

TALES AND SKETCHES

FOR

THE FIRE-SIDE:

WHICH IS MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

TO EVERY SOUTHERN HOME CIRCLE.

By MRS. R. M. RUFFIN,  
UNIONTOWN, ALA.

MARION, ALA.

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Flowers Collection

For

Mrs. C. W. Wynne

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# CONTENTS.

1. SHADOWS OF THE HEART,.....	6
2. A CHRISTMAS SKETCH,.....	24
3. JULIA WARREN, OR THE NORTH AND SOUTH,.....	27
4. SLANDER AND ITS EFFECTS,.....	46
5. A CHAPTER ON OLD MAIDS,.....	60
6. JEMMY BROWN, OR THE COLD WATER CURE,.....	60
7. HOME—A SKETCH,.....	65
8. DESTINY—A TALE OF LIFE,.....	67
9. MISTAKES OF A LIFE, OR A LIFE OF MISTAKES,.....	79
10. TWILIGHT,.....	86
11. WOMAN,.....	87
12. RICHARD WILBURN, OR ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL,.....	90
13. WOMAN'S TRIUMPH,.....	98
14. THE IRISH EMIGRANT,.....	146

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## PREFACE.

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The author of this little book has no word of apology to offer a generous public for bringing before them the Tales and Sketches contained in it, but the hope that the moral of each may touch the hearts of the youthful reader and prove of benefit to him. To the mature, experience perhaps has taught them the force and truth of the Lessons of Life, which the author has herein attempted to delineate. In dedicating this book to the South, she hopes to be an humble means of awakening her to the knowledge of suffering in her midst; and she believes, if her sisters of the South would investigate the subject, they would feel the importance of adding their mite to the ever increasing social strength of their native South, and patronize merit at home instead of bestowing it elsewhere.

THE AUTHOR.

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## SHADOWS OF THE HEART.

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This story was suggested to the imagination of the writer by the recent and exciting trial in Europe, leaving a helpless woman dependent on one who had spurned her noble immolation of self on the altar of duty.

THE sun was just sitting in all the splendor of declining grandeur; its last bright beams fell on the green sward in front of a little cottage so still that no one would dream it possessed an occupant. But it did. Seated by a table, her hands tightly clasped over her breast, and a sad uneasy cloud on her brow, was Mrs. Walton; one glance was enough to satisfy the most superficial observer of her misery, whether merited or not; and what was the cause of this misery?

A few short years before, she had given her hand, her heart with all its fresh trusting faith, to one she had dreamed superior to his kind, in the possession of qualities, of gentleness, religion and love. He had appeared to love, yea, to worship her, as she had sometime feared to the exclusion of a Divine Being, and she had felt the weakness of the woman's heart in exulting in this soul worship, in believing herself the idol of her husband's dreams.

Behold the contrast now! Seven short years had passed; each one seemed to bring her fresh happiness; she was not rich in this world's goods, but she was contented; she cared for naught beyond her little circles, her cherished home, the

Eden of the heart. So blessed were this family they scarce headed the chariot of time as he steadily advanced each revolving wheel, leaving only with them another memorial of peaceful joy.

Ah! how bitter is the thought even in the midst of happiness; the dark cloud of the future is mantling over us; we have in the dream of the present so bright, so sunny, only a glimpse of bliss; whilst the thunder roll of destiny is pressing on, and the reality, more overwhelming from the contrast, submerges us in its rushing waters.

Happy the heart with no day dream, the nature, that trusting only in Heaven's promises depends its all of happiness on the struggle to attain that excellence on earth that will ensure the fulfilment of them hereafter, or happy, thrice happy, the stoic who wishes for nought, bears all, takes all that comes, and cares not, whilst the heart is so encrusted with its icy barrier,—no beam of hope even can penetrate to melt its cold philosophy, and leave its victims exposed to the common ills of life with its sunny dreams but cold realities.

Alas! we are mortals, and must endure to the end with what firmness we can summon to our aid; but in our own selfish joys or sorrows let the charm of sympathy for others woe find a place.

Cares (for who is there without them,) were pressing on the quiet family. Mr. Walton in the romantic dreams, and perhaps follies, so often seen, enjoying the present, never cast a thought on the future. The habit of indolence had grown upon him; he *could not* make an effort, even when his eyes were opened to the necessity of doing something for a support; and he then bitterly deplored the indulgence he had allowed himself to the expulsion of the duties nature demanded of him. But it was past, and he weakly deplored, whilst he had not the moral courage to face the danger, and make one manly effort to avert it. Mrs. Walton had felt no uneasiness; no cloud on her horizon warned her of the approach of the enemy until he was at the threshold. She now noticed the thought-

ful brow of her husband, and with pain she felt the entire confidence that hitherto existed between them was from some cause interrupted, and the first shadow fell on her heart.—She tried to win back his confidence with the gentle sophistry of a noble nature, she tried to draw him from indulging the bitterness of thought, the unavailing regret, and pointed out the pleasure of having an aim in life which would not only furnish home comforts for his family, but give him employment which would render him happier.

And have I no aim in life, Mary? Has the blissful past been aimless to you? If so, I have indeed lived in vain. He was sensitive, exquisitely so, and she who would have suffered to spare him pain, had but planted the thorn deeper that already rankled in his breast. He could not brook advice from his own wife; she could not understand his morbid pride when she knew her motives were pure, and his interest she felt was her own, and so she went on from day to day, expatiating on a useful life, the happiness of being employed, the misery of idleness, never dreaming of the storm, the tempest that was brewing for her. She did all in her power for the comfort of those around her, and at first her duties were performed cheerfully, but she could not go on alone in the good work, a discontent as new as it was painful entered her breast—another shadow fell on her heart.

Despair began to weigh on Mrs. Walton; she felt something must be done, but what could she do? Her husband had grown morose, she *feared* to speak to him on the subject so interesting to her, she feared to have her intentions misconstrued, she did not wish even to appear to dictate to him, and she hoped finally a spirit like her own would spring up in his breast,—her hopes seemed on the eve of being realized. Mr. Walton went up to town and made many efforts to get employment; his appearance was hailed with delight by many in the metropolis who had once known and appreciated his generous, good natured disposition; and when he, taking courage

from the kindness of his *friends*, explained his affairs, and asked only that their influence should be exercised in his *favor*, they overwhelmed him with promises; he was guileless enough to believe and to trust them.

But day after day passed, and Mr. Walton felt his friends had deceived him. Nothing offered for him to do. She felt pleased that he should bear his disappointment as well, and strove to hide her misgivings and assume a calmness she was far from feeling. Mr. Walton continued to go to town ostensibly to seek employment. At first he returned in a few hours, but gradually his visit became longer, until weeks would elapse, and he would not return home, and bitterly his wife felt and wondered at the change. All associations connected with the one dear spot—his home—hallowed by memory, seemed in a twinkling to have lost its claim on him. With such natures as Walton's there is no half-way ground; he could not understand the medium path of duty, a selfishness, the effect of indolence, had gotten possession of him, and if he enjoyed himself he cared little about home treasures; the man was changed indeed. He the strong one who Heaven had ordained the head of his family, could not stand the shock of adversity; whilst woman, the weaker being, was compelled to brave it even smarting under the bitterness of neglect. One evening he came home early, she tried to enliven him by cheerful conversation, and then read to him; but the demon of ennui had entered his soul, he sighed for change, his quiet home had no charms for him. The next morning he left as usual without an adieu even to warn her of his intention. When he reached London, some young men were starting for the continent, whither he had arranged the preceding day to accompany them. Mrs. Walton in the meantime was engaged in teaching her children and performing her various duties, looking forward to the evening for her husband's return. She was doomed to disappointment. He came not, and dreary days rolled on, bringing no tidings of the absent one.

What heart is there would withhold its sympathy from a woman in this situation. Widowed by the blighting hand of death, 'tis true, even that would be better if the object was worthy, the consolation of that knowledge would, whilst she mourned her loss, and felt its desolating influence make the memory of her husband sacred in her eyes, and a pleasing review of the virtues she had revered, would prove a talisman for her. What a demon man must be when he can wantonly trifle with the feelings of a dependent woman, whose only fault was loving him too well, whose all of joy on earth was centred in him.

At first Mrs. Walton was uneasy, then images of terror were conjured up in her loneliness, that well nigh drove reason from her throne. But no matter; the days revolved themselves into weeks, the weeks extended into months, and Mary Walton and her little ones heard not from the wanderer. And Walton, where was he? Enjoying the freedom of being without a family, a dearly bought freedom when every natural tie and all honor were the price.

He was in Paris—had attached himself to a theatre and led a gay rollicking sort of life more congenial with his present feelings than any other. Mary Walton had loved and trusted her husband; her's was not the romantic attachment that endures for a season, but the devotion of a life time, or until wrongs should obliterate it from the heart.

Every extenuating circumstance that occurs to the mind where a beloved object is concerned was reverted to again and again until they were exhausted, and the long protracted silence of her husband at last created suspicions she at first sought to repel, but they would return, and she was obliged to acknowledge the idol so long enshrined in her heart unworthy, and she reflected, no fault of her's had driven him from her. A pride latent, but of a power she dreamed not of possessing, whispered if the object was unworthy seek to forget it. She had no time now for day-dreams or regrets, for poverty with

its gaunt form was on the threshold, and her children with unerring instinct looked to her as father and mother too; but what could she, a helpless woman, do? Hope almost died within her as she asked herself the question.

All at once, as if the light of inspiration had dawned on her mind, she remembered that in her youth she often wrote for her own amusement; she thought of her timid aspirations, her fondness for composition, and she seized on that resort which misery has driven many a woman to before—her pen. The subject that arose pre-eminent in her mind were her own wrongs and trials, but her sensitive nature recoiled from spreading abroad her unhappiness and making her husband's desertion of his family public. Her subject was finally chosen, and when once impressed with its force, her genius as a writer burst forth and sparkled on every page. She delineated human nature as she had found it, and the very truth of her descriptions of the poetry and philosophy of life possessed a nameless charm to the reader, and he felt as though he were living over again certain portions of his own life which he had imagined forever lost in the vortex of time.

Mrs. Walton now wrote as constantly as she could, but her children were still with her, and they required attention; she consequently met with many interruptions. About this time a friend visited her; she confided her secret, and her friend saw how impossible it seemed she could ever finish her book, and generously offered to take charge of the children for a while. The little creatures bade adieu to their mother for the first time with many tears, but they, young as they were, understood necessity alone could make her assume even the semblance of desertion.

Her book was finished; and now began a series of trials she had imagined herself nerved to bear. She went herself to London and made several applications. She was not successful; for scarcely any took the trouble even to look at the book. She knew the great disadvantage she labored under

in applying herself to the publishers, particularly in London where it is so difficult to get on unpatronized. Mrs. Walton was not to be turned from her purpose; she was determined to overcome every impediment if perseverance could do anything. Acting on this principle, she applied to a publisher she knew to be popular, and asked him what he would give for the manuscript. He opened and looked at it and said, "If you will leave it with me a day or two, madame, I can read and judge of it better." "Very well, sir," she replied, "I will call day after to-morrow." She left the house and retraced her way to her lonely home with a lighter heart. When she called again, she was received with much respect by Mr. Smythe who entered at once on the subject.

I looked over your book Mrs. Walton, it has some good points, but excuse me if I say some faults, some descriptions you dwell too long on to please the public taste, and in others you did not branch out sufficiently, in other words just as we get interested in a character you leave him; now I always miss something in a book like that. You do not want it then, sir, said Mrs. Walton. I would give something for it, it is your first attempt I presume. Yes, sir. And very fair for the first, I will give fifty pounds down for it as it is, I run a risk by bringing it out, always do with a new author, I have a great deal on hand and might not be able to publish it for some time.

Will you direct me to another house, sir? I will, madam, but if you are not successful bring it back, I will give you fifty pounds for it. Mrs. Walton needed money then, but how could she part with the labor of months for so small a sum.

The gentlemen she next called on said they would like to take it, thought it would sell, but could make no engagement for some time to come. She went back to Mr. Smythe's.

As soon as Mrs. Walton entered the store Mr. Smythe noticed her care worn and fatigued air, begged her to be seated; it seemed as if he had just found out *why* she wrote, and

he admired the womanly delicacy that prompted the silence in regard to her circumstances. Under a rough exterior and abrupt manners he had a kind and feeling heart, he had known enough of poverty and sorrow in his youth to recognise its victims by a sympathetic chord that would vibrate in his breast, and contrary to the general rule, he in present prosperity, never forgot his own early struggles; he reflected a moment and said, I will see what can be done, I will at once advance you twenty pounds, get the book out as soon as possible, and if it sells will charge you ten per cent on the profits, while the copy right will still be yours, how do you like that arrangement?

