

GLEANNINGS

FROM

REAL LIFE.

BY MRS. M. M. GAY.



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PREFACE.

THE author, in presenting this work to the public, feels sensibly its deficiency, and does not claim for it a great amount of praise. At the same time, she feels that it is entitled to some merit ; and many things are to be considered.

In the first place, the author had no advantages of an early education. Her father was a farmer, residing in Cattaraugus County, N. Y. He settled there when the country was new, and the inhabitants poor, and schools very scarce. A few months in a district school completed her book-learning by tuition ; but, possessing a mind capable of attainment, of fine sensibility and great penetration, after being called to act a part in the drama of life, no event, however trivial, which transpired within the range of her observation, escaped without leaving

its impress upon her mind. The subjects upon which she has written are facts; and though, some of them, small in themselves, yet they, with other things of more interest, have all helped to furnish subjects for her pen.

The next thing to be considered is, that the book was written amid her household cares, while in attendance upon her young children, of whom she was both nurse and instructor. She had no idea of writing a book when scribbling upon the different incidents that came under her observation; but a friend, happening to call, one cold, stormy day, found her employed in attending to a poor boy, whom she found in the streets, nearly frozen. After she had made the child comfortable, she immediately took her pencil, and, seemingly, without any effort, wrote, very hastily, the beautiful poem entitled the "Beggar-boy." This friend appeared much astonished, and, learning that she had many pieces of poetry and prose, in manuscript, asked the privilege of reading them, and, much to his surprise and gratification, found that another might be added to the list of those who, in humble life, unknown and unappreciated, could be at last raised, by real merit and perseverance, to their rightful position, and, by much persuasion and encouragement, induced her to permit her manuscript to be sent to press:

and, if, in any of her writings, she has touched upon a subject that shall interest the reader, or if truth, though rudely dressed, shall find its way to any heart, then will the end be answered, and success crown the effort of the humble author.

ERRATA.

- Page 24, 9th line from the bottom, instead of "Mary's," read "Helen's."
 31, 3d line from the bottom, instead of "Hatty," read "Helen."
 33, 1st line, instead of "ten," read "four."
 66, 12th line from the bottom, instead of "strangely," read "strongly."
 67, 6th line, instead of "Mr. A.," read "Mr. P."
 93, 11th line from the bottom, instead of "Charley," read "William."
 97, 5th line, instead of "on," read "out."
 133, 8th line, instead of "dim," read "own."
 195, 12th line from the bottom, instead of "thee," read "the."
 260, 4th line, instead of "tightly," read "lightly."
 276, 3d line from the bottom, instead of "constrained," read "curtained."
 277, 2d line, instead of "steps," read "steeps."
 282, 6th line, instead of "None," read "No one."
 283, 13th line, instead of "truth," read "trust."
 287, 13th line from the bottom, instead of "Judah," read "Jacob."

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GLEANINGS FROM REAL LIFE.

AN EVENING REVERIE.

'Tis evening, with its balmy breeze, and, as
 The midnight hour draws nigh, I find myself
 Alone, with thoughts peculiar filled; and, while
 I stand, and gaze on things around, above,
 Beneath, a holy awe steals o'er my soul,
 While viewing nature's wide, mysterious scope,
 That, upon every side, extends about
 Myself, an enigma most wonderful of all,
 Whose varied parts
 Baffle all understanding. What am I,
 So small compared with what the eye beholds,
 And yet with bold capacities endowed,
 And yearnings which instinctively look out
 On this great picture of the universe.

There I behold, in this calm evening hour,
 The works and wisdom of Almighty power.
 God of the evening, on thy peaceful breast,
 All nature seems to sleep in quiet rest.

T'is night; all nature seems to sleep — the hour
 Befits repose or silent thought, to soothe
 The mind, that, wearied with the strife of day,
 Feels the soft hush of life subdued. A calm
 Broods o'er the land, the sea, and lake. Out-stretched,
 The deep-blue canopy of sky o'er-hangs
 The sleeping earth. The land and air, so full
 Of live creations, and the city near,
 Populous with feet and voices, whose harsh roar
 Beneath the glare of day was heard, now, hushed,
 Like the young nursling in its mother's arms,
 Lie silent. And the forest-trees, and those
 That stand beside the city walks — they, too,
 Lift up their lofty heads and arms toward heaven,
 In silent awe; and wearied birds and beasts,
 Beneath their out-spread boughs, repose secure
 While here I stand in wonder, and inquire
 If, in this vast creation, thus revealed
 In silent grandeur, I do form a part
 Of this stupendous whole. Oh, yes! it is
 For me to know I am, and made to feel
 Myself to be immortal, and a part
 Of the great universe of God, that now
 My finite powers so little comprehend.
 And, while the solemn grandeur, so replete
 With gorgeous beauty, I survey, my soul
 Seems touched with sacred fire; but words recoil
 From the immense idea that starts to life
 And grows within, fed by exhaustless draughts,
 Which, from sublimity, as from a fount,
 I drink, while, toward the infinite dome, the eye
 Turns eagerly, as though the Eternal's wing
 O'er the magnificent vault were stretched.
 How brilliant is it with resplendent stars,

Whose living light streams down and fills the soul
 With rapturous awe! May we not think, sometimes,
 That spirits blest approach those shining orbs,
 And step, from star to star, up, up the expanse?
 May we not hope, like them, when this frail garb
 Is shaken off by mortal death, to soar
 And roam amidst the fathomless space, and see
 Beyond our present finite vision far
 Worlds upon worlds in endless maze, but yet
 In perfect order, move? Almighty One,
 How great thy works! Behind this glittering scene,
 Thou hid'st thyself from mortal sight, through all
 Pervading, filling all. No part, no world,
 Is lost. Need we be lonely, then,
 Though the loved ones no longer by our side
 In mortal form appear, since every star
 Discourses wisdom, and the expressive quiet
 Seems to declare a presence felt of Him,
 In whom all live, and move, and have a being.

LINES WRITTEN WHILE VIEWING THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

Thou mighty torrent, stay thy waters, stay !
 And give me time to ponder, praise, and pray ;
 For, while thy current rolls so swift along,
 Strange thoughts and fancies through my being throng.
 I have no power of words ; I gaze upon the scene,
 And, from this mystic fountain, try to glean
 Some tidings of a greater power, which keeps
 Thy wild waves rushing to the mighty deep.
 I try to grasp the source from whence it came—
 Oh, tell me is it—can it be the same
 That made this frail, this tiny flower, so gay,
 Which lives and grows beneath thy falling spray—
 The same that made for men this beauteous earth,
 And gave them souls immortal in their birth ?
 Oh, then, let mortals come, and learn of thee,
 And view this foot-print of a deity !
 Here come, and from their earthly dream awake,
 To learn, themselves how little, thou how great !

Niagara, will thy rolling waters always glide,
 And leap, and bound, in such majestic pride ?
 When Gabriel's trump shall shake the earth around,
 Wilt thou not stop, and listen to the sound ?
 Is there no power in earth, or sea, or sky,

Can calm thy raging waters, and defy
 Thy power ? Methinks, while on thy awful brink I stand,
 God speaks, " I hold these waters in my hand !"
 Mortal, fear not, as on the angry torrent rolls ;
 Thy heavenly Father's guiding hand controls,
 And keeps and holds it firmly in its place,
 An emblem of his wisdom, power, and grace.

I WOULD NOT DIE IN SUMMER.

I CAN not die: The flowers of early spring
Are shedding now their fragrance round my way ;
The little birds have just begun to sing —
All nature smiles and welcomes in the May.

I can not die ; for now the brooklets run,
And murmur such soft music in my ear ;
The bright and beauteous rays of noonday sun
Are shining on the waters still and clear.

I would not die when every thing is bright,
When smiles are greeting me on every side,
When summer beauties meet my longing sight,
And gentle zephyrs o'er my forehead glide.

'Then stay thy ruthless hand, O cruel death !
And let me live, while now the streamlets play ;
But, when the winter comes with icy breath,
I may not longer sigh, or wish to stay.

Oh ! then I'll lay me down, and sweetly dream,
And bid defiance to stern winter's blast ;
I'll seek the rosy, perfumed fields of green,
And dwell where balmy spring shall ever last.

I AM A LOVER STILL.

You say, I can no longer love, that my heart no more will
thrill,
At sight of earthly beauty ; but I am a lover still :
I love the tinted, modest blush, of the fair young maiden's
cheek ;

I love the flowers, the song of birds, and the kiss of
childhood sweet.

And, oh ! I love yon aged dame, her face now worn with
care ;

But it's ever held a smile for me, and nerved my soul to
bear

With all the woes and ills of life. She's been so firm and
true,

An unkind, harsh, or angry thought, her pure heart never
knew.

Together we have placed the buds in the cold hands of
the dead ;

Together wept o'er little graves, while our hearts with
sorrow bled ;

Through sunshine and through storm, together we have
trod ;

Together knelt, with contrite hearts, at the altar of our
God.

And, though her hair is silver-white, beneath the cap's
deep frill,

I loved her when her locks were dark; and I'm a lover
still.

I see, as no one else can see, the fair young face so bright,
Shine through those withered features, and my heart beats,
oh, so light!

It brings my boyhood back again, when she, a blooming
bride,

With diamonds sparkling in her hair, stood trembling by
my side.

Though forty years have run their course, yet I no change
can know:

I love her just the same to-day, as forty years ago.

Then, say no more I can not love; for, though my hair is
white,

And though my step may falter, and my eyes may lose
their light,

Yet, when my breath grows shorter, and my blood is
turning chill,

I'll take my old wife's hand in mine, and be a lover still.

LOVE'S CONSTANCY REWARDED.

CHAPTER I.

"WHY, Edward, I can not imagine what strange whim
has come over you. Last night, I could have sworn you
were in love with Helen, and that she was to be the hap-
py partner of your choice."

Thus spoke Louisa, who, for two years, had been an
inmate of Edward's family, and had made use of all her
arts, but in vain, to ensnare his affections. No wonder,
then, that she was surprised and affected, in being asked
by him, in the most plain and business-like manner, to be-
come his wife. No look or tone of love accompanied
the proposition. He had asked the question with the
most stoical indifference, and the cold, hard tone of his
voice too plainly showed that love, on his side, was out of
the question. Not so with her; she loved him as deeply
as such a nature was capable of loving. She possessed
a large share of willfulness. This often led her to over-
look little obstacles, if they stood in the way of gratifying
her will. It had long been her wish and aim to marry
Edward; and, now that the opportunity had presented it-
self, she very quickly answered in the affirmative. She
knew he did not love her; and, hence, her surprise and con-
fusion. But that seemed of little consequence to her;

her will was gratified, and she was content. She saw that Edward was very unhappy this night. She had never before witnessed such a wildness in his eyes; and his pale and haggard looks quite alarmed her.

"Suffer me to call your mother, Edward; I know you are very ill."

"No, it is nothing," he exclaimed. "I shall soon be better. Yes, I shall soon be better!" he repeated, as he raised his eyes towards that Heaven in which he longed to seek eternal forgetfulness; and, when he had sought his pillow, he earnestly prayed that he might not behold the light of another day.

Sad thought, our fair readers will exclaim, for one who had asked and gained the hand of a lady. Now, in order to give you the reason of his unhappiness, we must go far back in the history of Edward. While he was yet a lad, too young to comprehend any thing but the importance of his toys, his father had left, with his wife and six small children, the bleak mountains of Vermont, and started for what was then called the Holland Purchase. After many weeks of fatigue, (for let it be remembered that, in that day, the mode of traveling or moving was in wagons prepared for the purpose; and a journey of six hundred miles could not be accomplished, with a small family of children, without the greatest fatigue and heart-sickening discouragements) — but, as we have before stated, they, in a few weeks, reached their destination, in the wilds of Western New York, where they, for some five or six years, suffered all the hardships and privations which generally attend the pioneers in a new country. Heaven blessed them with health. This, together with hard labor and great economy, soon began to tell favorably. A snug little farm was soon cleared, and a comfortable log-house was erected. This, together with a thriving stock of cattle, gave

them quite an air of prosperity, and they were as happy as honest industry and the real comforts of life could make them.

Other settlers were now fast gathering in from the eastern states. Families that lived two, four, and even six miles apart, were considered neighbors. And here, let me say that, amidst the hardships and trials of these hardy sons and daughters of toil, might be witnessed more real happiness than could be found in the empty, vain, idle, and superficial life of the aristocrat, although surrounded by the pomp and parade of populous cities. They knew nothing of the hurtful fashions, the vain and idle life of the pampered children of wealth, nor of those fearful influences that surround them. They did not often meet, except on some joyous occasion; and they were all equally bound together, by one common tie of brotherhood, and partook of each other's bounty and hospitality with mingled feelings of genuine friendship and true affection; and never did the most fashionable belle or gay noble look forward to their debut into the fashionable world with more pride and expectation, than did these children of the wilderness to the seasons of merry Christmas and New-Year. And many were the chicken-pies and cheerful dances that accompanied these holy-days, in their usual round. Such seasons were sure to bring the neighbors all together, when work and care were laid aside, and, quick to the tune of the fiddler's bow, skips the light, fantastic toe.

It was at one of these joyous festivals that Edward, who had now entered his seventeenth year, first saw Helen; and, from the moment they met, they both seemed to realize that, in some way, their fates and fortunes were linked and woven together. Helen was fifteen, with a pleasing and commanding figure, with black hair, and eyes

of the same color, whose sparkling glance was wont to turn the heads of the youngsters, and cause a quicker throb in the hearts of those more advanced in years. Edward was just that kind of a person that was sure to attract the notice of such a girl. His form was faultless, although not yet arrived to manhood growth. He was quite tall, with a bright, piercing blue eye, a noble forehead, and an almost feminine complexion. He was full of generous, manly impulses, naturally cheerful, and had that peculiar charm of voice and manner, which, to a girl of soul and feeling, like Helen, was resistless. No wonder, as they were treading the dizzy mazes of the dance together, the whispers went around, "What a beautiful couple—they were made for each other;" and ever and anon, as their ears caught these words, the warm and youthful blood would crimson their cheeks, and in their eyes could be read, in language unmistakable, "Yes, we love each other."

Oh! youthful love so pure and sweet,
Nought on earth is half so dear,
As when two hearts in union meet;
And nought there is that's more sincere.

But time flew on, and the love that bound their hearts grew stronger. This growing attachment did not escape the penetrating eyes of Mary's parents. She had frankly confessed that she loved him. She felt that her parents could have no objection to his person or character; for both were unblemished. She had reason to believe that they valued worldly wealth above either of these recommendations; and she was not mistaken. They had fondly flattered themselves that they could succeed in uniting Helen with some wealthy family, and thus enhance their own prospects.

About this time, a young man, whom we shall hereafter designate as Mr. B., came among them, and took up his abode in the thriving little village of E., about one mile from the residence of Mr. A., and two miles from that of Mr. F., Edward's father. He had, in company with another gentleman, opened a store, with fine prospects for business, it being the largest, and, in fact, the only store, of any account, in that section of country. It was generally supposed that they were equal partners in their business, as great pains had been taken by Mr. B. to make it appear so. But more of this by and by.

Mr. B. was not generally respected. Many a poor man had suffered through his dishonesty; and, by his haughty pride and overbearing temper, he was detested by the young people of the village. Still, he was flattered and courted by a certain few, who looked with avaricious eyes upon his supposed worldly goods. Among this number were Helen's parents, who, being poor, were very desirous of showing a superiority over their neighbors, by becoming, in some way, connected with a family of wealth. They considered Mr. B. in a fair way of accumulating a large fortune; and they felt highly honored and elated with the flattering attentions he paid to their daughter Helen. He had long tried to initiate himself into her good graces, but in vain. She seemed to loathe his presence, as she would that of a viper. Mr. B. soon discovered that Edward F. was the idol of her young heart's affection; and he allowed no opportunity to escape of trying to traduce the character of Edward, and even fabricated falsehoods, circulating them in the vain hope of wounding her pride, for the purpose of building himself up in her estimation, and often took the opportunity, when they were both in her presence, of sneering at, and ridiculing, him. But this course had not the desired effect. On the contrary,

it increased her love for the one, and her hate for the other. Meanwhile the parents lost no time in trying to persuade her to abandon her poor boy lover, and marry the millionaire ; but she was firm in her refusal.

One evening, as usual, Edward called at the house of Mr. A., for the purpose of chatting awhile with Helen. After the younger children had retired for the night, Mr. A. opened his battery upon the young lovers, in the most cruel and unfeeling manner. He told Edward he must never cross his threshold again while Helen remained single, accused him of standing in the way of her elevation and happiness, and wound up by saying that Mr. B. had already asked his consent to a union with Helen, which was granted ; and that, in a few days, she would become the wife of one who could place her above the reach of the low and vulgar. Edward had sat dumb and confounded. Helen was speechless and horrified. She had never before seen her father so much excited, and a vague feeling of fear and awe came over her ; and then, the dreadful words, "In a few days she will become his wife !" together with his forbidding Edward the house, so overcame her, that her head became dizzy, her heart seemed to stop its pulsation, and, with a low moan, she fell heavily upon the floor.

Her mother, who had retired to rest in an adjoining room, had overheard all that was said ; and, when she became aware that Helen had fainted, she rushed to the room, bent over her daughter, and tried, by endearing words and caresses, to bring her back to consciousness. She was really alarmed, and deeply affected ; for Helen had ever been her favorite child, and she loved her more than any thing else, except money. But her unhappy child was now alike insensible to harsh or kind words. There she lay, pale and still, in her mother's arms. She

heard not the deep and agonizing sobs that burst from the tender breast of Edward—saw not the look of hopeless despair so visible on his countenance. At length, he rose to depart, but lingered, in hopes of seeing Helen revive, that he might once more gaze into her eyes, and say farewell. He felt faint, and almost unable to stand ; but, summoning all the resolution he could command, he asked permission to call the next morning, and inquire after her health. This privilege being denied him, he was in the act of stepping to the door, when a deep sigh from Helen arrested him. The sound of his voice, like the mellow strains of sweetest music, had fallen upon her ear, and caused her heart again to throb, and her cheeks to glow with their wonted tint. Her mother now seemed quite anxious to get her to bed, and took her by the hand, for the purpose of leading her from the room. Helen turned her head, to look once more at Edward. Their eyes met, and in that gaze could be read that deep language of the soul, which reveals more than the feeble sound of words could convey. She stopped, and, regardless of the presence of her parents, held out her hand, which he grasped, with feelings which it would be useless attempting to describe. It was the last time he ever expected to press that dear hand, which he had fondly hoped some day to obtain. Helen entered deeply into his feelings, and her own heart again sank within her. They were now reminded that they must separate, and forget the foolish attachment ; and, with an effort that would do honor to an older and braver man, Edward tore himself away, and rushed from the house. Helen had sufficient strength to get to her room. Her mother wished to have a younger sister called in, to spend the night with her ; but Helen said she should do very well alone, as she only needed repose.

Who can tell of the sorrow and heavy blight that had fallen upon the hearts and prospects of these hapless lovers. We shall not attempt to decribe the feelings of each, as, with hearts torn and rent by conflicting emotions, they sought their pillows, not to sleep, but to count the long hours of that dreadful night, and weep tears of bitterness and disappointment.

CHAPTER II.

A VISIT TO THE HOMES OF OUR HERO, AND HEROINE — NEW CHARACTERS INTRODUCED — WEDDING.

It was a bright, beautiful afternoon in June. A brisk shower of rain had fallen, in the morning, which seemed to render the atmosphere cool and balmy. The grass and trees wore a robe of richer green. The birds were caroling forth their sweetest tones; and all nature seemed gay and joyous.

And now, if the reader has no objection to a walk, we will take a stroll together; and, as we leave the beautiful little valley of E., and take our course up the long, high hill that lays stretched out before us, we will now and then take a peep into one or two of the farm-houses, as we pass along. About half-way from the village to the top of the hill stands a rural dwelling, with an old-fashioned stoop in front. Around the pillars which supported the roof, the hop vines were twining, in rich profusion; and in the little front yard were to be seen all that variety of garden posies—such as sunflowers, hollyhock, marigolds, bachelor-buttons, poppies, violets, and roses, which Flora, in her generosity, deals out so lavishly to the maidens of

a country farm-house. It was not here that "flowers were born to blush unseen, or waste their sweetness on the desert air."

For as, o'er the hills they took their way,
These happy girls would meet to play;
And, as their merry footsteps fly,
No lovely flower escapes their eye.

But now we leave this spot, where it would seem nought but happiness could be found, and pass on to the red house on the hill. It is a frame house, painted red; the doors and window-frames are white. And here, again, we see a profusion of the same kind of flowers, but more plentiful, and more tastefully arranged. A little back of the house is a large garden, with beds nicely laid out, and stocked with all kinds of vegetables; and still back of this is a large and thrifty orchard, whose appearance promises a large abundance of fruit, the coming fall. Two large frame-barns stand opposite, with open sheds in front, in which are standing a number of horses, feeding from well filled mangers; and, from the number of men that are passing to and from the barn to the house, and from a tall and stately-looking sign, which bears the inscription "Farmer's Inn," we shall feel perfectly at liberty to enter. The bar-room is large and commodious, with a bar in one corner, and a large old-fashioned fire place, whose high jambs and broad stone hearth would remind you of

The cheerful fire in winter drear,
Which greets the wayworn traveler here.

In fact, the rooms are all neatly but plainly furnished—the floors as white as soap and sand can make them; the fire-place of each room well filled with evergreens, dotted with wild flowers from the woods; the little parlor, quite

daintily furnished with highly ornamented wood-bottomed chairs; a delicately shaded rag carpet covered the floor; a good-sized mirror, with gilt frame, under which stands a cherry table, covered with a cloth, whose snowy whiteness contrasted beautifully with the crimson drapery of the windows. On the table, nicely arranged, are several volumes. This little library consisted of *The History of the United States*, the *Life of Washington*, *Pilgrim's Progress*, *Scottish Chiefs*, *English Reader*, *Watt's Hymns*, a nicely bound Bible, together with a variety of school-books, note-books, and pamphlets. Several maps and pictures suspended upon the walls, a bureau stood in one corner of the room, the top covered with vases of flowers; a lounge and rocking chair, with soft cushions, covered with copper plate, had a very inviting look. This room had long been the envy of the whole neighborhood, as it could boast of the handsomest carpet and looking-glass in town. We leave this room, and ascend one flight of stairs. Here we find a somewhat lengthy hall, with smoothly planed board seats arranged on either side; and back of these are several doors, which open into bed-rooms, the beds so high you would need a little ladder to get into one, and would almost fear of losing yourself in its downy softness. This hall was evidently used for social gatherings,

"Where lads and lasses, fair and gay,
Were wont to dance their cares away."

We must now visit the kitchen, in order to give a description of the inmates, who were now mostly engaged there in getting dinner; and I am sure I can not do ample justice to this room, where nearly all the work of the household was done. There were large tables, covered with all kinds of meats and pastries, preserves and jellies. A large cooking-stove—the only one in the town—seemed

to feel its importance, as it sent forth, from different kettles and stew-pans, a steam, whose flavor made the hungry man impatient for his dinner. On one side of the kitchen were long shelves, filled with bright tin pans; and, from the press, outside the door, a matronly-looking woman was taking a new made cheese. Near the door stood a young girl, churning; and two more were busily engaged setting the table; and, as they passed to and from the kitchen to the dining-room, you could see, by their light steps and cheerful countenances, that, with them, work was pleasure, as well as play. Those three girls must be sisters; for they strongly resemble each other. But here is one, who seems to be older than the others, and so very unlike them, we can not think she is very nearly related to them. Her features are sharp and uninteresting, with no symmetry of form; her lips thin and compressed, and a frown continually upon her face. The young sister seems delighted at her frequent blunders; and, as their suppressed laughter reaches the ear of the mother, a look, accompanied with the word "girls," is hardly sufficient to keep them quiet.

And now we will introduce a new character, the eldest daughter, who, at this moment, enters the kitchen, with a note in her hand. She is not what would be termed handsome; but a dark eye and sylph-like form are always charming, and these she had. The young sisters were very anxious to see what was in the note which Hatty held in her hand; but she quickly called her mother from the room, and read to her the following words:

"Dear Hatty, please call to our house this afternoon, at four o'clock, as I am going to have a small party. Do not fail to come, Hatty."

"May I go, mother?" asked Hatty, as she put the note in her pocket.

"Yes," exclaimed the mother; "but, really, I think it rather strange Ella did not mention it when she called here, last evening."

Ella was a younger sister of Helen A., and about the same age of Hatty. At this moment, a fine-looking young man entered the room, and inquired how soon dinner would be ready, as he had to start, soon after dinner, for E., on business for his father. Here, again, we could trace the resemblance to the younger sisters — the same expression of the blue eye, the same fair complexion. His face wore a saddened look; and the pallor of his cheek told plainly that some sorrow was preying upon his heart.

In this lad, the reader will readily recognize Edward, the hero of our tale. Hatty was about to speak to Edward of the note; but a look from her mother checked her. Mrs. F. was convinced, from Edward's appearance, that something unpleasant had occurred between him and Helen, and wished to avoid wounding his feelings.

About four o'clock, the same afternoon, might be seen, before the rural dwelling first described, a company of girls collected, gathering flowrets.

"Oh, Hatty! do come, and help me select some of these pretty buds. See, the red blossoms are just peeping out: won't they look so sweet in Helen's hair! Come, with your help, we can soon form a wreath that would do honor to the bride of a count; and I do think Mr. B. looks as grand as any count."

"Well, I don't!" exclaimed Hatty, pettishly. "I think he's a homely, proud, hateful man; and I can not see how Helen can love him;" and, as the thoughts of poor Edward crossed her mind, she sighed deeply.

"Come," said her companion, "any one would suppose, from your looks, you were at a funeral, instead of a wedding. See, the girls have got their bouquets made, and

are beckoning us to hurry; hark! it is ten o'clock, and in half an hour the ceremony will be performed."

Hatty cast a quick glance down the road, in the direction she knew Edward would come, on his return from the village. But her companion hurried her to the house, where the company were now all assembled, the country squire, among the rest, who was about to officiate, for the first time, on such an occasion, and kept repeating over to himself the important words he was about, with great dignity and pride, to utter. The company being seated, and two chairs placed for the bride and bridegroom, all waited in expectation for the young couple, who had not yet been seen. But they were not long left to wait; for soon the door from the other room opened; and Mr. and Mrs. A., followed by their eldest son, Harry, and a young girl who was to stand up with them, entered, with the bride and bridegroom. Mr. B. was dressed in the extreme of fashion, with a look of satisfaction and exultation upon his countenance. Helen was dressed in a robe of white muslin, with the wreath of rose-buds and blossoms, that the girls had gathered from the yard, around her head, while the long, dark curls were hanging about her shoulders. She looked, as she stood there, the very picture of beauty and innocence. She did not seem to notice any one present, but Hatty, on whom she bestowed a sad, sweet smile. Her face was very pale, and her eyes looked as if she had been weeping. As the squire rose, and bade them join hands, Helen, at first, hesitated; but, as she raised her head, and caught the eye of her father, she involuntarily held out her hand; and, in a few moments more, she was the wife of B. Friends now gathered round, to offer their congratulations, and kiss the bride; but something in her look and manner seemed to forbid any thing approaching hilarity.

"I declare," said Ella, in a whisper, "if it makes folks feel so to get married, I'm sure I shall never try it. I never saw any one married before; but I thought they always had a real jolly time." Helen now complained of headache, and asked to be excused; whereupon, she immediately left the company, and retired to her room; and the tears, which she had so long been trying to check, now burst forth.

Both Helen's parents and Mr. B. understood, too well, the cause of her distress, but consoled themselves with the thought that her grief would be short-lived, and that, in a few days, her cheerfulness and vivacity would again return. Not so thought poor Helen. She felt that life, henceforth, to her, would be a dreary waste.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, as she threw herself upon the bed,

"I feel the chain—I know I'm bound—
Its links lie coldly on my heart,
But there's a voice whose every sound
Bids this cruel slavery all depart!"

At this moment, she heard the sound of that loved voice, talking with her brother Harry, in the yard; and she knew that, ere this, he had learned of her marriage—learned that she was lost to him, forever! Some one rapped at her door.

"Come in," said Helen, in a low, tremulous voice. She feared it was her husband; but she was greatly relieved, when the door opened, and the dear form of Hatty met her gaze.

"May I come in, one moment, dear Helen?"

"Oh, Hatty!" cried Helen, "I am so glad you have come."

"I did not think I could have the sweet privilege of conversing with you, to-day. I asked permission of your

mother, to come and say good-by; for I am now going home," answered Hatty.

"Well, I must talk with you, a few moments," said Helen, "or my heart will break!" and, with her hand in that of her young friend's, she said, "Hatty, you know I loved your brother, dearly, ardently; and I know that he loved me. Oh, Hatty! you know not the dreadful struggle between love and duty! I feel that I ought to obey my parents—they have always been kind to me, and never, until this unfortunate affair, used any harshness or compulsion. Indeed, I have ever been a favored child, and scarcely, if ever, thwarted. But, Hatty, when my mother, with tears, begged and entreated me to abandon Edward, and marry Mr. B., that the happiness and honor of my family depended upon it, I felt that I had better suffer unhappiness myself, than to see them miserable; and, in a moment of weakness, I consented; but I have felt, from the first, and now feel, that I shall be utterly, hopelessly miserable! I can never love Mr. B.; and, when I think of Edward's feelings, I am almost distracted. Oh!" said she, as sobs almost choked her utterance, "he will think me base and ungrateful! Tell him, Hatty, I—I—oh, I am married! You must not tell him any thing!" she stammered, "it would be criminal!" and, with the tears streaming down her cheeks, she sunk back on the bed.

Hatty was weeping, too. Deeply did she sympathize with her friends; and the thoughts of Edward's unhappiness rendered her almost as miserable as Helen.

At this moment, Mrs. A. opened the door, and said supper was ready. Helen declined going out; but her mother, deeming it improper for Hatty to remain longer, fearing Helen would betray her true feelings to her, if she had not already, said,

"Come, Hatty, we must have your company at the table; for we are likely to have a dull time."

Hatty gave Helen a look full of pity and commiseration; and, with a low good-by, Helen left the poor girl alone with her sorrow.

We have now arrived at the point at which our narrative opens. When Edward, filled with indignation and despair, at the supposed deception and ingratitude of Helen, went home and offered his hand to Louisa, he knew that he was entailing misery upon himself; but he felt a sort of relief, in thinking that he could show to Helen that he could forget her as easily as she had forgotten him. Mrs. F. did not think proper for Hatty to inform Edward of the conversation she had with Helen, on the day of her marriage. She thought it was better, perhaps, that he should feel a sort of resentment. It might serve to strengthen, and assist him to overcome the deep sorrow that was preying upon his heart. Could she have foreseen that a knowledge of Helen's sufferings and unchanged affection would have prevented the rash act he was now contemplating, how readily would she have told him that Helen loved him—still told him to hope on, that, by some propitious chance or interposition of providence, he might yet be happy. But it is an old proverb, that "the course of true love never did run smooth!" If it had, we should not now be writing this story.

CHAPTER III.

REMOVALS — BIRTH — IMPRISONMENT.

SUMMER had passed, and with it the brightest hopes and prospects of those two young hearts, whose every

throb, for years, had been for each other, whose souls and sympathies were one; and, as the autumn leaves were scattered by the chilly winds of winter, and the flowers were drooping with frost, so the sweet outgushing of their warm and ardent natures were stifled and dead; for the winter blasts had swept over them, and left its impress upon their hearts. Edward and Helen had not met but once since their marriage; and then it was at a large party, given at the house of Edward's uncle. The embarrassment was mutual. Edward seemed trying to avoid Helen, while she seemed equally as anxious to avoid him. If, by chance, their eyes met, they were quickly withdrawn. But, when, in the dance, it came their turn to take each other by the hand, then it was that the blood mounted to their cheeks, and in their eyes a language told, which gave the lie to all the artificial calmness and indifference they could summon. But they met, and parted; and none but a close observer could detail their true feelings. Louisa, on this night, was fired with jealousy. She had watched her husband narrowly, determined to discover it, if, indeed, there was any love lurking in his heart for Helen; and her sagacity had again sought out and traced his feelings to the object upon which they were centered; and she felt a secret revenge in knowing that she had it in her power to make him even more wretched, by taunting him with his hopeless love and disappointment. But in this she was deceived; for she could not make him more wretched than he already was, or add one more pang to those he had experienced at this unhappy meeting.

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We will now pass over two years in our history, in which nothing of any great importance took place. Edward had removed, with his wife, to a distant county in the state, and settled on a small farm in the neighborhood.

where most of Louisa's family resided. Here he endeavored, by industry and economy, to provide a comfortable home. He was kind and obliging to his wife, and tried hard to overcome his unfortunate attachment, and, perhaps, might have succeeded, had Louisa exerted herself in the least to make him happy, which she never did, but, on the contrary, seemed determined to make him as unhappy as possible. After the birth of their boy, she seemed to realize all a mother's fondness for her child; and, while the depths of his better feelings were being stirred and called out toward the little helpless being that had come to claim their mutual love and protection, how easily could she have entwined herself, with her infant, around the heart of the husband and father! How easily could she, by little attentions and endearments, have won upon his affections! for a nature like his could never trample upon or turn coldly from the heart that truly loved him.

We will now return to Helen, who, for two years, had been living with a man every way unworthy of her. She feared his bad temper, and dreaded his presence, and never had, for a moment, entertained the least affection for him. She, too, had become a mother; and a fountain had been stirred in her nature which was strange and new; and, as she gazed upon the infant, and traced its father's features in every outline, although she loved it tenderly, yet it stirred no feeling of love in her bosom, for the father. He must ever remain to her an object of indifference. But, if any thing on earth could have called up one feeling of tenderness in her bosom for him, it would have been called out, on seeing him fondle the infant, who was henceforth to call her by the endearing name of mother. But Mr. B. was not fond of children. He had no patience with them; and often, as the feeble wail of the little one met his ear, he would exclaim, in a harsh voice, "Helen, stop

that child's mouth, or its breath: I don't care which!" and the tears would start to Helen's eyes, as she pressed her infant more closely to her bosom. Often, when by unkindness he had driven her to tears, he would taunt her for cherishing a love for Edward, and tell her he loved to see her weep; he thought it became her wonderfully, and would take care that she always had good cause for tears.

Mrs. A. had discovered, too late, that Mr. B. was not what she had thought, and knew that he could never make her child happy. But she determined to make the best of it, and tried to impress Helen with the importance of trying, in every thing, to please him. In this she was right: it was now the only way the evil could be remedied. Mr. B. had taken a house, and furnished it in good style; and Helen was really envied by some, who were foolish enough to consider a fine house and fine clothes all that were necessary to promote happiness. But those who knew her best could not help but see that, beneath all that superficial appearance, she carried a sad heart. Mr. B.'s vanity led him to try to excel his neighbors, in fine dressing and high living. He took pride in seeing his wife dress better than any of her associates; and, sometimes, when, at a party or ball, dressed in silks, and decked in jewels, she saw herself the observed of all observers, a feeling of exultation and pride for a moment would take possession of her. But, instantly, her better nature would gain the ascendancy; and she would feel that, for one hour of quiet repose, and sweet converse with those she loved, she would give them all away.

Mr. A., who did not know of Helen's domestic trials, thought her a fortunate woman. He was a man who measured happiness by external appearances, and, therefore, believed Helen to be very happy; and she had been

careful, on all occasions, to appear so, in her father's presence. Her mother, who could look deeper into the intricacies of the human heart, knew that her daughter was wretched, and feared that her early attachment for Edward had not diminished. Things were in this condition, when Mr. B., who was never, really, any other than a clerk in the store, was entrusted with three or four thousand dollars, to purchase goods in New York. Helen had asked to accompany him to the city. At first, he refused; but, the day before the one set for his departure, he informed her she could go, but must leave her child behind. This she would not consent to; and he started alone. The time arrived that he should be in E.; and, as day after day passed away, and he did not arrive, his employer became uneasy; and, after writing, and receiving no answer, he immediately made preparations for overhauling him; for he was now convinced that he had absconded.

We will not stop to relate all the particulars connected with the affair, suffice it to say, Mr. B. was arrested, tried, and sentenced to ten year's imprisonment. And who can picture the mortification and resentment that took possession of Mr. A.'s family, as they learned the history of his deception and dishonor. But, oh, how thankful was the mother, that Helen did not accompany him! for she might have been thought an accomplice. Helen, at first, felt shocked and surprised at her husband's treachery; and, as she looked upon her child, and thought of its helpless condition, and of its father's cruel, unnatural desertion, it would cause the tears again to flow. Poor Helen! yours has, indeed, been a thorny way: misfortune's shaft has been hurled upon thy offending head; and the rose will hardly again bloom upon thy pale cheek.

Mr. B.'s effects were all attached, to secure his creditors; for, it appeared, he was indebted for all he possessed. Mr.

A. kindly offered Helen and her child the protection they so much needed, and she returned to her father's house, as poor in purse as when she left it, and much poorer in that peace of mind which is more to be prized than silver or gold.

CHAPTER IV.

SUDDEN DEATH — SEPARATION — ELOPEMENT — ETC.

WE will now return to Edward, whose prospects in life seemed no brighter than Helen's, so far as domestic happiness was concerned. Mr. F. had offered his son a situation on his place; and he had, accordingly, moved back. And here, again, we have Edward and Helen, after five year's separation, within the short distance of a mile from each other, in the neighborhood where they first met—where some of the happiest hours of youthful gayety were passed together. They sometimes met at church, but had not, as yet, spoken to each other. Helen felt that Edward could but despise her, for what must seem to him the most heartless deception. Neither understood the feelings of the other, nor knew of each other's unhappiness. This state of things was not long to continue; but let us not anticipate. The parents of Edward and Helen had not been very intimate since Edward's marriage, on account of the treatment he had undeservedly received at the hands of Mr. and Mrs. A. But Hatty, who had ever cherished the truest sentiments of affection for Helen, continued to visit her as usual. But time passed on, and brought its events and changes. Other members of Mr. F.'s family were married and settled comfortably in life. Harry A. had long been trying to pay his addresses to

Hatty; and, when, at last, he summoned courage to declare his hopes and wishes, he was flatly refused. His parents, as well as himself, experienced a great disappointment; for they had looked upon this as being an excellent match. About this time, Ella, who had got her heart set upon a cousin of Hatty's, and who was encouraged, by her parents, to persevere, was, also, doomed to disappointment; for her truant lover had found one who suited his fancy better, and married her. In fact, nothing had seemed to work well, with these match-making parents, since they sacrificed their lovely daughter to a sordid ambition; and Mrs. A. had reason to fear she would have rather hard work to marry off her two remaining daughters and three sons, to advantage.

"Helen, which would you wear to the ball—this light silk, or my white muslin?"

I should prefer the muslin: white is emblematical of purity; and I trust, Elly, you are as pure as you are lighthearted.

At this moment, her brother Harry entered the room.

"Helen," he said, "I have just come from Hatty. I asked her to accompany me to the ball; and she said, if I could persuade you to go with us, she would accept my invitation. You see, it is you instead of me she wishes to go with, but is willing to take me along as waiter. Confound the girl; she'll be the death of me yet!"

"But why do you allow yourself to be trifled with?" said Elly; "why did you ask her, after she had given you the mitten so many times?"

"For the same reason you still have to cry over your disappointment," exclaimed Harry, laughing.

"It is no such thing," said Elly, pettishly.

"It is true," persisted Harry. "Every time you meet the fair girl who was so wicked as to eclipse your pretty self, you have to cry for vexation."

"Oh! well, I don't keep begging, and hanging round him, as you do around Hatty," Elly exclaimed.

"Ella, said Helen, I think Harry has the best side of the argument. I do not wonder he should covet the society of such a girl as Hatty; it is not strange he should love her. But it would be strange for you to be hanging round a married man."

"Oh! you always take up for him, when we are quarreling," said Elly, as she playfully pulled her brother's hair. "I really hope you may get Hatty, I would like her for a sister; and then, you know, she could fix my dresses and things—she has such good taste."

"Ah! then, you would make my wife your waiting-maid. I declare that would be an honor. But say," continued Harry, turning to Helen, "will you accept of my arm to the ball? You must go, for all the world will be there."

"Oh, no!" cried Helen; "not all the world; Henry will not be there; and not a sound of the enchanting music, nor a familiar voice, will penetrate his prison-walls. I shall not be there, I do not wish to mingle, again, with those who have witnessed and triumphed in my fall. My misfortunes have made me timid; I shrink from the eager gaze of the curious. The place I have filled in that gay hall I willingly yield to lighter hearts and fairer forms. I feel my place is here, beside my infant's cradle."

"How melancholy you have grown. I wish to gracious Henry B. had never lived."

"I say, Helen, you shall go to the ball; and now I have a compliment for you. Edward was present when I asked Hatty; and, when he heard her proposition, he smilingly said, 'Now, Harry, you have only to coax Helen to go, and then you will have the pleasure of escorting two of the prettiest women in town.' He did not except his own wife. He is going; and it is plain he wants you to be

there. He wants to see, I suppose, how it will seem, to dance once more with his old sweet-heart."

"I am nothing to Edward, nor he to me," cried Helen, mournfully, as the tears filled her eyes.

Harry saw he had touched on a tender chord, and gaily said,

"Well, those tears are a sign you are having compassion on me. I shall go right up, and inform Hatty that you will accompany us."

Helen smiled, but said nothing; and Harry left the room.

* * * * *

The morning of the Fourth dawned bright and beautiful; and every heart beat high with expectation of the coming festival. Hatty was busily engaged, putting the last flower in the wreaths that were to decorate her own and her sister's hair, when little Eddy, her brother's eldest son, entered the room.

"Why, Eddy," said Hatty, what has sent you here, so early? Is your ma getting ready for the ball?"

"Yes, and she wants you, aunt, to come and help her fix her dress; it don't set good. And she wants you to put the trimming on her cape."

"Well, I will run over in a few minutes; but where is your pa?"

"Oh! he is up in the woods, where the men are to work; and I am going up there now, to come home with him. He and ma are both going to the ball; and I and baby are coming to stay with grand-ma."

"But why are you in such a dreadful hurry?" asked Hatty, as the child was hastening out of the door; "you have not kissed me, to-day."

"Oh, I forgot," cried Eddy; and, kissing his aunt, he hurried from the house, and took his way toward the woods.

Soon after dinner, Hatty repaired to her brother's house, and found Louisa in a very fretful mood.

