed, "see! see! papa, what news this evening's paper has brought!" Her father took the paper, and read the following paragraph.

"Letters have been received to day from Spain, in which it is stated that the Britannia, which sailed from this port, on the third of last month, after tossing about the ocean, for many weeks, under the most violent stress of weather, was at last obliged to put into Corunna for repairs; and it is not thought she will be ready to pursue her voyage, in less than two or three weeks. We are happy to say that though much damage was done to the vessel, there were no lives lost." "Now papa," cried Alice, her eyes dancing with delight, "acknowledge that this is the most fortunate shipwreck that ever took place." "I must go and show this paragraph to old Mr. Dudley immediately," said the rector.

"It was he who brought it here papa," returned Alice, "and he is now gone in search of some fit person to send off to his son."

A messenger was soon found and despatched; and the time that intervened, gave Alice leisure to become acquainted with her unexpected happiness, and although sudden happiness is perhaps more difficult to bear at first, than unexpected sorrow, its effects are much more easily subdued. Before her lover's arrival, she had begun both to eat and sleep; and was one morning, just as the day had begun to dawn, enjoying a gentle slumber, when the well known tones of a guitar struck her ear, and starting, and

raising herself up in bed, she heard the following stanzas sung in a gay though tender strain.

"Oh! ope thine eyes, my lov'd, my dearest,
Oh! wake, and thy fond lover see;
For, trust me sweet, 'till thou appearest,
Return can give no joy to me.

"Oh! wake and say that wavering never,
Thy heart has still been kind and true;
That thou art mine—and thus forever,
We'll every vow of faith renew.

"And thus our hopes and wishes blending,
Each passing year new joy shall give;
And with our hearts to Heaven ascending,
Blest and blessing we will live.

"Then ope thine eyes, my lov'd, my dearest,
Oh! wake and thy fond lover see;
For trust me sweet, 'till thou appearest,
Return can give no joy to me."

"He is come, he is come," cried the delighted girl, and jumping out of bed, she dressed with an expedition that few maidens could rival; and flew down stairs. What pen would have the presumption to attempt to paint the meeting.——

## A HYMN OF TIME.

### HOW THE PILGRIM SANG TO CHEER HIS WAY.

BY THOMAS G. SPEAR.

Be not weary, gentle spirit!
  Sink not sorrowing by the way;—
Light there is ahead, draw near it—
  Glory, rise to share its ray;
And, with scenes sublime in view,
Plume thy wings to soar anew.

Wherefore droops thy glittering pinion,
  Wherefore sigh'st thou in distress,
When God's smile is thy dominion,
  Beautiful and shadowless?
Stir thee! stir thee! wake! arise!
Seek the gates of Paradise.

While his staff the traveller handles,
  In his weary journeying,
Thorns may tear his dusty sandals,
  Fangs his tender feet may sting;
But were life devoid of pain,
Bliss were proffer'd man in vain.

Look aloft, where light is breaking
  Through this doubt-envelop'd sky—
Forward leap, the joy partaking
  Of a higher destiny.
Lift thy staff and move apace,
In the pilgrim-thronging race.

Faltering oft-times, yet ascending,
  Till beyond the world's dismay,
Thither many a wanderer wending
  Ere thee, sped the self-same way—
Hoping through the darkest night,
Happy when the dawn was bright.

"Upward! onward!" cry their legions,
  Onward to the heavenly goal!
Bliss awaits, in brighter regions,
  Every pure and steadfast soul;
And a glory shines abroad,
From the dwelling-place of God.

O'er life's yielding sand and gravel,
  'Midst its trials and delights,
See, along yon paths of travel,
  What glad mottoes skirt the heights—
Thence proclaiming, far and wide,
How they triumph'd who have tried.

Be their lessons thine, when shaken
  With despondency and pain—
Heed their cheerings, and awaken
  To renew the march again.
Raise, my soul! thy drooping wing!
Pilgrim! lift thy voice and sing!

Life is not enacted dreaming
  Drowsily, or looking on—
Then, to glory's beacons gleaming,
  Rouse thee! rouse thee! and begone!
There is bliss for those that strive,
Happiness for all alive!

Though we meet but death around us,
  Ashes in its best array,
Yet let not despair confound us—
  Things there are beyond decay:
These the soul to gain must try,
Ere its vesture is laid by.

Then bestir thee! Life is action—
  Hope a guide to lure it on—
Duty is the high exaction
  God has fix'd our fates upon;
And despair not, soul of mine!
There are promises divine.

Ever hoping—ever soaring
  Like the eagle to the sun,
Onward speed, with thoughts adoring,
  Till the better land is won—
Till thy pilgrimage is o'er,
And new worlds expand before.

THE END