It surpasses my brightest anticipations, and I cannot express how thankful I am for it.

She was paid twenty pounds, and left the store with the first emotions of happiness she had known for months.

Mrs. Walton had thought when engaged in writing, her husband's conduct had destroyed all her affection; now in her loneliness, when she had taken the first step towards acquiring an independence, and she felt within the power to do so, she perceived the void in her heart, the want of sympathy, and she imagined the pride and joy he would feel at her success. Once more she found herself making excuses for his desertion and dreaming of an elysium in the future, that would rise triumphant from the ruins of the present.

And such is woman's heart. In the possession of known and tried affection they have a safe-guard that nothing can overcome. They derive from the affection that fortitude that enables them to bear so many ills and woes, everything unconnected with the heart are passing shadows. Let them feel the love withdrawn; indifference weighs on their drooping spirits; they bend to their destiny; whilst the storm passes on they feel the shock; and if they even do arise they are living witnesses of the blight and shadows of the heart.

Mrs. Walton had not communicated to any of her own fam-

ily her husband's desertion; she had thought for some time they did not appreciate as he deserved, and had warmly resented it; now she would not go to them with complaints.— Her heart whispered, he may return; her reason she did not exercise on the subject; between herself and brother a coolness had sprung up, and in her situation pride prevented her making the first advance; she feared she would meet no sympathy from him.

Months had passed; Mrs. Walton felt convinced her brother, Mr. Wilmot, must have heard of the change that had come over her. Her book even surprised the publisher in its sale; he could scarcely supply the demand for it, and advised her to write another; her brother read with pride the emanations from his sister's genius, and now, when it seemed likely she could get along without him, he was seized with a desire to visit and assist her. She was soon surprised and delighted to see him and hear his warm expressions of fraternal regard, forgetting in the tardy attention the neglect she had felt, and little dreaming of the selfish ambition that prompted what seemed to her a natural reparation. She was happy in her ignorance, as we all are, for if we could see into what is called the hearts of many of our dear friends, whilst deeming ourselves secure of their disinterested friendship what a shock we should receive at the hollow protestations that arise, not from *the heart*, but a *motive*.

Help yourself and others will help you, is a saying in the world, and its truth was fully attested in this instance by Mrs. Walton.

Some natural affection, no doubt, had an influence yet with Mr. Wilmot; and he quitted the cottage in a better spirit than he went with. He proposed to his sister to let the cottage, and for the present take charge of his house in town. Any change she felt would be a blessing to her now, and she at once consented, and made preparations to remove. Many of her former friends, without her knowledge, became interested in her, and

they wished to take measures at once to shield her from want for the future. She had not drawn any money from the publisher for some time; but her children had to begin their studies with a teacher she had already employed, and she wished to make the first payment for tuition in advance. She called on Mr. Smythe and heard with consternation that Mr. Walton had drawn every cent she had in the House. She felt not only mortified that he should have stooped to such meanness, making a dupe of her in deliberately taking her dearly earned support; that was sufficient to excite her, but that he should visit England, even the city she was in, and not go to see his children, or herself, seemed so strange she could hardly realize it. It was all true nevertheless, and she asked Mr. Smythe for the future to let her have the money as he received it. She returned home with feelings of indignation and anguish; she began to see him, in all the hideous deformity of character, he had so successfully concealed so long. But to crown all she received from him the following letter:

MY DEAR WIFE:

I am in London, and would have been to see you, but you have withdrawn from my house and my protection, and sought that of your brother, a man you know it is impossible for me to like. Since you have done so you cannot wonder at my not going. I took the liberty of drawing on your publisher for a small sum, which I very well knew, my dear Mary would not object to. I must congratulate you on your success. I knew you had the genius, but doubted your firmness in persevering; however I am delighted, and with many prayers commit you to the care of Providence, whilst I remain as ever,

Your fondly true and devoted husband,

C. L. WALTON.

Mrs. Walton read this letter, which, if written by her bitterest enemy, could not have insulted her more grossly. The hypocrisy (a new phase in his character) stood out in bold relief to the paltry excuses so shallow to the understanding.

At this time Walton's conduct became noticed by the public, and many who had never known the happy wife felt much curiosity and interest in the injured woman and the spirited authoress, whose works seemed to be appreciated in propor-

tion to the sympathy enlisted for the individual. The very circumstance that was the beginning of her happiness, was also the instrument of good. Thus the ways of Providence seems ever impenetrable, until many pages of life's history leaves it bare to the eye, and imprinted on the heart. Mrs. Walton, though now residing with her brother in one of the most fashionable streets of the great metropolis, still saw little company and kept herself as much as possible aloof from the world. This course was not only dictated by her new avocation, but by that innate modesty and delicacy that taught her in her new and distressing situation to give as little cause as possible for the ever ready slanders of those who select the most innocent and unprotected for their victims.

About this time her brother received a letter from a friend in Paris, giving an account of Walton's conduct. He had plunged into every species of dissipation, and came very near getting into a serious scrape, when an actress attached to the same Theatre came forward and saved him from the consequences of his folly by false testimony and her purse, which happened at the time to be full. He felt gratitude to the beautiful creature who had *perjured* herself to save him. Of course, with the disinterested and noble nature he had ascribed to *himself*, he could do no less, and he threw himself at once on her *protection* and came to England. When their means ran out he barbarously *stole* from his wife the support she had earned for her children, leaving her dependent on a relation, and one he knew *he* had formerly been the cause of partially estranging from her.

This is life, with all its beauties and sweets that inspired bards have sung of for ages. Life to Walton, whilst his wife was destined to drain the cup of bitterness to its last drop.

When Mr. Wilmot received this letter he felt so much indignation at the continued insults to his sister, that if Walton had been in London he would certainly have rued the day the letter was received. But the channel divided them;

and miscreant though he was, he was safe for the present from a brother's just vengeance. With the letter in his hand, Mr. Wilmot repaired to his sisters room; he naturally shrunk from the task before him, but pride whispered it was his duty.

Mary, said he, I fear you confine yourself too much over that desk; you should take some recreation.

Well, brother, work first and pleasure afterwards; my success in writing depends on my industry now.

Your success as an authoress is already secured, and for that reason I see no use in the constant application that will, if persisted in, ultimately destroy your health.

In writing, I find it different entirely to any thing I ever attempted. Unless constantly engaged, and the mind absorbed by the subject, I fear to lose my interest in the story. I am compelled to pursue the task to the end. I have nearly finished this, she said, with a smile.

Villain, scoundrel, muttered Wilmot, and seeing the look of astonishment on his features, said: Sister, it is high time something was done to free you forever from the wretch who has not only basely deserted you in your hour of need, but followed that up by conduct, that leaves it due you, as an injured and innocent woman, to show to the world you will not be farther trampled on. The world expects this of you.

What do you mean Thomas?

I mean, Mary, you will never be safe from Walton until you are divorced from him. You thought I should remain ignorant of his recent treatment of you, but it is the talk of London.

I care not for that brother; if people talk about me it is their privilege, and they will exercise it. I have done nothing to merit censure.

I know that, Mary, and the very knowledge of your innocence makes me more anxious to free you. Whilst you are bending over your writing, day after day, as the case stands

now, you are possibly working for nothing but to support Walton, and the woman who lives with him.

What do you say? asked the sister, with blanched cheeks. In pity tell me at once.

Mary, you should have been prepared for any thing, but read this letter, and if you have a doubt, cast it from you forever.

She took the letter, with a trembling hand, and read—her brother looked on, wondering at the calmness she displayed, though rejoiced at it—she folded and returned it to him.

What do you say, now, Mary?

Give me a month for reflection; though I feel the disgrace more deeply on my children's account than my own: though I am now convinced I have nothing to hope from his affection, still this connection was not entered into by me lightly, and must not, for my children's sake, be lightly cast aside. I feel the awful responsibility of my situation, and must take time to reflect. I must not forget the double disgrace that would forever be attached to the name of my children.

The disgrace, Mary, could be no greater than it is. That act would perhaps screen your children from any influence Walton might choose to exert over them.

And it might give them into his hands, and what should I be then, bereft of all I live for now? No, brother, I must think before I venture to act on this important subject. One false step may involve the happiness of this life now, and hereafter, my children's.

I cannot think, Mary, the law would give Walton any of his children when it can be proven so easily he deserted them. As you have supported, so you would be considered the proper person to have them. But I will make myself acquainted with the law on this point by the time you decide.

In two weeks the second book was finished and in the hands of the publisher, who announced in a leading paper of the day another work by Mrs. Walton. But poor Mary was ex-

hausted by constant application and excitement of mind. A severe illness followed. For weeks there seemed no hope for her, and it was almost a miracle she ever got well. While she lay unconscious her book was rapidly circulating, affording much pleasure and useful knowledge to all who read it, and at the same time filling their hearts with sympathy for the authoress. Many were the kind enquiries made daily about her, and great was the joy when it was announced that Mrs. Walton's disease was conquered and she was convalescent. Her recovery now was rapidly progressing, and she was soon able to look into her affairs; she found many little bills had accumulated against her; independence determined her to discharge them at once without appealing to her brother; she wrote to the publisher, who remitted a much larger amount than she expected. In a few days after Mr. Smythe made his appearance, and said that Mr. Walton had called on him for what money he had of his wife's in his possession; he had refused as directed to pay it, and Walton then threatened to have him subpoenaed to court to answer the charge of withholding his right.

But, said Mrs. Walton, Mr. Smythe you know that must be an idle threat, for how could he, living apart from me, recover anything?

I beg your pardon, madam, the law in this country gives a man undisputed right to all property real or personal his wife may have, unless it was previously settled on her, or legally secured to her, either with the consent of her husband or by a trustee or guardian. I just received a visit from a man calling himself Mr. Walton's lawyer, who told me that whatever money I defrauded Walton of, should be instantly given him for the use of his client, and if not he would recover it by law.

Mrs. Walton now decided to free herself forever from the power of a man who knew so well how to use and abuse it.—She hastened to her brother, explained the circumstance to him, and asked him to engage lawyers for her. She then

went herself to see a friend who had been a great man in his time, but had retired from the profession. She asked if Walton could claim her children?

The case must undergo an investigation before I can answer you. The law, in common instances of divorce, gives the children to each parent, but there seems to be a peculiarity in this, I must say, is not upon record, and if I understand it Walton could not claim one of his children, but I will consult with other lawyers and let you know.

Well, sir, I wish to be certain of this, for if he can claim them I will withdraw the suit and either submit to persecution or leave my native land, for I can never trust one of my children to the care of their unnatural father.

When Mrs. Walton returned home she found the following note:

MY DEAR MARY:

I think it was rather hard of you to draw all your money from the publisher, you ought to have left at least half for me. The law allows me a right to the profits, and while that is on my side I intend to reap half of the profits at least of every book you write. I should have been better pleased to have received from affection what I shall be forced to claim by right. Send me two hundred pounds for the present and I will wait for the balance until you write another book, but for goodness sake hurry about it, whilst the public is in a humor to patronize you. After you write two more we will go back to our cottage again.

Your affectionate husband,

C. L. WALTON.

Indeed, said Mary, as she crushed the paper in her hands, we shall see, for if this man is a knave he must certainly take me for a fool. What a "change had come over the spirit of her dream." She felt scorn, unmitigated scorn for the author of such a note; but a few moments after she could almost have laughed at the cool impertinence and vanity that caused him to think she ever would live with him again. She took up her pen for the first time to write to him, and sent this answer:

MR. C. L. WALTON:

I received both the notes you honored me by writing. In placing me in the light of your banker allow me to say, it will be impossible to send you the sum mentioned, or indeed any other sum. In regard to the latter part of your kind note, permit me to congratulate you on possessing two faculties

which I did not know of—one an inventive genius, the other so fine an imagination. And allow me to add, a man who has, in an eminent degree, the elements for composition should exert them for himself in book-writing, instead of willingly remaining dependent on a woman.

With due respect, &c.,

MARY WALTON.

Mrs. Walton persisted in her determination not to send him money, but his superior cunning was at work against her. The suit for the divorce was progressing, but had not been carried before the House. She received another note, which she fancied was written with the design to frighten her. It ran thus:

I have heard you were prosecuting a suit for divorce; I rejoice at it, and wish you success; I shall attempt no defence whatever, but will relieve you of one of the children, Caroline; I have noticed she has a talent I prize; she would make a capital actress.

With respect, &c.,

C. L. WALTON.

If he wished or intended to frighten her from her purpose, he did it. To see her eldest and dearly beloved child committed to the care and tuition of the actress at Paris, whose vile character had spread throughout Europe, and know her daughter would early have her example alone, was sufficient. She found that Walton could take some of the children; she at once gave up the suit, and felt herself not only outraged and oppressed by her husband but the laws of her country.