"You have been a great while coming, Hatty; I don't believe you will have time to fix my things; it's past two, now. I don't see why Edward don't come to his dinner; he always makes me wait."

"He and Eddy will soon be here," exclaimed Hatty. "We have plenty of time: we shall not care to start till half-past two."

At this moment, Hatty happened to turn her eyes toward the open door; and, with a scream, she rushed from the house. Louisa hastily stepped to the door; and a sight met her view which nearly stagnated the blood in her veins. Her husband was staggering toward the house, with Eddy in his arms; and the blood was gushing from his head and nostrils. Hatty took the child, and Edward fell senseless on the ground.

Mr. F., who was in his garden, saw Louisa wringing her hands, and heard her screaming. He knew something dreadful had happened; and, calling to his wife, they started on the run. Before they reached the house, Hatty had laid Eddy upon the bed; but he showed no signs of life. While Mr. F. was endeavoring to recover Edward, his mother passed into the house. She found Hatty and Louisa weeping frantically over the child, who, to all appearance, was dead. She immediately applied cold water to his head, which was horribly crushed. This seemed to revive him for a moment. He opened his eyes, and struggled hard for breath, gasped a few times, and all was over—he was dead! By this time, others, who had witnessed the tumult in the yard, came in; and all was confusion. Edward had revived, and sat leaning against a tree in the yard. He was as pale as death, and took no heed of what was passing around him. Mrs. F. now began to consider who

should be sent to assist in laying out the child, and preparing his grave clothes. Mrs. A., whom she knew to be very handy in such matters, had been quite unwell for a few days, and, very likely, unable to come. She next thought of Helen, and immediately sent for her. Helen was busy assisting Elly to dress for the ball. When the dreadful tidings were brought her, she quickly put on her things, and soon found herself at Edward's gate. She trembled so that she could scarcely stand, as she passed through the yard, to the house. She saw a number of men collected round Edward. Oh, how she sympathized with him, in this great calamity! Mrs. F. met her at the door, and, taking her hand, led her to the room where the corpse lay. Helen had often noticed this sweet boy, as he sometimes passed her father's house, and would occasionally detain him for a moment, by presenting him with fruit or toys. His pretty, modest demeanor, and near resemblance to him she once loved, had won upon her feelings, until she had come to look upon him with almost parental affection; and now, as she stood looking down upon the child, she could hardly realize that he was dead. She imagined she could see the motion of the breast, and hear the quiet breathing, like one in sweetest slumber. She even bent her ear, to catch the sound; but all was still. A smile of heavenly innocence was resting upon its face; but its pure spirit had suddenly been transplanted to a more congenial soil. Helen could not restrain her feelings; and she wept freely, with those who were shedding sorrow's bitter tears.

In a few hours, with the assistance of Edward's mother, the child was arrayed in the habiliments of the grave. Edward had not, as yet, seen the child, since Hatty took it from his arms, nor had he and Helen yet exchanged a word. He was reclining, in a thoughtful and abstracted manner, on a lounge, in the kitchen, when Helen went in

to assist Hatty in getting supper. Edward raised his head, as she entered. Their eyes met, and each involuntarily gave a start. But Helen, collecting herself, approached, and held out her hand to him. Edward grasped it, and, with a voice tremulous with deep emotion, said,

"Mrs. B., we have met in a sad hour—an hour that witnesses again the blight of my dearest hopes, of my earthly happiness."

No one was present, at this time, but Hatty; and she did not perceive the deep meaning of the words just uttered, but supposed they alluded wholly to the death of his child. Edward now hastened from the room, and repaired to the one where lay his blighted bud—his cherished idol! His mother sat there, with Louisa, who was weeping hysterically, and, like Rachel, refusing to be comforted. As Edward entered, his mother arose, approached the bed, and turned down the sheet, that he might gaze upon the dead. Edward cast one look upon that marble face, and, covering his face with his hands, with a deep groan, sunk back into a chair. Louisa, in this hour of bereavement, gave way to all the bitterness of her feelings, in useless mournings against the fates, and the carelessness of those who, she thought, might have prevented the accident. Hers was not that deep agony of the soul, which could find no relief in tears, and yet, with pious resignation, bow, in humble submission, and say, "Not my will, O God, but thine, be done."

The circumstances attending the accident were being often repeated to one and another, who were continually coming in; for, in a country place, a thing of this kind causes great excitement. They were, briefly, as follows: The boy, after reaching the clearing, climbed upon a large log, and sat down to wait for his father, who was only a few rods from the spot, assisting his men in rolling some

logs together. In doing so, the one upon which the child sat was started by another; and, the ground being descending, it turned over, throwing the child off, and rolling upon its head. Edward sprung to the spot, and, with one arm, lifted the log—a weight that three stout men would have found very difficult to accomplish—while, with the other, he snatched the boy from beneath.

But some of our fair readers will exclaim, "What has this sad affair to do with the ball? I want to know about that." Well, we will tell you. The hour for the ball arrived, and with it a joyful throng, who were to pass a few hours in careless gayety, heedless of the sorrows of the mourners. Such is life. While, in one spot, the sound of mirth and revelry greet the ear, in another, the bitter wail of despair, and the groans of the dying are heard. Harry and Ella attended the ball; and often, in the midst of the gay scenes, they would think of Helen, and her midnight vigils with the dead; and, for a moment, sadness would take the place of gayety, and they would feel that they ought not to be there.

"Oh!" said Ella, to a younger girl, standing beside her in the dance, "I can't keep that poor little boy out of my mind—dear little fellow! It was only yesterday, I saw him, and he looked so smiling and rosy, and told me what nice times he was going to have to-day, to his grandma's. Uncle George, he said, was going to make him a sled; and they were going to shoot off goosequills, and play checkers, and every thing. It makes me feel so sad, she continued, to think of it; and I can't shake it off. I don't feel like dancing; I mean to ask Harry to go home."

"Oh, pshaw!" cried her companion; "I guess I sha'n't let that young one's death trouble me; it's none of our business;" and, had she added that she rejoiced at any circumstance that would keep Hatty away, she would have spoken

truly; for she loved Harry, and felt that only Hatty stood in the way of her felicity; and this evening she was in the zenith of her glory; for her rival was not there, and Harry was very attentive to her.

But the ball passed, as passes every thing; and, in two days after, the most of that gay assembly were again collected together, but on a different occasion: instead of the lively strains of the violin, were heard the sobs of the mourners, and the rattle of dirt upon the coffin! The funeral passed, and with it the fondest hopes of Edward. He felt now, that he had scarcely any thing to bind him to earth; and yet, as he caught the sorrowful and sympathetic expression of Helen's tearful eyes, as the last sod was thrown upon the little mound, he, for a moment, forgot his sorrows, and, in imagination, was living over the past again.

* * * * *

It was sunset. The busy din of labor had ceased; the workmen had shouldered their hoes, spades, and axes, and were returning, weary, from the field, to partake, with their families, of the frugal meal, and enjoy a season of sweet repose, after the burden and heat of the day, with those they loved. Edward had been summoned from the field early in the afternoon, to attend to his office duties. He was a magistrate; and the law business of the whole town devolved upon him; but this he found was somewhat different from filling a warrant or summons. It was to join, in the holy bands of wedlock, a young and loving couple, who had agreed to tread life's thorny path together. Edward felt unusually depressed, after the departure of his guests. They had gone, with vows of affectionate love and constancy in their hearts, and upon their lips; and the tongue had only uttered what the heart felt, and they were happy. Poor Edward thought of his own wedding-

day; of the dreary years that he had passed; and many more, perhaps, would roll away, with even more dreary prospects ahead; for, since the death of his child, Louisa had become more peevish and fretful; and, since the day that Helen had come to the house, the demon Jealousy, had taken possession of her; and, if Edward was out of her sight, no matter how urgent his business might be, she would pretend to believe that he had been out by appointment, to meet Helen. Things continued in this way, till Edward's friends (and he had many) advised him to separate from her. It was perceptible, that his daily trials were affecting his health; and all united in saying it was far better that they should separate, than drag out a miserable existence together. He was young in years, with talents and endowments which would fit him for a useful man. He was loved and respected by all who knew him; and many had spoken to him upon the subject of separating with one who stood directly in the way of his elevation and happiness. At first, Edward recoiled from the thought. He had been so long in the habit of thinking that his earthly destiny was fixed, that the thought, at first, startled him. He had never dreamed that any thing but death could release him from his bonds. But a new idea had taken possession of him; he had come to think of it seriously and had even spoken to his father, and written to Louisa's father, upon the subject. Mr. F. did not wish to advise Edward in the matter, but left him to act as he thought right and proper.

One day, Louisa was surprised to see her father and mother drive to the door, and alight. She ran out to meet them; but, as she met her father's peculiar gaze, she knew something was wrong. After inquiring for Edward, and being told he would soon be in to dinner, he wished Mr. F. and his wife to be sent for. Louisa, at that

moment, discovered Edward's youngest brother passing, and desired him to tell his father and mother to come there directly after dinner; and, when, at last, they were all seated together, with the addition of a few of the neighbors, the subject of a separation of Edward and Louisa was broached by her father. At first, Louisa seemed startled. She cast a quick glance toward the cradle. Her father understood her thoughts, and said,

"Edward, you will permit Louisa to keep the child, will you not?"

"Yes," cried Edward, in a low, tremulous voice, "as long as she can take good care of it." This point being settled, Louisa seemed to feel elated at the idea of being released from house-keeping, which had always been a great dread to her; for she was, by nature, indolent and inactive; and the thought of returning to her father's, with her child, and having her mother assist her in taking care of it, was, she thought much better than to have the charge of a house and baby alone. She had no idea but that Edward would visit her often; and she could receive him as coldly as she pleased. She would pay him off for being so willing to separate from her. It was settled, that Louisa and the child should return, in the afternoon of the next day, with the parents—her things to be sent after her, in a few days. It was not in the nature of Edward to witness the preparations of Louisa's departure, without painful emotions. Although he had never loved her, and, for six long years, had suffered the most intense wretchedness, yet she was the mother of his children—of the little saint now in heaven—and it was not without a struggle, that he saw her, with his children, seated in the waggon; and, when he approached to say "good by," his voice trembled, and his eyes filled with tears. He snatched one kiss from the sleeping infant, pressed

Louisa's hand; and, bidding her parents good-by, he turned from them, and went into the house. Every thing here wore an aspect of deepest gloom. It had been but a few weeks since he saw his loved child borne from the house, never to return; and now all were gone, and he was alone.

* * * * *

"Oh, what a lovely place! I declare, Helen, I should like to be married, in just such a spot, with the green grass here for a carpet, and these shady old trees for a shelter. Would it not be romantic?"

"Yes; but you forget, Hatty, that you are to be married in Paris. You know, you and Elly had got it all planned, that you were to go on a tour to Europe, and marry some French nobleman."

"But, without joking, Helen, I do believe I shall never marry, unless I can get some one far above any of my present acquaintances, in point of talents, education, accomplishments, beauty, riches, and refinement."

"I really hope your fancy-dream may be realized," cried Helen, thoughtfully. "God forbid, that you should ever taste the bitter cup of sorrow, like poor Edward or your unhappy friend!"

"You have both looked only upon the dark side of life," returned Hatty. "I know there is a bright side, even in the marriage estate; and I hope to find it. But, as sure as I live, there comes Edward—poor Edward! he has come out for a stroll in the woods. There, he sees us, and is coming this way." And off ran the lovely girl, to meet him. Helen had not seen Edward since his child was buried, but had heard, with strange emotions, of his separation from his wife, and felt that there was a singular coincidence in its taking place the same month and day of the month, in which her husband had left her;

and the same presentiment came over her which she had often felt before, that her destiny and his were inseparably connected. Edward approached, and greeted Helen with a calmness which surprised her; and she returned his greeting with the same dignity; but, as he seated himself, Hatty started, as she said, to go and gather winter-greens, thus leaving Edward and Helen alone. They were equally surprised, now, at the emotion which was so visible in each other. Neither spoke; and their confusion and embarrassment were becoming painful to endure. At last, Edward broke the silence, by saying,

"I hope, Mrs. B., I do not intrude, by stopping here. I often, of late, walk in this wood. Some of my happiest hours were passed here, in meditation."

He ceased speaking; and Helen felt that she must say something.

"I, too, love the woods, and this is my favorite retreat. I always come here, on the sabbath, and read: it is so quiet and still."

"You should not have told me that," said Edward, trying to smile. "I fear, as I am often strolling in the woods, my steps will be bent this way, in spite of my efforts to prevent it."

Helen felt the blush coming to her cheeks, and turned her head.

"I do wish Hatty would come," she said; but Edward did not believe it. He had watched her closely, while speaking, and saw that she was pleased, but, at the same time, greatly embarrassed.

At this moment, Hatty appeared. Helen wished that they could have had a longer time together; but Hatty was now near them, and Edward had only time to say: "I shall pass this spot on sabbath next, at eleven o'clock."

By this time, Hatty came up, with her apron full of winter-green and wild flowers; "See those forget-me-nots; are they not beautiful?"

Edward took one, and, with a look which Helen too well understood, presented it to her. As he rose to depart, he said,

"Ladies, I hope you may have a pleasant time; I would like to remain with you, but I have a lawsuit before me, at four o'clock, and it is near that time now." After he was gone, Helen, in recalling what had been said between them, feared she had spoken too freely. She recalled his looks and words, and gazed upon the flower which he had presented her. "Forget-me-not," she mentally ejaculated. "No, dear Edward, I can never forget you." She made a motion to put the flower in her bosom; but, fearing Hatty might see her, she hesitated. But Hatty had seen all; and, with a mischievous smile playing about her mouth, she said,

"Helen, you may put that forget-me-not in your bosom. I know poor Edward loves you; and I believe you love him. Do you not?" she continued, looking Helen tenderly in the face, and taking her hand. You know you told me, long, long ago, within an hour after you had become the wife of B., that you should always love my poor brother. I know you loved him then."

"I did love him, most sincerely," cried Helen, while the tears filled her eyes; but, Hatty, we have both seen much of sorrow, since that unhappy day; and our feelings have changed."

At this moment, Ella came running toward them. "Oh, here you are! Now hurry and come to the house; for we have got a lot of company come to spend the evening. Come, Hatty, you go home with us." "No, I can not; very likely we shall have a house full to get supper for.

You knew they are having a lawsuit; and I must go home, to help mother." So, bidding the girls good night, Hatty hurried home. She found her mother busily engaged in getting supper for a large number of people. The suit was likely to last through the night, and perhaps the next day. Edward, who had been trying hard, but in vain, to keep his mind on the point, as each witness was called to the stand, at length arose, and gave notice that the court would now adjourn for two hours. He now sought his room, and, throwing himself on the bed, gave full scope to his thoughts. He investigated closely all Helen had said at their last meeting; all her actions were scanned — her embarrassment and blush when he gave her the significant little flower; her looks of undisguised pleasure, as he spoke of meeting her there, again, on the sabbath; and, more than all, that expression of the black eye, the same that he had so often witnessed in years before, when, seated by her side, with her hand clasped in his, they talked of love, and joys to come. "Oh," he thought, "if I could believe, that she loved me still!" But no, it could not be; else, why had she deserted him so cruelly? Thus ruminated Edward, till he heard his mother's voice at his door, calling him to supper. He felt inadequate, in his present state of feelings, to attend his official duties; but, knowing the necessity of the case, he made an effort to proceed; but often had he to recall his wandering thoughts; and, if his decisions were not all legal in this case, he was surely excusable.

Helen, after her friends had left, retired to her bed, not to sleep, but, like Edward, recall every minute circumstance of the meeting. She felt that Edward loved her still, and, in spite of all that had transpired, and the coldness with which he treated her, she felt that her happiness was in his keep-

ing. "Oh," she thought, "with Edward for a companion, with his love to comfort and cheer me, I could renounce the world, and all its false allurements; I could live on some lone, barren isle, and never behold a face but his, or listen to any voice, save that which is now sounding like the sweetest music in my ears. Yes, dear Edward, methinks, even now, I hear thy soft, low accents, and see the glance of those tender eyes, as, with looks too deep for utterance, they fondly gaze into mine."

"Where are you going, Helen? I see you are equipped for a walk. Oh! I see, you have your books; now for the green wood shade!"

"Yes, Elly, I love to sit there, on the grass, under the shade of the old trees; it is so still and quiet. If any one comes, while I am away, to see me, you can hang a white cloth from the chamber-window, and I shall be sure to see it."

"I will do so," said Elly; and Helen, with a beating heart, started, at a few minutes before the time that Edward had set for the meeting. After gaining the spot, she seated herself upon a mossy hillock, and tried to read; but every leaf that was stirred by the wind, or the fluttering of a bird, startled her. After sitting about five minutes, she saw Edward coming toward her. She felt the blood rush to her face; and, in spite of all her efforts to appear calm, she only grew more confused; and, by the time he reached the spot, her agitation was so great that she felt she must make some apology. Accordingly, when he came up and held out his hand to her, she looked at him, and then, with her eyes bent upon the ground, she said,

"Mr. F., I expected to meet you here, but yet, I — I perhaps have not done right, in coming here."

"And why not, Helen? surely, you are not afraid to trust yourself with me!"

"O no!" cried Helen, still more agitated. "But, you know, people might talk; and then, why should we meet?"

Helen ceased speaking; and Edward, gazing upon her a few moments, seated himself by her side, and, retaining her hand, said,

"Helen, have we not long enough sacrificed our feelings, by yielding to the opinion of others? have we been made happy by so doing, Helen? If you will answer me one question, it will relieve me of this dreadful suspense. But, before I ask it, I will frankly confess to you, that I love you as fervently at this hour, as I did on the dreadful night that I was banished from your presence; and I feel that your misfortunes have rendered you still dearer to me than ever. Oh, Helen! I too have suffered. You know not the long years of misery I have passed, alone, as it were, unpitied and unloved."

"Oh, say not so, Edward!" cried Helen. She assayed to say more, but her feelings got the better of her, and, dropping her head upon Edward's shoulder, she burst into tears. Edward was so overcome by her tears, that, for several moments, he sat silent. At length, he called her attention to a white cloth, fluttering from the window of her chamber.

"I must go," said Helen; "some one is at the house; and Elly has put it there as a signal."

"I can not let you go, until you have answered my question. Helen, the time was, when I know you loved me; can I—dare I hope that you love me still?"

He paused, and fixed a steadfast look upon her. Helen raised her eyes to his; and, with the tears glistening upon her cheek, and a happy smile playing upon her lips, she said,

"Edward, I have ever loved you, from the first hour we met; and, though you have had reason to think that my feelings had changed toward you, yet, believe me, I have never ceased to love you."

It was now Edward's turn to weep. It was more than he dared to expect, although Hatty, within the week, had told him of the conversation she had with Helen, on the day of her marriage; and now, as her own lips uttered the blessed assurance that he was still loved, he forgot, for a moment, that she was not his own; and, with an impulse of pure and ardent love, such as is only felt by virtuous hearts, he threw his arms around her neck, and impressed a kiss upon her cheek.

Helen now arose, and declared she must go, for she feared some one would be after her.

"But not till you promise that you will meet me again."

"I dare not promise; and yet I have much to say to you, Edward. Perhaps I will meet you again next sabbath."

"Oh, I must see you before that time; it will seem so long! Oh, Helen!" said he, kissing her hands, "you have made me happy; you love me, and — and —"

"And you must try and be very good," interposed Helen, smiling; "and be very patient, and do just as I tell you."

"I am all submission, Helen; but don't be too severe; for, remember, I have suffered much, and this is the first gleam of sunshine that has fallen upon my weary heart for many years. The world, to me, has been a wilderness of woe, and life a burthen; and, Helen, if I could have known that you, too, were miserable, that you, too, were suffering, I could not have borne up under my trials. I should have sought you, and should have thrown myself upon your mercy. You could not have cast me from you."

"But, Edward," said Helen, while the tears were coursing down her cheeks, "you forget that we were, in the eyes of the law and the world, separated; that I could only have pitied you in my heart. I am glad we did not meet—that we were ignorant of each other's unhappiness. But see, Elly is coming; you must away."

Edward started, but turned, and, snatching Helen's hand, said, "Meet me here to-morrow, at this time."

Helen was fearful Elly might see him, and made an effort to withdraw her hand.

"Will you promise?" he said, retaining it.

"Yes," said Helen; and, by the time Elly came up, he was far from the spot.

"I was just coming," said Helen. "I have been so engaged in reading, I almost forgot myself."

"Oh, how foolish you are, to let stories effect you so! Your cheeks are fiery red, and your eyes are red; you have been crying over that foolish story. Let's see; what book is it? 'The Children of the Abby.' That accounts for it. I had to cry myself, reading that book. but hurry; Phoebe and Morris are waiting to see you."

* * * * *

It was evening. The family of Mr. A. had collected around the table. Some were reading, others writing. Helen and Elly were sewing.

"I fear we shall not get little Mary's dress done to-night," said Elly. "It is past nine; and we have not half finished it."

"Well, I will tell you what I am going to do. I shall take it into my bed-room, and, as I do not feel sleepy, and don't care to retire until late, I can easily finish it. She will need it, to wear to church to-morrow. So you may go to bed, Elly."

As Elly rose to go, Helen dropped her work, and gazed

upon her, till she went out, and closed the door. And thus it was, as each member of the family retired from her sight, and when, at last, her mother rose, to go to her bed-room, Helen involuntarily clasped her hands together, and looked so strangely that it attracted her mother's attention.

"Why, what ails you, Helen? You look so wild, and act so singular? are you crazy?"

"I think not, mother," said Helen; "I only feared you might be sick; you look pale this evening."

"I am not very well," answered Mrs. A.; "but it's nothing unusual for me to be indisposed."

Saying this, she took the lamp, and left the room.

Helen sat alone with her thoughts. She had looked upon her family, perhaps, for the last time. To-morrow night, at this hour, she should be far, far away; and they, perhaps, buried in shame and sorrow, or, what would be still worse, pronouncing curses upon their ungrateful daughter. Helen had sat, some time, in the deepest study, when, suddenly, recollecting herself, she started up, and, snatching the light from the table, hurried to her room. At this moment, she heard the clock strike ten. She had yet two hours to reflect upon the fearful step she was about to take. After thinking what she should do at first, her eyes fell upon her child, sleeping quietly upon the bed. She approached, and gazed down upon it; and, with clasped hands, gave vent to the tears she had been so long striving to restrain.

"Oh!" she softly murmured, "how can I leave thee—how tear myself away—helpless offspring of a disconsolate mother! How can I leave thee, sweet innocent! Thou wast forsaken by thy unnatural father; and now shall I, too, forsake and leave thee, perhaps never, never to see thee more? Oh no, no! I can not—I can not!"

she sobbed, as she threw her arms around it, and pressed it convulsively to her bosom. This roused the child. She opened her eyes, and, seeing her mother, said,

"Oh, mamma! why don't you come to bed? I was dreaming such an ugly dream, when you woke me. I thought you were going a great ways off."

Helen started, and laid her hand upon the child's head, and, patting it, said,

"There, Mary, go to sleep. Ma is going to finish your new dress; and now, dear, close your eyes, and try to sleep."

She turned from the bed, and, with feelings bordering upon distraction, took the little dress from the table, seated herself, and commenced sewing. But her hand trembled; and the tears, which kept falling, blinded her so that she was obliged to lay it down. She knew Mary would watch her until she fell asleep; so she turned her back to the bed, and soon she knew, by her breathing, she was asleep. She now wiped her eyes, and, with an effort, tried to compose herself. After a while, she became quite calm, and took up her work.

"Oh!" thought Helen, "this dear little dress I will finish; it may be the last I can do for my child."

Oh, how willingly she now applied herself to her work! and, before the clock struck twelve, it was done, and laid away in the little trunk which contained Mary's clothing. Helen knew it was near the time that Edward was to be there, and she should be collecting and packing her clothing. But, when she began her task, her limbs became so weak, she found it utterly impossible to do any thing. She sat down upon the side of the bed, looking upon the little sleeper, lost in a reverie, from which the sound of the clock striking twelve aroused her; and, springing up, she passed quickly to the window, and,

looking out, saw the moon was shrouded in clouds, and the night dark and gloomy. She was just leaving the window, when the sound of a carriage caught her ears. She listened attentively, and heard it stop at the place designated.

The reader will recollect that, in describing Mr. A.'s dwelling, in the beginning of our story, there was an old-fashioned stoop in front. In each end of this stoop were two bedrooms, one occupied by Elly, the other by Helen and her child. Helen now placed the light near the window, and softly opened the door, and stood, in almost breathless silence, waiting for the sound of a step in the yard. She had not long to wait; for, presently, the step was heard approaching the door. A moment more, and she was held, almost fainting, in Edward's arms. He held her to his breast, and, with tender words and fond caresses, tried to drive away her fears. At length, with her eyes full of tears, she said,

"Edward, it is hard to leave my child; yet I can not take her with me."

"And why not?" said Edward.

"Oh! it would be so cruel; she has always been a pet in our family; and poor mother would be so unhappy without her. No, I will not think of it."

Edward reminded her, that they would have to be expeditious.

"And now, Helen, I do not wish to influence you to this step; I wish you to act as your heart shall dictate. I feel that I can not leave you—perhaps, forever—and yet I must go. My remaining here might prove injurious to both, as your people are already becoming suspicious of us. The only alternative is, if I remain, I must not see you; for I would not persist in any course that should cause you trouble. You have had enough

already. And I could not stay here without seeing you: I would rather be far, far away on the ocean waves, or in the bottom of the sea."

"Oh! do not talk thus, Edward. I will go with you, even to the ends of the earth. This is, henceforth, my home," said she, as her head sunk upon his bosom. "Here let me live; here let me die."

At this moment, they heard some one in the kitchen; and, quickly motioning Edward to step behind the door, she snatched up a book; and, in a moment more, her mother entered her room.

"Helen, have you got the camphor-bottle here?"

"Yes," said Helen, as she rose, and, with trembling steps, took it from a little cupboard.

Mrs. A. did not notice the pallor of Helen's cheek, nor the unsteadiness of her hand; but, telling her she had better retire, she left the room. As soon as they heard her close her own door, they set immediately about getting ready to start. Helen, with a determination and a calmness which surprised her, commenced packing her clothing. In a short time, all was in readiness; and Edward went out, to get the man who was in care of the team to assist in loading in the trunks. They were obliged to proceed with caution and stillness, as any noise would be sure to arouse her folks. As the man passed out with the last trunk, Helen turned to the bed; but Edward, knowing that it would only distress her to look again upon her child, tenderly took her hand, and led her quickly from the room; and, softly closing the door behind them, they were soon seated in the carriage, and the horses under quick speed.

It was now that Helen's pent-up feelings again found vent in tears; and, like a helpless infant, she lay weeping upon the breast of him who was now her only guard-

ian and protector. Edward was greatly affected by her tears; and, with endearing words, and assurances of everlasting love and constancy, succeeded in tranquilizing her; and, by the time they arrived at Edward's cousin's, where every thing was in readiness for a hasty marriage, Helen had regained, in a good degree, her composure, and felt a consciousness, in her own heart, that she was doing right. She was fulfilling the sacred vow she had made to Edward, long years ago; and, with a light step, she walked by his side into the house, where she was, in a few moments, made the happy wife of him she loved dearer than all else on earth.

Great and terrible was the excitement of the inhabitants of E., and especially Mr. A.'s family, when the fact of the elopement became known. Some blamed, while others tried to palliate, the act. It was food for the curious, for many months; and gossips had a fine time, spreading the news.

We will now follow the runaways, and look in upon them, as they sit in one of the most commodious and fashionable parlors of a western hotel.

"Edward, you must be sure and bring me a letter from the post-office; you know it is now a week since I wrote home, and have received no answer."

"But I fear, dear one, the wished-for letter will not be quite as pleasant as the one I have just received from Hatty," said Edward, taking, at the same time, a letter from his pocket.

"Oh!" exclaimed Helen, "have you, indeed, got a letter from Hatty?—Dear Hatty!" and, with a heart full of expectation and anxiety, she broke the seal, and read as follows:

"DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER: It seems almost incred-

ible, that this letter will ever reach you; but yours, dear brother, reached me, and I can not describe to you my feelings while perusing it. I laughed and cried alternately. I had, from the time you started, feared some thing might happen to impede your flight; and most sincerely do I rejoice, and feel that, for the part I acted, I am amply repaid, in knowing that you are safe and happy.

"And now, I will tell you something of the times we have had. I arose very early on the morning which was to unfold the thrilling event. Soon after breakfast, I saw Harry coming, and knew, from his manner, that he was terribly excited. I stepped into the yard, and pretended to be busy with my posies. I wanted him to speak to me first, and had my face all fixed for the news. It was several minutes before he could articulate a single word; but, when he did find his tongue, he used it very fluently, I can tell you. After he had told me that you were gone, and related all the circumstances about your taking your trunks and clothing, and leaving a line on the table, saying you were going with a friend, who would protect you, and hoped your folks would not give themselves any unnecessary trouble, I very innocently asked him, whom you had gone with. 'Why, that scamp, Edward, to be sure! Oh, how I would thrash him!' he exclaimed, stamping upon the ground. Father, at this moment, came to the door, and Harry went on to relate the matter over again.

"Father was really surprised at what he heard. He, of course, had never dreamed of such a thing, and was at a loss to know how it was brought about, as you had started for the state of Ohio, two days before Helen left. They, at length, came to the conclusion that you had stopped somewhere on the road, at some appointed place, and

she had followed after. Of course, I did not tell them that you were at uncle's, making preparations for a wedding, and then returned for the fair bride; and, like a true knight, had led her safely *out*, while all were sweetly sleeping, unconscious of what you were about.—Now, don't laugh at my poetry: it is my first attempt. I can do almost any thing now—make poetry or prose, or write sermons, or dance and sing. Mother says I took your flight awfully easy; and sometimes I am almost afraid she mistrusts that I know more than I care to say. But, to proceed, Mr. and Mrs. A., and all the family, said a great deal—especially Harry. He is certainly going to have you both killed, if he ever finds you. Mother has been very quiet about it, and says it was imprudent in the extreme; but hopes you may both be happy. Father has become so disgusted with the hard and absurd remarks of Mr. A.'s folks, that he says you are both of age, and had a right to do as you have a mind to; and further says that, if you had been left to follow your inclination in your youth, much trouble and disgrace would have been prevented; and he strangely advises those who say the most about it, to mind their own business, as it is exclusively an affair of your own. I find the general opinion is very much in your favor.

'And now let me say, in conclusion, that I look forward to the time when the excitement of this affair will die away, and you will return, and will be received with open arms, by all your friends. I saw little Mary, yesterday. She was here with Elly. She is well, and so are all you left behind. I shall expect to hear from you soon; and remember that I remain,

"Your true and loving sister."

CHAPTER V.

RECONCILIATION — DOMESTIC HAPPINESS — CONCLUSION.

A YEAR had flown. It was a lovely afternoon in the month of June. The heat of the day had passed; and the sun was fast sinking behind the western hills. The residence of Mr. A. was being fancifully decorated with evergreens, and flowers of every description. A bevy of girls were fastening, in gay festoons, the foliage of the woods and garden, upon the walls, and over the windows, of the room, that was to be honored, on that bright evening, by a wedding. A younger sister of Hatty F.'s was about to unite her fate with one she loved; and already had the invited guests begun to assemble. They were to have a joyous time. The old hall, up stairs, looked so blooming, with its bright lamps hung against the wall, dressed in sprigs of sparrow-grass, and vases of flowers arranged on little side-tables, which were filled with all the good things to tempt the appetite—such as pies, fruit, and wine, and cakes, so nicely iced and sanded that one could hardly wait till the time came for helping themselves to the delicious fares. Many in the neighborhood and in the village had been invited; and all of Mr. A.'s family were to be present—even the old people; for, at a wedding, it was a custom for old and young to mingle together.

The clock strikes eight; and the little room is crammed to its utmost capacity. The bride is led forth, and the ceremony performed; and her blushing cheeks saluted by all; and preparations were making to repair to the ball-room; when the sound of carriage wheels is heard, which, in a few moments, stopped at the door. Many a bright eye was peeping from behind the window-curtains, to

ascertain who the intruders might be, when, lo! our hero and heroine marched smilingly into their midst. And now all was confusion and excitement. Hatty had been the first to rush forward, and, throwing herself into their arms, was laughing and crying at the same time. Edward's parents then stepped forward, and, with heart-felt gratitude and kindly emotions, embraced and welcomed their son and daughter to their home. Harry had forgot his anger, and, shaking Edward warmly by the hand, and kissing Helen, he led them to his parents, who had stood aloof, looking on the scene, as if uncertain how they should act. But now, as they saw them approaching, they met them with a cordial welcome; and, as Mrs. A. looked upon Helen, and saw the happy smile, and blooming cheeks, and sparkling eye of her once pale, unhappy child, she inwardly rejoiced at an event that had wrought such a change, and invoked the blessings of heaven upon them. Helen, after receiving and returning the affectionate embraces of her friends, eagerly inquired for her child. At this moment, Elly came forward, leading little Mary by the hand. Helen, with a glad cry, sprung forward, and folded her to her breast.

And now the thrice happy guests, with one accord, are gathering in the old hall, where the music already is calling all to come and pass a happy hour,

Forgetting sorrow's pains and woes,
And taste of pleasure as it flows.

Edward and Helen had declined dancing the first figure, and were seated together, watching the dancers; when the young bride, taking advantage of a moment's leisure in the dance, came to them, and, taking each by the hand, said,

"I have a presentiment, at this moment, that my life

is to be one of trial and disappointment; that I am, even now, passing the last happy hours I shall see for long, long years!"

"Oh! why should you have such thoughts?" exclaimed Helen. "You love each other; and I see no reason why you should not be happy."

She was, at this moment, called to her place, and, to all appearance, had forgotten her strange presentiment. But Edward thought of it often; and, although not inclined to be superstitious, yet, in after years, he had reason to believe in the old adage, that "coming events cast their shadows before." But, as we are only giving the history of Ellen and Edward, we shall not dwell on the fortunes of any connected with them. Yet the reader may possibly read, from the same pen, a sketch of this sister's life, whose trials exceed even those of her unfortunate brother.

* * * * *

In a quiet and lovely spot, on the banks of a beautiful river in the west, may be seen a spacious dwelling-house, the largest and most imposing-looking edifice in that section of country. It is surrounded by rich lands, well cultivated; and the traveler would stop, and, while admiring the beautiful scenery, ask of the happy children playing beneath the shade of the spacious trees, who lived there. But now, their attention is arrested by a different object. A woman, poorly clad, with sharp and worn features, was seen coming down the road.

"Oh, Mary, see!" cried a little girl of six years. "See that old woman! I am afraid she will stop here."
"Well, suppose she does, Cary," said a tall, fine-looking lad, who was shaking apples from a tree. "Do you think she could wish to hurt you?"

By this time, the woman had come up to the fence, and was gazing intently upon them.

"I guess she's hungry," said Mary. "Do, brother, call her here, and give her some apples—poor woman!"

As the lad was gathering up some, to carry to her, she said,

"Who lives in that mansion yonder?"

"My father, madam," returned the boy.

"And what is your father's name?"

"Edward F."

"And your own?"

"Frederick F."

At this juncture, the woman approached; and, laying her hand upon his, she said,

"Lead me to the house; I would see your parents;" and, following the children, she entered the house, and was told to be seated. Frederick remained with her in the hall; and Mary went to seek her parents. She found them in the garden; related the affairs of the woman, and her request to see them. Helen and Edward immediately repaired to the house, and, telling Mary to conduct her to the parlor, sat down to await her coming. Soon their steps were heard approaching; and the strange visitor was ushered in. Edward cast his eyes upon her; and, if, on that clear, sunny day, a thunderbolt had fallen, and rent the earth in pieces, Edward could not have been more confounded; for, in this being before him, he recognized his former wife. Helen sunk, almost fainting, in a chair; while the children stood looking on, with curious eyes. Edward arose, and, taking the children from the room, returned, and, with evident emotion, asked Louisa to be seated, and explain why she had appeared thus strangely among them.

"I presume," began Louisa, "that you do not wish Frederick, nor any of your children, or your neighbors

to know any thing of your early history; but Frederick is my child; and I want him to know that I am his mother. I want him to love me, as he did long ago. I little thought, when he was taken from me, that he was going such a distance from me—nor that it would be so many years before I should see him again!"

"What benefit can it be to him," said Edward, "to know you are his mother? If you love him, you should not strive to make him wretched; for I know he would be, were he to learn that Helen was not his mother. He loves her dearly; and she has ever been to him a tender mother. He will, probably, know it all, some day, but not now. I can not bear that the bright and happy hours of childhood should be darkened by so sad a tale; and then, I do not think it would raise either of us in the estimation of our child. And now, Louisa, I wish to know if you are poor?"

"I am," she answered. "You know, my father had cast my child upon the town, for support, when your father took him away. Shortly after, my mother died, and father married again. Since that time, I have not lived at home, but supported myself by sewing. About a year ago, I came, with my sister, to Michigan, and have since resided in her family. Her husband loaned me money enough to bring me here. The stage left me at the village; and I walked from there to your house, on foot, a distance of five miles."

"You must be both tired and hungry," said Helen; "I will immediately bring you a dish of tea."

As soon as Helen left the room, Louisa threw off all restraint, and told Edward she had come to remain in his house. She had been advised so to do; and he was obliged to support her. "I see you are wealthy, and you can do so, without discommoding yourself."

"I should have offered you ample means for your support, Louisa, had you not asked it; but you must not think of remaining here: it would not be proper; but I will see that you shall never want while I have the means to help you. I have no doubt, I can make arrangements with your brother-in-law, in Michigan, to permit you to remain in his family; if not, I will see that you have the means of procuring a residence, and give you a sufficiency, each year, for your support."

At this moment, Helen entered, having a tea-tray; and, Edward being called to attend to some affair of the farm, Helen was left alone with Louisa; and it was with pain and surprise, that she learned that Louisa was the mother of a daughter, not yet five years old; that the father had refused to do any thing for the child, and it had been taken care of by the united contributions of her brothers and sisters. Louisa retired early to bed; and Helen and Edward sat up late, conversing of Louisa, and forming plans for assisting her. Edward thought he had better give her the money, to buy a place of her own, so that she and her child would not be dependent on any one, and contribute yearly to her support. This being settled, they retired to bed; but Edward found his mind too much occupied to permit him to sleep; and he arose, in the morning, unrefreshed. But his course was fixed; and he took the first opportunity of informing Louisa of his plan, which she felt perfectly satisfied with. In fact, it was more than she felt that she had a right to expect. She was kindly invited to remain a week with them; and Mary and Frederick had been told that she was a distant relative, and that they must treat her kindly. But this command was unnecessary; for they both seemed to take great delight in walking and riding with her, and showing her their menagerie, as they called their deer, squirrels,

racoons, and birds; and Louisa was really delighted with the efforts of the children, to amuse her, and grateful for the kind attention of Edward and Helen. Mary had been very busy, for the last two days of Louisa's stay, in arranging and packing a large trunk her father had given Louisa; and many were the new dresses, and pretty collars and aprons, that were crowded into it, with other clothing, for Louisa and her little girl. The kindness of Edward had awakened Louisa to a sense of his worth and generosity.

"Oh, what a prize I have thrown away! I might now have been happy — a blessing to him and to my boy!" And, as she witnessed the tenderness and love that Helen manifested toward him, and contrasted it with the treatment he used to receive from her, she could not restrain her tears. "I never was worthy of you, Edward! I did not understand nor appreciate you! I foolishly and willfully sowed the seeds of dissension; and, oh! how bitter is the harvest!"

Thus thought Louisa, as she was about stepping into the carriage that was to convey her to the little village, where she was to take the stage. Edward's hired man was going to take her; and the children were wild with delight, on being told that they could accompany them. Edward assisted Louisa into the carriage; and she took the opportunity to say, in a low voice, "Edward, I shall never forget your kindness. Oh! forgive me for all the trouble I have caused you."

"I have nothing to forgive," exclaimed Edward. "We have both been unfortunate."

"But you are happy, now!" cried Louisa, looking intently into his face.

"Yes," he answered; "the more so, now, because know that you will be made comfortable."

Helen, who was standing in the door, discovered that Edward was speaking, in a low tone, to Louisa, and saw her brush away a tear. We will not pretend to say whether a pang of jealousy took possession of her: at any rate, she hurried the children along, who were loitering in the yard, to pick the new-blown flowers; and, when Edward, who had watched the carriage nearly out of sight, returned to the house, he found Helen had retired to her room, and, on going in, found her in tears.

"Why, what does this mean, Helen? Say!" said he, approaching, and seating himself by her side. "Tell me. Have I done any thing to offend you?"

"No," cried Helen; "it is only my weakness. I saw you talking with Louisa, and saw that you were both moved, and feared that—that——"

"Let me finish the sentence for you, dear; you feared that some old spark of love was being rekindled, were you not? Come, now, be candid; were you not a little jealous of me?" asked he, patting her on the cheek.

"No, I think I was not jealous; but I can't bear to think that any one has ever called you by the endearing name of husband. I know I am selfish; but, oh, Edward! I love you so!" And the fond wife clasped her husband's neck, and nearly smothered him with kisses.

"I declare," said Edward, laughing, "I believe you love me best, when you doubt my honor most; for I am receiving pretty strong evidence of it now."

Helen, smiling through her tears, begged him never to think of it, or mention it, again, promising that she never would be so foolish again.

And now we will speak of a few more characters who have figured in our story; and then our true tale is ended.

Hatty was married, a short time after her sister; but, instead of getting a millionaire, and going to Europe, she

married a worthy man; and, though not rich, yet his little wife lived in rural splendor, happy and contented. Harry and Elly married, and soon followed Edward, who helped them to procure a home in the West; and, ere many years had elapsed, every member of Helen's family was comfortably located in the vicinity of Edward's mansion, and he, like a true Christian, is returning good for evil. He is their counselor and friend; and Helen often declares, while she turns her eyes upon her almost idolized husband, that her folks all think more of Edward than they do of her. "And I can not blame them," she adds: "he is so noble, so good!" And, thus, after long years of suffering, was love's constancy rewarded, and Helen and Edward as happy as mortals can expect to be in this life.

THE BEGGAR-BOY.*

THE wint'ry storm was raging high ;
The ground was froze, and dark the sky ;
The driving wind, with mournful wail,
Was sweeping earth with snow and hail.