The same day Walton brought suit against Mr. Smythe, on the charge already mentioned, and Mrs. Walton was summoned by him as a witness. She willingly promised to appear in his favor, not only with the hope of doing him justice but she felt truly grateful to the man who had hazarded so much to oblige and assist her.

The day of trial came; the court was crowded to excess, and there was a murmur of ill-suppressed indignation as Mrs. Walton appeared, with all her native dignity of manner, leaning on the arm of her brother. Although her step was firm, her eyes were cast down and her cheeks flushed to a painful crimson. She really felt ashamed at her position, though conscious no fault of hers had caused her presence in such a place. As

she took her seat in the witness box she timidly cast her eye around, and gathered more confidence when she met none but glances of sympathy, compassion and encouragement. Seated just opposite to her was her husband, whom she had not seen for two years; she remembered the past; she forgot her sufferings, her struggles for independence, and memory carried her back to the day she met him at the altar, a happy, trusting bride. For a few moments she lived over again her young day-dream; she almost forgot where she was; the woman's heart was struggling in her breast with pride, wounded pride, and conflicting emotions created a chaos of the soul that threatened to overwhelm her. All this passed in a much shorter time than we have taken to describe it. The counsel for defence rose and opened the case; his voice recalled Mrs. Walton to herself; she made a desperate effort to control her feelings and succeeded. The witnesses were called; Mrs. Walton was the most important, but in consideration of her sex she was allowed time to prepare herself, and a clerk in Mr. Smythe's store was interrogated first. When Mrs. Walton rose, so great was the interest in the crowd, the Judge was compelled to call order before the trial could proceed. The interest was deep in behalf of the ill-fated, whose efforts had not successfully veiled her miseries from the public eye. Mrs. Walton gave in her evidence in a calm, distinct tone, gathering fresh courage as she felt that justice demanded she should not spare herself, but do what was right in Mr. Smythe's favor. It was of no avail, the case was decided in Walton's favor. This was English equity and justice; this the decision of those jurors who boasted of having for their countrymen Mansfield, Blackstone, Coke, and many others distinguished alike, for their subtle reasoning and firm judgment. These judged defenceless woman with less leniency than the ancients, and heathen-like awarded the victory to the strongest.

To think of a woman living in a land with no laws to protect her from wrong; that she should stand alone a truly isolated

being; that there was no law, for surely such another case of man's villainy cannot occur, for if it did woman would be trampled down to the level of the sea indeed. There is not in the annals of history a parallel case, and for the honor of all countries and governments, rulers and legislators, and for the honor of man, in his progressive civilization, we hope there will never occur such another.

Mrs. Walton could not believe she was utterly abandoned by laws she had never outraged, and she determined to appeal to a higher power than the court that had done her such injustice, consequently her appeal was made to Parliament. It was put off repeatedly, and finally obtained a hearing. It was warmly debated; a few felt their honor almost depended on the decision of the House, but there could not be a change of laws in her favor; they could do nothing for her; she is still the victim of wrong; her genius she dare not exercise. If the wanderer should sigh for freedom, and turn to our beloved country for the rest and peace England has denied her, she will meet not only with the sympathy the stranger is heir to in our Republic, but the patronage due to merit, and the protection that will shield her from insult.

Women of America be ye ever thankful your lots are cast in our own free land where even the meanest slave is protected, where woman's influence is felt and appreciated, where no tyrant can make her bend beneath the yoke of oppression, and where the feeling hearts, honorable aspirations and principles of her sons would never lead them to desecrate the banner of freedom our forefathers nobly fought to win.

## A CHRISTMAS SKETCH.

CHRISTMAS day has come. The children could hardly make up their minds to go to sleep last night, so busily were they engaged in their tiny preparations for the next day. They followed mamma about to the pantry and closet, peering and prying into everything until the latest possible moment, and cast many glances at the bundle papa stowed away in the wardrobe from under his cloak; and even when they were tucked away in their little beds they were whispering and wondering what Santa Claus would bring them. Jane made up her mind to lay awake and see what the old gentleman looked like; but children are obliged to sleep, with all their curiosity. Tona and Harry had their guns ready to fire off, and had planned a nice ride. Lucy and Ann were going to a ball Christmas night—their thoughts were not with Santa Claus—and so it did not rain the next day, it was all they cared about. Jane, and the little ones, had pleasant dreams; and well they might have, for their kind father and mother seemed to think of every way to make them happy, and had ever, as much as possible, spared them every disappointment.

With the first dawn of light old uncle Frank comes in to make up a fire; the boys spring from the bed to catch him "Christmas Gift," but he is on the watch, and calls out first. The little heads in the trundle bed, in mother's room, pop up

next, and forgetting the cold, the children run to the chimney to look in their stockings. Just watch their happy, laughing faces; and dear! did you ever hear such a tattering, as their wishes seem all gratified by the considerate Santa Claus. At last, all was discussed between them, their hearts joyous indeed, but they were not quite so exuberant in the expression of it. When the children were duly attired in their new Christmas dresses, they assembled in the comfortable dining-room for prayer. Each little head has been early trained to bow, reverently before the Creator, whilst the father humbly returned thanks for the blessings around them.

All were not so happy beneath that roof as the children. The young ladies looked from their window, and their disappointment was great indeed when they found it was raining. Oh! dear, said Ann, what shall we do this lonesome day? It is a shame that Christmas should come but once a year; that we should look forward to it for so much pleasure, and be disappointed in this way. It is raining so hard, Lucy, we cannot go to the ball to-night.

I feared it would rain, replied Lucy, and knew we should have such a day, just because I had set my mind on going to the ball. It is always the way, I never want to go any where but it is sure to rain.

I am so sorry, said Ann, beginning to cry; all our nice dresses for nothing. When Lucy and Ann appeared their corrugated brows were sufficient tokens of their sullen tempers, and their presence cast a shadow on the merry group of smiling faces, in whose imaginations their stores of candy, nuts, dolls, marbles and toys amply compensated for the rain.—While indulging in the good things of this life it was a matter of no importance to them whether the sun shined or it rained. This is some of the philosophy of childhood from which many with more years but less wisdom, might draw a lesson.

Mr Clare noticed, with pain, the countenances of his daughters, and felt how hard it would be for them to meet disap-

pointment, as we all have to do, if any thing so trivial as a rainy day could affect their spirits and tempers so. How was it possible for them to get through the world without misery? Ah! kind father, you have not the power to avert unhappiness from them; you may, in childhood, shield your tender babes from neglect and want; you may add to their infant joy and pleasure, but God alone can give them the hearts of gratitude, the strength to bear the ills of life. After fretting all day, and making their parents as unhappy as possible, our young ladies had the pleasure of seeing the sun set clear. The carriage was ordered; their beaux arrived; they came down to the parlor nicely dressed and in high spirits, a reaction to be anticipated from their excessive languor during the day. They were comfortably wrapped up, and as they were getting ready to leave the room, their mother looked with pride (not unalloyed however) on the countenances that could change with each passing emotion. An involuntary sigh escaped her, as she inwardly offered a prayer for their continued happiness. So selfish are young ladies in their own natural pleasures they think every thing that prevents them from enjoying themselves, as they term it, happens so on purpose to enhance their fancied wretchedness. We do sincerely hope no greater misery may ever come to them, when they may look back on that rainy Christmas day, and whilst contrasting their after feelings, when the world seems dark and dreary, regret that they could not appreciate the kind friends of their own Home circles.

## JULIA WARREN,

OR

### THE NORTH AND SOUTH.

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**I**T has become recently the fashion, for those who can afford it, to visit the North every summer. They admit tacitly, by this preference, the great superiority they imagine she has over our own sunny South, with its luscious fruits, cool breezes and fragrant flowers. Some Southerners even carry their mania for every thing North of the Potomac so far as to send their sons and daughters to receive such educations as unfits them for the responsibilities that devolve on them when they return to their Southern homes. No doubt parents imagine there is more *eclat* attending the debut of a young lady in society when it is known she has received a Northern education. And why is this? Are the schools any better, or the teachers more competent to impart knowledge, or does the Northern air strengthen the capacity of such young ladies to receive instruction, or are their principles improved? All these questions would naturally occur to every reflecting mind, when it is known that men who boast of strong Republican and Anti-Abolition principles should deliberately send their sons and daughters, the

representatives of themselves, where they imbibe such ideas of Southern principles as are apt to influence them through life, in so much as if they are slaveholders they do not know how to treat their dependants so as to promote the happiness of all. We have known several Yankee girls, who professed the most bitter antipathy to Southern slavery, marry planters and treat their servants more like they were animals, intended only for their amusement and pleasure, than any Southern girl could do, who had been brought up with those she is taught to regard as having an *especial claim* on her sympathies and protection.

Mr. Warren was master of a great many servants. They were taught to observe a certain system in their work, and in fact in every thing. They knew their master could not support them in idleness, and so carefully had he instilled habits of industry into them they never rebelled once that they had to work, but looked on Mr. Warren as their lawful protector, whose care over them they never could sufficiently repay. Mr. Warren left home with his daughter during the summer months, and wandered as far North as Saratoga; there Julia received much attention as an heiress, and although the Northern people talked a great deal about the slavery at the South, they paid her more attention as the heiress of the wealthy planter, Mr. Warren of Alabama, than they would have done if she had been a Northern girl without any slaves. This is one of the consistencies the Northern people boast of.

After spending some months at Saratoga, Julia Warren accompanied her father to the city of New York. She had hired a maid to attend her during her stay at the North but she did not suit her, and she then hired a colored girl, who expressed much gratitude that a real lady from the South was not above hiring and employing her. Julia soon found she had indeed been charitable to her, although she was unconscious of it at the time. The girl, Fanny, had been raised in Georgia, and was the personal attendant of a lady, who had

taken good care of her up to the time of her death, but feeling grateful to her for the devotion she manifested to her in her last illness, she left her a little money and gave her her freedom. Fanny now thought she had attained the pinnacle of earthly bliss; so she got a lady, travelling to New York, to take her as a servant, thinking she would meet with no difficulty in the land of freedom in obtaining employment, but she found her ideas were altogether wrong; she could get nothing to do, particularly when it was known she was from the South. She however managed to get through with her money, and was turned into the street. She was taken up then as a vagrant and lodged in the watch-house, was very sick, and in that condition had cause to lament the good intentions of a mistress, who had turned her upon the world, unprotected, to starve.

Julia wept over this story, and mentally contrasted this free girl's condition with her own maids at home, whose toil was lightened and cheered by kindness, and the certainty of a support from their master, without any care or fear corroding their breasts. Mr. Warren had thought a great deal on the subject of slavery, and determined, if he ever went to the North, he would take the trouble to inform himself respecting the free blacks. He found them any thing but free. There was a jealousy existing between them and the poor whites; who, as a class, were in some degree on an equality with them. This one thing, neither could forget or forgive, and whilst some of the blacks were industrious and trusted enough to make a support, there were hundreds who were starving, and could neither get employment or make money to leave the city, and they dragged out their miserable existence in the unavailing regret that *they* could not have the advantages of those who had masters to feed, clothe, and tend them in sickness, and secure their happiness without any trouble to them, by early *teaching them habits of industry.*

One day Mr. Warren received letters from home that required his attention, and he informed Julia she could either

return South with him, or visit her Aunt in Philadelphia. She concluded to remain North, and made her preparations to go to the latter place. Fanny, the girl she employed, heard of her intended departure with many tears, and at last summoned courage to beg Mr. Warren to take her to the South. He told her he could not do that, she would soon become dissatisfied, and would make his other servants so; also, that he was a very positive man, and ruled his servants like they were his own children; if they did not obey him they were punished, but as long as they behaved he allowed them every privilege in his power.

Only take me home with you, Mr. Warren; you will never have cause to regret it; do not leave me here to starve. As to your treatment, I know that must depend on myself, and I have suffered here every degree of punishment that slaves ever do at the South, and know I did not deserve it. I was whipped unmercifully at the house of correction, and I know suffered more than if I had belonged to a Southern planter, for *his interest*, if not his heart, would prompt him to some kind of care for his property.

It was arranged that Fanny should go to Philadelphia as Miss Warren's maid. There she continued in Julia's service, contented by constant attention and an humble deportment to show her gratitude to the best friend she had ever met since her days of freedom commenced.