Above the blast, I heard a cry ;
I knew some little child was nigh ;
And soon I spied a shivering form,
Battling with the dreadful storm.

It was a boy of eight years old.
His hands and feet were numb with cold ;
His head was bare, and thin his clothes ;
And tear-drops on his cheeks were froze.

I took him to my fire-side.—
Ye pampered ones, who can deride
The poor, come now, behold the pain
That thrills his frozen, trembling frame.

Have you children ? They may be
As ragged, poor, and low as he.

* The lines under this head were suggested by an actual occurrence in the author's house, during one of the severest days of the last winter.

THE BEGGAR-BOY.

77

Though now their purse with gold you fill,
Life hath changes, life hath ill.

He went out to beg for wood,
And had, upon your door-step, stood,
But asked in vain ; he was turned away,
Upon that cold, that bitter day.

Could you not take, from out your store,
A single stick, and, if no more,
Give it, with free and willing hand,
And thus obey God's great command ?

He's blessed your labor. You have wealth,
And children fair, in blooming health ;
Teach them, while blessings they enjoy,
Not to forget the beggar-boy.

TO THE INHABITANTS OF THE OCEAN.

INHABITANTS of the mighty deep,
Of every form, which walk and creep,
I envy you your home;
For, while we toil for daily bread,
You are by God's great bounty fed,
And never left alone.

Around your couch, the violets blue,
Of every shade, and form, and hue,
Their tender leaves outspread.
The willow does its vigils keep
Around your pillows, while you sleep
Upon your coral bed.

Your carpet is of sparkling gems;
And rubies are your diadems,
And all the strange wild flowers;
With mossy banks and running vine,
The honeysuckles bloom and twine,
Around your scented bowers.

That great bright world is all your own;
No human form has ever grown
Within the mighty deep;

TO THE INHABITANTS OF THE OCEAN.

79

No foes into your house will break;
No stealthy thief your jewels take;
You all your wealth can keep.

'T is well; I'll envy you no more;
For, when we reach our own bright shore,
We shall be wealthy, too;
Our crown will be of sparkling gems,
Of finest gold our diadems;
Our trials will all be through.

When death shall close your eyes so bright,
You'll sleep in endless, endless night;
While we shall rise and sing.
Our spirits with a newer grace,
Will roam immensity of space,
And ever on the wing.

THE OUTCAST'S LAMENT.

I'm what the world has made me :
I was by nature true ;
But fate has frowned upon me ;
A friend I never knew.

I'm what the world has made me :
I never felt the kiss
Of sweet affection on my cheek,
Nor aught of happiness.

My drunken mother loved me not :
She begged from door to door ;
And, when an infant, I was cast
Upon the work-house floor.

I'm what the world has made me :
I've met its frowns and sneers ;
And all its cruel, cold neglect
I've felt for many years.

And, when, at last, with hunger pressed,
And driven to despair,
I listened to the tempter's voice,
And fell into his snare,

THE OUTCAST'S LAMENT.

81

I'm what the world has made me ;
And now, in prison-cell,
I weep, alone, unpitied, scorned —
Ungrateful world, farewell !

LINES *

COMPOSED ON RECEIVING A FRESH-BLOWN ROSE IN
WINTER, FROM THE HAND OF A STRANGER.

How com'st thou here, sweet, tiny rose,
'Midst winter-winds, and falling snows ?
Whose fostering hand and tender care
Have made thee bloom so fresh and fair ?
Who plucked thee from thy parent stem,
And sent to me so sweet a gem ?

If thou to me the name disclose
I'll love and cherish thee, sweet rose ;
And, if I ever meet the sender,
My warmest thanks to him I'll tender,
And tell him how I prize thy sweetness,
Thy modest purity and meekness.
I read a lesson on each leaf —
My mortal life, like thine, is brief.

* These verses are the author's first attempt at poetry.

A NEW-YEAR'S ADDRESS,

FROM THE OLD PEWTER PLATTER, WHICH HAD REMAINED
IN THE SAME FAMILY FOR THE LAST TWO CENTURIES.

CHILDREN, I'm glad to meet you here,
On this bright, this new-born year.
Days, months, and years have rolled away,
Since you first saw the light of day ;
And oft has risen the ceaseless sun,
Since my existence first begun.

Since you were all assembled last,
One has from your circle passed.
Within one brief, one fleeting year,
He, with you, was seated here ;
Now, empty stands that hallowed chair ;
And here's a lock of that silvery hair.

Your eyes turn to that aged one ;
The sands of life are nearly run.
Oh ! I remember, with much pride,
When she stood, a blooming bride,
In her nuptial robes arrayed ;
The soft breeze with her dark locks played.

But now those locks are snowy white,
Those brilliant eyes have lost their light;
That hollow cheek has lost its bloom;
That form is ripening for the tomb;
And, when again you all shall meet,
There'll be another vacant seat.

I've witnessed death's mysterious power;
I've seen him lay, within an hour,
In her embrace, the fair young boy —
His father's pride, his mother's joy.
Their grief, their tears, oh! who can tell,
As the dirt upon the coffin fell?

I've watched the deep, the hectic cheek,
Consumption's victims week by week —
The hollow cough, the glassy eye,
Which told, too surely, they must die;
In manhood, young and hopeful prime
Were called to leave the shores of time.

I've seen the infant, in its bloom,
Quickly hurried to the tomb;
The fair young girl, with heart so light,
Whose future seemed so joyous, bright,
Cut down by death's cold, icy breath,—
The white hand folded still in death.

I've watched your race two hundred years,
Have counted all the sighs and tears,
The births, the bridals, funerals — all, —
The infant grow to manhood tall;
And, as the aged ceased their race,
The children took the parent's place.

But I've not done; I've witnessed more —
I've seen the wires, from shore to shore,
Conveying news with lightning speed,
Swifter than warrior's gallant steed;
And on the electric current went,
As if on heaven's errands sent.

I've seen the engine's awful power,—
Hundreds of souls, within an hour,
Sent from earth, uncalled by heaven;
A thousand hearts with sorrow riven,
Gathering up the mangled clay,
Which lay bleeding by the way.

I've seen progression in every thing,
And light from out of darkness spring.
Oppression scarce dare lift its head,
Nor on these heaven-bought shores tread.
May I remain until I see
An end to human slavery.

Every year I've graced your table —
Two hundred years (it is no fable;)
While you have run your changeful race,
I've kept my old, accustomed place.
I'm strong as ever, round and light;
The only change, I'm not so bright.

How much longer I shall stay,
I'm sure I have no right to say.
My much-loved friends, long tried and true,
I'll that matter now with you;
But let me, while on earth, I pray,
In your family ever stay.

REFLECTIONS ON THE SUBJECT OF LIFE AND DEATH.

LIFE, indeed, is a mystery, as we behold it in the ascending scale, from the tiniest flower that blooms in the valley, to the highest forms of conscious, intelligent existence. Life, clothed with sensation, thought, and activity, in the human form, seems to have been the last and highest act of the Creator's power. But what shall we say of death — that mysterious change, which defaces the beauty of this living creation, and breaks in pieces this most glorious monument of divine wisdom? What is it, but one (and the most positive) proof of the omnipotence of God, which spares not this, his noblest work?

Look at that fair edifice reared in human form, when, but last week, so replete and active with life and beauty, before the paralyzing hand of the destroyer had laid its withering touch upon its vitals! Now look, and the eye sees but its fallen ruins; not a vestige of its fair proportions remains. How changed, by this process called death! The living inhabitant who once occupied it is gone to some distant sphere or world; and the once beautifully adorned mansion is already beginning to decompose, and return to its original dust. Nothing but dissolution

and decay are visible; and the stillness of death reigns throughout its deserted chambers. Surely, both life and death are, indeed, wonderful phenomena, amidst the infinity of the works of God. These two great mysteries seem to constitute almost all the works of Omnipotence. It is so mysterious, in all its relations with the infinite, that man, with finite capacities, is too deficient to attempt an investigation, or philosophize on a subject so vast, so incomprehensible.

All nature seems to be teeming with animal and vegetable life. This eternal, never-ceasing change of life and death, or transition state, seems to be the result of organic law, in the economy of God's great providence; and, as a necessary consequence, something must yield up life, in order to give new birth and being in some other and higher form of existence, the design of which so far transcends my finite powers to reach, and which, alone, belongs to Him to know, who is all in all.

LINES

COMPOSED BY THE AUTHORESS, ON HAVING HER
PURSE STOLEN.

Is there on earth a greater curse
Than he who steals his neighbor's purse?
Come, all ye fiends of hell,
Now tell me, if, among your band,
The cowering thief e'er dares to stand,
And of his thieveries tell.

The man who dares, with courage rife,
Demand your money or your life,
Seems like the soaring lark,
Beside the low-lived beast of prey,
Who fears the radiant light of day,
But stabs you in the dark.

Of all black crimes, these are the chief:
'The slanderer, murderer, and thief;
For, while one takes your purse,
The other, with more dev'lish aim,
Tries hard to ruin your good name,
Which brings a greater curse.

ON HAVING A PURSE STOLEN.

89

Oh! may I ne'er be left to steal,
To rob, to slander, or to feel
The misery evil brings.
Though I be poor, and beg for bread,
And oft the tears of sorrow shed,
I'd feel no guilty sting.

For God, unto the poor man, gives
A priceless gem, which ever lives,
And never can depart.
Gold can not buy, nor thief destroy
The sweet content, the peaceful joy,
Within the honest heart.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO A DOMESTIC WHO HAD STOLEN HER
MISTRESS' PURSE.

Poor girl! There's resting on your heart
A heavy sin — you feel the smart :
Yes, you have gone astray,
Unheeding all good counsel given.
The heart of your best friend is riven;
You've trod the dangerous way.

Retrace your steps, repent the deed;
Let not the evil spirit lead
You to the awful brink!
Oh! heed what I in kindness say,
Let penitence and tears repay
And save you, ere you sink.

Though you are friendless and alone,
Yet that protection I have shown
Is yours for evermore.
Could I but know that real grief
Had touched your heart, 't would bring relief,
And confidence restore.

LINES ADDRESSED TO A DOMESTIC.

91

Our Lord unto the erring gave
Good counsel, while he tried to save
The lambs that went astray.
He led them, with a silken chain,
Back to the sheltering fold again.—
Oh! seek that better way.

CAWASA.

It was a dark, cold night, in April. A drizzly rain had been falling during the day, and, as the night set in, cold and windy, the rain had turned to snow, and was falling rapidly, the wind blowing the white flakes in every direction. The bleak tops of the Alleghany mountains could be seen towering, like giant phantoms, amid the dark gloom of the dismal night. On the road leading over one of the mountains might be seen a lone traveler, on horseback. His hat was pulled down tightly over his face, and his over-coat buttoned snugly up to his chin. He bent his head, as the fierce winds rushed furiously in his face, and urged his tired animal into a brisk trot. Presently, he heard the bark of a dog. The sound did not appear to be far off; and he concluded he must be near some dwelling. Soon a glimmering light met his eye; and, as he drew near, he discovered it proceeded from an Indian wigwam. He wished much to ascertain the distance to some public house, but feared he could not make himself understood. However, he determined to make the effort; and, riding close to the door, he halloed; but, receiving no answer, he gently struck his whip against the door, which was immediately opened, and a tall, stalwart Indian stood before him.

"Can you tell me the distance to the nearest tavern?" said the traveler.

"Me know him—one mile, short way, jest down yonder."

This was very welcome news to our weary traveler; and, thanking his informant, he sallied again into his saddle, and rode briskly forward. A few minutes' ride brought him to the door of the inn; and immediately a lad appeared, took his horse by the bit, and waited for further orders.

"I wish the horse well fed and cared for; and be sure the saddle is put in a dry place."

"Just so, sir," said the lad, as he led the animal away.

Our traveler now entered the bar-room, and, taking off his over-coat, hat, and leggins, ordered supper, and sat down by the fire, with the air of one who had been accustomed to all kinds of society. There were eight men in the room, who all seemed to be familiar with the house and its inmates, except one, who seemed to be a traveler, like himself. He had, also, ordered supper, a few moments before; consequently, they were brought together at the table. Both were young—not over twenty-five—and possessing that frank, open countenance which is a sure index of a good heart. Our hero, whom we have thus far designated as a traveler, we shall call Charley Atley.

After being seated at the table, and their plates well filled, Atley introduced himself to his fellow-traveler, by saying,

"It is a cold, cheerless night, without, sir."

"Very," replied the other; "but we have good fare within doors; a cheerful fire and a good supper almost make me forget that I was nearly frozen two hours ago."

"Then, I take it, you are a traveler, like myself, and were overtaken by the storm?"

"Yes, sir."

"Are you traveling far?"

"No, sir; I am, even now, at my journey's end. I have come on here to join the engineers, who are laying out a railroad through this section of country, and find the most of them here to-night. It being one of the central points, we shall, probably, remain here for some time."

"I hardly know how you will all manage to pass away your time, in this wild region."

"As far as that is concerned," replied the other, "it will be fine sport for us—fishing, hunting, and dancing with the nymphs of the woods."

"But, as there are scarce any white families in this neighborhood, you must mean to apply the word *nymphs* to the Indians, which, I am told, abound here."

"Not exclusively. I find, by listening to the conversation of some members of our party, who are rendered very communicative by a little too much wine, that there are many white families near here; and, located in a beautiful section, is a village, which contains as pretty girls as New York can boast of. And then we are only ten miles from E., the county seat. In fact, this is the only Indian settlement in the county."

"Well," replied Atley, "I should judge, from appearances, that they are a pretty hard set of boys."

"It can hardly be expected otherwise—brought up in New York, and sons of wealthy parents, to find themselves immured in the wilderness. I should not wonder if those hills and valleys should resound with their boisterous mirth, and the caverns echo back the sound."

"Oh! that reminds me," said his companion, "of a place near here, they call Rock City. I heard them speaking of it to-night. They tell me that there are many hundred rocks, very large, situated in such a manner that they form, to all appearance, a city, regularly laid out, with narrow streets winding among them; and places are

found resembling large rooms, the walls as smooth as polished marble, and glittering with little spots, which appear like specks of gold. It is situated in the deepest wilderness, six miles from any inhabitants; and the people have fine sport visiting there. They generally go in parties, carrying along provisions, and spend the day in roving through its streets, and gathering the wild flowers, which grow in abundance upon the rocks."

"I would really like to visit the spot myself," said Atley.

"You can have the privilege," said Myers, (for that was the name of his supper-friend,) "by remaining here two days. The day after to-morrow, a party are going on a hunting-excursion; and you can be one of the party."

"I have a good mind to stop," replied Atley; "my business is not very urgent, as I am only on a visit to an aunt, living in Pennsylvania."

Our friends now returned to the bar-room, where the company had already arrayed themselves around a table with cards and wine, and, on the entrance of Atley and Myers, very courteously invited them to sit down and join in the game. Myers complied; but Atley, pleading fatigue, after taking a light drink of wine with them, retired early to bed. Atley passed the next day very pleasantly, with his new acquaintances, in skating upon the river, and shooting ducks. The evening was spent in chatting with the Indians, and receiving instruction in their language; for several of the engineers could already speak the language quite fluently, and took great delight in conversing with the Indians in their own rude style. Atley learned that they were to go next day, in company with several Indians and squaws, as old Cornplanter, as they called him, had a good span of horses and a stout wagon. They had engaged him to take them; the others were going on foot. It may seem strange to some of our

delicate ladies, that the Indian women could travel the woods, and hunt and fish with the men; but such is the case. On this occasion, however; they were going, not to hunt, but to build fires among the rocks, and dress and cook the wild game to feed the party.

The next morning dawned fair and pleasant; and the jolly party took an early start; and, after an hour and a half's ride, they were landed in Rock City; and, equipping themselves with hunting-knives, hatchets, and rifles, they set out with acertainty of achieving a victory. Each one had supplied himself with a flask; and after having taken pretty freely of its contents, they felt that they would like to challenge all the wild animals of the woods to the combat. We will now leave our huntsmen to pursue their game, and return to the rocks.

Cornplanter, who was quite old, had long ago given up the chase, and turned his attention to basket-making. So, after the company had started, he fastened his horses to a neighboring tree, and, laying before them a quantity of hay, took from the wagon a bundle of splints prepared for manufacturing baskets, and going into a large and convenient room among the rocks, commenced building a fire in the hollow of a small rock which lay in one corner. On one side of the room was a large, square stone, which served for a table; and on the other side were arranged chairs made from the branches of trees. Soon another team came slowly along—a sled, drawn by one horse, driven by an Indian boy. The load consisted of tin-platters, corn-bread, salt, and wooden spoons, together with several papooses fastened upon boards, and covered with blankets and skins. Following behind were a number of squaws, who came up, and each of the elder women selecting a baby, entered the room, where they found Cornplanter seated at work before a blazing

fire; and, stowing away their things, and arranging their beads and porcupine-quills, they also commenced their work.

But who is that fair and agile being who steps so lightly, seemingly so happy; and yet, as she looks on among the dark hemlocks, a shade of sadness for a moment steals over her brow, and her cheeks glow with a deeper hue. Cawasa, for that was the maiden's name, was the daughter of Cornplanter; and many were the conjectures among the Whites, respecting her. It was said that her mother was an Italian lady, who was seduced by a villain, from her native land, and brought to New York, where she was deserted by him; that, in her despair, she threw herself into the river, was rescued from death by Cornplanter, who was then a noble-looking young Indian, and soon afterwards married him. How much truth there may be in this story, we are unable to say. The strongest evidence of its truthfulness was the fact that Cawasa was beautiful beyond description. She resembled but very little the Indian race, except the rich, dark shade of the skin, and the deep, black hair and eyes. Her form was symmetrical, and her features perfect in all their outlines. Her hair was not straight, like that of the Indian women, but hung in long ringlets, which flowed, in rich profusion, around her shoulders. Her eyes were large, and expressive of deep feeling; and no one, possessed of any degree of sentiment or romance, could look upon her unmoved. She was about fifteen years of age, and could speak the English quite fluently. She had attended a school kept by a missionary, and, being of a quick and receptive turn of mind, had acquired a good common education. She had a sweet, melodious voice; and now, as she sits at her father's feet, her fingers busy among the splints, she is caroling forth a song, so sweet in its tone that the old

man stops; his basket drops from his hand, as he brushes away the tears. May be that memory recalls a voice now hushed, and eyes like those now looking into his own; and, laying his hand upon his daughter's head, he bade her cease.

Cawasa had often wondered why her father was so moved whenever she sung; and now a thought seems to strike her; and, laying her head upon his knee, she said,

"Did my mother use to sing?"

"Yes, my bird; her voice was like thine."

It was all explained now; and Cawasa, wishing to change the current of his thoughts, said cheerfully, "It is just noon, father; and no game comes in yet." But, just as she spoke, two Indians came, bringing in a young deer, which had been killed, and laid it at her feet.

"Did white man kill him?" asked Cawasa, her eye sparkling with delight.

"Not Gifford; stranger man kill him," answered the Indian.

A look of disappointment, at this announcement, crossed the maiden's feature. Was Gifford, then, never to win a prize, or reap laurels in the chase? In a moment, her eyes sparkled again.

"I will teach him how to shoot. He shall yet be able to bring down a deer on the run;" and, with this determination fixed in her mind, she arose, and again looked out among the old hemlocks.

The squaws immediately set to work, dressing the deer, and soon had it boiling over a brisk fire. The company were expected to arrive about dusk, hungry and tired. About five o'clock, nine of the party arrived, each bearing a small specimen of skill — such as squirrels, birds, etc. Soon, others arrived; and, by dark, all had gained the rocks, with the exception of Atley, Gifford, and Myers,

who, as soon as Atley had shot the deer, started off in an opposite direction, toward a bed of rocks, where it was thought bears burrowed in winter. They had separated from the others, who were going to try their luck two miles further north.

After arriving at the place, our heroes laid down their rifles, and, having regaled themselves from their flasks, set about loading their pieces; and, while employed in this occupation, they were surprised by the appearance of a large bear, which was making directly toward them. Gifford had got his rifle loaded; and, when the animal was within a few rods of him, fired; but the ball passed its mark; and now another and another were sent, but with no better effect, except wounding the animal slightly in the leg. At this moment, another bear, larger than the first, sprang from out the rocks, growling, and snapping his teeth in a frightful manner. The three men had backed up against a large tree, and stood eyeing their dreadful adversaries, with looks which plainly told of the horror which they felt at their fearful situation. "Stand perfectly still," said Atley; "but endeavor to reload your rifles."

But they found this must not be; for, at every move they made, the creatures would growl, and walk toward them, seeming to understand their motive. They finally abandoned the idea of shooting again; for, in case they missed, it would only exasperate the animals to madness.

"The only way for us to do," said Atley, "is to stand still, and, if they attack us, defend ourselves, as best we may, with our knives."

"I wish," said Myers, "we had brought along an Indian. God only knows how long our enemies will stand there watching us, or how this affair will end."

"By hokey!" exclaimed Gifford. "I wish they would

allow me to take one more sip from my flask, just to keep my courage up."

"Don't stir?" cried Atley. "See, the large bear is becoming uneasy at your movements. If he springs at us, be ready with your knives."

At Rock City, much uneasiness was being expressed by the delay of the three. The deer-soup had been served, and the engineers ready for a start homeward; and, believing their friends had concluded not to return to the rocks, as it might be out of their way, and had taken a nearer circuit, and were already there, after arousing old Cornplanter from his nap, to hitch up his horses, they started, homeward bound. The most of the Indians were going to remain at the rocks, to resume the hunt the next day. Cawasa had chosen to remain. She had a presentiment that all was not right; and, with the courage that characterized her tribe, she selected a small rifle, and, buckling on a belt wherein she carried her knife and powder-horn, started in the direction of the bed of rocks. An old Indian discovered her, as she was passing through one of the streets leading to the forest, and was upon the point of accosting her; but, motioning him to be silent, she passed on.

The reader has, perhaps, already discovered that Cawasa was partial to Gifford. He was one of the engineers, and had come among them with plenty of money; and, by presents and flattery, had made himself a great favorite with them. Cawasa had, little by little, become infatuated with him; and although timid at first, yet, by his artfulness, he had entirely won the unsuspecting heart of the beautiful girl. Old Cornplanter never really liked the young man. He thought him cowardly; for he had once seen him hallooing for some one to come and rescue a little child, which, by his own carelessness, had fallen into the

river, and was at last saved by an Indian boy, Cornplanter's son; and then he was so unskilled in the art of hunting, which, in the eyes of the Indian, is indispensable.

But we will now return to our friends, whom we left facing the bears.

"It seems, to me, that we have stood here twelve hours," said Gifford. "It is strange some of the boys don't come in pursuit of us. We might be killed and eaten up, for all of them."

At this instant, the large bear, which had been growling impatiently for the last five minutes, made boldly up followed by the other, and was in the act of springing upon them, when a sharp report was heard, and the hinder bear fell to the ground. The moon was shining clear; and, out among the trees, Atley caught the glimpse of a form bounding toward them.

"Thank God!" cried Gifford; "we are saved; it is Cawasa."

As this moment, the large bear, who had turned to look at his companion as she fell, now sprung upon Atley. Cawasa had seen, at a glance, the perilous situation of the young man, and, springing forward, caught Gifford's rifle from his hand, but found it was not loaded. She was about attacking the bear with her knife, when, thinking that this would only excite him to greater fury, she called Gifford to load his rifle. But that brave young gentleman, as soon as he found the bear was engaged with Atley, congratulated himself upon his escape, and took to his heels. Myers caught his hatchet, and was hacking away at the animal's head, determined to stand by his friend, or die with him. Cawasa saw that this course was only irritating the bear, and, with surprising dexterity, commenced reloading her rifle, telling Myers to strike with the butt of his hatchet between the crea-

ture's eyes. This seemed to quell the ferocity of the brute; for, at every blow, he would step back, thus giving Atley, who was nearly exhausted, time to breathe. But now another sound is ringing upon the night air; and the bear is lying beside his dead companion. Her aim had been directed at the heart; and the ball was lodged there. As soon as Atley saw no further danger, his remaining strength gave way, and he fainted. Myers saw that he was falling, and caught him in his arms. He did not know how bad he was hurt, but feared the worst; for his hands and face were stained with blood.

Cawasa, who was busily engaged loading the rifles, to have them ready in case of another attack, called upon Gifford to pour the contents of his flask upon the ground, and bring water from a spring near by, to bathe the head and face of his friend; but, to her surprise, found he was not there. Could it be he had left them in their peril, and returned to the rocks? The thought was dreadful; and, snatching Atley's flask, she ran to the spring, and filled it with water. She unbound a cotton kerchief from her neck, and, wetting it, began bathing Atley's head and face.

This soon revived him; and he opened his eyes. He stared around like one awakening from a horrible dream; but soon, recollecting his adventure, he raised himself from the ground, and attempted to stand; but, finding himself too weak, sat down, saying, "I can not walk!"

"You no walk? I go to the rocks, and fetch horse and sled," said Cawasa; and, taking a rifle, she was about starting, when, thinking that it would not be safe to leave him in so dangerous a spot, with no one to protect him in case of another attack, she hesitated.

Myers, who guessed her thoughts, said, "I will go; you remain, and watch our friend," and, taking up his rifle, started in the direction of Rock City.

Cawasa now sat down by Atley, and, taking her blanket from her shoulders, spread it carefully over him, and seated herself by his side.

"Can you tell me where Gifford is gone?" asked Atley.

"Me not know; he may be gone to the rocks."

"He left us in our greatest need," continued Atley. "I shall give him a severe reprimand for his cowardly desertion of us."

Cawasa did not understand the meaning of all the words he used, and did not again speak. Her thoughts were intent upon the event of the night, and upon Gifford's behavior.

Atley had not before seen Cawasa, but had many times heard her spoken of as being very handsome. He could not see her face distinctly, for it was quite dark; but he had witnessed her bravery; and gratitude for her goodness, and admiration for her courage, so wrought upon his feelings, that he grasped the hand that held his, and brought it to his lips. This action quite startled Cawasa, she had so often witnessed such demonstrations from Gifford; and, supposing that it was the mode of making love among the Whites, thought Atley was giving her to understand that he loved her. But Cawasa knew she had no love to bestow upon any save Gifford; and, believing it wrong to suffer him to deceive himself, she quickly withdrew her hand, and, starting up, said,

"Me going a little way to see if I see 'em come;" so, walking a few paces from Atley, she stood listening.

Presently, she bounded off among the trees, and, in a few moments, returned, with Myers, several Indians, and the team. Myers hurried to his friend, to ascertain if he was among the living; and, being assured from his own lips that he was, he joyfully assisted him on to the sled; and, Cawasa calling on the Indians to lift on the two bears,

which made a very good pillow for the wounded man, they all started again for the rocks; and, at midnight, Atley found himself lying upon a very comfortable bed, made of hemlock-boughs covered with blankets and buffalo-skins.

An old Indian washed and dressed his wounds. He was not much hurt, except one arm was badly torn by the bear's teeth, and a slight cut on his breast, occasioned by his endeavoring to draw his knife from his belt, in the scuffle.

The squaws had all sought some other place among the rocks. Atley had not seen one of them since he was brought in. The old Indian who attended him sat by his bed all night, going out occasionally after water and fire-wood. Atley had slept quite well during the night, and woke, much refreshed, in the morning. About eight o'clock, Cawasa entered the room, bearing a plate of pigeon-soup, and, having placed it before him, said,

"Me hope you better."

"I am," said Atley; who had raised himself upon his elbow, and was regarding her with a look of surprise and admiration.

He had never before seen a creature so singularly beautiful; and, as she sat by the fire, and commenced working upon her beads, he noticed minutely all the peculiarities of her dress and figure. She wore a short gown of red calico, over a skirt of dark cloth worked with quills at the bottom, and red leggins, fancifully embroidered with beads; and upon her feet were moccasins, dainty enough for the foot of a fairy. Her hair, which was very long, hung, in wavy tresses, down her back; and, upon her head, she wore a jaunty little hat, bound with a red ribbon, with long ends falling over the brim.

As she sat there, busily engaged, her thoughts seemingly

intent upon her work, Atley involuntarily exclaimed, "My G—, what a picture!"

Cawasa raised her large, beauteous eyes to his face; but, not understanding his meaning, she said, "Can 't white man eat?"

"Oh! yes," said Atley, smiling; and, taking up the wooden spoon, he began his breakfast. He found the soup very good, and ate heartily.

"Have the boys at the station had word of our adventure?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Cawasa; "Indian went there early this morning;" and, before Atley had time to say any more, they entered the rocks, and immediately surrounded Atley, and, with congratulations and cheers, made the woods resound with their mirth.

"We have brought you something to raise your spirits," said one of the young men.—"Just received a fresh supply of the pure stuff from New York."

"And here's a long life to you," said another; and, taking a decanter from his pocket, he raised it to his lips.

"I will also drink a toast," said Atley; "and I wish a hearty response from all present." And, taking the decanter, he said, "Long life and happiness to the beautiful girl who saved my life." And no sooner were the words uttered, than every hat was raised; and up went three cheers, so loud that their vibrations sounded through the woods, loud enough to startle the wild beasts in their dens.

When this was over, Atley said, "Mr. Gifford, I wish I could say something of your bravery."

"Oh! don't say one word about me, I implore you," interrupted Gifford; "for I have already been bored to death by those unfeeling boys, who have drank at my expense till I have scarcely a shilling left, just because I did not

stay at that infernal place last night, and let the bears eat me up."

At this moment, Cawasa, who had left as soon as they entered, appeared, and addressed a few words in Indian to Gifford; then, taking a rifle from the corner, she was leaving the room, when Atley called her. She stopped.

"Come here," said Atley.

She approached, and Atley, taking from his purse a gold-piece, presented it to her. She took it from his hand, but hesitated; as if she did not know what to do with it.

Gifford now stepped forward, and said to the girl, "Take it, Cawasa; it is a fifty-dollar gold-piece. White man wants to pay you for keeping the bears off."

At these words, the maiden, with a flash of her dark eye, dropped the piece upon the floor, and, calling to her hound, she left the rocks, and hurried on to overtake a company of Indians and squaws, who had started for another day's hunt.

"Gifford," said Atley, after she was gone, "why did you say that? You have injured the girls feelings — as though I could pay her for the service she rendered me. No wonder her eyes flashed."

"Pooh, you foolish fellow!" answered Gifford; "you talk as though these Indians had feelings. Why, they have no more sentimentality than the bear which attacked you last night."

"I think differently. I believe this young girl has a heart susceptible of fine feelings and tender emotions, and possesses all the sensibilities of a true woman," replied Atley warmly.

"Oh! I wish some of our fine city belles could hear you talk. Wouldn't they laugh!" exclaimed Gifford; and, taking a miniature from his pocket, he held it up,

saying, "There, boys, is what I call a sentimental face." It was the picture of a handsome face, but entirely void of expression.

"That is not as handsome as Cawasa," spoke a voice from the corner.

"What!" exclaimed Gifford, furiously, "this is the likeness of my intended; and who dares say she is not as handsome as a d—— squaw?"

"I said it, sir; and I repeat it," exclaimed a fine-looking Indian, who had heretofore sat silent, in one corner. It was Cornplanter's son, Cawasa's brother, who had driven them there, and was waiting to take them back to the station.

"Ha! Pilot, I did not know that you were near," said Gifford, much confused; for he did not wish Cawasa to know what had been said. He had his own reasons for wishing to retain his friendship; so, turning off the matter with a laugh, he said,

"Come, let's be going. Pilot, you fix a nice bed in the sleigh for Atley;" and, throwing the boy a dollar, he went out, and looked around the rocks, in every direction, to see if Cawasa was really gone.

"It is strange," he thought, "that she should leave while I remained, and without saying any thing to me, except charging me to take good care of 'sick man.' I will take good care of him, if he dares to cross my path."

He was now called to join the party, who had got Atley in the sleigh; and, with three more hearty cheers, they left the city of rocks, and were soon landed at the inn, where a good dinner was awaiting them.

"Myers," said Atley, next morning, "I would be much obliged if you would write a letter for me. My aunt must think strange that I did not reach there at the appointed

time. I wish to inform her of the cause of my delay, and, also, that I will be there in a few days."

"Not so fast, my friend; you surely will not be able to start, short of two weeks."

"Yes; I think I shall be quite well in a week, at the longest. You may say a week."

"But remember, Mr. Atley, you have promised to stop with me on your return, and help us pass away the summer."

"Yes, if my sisters will consent; but I greatly fear they will not; for they were taken by surprise when I informed them I was going to visit my rustic cousins, and declared they would die of ennui before I returned, as they should have no one to gallant them about, and should be obliged to stay at home, and lose all the pleasures of the season."

"You should bring your fashionable sisters here, and let them see something of life among the pines," said Myers, laughing.

"I have one sister that would like it wonderfully well. She has often said she would like to fish, and even asked my permission to accompany me; but my mother and elder sister, who are too aristocratic in their notions to think of visiting their poor relations, refused their consent; and poor Ida was obliged to stay at home."

"But it seems you will go, in spite of them."

"Yes; I shall never forget my dear aunt," said Atley while the tears started to his eyes; "and, in order to give you an insight into our family matters, I must go back a little. It appears that my mother was very fortunate in her marriage. Her parents were poor but very worthy people, and gave their eldest daughter all the advantages their small means would allow. She must have been very pretty, when young; for she is a fine-

looking woman now. At a boarding-school, she became acquainted with my father, who was a widower, and quite rich, and married him. He took her home to New York; and the change was too great. She was flattered and courted by a class who are ever ready to pay their vows at the altar of wealth and beauty. She became proud and vain, and quite forgot those poor parents, who had toiled so hard to provide the means of supporting and educating her. She never visited them, or answered their affectionate letters, fearing they might visit her, and thus expose, to her fashionable friends, her low parentage. But, in the course of time, I, their eldest child, was born; and my mother lay, as was supposed, at the point of death. It was then, that she felt the need of that tender mother's care. Her fashionable friends would call; but they could render her no assistance, except to sometimes draw from their delicate hands a perfumed glove, and touch her fevered brow with the tips of their fingers. But even that made them nervous; and off they would go, and leave the sick-chamber, for some place more congenial to their feelings.

"When the letter requesting her mother's attendance reached them, it found the old lady too unwell to bear the fatigue of journeying; but she, with a true mother's anxiety, took from her scanty purse her last shilling, and, giving it to her only remaining daughter, told her to hasten to her sister, to watch over her until she was recovered, or laid in her grave. Accordingly, my dear aunt, with a heart full of tenderness toward me, and love for my mother, sought us out in the great city, and, for two months, never left my mother's bedside; and, under her skillful hand and good nursing, my mother slowly recovered. Mother had never told any one of her acquaintance that her good and faithful nurse was her

sister. Her pride would not allow her to do that; but, when she found herself convalescent, and aunt spoke of returning home, as her services were needed there, mother objected in strong terms.

"Why, Lucy," she would say, 'how do you think I can get along without you? I could not trust this child with any one else. You know I can not take care of it; and, then, who will look to the servants, and take charge of the house, and see that Mr. Atley has his cooking done right? No, Lucy, you are the only one that has ever taken any interest in my work; and I can not spare you.'

"But," said Lucy, 'what will mother do without me?'

"I will see that she has assistance; I will send her money to hire a girl; but you must not think of leaving, while Willy is so young. Mother can get along without you better than I can; for she has no young child on her hands.'

"So poor Lucy, in kindness to her sister, toiled on; and well do I remember her. It is not wonderful that I grew to love her better than my mother; for she had the whole charge of me, from my earliest infancy, till I was four years old. Night after night has she sat by my little bed, and sung me to sleep, while my mother was at the opera, or some fashionable place of amusement; and, whenever I was sick, it was her tender hand and kind voice that soothed my pain, and made me well again. I am convinced that Aunt Lucy would not have remained so long in our family, had she not loved me so dearly; and the first grief I ever felt, was in learning that she must leave me. Oh! I remember well the day. She came into the nursery; and, taking me on her knee, while the tears fell from her eyes, she said, 'Willy, aunty has got to leave you. Grandma is very sick; and I must go and take care of her.' And, while we were both weeping

bitterly at the thought of separation, she was called to take her place in the stage; but, in my distress, I clasped my arms around her neck, determined she should not go without taking me with her. My mother took me forcibly from her arms, and tried to comfort me, but all in vain. At length, my aunt came up, and, bending down, and kissing me repeatedly, said, 'Willy, be a good boy, and I will come back again.' But long weeks passed, and she did not come; and, oh! how I missed her! My heaps of playthings had no longer any charms for me. I would sit, watching, for hours, at the window, expecting to see her come, till, weary and sick, the nurse would carry me to my lonely bed, and leave me to weep, alone and unpitied. At length, a letter arrived, announcing the death of grandmother, with many things to be said to me — such as, 'tell Willy to be good,' 'tell him aunt loves him dearly, and wants to see him.'

"And, now that grandmother was dead, I thought she might come back to us again. So, as soon as I could write intelligibly, I wrote a private letter to her to come and live with us. It was some time before I received an answer; and, when I did, it was to learn that she had married, and was going to Pennsylvania; her husband's home was there; and ended by saying that I must be sure and visit them as soon as I could; for grandpa, who was living with them, was so anxious to see his little grandson.

"Years passed on, and I had grown to be a man. I had heard nothing from my aunt, for years, but had not forgotten her, and was determined to make her a visit. I did not know where to find her, but recollected that her husband's name was Huff, and that his home was in Pennsylvania, N. Y.; so, like Japhet in search of his father, I left the gay city, and arrived in the little state of Penn-

sylvania, and, as good luck would have it, found my friends, without the least trouble. And now, as there is a little bit of romance attached to my introduction to their family, I will relate it, if you are not already tired of my long story."

"Oh! not a bit, my friend; I am just becoming interested," said Myers; "but, for fear you will get exhausted yourself, let me help you to some of this wine;" and, taking a decanter and two tumblers from the cupboard, placed them upon the table, and, filling the stove with wood, (for it was a cold day,) sat down, saying, "Now, help yourself, and then for the remainder of your story!"

"Well," continued Atley, after he had taken a glass of wine, "I stopped at a public house in the interior of the state; and, making my business known, the landlord told me he did not know any family by that name, but, as there was going to be a large ball there that night, some of the guests might know something about it; and, as I had some curiosity to see a country-ball, I concluded to stop until morning. I was treated to a good supper, and soon had the pleasure of seeing the guests filling the house, and hearing the cheering sounds of what seemed to be two fiddlers playing in an upper room.

"About eight o'clock, the landlord entered my room, and invited me to accompany him to the ball-room. I complied, and must confess I was surprised to see so respectable a company, in so wild a region. The gentlemen all looked good-natured and hearty; and the girls were as rosy and blooming as the flowers that were twined in their hair. To be sure, they lacked that delicacy of look, and symmetry of form, so common to city ladies; and some of them were regular chunks, without shape; but all seemed so happy and cheerful, I really felt at home with them.

"Mine host asked me if I ever danced. I told him I did sometimes; but, knowing I could never get through with a country-dance, I declined, saying I should take just as much pleasure in seeing the rest. I had not watched the dancers long, before I was struck with the appearance of two girls, strongly resembling each other, the younger perhaps fourteen, and the elder seventeen. The younger was a fine-looking girl, with plump, red cheeks, and bright, blue eyes; but her form was quite too fleshy to suit my fastidious taste. The elder was a perfect fairy, with laughing, black eyes, and a delicate form. Her complexion was of the purest white, and her cheek of the faintest crimson. She had not that robust look which most of the others had; but yet she possessed that roundness of figure, and pureness of complexion, which denote health and activity.

"The sisters (for such I had no doubt they were) danced well; and the elder was evidently considered the belle. I heard a young lady call her Lucy, and, immediately after, heard her addressed as Miss Huff. I started. Could she be aunt Lucy's child? Was that charming girl my cousin? I waited impatiently for the landlord to appear again; and, when he did, I requested him to introduce me to that young lady. He left me, and, the next moment, was whispering to a gentleman who was dancing with her. As soon as the dance was over, the gentleman came toward me, leading Lucy by the hand, and introduced us, by saying, 'Mr. stranger, this is Miss Huff.'

"I arose, somewhat embarrassed, and, taking the lady's hand, seated her; and, as soon as the dance commenced, and I found myself alone with her, I said, 'Miss, I am inquiring for a family by the name of Huff; and, hearing your name called, I have flattered myself that you might

be connected to the family I seek. I am trying to find my aunt, who resides somewhere in this state."

"What was her name?" inquired the girl.

"Lucy Farnham."

"And what is your name?" she quickly asked, her eyes brightening.

"William Atley."

"At this, she jumped from her seat, and caught me by the hands, exclaiming, 'Oh! it is Willy—little Willy, that I have heard my mother talk so much about. Come here, Ann, quick!'" she said, speaking to her sister; and presently I was pinioned between them, each one holding my hands, and introducing me to every body; for every one in the room had crowded around us; and now the little witch shocked my sense of propriety, by kissing me every time she introduced me to her friends, as 'cousin Willy'; and now, in spite of the entreaties of the company, the girls would go directly home, they had such a nice treat for their mother. They lived about two miles distant; so, calling the carriage, I bade their friends good night, and we started.

"The girls informed me that their grandfather had been dead four years, and that the father was then absent on business, and would not probably return for several days. I will not trouble you by relating all the little incidents and chitchat that took place on my arrival at my aunt's residence. Suffice it to say, that aunt was overjoyed to see me. She laughed and cried, and cried and laughed. She would call me 'little Willy,' and pat my cheek, and stroke my hair, just as she used to; and I believe the good creature told the truth, when she said that she loved me just as well as she did her own dear children.

"I found that uncle owned a large, well cultivated farm, with an abundance of fruit, and, finely, every thing that

heart could wish. He was rich, if the comforts of life and a pleasant home-circle could be taken into the account. I found many sources of recreation and amusement; and no pains were spared to render my visit agreeable; and, when the time came that I was to be in New York, I felt an unwillingness to part with my aunt's family, that was to me, at the time, unaccountable; but, after I reached home, and had time to reflect, the enigma was explained. I was really in love with my pretty cousin Lucy, and believed that she loved me. It has now been two years since my visit there; but I have written often, and as often received letters from them; and now I am on my way to visit them again. So now my story is ended."

"You mean, it is ended for the present," exclaimed Myers; "on your return, you will probably have more to tell me. Perhaps, you will get engaged, or married."

"What! to Lucy?"

"Why not? You say she loves you."

"That can never be; I would not do any thing that would give my family so much trouble. They have already got what they term a splendid match in prospect for me—an heiress, I believe."