If Miss Warren was feted and admired during her short stay in New York, she was a great deal more so in Philadelphia, when chaperoned by a lady who occupied an elevated position as the leader of the ton; this was Mrs. Fielding, her aunt. Julia soon became the centre of a circle, who seemed to regard her as the bright particular star of the season, or some rare exotic from the South, they were bound to cherish in their colden clime. So the days and the nights passed so happily to this child of prosperity she scarcely heeded the

flight of time, until a letter from home recalled her to herself and the memory of her almost forgotten home; and she experienced a little remorse as new as the subject of it. She now looked forward anxiously to the time when her Uncle and Aunt would accompany her home. Many regrets, and perhaps more tender emotions, agitated the hearts of the young men in her circle when it was known she would leave them, and several used all their powers of eloquence to persuade her to remain permanently in Philadelphia. Among the gentlemen who visited at Mr. Fielding's was a student of medicine, who was much richer in mind and intellect than more solid treasure. He had admired the belle at a distance, whilst those who had wealth at command were trying to win her. This young man's name was Herbert; he was from New Hampshire, and was so rank an abolitionist he had been often heard to observe that he would not marry a girl whose father had ever owned a slave. He knew all about Mr. Warren and therefore none ever imagined he would address the heiress, particularly as he had expressed his ideas plainly enough.

All of her friends had bade Julia adieu, and she was to leave the next morning for home, when the street bell rang and Mr. Herbert was announced and shown into the dining-room, where the family happened to be assembled; Fanny was at the door crying bitterly, and Mr. Fielding was trying to persuade Julia to take her South.

I cannot do so, Uncle, without father's consent; he opposed it in New York, fearing Fanny might not be satisfied as a slave, and free servants in Alabama are obliged by law to have a master appointed who is responsible for their conduct; but you can take her, Aunt will require more than one servant, and it is my opinion the white woman she has will not be contented as a servant when she leaves the North.

I can take her very conveniently, but Susan objects to a black help, and I have been accustomed to her advice so long,

where the children are concerned, that if she continues to oppose it I cannot take her.

Why, Aunt, that is reversing the order of things; I have as much regard for a servant's feelings as any one; but should fear, if I allowed them to dictate to me, they would get the upperhand and cease to respect me as a mistress.

Some might, replied Mrs. Fielding, but Susan is such a faithful nurse; and unless her feelings were intentionally wounded, I don't believe she would leave me for the world.

Certainly not, as long as you give up to her, said Mr. Fielding, and I have known for some time she wielded a great influence in the servants department, as she alone caused you to discharge some of the best we ever had. But seriously, Sarah, I think you had better take the girl, it will save you a good deal of trouble and will no doubt prove a valuable assistant to Susan. She is from the South, and seems to dislike the North so much that I think we may safely trust her with the children.

Very well. If you advise it she must go; so get ready Fanny, we leave in the morning.

Fanny was so overjoyed at the prospect of so soon realizing her wishes she thanked Mrs. Fielding, and flew rather than walked to the nursery to communicate to Mrs. Susan the joyful tidings that *she herself* was *a going* to help her nurse. But she soon found from that person's countenance she had made a sad mistake in *her* estimate of the joy Mrs. Susan would feel. She paused as she noticed how very red her face turned at the intelligence. Mrs. Susan paced about, and straightening herself (which was always her position when deeply offended,) she said:

So Mrs. Fielding is going to take you to nurse her children, is she? A *black nigger* like you, after all the pains I have been at with them too. That just beats anything. I am glad, I know it, for I will give warning this minute, and stay with nobody that puts me with a nigger; I can tell um,

I am only to help you, Mrs. Susan; you will feel very tired traveling with so many to attend to, and Mrs. Fielding only wants me to take some of the trouble off your hands; but she trusts you like she always did.

I want no help; and if I did it would not be the likes of you at all. I choose for a companion but my own color.— But I shall give warning, and then you can nurse them all; and I will tell um right now.

Mr. Herbert had just been seated, when the door was opened with no gentle hand, and Mrs. Susan appeared, looking so angry that Mrs. Fielding expected she would burst out with her complaints regardless of any one's presence. She however felt her power as nursery queen, had never reached her master. He, she knew, intended his children should be taken care of, and was willing to pay a good price; but he had no idea of her usurping her mistress' authority, and she retreated a step when she encountered his calm eye.

Please marm, she began, when she had recovered her composure a little.

Never mind Susan, said Mrs. Fielding; he will come to the nursery and hear what you have to say.

You may go Susan, said her master, seeing she did not stir a step. Then very slowly and sullenly she turned to leave the room, and banged the door after her.

Now Sarah, said Mr. Fielding, be firm and do not give up to her. This is your turning point either to assert your liberty to choose for yourself, or become a slave to Susan's wishes.

I know, Mr. Fielding, Susan will leave me if I take Fanny.

No she will not; she has too much sense to leave a comfortable home; she will think twice before she does it. And if she persists in going let her do so, you can always hire servants, and I don't care if she does.

I dare say not. What would prove a serious inconvenience to me, would not at all affect you; men never care for such

things, because they know nothing of the trouble. I should really dislike to part from a faithful nurse; and I know Susan would cry a great deal.

She would soon be quieted by a new doll; but my dear, you are borrowing trouble now, for take my word for it, Laura will stay and Fanny shall go.

Observing that Mr. Herbert and Miss Warren were engaged in conversation, Mr. Fielding proposed to go to the nursery and see what Susan was about. When they reached it, a scene presented itself they did not expect. Mrs. Susan had boxed Fanny's ears. Fanny was crying bitterly; Mrs. Susan was quarreling and all her clothes strewed about the room.

What is this noise about, Susan? asked Mrs. Fielding.—That nigger had the impudence to say she was going to nurse the children, and when I said she might, and I would give warning, she said, I had better stay than to starve; I spose she wants me for a companion, and I boxed her ears for giving me advice.

You boxed Fanny, did you? What right had you to do so?

She is nothing but a nigger, is she?

She is quite as free as you are, and both are servants. You are on an equality at the North; you have been raised with free blacks, and it is a strange idea you have taken up that her color gives you a right to strike her.

She is free here, but when she goes with you she won't be.

I don't want to be free, sobbed Fanny; I have been free long enough, and if I have to stay at this North to be boxed about by every Yankee that chooses to take advantage of me, I had rather die.

Susan, said Mr. Fielding, if you wish to remain here do so; do not imagine we wish to take you South, contrary to your inclination. Fanny can take charge of the children, and when we get to Alabama we can hire another; I owe you one quarters wages, and Mrs. Fielding will give you a certificate that will soon get you another place. Now understand, we

leave to-morrow; if you wish to go, get ready, if not stay, but remember, you are never to repeat a scene like this. Susan was decidedly outgeneraled this time. She looked at her mistress, whom the threat of leaving generally conquered, but saw nothing in her countenance like persuasion; so she thought it time to come down off her high horse. Must I go, marm? she asked in an humble tone.

Do as you like, Susan, she replied. Fanny, get up and pack your things.

That is soon done, marm, said Fanny. All the clothes my old mistress gave me I was obliged to sell to buy bread; all I have now, Miss Warren gave me, and I will soon be ready.

The next morning Susan presented herself and baggage at the nursery door, and in a few hours the whole family were on their way to the South.

Julia Warren was not quite as free or as heart-whole as when she reached the North with her father, for Mr. Herbert's talents and manly character had made an impression on her, and he had at last summoned courage, when Mr. and Mrs. Fielding left the room the evening preceeding their departure, to urge his suit. Julia had not engaged herself to him; she could not take that step without her father's approbation, and she knew his prejudices were strong against an abolitionist; her own feelings too were decidedly opposed to Northern principles; and when she thought of the actual difference in the conditions of the Northern and Southern slaves, she hesitated to promise her hand to one unfitted by education to become a master. Mr. Herbert was, however, invited to visit the South, that his prejudices might give way before the truth. Julia said she hoped he might judge impartially, but she also warned him that winter was not the season most pleasant in Alabama.

Thanks to Fulton, and the energy, perseverance and ingenuity of our countrymen, it takes but a few days to go from

New York to Mobile. Formerly it was a journey much dreaded by old and young, but since the facilities throughout the Union have been so much improved, it is accomplished in so short a time one scarcely feels fatigued before arriving at the destination.

Mrs. Fielding was delighted to find herself approaching her native South; the children pleased with all they saw, a stranger would imagine they had been transported from another hemisphere, so differently they seemed impressed. They thought the Alabama river almost as picturesque as the Hudson, if it only had nice houses on its banks instead of old black gin and ware houses. Fanny almost shouted with joy as she recognized the different plantations, and it seemed there was a Sally, Judy or Polly of her acquaintance on every place.

Name o' grace, nigger, where did you ever see all these folks you keep talking bout?

You forget I lived at the South, Mrs. Susan.

Spouse you did, you was a slave. What time did you have to visit?

I used to go about with my old mistress; and if I was a slave, I can tell you what I visited enough more than I did in your big cities at the North, and I had more heart to visit too; cause I knew I should get as much as I wanted to eat and wear, and in New York I had to think of every way to get something to eat honestly.

In due time our boat reached the landing, and our travelers found Mr. Warren's carriage ready for them. As soon as Julia landed, uncle Silas came up to welcome her with his hearty—laws Miss Julia, I'se so glad to see you, how has you been this long time?

I am well, thank you uncle Silas, but how are all at home?

All well as common, Miss Julia, but dey on the tip toe to see you; for we was all monstiously put out when massa comed home widout you. It seemed almost like de sun had gone out, and we felt so lonesome and missed you so much. I nev-

er did tell nobody, Miss Julia, but I was a feerd some of them Yankee gentlemen might try to get you to stay thar.

There is no telling how far uncle Silas might have continued his speech; but just then Susan passed with her charge, and raising his hat from his head he stepped back, and bowing respectfully saluted her as missus, whilst Julia turned away her head to laugh at Susan's dignified air, when the gratifying cognomen met her ear:

Well, Susan, said Julia, that is my old driver; what do you think of him?

Is he a driver, Miss Julia; well I declare he is the purtiest nigger I have seen; he feels the difference in color, but I did not think he was a driver; he looks so good-natured.

He is good-natured; but what do you mean? He has driven me in my carriage ever since I was a little school girl.

Oh! you mean a coachman; I thought drivers down South drove the niggers.

Julia found her father waiting with open arms to receive her, and in a short time Mr. Warren's hospitable mansion seemed like a home, indeed, to Mr. and Mrs. Fielding. At Mr. Warren's earnest request, they were duly installed for several months.

How joyful it is to a tired stranger to receive at the hands of another a cheerful hospitality, as if human beings could feel for others without regard to the potent power of mammon; and if it happens to rain when strangers stop for the night at a hospitable man's house, the master cannot think of allowing him to leave in the rain, and exerts himself to make the stranger feel, as little as possible, that he is intruding. Alabama can boast of some such houses, in which there is as much genuine hospitality as any State in the Union. It is true there are many exceptions. For instance, we have known persons almost to invite their company to leave when they became tired of their society. If the visitor, judging from the surface of kindness with which he was welcomed, was slow to take

hints, he was told that other guests were expected, and that beds were scarce. If that should by any kind of possibility fail, he was informed that the family were very anxious to pay a visit themselves, which they would do when he left. Of course this had the desired effect.

Mr. and Mrs. Fielding apprehended nothing of the kind; for they knew Mr. Warren was a gentleman as well by principle as education, and no daring upstart with money instead of manners.

Julia had to listen to many congratulations on her safe arrival at home from the servants assembled at the door; she had to make many kind enquiries, and distribute many little presents, which they prized as tokens of remembrance when their young mistress was away from them. Now just to think, said one, Miss Julia was way off wid all dem gay folks a dancing and a riding, and she nebber forgot her own black people dat was here working for her; and dat makes it a pleasure to work for her too.

When the guests retired for the night, Julia sat with her father in the parlor and communicated every thing that had happened to her of any importance since he left her. She did not forget Mr. Herbert; but also assured her father she was not engaged, and never would be without his consent.— Mr. Warren regretted he had addressed his daughter, for it had not been so long a time since he was a young man, that he could not detect signs of great sympathy for Mr. Herbert, and he remembered the danger there is of sympathy kindling into a warmer sentiment, but said nothing against his coming South.

Julia's friends heard of her arrival, after so long an absence, with much pleasure, and hastened to testify to it in person.— The house was soon full, and everything on the place seemed to feel the influence of uncle Silas' soul-impressing music.— One of his greatest accomplishments was fiddling, and he enjoyed his own music. Regularly every night he was escorted

to the parlor door, where a comfortable seat was provided for him, and then after tuning his violin he would draw his bow across it, and looked around on the happy faces as proudly as if he were "monarch of all he surveyed." No wonder uncle Silas missed Julia. There was no gayety at Oakwood in the absence of its light-hearted mistress. There are no people in the world that enjoy music, dancing, sight-seeing, and all kinds of gayety more than the slaves at the South. And why is it? Because they have nothing to disturb them; no thought for the morrow of what they shall eat or drink.