"Well, do you love her?"

"No; I don't see any thing about her to love. She is rather pretty, dresses superbly, and flirts with every fool that is foolish enough to flirt with her; sings and plays, but, in my opinion, not well; and lacks every thing that I could love in woman."

"And you really think of marrying this painted automaton, just to please your mamma?" said Myers, laughing.

"Yes, I suppose I must. We should obey our parents, you know; and then, I think, perhaps, I am extravagant in my notions, and, if left to myself, might commit some

great blunder, and disgrace my family. Why, Myers, would you believe that I could easily love Cawasa, if I would allow myself to be so foolish?"

"Yes, I could believe it; for I think you have a great deal of romance in your composition."

"Yes, altogether too much to suit the fastidiousness of my family. I do believe, that, if my mother could know of my partiality for the country, and country-girls, she would give me up for lost. Why, I sometimes feel that I could leave all the glitter, and parade, and fashion, and vanity of city life, for some quiet, retired spot, near the borders of some shady, old forest, with the girl I love, and be supremely happy."

"I see nothing so very absurd in that," said Myers. "But tell me what kind of a partner you would choose; if the world was at your service, you surely would not overlook wealth, education, talents, and refinement, and select a ——"

"I would," interrupted Atley; "I would select a child of nature — one who knows nothing of the world or its wickedness. I would have her as innocent as the birds that sing above her head; I would have her brave, active, childlike, confiding, modest, truthful; and, above all, she should possess a soul capable of loving deeply. Oh! how I would make such a creature-love me! I would be her school-teacher, her music-teacher; she should breathe all her lessons into my ear. I would instruct her in all I wished her to know."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Myers. "How proud your mother and sisters would be to have you introduce your pupil into their soirees!"

"Oh! There is the stick; there is where I shall have to sacrifice my inclinations on the altar of a vain ambition."

* * * * *

"Oh! I should like, above all things, to accompany you, cousin William, to your home in the great city; but I fear my aunt and cousin would not recognize me as a relative."

"Well, I will write to them; and we will see what they say about it. I should like to have you go, Lucy; you know I should; for, somehow, I feel quite unhappy out of your presence."

Lucy blushed scarlet red, and dropped her eyes; but the bewitching smile still played about her pretty mouth; and her heart beat a little quicker.

"We would stop on our way," continued Atley, "and spend a short time with my friends in C., and visit Rock City."

"Oh! that is where the bears came near killing you; I should protest against it."

"But we should have nothing to fear; for, with Cawasa by my side, I could face all the bears in the universe. Just give her a good rifle and plenty of balls, and there would be no danger."

"I would like to see this paragon of beauty and bravery you talk so much about. Is she really handsome, Willy?"

"Handsome? Yes, perfectly beautiful!" Atley said this with so much earnestness, that Lucy dropped her knitting-work, and, looking up in his face archly, said,

"Loot out for your heart, young man. Would it not be funny if you should fall in love with her? Can she talk English?"

"She talks broken; but it sounds the prettier for that. I tell you, Lucy, she is really very interesting; and, when I reflect upon her noble conduct on that dreadful night, when there seemed to be no possible chance of my life, I feel as though I owed her a debt of gratitude which I fear I can never repay."

"Oh, Willy! here is a letter I have just brought from the post-office. It is from your folks, I know;" and the lively Ann ran to Atley, and gave him the expected letter; and, hastily opening it, he read as follows:

"DEAR BROTHER: You don't know how frightened we all were, while reading your letter, to think you came so near being ate up by a frightful bear. Why do you go into such dangerous places? Isabella says she don't know which would have frightened her the most—the bears or the Indians. She says that Indian girl must be a real savage—more to be feared than the wild beasts. But I know she must be a good creature. Oh! how I would like to see her. I would give her a great many nice things, for saving your life. Does she look like our kind of folks? I suppose she is real black, and wears a blanket."

"You say you are having nice times; I wish I could say the same. But we have not been anywhere, only to the opera twice, and attended one party at Mrs. Ausburn's. Rose was so vexed, when she found you were gone, she would hardly speak to any one. Mr. Highter is married to that singer that you thought was so homely; but they say she is awfully rich."

"You say cousin Ann is just like me, only not quite so pretty. By the by, somebody else has called me pretty since you left—a tall fellow; but I sha' n't tell you any more, till you come. Mammy says she is afraid you will learn to be vulgar and coarse, by remaining so long with your aunt's family; and Isabella thinks it would be just like you, to fall in love with some country girl. Mammy wants me to say to you that you must not think of bringing Lucy home with you. She says it would not do. You know, Willy, I am about to make my debut; and

mammy thinks it would look so odd to introduce a green country girl to our society, as my cousin; and Isabella says, she don't believe she has got any thing but a calico dress for her best. But, when I get married, Willy, I will have her come and live with me, in spite of them. I hope Lucy will not be disappointed. Give my love to her and all your friends. We shall look for you home next month. Write soon, and believe me,

"Your affectionate sister,

"IDIE."

"Well, what is it?" asked Lucy, after Atley had finished the letter.

"It is from Idie; and she sends her love to all, and you in particular, and is in a great hurry for me to return."

Lucy sat waiting for him to say more. She knew his sister had said something in answer to his proposition in regard to her accompanying him home; but Atley did not refer to it; and, after sitting some time silent, she said,

"William, what does she say about my coming?"

"She says she would like to have you come; but my mother don't seem to approve of it, at present," said Atley, with hesitation.

"Well, I will not trouble them; and it is better that I should not go, for I would n't be the slave to them my poor mother was. I feel I am just as good as they are. Your mother is richer than mine; but she never was half so good," said Lucy, proudly, while the tears stole to her eyes.

"I know it, Lucy; you have spoken truly; and I respect you for it." And, taking her hand, he continued, "I am determined, Lucy, that you shall accompany me. I have just hit upon a plan; and, in one week, I will tell you all about it."

At this moment, Mrs. Huff, hearing from Ann that William had received a letter, came to him, and inquired tenderly after her sister and family.

"They are well," said William.

"Did she send her love to me, Willy?"

"My sister Idie wrote the letter," he replied, "and sends her love to all."

Mrs. Huff saw that he wished to evade her question, and knew he did not wish to pain her, by saying what she knew to be true. But, after he left the room, Lucy, who possessed a good share of temper as well as pride, gave vent to her feelings, in strong language. She would go to New York, some time, just to plague them. She would be impudent and saucy to her aunt; and ended by saying she would like to marry Willy, just to torment them. Her mother gently chided her, and opened the large family Bible that lay on the table, read several verses from out its sacred pages.

"You must return good for evil, my child; then will you find that peace which the world can neither give nor take away. Your aunt is not as bad at heart as her strange behaviour would imply; but prosperity has damped her better feelings; and, like many others, she has lost sight of the meek and lowly Jesus, preferring the applause of a vain and wicked world. I pity her from my heart, and would feign take her by the hand, and point her to him who had not where to lay his head."

"Oh, mother!" cried Lucy, while a tear moistened her eye, "how I wish I could be as good as you are! I don't believe I can ever be a Christian; for, when I see people act mean, my temper rises; and I can't help it. Mother, I wonder what Willy meant, when he said that I should go to New York; that he had a plan all laid out, and in one week he is to tell me all about it."

"I am sure I do not know, Lucy; he is busy writing now. I hope he is not going to intercede with his mother again, to let you come."

"Oh, no, he is up to something else; but I must wait patiently; and, by and by, shall know all about it," said Lucy, as she left the room; and, going directly into the little library, as if she did not know that Willy was there. "Oh, cousin! you here, and writing?" she exclaimed, with well-feigned astonishment.

"Yes, Lucy; and, if the answer to this letter is what I think it will be, we shall soon be on our way to the great city. But ask me no questions now. Remember, one week you shall know all."

It was a long week to the impatient Lucy; but she was doubly paid for waiting, when, on the first day of the second week, Willy handed her a letter, saying, while his handsome face was radiant with smiles, "There, that letter will solve the mystery, and disclose my plan."

Lucy hastily opened it, and read as follows:

DEAR ATLEY: I RECEIVED your favor of the twenty-second, and was most happy to learn that you were in good health and spirits. The account you give of your pleasures, and beautiful cousins, and good uncle and aunt, almost makes me wish to be with you. We, too, are having fine times — hunting, fishing; and, last evening, attended a ball, in the village of E., seven miles from this place; and I tell you, Atley, I never enjoyed any thing better in my life. The girls were all pretty, and some of them really accomplished, and became desperately in love with us New Yorkers, which made the village beaux very jealous. I fear the city will seem quite insipid to us on our return, with its conventionalism and false lights. But excuse me, that I have written almost a whole page,

without mentioning the two objects which I really believe lay nearest your heart of hearts — namely, Cawasa, and the matter about Lucy.

"I will speak of your preserver first. You will, undoubtedly, believe she is well, when I tell you that she brought down a deer on the run, the other day; caught twenty nice trout in half an hour, and shot ten ducks on the wing, with her arrow. You may think this a big story; but it is, nevertheless, true. She has inquired several times about you. I think that little affair has caused some trouble between her and Gifford. You know he was making love to her; and she, poor thing, thought he was sincere. But, lately, she shuns him, and seems to hate the very sight of him. Gifford thinks Pilot has told her what he said at the rocks. The thing is taking quite a serious turn; for old Cornplanter, on seeing Gifford following his daughter, as she was going out to hunt, loaded his gun, saying he was afraid he should have to kill white man. Upon hearing this, I sent a boy to warn Gifford of his danger. He came back, but swears he will have revenge on some one, for setting the girl against him. Gifford is a reckless, bad-tempered man; and, knowing that Cawasa possesses strong, fierce passions, when aroused, I fear some trouble will come of it.

"And now I will speak of Lucy. You say she wishes to go to New York, but your mother can not condescend to recognize her. That seems to be bad; but I have written to my aunt, Mrs. Ausburn, as you desired, and will enclose her answer.

"And now, Atley, be sure and let me know what time you and your pretty cousin will be here, and we will receive you in true democratic style. We have concluded to have a nice ball, on the evening of your arrival; so tell your cousin to lay her ball-dress near the top of her

traveling-trunk. Now, if you do not call on us, and spend a day or two, I will positively never forgive you; but I believe you will, for you know what belongs to good manners. Write soon.

"From your friend,

"C. MYERS."

"Oh! give me the other, quick! Let's see what Mrs. Ausburn says," cried Lucy; "it all depends on that, I suppose. But, from your looks, Willy, I should judge it was good news all through;" and, snatching it from his hand, she read:

"DEAR NEPHEW: You can't imagine how glad I was to learn that you could send me a nice, steady country girl. You say she must not be put to hard work. Bless you, dear soul, I only want her for lady's-maid, to look after the girl's things, help them dress, and keep their rooms in order. And the girls are much pleased at the idea of her being Mrs. Atley's niece; they say, if she is pretty, they will learn her to play, and sing, and she shall attend Mrs. Atley's parties, and, if she can eclipse Isabella, it will pay them for all their pains. You say it must be kept a secret from the Atley's. You need have no fear. The time will come for them to know it, but not at present. I imagine it will prove a rich thing in the end. You know I am fond of romance; and this just suits me. So send her on, and the quicker the better. I am commissioned by the girls to say that you must be sure and come with her. We are all anxious so see you.

"From your affectionate aunt.

"Good night."

"I would like to know what kind of a show they are

going to make of me. Mother, how do you suppose I would look playing the piano?" asked Lucy, laughingly, as her mother entered the room.

"You would look well, my child, if you did not put on any foolish airs. But what is this all about?"

Atley then went on to relate the affair.

After remaining silent a few moments, in deep thought, Mrs. Huff said, "I can not say that I approve of any deception being practiced in the matter. If Mrs. Ausburn is, as you say, a good woman, and would be a friend to Lucy, I would not object to her visiting New York, as she is so anxious. But I fear, Willy, she would not come back the same simple, truthful, loving girl, she is now," and the mother's eyes filled with tears.

"Mamma, are you afraid I should ever forget you and your good counsel?" said Lucy, throwing her arms around her mother's neck, and kissing her. "No, no! I will not think of going, if it gives you pain; for I love you better than all else on earth."

"There, aunt," said Atley, trying to hide the tears which Lucy's affectionate words had called to his eyes; "With that assurance from Lucy's lips, you need have no fear; and I will vouch for her purity and firmness to withstand every evil influence. She could never forget such a home as this, nor such friends. You know, aunt, I am not as good as Lucy; and yet I have never forgotten the many good lessons you gave me years ago, when I was a child, sitting on my little stool, at your feet."

"Oh, Willy!" said Mrs. Huff, wiping her eyes with the corner of her apron. "I know you are a good boy, in spite of the wrong training you have received. But I trust my prayers to God, in your behalf, have been heard. I feel that his watchful care is extended to you; and I

know he is able to protect and keep you in the path of rectitude."

* * * * *

The pleasant little inn at the station was brilliantly lit up; and the sound of music was heard from the ball-room. The house was crowded full with a gayly dressed and joyous throng, while ever and anon would be heard the exclamation, "I wish they would come; Myers said they would surely be here to-night."

"Oh, don't you believe," said a young girl to her partner, "that they have prevailed on the Indian girl Cawasa to be here, just to give Mr. Atley a surprise? They mean to have her sitting in the ball-room, when he enters. Won't it be funny? I don't believe he will speak to her, because his pretty cousin is to be here; and she would think so strange of it. But hark! what a bustle! Oh! the stage has come. And, sure as I live, there they are, getting out."

Myers and Atley met, with a hearty shake of the hand; and, after going through with the familiarity of presenting Lucy to his friends, he left her to retire to her room to dress, while he partook, with his friends, of some of the good brandy they had just received from the city. Gifford was unusually boisterous and rude in his manner; and it was evident he had already taken too much of the beverage.

But let us take a peep into the wigwam of old Cornplanter. Cawasa is standing before a little looking-glass, trimming her dark tresses, with more than ordinary care, around her slender fingers; and her whole dress bespeaks a taste refined. She was clad in a suit simple, yet very becoming—her leggins of the brightest red, embroidered with beads, with a skirt of blue cloth falling a little below the knee. Her moccasins were fancifully embroidered,

and fitted closely to the small foot; and a hat, trimmed with tinsel and plumes of different colors, completed the costume, with the exception of a light shawl, thrown carelessly over her shoulders. In order to get Cawasa to go to the inn on that night, they had invited several of her tribe to come in and see white folks dance; and several had collected at Cornplanter's wigwam; and, when Cawasa intimated that she was ready, they all started. Myers had been watching for them; and, not wishing Atley to see them till he entered the ball-room, he called him to another room; and, while conversing with him, the host hurried the Indians into the ball-room, and seated them in the most conspicuous place.

"Come," said the little landlady, putting her head in the room where Myers and Atley were standing, "your cousin is all ready; and you, Mr. Myers, must escort her, and Mr. Atley will be my chaperon;" and, catching his arm, she bade Myers take Miss Huff, and follow them.

"But I do not know where to find her," said Myers.

"Why, in the parlor, to be sure;" and, pushing him toward the door, the little lady burst into a loud fit of laughter at the awkward predicament she had placed him in. Myers, with some trepidation, opened the parlor door, where stood the beautiful girl. She was dressed in a lilac silk, trimmed with lace, with a wreath of flowers around her head, and a rich pin, a present from Atley, sparkling upon her snowy bosom. She looked, as she stood there, her face covered with blushes, a picture of modesty and beauty. Myers had only had a glimpse of her face on her arrival, through a thick veil, and was wholly unprepared to meet a form of such symmetry, and a face of such bewitching beauty. He had expected to see only a robust, pretty country girl; and there he stood, transfixed, like one in a dream. Atley had come up

behind him, enjoying his surprise and confusion. Lucy, at this moment, caught a glimpse of her cousin; and, passing by Myers, she took his hand, saying,

"William, you must take me to the ball-room. The music sounds so sweet, I long to be there," at the same time hurrying him toward the stairs.

"Let me relieve you of a part of your burden," said Myers, taking the hostess by the hand, who tripped lightly up the stairs by his side.

When they entered the ball-room, every eye was turned upon them. At this moment, a cotillion was called, and they took their places upon the floor. As Atley was promenading, his eyes chanced to fall on that part of the room where the Indians were seated; and, in an instant more, the crimson current was mantling his cheeks, and his heart was beating in quicker throbs, for he had again met the glance of those dark eyes which had once before thrilled his whole being. Myers saw the effect, and was enjoying the surprise of his friend extremely.

"Oh, Willy! who is that Indian girl with the plumes?" asked Lucy, who had been looking in that direction for the last five minutes.

"It is Cawasa, of whom you have heard me speak; is she not beautiful?"

"Yes; I can not keep my eyes off her."

"All promenade!" was now called, and away they whirled; but, as soon as the dance was over, Atley took Lucy by the hand, and led her to where the Indians were seated.

"Cawasa, I am glad to see you," he said; and, after shaking hands with her and several others, who appeared very glad to see him, he motioned Lucy to a seat near Cawasa, while he took a seat by her side.

"And this is the girl who saved your life, Willy?" said Lucy. "And I assure you, Cawasa," she continued, "that Mr. Atley will never forget your goodness and bravery. I have heard him speak of you, a great many times."

"But see, Lucy," said Atley, "Myers is coming this way. You see if he do n't ask you to dance; and I will say to you, as you once said to me, 'look out for your heart.'"

"Atley," said Myers, who was now standing before them, "I shall not suffer you to monopolize all the beauty in the room. I have come to solicit your hand, Miss Huff, for the next set."

"Do you ever dance, Cawasa?" asked Lucy, as she rose to go with Myers.

"Me no dance your fashion!" answered Cawasa, smiling.

"But," said Atley, after they were gone, "you could learn to dance; and now, Cawasa, tell me, would you not like to live among the Whites, dress like them, and be like them? I have learned that your mother was a white woman — an Italian."

"Hush!" said Cawasa, quickly, as she caught the eye of her father fixed upon them, and then, lowering her voice almost to a whisper, said, "Never let Cornplanter hear you talk so; he would be angry."

"But, Cawasa," said Atley, in the same low tone, "I must talk with you, sometime, alone; I have much to say to you."

At this moment, she gave a sudden start; and her dark eyes flashed fire, as they were fixed upon some object in the opposite part of the room; and, looking up, Atley saw Gifford, who had just entered, leaning against the wall, regarding them intently. It was a fearful look she gave

him — so full of hate and revenge — and Atley was convinced she had more cause for such feeling than was known to any, save Gifford himself.

"I am going home," said Cawasa, as she gathered her shawl about her.

"But shall I not see you again? I am to start at one o'clock to-morrow; will you come here again, in the morning?"

"No," she answered. "we are going early to the rocks."

At this moment, Gifford crossed the room, and, coming up directly in front of Atley, said, while his lips quivered with rage, "Cawasa, I wish you and all the rest of these d——d Indians to leave the room. Come, start," he continued, as he caught Pilot by the shoulder, and jerked him from his seat.

The Indians, who seemed afraid of him, started to their feet, and rushed toward the door. Cornplanter instinctively clapped his hand upon his belt; but his hatchet and knife were not there. Cawasa, at this moment, sprang forward; and, in an instant, her knife was buried in the breast of Gifford, who, loosening his hold of Pilot, fell back, and was caught by Myers, who, with the whole company, was crowding to the scene. Gifford, with the blood gushing from his breast, was taken from the room, and laid upon a bed. So unexpected and sudden had been this circumstance, that the company were bewildered and amazed. The ball-room had been deserted by all save the Indians, who were standing together in a huddle, silently waiting for they did not know what. Atley and Myers, after ascertaining that Gifford was not dead, left him in the care of a physician, and returned to the hall. Blood was upon the floor; and the knife which lay there was covered with the same hue.

Cawasa was standing in the same spot where she had

given the fearful blow. She did not seem to notice any thing that was going on around her. Her eyes were bent upon the floor, and her hand pressed upon her forehead, as if in deep thought. Myers went to her, and, laying his hand upon hers, said,

"Cawasa, what is to be done? I fear you have killed him."

She started, and the color receded from her cheek, and left it pale as the ashen hue of death; and she made a movement toward the door.

"Where are you going," said Myers, stepping before her.

"To the deep, dark forest," she replied.

At this moment, the landlord entered.

"Myers," he said, "you must go to the parlor, and remain with the women; they have all got huddled in there, and frightened almost to death. Atley and I will straighten matters here;" and, taking Cawasa by the hand, said, "You had best stay here to-night; go into a private room, until we see what is to be done."

"But my father and Pilot?"

"Let them go to the wigwam; no one will harm them." Then, turning to the Indians, he said, "Go home, all of you. Cawasa will return to you to-morrow." His word seemed to be law, for immediately they all left with one accord; and Cawasa was led to a small room and left alone, till some arrangements could be made concerning her.

The company was broken up. No more dancing was thought of; and those that lived at a distance went home. The report of the physician was, that Gifford was in a critical condition. The wound was deep, and likely to prove fatal.

After the house had become a little quiet, a council was held; and it was thought best that Cawasa should

leave the place, for Gifford was even now breathing out horrible oaths of vengeance; and, even if he did not recover, he had secured the friendship and services of an Indian, who was known to be bad, and who had been rejected by Cawasa, consequently ready to commit any outrage, at the instigation of Gifford. It was thought that, if Cawasa could be removed, the animosity would die out, and further trouble be prevented.

"Atley, could you not take her to New York with you? I know my aunt would take charge of her until this fuss is over," said Myers. "She could start early in the morning, before light; and the stage would overtake her on the way."

"But it would look so singular," replied Atley, "for me to go into the city with her, and dressed as she is, too. If she would adopt a portion of Lucy's clothing, she would pass for a beautiful Italian or French girl; and her speech would help to keep up appearances."

"Exactly," said Myers; "and people will, of course, think she is Lucy's maid. Your cousin will not object, will she?"

"Oh, no! She will be delighted with the idea."

"Then, all right. Now, Atley, go and talk the matter over with Cawasa, until I go and break the news to your fair cousin."

"But be sure," said Atley, archly, as they were leaving the hall, "do n't talk about any thing else. Ah, old boy! you have made good use of a few hours; you will soon follow us to the city; and I can warrant you a hearty welcome from one quarter."

"You flatter me, Atley," said Myers, with more earnestness than the occasion called for; "do you really think that I have made a favorable impression upon her?"

"Wait and see," answered Atley. "You will be in the city, in a few weeks, and then you can judge for yourself."

When Atley entered the room where Cawasa was seated, she raised her eyes; and a look of deep anxiety was visible upon her face.

"Cawasa, I have come to talk with you," said Atley, seating himself by her side. "It is evident that there is trouble between you and Gifford, which is likely to prove serious, if you remain here, after what is past. You can not remain with safety, even if Gifford dies. Bill Snider will pursue you, and take your life, if he can; he was heard to say so to-night. Did he not want you to marry him, Cawasa?"

"Yes."

"And you refused?"

"Yes."

"What did he say, when you refused him?"

"He said he would kill any one that I did marry."

"I have no doubt he will, if you stay here; and I think that Gifford was mad because he saw me talking with you, and expected that I would resent his conduct toward Pilot, which I was on the point of doing, when your knife settled him; and then he and Snider were calculating to make a finish of me. I think the plot was laid between them before Gifford came in the room; for Snider was seen skulking near the door, as Gifford came up to us. Now our plan is, that you accompany me to New York. I will be a friend to you, and so will Lucy; and you will live in the same house with her."

"What will become of my father and Pilot?" asked Cawasa, while the tears started to her eyes.

"No one will harm them; and, when the engineers remove from here, you can come back, if you choose; but,

after you live with us awhile, I don't think you will wish to come back."

"Oh, how can I leave my friends?" cried Cawasa, covering her face with her hands, while the tears fell fast upon her lap. "No one will love me in the great city. Me no leave my old father alone; he mourn for Cawasa."

Atley felt the tears starting to his dim eyes, as he gazed upon this strange being — a short time ago, standing erect, with the fatal knife in her hand, and her eyes flashing with deep and terrible passion; now, bowed like the tender twig beaten by the storm, her eyes melted in tears, and her breast heaving with all the tender emotions of the most sensitive and loving nature. He hastily got up, paced the floor a few moments, then stopped before her; and, as he gazed upon her almost unearthly beauty, which now shone so brightly through her tears, he asked, "Why am I so drawn toward this being? Why does my heart throb so strangely, when I meet the gaze of her dark eyes? Why does my being thrill, when her hand touches mine? I feel that a spell is being thrown around me, from which I fear I can not easily extricate myself. Do I love this Indian girl?" This thought seemed to alarm him; for, suddenly withdrawing his eyes, he walked to the window. After a few moments, he became more calm. "I must be a man; I will shake off this strange feeling that has come over me. I will never be so weak again. I know I do not love her; it is shameful and outrageous for me to allow myself to imagine such an absurdity;" and, drawing in a long breath, as if to gain strength to assist him in his good resolves, he again approached the maiden.

She had become tranquil, and looked up, as he took his seat beside her. He saw that the tumult in her feeling

had subsided; for her eyes had resumed their wonted placid, dreamy expression.

"Well, Cawasa, do you conclude to go with us?"

"Yes," she replied, sadly but firmly, "I will go and live with your wife, a little while."

"My wife? I have no wife. Did you think Lucy was my wife?"

"Gifford told me so, before you came."

"Well, he had some evil motive, no doubt, in saying so; but it is false. She will never be my wife; she is my cousin."

Cawasa, upon receiving this intelligence, looked surprised and pleased.

"She is going to live with a good, kind lady," continued Atley; "and you will find a home there, too. And now I will go and send Lucy to you."

When Atley entered the parlor, he knew, from Lucy's confused manner, and the deep blush upon her face, that she had been listening to other matters than the one in question; but, believing Myers to be above trifling with the feeling of the unsuspecting, he was more pleased than otherwise.

"You have come in good time. Shut the door, and sit down there," said Myers. "Atley, I love your cousin; and, with her consent, I will make her my wife. I have just proposed to Lucy, and she refers me to you. Do not look so astonished, my dear fellow; is it so very surprising that I should love her? I should think you, of all others, could understand it best."

"But it is so sudden, so unexpected!" said Atley.

"I see you do n't know me," resumed Myers. "I am one that could never endure a long and formal courtship. I have bowed at beauty's shrine for many years, but have never loved before. I have always felt that, when I saw

the right one, I should love at first sight. I have found her, and I love her."

"But your friends?" suggested Atley.

"Do not speak of it; I have no friend that would dare to interfere with my particular matters. They know me too well; I was always a willful boy. They have tried, many times, to get me married to some flirt, with nothing to recommend her but fancy dresses and paper curls."

"But you are not so sure that Lucy does not resort to curl-papers," said Atley, catching hold of her dark ringlets.

"I know that Lucy does not resort to the artificial," exclaimed Myers, gazing upon her glowing face, "nor need she; nature has been lavish enough. I would not have her more beautiful; and, in my eyes, she could not be," said he; and, taking her hand, he kissed it fervently.

Lucy withdrew her hand, and, patting him upon the cheek, said, "I shall not allow you to be so rude. Now, leave off this silly talk, and try to be serious."

"Lucy," said Myers, really pained, "do you think me base enough to trifle in this matter? If you do, I will prove my sincerity, by marrying you to-night, if you will only say you love me."

"I do n't know whether I love you or not; I have not had time to think about it."

"Say you love him, cousin, and let's have a wedding to-night," whispered Atley, but loud enough for Myers to hear. "Oh! yes, Lucy; the evening performance commenced with a tragedy; let's have it end with a ——"

"A farce," replied she, quickly.

"No; a wedding in real life," continued Myers.

"Come, what say you, darling?"

Lucy looked at Atley, inquiringly. "Go out, Myers," he said, "I will talk with her, and then report to you."

"Why, Willy," said Lucy, after he was gone, "what does this mean? Is he making game of me?"

"It means just this: Myers is a noble fellow; he loves you, and will make you his wife. He is all you could desire—rich, handsome, and generous, to a fault."

"But I could not go to his home, to be looked down upon by his friends."

"Don't fear; he has a home, independent of his friends; and now, Lucy, my advice is, marry him."

"What, now, to-night?" said she, almost frightened at the thought.

"And why not, if it is his wish?"

"But my mother?"

"She could only rejoice to hear such news. But now let me ask, do you love him?"

"I think I do," said she, casting down her eyes.

"I know you do; you could not help it;" and, rising, he left the room, to report his success to his friend. As good luck would have it, he found him conversing with the magistrate who resided in the adjoining town, and, hearing of the disturbance, had called to investigate the matter.

"Ah! how are you, Mr. Atley?" said Squire L., shaking him by the hand. "I hear you have had quite a serious affray, here, to-night. By the by, where is the girl? You must keep a good look-out for her; they say Snider is bound to kill her."

"She is well protected; and now, squire, we have another serious matter under consideration, which we wish you to dispose of."

"Does she consent?" asked Myers.

"Yes; and now to business."

"Ah! I begin to see," said the squire. "Allow me to take off my overcoat"

"Certainly; and now you will please walk into the parlor."

Cawasa was looking wistfully from the window, as Atley entered.

"Come, Cawasa, we are going to have a wedding—Lucy and Myers are going to be married."

"To-night?" asked the wondering girl.

"Yes, now;" and, taking her hand, he led her to the parlor, where the inmates of the house were all assembled; and, in a few moments, Lucy Huff became Mrs. Myers.

At an early hour next morning, Atley and Myers, who had watched with Gifford, through the night, withdrew to Myers' room; and, after conversing two hours, it was arranged that the marriage should be kept a secret for the present. In the mean time, Lucy should be sent to a boarding-school, for the term of two years, after which she would be qualified to fill the new and responsible station which would devolve upon her. Cawasa was to accompany her; and Atley volunteered his services and purse to give her those advantages which he believed her nature required, and thus discharge, in part, the debt of gratitude he owed to her. Had he another feeling, deeper than gratitude, lurking in his heart? He has bravely denied the charge, and said, "It is an absurdity; I do not love her!" Therefore, gentle reader, we must not be too hasty in passing judgment upon him now. But wait; may be the raging fires of the volcano will turn pale, and go out; the lightnings grow stupid, and cease to shoot athwart the heavens: if so, we may suppose that the still, small voice, which is even now speaking in such loving tones, and appealing to his manly nature, will not be heard or responded to.

Lucy had wrought wonders, during this her nuptial night, which she had passed, not in the arms of her

husband, but with the gentle Cawasa; and, as they descended, arm in arm, to the breakfast-room, her morning labors were manifest in the change of Cawasa's dress. Instead of the moccasins, and short gown, and leggins, she was habited in a neatly fitting blue dress, with gaiters of the same color. Even her complexion had assumed a lighter shade; but the tresses and eyes were the same—darker than chaotic night. Nothing could change them, nor the regular and beautifully chiseled features. They were heaven's gift, and could not be tarnished, till old Time shall have laid its frosty hand upon her. Lucy met her husband at the table, with cheerful smiles, which plainly told that the sober reflections of a night had brought with them the reality of her new relation, and that pleasure arising from such reflections had given that brighter glow to her cheek, and a purer light to her eye.

A shade of melancholy was visible in the countenance of Cawasa. But, as she met the pleasant smile with which Atley greeted her, and heard his words of tender regard and friendship, she felt reassured, and returned his smile with one of such deep confidence and trust, that he almost instinctively felt that she was henceforth to be a holy charge, and that he held her destiny in his hands; and a prayer went out from his heart, that God would help him to remain true to his trust—help him discharge, with pure motive and brotherly love, his whole duty toward this untutored child of the forest.

After breakfast, Myers and Lucy withdrew to the parlor, where we will leave them to talk over their plans for the future, and take a peep in another room, where sat old Cornplanter, Pilot, and Cawasa. Atley was seated at the other end of the room, watching them, while he occasionally raises his handkerchief to his eye. Cawasa is seated

upon the floor, with her head resting upon her father's knee. The old man is looking down upon her, with a sorrowful expression. Pilot is pressing one of her hands to his forehead, while his tears are falling fast upon the dark tresses that lay in wild disorder, about his feet. We can not see the face of the maiden; it is hid upon the knees that had dandled her in infancy. Her left hand is clasping the long, straight hair which was her delight in childhood. Ah! Atley can no longer look upon the scene; and he leaves them to the sacredness of their own feelings. He may never look upon the like again; but, while memory retains its empire within his soul, that picture will never be forgotten.

Lucy and Cawasa were not to go to New York, as first talked of, but to Philadelphia, to attend a female seminary there. Myers wrote a few lines to his aunt, informing her that the young lady he spoke of had determined not to visit New York at present; and, with a hearty kiss upon the lips which have just confessed that the heart loved, he bade his young wife adieu. The stage was at the door; and, as Cawasa took her seat beside Lucy, she was so completely disguised, with an orange-silk bonnet, and thick vail, that no one recognized her; and so the stage left the spot, which, within a few hours, had been the scene of revenge, of love, of tears, and the sundering of ties that might never again be cemented in this life.

* * * * *

"Oh, Lucy! if they should not come?"

"But they will, Cawasa, don't fear. I know my dear Charles would not disappoint us. It has seemed so long—a whole year; but our teacher says he shall be so proud to have them see how we have improved. I am glad now that they have not visited us; for the pleasure

of to-day will compensate for all the tedious study of the past year. Cawasa, have you learned that last opera-song?"

"Yes; are you not sorry that you did not conclude to practice it?"

"No; for I could not sing it. You are the only girl in school that can. I could never get my voice up to such a pitch."

Lucy had not noticed Cawasa's dress, until this moment; and, with much surprise, she said, "Why have you selected that dress for this occasion? Now go right off and change it; come, there's a good girl."

"What one do you wish me to wear?"

"Why, that beautiful sky-blue silk that Willy sent you, and the pin and ring; why have you left them all off, when you know it would give him such pleasure to see you wear them?"

"But I do not like to wear them before him to-day; I can't make it seem right that he should give me such things."

"Cawasa," said Lucy, "it is but just that I should tell you now a secret; but you must promise it shall make no difference in your feelings toward any of us. Do you promise?"

"Yes," answered Cawasa, looking at her companion, wondering.

"Well, then, you have always thought that Charles was clothing and educating you, and have flattered yourself that, in return for his kindness, his wife was going to permit you to be her waiting-maid or kitchen-maid; but let me assure you it is a delusion. Charles has been denied the pleasure of expending even a shilling upon you; dear Willy has done it all. Do not start and look at me in that way; there is nothing strange about it. He feels

indebted to you, and says he can never repay you for the service you once rendered him. He wishes you to consider yourself a sister; and he will act toward you the part of a brother."

Cawasa sat, several moments silent, with those dreamy eyes bent upon the floor; then, rising slowly from her seat, she approached Lucy, and, taking her hand, said,

"I have promised this shall make no difference in my feelings toward any of you; I must retract."

"What!" said Lucy, nervously, looking up in her face, "can you love me less for not undeceiving you?"

"No."

"Do you love Charles less?"

"No."

"Well, do you love Willy less?"

"Oh! no, no, Lucy. I promised it should make no difference in my feelings; but I do feel different here," she said, laying her hand upon her heart; "and I can not help it." And, catching Lucy's hand, she continued, "Do I love him, Lucy—do I love him? or is it a delusion? Tell me, quick!"

Lucy looked upon Cawasa with amazement. She had never seen her so wrought upon before, but once; and that was the night that Gifford received his almost fatal wound. Her eye had now the same expression; her cheek wore the same glow.

"I do not know," Lucy replied, "whether it is love or gratitude; but I sincerely hope it is the latter; for you could not live with unrequited love burning in your bosom. Your impetuous nature could not endure it; and you could not expect his love in return; for he is already affianced to another."

Cawasa gave a sudden start; and the color receded from her burning cheek, and, dropping the hand she held, stepped

quickly to the door; but she stopped on the threshold, and, pressing her hand upon her forehead, said, "I am going to change my dress; forget this talk; it is foolish. And, Lucy, remember, do not mention this to either of them. If you love me, you will promise."

"I do promise; so go in peace;" and Cawasa closed the door, entered her own room, and, throwing herself on the sofa, wept bitter tears — the first she had shed since she imprinted the farewell kiss upon the brows of her father and brother.

"Oh, Miss Lucy," said a servant-girl, putting her head in the door, "your friends have arrived, and are awaiting you in the parlor."

Lucy flew down stairs, and, the next moment, was folded in the arms of her husband, and, the next, in those of her cousin.

"And where is Cawasa?"

Atley had scarcely asked the question, before she entered, smiling and blushing through the traces of tears, which were yet visible on her cheek. It was some moments before Atley could realize that the delicate girl before him was, indeed, Cawasa. Myers had taken her by the hand, and kissed her cheek again and again, until his young wife almost felt a pang of jealousy, ere Atley made a move toward her. At length, taking her hand, and raising it to his lips, he said, "Cawasa, you are so changed, that I scarcely know you."

"Why," cried Lucy, laughing, "you used to say that she was as handsome as she could be; I hope the change is not for the worse."

"No, no—far from it! but now, be seated, and tell us all the news."

"We have not the least bit of news to tell."

"We have written to you so constantly that it has left

us nothing to tell you. Ah, yes! here is a letter from your mother." Lucy took it with eagerness; and, after reading it over hastily, she said, "Now listen, all of you, and I will read aloud a part of my letter:

"DEAR LUCY: We read your letters with pride and pleasure. You improve rapidly, both in composition and penmanship. I hope, however, that your studies will not take up so much of your time that you will have none to devote to the reading of the Bible, and to prayers; for remember, Lucy, education, accomplishments, riches, will avail us nothing, if we have not the love of God in our hearts. We may possess all this world can bestow, yet we are but miserable beings without His grace. I fear I can never repay your good cousin for all he is doing for you; but God will reward him. He writes you are soon to be married to an amiable, rich man. Look out, my dear child, that you do not become proud and vain, and, like your aunt, forget your humble parents. I do not fear this much; for I know the goodness of your heart. I hope, Lucy, before that event takes place, you will visit us."

"There, I shall not read any more; for the rest is only about my clothes, and things I do not care for you to know about. Now I will turn over, and read what Ann says."

"Oh, yes! let's hear what little Annie says—the witch. I would give a guinea to see her now," exclaimed Atley.

"Well, she says:

"DEAR LUCY: I AM bound to do something desperate. Every body else is getting married, or running away, or committing suicide; and I am determined to do one of

the three things, just to keep up with the times. Which would you do? Oh! I forgot; you would get married. Well, so would I; but it takes two to do that. Sometimes I think I will go and hunt up Willy's Indian girl, and have her teach me how to shoot, so I can save somebody's life; and then, perhaps, I could have a heart laid at my pretty feet."

Atley and Cawasa looked at each other. At this moment, both burst into a hearty fit of laughter.

"I think," said Lucy, "poor Ann would have a long search for you in the forest, before she would find you."

"Atley," said Myers, "we must undeceive our good people, before long—I think, in the next letter."

"But," cried Lucy, "you must not let them know how long I have been married; mother would blame me for not letting her know it at first."

"No," said Atley, "they only need learn that you are married; and, of course, they will infer that it has just taken place."

"And now, my little pet, we must make good use of our time," said Myers, "for we are not to remain here but two days; and now for pleasures, rides, balls, operas, parties."

"Oh, yes!" interrupted Lucy, "we have been in prison here so long, it will seem so nice. Let's have a ride first."

"But you forget, coz, that we are nearly starved. It is now half past twelve; our dinner at the hotel must be waiting for us. You and Cawasa put on your things, while I go and call a carriage; for you must go and dine with us."

This was a pleasure Lucy had not expected; so, catching Cawasa's arm, away they ran for their hats and shawls.

We can not attempt to follow our romping school-girls and their companions through the three days' campaign; it would be too tedious. Suffice it, that the time flew on golden wings. The last evening of their stay was to be passed with the girls, alone in the quiet little parlor of their boarding-house. They had not, as yet, heard the girls play or sing. That pleasure had been reserved for this last evening; and now, for the first time since the girls entered school, we will describe their appearance. Lucy had no change in her personal appearance; but there was a delicacy and refinement in her manners, which gave additional charms to her handsome face. She was, in fact, now, in appearance and personal beauty, all that the most fastidious could desire; and Myers, more proud and delighted than ever, longed for the time to come when he could introduce her as his wife, into the world of beauty and fashion, where she would shine the leading star. It was very evident to Atley that, if Lucy did not love Myers, with her whole heart, at first sight, the second sight had accomplished it. Love was in every look and every act of the happy pair; and Atley sighed, as he thought of his own espousal.

We will now describe Cawasa, as she has just taken her seat at the piano. She has on the dress which Atley had sent her, with the pin and ring. Her long hair hung, in flowing tresses, about her fair neck and shoulders. Her dress was low in the bosom, displaying a neck and bust of perfect symmetry. She was thinner than she was a year ago; and her complexion, which was then a little too dark and ruddy, was a shade lighter. She had not the least bit of color in her cheeks; they were as pale as her marble forehead; but her full lips were of a rich vermilion; and her large, lustrous black eyes contrasted beautifully with her pure olive complexion. It would puzzle

any one to determine whether she was Creole, French, or Italian. No wonder Atley thought she was changed; and yet it was not her person that struck him at first, as much as her manner and speech. Her voice was rich and musical; and those that heard her speak once longed to hear that voice again; there was a softness, a sweetness about it, that was irresistible. Her manner was most bewitching. She was timid, yet easy and graceful in all her motions. She did not often look a person full in the eye; but, when she did, it invariably left an impression not easily forgotten.

"What shall I sing, Lucy?" she asked, as she ran her fingers carelessly over the keys.

"Sing *Alfarata, the Indian Girl*; it is so pretty; and you sing it so well."

Cawasa had not got through the first verse, before Atley rose from his seat, bewildered, enraptured. His soul was full of music; and it only needed such strains to make it overflow. It seemed the very song gave a new charm to Cawasa's face; and, as she became engrossed in the piece, her voice, which was weak and tremulous at first, gained its wonted strength and sweetness; and those that listened were wrapt, enchanted. Atley was walking the room with hasty steps; and, as the song ceased, he stopped, and, with a trembling voice, said,

"You must excuse me for a few moments, I do not feel quite well this evening. I will go out and take a little wine, and return soon."

Lucy and Myers exchanged a quick glance; and the truth, for the first time, crossed Lucy's mind, that her cousin loved Cawasa; and, as Cawasa went on to play other pieces, Lucy seated herself upon her husband's knee, and whispered her fears in his ear:

"I know he loves her," replied Myers, softly; "I heard

him say enough to convince me of that fact long ago, before she left the forest."