Susan, the Northern servant, had not been at Mr. Warren's long before there was a marked change in her; she wondered at everything she saw. She had been taught that the black servant at the South was treated like a mute, or was never noticed unless work was required, then regularly driven like a stubborn mule in a mill all day. She looked about her with astonishment, and made the following comments to Mrs. Fielding:

I tell you what, Mrs. Fielding, there are no greater block-heads in the world than the free blacks at the North; they free indeed, if they could only see what quantities of meat, meal, potatoes, molasses and vegetables Mr. Warren's servants have to eat, and what good, comfortable clothes they have ready made to put on, they would all want to come here; and as to work, their master gives them time to rest, and when he can spare it, lets them work for themselves; when they are sick they are well nursed and attended to; and every Sunday there is preaching at the quarter. Mr. Warren pays a white man to preach to them. I never saw such a happy, lively set in my life. They are freer, Mrs. Fielding, and have more privileges than we poor whites at the North. I heard them, last night, laughing and singing, when they were shelling corn in the crib; that reminded me of some of our frolics before I went to the city as a nurse, but we did not enjoy *even that* as much as these black people seemed to do, and their master lis-

tened to their singing and seemed as much pleased and amused as they were. I never shall be satisfied to go back.

Well, Susan, I am' sorry to hear you say that, but in every case I shall do the best I can for you.

Mrs. Feilding I feel very sad, somehow, and would rather be like Fanny than what I am; I have none to associate with; it is true you ladies have been very kind to me, but I miss something, and though I am a servant I cannot feel a companionship for these niggers; but I tell you what Miss Warren does, she gets up early every morning and takes a big basket on her arm and goes to the quarter; she gives aunt Lettie (as she calls her) medicine herself, and carries her something nice to eat. She made her a better set of flannels than I ever had, and she reads to her; and that poor old black woman says continually, God bless Miss Julia, and my master; and I tell you now I had rather be a slave here myself, and know when I get old I shall be taken care of, than to go back to the North, work as long as any one will employ me, and when I am too old to work either starve in some miserable cellar or garret, or else end my days in the poor house.

Susan, said Mrs. Fielding, it is not right for you to talk so; God made us all, and placed us in the positions he intended we should occupy. He does all things well, and if we only discharge our duties faithfully, in our relative positions, and trust in Him, all will come right. I am sorry you are dissatisfied; Julia predicted you would be so, but every one here treats you kindly, and my children are so fond of you I had hoped you would enjoy your visit as much as I have done.

The truth was, Susan had heard the little children, at the quarters, designate her as the *white nigger*, and she was getting sensitive on the subject. One thing she resolved on, and that was, never to return home as a servant. Fanny always found time to happen in Julia's room, and help her to dress; then she would jabber to her about the North, and the Yankee girls, and gave many amusing accounts of what she had seen

when she was a free woman. She always ended with: if that is being free I have had enough. Then she would sometimes give a most pathetic description of her sufferings when she was sick, and the piteous appeals to those around to help her; and the misery she witnessed, without the means or the strength to assist any one. The old associations brought back to memory, by meeting so many of the friends of former days, inspired Mrs. Fielding with renewed preference for the South, and many tender feelings were revived in her heart. She would have been pleased to reside in Alabama; but Mr. Fielding was a lawyer in Philadelphia, who enjoyed a large practice, and had local attachments of his own, therefore they were compelled to return, and took leave of Mrs. Warren's family with sincere regret, but many promises of visits for the future.

Susan made her word good; she became Mrs. O'Dolligan a short time before Mrs. Fielding returned, having some how made the acquaintance of a young man in the neighborhood, who having made a living by ditching did not consider himself degraded by marrying a white servant. Susan now had a few servants herself, and no doubt knew how to be a kind mistress, as she had a double advantage. Susan had a good memory too, which was rather disagreeable to her next door neighbor, who was also a Northern woman, and had hesitated for some time whether or not she would visit the former nurse, and Susan having heard of some remarks she had made, determined to get a peep at her. She finally did so, and found she had been a Mrs. Somebody's cook, at the North. Susan recognized her at once, and the next week sent a little girl over to ask for some recipes for cooking, adding, she remembered her nice pastry at the North. Mrs. Peat saw at once she was discovered, and determined to call on Mrs. O'Dolligan. Susan was not usually malicious, but in this instance she had no idea of being put down by her countrywoman, who was no better than herself.

Mr. Warren had heard nothing from Mr. Herbert, and was

beginning to hope Julia had forgotten him, when he arrived in person to prove his constancy. He had graduated, and now was an M. D. Fanny had given the other servants a hint that he would probably be their young master; and when they heard he was a favorite of Miss Julia's, he was certain to have attention enough. Every one seemed to vie with each other which should wait on him most, and the Northern gentleman was in a fair way of being spoiled to death.

Dr. Herbert had been a few days at Oakwood, when rising very early one fine morning he concluded to walk out, and took his way towards a long row of nicely white-washed cabins, called the quarters, and occupied by Mrs. Warren's servants. He noticed the little children, comfortably clad and playing about, the very pictures of health and glee. At the back of every cabin there was a hen-house and a small enclosure or patch, which each servant claimed as exclusively as his master did his plantation; and whatever they made from their patches was their own. The next thing that Dr. Herbert observed was an old man, who came along with his basket of corn for the hogs. His countenance denoted a cheerful heart. Seeing the young man he raised his hat politely, and went on to his pleasant task. Surely, thought the stranger, that old man looks cheerful enough, and seems nicely clothed; he walks along too as if he was not hurried a great deal; for my part I have not seen the servants at the South work any harder than they do any where else. He walked along carrying on his soliloquy until he came up to an old woman feeding chickens, and accosted her with—How many chickens have you?

I have got about thirty myself, Massa; but all these you see aint mine, dey belongs to the field hands, but I feeds them all.

Where do you get corn from?

I feeds them sometimes on bran and corn, sir, and we always has nuff of dat.

But who gives it to you? persisted Herbert, as the remem-

brance came across him of having to buy bread by the loaf.

Who gives corn to us, sir; why master does.

Your master gives you feed for your chickens, but where does he get it?

Why, sir, my master always has it. We work for it with our hands; master does the head work, planning and so on, and we colored folks does the planting and gathering.

Well, thought Herbert, this is surely a land of plenty; it is a little thing to judge by, but it takes *little things* to make a great one, and to judge justly, we must wait patiently.

Sally, said Becky, (the woman feeding the fowls,) when Herbert had passed, Sally, did you hear what that Yankee gentleman asked me just now?

No, Becky, what was it?

He asked me where massa gets corn from? You know what dat gal dat cum wid Miss Julia told us bout her crying for bread at de worf, and de folks locking her up; and she free?

Yes, Becky, she told me bout it, and I did feel so sorry for de gal.

You may pend on it I listened, but I thought Fanny was lying, but now I bleves in my soul de gal was telling de truf. Laws-a-massy gal, I tell you what you nebber catch dis nigger dar at dat worf anyhow, cause I bliged to hab something to eat, I is.

Does you recon dey haint got no corn dar nohow?

Spouse dey haint got much, and Fanny say de free black folks hire demselves out and work hard, den de folks ont pay, if dey dont want to; I would just like to see de place, if massa had me long wid him.

I would not go der even wid massa. Ise got no pinion of a place where der is nutting for a nigger to eat. Fanny show her sense for coming back.

When Dr. Herbert had reached the last cabin he heard a voice he immediately recognized as Julia's. She was reading the Bible to an old servant, who had ceased to work for years.

She was in her chair by a good fire, and her young mistress seated on another was reading and explaining such passages as she thought aunt Lettie did not understand.

This surprised and pleased Herbert more than any thing he had seen, and for the first time in his life it occurred to him that there might be a great deal of good done for these black people besides having missionaries. Could he, indeed, reconcile to himself that Miss Warren, whom he beheld in Philadelphia, the reigning belle of the season, was seated in an humble cabin, and teaching from the Sacred Book an old servant the way to happiness and eternal life.

When Julia finished reading she drew from her basket something she had brought aunt Lettie to eat; she then went out herself and brought her fresh water, and after seeing that she was comfortable bid her good bye, amid the blessings showered by grateful affection on her. Julia then directed her steps to the house appropriated to the little children and nurses during the day. She was soon surrounded by the gay troop, and each one received something from the basket; then giving some directions she proceeded home.

Herbert almost determined to give up his prejudices; but they had deeper root even than he imagined; having been fostered since he was old enough to think.

Herbert did not wish Julia to suspect he had been watching her and kept out of sight until breakfast time. When they set down, Mr. Warren said:

Julia, you must have taken considerable exercise this morning; you are rosy enough for a milk maid.

She replied, she had taken her usual exercise before breakfast.

Mr. Warren attempted to draw from Dr. Herbert his sentiments of the subject of slavery, but he evaded a direct answer by acknowledging his *national* prejudices, and saying that he had not been South long enough to see as much as he wished.

There has been so much said on the subject by persons who

never put themselves to the trouble to find out the truth, that the prejudices of the North against the South have been strengthened. But considering this fact, it always was astonishing what an amount of waiting on Northern girls require from our servants; how seldom they can ever spare them to attend church, or to pay a little visit, and yet they harp on the subject of slavery as a national prejudice.

It is well known that Northern people who come here, take advantage of servants, require more from them, and manifest less sympathy in their sorrows and losses, than those who have *always* been accustomed to them.

Dr. Herbert, we presume, changed his opinions, for he and Julia were married, with the hearty consent of her father, and they spent another season at the North. Fanny went too as Mrs. Herbert's maid, but returned again more bitter if possible against the Yankees than ever; cause, said she, they is so cantrary; when I was there, poor and friendless, they had no use for me, but when I had a kind master and mistress to take care of me, they tried to get me to stay, but I tried it once and that was enough.

## SLANDER AND ITS EFFECTS.

NEAR a village in Southern Alabama were two cottages in a mile of each other. They were so much alike in appearance any traveler would think they were planned by the same person, and they were called by the neighbors the Twin Cottages. In the door of one of these houses sat Kitty Drain; she seemed deeply interested in the book she held, and had been still one hour, a long time for the wild, restless little creature. At last throwing the book carelessly to one side she called out, my dear cousin, will you never come along? Will you never, never finish that tiresome work? The sun is most down, and poor grandma is so lonely; she will think we are not coming.

Kitty, we are to stay all night you know, and need not hurry, but I will go now, for it seems this cap cannot be finished, so we can go on; I will take my work, and whilst grandma tells us a story I can sew, and what will you do?

Do, said Kitty abstractedly, why just nothing at all; there are so many things to do, I can't do all, you know, and don't like to slight any. This was an argument Kitty often used, and she began to think it an effectual quietus, whenever any one seemed disposed to lecture her—it was certainly unanswerable.

The girls started to their grandmother's, Kitty hopping

and skipping along as the fancy suited her, and then walking demurely by her more thoughtful cousin, Anna Wells,

Whilst they are on their way we will leave them, to go back to Kitty's history. She was an orphan, poor and unprotected, and Mr. Wells had brought her to his house shortly after his sister's death. So careful was he of her, so devoted seemed all the household to her that no thought of discontent had even entered her mind, and therefore had no feeling of dependence rendered bitter by experience of unkindness.

Anna Wells still rejoiced in the happiness conferred by a kind father and mother; she felt more sympathy for Kitty from the contrast.

The girls reached their grandmother's house; every thing around her looked as usual, as neat as a new pin; and it was always a pleasure to them to visit her; she was so kind and always glad to see her grand children, and no one to have seen her benign countenance, beaming with affection on her orphan grand child, would have doubted the sentiments of sympathy which could not be riven, but more closely cemented by the last tie between them.

Kitty sat on a low stool at her feet, regarding her with eyes, in which affection's answering cord proclaimed not only sympathy, but a warmer, closer sentiment, rarely seen between the very young and the aged.

The nicest little supper imaginable was soon over with, and Grandma took her arm chair and sat by the fire, that crackled and blazed as if it defied the influence of the chilly night without.

Anna Wells drew forth the cap she was making, and Kitty seated herself on her favorite stool.

Why, Kitty, said Mrs. Wells, I must get some needles child and put you to knitting; you are too idle, my dear; can you knit?

A very little, Grandma; I like it well enough, but somehow

when I come here I love to look at you and see your knitting needles; how they fly about.

You should not encourage an idle disposition; it sometimes leads to mischief and causes unhappiness in the end. I have seen a great deal, and always noticed that the very people who always seemed the happiest, are those who are never idle.

Well, Grandma, I am happy enough.

You are rather too young, Kitty, to be otherwise, and I hope, my dear, you will always be able to say that, said the kind old lady, fondly laying her hand on the orphan's head.

I am fifteen years old, Grandma; almost as old as Anna.

That is very young; but to illustrate what I mean I will tell you circumstances in my young days that show something of the mischief Satan finds for idle hands to do.

Oh, Grandma, if it is a story please tell us.

Well, push up that chunk and draw your seat here, and I hope you will listen and be benefitted by the moral.

My father came to Alabama when I was very young, but I can remember it and also my own brilliant expectations of picking up money from under the cotton bushes. I had heard money grew on trees, and that it was so plenty the people did not know what to do with it. I had promised my relations to send them even so many bags of shining coin. When we arrived here we found every thing misrepresented. For the first few years it was incessant toil from the beginning of a year until the end, nothing was thought of but making cotton, and master and servants toiled on alike, whilst the female portion of the family were obliged to content themselves in a log pen, without doors or windows.

Why, Grandma, interrupted Kitty, how did you get in and out? Did you go down the chimney like Santa Claus?

Oh no, my dear, I mean we had no doors hung in the house, and were obliged to hang bagging up to keep out the wind, rain and wolves.

Wolves! Grandma; oh me I should have been frightened to death. Real howling wolves? asked the curious Kitty.

Yes, real wolves, that came from the canebrakes every night looking for something to eat. Once our old man, that fed hogs, had actually to take a tree, and sit up there in the cold until the ferocious animals chose to go away; but, my dear, let me finish my story.

When I was old enough my father sent me to school. There were about thirty pupils, but there was very little attention paid by the teachers, though tuition and board were enormously high. We had our own way pretty much, and made good use of the opportunity offered us to enjoy ourselves. We became the wildest set of girls any where to be found, though from the demure countenances of most of us, as we were marshalled to church, a stranger would judge us quiet and well behaved. Our teachers required us to behave in public; they were very particular indeed about the character of the school; they were all Northern people, and had peculiar views of education. There were ten or twelve girls in the first class who were fully grown, but continued to go to school; some of them intended to become teachers. One of them was the kindest, best creature I ever saw; if any of the small girls were sick Molly Lee always found time to visit and wait on them. She tried to study, and besides her books she would find a source of amusement in many things that other girls of her age would never cast a thought on, and she was certain to engage a portion of each day in some kind of work.

Amy Wells was known to be the idlest girl among us; she was not popular, but many feared her as she had often gone to the teachers with tales on any who chanced to offend her, and sometimes she was entirely regardless of truth. She had somehow taken a dislike to Molly Lee, and had a way of mimicking every thing she did in such a way that the girls would laugh immediately without intending any harm to Molly.

One day Miss Alston, our teacher, was sick; she asked Molly to act as monitress that day, and hear the lessons in her department. Molly cheerfully assented, and none objected to the arrangement except Amy. She vowed her papa did not send her there to be taught by Molly Lee, and she would not say her lesson, so she sat sullenly with her book before her, and her eyes fixed with a scornful, insulting expression on Molly as she went on calmly hearing the smaller classes; finally she called the Philosophy lesson; all arose with alacrity but Amy Willet, who refused to move. We waited some time but she would not come. Molly arose from her seat and went to her.

Amy, said she, Miss Alston is sick, and asked me to hear her classes to-day; do you know your lesson?

Is that anything to you?

Yes, Amy, it is; I shall have to report you to Miss Alston, and she, you know, will tell Mr. Hays. Now be advised by me and go to the class; if Miss Alston had appointed you I should cheerfully have recited my lessons.

Well, I shall not.

Molly Lee took her seat and heard all the lessons; but Amy Willet still refused to recite any, and of course was reported to Mr. Hays, who punished her. This added to her hatred, and from that day she devised every method to bring Molly into disgrace at school. One day she said her watch was gone, and came in our room to search for it.

What are you looking here for? asked Julia Minor. Do you suppose your watch walked in here?

No, I don't, but there is a girl here, with all her goodness, quite mean enough to take it.

Who is that? asked Julia.

You will find out soon.

If you don't leave this room, Amy Willet, said I, we will put you out, and let Mr. Hays know what you have said.

She walked out and went down stairs; we heard her knock at Mr. Hays door. We were making our comments on her impertinence, and adding many threats, such as school girls indulge in, when Miss Alston appeared, with a serious countenance, and requested us to go down to Mr. Hays study; that gentleman was standing on the rug; he made us seat ourselves, sent for the other boarders and began the following address:

Young ladies, I sent for you to say Miss Willet has just informed me her watch has mysteriously disappeared, and she came to me as Principal of this institution and requested me to have the case investigated. Now understand, young ladies, Miss Willet accused none, but in justice to all, and to recover the watch, all of your trunks must be looked into.

Although we felt very indignant at such a proceeding we clearly saw suspicion was aroused, and each one wished it done at once to prove our innocence. Mr. Hays asked his wife to look into the trunks, assisted by Miss Alston; and as we were all together it was agreed they should be brought down. Mine was the first opened; and as I knew, no watch was found; it seemed the search would prove without success. At last a plain black one was pulled forward which we all recognized as Molly Lee's. We were so certain that it would not be found there, we scarcely looked towards it. What was our astonishment to see Mrs. Hays turn with the watch in her hand, and a severe look in her face, as she glanced at poor Molly and carried the watch to Mr. Hays.

Miss Lee, is it possible! exclaimed all the teachers. The girls now looked at Molly with different expressions; all were astonished but Amy Willet. If you could only have seen the glances of mingled triumph and scorn with which she regarded her—the look of unmitigated hatred. I looked from her to Molly, her hands were clasped, her cheek deadly pale, and anon flushing to a painful crimson. As the warm blood flew to her temples she pressed her hands to them a moment, arose

from her seat and said, with almost her usual quiet dignity:

Hear me, Mr. Hays, I know nothing of that watch; true it is found in my trunk, but I did not put it there, and never but once had it in my hand.

Miss Lee, said Mr. Hays, I give you my word this shall not stop here, for no young lady in my charge must rest under suspicion of such a meanness.

But the watch is found in her trunk, said Amy.

Yes, Miss Willet, but are you certain *she* put it in there? exclaimed Miss Alston. For what purpose do you think a young lady of Miss Lee's standing would commit such a crime?

Well, I don't know, sneered Amy; but a poor thing like that might steal the watch and raise money on it.

Miss Willet, interrupted Mr. Hays, I would advise you to beware what expressions you use, and I wish to inform you, once for all, I will not allow any thing of the kind. Who told you, pray, that Miss Lee was so poor?

Why, everybody knows it; and she applied for Miss Alston's place in the school when she goes away; and Julia Minor told Helen Parish she cried very much when she received a letter from her brother asking her for money and she had none to give.

You are an eavesdropper, Amy Willet, as well as a tattler and slanderer, said Helen Parish. I did not think you were mean enough to be always listening to every thing we talk about just to tell it again.

Come, young ladies, you may retire, and remember, no one is to repeat what has happened. Miss Lee will remain, said Mr. Hays.

We all passed out, some of us casting sorrowful glances at Molly; we indeed feared the evidence was so great against her she might be condemned in the opinions of the trustees and teachers, although we were certain she had nothing to do with it.

Miss Lee, said Mr. Hays kindly, have you had any falling out with Miss Willet?

None, replied Molly, but she has manifested a dislike to me the whole of the session. I have never said a word to call forth any bad feeling.

Have you been in Miss Willet's room lately?

Only once. Last night I went in a few minutes to see little Alice, who had a fever, and I thought she required attention.

I have another question yet to ask—what letter did those young ladies allude to?

Molly paused, looked down a moment, then replied, it was one from my brother. By my Uncle's will I heir all his property, but have no control over it until I am twenty-one years old; my brother is poor, and lately contracted a debt which has distressed him a great deal. I wrote to my guardian and tried to borrow the money for him; he would not lend it to me; I concluded to borrow it from Julia Minor's father, and persuaded her to write to him, which she did. Mr. Hays tell me, do you believe I could take that watch?

No, Molly, I do not, but I shall try and find it all out. Do you keep your key?

Yes, sir; it has not left my pocket.

Then, how do you suppose any one could get into your trunk?

I don't know how, and she burst into tears as she thought of the position she was placed in.

As Molly left the study Julia Minor went in. She told Mr. Hays, Amy Willet had said before the girls she hated Molly Lee, and she would be revenged on her yet, and have her expelled from school; besides she had said many other things, and had slandered Molly often to the girls, and other persons visiting at the academy.

Mr. Hays sent for Miss Willet and asked her who she

meant when she said there was one in the room mean enough to steal a watch?

She answered at once that she meant no one particularly, though she had heard Molly Lee ask a goldsmith in town if he would buy a watch from her.

Mr. Hays saw the chain of evidence thicken around poor Molly; many of the girls, too, began to regard her with distrust. The goldsmith confirmed what Amy had said, and as she had no watch herself, Mr. Hays did not know what to think. Mr. Minor sent Molly the money for her brother, and he at once paid the debt. She then asked Mr. Hays again if she could take Miss Alston's place, but he rather evaded giving her a decisive answer. A week after this Mr. Hays wrote to Molly advising her to absent herself from school until the trustees had a meeting. Julia Minor now drew up a letter, saying she did not believe the charge against Molly, and if she was suspended for a gross slander we would leave school. Nine of us signed the paper. The matter was hushed up for a while in the Academy, but it flew over town; then it was reported far and wide, and no one could positively contradict it. But Julia Minor in the same noble spirit which dictated her letter to Mr. Hays, wrote out another paper, which we signed. She accused some one of putting the watch in the trunk, and testified to Molly's high moral and intellectual character. This had no effect, and the time for the examination was rolling on. Molly studied very hard and won the first prize in all her classes; but her character had been assailed; she had not been able to refute the charge, and therefore few even noticed her, forgetting that slander, like time, has no respect for persons or character, but on the contrary chooses those who by their wealth, talents or popularity are objects of envy or jealousy. Individuals may, indeed, rest in security for a while; but their turn must come if there is anything about them that can be talked about. A hornet's

ness is more preferable to a sensitive person than a set of envious, jealous, malicious persons, who are never happy unless somebody's character is in the last agonies.

When Molly went home in vacation she wrote to me to spend weeks with her; I went, but never was as much shocked in my life as at the change in her. I begged her to tell me what was the matter. She replied by putting in my hand a note that ran thus:

MISS LEE:—

You will no doubt pardon the seeming indifference which prevented my visiting you immediately on your arrival at home. The reports that reached me regarding your conduct at school causes me to write this; until they are proven false, our engagement must end, as I cannot bind my fate to any woman who has been accused of crime.

Your obedient servant,

ROBERT PARKER.

Years have flown since then, bringing many changes to me, but I never shall forget the impression on my mind made by that note. The scorn, the bitter scorn, that filled my breast in proportion as I knew of Molly's innocence. I wrote to that Robert Parker without Molly's knowledge; I described the whole affair, and wound up by congratulating myself that my friend had escaped a union with a young man of his sensitive nerves, who loved the opinion of the world better than he did her. I was really indignant that Molly should feel it as she did. It humbled her too in her own eyes. She had learned to love the man with the first warm trusting affection of her woman's nature; and thus she was repaid. She had worshipped the ideal; her imagination had filled up the picture, and she found that her dream had ended, and the stern reality was before her.

Molly, said I one day, dry your tears; Robert Parker is unworthy of you; tear his image from your heart; give him back scorn for scorn, and sooner or later he will have his just reward. In learning how he wronged you he will be punished enough.

Molly heard now often from her only and dearly beloved brother; of his rapid improvement in college, and her heart rebounded with exulting pride when one of his grateful and affectionate letters arrived. She had successfully concealed from him the treatment she had received, fearing his proud spirit might prompt him to some rash act in her defence.

Molly now had something else to do beside brooding over her sorrows. She knew her brother could not go through an entire course without assistance, and fettered as she was by her Uncle's will, she could render him none for several years. She therefore determined to get a situation in a school as assistant teacher. This she managed to do, and taught about thirty miles from the academy we went to. She was now doing well, getting a good salary, and was music teacher too. I missed her more than I ever did any one, but at last received a letter from her. She was to have a concert, her first concert, and she wished me to attend. Her pupils were all well prepared, and she anticipated much pleasure.

I went to A—— the day before the concert was to come off and assisted in some little preparations, and at Molly's request took a seat beside her on the stage. Several pieces had been performed when a good many persons came in. I recognized Amy Willet at once, leaning on the arm of a tall, fine looking young man; she was splendidly attired, and literally covered with jewels, for her father was a very rich man. I looked towards Molly to see if she knew the girl, whose vile slanders had brought her such misery. She turned so pale I feared she would faint, and moving near I whispered to her, intending to draw off her attention. Her only reply was Robert, and she pointed in that direction.