"Is it possible," thought Lucy, "these two beings love each other, and yet fate has divided them?"

At this moment, Atley entered, and, taking his place near the piano, watched every motion of the active little hands, as they skipped, like fairy birds, over the keys; and drank in every tone of that voice, whose slightest sound filled his soul with melody; and, when she rose from the instrument, he felt that no other could fill her place there.

"Well," said Myers, "I suppose Cawasa will expect us to speak of her playing, either in its praise, or otherwise."

"Oh! I am afraid to have you say any thing about it. If you do not say I play quite well for the opportunity I have had, I shall be disheartened; and, if you say I play very well, I shall be afraid you mean to flatter me. Perhaps you had better say nothing about it; and yet," she added, hesitatingly, "I should like to know what you really think of my efforts."

"I will tell you candidly what I think," said Myers. "I have not heard Lucy play yet; but, to my taste, you play and sing better than any person I have ever heard; and, remember, I have heard Jenny Lind."

"I endorse all you have said, and more," cried Atley. "But what more could you say?" exclaimed Lucy, laughing. "Charles has said it all. I declare I shall not dare to try it. I wish I had played first."

"But you shall," said Myers, leading her to the piano; "and I will sit right down here, and criticise you."

"O do n't, Charles, for pity's sake; go to the back side of the room, and sit down; take a book, and pretend to be reading."

"I will obey you," said Myers; so, taking a book, he sat down in the most distant part of the room.

Lucy ran her fingers over the keys, and then turned her head partly round to peep at him; but he, with a grave face, was, to all appearance, wholly absorbed in his book. This threw Lucy and Cawasa into a fit of laughing; and it was some time before Lucy could command her voice to sing; for, every time she turned her head, there sat Myers, as if perusing his book with intense interest, which happened to be a dictionary. Lucy at length summoned courage, and dashed off a waltz, then a polka, and, finally, struck into a song, accompanying with her voice. She really sung and played well; and, at the end of the piece, she looked around to see the effect upon Myers. He had stepped lightly across the room, and was bending over her chair. She knew, at the first, he was pleased, but was not prepared to hear the praises he bestowed upon her; and tears of joy started to her eyes. Her cousin, too, praised her; and she felt paid for her year of toil and study.

"One year more, my sweet one," said Myers, "and no one can excel you."

"Yes, one can," thought Atley, as he looked at Cawasa.

An hour longer was passed in chitchat; and Mr. and Mrs. Myers retired, leaving Atley and Cawasa alone.

"Well, I must seek my hotel, and leave you to your rest," said Atley, rising to depart.

"Mr. Atley," said Cawasa, timidly, "I have a question to ask. How were Cornplanter and Pilot when you heard from them last?"

"They were well; and now, excuse me, that I had not thought to mention them before. Will you permit me,

Cawasa, to stay a few moments longer? I wish to talk with you."

"Certainly," she replied, "it is not late."

So, seating himself by her side, he said, "Cawasa, do you think of ever returning to your father?"

"I mean to remain with him."

The young girl sat silent for a moment, and then, with the tears trembling in her eyes, said, "I do not know;" and then, after another pause, continued, "it is all the home I have. Lucy has kindly offered me a home with her; but I can not think of being dependent on any one's bounty. I have not yet determined what I shall do."

"Will you come and live with me? I suppose you already know that I am to be married; and I will consider it a favor, if you will consent to make my house your home."

"Do not ask me to do that," said Cawasa; "I could not do it. I—I——"

"Well, what?"

But Cawasa could not finish her sentence; and, hiding her face in her hands, she burst into tears. Atley saw that he had touched upon a tender point; and, for the first time, the conviction flashed across his mind, that Cawasa loved him. It seemed the more the poor girl tried to restrain her tears, the faster they flowed. At length, rising from her seat, in a voice broken by sobs, she said,

"Excuse me now; I will see you in the morning;" and, bidding him good night, left the room.

Atley went to his hotel; and his feelings during the night we will not attempt to describe. And, when he met his friends in the morning, his countenance was pale and haggard. Cawasa was, also, paler; and her eyes were swollen with weeping. Not so with Lucy and Myers; they looked bright and happy.

"Why, cousin, what ails you? Are you ill? or do you feel so bad about leaving us? You look as if you had been sick a month. Come, cheer up; you forgot that you are soon to lead the prettiest woman in New York to the altar."

"I do not, indeed, feel very well this morning. But you, Lucy, are looking uncommonly well. But how can you be gay, when your heart's idol is on the point of leaving you?"

"Oh! he is not going to leave me long; he has promised to come once in two weeks, and thinks, the last three months of my stay, he shall remain here all the time. That is why I feel so well."

"Yes," said Myers, "she would not let me get up till I had promised all that, and a great deal more."

"But what ails you, Cawasa?" he continued, "you are looking pale and unhappy."

Cawasa cast a quick glance at Atley. Their eyes met; and the feelings of each heart were known to the other. The unmistakable language of the eye had its effect; and they parted, conscious that they loved, and were loved in return. But it only made them still more unhappy.

William Atley was a man of too good sense to expect any happiness with the woman his mother had chosen to be his wife; and, as the time drew near that he was to go to the altar, and vow to love and cherish a being whom he could not even respect, he tried hard to bring his feelings under control, and school his heart for the trial. He had parted from Cawasa with feelings bordering on distraction. He would not admit to himself that he loved her; and yet he knew that he regarded her with feelings very different from those which he had ever felt for any other being. But he was not entirely free from the vain pride and prejudice which characterized his family. Even

if he could break his engagement with Rose, and marry Cawasa, she could not bring him a fortune; and then Gifford might return, and, out of revenge, spread the report that William Atley's wife was an Indian. The thought was dreadful. No, he would never bring that stain upon his family. His children should not be pointed at and despised. He would be a man; he would marry Rose, and thus secure a fortune, and maintain his honor, and fulfill his duty to his parents. And, with this wise resolution, he started up street, humming a tune, and trying to banish from his mind the look of those dark eyes, and the sound of that angelic voice. Brave man! We wish you success in your laudable efforts; but why are you jerking so nervously at that silver knob?

"Is Rose at home?"

"I will see, sir;" and off went the polite waiter, and soon returned with a message that Mr. Atley could come to her room.

As Atley entered the gorgeously furnished apartment, Rose left the piano; and, taking him by the hand, said,

"Oh, I am glad you have called; my lesson is so hard this morning, I am glad to find some excuse to leave it. But I guess you did not sleep well last night; you are looking dull this morning."

"I feel well, nevertheless," he replied; and, after passing half an hour in a conversation which, to him, seemed insipid and tedious, he asked her to sing.

"Why, what is to happen? You never asked me to sing before; in fact, I began to think you did not care about singing."

"Well, you were mistaken; I am passionately fond of good music."

Rose took her place at the piano, with the air of one confident in her own powers. She never thought that

she was not a good singer; every one had praised her singing and her beauty, but Atley, and she concluded it was because he was afraid it would make her vain; but now, as she touched the keys, she was determined to melt his heart, and make a lasting impression there. She had just learned a new opera, which he had never heard her sing; and, giving two or three little coughs, in the way of clearing her throat, she began, but had not sung a minute, before Atley put his hands to his ears, and seemed on the point of entreating her to stop. He had flattered himself that he had become a hero, that he could endure any thing; he had already kissed the hand which was so soon to be his own; he had talked half an hour without knowing what he said, and listened to a tirade of slander about all the handsomest girls in the city, and had been told over and over again, that Clementina's bonnet was an old one of her mother's, done over, and that Kate Westen's necklace was not pure gold, and that it was said that she was no better than she should be, and that she, Rose, had refused another excellent offer of marriage from a foreigner. We say, Atley had lived through all this, and thought he was prepared for any thing; but, when that opera met his ears, in a voice whose discordant tones made discord from the instrument more horrible, our hero found that he was not, quite yet, proof against every thing. When Rose had finished the piece, she looked coquettishly around at her victim; and she was satisfied she had indeed brought a deep flush to his face. His hands were over his ears; this was natural enough. His sensitive nature could not endure such ravishing music; and he had been obliged to shut out the heart-thrilling sound. She had effected her object; rising from the instrument, she threw herself down languidly by his side, on the sofa, and, taking his hand, said,

"William, dear, you are just like me — all sensibility. I did not know, however, that that piece would affect you so, or, in mercy to your feelings, I would not have played it. I came near fainting with rapture, the other day, when Mr. —, the foreigner I mentioned, played to me, he plays so beautifully, and sings so exquisitely; and it seemed such a relief, after hearing Kate play it. Don't you think she plays badly?"

Atley made no reply to this, but, rising abruptly, said, "You must excuse me; I have already staid beyond my time. Good morning."

"How odd he is!" thought Rose, after he was gone; "Now I know my music affected him, though he would not own it; and I know it awakened his jealousy a little, when I spoke of the foreigner. He never praises me, for all he loves me so devotedly. In fact, he has never told me he loved me, yet; he is really very odd. Well, never mind; I'll make him talk, when I get him, or will flirt with others, till I torment him almost to death. Oh! I would like to see him weeping about me, fearing that I would love some one else; it would show that he had some feeling."

We shall not narrate all the little incidents which took place within the next twelve months. Suffice to say, Atley and Rose were married, and settled in their own house. Lucy had prevailed on Cawasa to take up her abode at her home, for a season; and now, Mr. and Mrs. Myers are giving their first party. A great many had been invited — among the rest, Mr. and Mrs. Atley. Cawasa had not met Atley since he was married. He and Rose had called on Lucy once; but Cawasa did not go down to the parlor; and now, as she was twining the last glossy tress over her finger, her hand trembled, and her eyes sparkled with unusual brilliancy. She knew she was

going to meet the only man on earth she loved; and, although he could be nothing to her, yet she felt a secret pride, a desire to look well on this particular evening. She had heard that Rose was beautiful, and that Atley loved her; and something akin to jealousy darkened, for a moment, her angel features. A knock was heard at her door, and Myers' voice calling her to come down. Cawasa opened the door, and said,

"I am ready; but you must seat me by Lucy; and don't forget what you are to call me."

"O no! trust me for that — let's see, Miss Constance Savill, a young Italian lady, of Lucy's acquaintance, from Philadelphia."

"But what am I to say, if they ask me any thing about my country?"

"Oh! say that your parents left there when you were quite young. But come, Lucy will have fits before we get there."

As Myers threw open the parlor doors, the glare of the lights, and the glitter of bright eyes and diamonds, at first almost bewildered Cawasa, and she felt inclined to shrink back; but she saw that every eye was upon her; and, summoning all the courage she was master of, she stepped lightly forward. Lucy saw her embarrassment, and, taking her by the hand, led her forward, whispering her, at the same time, that she had nothing to fear. She then, with a grace and politeness hardly to be expected in one so unused to society, introduced Cawasa to the company as Miss Savill. No one but Atley knew to the contrary. Rose had not taken her eyes off Cawasa a moment since she entered; and, as she looked upon her, and saw the bewitching beauty that no female eye could behold, if endowed with one grain of jealousy, without feeling its torturing pangs, she turned to Atley, and said, "I should

think the gentlemen would all be ashamed, gazing at that girl so. I wonder what they find to look at. I am sure she is dressed plain."

Rose had spoken truly. She was dressed very plain. She wore a dove-colored silk, trimmed with white blond. Her arms and neck were bare; and the long curls were the only ornament, except a small cross, which was suspended from a gold-chain about her neck.

"Oh, Mr. Atley," said a lively, rosy-cheeked girl, running up to where they sat, "do tell who that beautiful girl is that every body is looking at. I was not in the room when she was introduced. What is her name?"

"Savill," replied Atley.

"Do you know her?"

"Yes; I saw her several times, while visiting Lucy in Philadelphia; and I must now go and pay my respects to her;" and, rising from his seat, he was about taking Rose's hand to escort her, when, jerking it away, she said, snappishly,

"I thank you, sir; I can find better employment than wasting my compliments on a ——"

Atley did not wait to hear the sentence out; but, crossing over where Lucy sat, talking with several ladies and gentlemen, he said,

"Come, coz, introduce me to your friend." Lucy arose, and, taking his arm, walked to where Myers and Cawasa were seated. She saw them approaching, and tried to still the heavy beating of her heart, and keep back the blush from her cheek.

"Miss Savill, I am happy to meet you again," said Atley, taking her cordially by the hand. "How do you like New York?" he continued, as he took a seat by her side, which Myers had kindly offered him.

"Very well," she answered, scarcely knowing what she said: Lucy was now called to the piano; and they were for a few moments left alone. "I am glad that you concluded to come here," said Atley, in a low voice. "I almost feared I should not see you again. Do you think of remaining long?"

"I do not know; I may, and yet may not," she replied, as she looked steadily upon the floor. At length, raising her eyes to his, with one of those peculiar expressions, she asked, "Why did your wife refuse to come to me?"

"How do you know she did refuse?"

"Oh, my friend, for such you have learned me to call you, how could you ask me to make your house my home? How could I, and she cherish such feelings toward me?"

"I did not know, Cawasa, at that time, those peculiar traits in her character; but I know them now; and I can not even ask you to visit us."

"Will you answer me one question?" said the beautiful girl, looking him steadily in the face.

"I will," answered Atley.

"Well, then, do you love your wife?"

Atley was greatly confused; and he twirled his watch-chain more vigorously, as he replied, "I had ought to."

"But that does not answer my question."

"Well, then, I will say to you, what I have never said to any, I do not!"

"Then, God knows, I pity you," she cried, clasping her hands together; "for you have made yourself and — and — me miserable."

Cawasa was naturally impulsive; and, when a thought came over her, it took possession of her whole being, and she gave utterance to it without reserve. There was not the least art or deception about her; she thought and spoke from impulse, which was a characteristic of her

race. Atley sat several moments without speaking a word. At length, with a firm voice, he said,

"Cawasa, I am now going to ask you a question; will you answer me?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, do you love me?"

The maiden looked up. His eyes were bent upon her, as if reading her very soul. "William Atley," she replied, in a solemn voice, with her eyes raised toward heaven, "In presence of the Great Spirit who created us, I answer, I do. I love you deeply, deeply;" and then, laying her hand upon her heart, she said, "I can never, never love another — never, never!"

At this moment, just as Lucy left the piano, a mustached gentleman led Mrs. Atley up, and seated her at the instrument. Atley felt his face burn. He did not wish Cawasa to hear his wife play; but there is no help for it. She has already commenced that dreadful opera; and Cawasa is all attention. Atley leaned back in his chair, and twirled his chain more vigorously, while he seemed to be gazing intently upon a large painting suspended from the wall opposite. Not a word was spoken; and, when Mrs. Atley rose from the piano, and gave her hand to the gallant fop who attended her, she cast a glance of exultation at her husband, as much as to say, "I guess I am giving you the heart-ache. I'll pay you for leaving my side to play the agreeable to that little beauty." But she was deceiving herself; for her husband, whom she was trying so hard to torment, was only too happy to have some one to take the responsibility of attending her off his shoulders. It is true that poor Atley's heart did ache, but not about her. She had never yet affected him there, and, to all appearance, never would.

Myers now approached them, accompanied by a gentleman who had but just entered, and whom Atley had never before seen. He was a tall, fine-looking man; and, as Myers introduced him to Cawasa, Atley could not help noticing the admiration with which he regarded her.

"Mr. Simmons has come to invite you to sing, Miss Savill," said Myers; "and you must not refuse."

"I would rather be excused," exclaimed Cawasa, blushing deeply.

"But I really can not excuse you. Permit me to lead you to the piano."

She gave him her hand with evident reluctance; and he led her to the instrument, and placed himself by her side. Cawasa touched the keys lightly, and, turning again to Mr. Simmons, begged to be excused. Lucy had been watching the timid girl, and, seeing her surrounded by strangers, beckoned to her husband; and they went and bent over her, as if to select a song from the many that were lying there, and, while doing so, whispered to her to fear nothing. Cawasa seemed now to take new courage, and, striking the keys boldly, she commenced her favorite song, *The Indian Girl*. Her voice was a little tremulous at first; but she had not proceeded far, before it gained all its strength and sweetness; and those who listened were charmed and enraptured; for very few in that assembly had ever heard such singing before, or seen such masterly execution upon the piano. As Cawasa ceased, she raised her eyes, and the first object they rested upon was Atley, who had risen from his seat at the first sound of her voice; and now, with folded arms and knit brow, was gazing intently upon her. She withdrew her glance quickly; but she could not hide the quick blush that mantled her cheek.

"Sing some of your opera pieces," whispered Lucy.

And it was now that the power of her rich voice was heard and felt; every breath seemed to be suspended, as every ear drank in the heavenly melody. Mrs. Atley, who had been watching the proceedings with a jealous eye, secretly hoped that Cawasa's efforts would prove a failure; and she was now unwilling to admit, even to herself, that she was eclipsed; and, when the gallant by her side exclaimed, "Madam, I fear your husband is becoming too much interested in this new prodigy," she could no longer conceal her feeling, and, rising abruptly from her seat, said, "I shall not stay here to be a witness to this ridiculous farce. Every one is gazing and staring at that thing, as though they never saw a woman before. I think her voice is horrid — such screaming! I can not endure it."

"Ah! my dear madam," said Mr. Prim, "allow me to persuade you not to leave. I could scarcely remain here without your presence; every thing else is so insipid. Do n't," he continued, in a soft, insinuating voice, "do n't leave, in mercy to me, Rose."

"Why, Mr. Prim, I have never heard you talk so before," said Rose, smiling; and, seeming to forget her anger, she seated herself, and listened to the empty compliments of the mustached gentleman, with heart-felt satisfaction. "I am pleased," she said, "that you appreciate my feelings, and understand them. I am always pleased to mingle in intellectual and refined society; I have always been used to it; but, when a person like that, whom nobody knows, is introduced into our social parties, and takes upon herself such airs, and forces herself upon the notice of gentlemen, I think it is time for me to absent myself. It is very evident that Mrs. Myers has never mingled in refined society, or she would not invite such ones to her

house; and I shall take care not to accept another invitation, until I know who is to be present."

"I wonder what Isabel would say, to see her brother on such intimate terms with that girl," said Mr. Prim.

"Sure enough," answered Rose, "and his mother, too; but they never could make William realize his true position. Why, don't you believe, he has several times, in spite of all they could say, visited some poor, humdrum, distant relative of his, away off in the country somewhere, and even wrote to his mother to permit him to bring one of the girls home with him; and Isabella told me he was really smitten with an Indian girl, who, he said, saved him from the bears."

"Oh!" said Mr. Prim, drawing a deep sigh, "such a man, I fear, will never appreciate such a treasure as ——"

"Oh! don't, Mr. Prim, don't say another word; I understand you. But, remember, he is my husband."

"I do remember it, madam. That fact is engraven upon my heart. Envable man!"

Mrs. Atley commenced fanning herself furiously. Such heart-thrilling words from the lips of such a beautiful gentleman were likely to prove too much for her nerves; and she begged him to cease, till she could collect her scattered thoughts. But now, in spite of Mr. Prim's efforts to be wholly engrossed with the sensitive being at his side, he is listening attentively to the soft, mournful strain of the song which Cawasa is singing. Atley has twice essayed to tear himself away and join his wife; but that voice holds him spell-bound; and, as the song ceased, the company were gathering around the instrument; and, as the exclamations of praise which they bestowed upon her fell upon his ear, his heart throbbed with a deeper feeling than he had ever felt for any being;

and in the depth of his soul sprang up a love that could no longer be smothered. And now he knew that his love was returned by the gentle girl, who was, even then, chanting forth, in mournful cadence, the words "I can not live without thy smile." He felt that the song chosen was in reference to him. His feelings became so wrought up that he feared his wife, who, he knew, was watching him, would discover his emotions; and he turned away with such intense agony upon his countenance that Myers, who had been watching him for the last ten minutes, rose from his seat, and followed him.

"What now, Atley?" said Myers, as they gained the opposite side of the room, a little apart from the company. "You are looking sad enough."

"And you are looking cheerful enough to make it all up," answered Atley.

"Yes; I have been enjoying a rich feast. My friend Simmons, there, who has always considered himself proof against the charms of the opposite sex, is fairly caught at last. He is already head and ears in love; and I shall expect, in a few days, that he will come, on bended knees, and ask our permission to marry her. Simmons is a fine fellow, and worth twenty thousand; and so, of course, we shall consent."

"But," said Atley, "are you sure Cawasa loves him?"

"Perhaps not yet; but she will, by and by. Lucy has purposely brought them together; for she is set upon the match."

The very possibility of such a thing brought the blood quickly to Atley's face; and he turned away, to hide his emotions. Myers understood his feelings, and really pitied his friend for his weakness, and thought, when a convenient opportunity offered, he would try to converse freely and confidentially upon the subject.

Cawasa now, having ended her song, arose from the piano, and, taking Lucy's arm, said,

"I wish to go to my room."

"Oh, do not leave us yet," said Mr. Simmons, who had overheard her; "permit me to escort you to the balcony. The evening is beautiful."

"Yes," interrupted Lucy; "and, while you are enjoying the beauties of the evening, I will go and order refreshments."

Cawasa took his proffered arm; and, as they passed to the door, she caught the eye of Atley, who had joined his wife and Mr. Prim; and, as she passed him, he read, in her expressive face, enough to satisfy him that he had nothing to fear.

"I think Mr. Simmons is dropping himself, to be seen thus publicly escorting that girl," said Mrs. Atley, with a significant toss of her head; "and, William, you have shown yourself particularly weak and foolish this evening, in being so attentive to her."

Atley felt his cheeks burn, as he said, "Do you know any hurt of her?"

"I do n't know any thing about her, nor I do not care to; but I know I shall be careful whom I mingle with for the future."

"Ladies of your standing and position are obliged to be careful," said Mr. Prim.

"Of course we are," resumed she; "and I only regret that I came here to-night. But see, they are all going to the refreshment room;" and, taking Mr. Prim's arm, she said, "You must be my champion;" and, casting an exulting look at Atley, the amiable couple left him, as they supposed, terribly piqued; but his thoughts were occupied in another direction. While he was sitting there, silent and alone, Simmons and Cawasa entered at

one door, while, at the same time, Lucy entered at the other.

"Why, William, how is this? Why are you not at the table? And you, Mr. Simmons, and Constance, hurry, or you will not get a place."

"I do not wish supper," said Cawasa, sitting down upon the sofa.

"Well, then, let me escort you," said Lucy, taking Mr. Simmons' arm. "Come, William."

"No, Lucy; I am not in a mood for supper."

"Well, remember, if you both starve, it is not my fault;" and off they went, leaving the lovers alone.

For several minutes, there was not a word spoken. At length Atley rose, and, taking a seat beside her, said,

"Cawasa, how do you like Mr. Simmons?"

"Very well," she answered.

"Myers says he is in love with you. I presume he has already made you acquainted with his feelings."

"He has been trying to engage me to sing upon the stage. He is manager, I believe, of the opera here."

"And have you engaged to sing?"

"No; I wish to consult my friends."

"I think they will consent. Charles told me, to-night, that they wish to make a match between you. What do you think of it?"

"I think I shall consult my own heart," replied Cawasa, while her cheek flushed.

"But do you not think you could love this Simmons?"

"Never," she cried. "I have told you, to-night, that I loved you; and I can never love another."

"Cawasa," said Atley, seizing her hand, "you know not what you are saying; you will drive me mad. I love you to distraction, Cawasa; and, when you tell me

that my love is returned, and then when I think of my bonds, I feel that I can not endure it. Oh, God! help me," he cried, wildly striking his hands upon his forehead; and then he dropped his head upon her shoulder, and wept.

He had so long been trying to smother his great love for her, that it now burst forth with redoubled violence. Cawasa sat almost bewildered. He had never said before, he loved her; and her heart was throbbing with a strange emotion. At this moment, Lucy came bounding into the room, followed by Simmons, Mrs. Atley, and Mr. Prim.

"Oh! William," said Lucy, "I have such good news. Your people and Mrs. Aushurn's family have arrived."

Atley did not appear so much elated as might be expected. He cared little for any thing then, save the beautiful girl by his side. Cawasa now arose, and, bidding her friends good night, retired. It was then that Mrs. Atley vented her feelings in words.

"And so you chose to go without your supper, in order to have a *tete-a-tete* with that rude thing. Do you think, William Atley, that I shall put up with such conduct? No sir, I am not; I am going to your family, who have just arrived, and make them acquainted with your disgraceful conduct. And I can say to you, Mrs. Myers, you will never succeed in your efforts of trying to initiate yourself into good society, if you harbor such creatures in your house."

Atley sat perfectly calm, while his wife, in a loud voice, was delivering this short lecture; and the company, who had been gathering in, stood surprised and confounded; but Lucy, who seemed to be entirely self-possessed, with the fire of wounded pride flashing from her eyes, and walking directly in front of Mrs. Atley, who was standing on the middle of the floor, said,

"Mrs. Atley, I know you now — know you to be a heartless, base woman. How dare you speak as you have, in my house, and in my presence, and throw out your slanderous hints about that young girl, who is as much above you in purity of heart, morals, and every thing, as you are above the most degraded creature in existence? And, before you accuse Mr. Atley of improper conduct, perhaps you would do well to set a guard upon your own, which has been any thing but lady-like, setting aside your ridiculous flirtations with Mr. Prim. And you have the audacity to tell me that I am making an effort to initiate myself into good society. I thank you, madam; I have never known any other than good society; and, if you dare say what you have said again, I will box your ears."

Myers, who had never before seen any thing of Lucy's temper, was surprised, and had several times essayed to take her hand, to seat her. But no; Lucy was of the right blood. Her dignity and pride had been touched; and the "Dutch," as the saying is, "was fairly up;" and, if there had been four times as many present, or had Mrs. Atley been a princess, it would have made no difference. Lucy felt called upon to defend herself and her friends from such unjust attacks, and she would have done so at all hazards. But Myers has now drawn Lucy to a seat, as Mrs. Atley bursts into a violent fit of weeping, and calls on Atley to defend and protect her. Atley now arose, and, taking her hand, said, "You do not need protection here; no one wishes to harm you; but I will take you home."

"No, sir; you will not take me home," she cried, snatching away her hand; "nor I will not suffer you to come into my presence. You are no husband of mine, if you can sit calmly and see me abused."

"No one has abused you," cried Lucy, again rising to her feet. "You have abused yourself, and tried to abuse those present; but I consider the source from whence it comes, and hope my friends will do the same. I think such a creature as you should be treated with some consideration; that is why I do not order my butler to turn you from the house."

"Hush, Lucy, you are too severe," whispered Myers. "I will ask her to accept my service. May I?"

"Of course, Charles — any way to get rid of her."

Myers now arose, and, offering his arm to the afflicted woman, led her out. Atley now sat down by Lucy, and asked her what course it was best for him to take

"Why, stay here till she sends for you. Do n't run after her. She has said you should not come into her presence; and, of course, you should not force yourself into her good graces. But I must not forget that my company remains;" and, leading the way to the card-table, she soon had them all enjoying themselves again, as if nothing had happened to mar the enjoyment of the evening. Lucy seemed to be now more cheerful than ever; but Myers and Atley saw it was rather a forced matter, and were not sorry when the company began to disperse; and, as the last was bowed out, and the door closed, Lucy threw herself on her husband's lap, exclaiming,

"Oh! I am tired to death. I believe I shall never want another party."

"Well," said Atley, "you acquitted yourself handsomely to-night. Besides, you are a hero; no other woman would have dared to say what you have said, although, I believe, nearly all felt it."

"Oh! I hope you will never get mad at me," said Myers, "I should stand a poor chance. Why, William,

I really thought she was going to box your wife's ears."

"And I should, too, if she had said another word," replied Lucy. "Oh! I suppose I shall never be considered a lady here, because I can not mince, and put on airs, and slander every pretty woman, and grow faint when an honest person laughs too loud, and become nervous, and get some such as Mr. Prim to fan me. Oh dear! I fear I shall fail to find any real, genuine, good, honest souls here, like my own dear, dear mother!"

"Do n't get discouraged, Lucy; you will, indeed, find but few as good as your mother; but I am going, tomorrow, to introduce you to my aunt, Mrs. Ausburn, and her daughter. They are what I call true ladies; and I know you will like them."

The conversation now turned upon Cawasa.

"I do hope," said Lucy, "that Cawasa will like Simmons. He is a fine fellow, I believe; and she could not do better. What do you think of it, William?"

Atley sat, with his head leaning upon his hand, musingly; and, as Lucy spake, he bent his eyes upon the floor, while he replied,

"If she can love him, perhaps she would do well to marry him."

"Oh! she would love him by and by — no danger."

Myers now thought this would be a proper time to speak of another matter; so, after thinking a moment how to begin, he at length said,

"William, I wish to ask you a question; will you answer it candidly?"

"If I answer it at all, yes."

"Well, then, do you love Cawasa?"

Atley's face was now flushed like crimson; and he could not conceal his emotion. He felt that he could not say

yes, and yet he was above deception. How could that proud man confess his weakness—how tell them that he had loved her from the first moment his eyes rested upon her? But he must say something; they are waiting, and expecting his answer.

"Yes, I love her."

Lucy started, upon hearing this confession. Although she had mistrusted as much, yet it was a different thing to hear it from his own lips. Myers sat looking at Lucy, as if to read her thoughts. Several moments passed, in which not a word was spoken. At length, Lucy broke the silence, by saying,

"I am sorry to hear it, William; but does Cawasa know of this?"

"Yes, and loves me in return."

A painful expression passed over Lucy's naturally smiling face, as she continued,

"I hate to think that Cawasa could be guilty of——"

"Of what?" exclaimed Atley, quickly, rising from his seat. "Cawasa is guilty of no wrong."

"I mean," said Lucy, calmly, "that I could hardly believe Cawasa would be guilty of encouraging a love both criminal and illegal."

"Cawasa is a pure, simple child of nature. She loves me; and she would speak of it with as much freedom as she would of the love she bears her father or brother. Of myself I will say nothing. I expect to have the censure of the whole world, because I can not crush and cramp my affection within the narrow range of conventionalism. If love were an element that I could control, I would love my wife. I have already gone as far as I can, to please the votaries of fashion. I have sacrificed myself, made myself wretched; and now, because I love one of God's

children above all others, I am a criminal. But I can't help it."

As Atley said this, he threw himself into a chair, and, covering his face with his hands, wept. Lucy's tender heart could not bear her cousin's anguish; so, going to Atley, she laid her hand carressingly on his head, and, bending down, kissed his cheek.

"Oh! William, I pity you. I know you would not wrong any body; and yet, the cold and heartless world will misjudge you. Your feelings are pure, I believe, toward that poor girl, but how hopeless! Tell me, William, were you free, could you marry her? Could you unite your family with hers, in the bonds of relationship?"

Atley thought of the dusky forms of her father and brother, and the smoky wigwam, and, without hesitation, said,

"No, Lucy; for I was ever ready to sacrifice my own feelings, to make others happy."

At this moment, the bell rung.

"Who can it be, at this time of night?" said Lucy.

The door opened, and in stepped Atley's coachman.

"Mrs. Atley sent me for you."

"Very well, I am ready;" and, bidding his friends good night, he left them; and long did Myers and Lucy lay awake that night, and converse of their unhappy friend and Cawasa.

On the next day, Myers and Lucy received a card of invitation to call on Mrs. Ausburn. Accordingly, they ordered their carriage at an early hour, and soon arrived at the residence of his good aunt. Lucy was formally introduced, and was delighted with her new friends; and they seemed equally pleased with her. Myers soon took his aunt aside, and told her the secret of Lucy's relation-

ship to the Atley's, and also of Cawasa. Mrs. Ausburn appeared much surprised; at the same time she warmly congratulated her nephew on his choice.

"I liked her at first sight, Charles. Why, she knows more than Mrs. Atley and her daughters all together."

Myers now told her of the proceedings at the party, of the conduct of Rose, and Atley's distress, only keeping back the fact of his loving Cawasa.

"But when am I to see this paragon — this Cawasa? Why did you not bring her with you, to-day?"

"We did invite her to come; but she declined. She seems to shrink from the society of strangers. But there come Atley and Rose;" and Mrs. Ausburn went out to receive them.

Lucy now came in.

"I guess, Charles, they have made up their little difficulty. I hope they have. If Rose don't speak to me, what will your aunt think?"

"She knows all about it; she will understand it all; — but come, we must go to the parlor."

As Lucy entered the room, she spoke to Atley, and was about extending the same compliment to Rose; but that lady gave her such a withering look, that she passed her by with a cool nod, which was not returned. It was very evident that Rose still retained all her ill feeling toward Atley as well as Lucy; and, after sitting a short time, she declared she must go, as she was expecting Mr. Prim to take her out in the afternoon. Lucy cast a meaning look at Mrs. Ausburn, whose eyes met hers with a peculiar smile.

"I think," she said, "that the girls have good cause to be jealous of you, for monopolizing Mr. Prim, much to their discomfiture."

"Not to mine, mother!" exclaimed Miss Caroline.

"Nor mine!" chimed in Miss Augusta; "I hate him as I do poison. I don't see how any one can endure such an ape."

"Why, Augusta, you should not always speak your sentiments," said her mother, chidingly.

But the mischief was done. Myers, Lucy, Atley, and Caroline burst out laughing simultaneously; and even Mrs. Ausburn could not conceal the smile that was lurking about her mouth.

"You seem all to be very much pleased," exclaimed Rose; "for my part, I don't see any thing to laugh at;" and, rising abruptly, she ordered her carriage.

Mrs. Ausburn apologized for Augusta's rudeness, and kindly invited Mrs. Atley to attend her party, which was to take place soon.

"I shall most surely come," replied Rose; "for your parties are always select and interesting," and she cast a triumphant glance at Lucy.

Lucy saw the drift of her remark, and said,

"I was very sorry, Mrs. Ausburn, that you and the girls did not arrive in time to attend my party. We had a very pleasant time."

"So I am informed; and I hear that the young lady you have with you charmed every one with her singing."

"And Mr. Simmons in particular," added Caroline.

"Yes; she is not only a charming singer, but she is a lovely girl," said Lucy.

"There comes the carriage;" and, without deigning to speak to the girls or Lucy, Rose bade Myers and Mrs. Ausburn a good day, and stepped into the carriage, telling Atley, who was talking with Lucy, that, if he did not hurry along, she would order the driver to leave him behind.

"I wish you would," cried Augusta. "Come, just drive on; I want him to stop and visit with me to-day;"

and, catching his hand, the mischievous little beauty tried to pull him into the house.

"You must excuse me to-day," said Atley, smiling; "I will call some other time."

"How does any one suppose," said Myers, after they were gone, "that William is going to live with that woman? She grows worse and worse."

"I should think," said Lucy, while a tear trembled in her eye, that his mother would tell her better."

"Oh! you are not acquainted with your aunt, Lucy, or you would not expect any such thing. She and Isabella both think that Rose is perfect, because she flatters their vanity."

After an hour longer of pleasant chat, Myers and Lucy departed. Mrs. Ausburn and her family were much pleased with Lucy. They liked her straight-forward, honest manner of speaking, and did not doubt her purity of thought and motive. As they arrived at their own residence, they were much pleased to find Mr. Simmons in close conversation with Cawasa; and Lucy stopped upon the threshold, as she was about to enter the parlor, to catch the purport of their conversation. But it was too low; and, with a light cough, to apprize them of her presence, she opened the door.

"Oh! Mrs. Myers, I am glad you have come. I am trying to prevail upon your friend to permit me to place her under instruction for a few weeks, and then sing in public. She would reap laurels which Jenny Lind might envy."

"Cawasa already knows what Charles and I think of it. She could lose nothing, certainly, and has a chance of gaining much."

"It might prove a failure," said Cawasa; "and then my pride would receive a great shock."

"But, my dear madam, you can not anticipate failure; for, without any instruction more than your own simple songs, you could not fail to please every listener."

Myers now came in; and the three together at last succeeded in extracting a promise that she would make an effort.

"I shall want you to commence directly. I have friends in Europe, who are to be here on the twentieth; and I wish to give them a treat. Can you take your first lesson to-morrow morning?"

"Yes, if you wish it;" and, with this arrangement, Mr. Simmons departed, well pleased with his success, and more deeply in love with the beautiful girl.

"Cawasa, I want to talk with you, alone," said Lucy, taking her arm, and leading her up stairs to her own room. "Now, sit right down here, and let's talk like two sisters. You must promise to be candid with me, and I will be the same with you; for we should not try to deceive each other."

"Why, Lucy, how strange you talk! Have I ever tried to deceive you?"

"No; but, on the evening of the party, I heard some things that surprised me some. Charles told you of the scene we had after you retired; and, after the company were all gone, except William, I made him acknowledge that he loved you; and he further said that you loved him, that you had told him so."

"But why were you surprised? Did you not know long ago, when we were at school, that I loved him?"

"Yes; but it is wrong to tell him so now, or to listen, for a moment, to any such declaration from a married man; it is criminal. I tell you this, Cawasa, because I know you are ignorant of the customs of society. You

have yet to learn the dreadful disgrace the knowledge of such a thing would bring upon you."

"Is it, then, such a sin to love him? Am I to be despised, scorned? —" Cawasa could not finish the sentence; and, bursting into tears, wept convulsively.

Lucy was pained, and yet she felt she had a duty to perform; and, taking the sorrowing girl's hand, she continued, "I could not be your friend, dear girl, and neglect to warn you of danger."

"Have you, then, no confidence in the honor of your cousin? Would he try to take advantage of my love?"

"I have all confidence in poor William; but he loves you, and knows now that you love him. It is a fearful situation, Cawasa, for a man to be placed in; and his position makes it still worse. He is allied to the best families in New York. His own relations and those of his wife are among the first; and, if his feelings toward you were known, it would carry anguish to many hearts, and stamp a lasting infamy upon both your names."

"Oh! Lucy, what shall I do?" cried the almost distracted girl. "I did not know it was so sinful to love him. I would not harm him — God knows I would not. Lucy, Lucy, what shall I do? Tell me, quick!" and Lucy again saw the same wild, indefinable expression in those dark eyes, that had shown there twice before.

"Be calm, Cawasa, and I will tell you the only honorable course you can now pursue. You must, for a while, avoid William — that is, meet him as you would any common acquaintance. Do not let him see a look, or hear a word that shall recall the past. Do not listen to any thing he may say to you, that his wife may not hear. If you do right in future, the impression may wear off, and he may possibly think he was mistaken — that it was a deep gratitude you felt for him, and nothing more; and,

in time, he may be enabled to overcome his unfortunate attachment for you."

"I will do all you wish, my sister," said Cawasa, dropping her head upon Lucy's shoulder. "I will avoid him. I would never see him again, if it would enhance his happiness. If to love me will bring disgrace and sorrow to his heart and home, I would hide myself forever from his sight, for I would rather suffer a thousand deaths than cause him unhappiness."

"I know your heart is right, Cawasa, and you may not understand why your love should be the cause of so much evil; but we live in a censorious world. People judge not from our motive always, but from outward appearance. Your love for William, and his for you, may be as pure as that of brother and sister; and yet the world would say it was a licentious love, and pronounce you both criminal. But dinner is announced, and we are not dressed; and Mr. Simmons is to dine with us;" and Lucy ran off to her dressing-room.

When Cawasa found herself alone, she clasped her hands together; and, falling upon her knees, she raised her tearful eyes toward heaven; and, with an earnestness she had never felt before, she implored the assistance of the Great Spirit to strengthen her, and called upon the spirit of her angel mother to look down upon her child, to guide her in the right path, and save her from doing any wrong. Lucy now entered, and, seeing Cawasa on her knees, drew back.

"Come in," said Cawasa, rising, "I was only asking assistance to enable me to follow your good counsel."

"You are a Christian," said Lucy, kissing her cheek; "I wish I was half as good; but there comes Charles, in search of us. Are you not going to change your dress?"

"Oh! I think not; I look better than I feel. My dress is clean; but I fear my heart is not."

"I know your heart is clean, and pure, and spotless. You never did a wrong thing meaningly. I wish I could say the same of myself."

"Come, girls, you are making us wait," hallooed Myers, at the bottom of the stairs; and, on arriving at the parlor, they found Mr. Simmons and two more gentlemen, whom Charles had invited to dinner. One was introduced as Cawasa's instructor.

"Oh!" thought Lucy, "I wish she had changed her dress." But poor Cawasa was too sad to think of dressing. She only longed to have dinner over, that she could escape to her room, and there, in solitude, think, and weep, and pray. But, unfortunately for her, the gentlemen were in unusually good spirits. So was Lucy; and it was ten o'clock in the evening before Cawasa found a chance of retiring to the quiet of her own chamber.

Mr. Normal's school for instruction was located several miles from the city, in a picturesque, romantic spot, surrounded by maple trees and flowers; and thither, on the following morning, Cawasa repaired, accompanied by her friends, who were anxious to see her well established in her new quarters. They succeeded in procuring her a good boarding-place; and, with the promise of visiting her often, they left her to the care of her new instructor and Mr. Simmons, who said he should drive over every day, to keep her from getting lonesome.

A week had now passed away; and Cawasa was looking from the window of her boarding-house, when she spied Mr. Myers' carriage sweeping up to the door. In a moment more, she and Lucy were locked in each other's arms.

"Oh, Lucy! I am so glad to see you."

"And I am so glad to see you, dear Cawasa. Charles and I have come to carry you home. You know Mrs. Ausburn's party is coming off to-night."

"But I did not intend to go to that party; you know I may meet those you wish me to shun."

"That is one reason I wish you to go; I want you to attend, for the purpose of leaving a conviction upon the minds of all present, that you are innocent of the charges brought against you by Mrs. Atley. She has of course told his mother and sister much about you, and they will expect to see a rude, coarse, uneducated girl. And I, and Charles, and Mrs. Ausburn, shall enjoy their surprise and confusion so much."

"It is to be throughout a regular surprise party," exclaimed Myers. "Mrs. Ausburn is going to introduce Lucy, in presence of the whole company, as Mrs. Atley's niece; that, together with the sensation that you will undoubtedly cause, will prove very interesting."

"Not to me," cried Cawasa. "Oh, do consent to let me stay away; this party will be a great trial instead of a pleasure, and I feel myself inadequate to the task."

"But you must go, Cawasa; now hurry, get your bonnet, and let's be off; for I am going to have you dress with great care and taste. My dressing-maid is now employed setting blond on the flounces of your white satin. Besides, Mr. Simmons told us to be sure and bring you."

"Oh! that puts me in mind of certain things that gentleman asked me this morning," said Myers.