Well, Molly, said I, they are well matched, pay no attention to them, and you are compelled to notice the music you know.

This seemed sufficient to arouse her, and I was delighted to

observe the composure she showed throughout the evening. Amy Willet knew us too, and directed the gentleman's attention to the stage in such a pointed manner I felt we were the subjects of conversation.

The next day we remarked a coolness in the lady with whom Molly boarded. In a short time she was compelled to give up the situation in the school and leave the place. Molly bore this better than I expected, for I knew many of her plans, and how *her heart was set* on helping her brother through college; and when I returned home and represented the injustice done her to my father, he determined to advance her the money, and also invited her to spend some time with us. We almost felt as happy as in our early school days, but Molly would not visit any one; she was sensitive and feared a repulse. We were independent of any one, and did not miss society. The months flew by almost imperceptibly but we were obliged to separate, and Molly returned home.

We met no more for several years, but corresponded regularly. Molly was at last twenty-one; her guardian insisted on giving her a splendid fete; she objected, but he could not think of relinquishing his pet plan of bringing out the heiress with becoming eclat. He of course invited the company, and Mr. Willet's family, attended as usual by Mr. Parker, were among the guests. Amy actually had the impudence to salute Molly as an acquaintance. She also called the next day in company with Mr. Parker, who seemed especially anxious to cultivate a renewed friendship with Molly. When they took their departure Amy found an opportunity to whisper she was going to be married soon, and asked if we would be the bride's maids. We were puzzled at the change, but consented when we found that Molly was to wait with Charles Willet; *I began to take then*, (as the saying is,) that cunning girl wanted the thief for a sister-in-law.

The preparations for the wedding began; they were hurried

but not enough, for one week before it was to have come off it was known that Mr. Willet was *broken all to pieces*. Gossip now handled Amy as roughly as years before it did Molly, and the eyes of many were open. Miss Lee was an heiress and Amy Willet poor.

Robert Parker begged leave to decline the alliance on the grounds of a previous engagement, which was broken off through Amy's artifice.

Mr. Willet's property was advertised for sale; the family could scarcely believe that poverty had come to them as rich as they were; they acted as if they never could imagine themselves otherwise; but all, even the house they were in, had to go.

Henry Lee finished at college, took the first honor, and returned home in time for the sale. He bought the home farm in Molly's name and presented it to Mr. Willet his lifetime, and the much injured and slandered Molly was the only person that made one single effort to assist them at all. The loss of their property had a good effect in some degree on Amy; she seemed much humbled, and came to Molly begging to be taught some of the work she had so haughtily sneered at and ridiculed at school. She held her own counsel about the watch for some time; but at last overpowered by Molly's kindness and delicacy, she confessed she put the watch in the trunk herself; also that she searched for the key to it before, but not finding it she tried her own, which fitted exactly; she then read Molly's letters from her brother and Mr. Parker, and then the evil spirit within her made her determine to injure her as far as possible; the arrow aimed at another rebounded on herself; and she felt her reward.

Now my dear children, continued Mrs. Wells, Amy was always idle, or these wicked thoughts would never have entered her mind; and Molly having employment had no time to indulge in bad feelings to any one, and I am sure you can easily judge which was in the end the happiest.

But grandma, said Kitty, what did Molly ask the goldsmith about the watch for?

Because her brother had written to her to see what he could get for his.

Is that all, grandma?

Yes; but some time I will tell you another story of gossip, and I hope sincerely you will never be led into any error of the kind, but always remember the incalculable injury which may be done an innocent person by that unruly little member—the tongue.

## A CHAPTER ON OLD MAIDS.

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It is often the case that persons of good sense, and naturally kind dispositions, indulge in ridiculing old maids. It is astonishing how they can do so, for if they would pause, in their idle conversation, to reflect, they would no doubt feel heartily ashamed; not only at their rude levity, but they might perhaps be startled at the distressing causes that often lead a woman to the determination to live and die an Old Maid. I never see one but I feel sympathy for them. Each wrinkle and gray hair has its own history, which those who have dear ones to love and be loved by should learn to respect. Is it not to a woman's credit to remain constant to her first love? and should the death of her hopes furnish a topic of mockery to happier ones? Suppose the object is false, and the young lady (for she was young once) in learning by experience not to trust those vows, which some men amuse themselves by making, should fear to trust also their barque of hope in such fickle hands for life. If her young affections had been trampled on, for some richer or prettier woman, that heart hitherto so credulous and sensitive receives a shock, and when awakened to the worthless character of one, deems them all alike, and prefers a single state to the uncertain happiness of married life. Some sneer at old maids because, perhaps, one of their acquaintance has been

proven malicious. This is gross injustice. We may as well judge every member of a church to be a hypocrite because one has acted inconsistently. Some of the kindest hearts beat in the bosoms of those who are scoffed at as old maids. They are generally charitable and industrious, relieving mothers of many troubles; they are untiring nurses by the sick couch, and always ready to contribute their mite to the comfort of the poor and orphaned children around them. When they become attached in a family their affection and influence is felt and appreciated by one at least in that family—the mother. Many nice little socks would never have been manufactured; many warm quilts would not have been made and put by for winter but for the old lady who sits by the fireside and looks on the happy family around her with beaming eyes, and is looked on by those she assists with kind regards. Therefore, mothers, never laugh at old maids, or encourage your children to do so, for the very tattling and malice you affect to abhor, is generated in their young hearts by the habit of laughing at others. Young ladies, never sneer at old maids, or seek with prying curiosity to fathom the causes of their being single, for you wound their sensitive feelings, and perhaps inadvertently add one more pang to their already lacerated hearts; you know not what may be your own future, how soon you may lose your lover or he desert you for another, therefore treat them kindly and politely, and try to atone for the slights they are subjected to by less respectful persons. Never encourage young men to speak slightly of them in your presence, and they will always respect the feeling that instigates you to protect those of your sex who have acted with independence enough to have the sneer of the world rather than pronounce with their lips vows to which their hearts cannot respond.

## JIMMY BROWN,

OR

### THE COLD WATER CURE.

**W**ELL, good morning Miss Smith, can't you step in a minute?

I have hardly got time Miss Jenks, but if you will go down town with me I don't mind coming in; can you go?

Where are you going to? asked Mrs. Jenks.

First to the store to get trimmings for Sally Ann's new bonnet, and then to the tavern to see Mrs. Brooks bout that child you know everybody is talking bout.

What child, Miss Smith?

Why, Miss Brown's little Jimmy, to be sure; haint you heard?

Laws, no!

Well, Miss Brown's little Jimmy, said the old gossip, preparing to open her budget of news, has been sick for several days with a brain fever, and will you believe it, they do say that that Doctor Walter was called in, and is killing the child with his pathy physic right before his parents eyes.

Well you don't say so; and what is to come of it?

For my part, I am going to ask Mis Brooks what to do, for Mr. Brooks is a sort of lawyer, he knows near about every thing, and if he only tells Mis Brown, Dr. Walter is a killing of her child; she will stop him. They just say it will be downright murder, for little Jimmy is a lying most to die, and the pathy and cold water stuff is killing him; Mis Brown you see is so crazy bout him she cant see that.

This very interesting dialogue was carried on between two persons, who having no business of their own to attend to, were constantly meddling with every one else's. They now sallied forth to a store, and whilst engaged in *jewing* the merchant, almost forgot their important errand; but having selected the articles they wanted they took their way to the tavern, and succeeded in interesting Mrs. Brooks in the story.

As usual, in such cases, the gossips embellished every time they repeated it until the old lady was quite horrified at the description, and felt some qualms of conscience at having neglected to visit the sick, ill-used boy so long.

Now, Mis Brooks, said Mrs. Smith, I feel for that child, and I shall save him if he can be saved after that Doctor has poured on so much water. Just sposing we call now and ask Dr. Lang, in a kind way like, to go and see him, would that be any harm?

I don't know; Mrs. Brown does not like people to meddle with her, and it would have the appearance of making people think she was not capable of acting for herself. That would not do I reckon.

Then for goodness sake tell Mr. Brooks about it, and if he tells Mis Brown not to trust Dr. Walter and pathies, that will be doing some good.

Homceopathy, you mean, Mrs. Smith. Mr. Brooks, I know, thinks a great deal of Mrs. Brown, and no doubt would do it, but for a particular reason.

What is it? asked both of the gossips in a breath.

I ought not to say; but if you won't tell I don't mind mentioning this once, and it may caution you both. Dr. Walter is a man it won't do to interfere with, for he loans out money, and Mr. Brooks might get pushed, though I don't say he is now; then Dr. Walter buys up notes, and if he knew we talked about him he might injure us in that way, therefore you see it is no use in making our opinion so public, for he will get hold of it.

Mis Brooks, that just accounts for a thing or two I know of, and proves Mr. Brooks head aint so long for nothing. Now, last night at supper, my old man comed in, and says he, Margaret, the Dr. has got a new kink in his head about that sick child. What's that? said I. He is trying cold water, and I know he will bring him through. If he does, everybody ought to know it, for it will be the greatest cure ever heard of, and Dr. Sand's says if that child gets well it will be little short of a miracle.

Why, says I, he never can get well, for how can cold water cure a sick child. Now, Mr. Smith, you know I don't wash our children but once a month, and whenever I does it they are sick right off, and I have children enough to know all about it, and it won't do. Well, Margaret, says Mr. Smith, don't say any thing agin it any way, for if Dr. Walter hears it, and he gets mad, he can ruin me.

Tired out by the extraordinary exertions in behalf of the unconscious Jimmy, the ladies returned to their homes. Mrs. Smith found her baby screaming with all its strength. Her second who was sick, when she left it, was tossing about with high fever, the fire had gone out in the kitchen, she had forgotten in her hurry to give out dinner. Here was a nice state of things. She saw by the clock it was almost time for her husband to come to dinner, and she felt natural uneasiness enough to prompt her to attend to that little neglected one, whilst the babe's screams must be hushed. Then in her mo-

ments of reflection she recalled, with startling memory, her husband's earnest request, nay command, that she should not say anything calculated to injure Dr. Walter in his profession; and she also recollected she had exposed that, and the state of his affairs, where she was certain all would be repeated again.

Oh, woman's tongue, what mischief it can do when allowed to do its worst; and never checked by intellect, wisdom or a good heart, it can scatter ruin before its insidious poisons like the breath of the deadly serpent; it can sting to death the most trusting nature and overwhelm in one mighty sirocco of despair thousands who feel its influence.

Mrs. Smith's reports flew like the swift winged messenger from house to house, for there were others in the little village who had nothing else to do but rehearse all the slander they heard, dreamed or imagined.

Little Jimmy Brown was ill, so ill that every physician in the place who heard of his remarkably dangerous symptoms gave him up in their own minds.

When Dr. Walter was appealed to for his opinion he said he did not despair, it was the strangest case he ever heard of, but he hoped his treatment would have a good effect, and whilst there was life there was hope. His enemies said no doubt he would not commit himself by positively asserting anything. There were so many ill-natured remarks made the Doctor must have heard of some; but he treated them with silence, politely answering all, even those he knew doubted his skill.

In a chamber with the sick boy sat his mother, her eyes fixed on his countenance so changed by illness; hope had nearly died within her; the father indeed had long since given him up.

Little Jimmy was lying with his head suspended so the physician could attend more conveniently. A favorite servant of the family had nothing to do but to pour the water on his

head. The child was moaning and fretting with pain, and the Doctor watching for hours together the least favorable change. At last the child is seized with spasms, and at each convulsion the heart of the mother is pierced with sympathetic pain.—Pray, mother, if you ever bent that proud heart in silent prayer to your creator, pray. Thy will be done, oh Lord; but no; she thinks it is no time for prayer, but action; she cannot trust the being who gave her that child, but wants more human aid.

The anguish is past; the promise of mercy has gone forth and little Jimmy Brown is better; the skill of the Doctor is established in all reflecting minds, and he is entitled under Providence to all the gratitude a mother's heart can feel. Jimmy is better, but no one could expect immediate recovery; he cannot speak, and now his parent feared his mind was injured; and as the thought crossed her imagination she reproached the God who had heard her prayers by saying she would rather he should die.

And do we not all so when some loved one is spared to us? are we not apt when the danger is past to forget whose merciful hand turned aside the blow?

All in good time, Mrs. Brown, said the Doctor, hope for the best.

But, Doctor, is it not singular he has not spoken yet, and the other Doctors think it doubtful he ever will; do you think he will speak?

Probably he may about Christmas.