"What were they, Charles?" asked Lucy.

"Well, he questioned me concerning Cawasa, her parentage, and prospects, etc. I told him her parents were Italian; that she was born in this country; her parents dead, and she consigned to the care of those who

cared little for her; that she attended the same school with Lucy; that she had prevailed upon her to take up her abode with us; whereupon he formally asked permission to pay his addresses to her, and I, of course, consented."

He has already spoken to me upon the subject," said Cawasa; "and I referred him to you."

"Oh! I am so glad that you have consented to receive his attention. I tell you, Cawasa, it is a privilege that many a city belle is sighing after," said Lucy, betraying the real pleasure she felt, in her glowing face. "So we may consider you already engaged, I suppose?"

"Oh, I do not know," cried Cawasa, pressing her hand to her forehead. "I feel bewildered; I know not how to act."

"Let me direct you, dearest," exclaimed Mr. Simmons, who that moment stepped through the open door. "Excuse me, friends, that I have overheard some part of your conversation. And now, I have more news, Cawasa. which, I see, your friends have not thought proper to tell you, yet. With your consent, we are to be married to-night, at Mrs. Ausburn's; our friends will all be assembled, and we can give them a pleasant surprise."

"I have just told her it was to be a surprise party," said Myers.

Cawasa had sat during this conversation, with her head bent on her hand, while the long, black curls fell in profusion over her face and neck. An expression of sorrow was visible upon her brow, and in her dark eye a sadness that struck those looking upon her with unpleasant and singular emotions. They little understood the nature of the being before them, nor could they read the record of the deep, deep love, that was already rooted in her heart

of hearts. But that heart beat not for any save Atley; he must ever be the arbiter of her destiny, the star of her existence. But hers had ever been a strange fate; and now she was going to gratify her friends, and marry a man she could never love; but it would only bring her, she thought, more in sympathy with Atley, for he, too, was united to one he could not love; he, too, was unhappy; and, with a calm submission, she meekly consented to the arrangement of her friends. And, when evening arrived, it found her dressed for her bridal. Oh! how beautiful she looked, as she sat there, in Mrs. Ausburn's private parlor, awaiting the hour that was to witness vows in which her heart could feel no interest. She was habited in a robe of white silk, richly trimmed; her hair falling in natural tresses down her back, and a rich diamond necklace, a present from Simmons, sparkling upon her bosom; and those who knew her well had never seen her look so surpassingly lovely. Her most intimate friends, with those of Mr. Simmons, were permitted to see them; and many had been in, paid their respects, and retired to the parlor, to await their appearance, and witness the ceremony.

Atley was now announced; and, as Lucy arose to open the door, she cast a meaning glance at Cawasa, as if to say, "remember what I have told you." Atley now advanced, and, taking Simmons warmly by the hand, congratulated him on his approaching happiness. Then, turning to Cawasa, he was in the act of taking her hand; but, noticing her averted look and coldness of demeanor, he hesitated. Cawasa only bowed her head, then turned and commenced talking with Caroline. Lucy, who had been watching her with some anxiety, feared she had shown a too marked indifference, which might call for an explanation. But Atley did not seem to notice it, although

he felt it deeply; and ever and anon his eyes would wander, and rest, for a moment, upon her face, with a searching glance, as if to read her very soul. It was evident to him, that she was trying to avoid him; and he was also certain, from the expression of sadness that shone from her dark eyes, that she was far from being happy. He was convinced that Lucy and Myers had made the match, and believed that Cawasa was merely gratifying their wishes, not her own, and was expecting to read as much from her look and manner; but there she sat, a picture of sorrowing beauty, betraying no emotion, and veiling the expression of her tell-tale eyes by the long lashes that fell over them, and seemingly unconscious of his presence. Poor girl! she was acting her part well; but Lucy was ill at ease; she could see that fearful expression lurking in the eyes, that she had seen before, and a feeling almost of awe crept over her.

Mrs. Ausburn now entered, and told them that the guests were all waiting; the clergyman had arrived, and they must go to the parlor. As Atley was leaving the room, he cast another glance at Cawasa. Her eyes were now turned full upon him; and, in that one look, he read all he wished to know. It was a look so full of love, of sorrow, of hopeless agony, that he involuntarily held out his hand to her, and then, recollecting himself, he said,

"The next time I take you by the hand it will be as Mrs. Simmons; so I must bid Miss Savill a very good night."

This called out a hearty laugh from the light-hearted girls present; but no word or smile passed Cawasa's lips. Atley felt her hand was icy cold; and, as he dropped it, he felt a chill resting upon his heart. Mrs. Ausburn noticed the strange look and manner of Cawasa, but attributed it to embarrassment under the peculiar circum-

stances. She now led the way to the parlor, followed by Cawasa and Simmons, Caroline, and a gentleman who was to stand up with them, and Myers, and Lucy. Mrs. Ausburn's large, double parlors were filled. Lucy had not before attended a large party; and, as the brilliant light, and flowers, and jewelry, and beauty displayed there flashed upon her, she was, for a moment, bewildered. Myers immediately escorted her to a seat near the Atleys. William now arose, and presented her to his mother and sister, who slightly bowed, with a stiff dignity. Lucy returned the compliment as coldly as it was given; and now, all eyes were turned to where the bridal party are standing. Cawasa and her aristocratic lover are standing in front of the good man who is about to utter words of holy meaning; and the sentence "Join your right hands" falls upon the stillness. It was now that Atley's eager eyes sought the face so dear to him; but it was as a closed book. With eyes bent upon the floor, and lips tightly compressed, and cheek as pale as the satin folds of her dress, she stood there.

"How calm she is, and how lovely!" was whispered; and now the ceremony was commenced, and each one could hear the beating of their own heart, so deep is the silence. But now a man steps out boldly from a shady corner of the room, and, in a loud voice, cries,

"Hold! before this marriage is consummated, I would have a private interview with Mr. Simmons."

If, in a clear, sunshiny June day, a thunderbolt should fall and rend the earth in pieces, it could not have been more unexpected and dreadful than the appearance of that man, who was readily recognized as Gifford. The Indian girl had raised her eyes at the sound of the well known voice; and, as their eyes met, Gifford quailed beneath

her lightning glance. Simmons relinquished the hand he held, and stepped aside with the uninvited guest.

"I would see you in another room."

And now the hour of sweet revenge had come; and Gifford poured into the ear of his horrified listener a dreadful tale.

"Yes," he said, "she is an Indian—a squaw; she belongs to the tribe now residing on the Alleghany River. I know her well. She is the daughter of old Cornplanter; and, after the engineers took up their abode there, her conduct with some of them, Atley and Myers in particular, became so notorious that they were obliged to leave, and the girl followed them here; and I suppose they have compromised the matter with Myers' wife, who was nothing but an ignorant country girl, to suffer her to remain at their house; and they have, it seems, inveigled you into a snare."

"Oh, my God! Gifford, it can't be so. Would Atley—would Myers deceive me so cruelly? It can not be. Miss Savill does not look like an Indian."

"She don't, eh? Is n't her skin dark, her eyes and hair jet-black?"

"But her hair curls," said the distressed Simmons, catching at straws.

"Oh! that is done by curling-tongs. I tell you I can prove all I say; the girl herself will not deny it."

Simmons stepped quickly to the parlor. The pallor of his face convinced the wondering company that something serious was the matter.

"I would speak with you, madam," he said, approaching Cawasa; and, taking her by the hand, and with Mr. and Mrs. Myers, and Mr. Atley, who all arose, followed him to the room where Gifford was sitting. Cawasa stopped upon the threshold; and, in a firm voice, said,

"Why have you brought me here, into his presence?" pointing to Gifford.

"Constance, I have brought you here to ask you a few questions. And, as you hope for happiness here and hereafter, do not deceive me."

"I have never deceived you, sir, nor never shall."

"Well, then; were you acquainted with Mr. Atley, Myers, and Gifford, before you came to New York?"

"I was."

"Are you the daughter of an Indian called Cornplanter?"

"I am."

"Did your acquaintance with those gentlemen commence on the banks of the Alleghany River?"

"I shall not answer any more questions, until I know by what authority you are questioning me. Is it to gratify that black-hearted villain yonder, or is it for your own gratification? Methinks this is an unfit time and place to gratify an idle curiosity," said Cawasa, proudly; and then, drawing near Gifford, continued, "Traitor, scoundrel! 't is well you find me unarmed; or the second blow might prove more fatal than the first."

Gifford sprang to his feet, and began talking in a rough manner; but Myers interfered, by reminding him that he would not be permitted to abuse the house, and insult those who were invited guests there; that he must cease his slander and abuse, or be hurled into the streets; he could take his choice. Gifford knew Myers well—knew that he meant all he said; and, deeming it more safe to retreat, took his hat, and approached the door.

"I have said all I have to say at this time, and leave of my own accord."

"Gifford, wait one moment; I wish to ask Mr. Simmons if you have dared to breathe one word against the honor of that young girl," said Atley, much excited.

"He has," replied Simmons; "and I must confess that appearances are decidedly against her.—"

"Oh, Charles! how could you—you, whom I have always considered my best friend—treat me thus?" said Simmons, while the tears of wounded pride trembled in his eyes.

"I can explain every thing," answered Myers, "I think, to your satisfaction. Let us all return to the parlor, for we owe the company an apology; and there I will tell you all."

"But where is Gifford?" said Atley; "I have business with him."

"He has just slipped out of the door," said Lucy.

Atley sprung toward it; but Lucy caught his arm.

"You must not go, William. Why should you let his conduct affect you so? He is not worthy your notice."

"Cawasa now approached Simmons, and, with a voice which she tried in vain to render calm, and eyes filled with tears, said,

"Mr. Simmons, I will not drive you to the painful necessity of discarding me at such a time. I will now and forever relieve you of my presence;" and, drawing the bridal ring from her finger, she gave it to him. Then, giving Atley one look, which he never forgot, and taking Myers by the hand, she pressed it to her forehead and lips, snatched one kiss from Lucy, and darted from their sight.

At this moment, Mrs. Ausburn entered; and her pale face betrayed her unpleasant forebodings.

"For heaven's sake, Charles, tell me what has happened, and where is Cawasa!"

So sudden and unexpected had been her flight from among them that they stood, for a few moments, unable to say any thing.

"Speak! tell me what has happened," cried Mrs. Ausburn. "I can not endure this dreadful suspense."

"What I have to say, I must say to all present, who have witnessed this strange affair; so come to the parlor."

Lucy kept hold of Atley. She feared he might go in search of Gifford; and she knew the result. As they re-entered the parlor, every eye was turned upon them, as if expecting to hear something of vast importance; and, when Myers began speaking, stillness again reigned throughout the room; and, as he went on relating the events one after the other, surprise and consternation were visible upon every countenance. Myers gave a history of the whole transaction—of his first acquaintance with Atley, of the bear-hunt, of his acquaintance with Lucy, of her relationship to the Atleys, of Cawasa's parentage, of Gifford's conduct toward her, of the wound she gave him, and the consequences—and ended, by saying, "You all are witnesses of the manner in which he has sought revenge; and I feel that all must pity the hapless child, who has been thrown, so dependent, upon the cold world's sympathy."

"I do pity her, and will protect her forever," cried Simmons.

"Let us go on, then, with the ceremony" said the clergyman.

"Where is Cawasa?" was the next question. But none could answer.

Myers now started in search of her.

"No doubt, she has gone home," said Lucy.

He went to his own residence, but learned she had not been there, and returned to the expecting company, with the sad news that he could not find her. Simmons appeared much distressed.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, "had I not listened to that villain, she would, ere this, have been mine—mine forever;" and, with a heart filled with agonizing thoughts, he started to go, he knew not whither.

It would be useless to attempt to describe Mrs. Atley's surprise on learning that Lucy was the daughter of her poor, neglected sister; and, as Myers went on, and related one thing after another, she had risen to her feet, and stood like one transfixed. She gazed first at Lucy, then at Myers, and, finally, seated herself, with an air which plainly said, "I wonder what will come next." As the company was breaking up, Mrs. Atley went to Lucy, and embraced her cordially, much to the surprise of all who knew her; and even the haughty Miss Isabella did the same. Next came the gentle Ida, and kissed her fervently, whispering, at the same time, "Oh! I am so glad to meet my sweet cousin. William said I would love you; but I did not expect you were so handsome."

This unexpected compliment called a crimson flush to Lucy's cheek; and Atley, noticing her embarrassment, said, "Cousin, you remember I told you about Ida. She is like you; she always speaks her mind."

"But," said Ida, "what do you suppose has become of Cawasa? William, I should not think you could rest a moment, until you find her. Perhaps, in her distress, she will commit suicide. I think you, above all others, should befriend her; for she risked her own life to save yours."

"I know, sister; and I love you all the better for speaking in her behalf. I will see you all in the carriage, and then go with Charles, in search of her."

Every one present manifested much sympathy for the poor Indian girl. Even Rose, as she listened to her sad history, felt softened toward her; and, had Cawasa been

less beautiful, she, too, might have pitied her. Mrs. Ausburn, who had been speaking with the clergyman, who had just taken his leave, returned to the parlor, and endeavored to amuse her friends by lively chat. Some had proposed going home; but she would not listen to it.

"We will not let this little affair disturb us. Come, girls, get out the card-tables;" and soon she had them all, apparently, enjoying themselves, as if nothing had happened. Lucy could not play cards; and she was prevailed upon to sing. As the sweet tones of the piano, accompanied by her sweeter voice, met their ears, one after another left the card-table, and gathered around her. Mrs. Atley felt a pang of jealousy rankling in her bosom, as she heard the praises that were showered upon Lucy. She was evidently handsomer, and a much better player and singer than her petted Isabella; and Isabella and Rose were whispering together, ever and anon casting furtive glances toward the piano. Isabella felt rejoiced that her cousin was a married woman, else she might prove rather a disagreeable rival.

"William, you never told me that your Aunt Lucy had a daughter so beautiful and accomplished," said Mrs. Atley to her son, the next day.

"Well, I knew I could not make you believe it. She has a sister nearly as pretty as she is, and strongly resembles Isabella."

"But," continued his mother, "I most wonder that Charles Myers could make up his mind to marry a poor country girl, even though she were pretty. Why, I should just as soon thought of his marrying Cawasa."

Atley started. That name—how it thrilled him! How it called up the dear form that was so deeply stamped upon his heart! And, as he thought of her mysterious disappearance, of her loneliness, and recalled the last,

sad look she gave him, he could no longer hide his emotion, and, rising abruptly from his seat, was going out, when his mother asked,

"I wonder if Simmons has found the runaway, yet."

"I do not know," said Atley; and he hurried into the street. As he wended his way up the crowded thoroughfare, he saw Charles coming, and, when within hearing distance, said,

"You are the very man I want to see. I have written to some of our friends on the river; perhaps, she has flown, like a weary bird, to her forest home."

"I have thought of that," said Myers; "and I am glad you have written. I hope we may find her. Lucy has already made herself sick, grieving about her."

But day after day passed, and no tidings of the lost one. They had received an answer from the river, that Cawasa had not made her appearance there. Simmons had put an advertisement in the daily papers, but yet no tidings. Atley felt that he could not much longer endure the dreadful suspense, and sometimes seriously thought of starting, and traveling the wide earth over, in search of her.

"What is all the world to me?" he thought, while looking pensively from his library window. "Oh! Cawasa, if you could but know how I have suffered, how I now pine for thee, thou wouldst return, if yet a dweller in this dreary world. Return, and let me once more gaze upon thy face, into thy eyes. Come, and let me hold thee to my heart; for I have never loved any but thee; and my love will endure forever."

Rose had entered; but he saw her not, heard her not; and, when he became conscious of her presence, he only said,

"I am going out awhile ——"

"But I have come to talk about going to Europe. I am bound to go; and, if you will not go with me, I will go alone," said Rose, decidedly.

"I have told you that I would go next summer. I can not possibly go before that time. Myers and Lucy are going then."

"Well, take your own time, sir!" exclaimed his wife, as she flirted out of the room.

Dreary winter had come and passed, and the time arrived that he had promised to accompany Rose to Paris. Myers and Lucy had concluded to accompany them; and Mr. Simmons, who, rumor said, had found a substitute for his lost Cawasa, in a beautiful young actress, had promised to bear them company as far as London; and, on arriving at the ship that was to bear them across the Atlantic, they found that rumor had, for once, spoken truth. Simmons was accompanied by his bride; and they were now going to visit her friends in London. A few weeks later, and our travelers were landed in the great city of the Old World, and soon domiciled in comfortable quarters.

Simmons had escorted his wife to her relatives, several miles from the city, and was now returned, to enjoy, with his old friends, whatever London could produce. Myers, Lucy, and Rose were all animation, and ready for any thing. Not so with poor Atley; he was pale and thin, and was only cheerful to please his friends. His heart was sorrowful. London nor Paris had no charms for him; and he almost longed to sink into an eternal repose. He had long since given up all hopes of finding Cawasa; and he had nothing now to live for. Nothing seemed to animate him, although Lucy was constantly using all her efforts to amuse him.

"Now, William, I guess you will wake up, when I tell

you that we are all going to the opera to-night. Madam La somebody is going to sing. There is a great excitement about her; and Charles has gone to engage seats."

"I am pleased to hear it," said Atley; "I shall go with pleasure." But Lucy saw that it was only a feint—that he would derive no pleasure from it.

"William," she said, looking him steadily in the face, "you are thinking constantly of dear Cawasa; is it not so?"

"Yes, Lucy; I told you long ago that I loved her, and I love her yet. I shall always love her."

"I fear she has gone to the spirit world," said Lucy, mournfully.

"And I feel that I shall soon join her," said Atley. "God grant that I may, if she is really gone. I have no wish to stay."

"Then you believe that friends meet in the spirit land?"

"Yes, Lucy; I feel assured that Cawasa and I will be united in spirit, there as well as here; we can never be divided in soul. The love that bound us here will be perfected in heaven."

"Oh!" thought Lucy, "how strange it is, that those who love so deeply should be so cruelly separated." But she wisely kept her thoughts to herself; and, when she met Rose and Mr. Simmons, she was as cheerful as ever, to all appearance; and yet her heart was heavy. She sympathized too deeply with her unhappy cousin, to be entirely happy herself.

But it is evening, and the newly arrived party take their seats in the cushioned box at the opera. Oh! how brilliant the lights were, and how thrilling the notes of the orchestra.

"I can hardly wait," said Rose, "for that lazy singer. Why don't she come along?"

But now, tingle, tingle, goes the bell; and every eye is fixed upon the curtain, which is so soon to disclose the desired object to view. And now she stands there before that immense audience—a fair, young girl, with jet-black curls, and eyes of the same color. 'Tis now that Atley starts, and, grasping Lucy's hand, speaks one word and that was *Cawasa*. Lucy, too, is gazing almost wildly upon the singer; and Rose and Myers, too. What groan is that? Atley has fainted, and is now unconscious of her presence, and of all the world beside.

Yes, there stood Cawasa, pale and beautiful as the marble statue of Venus. And now her full, rich voice falls upon the listening ears of the multitude, like the notes of some paradisiacal bird. The sound of that ever-to-be-remembered voice aroused Atley from his insensibility, to a lively sense of his situation. Happily for him, no one had noticed him, so intensely had each member of the party been gazing upon the Indian girl.

Lucy had risen from her seat, and, with clasped hands, stood, like one entranced. Simmons, with fixed gaze and pale cheek, was also scanning the features of the beautiful singer. At last the song ceased, and the spontaneous expression of the assembly burst forth in one long, loud thunder of applause; and beautiful bouquets were thrown, by fair hands, at the feet of the successful girl, who stood calmly smiling and bowing before them; and again and again she appeared, and each time the same demonstration, from the vast crowd. At length, the last song on the bill was to be sung; and it was that simple, thrilling song of *The Indian Girl Alfarata*. The bell jingles, and the curtain rises; and she, for the last time, stands before them. But how changed! The queenly and georgeous garments, and sparkling jewels are laid aside; and the dainty, beaded moccasins and red leggins,

and short gown have usurped their place. In the hat were several plumes, the only addition to the identical dress in which Atley first saw the untutored child of the forest. Again she sung; and, ere the voice ceased, tears were resting upon many a fair cheek, and all hearts were subdued. Cawasa was singing the chorus of the last verse, when, upon raising her eyes, they happened to rest upon the faces of her friends, and they were instantly recognized. She started, gave one more look, and fell upon the stage. The curtain immediately closed, and thus ended their evening at the opera.

After returning to the hotel, various plans were formed for seeing Cawasa; but how to gain access to her, they did not know. At length, Simmons suggested the idea of his calling upon the proprietor, and trying to learn from him, where she was stopping. Accordingly, on the next morning, at an early hour, he started, accompanied by Atley, in search of Madam La Savill. But they could gain no tidings of her; she had suddenly disappeared, and none knew whither. Lucy was greatly grieved, upon receiving the sad intelligence; and, as she saw the look of almost hopeless despair visible in the face of Atley, she regretted that they had again met, only to be left again in a dreadful state of anxiety concerning her.

"These Indians are a strange people," said Rose. "They can not be depended upon from one minute to another. I think our time can be better employed than in looking after her."

And so time wore on, and poor Atley gratified his peevish wife, and remained in Paris long after Lucy and Myers had returned home. Simmons had made an engagement with one of the London theaters, and his talented wife was making his fortune.

One evening, as Lucy was looking from the window.

she saw her husband coming up the street slowly, absorbed in the contents of a letter he was reading. She immediately conjectured it was from Europe; and she was not mistaken. As Myers entered, he threw it into her lap, saying,

"There is some news for you."

Lucy read as follows:

"DEAR FRIENDS: I HAVE only time to say that my wife is dangerously ill; her physician thinks she can live but a short time. If she does not, I shall return as soon as possible; if otherwise, I know not how long I may be detained here. Please inform her friends. The prospects are, that, ere you receive this, she will be in the spirit land. Her disease is fever; and she is deranged nearly all the time. Lucy, I have wished for your dear presence many times since Rose has been sick; but my wishes can not bring you in this hour of trial; so, I will try to be content. My love to Charles, and hope soon to take him by the hand. I hear no tidings of the lost one. Good by."

"Poor William," said Lucy, bursting into tears; "would that I could fly to thee!"

"Would you go and leave me, dearest?"

"No, Charles, I could not; but poor William! I do pity him so."

Several weeks had passed by; and they received another letter from William, saying Rose was dead, and he on the eve of starting for home. Lucy looked forward, with a great deal of pleasure, to his return, and secretly hoped some day to see him and Cawasa united. Two weeks later, and he was with them.

"And now, William, what are you going to do? Will you not settle down here, among us, and try to be happy?"

I will, for a season, Lucy ; but, in a few months, I want to visit my good aunt, and—and dear little Ann."

"Oh, yes ; and may I not accompany you ! How I do long to visit the old home again. And dear mother is so anxious to see us. I am teasing Charles every day to go ; but his business keeps him so busy. Can we not start next week, Willy ?"

"Any time, coz. I am at your service ; but do you really think of going ?"

"No ; I will not let her go without me," exclaimed Myers, who had just entered, and had heard the latter part of their conversation. "How do you suppose, you little gipsy, that I can get along without you ?"

"Well, I am sure I don't know ; but I must go home, if I don't stay but one day."

"Well, if you will wait two weeks, I will go," said Myers. And Lucy, at the expiration of that time, found herself seated in the cars, with Myers and Atley, flying along at rapid speed, toward the home of her childhood. It was evening when they arrived at the farm house where Lucy was born, and where her happy childhood hours had been passed ; and never was welcome more sincere, or joy more unbounded, than when dear aunt Lucy folded again, in her loving arms, those she loved so truly. And it seemed that Ann could never get through telling Lucy all the funny things that had transpired since she left the paternal abode. Atley now tasted more real happiness than he had known for a year ; and Lucy and Myers rejoiced to see the change. But Atley, though diverted for the time, was not happy. He had passed a week very pleasantly ; but old thought and feeling again came up, and time hung heavily upon him. He longed again to visit the spot where he had first seen her whom his soul worshipped. He felt that, to gaze upon the places where her

feet had trod, and linger near the cool brook, where he had so often watched her catching the speckled trout, and listen to the song of the birds, as they rested upon the branches of the old pines near her father's wigwam, would yield him more real happiness than he had known since his eyes last beheld her. He made known to his friends his intention of visiting his old acquaintances at the valley ; and Lucy, believing that he expected, by so doing, to get some tidings of Cawasa, favored his wishes ; and so, on the following morning, he set out, and soon arrived at the hotel, where he had, nearly three years before, witnessed scenes never to be eradicated from his memory.

He was not sorry to find that the place had changed its tenant, and a stranger in place of the inquisitive landlord who had formerly kept there. He did not wish to meet with any who would be likely to question him respecting Cawasa. After partaking of dinner, he strolled forth, and took his way toward Cornplanter's hut. The bushes were as green as ever around its rude doorway ; and, on the little patch of plowed ground at the back ; the hollyhock and sunflowers were in full bloom ; and Atley remembered how intently he had watched Cawasa one summer morning, as she stood beside those rustic flowers, watering and trimming them. Her long, dark curls waving in the morning breeze, and her sun-brown cheek exposed to the rays of the early sun. And his heart sickened at the thought that perhaps, ere this, her beautiful form was mouldering in the damp grave ; for, since he had seen her, so pale and worn, fall upon the stage, the thought had pressed upon him, that she never rose again—that her overburdened, sorrowing spirit passed away. But he felt a saddened pleasure in looking upon things her hands had touched. He drew nearer the hut, and looked through the crevices, and found it was deserted. Where

now were Cornplanter and Pilot? As he was turning to leave the spot, he saw an Indian passing, and inquired of him about Cornplanter. The Indian said nothing, but seemed to understand what he said; for, beckoning Atley to follow him, he went on, till he came to a rude burying place; and, stopping before a grave, said,

"Cornplanter here."

"And where is Pilot?" asked Atley, while a tear of pity for the old man started to his eyes.

"Great ways off," said his guide, pointing toward the West.

"And where is Cawasa?" he asked again. The Indian shook his head, and, while a sorrowful expression passed over his face, said,

"Me do n't know; went long time ago with pale face," and, turning away, was soon lost among the hemlock. Atley now seated himself on the grass by the old Indian grave, and gave way to sad and heart-rending reflections.

"Poor old man!" he ejaculated, "didst thou lay down alone and broken-hearted, to die? Didst thou pine for the gentle being who alone could smooth thy passage to the dark grave? Was no one near in the trying hour, to give thee cooling beverage, or press thy burning forehead? Methinks I hear the echo of thy feeble voice, as it spoke the name dearest to thee on earth; but she could not hear thee in thy distress; she was far from her peaceful home, struggling with a cold, unfeeling world, and longing once more to find a resting-place in thy strong arms, and nestle once more close to thy loving heart. Perhaps, as thy freed spirit arose from this shriveled and worn-out tenement, and soared to sunlight fields beyond the clouds, a bright angel form came floating down to greet thee, and usher thy spirit into her own bright home, to dwell with her forever. Cawasa, Cawasa! if thou art

indeed an inhabitant of that better clime, and if thou canst leave thy beautiful home for a brief season, oh! come, and let me feel that thou art with me. Come, linger a moment with thy unhappy friend beside thy father's grave, and tell him of heavenly joys of some far off spot, where earthly woes can never enter, and where loving souls can meet and mingle in harmony and everlasting blessedness."

At this moment, he thought he heard the words distinctly, *go seek her among the rocks*. He started, looked about him, but saw no one. How strange! and yet he was sure he heard the words. He tried to think it was only imagination; but the words kept sounding in his ears, and he at length determined to visit the rocks that night.

It was now near sunset; and he hurried to the hotel, took an early supper, and seated himself upon a bench outside the door, to decide what course to take. He knew a visit to the rocks, at night, and alone, was a dangerous undertaking; and he thought of his encounter with the bears there. As the shades of evening began to gather over the forest valley, it presented a beautiful picture of rural magnificence.

The setting sun was casting its last, lingering rays upon the placid waters of the Alleghany River. The whippowill had commenced his evening song; and the frogs were peeping from every pond; while, ever and anon, the merry tones of the woodmen, who were returning from the forest, with axes upon their shoulders, resounded over the hills; and the many canoes that were floating, like ducks, across the river, brought, to the sensitive heart of Atley, reflections so deep and holy, that nearly an hour had elapsed, and he had quite forgotten his projected visit to the rocks. At last, he was aroused by the loud, boisterous talk of two huntsmen, who were

coming up the road ; and, as they reached the inn, they stopped before the door. The landlord seemed to know them, and wanted them to come in and drink with him. They readily complied with his request ; and, after regaling at the bar, came out and seated themselves upon the bench, which he occupied, and began telling of their exploits in hunting. Atley learned they were from Pennsylvania, and that they had passed a week at the rocks, hunting in the day-time, and sleeping in a small cave in the rocks, at night.

"And I tell you, stranger," said one, "our place, there, is none of the worst. We have plenty of provision, good whisky, and a comfortable bed, better than some poor devils get in your big cities."

"Very true," said Atley, "and I am really inclined to ask permission to travel in-company with you, as I was going there to-night, and might need the protection of your equipage."

They both seemed much pleased with his proposal ; said they would treat him to the best they had, and put him in snug quarters, during the night. Atley saw they were coarse, rough fellows, and almost shuddered, as they passed along, to hear the oaths and vulgarities that flowed from their lips ; but, thinking they had partaken too freely at the bar, did not feel any misgivings for his own safety, until within about two miles of the rocks, when he became convinced that he was in more danger from these two ruffians than from the wild beasts.

How strange, he thought, that he had ventured alone, at night, with money and gold lever, in company with two such persons ! Before it became dark, he had noticed sly looks and winks pass between them, and had no doubt of their intentions. He thought of pleading illness, and turning back, but, on reflection, knew that, if they intend-

ed to rob or kill him, they would not suffer him to do so. "I must go on, and await the result," thought he ; and, putting on a cheerful appearance, as if no thought of treachery had crossed his mind, talked and laughed, seemingly careless of danger.

The darkness was so intense that Atley could not discern the rocks, although now within a few rods of them. Added to the natural gloom of the place, the thunders roared, and the winds howled fearfully among the trees ; while large drops of rain warned them that the storm had commenced in earnest.

"Come, my boy, plunge in there," said one of the men, showing Atley through the thick bushes, into a sort of cavern, fifteen or eighteen feet square ; and, striking a light, the elder of the two sat down upon a rude bench, before a small, flat rock, upon which were several loaves of brown bread, a quantity of venison, and a jug of whisky.

"Come, my hearties, lay to. Eat your supper ; and let's to bed."

Atley looked around to discover what they called a bed, and found it consisted of a quantity of hemlock boughs, with blankets and skins spread over them. Atley was pressed to drink with them, but refused, fearing their liquor might be drugged or poisoned.

"I suppose you have no fears of the wild animals breaking in upon you, while you sleep," said Atley.

"No ; we do n't fear animals, Indians, or devils ; but, for fear of being intruded upon, we roll a large stone before the passage, that would bother one person to move."

The two men now withdrew to the other side of the cave, and carried on a conversation in whispers, casting occasional significant glances at Atley. Presently, one of them approached near the bed, and, taking up his knife,

which he had thrown down there, on his first entrance, examined the blade; then, giving his companion another knowing look, sat down upon the boughs. Atley felt that he could not lie down and suffer his throat to be cut, without making an effort for his life; and, if he must die, he chose to meet his fate in the open air; so, starting up, he said,

"I think I will go out and look at the clouds, and get a little fresh air, before I retire; it is very close here."

"I shall not suffer you to go out alone in this dangerous wood. I will go with you," said the elder man; and, as they passed out, he beckoned to his companion to follow.

After walking a few rods from the cave, Atley told the man he preferred spending the night out of that heated den. He was quite an astronomer, and would rather watch the clouds than to sleep.

"But I shall not suffer you to remain outside," answered the man; "so come this way," at the same time laying his hand upon Atley's arm.

"But I choose to remain where I am," said Atley, resolutely.

Upon this, the villain seized him by the collar, and was in the act of dragging him along, when a heavy blow from Atley sent him reeling to the ground.

Atley now started upon the run, in an opposite direction, but had not proceeded but a few rods, before he heard the sound of steps behind. He quickened his speed; but his swift pursuer was upon him; and, at the next flash of lightning, he was seized and held with an iron gripe.

"Ha! my boy, did you think to escape us? You must be a fool to make the attempt."

"Well, my friends," said Atley, (for the other man had now come up, breathing out curses upon Atley for the

blow he had given him,) I suppose all you want of me is my watch and money, and, as I have no means of defending myself, shall deliver them up with as good a grace as possible; though I confess I think it will be using me badly, as I am a stranger in these parts, and a little money, you know, is a great convenience."

"But you can't blarney us in that way," said the elder. "Dead men tell no tales; so say your prayers in short meter, and make your peace with the old gentleman, who is thundering away in the clouds, as if to frighten us from our purpose; but I can only tell him he is wasting his powder."

At this moment, a clap of thunder sounded through the forest, and echoed among the rocks; and the forked lightnings followed with such terrible vividness, that the impious rascal trembled from head to foot.

"Let's go in, Tom, and take another drink, and then proceed to business;" and each, taking an arm of the prisoner, hurried him back into the cave.

Atley gave one lingering look toward the dark heavens, and prayed that his spirit might pass away, before violence should wrest it from its tenement. But prayers are not always answered, even when coming from pure and earnest hearts. He that rules all worlds, and sees the beginning and the end of all things, works in wisdom; and, though we can not at all times comprehend the mysteries of His government, yet we may ever rest satisfied that He has our temporal and eternal welfare in His hands, and that His tender mercies are over all His works. Atley was, by nature, religious. He had ever felt a reverence and a holy love pervade his heart, when contemplating the wondrous works of nature; and his thoughts ever wandered from the contemplation of creation's beauties, to the great source of all beauty; and, in his inner-

most soul, he worshiped the Infinite Father, in spirit and in truth. And now, in this dreadful moment, when death is fearfully and certainly staring him in the face, his faith in God grows stronger, and his prayers more earnest; but who can picture the consternation of the murderers, when, looking around the cavern for their rifles, they were missing, and, also, the knife, which the elder ruffian had left upon the table-rock. They gazed at each other in perfect bewilderment.

Atley now had one hope of life; the hand that had removed the implements might still be stretched out to save him. They had one knife left, which the younger man still had in his belt. Atley now tried to work upon their superstitious fears, by reminding them that, by some supernatural agency, their instruments of death had been removed, to save them from the commission of the dreadful deed they were so wickedly contemplating. This, indeed, might have prevented further violence, but for the liquor they had taken, which served to render them regardless of every thing. Atley tried to make them understand that they could gain nothing by the commission of so horrible a deed, as they could take his property, but begged them to spare his life.

"You can't blarney us in that way; we have no notion of having a sheriff at our heels," said the one who had received the blow from Atley, and, seeing his companion show symptoms of timidity, continued: "Come, you d——d coward, hold him, while I send this knife through his pious heart!"

"This seemed to give the other courage; for, rushing upon Atley, he backed him against the side of the cavern, while the other came up, and, jerking off his coat, and tearing open his shirt, prepared to give the fatal blow.

Atley raised his eyes, and, as he did so, saw the arm

raised, and the knife-blade glistening in the lamp-light. His brain reels, and he is only conscious of a loud report; and all is darkness. In his weakness, he had fallen upon his knees. He did not know, for certain, whether he had received a wound or not; but he felt a dreadful faintness at his heart, and did not attempt to rise, for several moments. He could hear no sound; and all was darkness. At length he heard a rustling at his side, and presently a voice said,

"Jim, Jim! be you shot? Speak, or may the devil have you. I say, be you dead? and, if you be, who killed you?"

After a few moments longer, Atley heard him feeling for the matches; and, presently, a light disclosed the elder ruffian weltering in his blood. The other came up, and, examining the wound, found he had been shot directly through the heart, as he had stood sideways towards the passage. It was evident that a practiced eye, and steady hand, had directed a ball through the aperture.

"It was a good shot, any how, whoever it was—ghost or goblin," said the man, who now had become so stupefied, from the effects of the liquor, that Atley felt he had nothing to fear from him; and, snatching the knife from the clenched hand of the dead man, he was moving toward the passage, when the man, staggering toward him, said,

"Come, now, fair play, stranger; you aint going to leave a fellow alone here, with that dead man, and a lot of shooting ghosts, are you? Why, you must have a heart as hard as this rock. Just come back. Let's have a drink, and make ourselves comfortable."

Atley saw the fellow was afraid, and really pitied him; so, going back, he turned out a couple of glasses of whisky, gave one to his companion, and pretended to drink the

other, himself. After swallowing the contents of his glass, the man sat down upon the boughs, and was soon in a deep sleep. Atley laid him out comfortably upon the bed, and hurried from the dreadful scene.

The odor of fresh blood, together with the stifled and heated atmosphere of the place, nearly suffocated him. As he emerged into the open air, he breathed more freely; and although the rain was pouring down in torrents, and the thunders roaring frightfully, yet he felt that the elements were smiling upon him. It seemed that beautiful fairies were strewing flowers beneath his feet, and guardian angels whispering love over his head. A feeling of peace and security took possession of his whole being; and a sweet tranquility stole into his heart. Though all was darkness and gloom without, yet he was happy — supremely happy; and he knew not why.

"Surely," thought he, "I am still an inhabitant of this dreary earth. I feel the winds, as they howl about me, and hear the terrific thunders roar; and the rain is falling in torrents upon my head. I am alone, and in a dangerous wood, far from any human habitation; yet am I, oh, so happy!"

At this moment, a bright flash of lightning disclosed to his wondering gaze a human form, leaning against a point of rock, a few yards from where he stood. In a moment, it was darkness again; but, so sure was he that he saw something, he determined to keep his eyes upon the spot, and, at the next flash of lightning, convince himself whether it was an illusion. But now a bright gleam seemed to linger in the heavens, for the purpose of showing him that he was not mistaken. It was a female; and he could plainly see that she was dressed in the costume of the Indian woman; and, as she turned her eyes full upon him, his heart seemed to stop its pulsation, and his

head became dizzy, as the conviction rushed upon him that it was Cawasa. He had hardly the power to move; but, summoning all his strength, he stepped toward the spot where she stood, and spoke the name of Cawasa; but no answer.

"Cawasa, in the name of heaven, if it is you, speak to me!"

But still no answer. He could not see her now; for all was black darkness. Oh, how he invoked the vivid gleam to pierce, once more, the dark cloud, that he might again behold her! and, as he stood there, the words of Otway rushed upon his bewildered mind:

"Why, thou poor mourner, in what baleful corner
Hast thou been talking with that witch, the night?
On what cold stone hast thou been stretched along,
Gathering the grumbling winds about thy head,
To mix with those the accent of thy woes?"

The mysterious words, *seek her among the rocks*, and the unseen hand that had sent the fatal bullet, all flashed upon his mind, with a certain conviction that it was, indeed, Cawasa. The lightnings again play about the heavens, and reveal the form moving rapidly from him.

"Cawasa, Cawasa, stop! in mercy, stop! Speak but one word; tell me that you know me!" And he rushed madly on through the thick darkness. He felt that, if he lost her again, it would be forever. But the lightnings again illumine the heavens; and he sees her form a few rods ahead, lying prostrate upon the ground. He was again left in total darkness; but, groping his way along, until he thought he must be near her, he waited for another ray of light; and, when it came, he had only to reach out his hands; and, taking the fainting

form in his arms, he bore her back, and sat down under a projecting rock; and, with the one great idea of preserving a life so dear to him, he bent all his energies and skill to recover her. He rubbed her hands, and laid his handkerchief upon the rocks, and, as fast as it became drenched with rain, bathed her head and face. He felt the long, wet ringlets about his hands, and, in his joyous frenzy, had kissed them again and again; and when, at length, she gave signs of returning consciousness, and her breath came natural and free, he raised another earnest prayer to Him who does all things well.

It was with some difficulty that Cawasa raised herself from the arms that held her, and endeavored to stand upon her feet. Atley gently seated her again, and, taking her hand, said,

"Cawasa, I can not suffer you to leave me again."

"But I shall leave you, William Atley, as I have left you before, and go where your insults can no more afflict me;" and, struggling to free herself, she again rose to her feet. Atley still grasped more tightly the hand he held, begging her to explain the meaning of her words.

"My words explain themselves," she replied. "You pretend you do not understand me. Have you forgotten that, when I was unexperienced and ignorant of the world, you professed to love me. By your many acts of kindness, I came to love you with a love I can never feel again for any human being. But yet you could marry a woman whom you pretend you could not even respect. And still you pursue me with an unholy and unlawful passion."

The truth now rushed upon Atley's mind. She did not know of the death of his wife; and, as she again struggled to free her hand from his grasp, he threw his arm around her waist, and drew her again to his heart, while he whispered,

"Cawasa, heaven has removed every barrier between us, and brought us, in this mysterious manner, together again. And now, to prove my sincerity and my love for you, I swear that, before the sun, which is near rising, shall again sink behind the western waves, you shall be mine, mine forever."

He could see, by the light of the stars, which had now begun to twinkle out from behind the light clouds, (for the rain had ceased,) that the eyes of the beautiful girl were riveted upon his face, with an expression of wonder and inquiry.

"Yes, dear one, this hand is now as free as your own. Poor Rose died in Paris; and I have since been a wanderer upon the earth. Oh! did you but know what I have suffered for the past two years, your gentle heart would pity me."

"You have not been the only sufferer," said the now weeping girl. "I too have suffered, have wept, alone and unpitied; for I loved you as I can never love another."

"And may I not hope, Cawasa, that you still love me? Speak, dearest, and make me the happiest of men, or the veriest wretch in existence."

Cawasa did not speak; but she nestled closer to his side, laid her head upon his shoulder; and he felt her warm tears upon his hands, as she pressed them to her forehead. He was answered.

And now, reader, I conjure you, turn not away and sneer or censure, when we say that there, beneath the shelter of the rocks, in the deep wilderness, with no eye to behold them, but that which is ever looking into the hearts of the children of earth—there, beneath the dark, old hemlocks, in the early dawn, when the birds had just begun to pour forth their songs, did Atley press, for the

first time, his lips to those of the fair being who was henceforth to share with him life's joys and sorrows; and, as her head rested upon his arm, he breathed such loving words into her ears, that, almost unconsciously, her eyes closed, and sleep, that sweet soother of nature, crept, like a fairy dream, over her; and she slept, for the first time in many months, calmly and quietly, upon the breast that was henceforth to be her resting-place and refuge. Atley watched her, as she lay there, beautiful and pure, and wondered if the angels were more lovely.

"Matchless, beauteous girl," he murmured. "Heaven has, indeed, smiled upon me; you are mine, mine." In his enthusiasm, he had spoken so loud that Cawasa opened her eyes. At first, she stared about her as if alarmed; but soon, fixing her eyes upon Atley's face, a smile of such heavenly sweetness played about her mouth, and in her eyes, that he caught her in his arms, and pressed her again to his heart.

The sun was now well up, and the happy lovers emerged from their shady nook; and, while Cawasa was preparing her disguise, which was an Indian shawl and hat, and staining her face with berries, (for she wished no one to know her,) Atley went into the cavern. The dead man lay in the same position; and his companion was sleeping soundly upon the boughs. Atley did not awaken him; but, taking the rifle, which he had kept outside during the night, he laid it by the owner's side, and again joined Cawasa, who was now equipped for the walk. And, as they went, Cawasa related to Atley the history of her trials and her wanderings; how she had flown, to escape the slander and stigma that Gifford had brought upon her, and sought security in the great city of the old world; how day after day, when driven by want to some employment, she had sung in the streets, at the doors of the rich,

till one day a gentleman and lady stopped their carriage, to hear her, and prevailed upon her to go with them; how she went to Paris, and, as Madame de la Savill, sung in the opera; how, upon the third evening of her appearance upon the stage, she happened to raise her eyes, and saw her friends gazing upon her—saw the face she loved so dearly. "No wonder my brain reeled," she continued, "for I never expected to behold you again. And I saw Rose by your side, and Simmons. I had only one desire then; and that was to fly from the spot. I could not bear again to become the subject of scandal for your wife; and, with a heart torn between love and a sense of right, I stepped aboard a ship about to sail; and, after a long and tedious journey, enduring the insults of men, and the scorn of women, I arrived in my native home, and wended my way toward my father's hut, hoping to find that peace and security within its humble walls, which I had failed to find in the halls of wealth and fashion. But I found the place deserted, and have not been able to learn any tidings of my father and brother. I have been stopping with an old woman who used to know me. I have assumed this disguise; and none have recognized me. Yesterday morning, I started, alone, to visit the rocks; and, after passing the day among its wild scenery, was about returning, when the clouds looked so threatening, and the thunders roared so fearfully, I was determined to stay there during the night. But I had hardly come to this conclusion, before my resolution failed me, and I started to go. But something seemed to whisper me to stop; and again I turned back. The rain now began to fall, and I gave up the idea of going, till morning. You know the rest."

"Yes, Cawasa; and long, long shall I remember it. It was the spirit of your father, sweet girl, that told you to stay. It also bade me to seek you among the rocks; and

we are, even now, near the spot where he sleeps. We will go together, and mingle our tears over his grave."

Cawasa looked, almost wildly, into his face.

"What mean you?" she asked, grasping his arm.

"That your father is in heaven, and is looking down and smiling upon our happiness."

He had led her to the grave, and she was gazing down upon it, with an expression of the deepest sorrow; and, as her tears commenced dropping upon the green-sods, an Indian sprang out from behind some willows, near by, and stood before them. He was neatly dressed, in the style of the white man—tall, straight, with a piercing eye, and noble forehead. Atley thought he had never seen a more perfect form, and was wondering at the striking resemblance between him and Cawasa, when she raised her eyes, and they rested, fixed, upon the stranger's face. He was, also, regarding her with a look of such intensity, that Atley was completely bewildered; but, in a moment, "Cawasa!" "Pilot!" burst from their lips; and the brother and sister were locked in each other's arms.

After the first transports of the unexpected meeting were over, they sat down under the shade of the spreading branches, while they recounted, to each other, their sorrows and their joys. Pilot had left soon after Cawasa. He had been west, attending school; and, for the past year, had been studying the profession of law; but, hearing of his father's death, and with the hope of learning something of his sister, he had returned. He had just disposed of his father's land, and settled up his business, and was about starting back, but felt impressed to visit this spot once more.

"And I have found my lost sister, heaven be praised;" and, taking Cawasa by the hand, they knelt upon the old man's grave, and, with bowed heads, seemed to be com-

muning with the spirit who once inhabited the form beneath the sods.

Atley stood at a little distance, regarding them. "How can I," he thought, "ever doubt the goodness and wisdom of God? and, though his ways are, sometimes, past finding out, yet will I ever put my trust in him; for he has brought me out of the deep pit, and led me beside still waters; and my soul will ever bless him."

Cawasa now raised her head, and beckoned Atley to approach. He did so; and, kneeling down beside the weeping children, and taking the hand of Cawasa, which Pilot laid in his, he vowed to love, cherish, and protect her till death; and then Pilot took their united hands in his, and said.

"Brother, sister, I bless you, as our father would have blessed you; and here, upon his grave, receive his benediction, through my lips: *May your lives be as smooth and unruffled* as the placid waters of this beautiful river; and may the love that now unites your souls grow stronger, and live on after this fountain shall have become dry, and these mountains tumbled from their places. May no earthly sorrow e'er again pierce your hearts; but may your song be as cheerful, and as free from care, as the joyous notes of the birds which are now singing above your heads. And, when, at last, your pilgrimage shall have ended below, may you, with joy and gladness, obey the voice of the Great Spirit, and, with pure and spotless souls, greet those who have gone before."

"Amen!" burst from the lips of Atley and Cawasa; and, rising from their knees, they turned from the grove, and wended their way toward the cottage of the woman where Cawasa was stopping.

In a short time, a comfortable dinner was spread before them, of which they partook heartily; and, after

consulting upon the best course to pursue, and prevailing upon Pilot to accompany them, they made hasty preparations for setting out to good Aunt Lucy's, and, before the sun set, were seated in the cars; and, before it rose again, they had met their anxious friends, and Lucy had cried for joy, as she embraced Cawasa again and again. Myers and Ann had fairly danced for joy; while Aunt Lucy was offering up many a heart-felt prayer, for these who were so dear to her.

"And now," said Myers, "let's have one of the real, old-fashion weddings—pumpkin pies, roast goose, strawberries and cream, and all laid out in Ann's pretty grove, with dancing and singing, by moonlight."

"Oh, yes!" chimed in Ann; "and Pilot and I will lead off the dance."

And so, all that week, the happy family were preparing for the wedding; and all the lads and lasses, for miles around, were invited to attend. The happy day arrives; and Aunt Lucy's neat rooms are gorgeously decorated, with roses, honey-suckles, jessamine blossoms, and all kinds of evergreens; and the tables are set in Ann's bower, covered with snowy linen, and filled with a rich profusion of every thing good. There are laughter and the sound of merry voices in the humble dwelling, and music from the grove. Light hearts and lighter feet were skipping from the house to the grove, with dishes for the table; and a few of the more elderly matrons seem to feel their importance, as they walked about, giving orders to the giddy girls, who were running hither and thither, like so many chickadees. But now work is suspended, for a brief season, and all are summoned to the grove; and there, under the shade of the old trees, did Atley receive, from the hands of Pilot, his heart's best treasure. Before the blushing bride could take her seat, she was

handed from one to another; and never was a bride so kissed, or a bridegroom so pelted with bouquets.

At last, Cawasa saw Myers leaning against a tree, laughing, and, running up to him, said,

"I do believe they will kill us. Come, get them to the supper-table, and then I can rest."

"Not long, Mrs. Atley," he exclaimed; "for you will have to lead off the dance."

Cawasa had never looked so lovely, in Atley's eyes, as on this day. She wore a white satin robe, and over it a skirt of gauze, looped up with wild roses, with mountain violets peeping out from beneath her dark curls, which were floating around her shoulders. Upon her neck was a diamond necklace, and around her waist a girdle, set with rich stones.

After supper came the bustle and hurry of clearing away the tables, and preparing the green for dancing; and soon the merry sound of the fiddle calls out the lads, to select their partners; and at the head of the long row of dancers stood Pilot and Ann. Lucy, Myers, Aunt Lucy, and Uncle John, Atley, and Cawasa sat upon a seat prepared under a spreading maple, watching the graceful motions of Pilot, who seemed to be the attraction of all eyes. And no wonder; for he was perfect in manly beauty. This, together with his graceful and elegant dancing, and sweet, melodious voice, quite turned the heads of the young girls; and Ann declared she should "set her cap" for him. After the young people had gone through a few contra-dances, Atley and Cawasa were urged to dance; but Cawasa refused, saying she could not dance their way.

"Well," said Myers, "we will have the grounds cleared for a waltz."

"No one understands it here," said Aunt Lucy; "but

you and Lucy, Willy and Cawasa, Ann and Pilot, go on, and show them how."

And in a moment the ground is cleared, and the three couple start off, to the amusement of all present; for the most of them had never seen waltzing before. And so the evening wore away; and, when the moon arose, the dancing was suspended, and songs were called. Cawasa was asked to sing; and, bidding them all be seated, she and Pilot walked out into the center of the green, and commenced an air; and so plaintive, so lovely were their rich voices blending together, that tears were standing upon the cheeks of nearly all present; and Ann, who had stood gazing upon them with clasped hands, turned to Atley, and, while a blush mantled her cheek, whispered,

"Oh! cousin, I love him, even as you love Cawasa."

Atley looked surprised at first, but, after a moment, said,

"I can not blame you, Ann; Pilot is a noble fellow; and now, as you have been so candid, I will, in return, say that he loves you. He confessed as much to his sister, last night."

"Oh! did he?" exclaimed the happy girl, her eyes filling with tears of joy.

Atley now beckoned to Pilot, who was waltzing with Lucy and Cawasa.

"Oh! don't, do n't tell him," cried Ann, darting off, as the three approached.

"Pilot," said Atley, as they came up to where he was standing, "our little Ann loves you; and, with the consent of all our good friends, we will have another wedding to-night."

Pilot's countenance at once betrayed the joy this intelligence brought; but Lucy's countenance assumed a grave

expression. Cawasa looked surprised, but pleased. At length Lucy said,

"Are you certain Ann loves him?"

"She has just told me so; but here she comes."

"Tell me, Ann," said Lucy, taking her sister's hand, "do you love Pilot?"

Ann did not speak, but she hid her burning cheek on Lucy's shoulder. Aunt Lucy now came to inquire what they were talking so earnest about, and, on learning the facts, turned to her husband, exclaiming,

"There, John, did n't I tell you? I knew 't would be so."

Lucy now took her parents and sister aside, and told them all — how that Willy's wife was no other than Cawasa, the Indian girl; that her and Pilot's father was a pure Indian.

"And now," continued Lucy, "if you consent, after knowing the facts, I can have no objections."

"Well," exclaimed Aunt Lucy, "they are none the worse for that. We are all God's children; and I can not withhold my consent because he is a shade darker than some others. And you, father, —"

"Oh, I am willing," exclaimed the old man, who always waited to hear his wife's opinion; and then their opinions were always alike.

"But," said Lucy, "perhaps Ann has altered her mind?"

"No, she has not, nor never will," cried Ann. "I would have him, were he ten times blacker than he is."

"That's the talk," exclaimed Myers, who had come up in time to hear Ann's remark; "and now for another wedding."

And again the company were summoned to their seats; and who can picture the surprise and consternation of the gay assembly, as Pilot and Ann walked to the middle of the green, and stood there, while the magistrate again

repeats the words that bind two more loving hearts together; and the two happy couples were escorted to the house, amid the congratulations and blessings of all present.

* * * * *

It was early evening, in the month of July. The moon was shedding a soft light over the beautiful queen river of the west, upon whose lofty banks sat two gorgeous mansions; and lovely children were playing upon the rich clover, which spread, like a carpet, over the spacious parks in front. They were practicing with the bow and arrow, which they had that day procured from the Indians.

"Oh, papa!" said the youngest, a little, dark-eyed cherub, "we can't use them. Do come and learn us how."

And then the children would laugh at their father's awkward efforts, as he tried to hit the mark, which was a piece of paper as large as a cent.

"Oh! here is ma," cried the boy, catching the hand of a beautiful woman, who had been, for some time, watching their sport, from behind a rosebush, and, pulling her forward, said, "Come, mamma, you shoot!"

"Oh, yes, cried all the children, at once; it will be so funny to see you try. So the lady took the bow from her husband's unskilled hand, and, telling the children to set the mark at a good distance, she drew the bow, and sent the arrow directly through the paper.

The children, at this, set up such an uproar of laughter, that the noise called out their next door neighbor, who came up with a rosy, smiling woman hanging on his arm.

"Oh! there is Uncle Pilot and Aunt Ann," cried the little, dark-eyed boy, at the top of his voice. "Now we will have such fun!"

"But wait a moment," exclaimed a fairy girl, of ten summers. "I will run in, and tell ma and pa to come out, and see Aunt Constance shoot;" and off she ran, and soon returned with her parents, who came, they said, to complete the family circle.

"But how is it," cried a little curly-haired girl, with eyes as black as the raven's wing; "how is it that ma and Uncle Pilot can hit the mark every time, while the rest can't hit at all?"

This important question was not answered; but a smile, so comical, played over the face of the young parents, as they gazed into each other's eyes, that the child declared she believed her mother and Uncle Pilot had lived among the Indians.

This speech, from such innocent lips, caused another laugh, as the company, young and middle aged, seated themselves upon the soft clover, while William Atley drew from his pocket a letter, and read, by the bright moonlight, how his sister Ida, with her two lovely children, is soon to visit them, and Isabella, too, and his mother.

"But that is not all," he exclaimed, turning the letter over. "Mrs. Ausburn and her daughters are to accompany them."

"Oh, I am so glad!" cried Lucy; "we can make it so pleasant for them. We will have such walks and such rides!"

"Yes," chimed in little Willy; "and such hunting, and fishing, and such nice evening parties!" broke in little Ann. "We will set the table, every day, in the grove, and us children will gather such beautiful strawberries, and,——"

But here, dear reader, we shall leave these happy children, and those proud parents, to talk over the past and

the future, and to bask in the sunshine of each other's smiles, and hasten to the end.

Although twelve years have passed away, yet the frosty hand of old Father Time has not been able to nip the rose from Ann's cheek, or erase the smile from Lucy's lips, nor has it dimmed the luster of Cawasa's eyes, or changed the raven hue of her glossy ringlets, nor dampened the ardour of each heart, whose pure, deep love is as warm and fresh now as when, long years ago, they stood beneath the shade of the old trees, and vowed to love each other, till death.

LANGUAGE IS WEAK.

LANGUAGE is weak, when it would tell
Those gushings of a generous soul,
That wakes, within, the rapturous swell,
Or bids the gentle tear-drop roll;

For there are feelings in the breast,
That never yet have utterance found,
And thoughts that still in embryo rest,
That never yet were breathed in sound,

Hid in the fountain of the soul,
Like pearls in ocean's depths that lie,
Though o'er them many a billow roll,
Or many an angry tempest fly.

Still will those depths sometimes be stirred —
Roused by an incident or thought,
A look, a smile, perhaps a word —
And into life, a moment, brought.

But ever vain must prove, in part,
The power of language to portray
The mysteries of the human heart —
Its loves, and hopes, and sympathies.

Oft have we wished the mental might
To grasp this jewelry of mind,
And to bring forth, to life and light,
All in the spirit that's enshrined.

THE MOTHER'S FAITH.

"MOTHER, in thy lonely home,
Dost thou hear the loud wind's roar?
Dost thou see the billow's foam,
Dashing onward to the shore?
There's a bark upon the sea;
Holds it no one dear to thee?
There are shrieks upon the air —
Cries of anguish and despair."

And the mother strained her tearful eyes
To the boiling deep, and angry skies.
But skies were dark; and there came no light,
To aid her eager, anxious sight;
So she knelt and prayed, in her anguish, there,
Though her lips scarce moved, in the deep-felt prayer.
But she rose, and said, with lifted eye,
"There's a God, who rules the sea and sky."

"Mother, with the soft dark eye,
Dost thou hear the revel's sound?
Where the wine-cup sparkles high,
May thy cherished boy be found.
Mother, list; thy loved one walks
In the path where ruin stalks;

Call him from his dangerous way,
Ere he fall, to vice, a prey."

And the mother raised her earnest eye ;
And, with passionate words, she made reply :
" I pray for him ever ; and there is One
Will hear my prayers for my cherished son.
Oh ! he is young ; and his heart is wild ;
But God will protect my darling child.
He will hear my prayers by night and day ;
And he shall not fall in the tempter's way."

" Mother, in thy lonely home,
Toiling on from day to day,
Tired and weary, sad and worn,
Faint'st thou not upon thy way ?
Round thee cling thy little brood ;
And they call to thee for food ;
And their cheeks are thin and pale ;—
Mother, doth thy spirit fail ?"

And the mother looked round her own small room,
Which spoke of poverty, want, and gloom ;
And tears fell fast down her thin, pale cheek,
And stifled the words she fain would speak ;
But her love rose strong over want and care,
As she looked on her children standing there.
" The God that heareth the ravens' cry
Will keep them safe, 'neath his watchful eye."

" Mother, with the pale, sad brow,
Watching o'er the loved, the dead,
Fainteth not thy spirit now ?
Hope and joy alike have fled ;

Death is on that glorious brow ;
What is left to cheer thee now ?
Pale and still those features lie ;
What is left thee but to die ?"

And the mother stood by the couch of death,
And listened again ; but there came no breath.
She laid her hand mid the clustering hair,
And pressed her lips to the forehead fair ;
And, with tearful eye, she prayed, " My God,
I bow in faith, to thy chastening rod.
A father's hand hath stricken me now ;
In meek submission, his child will bow."

" Mother, thou art dying now.
Faint and feeble is thy breath ;
Dampness settles on thy brow ;—
Well thou knowest this is death.
Now the last dread hour is near,
Doth thy spirit shrink with fear ?
Now that death is hovering nigh,
Mother, dost thou fear to die ?"

There came a light to the glassy eye ;
In a calm, sweet voice, she made reply :
" I do not fear ; for, around the tomb,
There broods no shadow or aught of gloom ;
And soft, dark eyes, from the spheres above,
Are calling me now with their looks of love.
Sweet voices sound in my listening ear ;
I fear not, shrink not, though death is near."

DEATH.

DEATH, with thy bow and quiver true,
Thou 'rt searching all this wide world through,
And round our mortal shores cling,
Thy arrows ever on the wing ;
And, when thou find'st a shining mark,
Quick, from the bow, thy quiver 'll start,
Unheeding groans, or sighs, or tear ;
The widow's prayer thou scorn'st to hear.

Thou dost to us such sorrow bring,
Thou 'lt ever be a dreaded thing ;
For mystery guides thy phantom bark,
As, down the river still and dark,
You take your stealthy, winding way,
Until you reach Death's icy bay ;
And there, into the grave, you land
Your victimized and lifeless band.

THE OLD HOMESTEAD—THE RED HOUSE ON THE HILL.

Or all my memories of the past,
None give so deep a thrill,
And none their shadows o'er me cast,
Like the red house on the hill.

'T was there my eyes first saw the light ;
'T was there my footsteps trod,
Through winding paths, where flowers bright
Taught me to worship God.

And every flower was dear to me,
And every rippling brook,
And every hill, and dale, and tree,
And every shady nook.

'T was there my short-lived, happy day
Was passed in joyous glee ;
My childhood's hours were spent in play,
Beside my mother's knee.

'T was there the whispered tones of love
Fell on my listening ears,
Like glistening dew-drops from above ;
I left my home in tears.

I went with one who vowed to keep
His bride from every ill ;
I left that dear, that sacred spot —
The red house on the hill.

Sad years had passed, and I returned :
The flowers were blooming still ;
The fire upon the hearthstone burned ;
The house seemed quiet and still.

I missed a well known form and face ;
And empty stood that chair.
Around the hearth a vacant place —
I knew death had been there.

My aged mother's care-worn look
Told a sad tale of grief.
The roses had her cheek forsook ;
In tears she sought relief.

One by one, her lambs had strayed —
Some, to a distant shore ;
And some were in the coffin laid.
She ne'er would see them more.

Oh, what a change ! My dreams of bliss
Had vanished, like the breeze.
That sweeps through fields of faded flowers,
Or sighs among the trees.

In dreams, some old, familiar voice
Is sounding in my ears ;
And forms before my vision start,
I knew in childhood's years.

But there comes one among the throng,
With dark and glossy hair,
With a laughing eye, and merry song ;
His face is wondrous fair.

I can't forget. It is the voice
That won my girlish heart.
He was the partner of my choice,
Though we were doomed to part.

I start ! I wake ! 't is all a dream,
I'm in the old homestead ;
But fancy's visions still remain.
My thoughts are with the dead.

But hark ! oh, hark ! I hear the sound
Of merry voices ringing ;
And little feet fly o'er the sill ;
And joyous tongues are singing.

O yes ! 'Tis New Year's happy day,
But sadder now than ever.
My father, brothers — where are they ?
They'll come again — no, never.

They're sleeping where the frozen sod
Is o'er their bosoms thrown.
Their spirits now are with their God.
Like summer birds they've flown.

Oh, happy youth ! I envy not
Your joyousness and glee,
As each one strives to gain the spot,
Beside your grandma's knee.

Among the group around that chair,
 I see my dark-eyed boy;
 He has his father's raven hair,
 His laughing tone of joy.

I see a tall and fair-cheeked girl,
 She has her mother's smile.
 May angels guide thee, Ellen dear,
 And keep thy heart from guile.

Children, yours is a happy lot,
 Within that old door-sill;
 You 'll never find a dearer spot,
 Than the red house on the hill.

In youth, that old house sheltered me;
 I love its time-worn walls.
 I would not change a single tree,
 For gilded palace halls.

But a happy New Year! Children all,
 May your hearts remain as light,
 Through all life's future, as they are
 On this happy New Year's night.

Oh! I am sad. I fain would sing
 The song of other days;
 But memory, o'er my spirit, flings
 Its dark and shadowy rays.

I'm glad to know, when life is o'er,
 We all shall meet above,
 And join the dear ones on that shore —
 That happy shore of love.

But, when life's sands are nigh run out,
 And memory wanders still,
 My lingering thoughts will be about
 That red house on the hill.

MY MOTHER'S PICTURE.

DEAR semblance of that face divine,
Those beaming eyes that gazed in mine,
Where now has flown that love so true,
The breath that speaks the sad adieu ?
I gaze upon the evening star ;
And, while no cloud comes on to mar
Its beauteous ray, methinks I see
Thy spirit roam unfettered, free ;
And, as the zephyrs softly play
On flowrets opening to the day,
Methinks thy sweet, low voice is heard,
Warbling with the singing bird.

Oh ! mother, life with me has passed
But roughly, since I heard thee last
Sing sweetest songs to solace me,
And joined in all my infant glee.
But now thy voice is heard no more ;
Children not thine now tread our floor.
A stranger's by my father's side,
Who fondles oft his joy, his pride —
A cherub boy ; and, as his glances fall
Upon thy angel features 'gainst the wall,
They quickly turn, and seek that loving face
That's come to fill my darling mother's place.

MY MOTHER'S PICTURE.

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But, while the wings of fancy still are free,
My thoughts will soar above this mimic view of thee,
And feel that I am not bereft ;
Thy power to guide thy erring child is left.
If, in eternity, the blest may know
And aid the objects of their love below,
While struggling through this world of strife,
Battling with all the ills of life,
Shed on my soul thy living power,
And save me in my weakest hour.
Mother, when on my couch of pain,
Methinks I hear thy voice again,
And, bending o'er my lonely bed,
You hold, once more, my aching head.
And now thy sad, sweet smile I see,
That, in my childhood, greeted me ;
But, mother, while I fondly clasp
This image in my eager grasp,
From those cold lips I turn my eyes,
To seek thy spirit in the skies.

THE BROKEN HEART

"CEASE, oh, cease! You can not tempt me more. Oh, God! I can not endure it; I will not live. Give me poison; give me any thing that will still the raging fires of remorse, that are devouring me. Oh! if I could recall the past few hours, I could die happy; but they are past, forever past. Wretched, wretched girl! You have undone yourself and me; we have killed the best and purest being that ever lived;" and, striking his hands upon his bosom, Edward Stanley sunk down upon a chair, and groaned in the bitterness of his soul's deep agony.

One year before, he had married a young, fair being, whose heart was overflowing with love and adoration for the man she had chosen to tread with her life's devious way; and he had known her every thought, and had been her entire confidant, for years. Emma Brooks was left an orphan at an early age, and consigned to the care of an aunt, whose haughty manner had ever kept the timid child in awe and fear of her; and none but Edward had ever really known her true nature, or the depth of love that lay, like a rich mine, concealed within the deep recesses of her young heart. For years, all her little joys and sorrows had been poured into his ear. She would watch for his coming, as the infant child for its mother; and, if a

shadow rested upon his face, her arms were instantly thrown about his neck, and he would feel the tears fall upon his cheek, until, for her sake, he would smile again, and then, her sorrows were all forgotten; for Emma lived upon his smiles. Edward Stanley knew this—knew that he held her destiny in his hand; and he, although possessed of a manly, noble nature, had weaknesses, which often caused him hours and days of regret. He had learned, since his marriage with Emma, that her great love for him sometimes caused a feeling of jealousy to spring up in her bosom. He had, when conversing or flirting with girls of his acquaintance, caught the eye of his wife fixed sorrowfully upon him; and a deeper tinge would flush her cheek, and tears tremble in her dark, blue eyes. At such times, instead of taking the gentle, loving being to his bosom, and soothing her fears, he would seem to take a secret delight in calling out her feelings. He knew that a word of endearment, a smile, a kiss, would set it right; but, oh! he knew not the great injustice he was doing her, who loved him better than her own soul, who would have laid down her life, to make him happy. But he had learned, of late, that he must no longer trifle with her feelings; her peculiar situation had made her so sensitive, that he found no pleasure, after committing an error, in witnessing the distress it occasioned her. Emma had often, of late, spoken to her husband, about sending for a cousin of hers, whom she and her mother had visited once, many years ago, when they were both children. She had recently received a letter from her, saying that her father and mother were both dead, and expressed a desire to make them a visit; and, if she could be, in any way, useful to them, she would be glad to make their house her home.

Emma felt that she would like to have her come; she remembered Gertrude as a bright, lively child, and thought

she would help to cheer the long days she was doomed to pass at home, alone; for Edward was obliged to be absent all day, in his counting-room. So it was decided that Edward should go and bring her. He would be absent two days; and Emma felt that she could scarcely endure his absence. He had never, since their marriage, left her before; and, as she gave him the parting kiss, and saw him step aboard the cars, a faintness came over her, and she would have fallen, had not her maid caught her in her arms; and, all through the long, tedious night, her tears would flow, in spite of her efforts to restrain them. But the two dreary days at length wore away; and Emma was smiling again. She has sat, watching the hand of the clock, which was near pointing to the hour when the train would arrive; and now, she hears the sound of the whistle, and the rumbling of the wheels, and knows her husband is near her. A few moments later, and she hears his well known step upon the stairs, and he enters, leading by the hand a tall, beautiful girl; but Emma heeds her not. With one bound she is in her husband's arms, crying and laughing alternately. At length, she was reminded that a third person was present, by hearing Edward say,

"This is your cousin Gertrude, Emma."

And Emma loosed her arms from her husband's neck, and, dashing away the tears of joy, turned to her cousin, and embraced her warmly; and, as she looked upon her open, handsome countenance, and saw the happy smile that was playing continually about her mouth, and listened to her sweet voice, as she went on to relate all the little incidents that had enlivened their journey, Emma felt that her home would no longer be lonely, in Edward's absence. And, when Gertrude ran to the piano, and dashed off a lively waltz, Emma's eyes were again filled with tears of

joy. And time flew on; and Emma had arrived at a period which confined her entirely to her room. Edward sympathized deeply with her, and passed the most of his evenings in her chamber. Gertrude, occasionally, spent an hour or two with Emma; but her time was mostly devoted to the entertainment of company. She was one of those beings that always draw a crowd around them—handsome, witty, and accomplished. She possessed a power over the opposite sex; and she used it, whenever an object presented itself which pleased her fancy.

Emma had sat, listening, one evening, to every footstep upon the stairs, for two hours. She knew Edward was below; she could hear him laugh, and had, several times, caught the sound of his voice, accompanying Gertrude's in her favorite songs. But why did he not come to her? He knew she was alone, and ill. After waiting some time, she rung the bell; and, when her maid entered, inquired if there was company below.

"And sure, there is no one there at all, but Mr. Stanley and Miss Gertrude. Shall I tell him to come up?"

"Oh, no, no!" cried Emma, in a voice she tried in vain to render calm. "No; you can retire."

And now it was, that the suspicions which Emma had long tried to banish from her mind rushed upon her with redoubled force. She had noticed, for weeks, Gertrude's fondness for Edward, and saw that he was always pleased and diverted in her company; and many times, of an evening, as they sat together in her room, and Gertrude would be summoned away, he would immediately relapse into a thoughtful, moody silence, from which her efforts could not arouse him. But, when Gertrude reappeared, his smiles would return, and his whole manner betray the pleasure her presence brought.

Emma thought of all this ; and, clasping her hands in agony of apprehension, she burst into tears.

"Oh ! if I should lose his love, if she should win the heart that is all my own, if he should love her !"

The thought was terrible ; and, pacing the floor rapidly for a few moments, she, at length, seated herself by the table, and, resting her head upon it, wept, as though her heart were broken. But now, Edward and Gertrude came bounding into the room. In their play, she had secreted some cards, and he had been chasing her through the house to get them from her ; and she, in her eagerness to keep them, burst into Emma's room, throwing the cards into her lap, said,

"Keep them, Emma ; don't let him have them. But what ails you ? You are crying. Have we made too much noise ; or do n't you like to have Edward play cards ; or do you feel worse to-night, or—But there goes the bell." And off she went, caring little for the frail invalid she had left in tears.

Edward felt, as soon as he saw his wife, that he had done wrong ; and, when he sat down by her side, and took her cold hand in his, remorse was again busy at his heart.

"Emma," he said, "I have wounded your feelings to-night, in being so careless ; but I found no company below, when I came in ; and I thought I would sit an hour or two with Gertrude. We got to playing cards, and —"

"Oh ! I see it all," interrupted Emma. "Edward, I can hardly blame you for seeking others' society ; I know you have grown weary of confining yourself so much to my room ; and I have no way of entertaining you. But, oh ! if my love could keep you here ;" and Emma laid her head upon his shoulder, and wept convulsively.

Edward tried hard to soothe her. He talked of happier days, when she would become strong, and the rose return

again to her cheek, and the sunshine to her heart ; and even ventured to say that she would become dearer to him, if possible, for the little being which soon would be clinging to her bosom, claiming their mutual love and protection.

Emma smiled sweetly, as she looked up into his eyes ; and, while fresh tears trembled upon her eyelashes, she softly murmured,

"Forgive me, dearest, that I have sometimes feared I should lose your love."

"And why should you ever have such thoughts, Emma ?"

"I know not," she sighed ; "I suppose I am foolish. You are all on earth I have to care for me ; I could not live without your love."

"You have my love, Emma," he said ; "and you must never doubt me again."

And, with this assurance, the gentle being fell sweetly asleep, her head resting near the heart that was, even then, cherishing unholy thoughts toward another.

Gertrude had tried hard to captivate Edward. She knew he loved his wife ; but poor Emma was sick, and her beauty sadly marred ; and her unfeeling cousin rejoiced at it ; for she felt more certain of her own powers over him on that account. She had loved Edward from the first ; and she was determined to win his love in return, regardless of the consequences. Even while he was shedding tears of pity over the poor being who was sleeping upon his bosom, the syren entered, and seated herself by his side.

"And so, your crying baby has fallen asleep ?" she said. "I should think, Edward, you would have the horrors, every time you enter this room. And Emma is so childish ; she is not willing you should have the least

creation, but expects you to confine yourself constantly at her side. I think she controls you too much ;" and, laying her soft hand upon his forehead, and looking into his eyes, said, "Come, go to the parlor, and take a glass of wine with me, and you will feel better ;" and, taking him by the arm, softly said, "Come, lay her head carefully upon this pillow ; she will not awaken."

But she did awake, to find herself again deserted ; and, starting up, she saw the hand of the clock pointing to the hour of twelve. She felt alarmed. Where could Edward be at that late hour of the night ? And, snatching up the lamp, with a trembling step, she descended to the parlor ; but all was darkness there. A terrible thought now seemed to take possession of her ; for, all of a sudden, she stopped ; and, pressing her hand to her heart, as if to still its dreadful throbbings, she slowly crossed the hall, and laid her hand upon the latch of Gertrude's door, and was about to knock ; but, hearing whispering within, she paused and listened.

"Gertrude, I must go now ; Emma will awake and be frightened."

"Oh ! not yet, dearest ; you have said you loved me ; and I feel that I can never yield you to the arms of another. I can not live without you. Edward, did you ever really love your wife ? or was it fancy ?"

It was now that the wretched listener held her breath, and pressed her hand still more tightly over her heart. She felt that her life hung upon a word — that his answer would decide her fate.

"I thought I loved poor Emma, until I saw you ; but —"

Now the guilty pair start wildly to their feet. A dreadful scream is ringing upon the stillness of the night, and the fall of a heavy body near the door. As Edward was

about to open it, Gertrude caught his arm, and tried to hold him back ; but, tearing from her, he rushed into the hall, and nearly fainted at the sight that met his eyes.

There lay Emma, prostrate upon the floor, and blood oozing from her mouth, and staining the linen upon her bosom. Edward raised her in his arms, and called loudly for help. Almost immediately, the servants rushed to the spot ; and, as they lifted Emma from his arms, he staggered back, and would have fallen, but for the strong arm of the butler, who caught him, and, with Gertrude's help, got him to the parlor, and seated him upon a sofa. As soon as he could speak, he ordered the man to go quickly for a physician to attend Emma ; and, starting up, the wretched man paced the floor in an agony of despair, which was painful to witness.

Gertrude sat, pale and bewildered ; but, even in that moment, was begging of him to fly with her, and leave the dreadful scene.

We have now arrived at a period that opens our tale. When Edward, gazing upon her, with surprise and horror depicted in his countenance, and almost frantic with despair, uttered the fearful words, "Cease, cease ; you can not tempt me more. Oh, God ! I can not endure it ; I will not live. Give me poison, give me any thing, to quench the raging fires of remorse, that are devouring me. Oh ! if I could recall the past few hours, I could die happy ; but it is past, past. Wretched, wretched girl ! you have undone yourself and me. We have killed the best, the purest being that ever lived ;" and, striking his hands upon his bosom, he sunk down upon a chair, and groaned in the bitterness of his soul's deep agony.

Gertrude had flown to her room, as she heard the dreadful words, where we shall leave her for a while, with

her own dark thoughts, and go with the physician, to Emma's room.

Friends, who had been summoned, were standing around her bed; but she knew them not. There she lay—the blighted one—pale as the snowy linen beneath her head.

"She is not dead," said Dr. Frazier, as his fingers rested, for a moment, upon her pulse; but a blood-vessel had been ruptured; and life is waning fast. Restoratives were administered; and friendly hands were quick to do all that could be done. All night long, Edward had lain upon the sofa, in a dreamy stupor, hardly conscious of his own existence, and ever and anon starting up, as the hurried footsteps overhead met his ear; and sometimes a groan would issue from Emma's chamber, and chill the blood in his veins; and then, falling back upon the pillow, he would clench his hands in his hair, like one in a frenzy of insanity.

And so the dreary midnight hours were away; and, as the first faint light of day illumed the eastern sky, they came and told him that he was a father, and that Emma was dying. The wretched man got up, and staggered toward the stairs, but could not ascend without assistance. And now he is standing at the bedside of death, and gazing, with dizzy brain and bloodshot eyes, on the dying one.

Her face had assumed the ashen hue of death. Her eyes were partly open, and rolled up; her hands clasped tightly upon her bosom; and her breath was labored and short. A beautiful infant was sleeping sweetly by her side.

Edward stood transfixed. He could not withdraw his eyes from that marble face. And now she stirs. She gazes, for a moment, about her; and now her eye is fixed steadily upon her husband's face. The wild, glassy ex-

pression is gone; reason has again returned. Edward Stanley, in that moment of agony, hope, and penitence, fell upon his knees, and, clasping her hands, regardless of any one present, prayed aloud, in the earnestness of his soul—prayed that heaven would spare his wife, his child—and besought the God of mercy to pardon the great wrong he had done her, for the sin he had committed against heaven.

"Amen!" was faintly uttered; and, starting from his knees, he pressed his lips to those of the dying woman; and then he felt her fingers tighten upon his, as she raised the little, tiny hand that lay buried beneath the snowy folds of her muslin robe, and, laying it in that of Edward, gave one look of such holy love and trust, and smiled so sweetly upon him, that it was some time before he realized that the pure spirit had flown; and, when they told him she was dead, he fell upon the floor, and was borne from the chamber of death, a maniac.

* * * * *

"Father, I dare not enter this horrid place;" and the young, beautiful girl, who was visiting the lunatic asylum, shrunk back, and clung closer to the man at her side. At last, when she thought she had gained sufficient strength to enter, it was with trembling steps and blanched cheek; but, after she had looked upon the first object, which was a woman, confined in a close cell, and moaning continually, (the next was a young man, about twenty, who seemed to be raving mad,) and as she went on, looking at one and another of the poor objects, pity and commiseration took the place of fear in her heart.

After going through several wards, and witnessing different stages of insanity, they were shown to a small room, well furnished. A tall, fine-looking man was lying

on a lounge in one corner, with his face partly hid in the pillow.

"We can safely enter this room; he is entirely harmless;" and Dr. Frazier unlocks the door, and, taking his daughter by the hand, leads her in.

The occupant aroused himself, and, springing up, gazed upon his visitors steadily, for a moment, and then, going up to the doctor, said,

"Dr. Frazier, you will never forget me?"

"No, Mr. Stanley, I shall never forget you. I am your friend. But I think you are better to-day; and I have brought my daughter to see you."

Emma raised the thick veil from her face; and, as she did so, she was startled at the terrible look with which the insane man was regarding her. He had risen from his seat, and stood there, his sunken, bright eyes riveted to her face. Dr. Frazier took him by the arm, and spoke kindly; but he heeded him not, his looks, all the time, growing more fierce and terrible. Emma had sprung from her seat, and rushed toward the door; but her arm was grasped with an iron gripe; and she had screamed once, in her terrible fright.

"Cease, Emma! Sit down, and be still; and I think he will soon be quiet, and let you go."

Emma essayed to sit down; and, as she did so, Edward sat down by her side, still holding her firmly by the arm. Mr. Frazier rung the bell; and, when the keeper appeared, told him of the manner in which the girl was placed; and he, with the doctor's assistance, tried to disengage Emma from his grasp, but to no purpose. Finally, it was thought best not to worry him, fearing he might do her some injury; and, for several hours, they sat there. The maniac had loosed his hold upon her arm, but had fastened his arms about her neck, and brought her head

so that it rested upon his bosom; and then his eyes closed, as if asleep, and he began uttering words which none but Dr. Frazier could interpret:

"Gertrude, we killed her; but she has come back to me in all her beauty. She has forgiven her wrongs, and loves me still. Emma, Emma, God only knows how I love you!"

The keeper looked inquiringly at Emma, as if she should know something of the poor man's history; and Dr. Frazier related, to the wondering girl and astonished man, the sad tale, only keeping back the fact of his being Emma's father.

"But do I look like his poor Emma, father?" asked the tearful girl.

"Yes; and that, no doubt, is the reason why, in his bewildered mind, he thinks you are his injured wife."

But now Emma is free. He is in a deep sleep; and his arm has fallen from her neck. And she left the lonely cell, and never knew that the wretched man, upon whose troubled breast her head had been pillowed, was her own father; and, when, in a few weeks after, she heard that he was dead, she only sighed, as she said.

"Poor, unhappy man! I hope he has joined his Emma in heaven."

But what became of Gertrude? the reader will ask. In the city of New York, in a low-roofed, wood house, on an obscure street, where the victims of strong drink and debauchery assemble together, a woman may be seen, her once fair brow haggard and contracted. Her cheek, where once the rose vied with the lily, is pale and sunken; and the voice which once charmed every listener is now coarse and harsh; and her once beauteous form is bloated and filthy. I see you turn from this miserable object, with pity and disgust. "O Gertrude, Gertrude! you have un-

done yourself and me," still rings in the wretched woman's ears, as she drinks deeper and deeper of the fiery liquid, which alone can bring to her guilty bosom a moment's peace.

On a clear, quiet day in June, might be seen a very old man, and a beautiful-looking woman, with two rosy, romping children, alighting from a carriage, which has just stopped at the gate of a cemetery; and, after strolling awhile among the graves, the old man walks slowly toward a part of the grounds where three graves, with rich stones, stand apart from the others. Here the old man stopped, and, raising his eyes toward heaven, seemed to be communing with the spirit who once inhabited the beautiful form which lay mouldering beneath his feet.

"Yes, I thank God," he murmured, "I have fulfilled the promise I made thee. I have cherished and protected thy daughter; and she shall now come; and we will mingle our tears together."

A hand is now laid upon his shoulder.

"Father, who sleep here in these three graves?"

"You can read the names, my child—Edward Stanley, Emma Stanley, Gertrude Dumont."

"Edward Stanley!" exclaimed the lady, "the one we visited in the asylum?"

"The same. And here sleeps his injured wife; and here's the grave of their destroyer, the wretched Gertrude."

Emma turned almost shudderingly away, and was leaving the spot, when, all at once, some unseen power seemed to take possession of her; for she turned back, and, throwing herself prostrate upon a grave, (she knew not whose,) she wept, till the sods were moist with her tears. The old man stood gazing upon her, and mingling his tears with hers; and, when, weeks afterwards,

she was relating the circumstance to her husband, and told him of the strange spell that seemed to hold her by the stranger's grave, her husband thought it a mere whim; but the old man remembered it was the grave of her broken-hearted mother.

THE VILLAGE BELL.

In a little, pleasant valley, bounded by the hills,
Stands a pleasant village, watered by the rills,
Which come trickling from the mountain,
Softly to the running fountain,
 That turns the old grist-mill.

In the center stands a church, on the pleasant green,
With its towering spires, and holy cross between;
And its bell, with solemn tone,
Calls the weekly toilers home,
 To their Father's house.

On the balmy morning air comes the perfumed breeze,
O'er the mossy-covered hills, from the forest trees;
And robin sings his sweetest song.
As the gathering village throng
 Meet to worship God.

Ofttimes, upon the evening air, the muffled, tolling bell
Rings out in mournful numbers its solemn notes, which tell
That another place is vacant, beside a lonely hearth,
Another soul transplanted, from this dreary earth,
 To live in heaven.

THE VILLAGE BELL.

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But now its tone is changed; and joyful, merry peals
Are sounding o'er the mountains; and every bosom feels
A glow of heartfelt pleasure; and a smile of girlish pride
Is playing on the lips of the gentle bride,
 In her nuptial robes.

But that muffled sound will come again, another grave
 be made,
Down in the village churchyard, beneath the willow's shade,
Where many forms are resting, in that dreamless sleep,
That a few short months ago were standing in our street,
 Talking with us.

Old village bell, you'll number soon the years of those
 who long
Have mingled in the busy crowd, and listened to your song;
And, as the last is borne away, that now beneath you dwell,
You'll sound your sad and mournful note—farewell!
 farewell!

And then be silent ever.

SIN.

Oh ! mighty are the surging waves
That fiercely course the troubled sea,
When o'er the chainless waters raves
The errant tempest wild and free ;
Adorned with plumes of silver foam,
They madly leap, and wildly roam,
While coral halls and caves
Receive the lost, over whom the tide
Has closed in majesty and pride.

But mightier are the waves within
The secret chambers of the soul
That hugs the frightful monster sin,
And lives beneath its stern control.
In vain the lacerated breast
Petitions for a moment's rest,
While they unceasing roll,
And while the grave its portals opes,
To close above the dearest hopes.

Oh ! then beware, beware of sin,
The dread companion, which destroys .

SIN.

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All sweet tranquillity within,
And banishes the spirit's joys
From many pure and stainless hearts,
That long resisted all the arts
He cunningly employs ;
In some unguarded, hopeless hour,
Have yielded to his ruthless power.

WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.

MANKIND are formed for society. Endearing ties are implanted in their hearts, which bind them together as one, and make them wretched when alone. The lives of prisoners and exiles show how deeply miserable are all those doomed to a protracted solitude. Such persons, impelled by the strong instincts of their nature, have sought society in beasts and birds. Out any individual off from associates, and, though the sun may shine upon him in all its splendor, the gentle zephyrs fan him by night and by day, flowers and spices render fragrant the balmy air he breathes, and wealth bestow upon him all its luxuries, still he is unhappy, and to him every thing wears an aspect of gloom.

Over this nature of man, woman has peculiar power. She seems to be fitted by the Creator expressly for this office. Social feelings are predominant in her nature. At any period of her life, she can be the companion of the old and young, the grave and gay. Such is the strength of her friendship, that she can anticipate the wants of her associates, and be ready with all those kind words and offices which, at once, establish her empire in the soul. It is not enough that she be upright, and honest, and exemplary, in order to be fondly cherished and loved. Thousands have all these qualities, and still they are

repulsive to us; they are so cold and unsocial that our affections feel a chill whenever we meet them. It is, then, by the strength of her social feelings, that she gains such influence, and makes herself the star of man's existence, the charm of every circle.

The influence of woman is not only felt in developing our social feelings, but in refining and guiding them. Those who seldom mingle with the gentler sex are usually coarse and rough in their manners.

It would be well for parents and guardians to strive to initiate their sons early into the society of virtuous females; for it will be sure to give that refinement to their feelings, and polish to their manners, which nothing else can give. Women are distinguished for their refinement. Their love for this may, in some, have been so great as to render them unreasonably fond of dress and ornaments, and led them into hurtful extravagances. This, however, is a censure I shall deal out sparingly; for what might be called extravagant, in one circle or place, might, in another, be called the extreme of simplicity. Besides, when I view the ornaments of dress, I remember how God has beautified and adorned the world; how he has illumined the heavens with sparkling gems, and covered the earth with green, and flowers, and beauties, which are endless in variety. Although, in some, the love of refinement may be excessive, and render its possession over nice in the civilities of social life, the graces of decorum, and the ornaments of dress, it is a passion to which the world is greatly indebted, and has been, in all ages, a ministering angel, which has devoted itself to the polishing of the manners, and to the purifying of the feelings from all that is coarse and improper, and to the enriching of society with those accomplishments which give interest, variety, and sweetness to life. This angel

brings to its aid music, poetry, and painting, by which the heart is enlivened, the affections improved, and a halo of joy thrown around the domestic circle.

Oh, woman! life were tasteless,
Without thy cheering smile,
Our aspirations graceless;
Thou dost our care beguile.

Man has no home where thou art not;
But, when thy tender voice
Resounds within the lowly cot,
It makes his soul rejoice.

SLANDER AND DEPRAVITY.

Is there a creature so depraved and lost
To all that makes life sweet — is there one who
With malice in his heart, and base, mean purpose
Stamped upon his soul, can seek,
With vengeance, cruel aim, to blast the name
Of woman? Oh! calumny, thou dreaded
Thing, foul offspring of all that's base in
Basest hearts — hearts tuned to hate, and tongues set
On fire by evil thoughts, that utter words
Which tongue should never speak nor heart conceive,
And now the barbed arrow flies, aimed at
Some frail, helpless one — some true, confiding
Heart, whose only fault (if fault it be)
Is loving man too much. How long, O God,
Will such things be? How long will dissolute man
Triumph o'er all that earth holds dear — how long
Walk, with bare, unblushing face, this fair, green
Earth, exulting in his sins, while, on the
Couch of death, dying of want, forsook by
All, the helpless victim lies — the victim
Of his demon arts — or, with shame and
Degradation on her brow, where once
Sat purity and truth, now, misery's child,

Is begging at the door of him who sits
On downy cushions, and feasts upon
The fatness of the land, courted, flattered,
Caressed by those who, within the hour, have
Turned his victim starving from their door?

This it is that makes of earth a wilderness,
And frustrates the great design of Him who,
With mercy unsurpassed and love supreme,
Created man, and blessed him. Oh! woman,
Yours has ever been a hard fate. The doom
Of heaven should be enough. Ye are the toy,
The slave, the nurse of man, from hours of
Helpless infancy to manhood, a
Faithful watcher o'er his infant couch,
And, e'er through life, his true, his loving friend.
How can he ever cast thee from his heart,
His home? how speak the words that send thee forth
Dependent on the cold world's charities,
Or, with slanderous hints, cause human hearts to
Shun thee, till, so oppressed with merciless cruelty
And dread despair, thou fallest to rise no more.

But methinks I see an angel form, with
Garments white, bend low; and now a tear
Falls, and mingles with those a mortal sheds.
A fair, angelic hand is raised, and laid
Upon a human heart. Ah! the angel knows
That love has done the deed, and, with its seraph
Hand, points upward where the stars are shining
In clear, resplendent beauty. It speaks:
"Mortal, with the sorrowing heart, behold
Thy home." The poor outcast from mortal
Sympathy raised her tearful eyes, and there
Beholds, as in a glass, that angel mother,
That sister dear, and sees her infant brother

Smile; and all, with outstretched arms, seemed
Beckoning her away from earthly woes.
And, from that hour, her heart is nerved; and, with
A noble purpose in her soul, she lives
For heaven.

O God! it is enough for those
Who, being oft tempted, have strayed from wisdom's
Ways, and left to expiate their fault in
Groans and tears; but, when a soul whose strength
And purity outshine those of weaker
And grosser mould—those whom wealth and station
Screen from just deserts; whose only passport
Is sordid gold or empty title—when
Such, because they have the power to crush,
To blast a name with envy's hatred, urging
On the deed, and ripe for slaughter, seek to
Clutch a soul, because it shines too brightly,
And drag it down to dust,—then interpose,
Ye pure, angelic beings; exert your power.
Oh! turn the shaft that's aimed at honest hearts,
And let it fall where justice claims it. Send
Arrows from the beaming bow of heavenly
Love; and let them find their way to bosoms
Closed against human woe, and pierce the heart
Where malice dwells, and love of human misery.
Oh! come, and renovate and cleanse our earth;
And make it bloom, and bud, and bear flow'rets
Fit to grace your own bright spheres.

ADDRESS TO AN EGYPTIAN MUMMY.

Thou relic of an ancient race, thou standest here,
All in thy leathern covering dressed, the wonder
Of the present age. We find thy nation's name
Enrolled in Rollin's ancient page. Thy hand
Is hard and dry; thy forehead covered o'er
With dust of ages; thy eyes are gone, and in
Their place deep hollows. I shudder now, while
Gazing on thy form! Didst ever, in that
Withered hand, a sword or spear hold, or
Implement of war? Perchance, upon that dusky
Brow, a crown hath sat—a diadem sparkling with gems of
Massive gold? Perhaps thou wast a knight or
Warrior bold—and, on thy gallant war-steed,
Proudly went'st to join great Alexander, ambitious
To achieve a fame—to live when thou wert dust?
Or strive, in bloody battles, to be first, to gain
Applause, and, on the list of great names,
Stamp thine own? I lay my hand upon thy
Breast, all hard and dead. Did ever, through
That dried, seared heart, a gleam of love, or
Mirth, or sorrow start? Didst ever feel, like us,
Earth's hopes or fears? Or, tempted, fall a victim,

ADDRESS TO AN EGYPTIAN MUMMY.

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And, with bitter tears, weep o'er thy faults?
Perhaps thou wast a poet; and, through that
Musty brain, great thoughts have flown, that
Held the world in meek submission, and
Felt the bonds were sweet. Or wast thou knight,
With courage brave, and heart e'er rife with love,
Prone to defend, and fold, in strong embrace,
Fair lady bright? Or are my fancies all at fault
And thou, perhaps, a frail fair one of the earth,
And, like thy modern sisters, thy life was
Passed in love's delightful labors? Perchance,
Upon that mothy knee, a Dido or a Homer sat,
As, from that withered tongue, love's lullaby
Was sweetly sung; and, from that leathern
Breast, the milk that nursed a Plato drawn;
Or, in those long arms, a king reclined, as,
Round the royal couch of majesty, night's lone vigils
Kept, or, o'er the crimes of tyrant prince, in
Secret sorrow wept. I'm almost sure thou
Wert a mortal once. Thou hast the form,
And yet so much unlike thy kindred on the earth.
Oh! come, ye living spirits from immortal spheres,
Inhabitant, in ages gone, of this dead thing—
This heap of dust—come! For, though thou
Trod'st the earth, long years ago, and though
Thy mortal tenement is crumbled in decay,
Yet we know that thou art blooming in
Immortal loveliness, as young to-day as when,
With life and beauty, thou walk'st this fair
Green earth, exulting in thy fresh and mortal
Birth—come! tell us all about thy earth-life
Here, and if, in my vain imaginings, I've stumbled
On the right; for, while this image stands

Before my wondering sight, I'm filled with
Awe, and try in vain to glean some tidings
Of the past—some facts to show me this is
Not an idle dream.

THE CHIMING BELLS.

RINGING on the still night air,
As the moon shines soft and fair,
And on the evening breeze that swells,
Is heard the sound of the chiming bells.
They merrily peal over hill and dale ;
And, even in the silent vale,
They sound their loud and merry notes,
And on the water gently floats
Till all is music far and near.
Their tones are mellow, soft, and clear.
The peasants, in their lowly homes,
Are listening to the distant tones,
(That's free to all, both high and low,)
As, in each bosom, raptures flow,
And every eye is raised above,
And every heart is filled with love.

Oh! music, thou mak'st the tear to flow,
And rid'st the heart of care and woe.
I would not dwell where thou wert not
A blessing to the poor man's cot.
This world would be so sad and drear,
Could we not sweet music hear ;
But, of all the strains that gently swell,
Give me the sound of the chiming bells.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

THERE is a voice whose every sound
Thrills each fiber of my heart,
And makes each throb more tightly bound,
And bids my cares and fears depart.

There is an eye whose every glance
Leaves its impression on my brain,
And lulls my sense, as in a trance,
And turns my tears to smiles again.

There is a step whose lightest tread
Calls the deep crimson to my cheek.
The power of words grows cold and dead;
Oh! why need language ever speak.

How weak the words that would convey
The meaning of those acts which tell
That, o'er the soul, love holds its sway,
And in the heart must ever dwell.

Oh! earth were but a desert bare,
And heaven a lonely, dreary place,
If I could not his pleasures share,
And gaze upon his angel face.

SUMMER HAS GONE.

SUMMER is waning. The flowers are all gone;
The leaves have turned yellow; and redbreast has flown.
The sun shines but dimly; the moon's turning pale;
The stray leaves are flying in the cold autumn gale.

No longer the skiff, on the smooth, glossy lake,
Glides along, like the duck through the marsh and the brake;
No longer the bee, on the white prairie flowers,
Gathers sweets to replenish his rich honey bower.

The trees in the garden are nipped with the frost;
The rose in the parlor its perfume has lost;
All bright things are dying, are passing away,—
Their life like the flight of a brief summer day.

WINTER IS COMING.

WINTER is coming, with its gay hollydays,
Its long, pleasant evenings, and fire's cheerful blaze.
The snow will soon cover the mountain and dells;
And then for the sound of the gay sleighing-bells.

I care not for flowers, now winter is here;
I love them in spring, in their own time of year;
But now for the hail-storm, icicles, and snow;
Let us revel in joys that from winter do flow.

I care not for green trees, or summer bird's song,
As, o'er the white surface, we thus glide along.
We play with the snow-flake. Our breath on the spray
Is froze in festoons, on our mantles so gay.

I love all the year in its annual round;
I love the green grass, and the snow-covered ground.
In summer, in winter, in autumn, combined,
Let us glean from each season a pearl for the mind.

MY NATIVE LAND.

I DREAM of thee, my native land, O yes, I dream of thee:
My thoughts are ever wandering to my friends beyond
the sea;

And though other smiles may greet me, and warm hands
clasp my own,
Yet my heart is ever turning to my happy childhood's
home.

Then sing to me of my native land; for my heart is full
of sadness.
Oh! tell me I am not forgot; 't will fill my soul with
gladness.

If there is any joy I crave, or a blessing left for me,
It is to be remembered by my friends beyond the sea.

I think of thee, my native land, O yes, I think of thee:
And though the flowers are blooming, and the birds are
singing free,

And festive halls resounding with music soft and low,
Yet my heart is ever yearning for the scenes of long ago.

I sometimes watch the billows, as they dash against my
feet,

And sigh for the home and friends whom I nevermore
shall meet ;
And then the briny tears will fall, like rain-drops, on the
shore ;
And I turn away with a shudder, as I hear the wild
waves roar.

THE SICILIAN BEGGAR'S STORY. *

I'm old and feeble ; my pulse is weak ;
I've traveled far ; I scarce can speak.
Give me water, quick ! I pray,
And let me by this warm fire stay,
Until my trembling limbs shall gain
Their wonted strength, and this sharp pain
Shall leave my breast, this chill my heart.
Oh ! then, kind Miss, I will depart.
I'm better now ; this wholesome bread,
Which your kind hand before me spread,
Has given me strength. Oh ! I shall pray
For blessings on you, night and day.

I see the tear-drops on your cheek.
Your tender eyes a language speak ;
My generous Miss, you long to know
What fate has brought the beggar low.
I once had houses, money, land,
And servants, too, at my command.
I was proud, selfish, haughty, vain,
The poor and wretched did disdain.
I only sought to hoard my gold,

* These truthful lines were composed after listening to the affecting story of a beggar.

And follies to my heart did fold,
 But, in my pride, was brought to know
 The sore distress, the bitter woe,
 The sufferings that the poor ones feel,
 Who sink beneath oppression's heel.
 Beneath Mount Etna's awful power,
 My wealth was buried in an hour ;
 And I, alone, was left to stand,
 Crushed by the Almighty hand.
 My wife, my children—all were gone.
 Oh ! I was wretched and forlorn ;
 And, from the island, I did stray,
 A poor, lone beggar by the way.

I have no kindred on the earth ;
 And, when I pass the halls of mirth,
 I think of all the wealth that's hid
 Beneath the lava's iron lid.
 I think of friends and kindred dear.
 Excuse, dear girl, this falling tear ;
 Oh ! may you never drain, like me,
 The cup of human misery.
 And, when this rose again shall bloom,
 Which you have nourished in your room,
 Think of the wretched, poor old man,
 Who was fed and nourished by your hand.
 Next year, when roses sweetly bloom,
 I shall be slumbering in the tomb.

CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE.

It was mid-winter. The snow lay, cold and deep, around the door of little Effa's forest home. The young girl had just laid the last stick upon the fire, and stood, with clasped hands and thoughtful brow, looking out between the logs of the rude cabin, watching for the return of her father, who had gone to the nearest settlement, to procure food.

"He has forgotten," murmured Effa, "that I am cold and hungry," as the tears started to her eyes.

It was not strange that he tarried thus, hour after hour ; for he had long been in the habit of leaving his motherless child in their cheerless abode, alone, even for whole nights. Therefore, the child did not feel any particular anxiety on his account. She knew he was at the log-tavern, a mile and a half distant ; for it was there he usually spent his time, doing job-work enough to procure his lunch and liquor, seeming to care little for his helpless child.

Effa's mother had been dead but a few months ; and, since that time, the bereaved child had been left almost alone, with none but Rover to bear her company. She was not surprised, then, when the stars began to twinkle, and the evening shadows to gather over the forest, that

her father did not appear. But what had become of Rover, her faithful guardian? He had never been known to stay away from the cabin before, after nightfall; and the little one began to feel seriously alarmed at being alone. She had never had a feeling of fear, with him by her side; and, many a time, when her father, in a fit of intoxication, had raised his hand to strike her, this faithful creature would spring upon him, and hold his arm fast between his teeth; and, since the death of her mother, Effa had never slept a night, but with her head resting upon the animal's neck.

Effa Lawrence was a beautiful child, with a fair, open brow, and deep-blue eyes; and, before her young heart had known sorrow, a happy smile was continually playing about her mouth. But she had become very pale now; and though only twelve years old, yet she looked much older, from the shade of care and thoughtfulness perceptible upon her brow. She was an only child. Her father, two years before, had left a comfortable home, in the family of her grandfather, on her mother's side, on account of some misunderstanding with his father-in-law, and, with his wife and child, sought a home in the western wilds, where his wife, from hardships and exposures, sickened and died. Being now free from all the restraints and good influences which had been, hitherto, thrown around him by his gentle wife and her friends, he could indulge his long-cherished appetite for strong drink to his heart's content; and not a day had passed, since her death, that he had not been drunk. Sometimes, when almost driven to despair, in thinking of her old home in her grandfather's family, and when all the pleasant memories would come rushing into her mind, of the happy days of her infancy, when, fondled and caressed by every one, she was the idol of her grandfather's home,

with streaming eyes she would throw herself at her father's feet, and implore him to take her to her mother's friends, or to suffer her to write and inform them of her poor mother's death; but she had ever met with a stern refusal, and, finally, had ceased to mention it.

She had stood for two hours—oh! what long hours—on the night which opens our story, looking for Rover, when, becoming more impatient, she stepped to the door and, opening it, peered out into the darkness. At this moment, a gust of wind swept in, and blew out the light. Effa closed the door, and, seating herself upon a stool, on the broad stone hearth, sat crouching over the dying embers. And who that has never suffered can understand the thoughts of that sinless child, sitting there, her head bowed upon her tiny hands? Who can know how bitterly and fast the tears are falling through the slender fingers?

"Rover, Rover! how could you forget me? You are all I have to love me, to protect me; and you, too, have deserted me. Mother, mother!" she murmured, raising her eyes upward, "please ask God to remember me;" and, bowing her head again, she sobbed convulsively.

At this moment, she started up, on hearing loud talking near the hut, and the fall of some heavy body, or thing, at the door.

"I am sure it was here I saw the light," said a strange voice.

"Well, find the door-bell, then," said another, with a laugh, "and tell the waiter to show us into their best parlor."

At this moment, the door opened; and in stalked two hardy, rough-looking men—or boys, rather; for the eldest did not seem to be over twenty.

"May the d——I have us, Bill, if I don't believe we

have had the luck to stumble into a theater. See, there stands Lady Macbeth," said the elder man, pointing to Effa, who stood leaning against the bed-post, with both hands clasped tightly over her eyes. "Come, you little sinner," he continued, stepping toward her, "get us a light, quick! We want to see if you are as handsome in the light as you appear to be in the dark."

"Don't, Tom; you'll frighten the child," said the other.

As these kind words met the ear of the half-dead child, she sprang to the man who had uttered them, and, grasping his hand, said,

"Oh! do not let him hurt me; do not let him hurt me. I am here all alone."

"Hurt you! you little trembler; I could shoot the man who could wish to injure a hair of your little head; so don't be afraid; you will not be harmed;" but still the child clung fast to his arm, as if she was sure of protection there. By this time, the one called Tom had struck a light, and, holding it close to the face of the child, said,

"May the d——I have us, if she ain't as handsome as twenty live fowls."

"And may he have me," replied Bill, "if I don't wish we had the fowls to dine upon; for I am as hungry as a trout."

"Don't speak to me of fowls. I had rather have a good slice out of the fat side of that bear, outside the door, than the daintiest dish ever set before the king," said Tom. "Come, little girl," he continued, pushing Effa toward the fire-place, "build us up a good, blazing fire, and let us have a stew-pan; and, may be, we'll give you a little bear's meat, just to keep your courage up."

Then, calling to Bill to assist him, he opened the door,

and the two lifted the huge creature in, and threw him upon the floor. Effa now started with fright again, as Tom, uttering a fierce oath, gave the animal a kick.

"There goes our supper, to ——. It's nothing but a —— dog."

"Perhaps you would prefer the fowls," said Bill, as he burst into a loud roar of laughter; but he was cut short in the midst of his merriment, by a wild, piercing scream from Effa, as she sprang forward, and threw herself upon the dead body of her last friend—her faithful Rover. The two stood gazing at each other in complete bewilderment. At length, Tom stooped down, and, taking the hand of the sobbing child, endeavored to raise her; but she only clung the closer to the neck of the favorite.

"Let her be," said Bill, drawing his hand hastily across his eyes; "I am sorry, for her sake, you made such a confounded blunder. I am sure, if you had n't took that last drink, you might have distinguished between a dog and a bear."

"Oh! Bill, how can you be so unfeeling toward a fellow creature, as to throw out such slanderous hints; and I am so sensitive, too; you carniverous sinner, you will destroy me, yet," said Tom, with mock gravity. "But now, tell me truly, did you know it was a dog, all the while we were lugging him along?"

"Of course I did," said Bill, laughing.

"Well, that accounts for your sudden fit of weakness. I thought it was a very sudden attack; and so, to favor you, I have nearly broke my benevolent back. Well, remember, boy, I'll come as good a game over you, some day; but, come, little girl, jump up, and get us some thing to eat, if you do n't want us to eat your dog, ears and all; for we are half starved."

Effa, upon hearing this rude speech, sprang from the

floor, and, opening the little rough cupboard, in one corner, said,

"You see, I have nothing but this one crust."

"May we ask what you live on?" said Tom.

"I have eat nothing for two days," she replied.

"But why did you not eat that crust?" asked Bill.

"I saved it for him," said she, pointing to the dog; and, going back where he lay, she again threw herself down by his side, and burying her face in his shaggy neck, wept, as though her heart would break. Some thing very like a tear now glistened in Tom's eye; and the tears were dropping freely from the eyes of the other."

"Have you no parents, little girl?" asked Tom.

"My mother is dead!" sobbed the child.

"And your father?"

"At the log-tavern," she answered, hesitatingly.

"We will now go there," said Bill, bending over her, and smoothing her hair, "and bring your father to you. And what shall we fetch to you to eat?"

"Nothing, nothing."

"But you must have something, so be easy; for we will surely return soon," and, after learning the name of the father, our travelers left the hut, and soon entered the small bar-room of the tavern before mentioned, where they found, seated around a blazing fire of logs, several men, seemingly very happy, telling stories, and drinking hot sling. They were not long in finding out the father of Effa. They saw he was too intoxicated to walk home; and, after partaking of a good supper of venison, pork, and vegetables, and filling a basket with food for the little girl, they departed, leaving the inebriated father stretched out upon a bench, unconscious of the dreadful condition of his helpless child.

When they reached the cottage, they found Effa sound asleep, her head yet resting upon Rover's neck, and the fresh tears standing upon her cheeks. Tom had gathered up a few sticks as he passed the wood-pile of the inn-keeper; and, throwing them upon the fire, the two men threw themselves down on the straw bed, and were soon sleeping soundly.

About daylight, they were awoke, by hearing a team drive up, and stop at the door. Tom sprung up, and opened the door, and was almost horrified to see two men lifting out of a sled the body of a man. The noise had awoke Effa; and, raising herself, she gazed about her as if bewildered. And now her eye is resting upon the face of the dead man, whom they have just laid upon the bed. Bill and Tom readily recognized the face as that of Mr. Lawrence; and all stand there, waiting the effect it may have upon the wretched child, with breathless anxiety. But not even a groan is heard. The hands drop; the eyes close; and the little form sinks back upon the floor; and, to all appearance, the child is dead.

* * * * *

"Don't, Willy; don't laugh so loud; you will wake the baby; and what is it all about?"

"I was only thinking of the old time, love, when Tom was going to have such a good supper out of—of—of—"

"My poor, unfortunate dog, you was going to say; but Willy, how can you laugh, while thinking of that dreadful night—to me, a night of horrors!"

"The events of that night, dearest, have been the means of making me the happiest man in the world."

"And why so, pray?"

"Because, if Tom had not killed the dog, we should have passed the cabin, and gone on to the tavern, stayed

over night, and, probably, never should have seen your sweet face. So, you see, you lost your dog, and gained a husband, which brings the old adage true—Never a loss, without some gain."

"I fear, I can never be thankful enough for the blessings which heaven has bestowed upon me," said the happy wife, smiling through her tears, as she kissed her husband's cheek.

"And now, a few words more, and our true tale is ended. Bill, or William Benson, was the only son of a thriving farmer, in the state of New York; and Tom a distant relative, who had lost his parents, when young, and had lived several years in Mr. Benson's family. The two had often talked of a trip through the western wilds, hunting and sporting; and, when, at last, they found themselves on the way, it was with a determination to have a jolly time, and meet with as many adventures as possible, in order to have something to talk about when they got home. And the reader has already been made acquainted with the most important, which resulted in the union of William Benson and Effa Lawrence. It was with joy that William learned from the little Effa, after the burial of her father, who had been found frozen to death, a few rods from the tavern, that her grandfather's family were the nearest neighbors to his own, they having lately moved into the neighborhood; and it was with open arms and joyful heart that Effa's grandparents received the little orphan back to their hearts and their home.

And now we will just look in upon them once more, as they all set there, that happy family, in the neatly furnished parlor of a spacious farm-house. Grandmother is seated before a cheerful fire in her easy chair, busily employed knitting some little red stockings. Effa is sit-

ting by the stand, very busily at work, setting the border on grandmother's new cap; while William is by her side, reading their weekly paper. Tom and grandfather are having a game of checkers in the corner. Close by the old man's side sets a little bright-eyed girl of three years, playing with her doll, while another, not a year old, sets upon Tom's knee, and, ever and anon, Tom catches the little fat hands that are grasping so eagerly at the board in his brawny fist, thus trying to prevent its utterly demolishing the game.

"Be still, you little sinner. There! may the d——"

"Tut, tut! Tom," said Effa, as she saw he was going to use his favorite expression, "remember, little ears can hear big words."

"Oh, I was only going to say that the little rat has brushed the men all off, and spoiled the game."

"Give him to me," said grandmother, laying aside the little stocking; and soon the large blue eyes were closed, and the dimpled hands are still, and master Tom is quietly sleeping upon the old lady's lap; and, as her eyes turn from the beautiful infant to its happy young mother, who is sitting by the stand, we hear her murmur,

"The Lord truly tempers the wind to the shorn lamb. Dear child! her life has, indeed, been one of clouds and sunshine."

THOUGHTS ON VIEWING THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

I STAND upon the beetling verge of worlds,
Of life, of death, of time, and of eternity;
And o'er me peels the mighty sound of this
Great organ of the Almighty's voice, through which
He holds mysterious communion, as
In the ages past, with the old earth. Oh! voice
Sublime of the Eternal One, that bids
The darkened fountains of the deep return,
In ceaseless flow, to this wild verge, to pour
Them here, in wild confusion, beautiful.
There comes strange thought, that all entralls my
soul,

As I make effort to interpret thee.
E'en now, while standing at thy base, the crumbling
Rocks do tremble, and, from thy towering height
Sublime, loosed from their giddy holds, with awful
Pitch, rush headlong down the impetuous steep,
And sink forever 'neath the boiling floods,
That ceaseless lash the dread abyss below.
The presence of the Eternal's ever here,
Through the dim, constrained night, when the pale stars
Far in the broad expanse of circling ether,
Tremble in awe and wonder at this scene.

And, as I view the handiwork of him that hollowed
Out thy steps, and plowed thy bed through
The firm rocks, as, with a playful finger, leading
Thy waters to their maniac leap, to form
A beauteous thing on heaven's high fancy,
I feel his presence swell through every vein,
And the warm blood of my mysterious being,
Leap strangely to and fro, from the full fount
That keeps in play this mystery called life,

O God! if, from the visual ray of man,
Thy being is forever unseen and veiled, here
Let him come, and, from thy works sublime, learn,
Himself how little, thou, how great. For if,
Within the hollow of thy hand, thou hold'st of earth
Her oceans and her floods;
If earth itself, and all the orbs of heaven,
Be, in the balance, but as grains of sand,
How great, O God, thou art! And, while
Within my lowly self, I sink, and there, in awe exclaim
Oh! what is man, that thou art mindful of his
nothingness?

My heart-felt homage unto him arises,
Whose presence reigns throughout the realms of space;
Whose temple is the ambient sky —
The king of kings, the heavenly majesty.

And, when you read these lines, Ellen,
In your own, sweet hazel-dell,
Think of the one who penned them,
Who wept, when she said, "farewell!"

TO ELLEN.

ELLEN, in thy distant home,
Are we remembered still?
Do thoughts of those, so far away,
Your tender bosom fill?

Oh! when at evening hour, Ellen,
The little family throng
Is seated in the parlor,
'T is then we miss thy song.

The old piano's closed, Ellen;
Its notes have not been heard,
Since, with its cheerful, thrilling tones,
Thy own sweet voice we heard.

Thou art singing now for him, Ellen;
'Thou'st left the old fireside,
To share another's heart and home,
A joyous, loving bride.

But thou art not forgot, Ellen;
And may I hope that we,
Who think of thee, so oft, dear girl,
Will still remembered be?

THE SLAVE SHIP.

A SHIP is on dark Afric's coast,
A bark, from freedom's home ;
And, from her tall and towering mast,
Columbia's flag is thrown.

Each white and fluttering sail is set,
To catch the rising breeze ;
And, like a bird, the vessel goes,
Careering o'er the seas.

What bears she thus so proudly on,
Across the dark, blue wave ?
For what rich treasure has she dared,
The stormy seas to brave ?

That ship is filled with human souls —
With Afric's children dark ;
And sighs, and groans, and bitter tears,
Bears that ill-fated bark.

Ah, shame upon thee ! Let no more
The stars and stripes float free
Above that ship ; but tear them down,
And cast them in the sea.

THE SLAVE SHIP.

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Better, far better, that the flag
Should be beneath the wave,
Than that its stars should float o'er him
Who bears the name of slave.

And ye, whose hands have wrought the deeds,
Who steer that fated bark ;
Oh ! let the blood-red banner float,
On scenes so fell and dark.

Say not ye are Americans ;
No, says the foaming wave,
Would they who fought for freedom,
Make of free-born man a slave ?

Oh ! think that they have human hearts,
That beat with joy and love ;
Think that they have immortal souls,
That there's a God above.

'T is not for this our free-born sons
Should plough the stormy seas.
Our country's fame should not be dimmed,
By fearful deeds like these.

LINES COMPOSED ON ADOPTING A CHILD.

Come, thou little lonely stranger,
Lay thy head upon my breast ;
I'll shield thy tender form from danger ;
Now sleep, and take thy rest.

None owns thee on the earth,
None claims thy infant love,
Offspring of shame—dishonored birth,
Though pure as heavenly dove.

And, kneeling now, with contrite heart,
Beside thy little snowy bed,
I'll pray to him who had not where
To lay his infant head.

I'll pray for strength, when I am weak,
To act a mother's part ;
And teach thy lips His name to speak
In purity of heart.

LINES DEDICATED TO MRS. —, ON THE
DEATH OF HER SON.

WEEP not for the young and the lovely, whose doom,
In the morning of life, lays them low in the tomb ;
For the angel of death hath a mission of love,
To unlock the bright gates of the Eden above.
Oh ! mother, whose prayers could avail not to save
The child of thy love from the arms of the grave,
Look forth from the vail of thy sorrow, and see,
In the desert a fountain is gushing for thee.
Oh ! weep not for him ; it were better to die,
Ere a cloud had o'ershadowed the clear, summer sky ;
Ere his heart had forgotten youth's beautiful truth,
Or seen its frail idol fall, crumbling to dust.
Oh ! weep not, though lonely and sad is thy hearth,
And cheerless the home that once echoed with mirth ;
For, when death lifts the curtain that veileth thine eye,
Thou shalt meet thy beloved again in the sky.
Weep not, though the bud in its beauty is crushed,
Though the lyre in the midst of its anthem is hushed ;
But, with heart full of faith, looking upward to God,
Undoubting, unshrinking, pass under the rod.
Mourn not that a spirit, too pure for this world,
For the clime of the blessed its pinions unfurled ;
Rejoice that the fetters which bound him are riven,
For thou knowest of such is the kingdom of heaven.

LET US FOLLOW CHRIST.

SHALL we not follow where his feet have trod,
And, by an humble love and faith sincere,
Approach the likeness of the Son of God?
His life is with us, and his blessed Word;
Shall these be hidden from our daily sight,
Or only 'neath the temple's arches heard,
Or dreamed of in the still, inactive night?
Oh! no; his holy lesson should be learned,
By way-side connings in our daily walk;
And, as the hearts of his disciples burned,
When listening, as they journeyed, to his talk,
So should our hearts be thrilled, our souls subdued,
By the deep wisdom of his gentle speech;
Until, with light, and peace, and love imbued,
His kingdom and his rest divine we reach.

CHRIST AND THE WOMAN OF SAMARIA.

CHRIST was weary. It was now high noon; and a long journey, combined with fervent heat, induced him to seek repose, where he could hear the refreshing water trickle in the deep well, and where the shadows of Mount Gerizim shielded him from the mid-day sun. Here, as his eyes rested upon the beautiful and luxuriant valley that sweeps between Gerizim and Ebal, he wiped away the beaded sweat, and waited until his disciples should return from the near city, with refreshments.

How natural is all this, and how close does it bring Jesus to us! He was like one of us. His sinews could ache; his feet could bleed; his brow could throb; his frame could droop with lassitude. This was no hero of fabulous mythology, contrived by cunning priests, in a dark age. If the character of Jesus had been the fictitious creation of men, they would have endeavored to exalt him by attributes unlike humanity, to have made him a creature of constant prodigies. For others, he did indeed exert a wonderful power; but for himself he was a man like unto us — Jesus, the poor; Jesus, the weeping; Jesus, the weary. The account of his conversation with the woman of Samaria is evidently a transcript of nature. It is a record of one who lived and toiled among us; who felt the yearnings of nature; who shrunk from the fierce ele-

ments; who drooped beneath woe and want; and whose distinction was only in his divine life, and the sublimity of character that shone through it; in the truths that gushed from his lips, as from some deep fountain within, even while those lips were parched, and his brow moist and pale.

Jesus was weary. We love to dwell upon this fact—to think, that one whose communion with God was so close, and who, at times, could ascend up into the very holy of holies, until he beamed all over with celestial luster; to think that he was so near to us, that he had a heart like yours or mine; that he possessed our human sympathies, touched with the mellowness of a divine pity, and overflowing with a divine love. Think of this, ye toiling ones, tired and poor, who almost faint beneath the burden of your lot, and yet must work on. Jesus felt as you often feel, and was glad, as you are, to get a little rest at times, from the heated and dusty thoroughfare of life, beneath some refreshing shade, and close by some cooling wave.

But Jesus did not rest long from labor; there came a woman of Samaria to the well, to draw water. Suffering from thirst as well as weariness, Jesus asked her for drink. The question of the woman betrays another trait in the character of Jesus. She was amazed, that a Jew should ask any thing of a Samaritan; but with Christ there was no such distinction as this, that could divide one of God's children from another, or shut up the sympathies of human nature within the narrow bounds of a province or a tribe. How narrow, how mean, to the mind of Christ, must have seemed these rigid distinctions, these sectarian animosities! and yet, could he revisit the earth, would he not have occasion to rebuke a spirit just as illiberal, and practices just

as narrow? Are not God's children still divided and partitioned off, if not into Jew and Samaritan, yet into high and low? Is there not still an ascetic self-righteousness, that shuts out all pity for the wretched sinner? Is there not much of the "stand by; I am holier than thou?" And abroad, in the wide world, is it not still the "Jew and the Samaritan?" We will buy at your markets, and traffic for gain; but no sympathy, no love. An opportunity for wealth sanctifies fraud; a fanciful insult justifies war.

Men, nations! ye are not Jews, ye are not Samaritans; ye are God's children, all of you. Forbear your antagonisms, your fraud, your oppression; and mingle and move in mutual love. Can oceans wash out, can mountains break the circulation of that life-blood that flows the wide world round, and leaps in the breast of one humanity? Can silks, can rags, alter or destroy that badge of relationship to God, which every man bears? Can the sun that burns through various climates, all hues upon the face, burn down into the soul, and sear out its immortality, and deface its divine likeness?

But there is one more trait in the character of Jesus, that shines upon us here, as at the well of Judah. We remarked, that he did not rest long from his labors; even here he found occasion for the discharge of his mission; and how earnestly did he avail himself of it. The simple allusion to water opened a fountain of spirituality in his soul; and, engaged in his father's business, how soon did he forget his weariness and his thirst. When the disciples, who had left him faint and exhausted, returned, they beheld him fresh and vigorous, wrapt in the sublimity of truth, and fed with the excellence of his own words. So, in life, often will the faithful discharge of duty wean us from despondency, and nourish us in our want. When, faint and weary, we sit down, let us not say we can do no

more, we must give up; no, the good will then draw refreshment from the depths of their own souls, and find, in the active labors of the spirit, compensation for the need of the body. For instance, how much alleviation from our troubles shall we find in relieving the troubles of others! how much of the sympathy we need will flow back upon us in the sympathy we give! and, if no relief comes, there is at least this consolation to them that go forward in the faithful discharge of duty, even in deprivations and sufferings — and that is, that their life is not wholly worthless, though their condition is poor and sad; that they are doing good, though they are receiving apparently but little; and, in their lowest estate, they shall feel that they are stronger and better, and find, in their own spirit, a treasure that too seldom flashes upon the retirement of the rich, and the wordly great. The reflection of duty done has converted many a hard crust into a rich banquet; many a draught of cold water has it sweetened; many an hour of hunger has it filled with angelic refreshment, and convinced the outward world, that such ones have meat that the world knows not of. Oh! believe not that duty well discharged ever fails to bring its reward.

Go out, though thy hand be weak, and thine eyes be tearful, and sow the good seed; despond not. There will come a time when thou shalt look back; and then the fields of thy toil beheld in retrospect will give thee pleasure. Thy close of life will be like a summer evening—the storm rolled by, clasped with the rainbow, the holy heavens opening brightly before thee; while in the place of thy labor the ripe fruition shall wave in the light of thy setting sun, murmuring to thy departing spirit, “*Behold the harvest.*”

A VISIT TO THE GRAVE OF ———.

Nor long since, I visited the grave of one whose destiny in early life was linked to mine, with many tender ties; and, as I stood and gazed upon it, I felt it was better thus to die, than to live with the weight of blighted hopes resting upon the soul — better thus to sleep, than that remorse should be ruthlessly playing with the heart-strings. I knew that he had been laid there in his young and noble manhood, before age had silvered one lock of his raven hair, or dimmed the brilliancy of his sparkling eyes; and then old memories came rushing back. I was again a giddy, light-hearted girl; and he—oh! how noble!

Years of wretchedness were, for a moment, forgotten; and I only thought of him as he was, before intemperance had clouded the morning sun of his young and promising life, and we were standing side by side, and holy words were spoken, and vows exchanged that never should be broken; and we went out together, actors in the great drama of life — he, to mingle with its allurements and vices; and I, to dream of future bliss, to cull sweet flowers, and set them jauntily in the wreath of fancy's diadem.

If clouds were then nearing the verge of our horizon, we saw them not. How much better that the book of

fate is closed to mortal vision ; else one look behind the screen would drive us mad.

I stooped and plucked some spears of withered grass ; and each one seemed to tell a tale of joys departed. The weeds had grown rank and high about the grave. They, too, seemed discoursing of the past — of years so full of wretchedness that my heart grew sick, and I turned away with a shudder.

I knew that the winter of death was resting upon his fair brow, its silence upon his lips ; that no word of penitence could again meet my ear — no smile of recognition could e'er again meet my gaze. Years before, we had parted in silence — each heart torn with the conflicting emotions of love and anger ; and *here* we had met again, in silence.

Oh ! what a dreadful silence ! Nothing could be heard save the chirp of the cricket in the withered grass at my feet, and the sighing of the autumn breeze through the dead leaves ; and, as I turned to leave the spot, my eye fell upon a little grave close beside the other — a tiny thing, not three feet long ; and again memory was busy with the past. I remembered how, with hearts united in love and trust, we stood here, together, hand in hand, weeping, while they were laying the sods upon its pure, sinless bosom. And I remembered how his tears fell upon the little mound, as mine were falling then, but not so bitter. Some friendly hand had planted a rose-bush at its head ; and one frail bud was struggling into birth ; but the chilly winds swept the pale leaves from the frosty stem, and bore them heavenward — fit emblem of the withered bud beneath the moss-grown stone ; and, ere I left the spot, the little bed had been again wet with a mother's tears ; and many had fallen, for the first time, upon the grave of the wretched father.

Farewell ! On earth we ne'er shall meet again,
Thou'st gained that shore where mortal pain
Nor care will e'er distract thy soul.
Temptation now has lost its power ;
Thou art free — free
As summer song-bird in its leafy bower —
Free to think, to feel, to soar.
That galling tyrant chain thou'lt bear no more ;
Its iron links, that bound thy noble powers fast,
Are rent asunder, and loosed at last.