When Mrs. Smith's child got well so she could take her round on the circuit of gossips she had quite changed her mind, or in the terror she had undergone for her imprudence, had actually forgotten her previous sentiments; for when she heard of the child's strange recovery she exclaimed:

Well, I declare, I always knew that child would get well if Dr. Walter was called in, and I shall wash my children hereafter every day, that I will.

## HOME—A SKETCH.

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HERE is no place like home, sang Anna Hall, and as the words passed her lips the memory of former happy hours rose to her mind, and she turned her head away to hide the tear that fell unbidden from her eye. Once she remembered when a happy girl her fond parents waited to welcome her to a home of comfort and pleasure; when, after toiling for ten months at school, she looked forward to a home as a paradise of ease and tranquil joy, and she was sure of that hearty welcome from friends, during her vacations, that school girls can fully appreciate.

Later in life Anna Hall had another home; she had given her hand to her heart's choice, and cheerfully hoped to travel along life's journey resting on his strong arm. There, too, were the little ones who clustered around her fireside, and her home was a happy one. She had learned, day after day, to look for the caresses which had been the spontaneous offering of hearts brimful of warm affection.

But all had passed away as bubbles down the stream of time; Her fond parents lay side by side in the narrow tomb; her girlhood's home had passed into the hands of strangers.

Misfortune comes not singly, and adversity came to the Halls. Anna's husband is an inmate of the Lunatic Asylum; her children withered like frail flowers, and all but two were dead, and they are taken by her wealthy relations, whilst she,

far away from her childhood's home, is trying to make a living by teaching.


My readers, if any of you are in an unhappy frame of mind, if oppressed with ennui, you think yourself the most miserable on earth, and imagine you were created by Providence as an especial object of misery; remember the desolate feelings of Anna Hall, orphaned, widowed, childless and homeless, with no friendly connections even, to bind her to this life, and yet she sings with pathos "There is no place like home." She has, no doubt, felt the misery of having no home, or living dependent on others; perhaps she has been taunted with it, which added doubly to the poisoned sting.

Thank God, my readers, you have health and friends, homes and home comforts, and appreciate them as gifts from a wise Providence, designed to contribute to your happiness as you pass through this world. If, however, any should glance over these pages who have been bereft of all that makes life desirable, may they receive consolation in the assurance that though they are exposed to the storms of life the "wind shall be tempered to the shorn lamb."

## DESTINY.

### A TALE OF LIFE.

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T was the hour of twilight; when the face of all nature presents to the senses the quiet of a closing day; when even the animals seek that dreamy repose so refreshing after a day of action.

The city of W——, in Southern Alabama, would not at that time have given a stranger a true idea of its importance as a commercial port, for all the stores were closed, and there were loungers in the streets. The river glanced in the still twilight as if no troublous wave had ever crossed its peaceful bosom. The pure white rock, with its thick clustering green foliage, shone conspicuous over the dark stream; and in a warehouse, on the shore, glimmered a light, like a beacon star, to guide the boats safely into port.

Just opposite the landing was the residence of one of the wealthiest citizens of the place. The porch in front seemed to be tenanted by several ladies and gentleman, who often paused in their conversation to listen for some object anxiously expected. At last a young man starts up; "there it is," he exclaimed, "the boat is most here." Simultaneously the hands at the warehouse came out, no doubt happy in the thought that their whole day's labor would soon be accomplished. Many

hearts beat anxiously as the proud steamer bounded onward with giant strides and crowded decks to her landing. If those on shore waited to greet the absent with affections fond embrace, the travelers were none the less impatient to return to friends they had left, but whose images were engraved on the memory by the tenderness of years.

The laughing voices were borne on the still air, and wafted to those on shore. Mothers even imagined they recognized them, and each dear expected one was pointed out.

Ah! happy girls, your knowledge of life had brought no chill to dampen memory, no shrinking from closer contact with the world that had been to you nothing but an Eden, whose flowery paths you had trodden with the lightsome joy of youth.

It is said that fate sometimes casts on the mind, in its gayest moods, some overshadowing of its future. That the laugh is often hushed; the smiling countenance veiled with terror at the incomprehensible something that steals like a mantle of night on its victim, and chases happiness away.

Eva May was returning from school; she had not only done honor to herself, but the fame she had acquired preceded her to her Southern home, and her appearance was anxiously expected by the gay, in memory of her lightsome spirit, and the anticipated festivities that would celebrate her return home. She had never been a favorite with the grave or sedate; she was too laughter-loving, and they thought too reckless of wounding feelings.

But few could penetrate into the hidden mysteries of Eva's heart. Her sensitive nature could not brook the prying curiosity, or the criticisms of those not disposed to be merciful to real or imaginary faults. Some of the most censorious of the inhabitants of W—— had prophesied, when Eva returned, that pride would prevent the renewal of the intercourse with her school companions; but it is probable, as these predictions were faithfully repeated to her, they might have caused her to

regard with distrust and prejudice those she came home prepared to love. Certain it is, from the time she was told of the reports about her, she could not be prevailed on to receive visitors, and became almost a recluse in her habits. A few young gentlemen, and fewer young ladies, could boast the entree to Mr. May's house, and if any gayety was contemplated Eva's mysterious conduct put it to flight. She refused every invitation, and returned none; so the people of W—— gave over making advances to her, and presumed she acted as she did on account of her father's wealth. Eva May was independent in every respect; she despised gossiping and took no trouble to hide her opinion; she was odd in her taste, dress, manners, and conversation, but there was a piquancy that charmed even while it amused. She had talent and conversed with fluency on such a variety of subjects that few ever tired of listening, and as to memory it was astonishing how she could repeat the sentiments of writers of every age and clime. With what tenacity old associations, old feelings, hopes and memories clung to her. Her mind was easily impressed, and when once it had become so nothing could erase the prints; even oceans of tears could not obliterate the feelings of an hour. Such a character has the seal of destiny on it from its birth. The more highly that genius is enthroned in the mind, the more surely does the sensitive heart feel every blight, every passing breath, until destiny accomplishes its victim's fate.

Was Eva amiable? many asked. She was good hearted and had the elements within her of great happiness or much misery. Alas! fortune had smiled too benignly on the heiress; she was never controlled; never crossed in her slightest whim, never thwarted in a wish. Genius and talent were cultivated, whilst the affections and temper were left to starve, or prey with a morbid appetite on themselves.

Eva shut herself up with her books, and from an indifference to society, she became almost a misanthrope. Byron,

Schiller, Goethe, Young and Churchill became her companions, whilst the sighs of Werter met too eager, and too entire a response in her young heart. Even then, when this thirst for knowledge assailed her, if some kind friend had sought to remove her more sombre studies, and gradually lead her to the contemplation of Campbell's Pleasures, Cowper's Piety, Moore's Humor, or Aikenside's Heart Treasures, she might have become at least happy enough to appreciate that friend's disinterested kindness. But destiny had set its seal on its victim.

The summer had passed away and Eva awoke from the trance in which genius had beguiled her, and another phase of character appeared. Although Mr. May had almost despaired of her doing so, she consented to spend the winter in M——. Her books were packed, and she once more stepped on deck of the same gallant steamer that had borne her with such gay hopes to her home. Those hopes had been wrecked, and fond memories crushed. Would the future be brighter? She asked herself the question. Fate only could answer, but taking her seat on the guards, she soon became absorbed in her reflections, and did not notice for sometime the observations of those around, or that she had attracted such attention. In a little while she was startled at hearing remarks, she knew were intended for her, but disdained to note beyond a quiet scorn, more cutting than words, to the persons that made them. Eva saw plainly she was unpopular; that envy rankled too deep for her to subdue it, and pride was aroused in all its fierceness.

The heiress could not hope for solitude on the deck of a steamboat, and she became the centre of attraction to those, whose curiosity or cupidity, rendered her an object of far more interest than she had ever appeared. At first, Eva allowed herself to be amused, then she tired of such marked attention, but finally succumbed to what seemed inevitable,

and she became a belle. Once the emancipated school-girl tasted the pleasures of the ball room, once felt the potent charm of flattery and adulation, and her books remained in their musty covers, whilst the sentiments once impressed on her mind were retained, and whilst indulging the misanthropy of the past gave herself up to the levity of the present, and became a votary of fashion, yea, a very worshipper at her shrine.

The winter was nearly over; every young man of any consequence in her circle had offered himself to the beautiful heiress, and been honestly rejected. One evening she was on the floor with a friend dancing *La Craccovienne*; she was dressed in her fairy robe of spun glass work, and felt happier than she had done for many months before. If the light sparkled on her dress reflecting its costly splendour and scintillating its beams like myriads of diamonds, it also reflected in her eyes the excitement of the hour. Her face was lighted up with smiles, her light laughter, so joyous, entranced the listener by its childlike natural glee, and the quick wit and lively repartee charmed her partner as they glided by with flying feet, even when the music ended; and Eva stood at the end of the saloon surrounded by a crowd of beaux, each one eager by his devotion and attention to enlist some interest in his behalf.

Standing by the door, with folded arms and dignified mein, was a gentleman who presented a favorable contrast to the butterflies around; on his brow was the majesty of thought; in his eyes beamed the tender sympathy of a manly nature.—He gazed at Eva with the wrapt attention one would a Deity. She felt the magnetism of his glance. Gradually the effervescent gayety of her feelings passed away and thought once more resumed its sway. Several days had come and vanished with the wheels of time, and Eva remained at home, but the image of the stranger was with her, and if at first sight she

felt impressed by the magic glance with which he regarded her; he also found Fate had heartlessly wrecked his bark of hope and life on a desert strand.

They met once again at the Opera, and neither dreamed of the danger of meeting until it was too late.

It is not love, said Eva, (when describing her feelings,) but a species of magnetism involuntarily attracting two minds by a sympathy neither he or I could resist. The heart had nothing to do with it.

A few nights after the Opera they were introduced, and in a short time Eva May was carried fainting from the room. A disappointment, a blight had fallen on her pathway before she knew, or was prepared for it. The man whom her imagination had invested with the grand qualities of her's, and whom she had regarded as connected with her own destiny, had already linked his fate with another, and when she fainted it was his wife that supported and revived her.

In all minds that suffer from intense feeling, be it for good or ill, the passions have their sway; they rule with a strong grasp those who admit their power, whether directed by nature or education. There is no passion that exercises such control over strong minds as that of jealousy, because of the sensitive craving for affection, and the suspicious fear of its being withdrawn. Now appeared the most beautiful and heroic trait in Eva's character. Louise Lowell was ill; few indeed expected she would ever recover. Her husband was almost beside himself with grief and remorse perhaps that he had for a time unintentionally allowed his affections to wander from her. The physicians pronounced that nothing but the most unremitting attention, the most careful nursing could restore her. As soon as Eva May heard their opinions she took her station by Louise, and never left her until she became convalescent; then no power or persuasion could induce her to remain; her mission was ended; her womanly sympathy had responded to

nature's call, and instead of an enemy she made a friend of Louise, whose kindness to her in after years testified to the beautiful strength of gratitude.

Eva left the city for her home, but the quiet of her life was gone; a nervous thirst for excitement seized with avidity on her; and she plunged in the vortex of gayety whenever she found it, until even that lost its charm.

Mr. May noticed a change in his daughter, and he feared for her to remain stationary during the summer; he persuaded her to travel about, and the beneficial effects of moderate exercise, and new scenes soon displayed themselves in her countenance and manner. Her mind gradually recovered its tone; and though far from happy she was more cheerful.

Eva was still a belle. As one by one of her suiters were kindly dismissed, some said she was excentric enough to remain an old maid. Her friends even thought it time to interfere, and tried to persuade her she would be happier married than single. But she was an heiress, and thought no one could love her disinterestedly; she feared the golden charms of her money bags might rival her in her husband's affections.

Mr. May's health was such at this time that he thought, perhaps, change would benefit him. He owned several large plantations, and often spent some days at each. Eva now became his constant companion. It was in one of these little excursions that she met several persons, whose influence over her lasted for years; some indeed until the end of her life.—

Mr. May's carriage was at the door, he waiting patiently for his daughter to appear, and she was on her knees before a huge trunk, packing presents and comforts for the servants she was going to see for the first time. After she had finished and the trunk was sent down, she looked about for some favorite authors to enliven her anticipated loneliness, whilst her father would be engaged in planning improvements on his plantation. So she drove off; she felt as if something

would happen to her before she stood again in the paternal mansion that would influence her in after life; but no vision of dark shadows, and stormy passions, arose to the imagination of the heiress.

During her visit to the country, among the acquaintances she made, was a young lady, almost the only one she visited sans ceremonie. Eva learned to love this girl with that fond and devoted love that nothing but the most disinterested sympathy between friends can cement. They were as different as possible, yet they understood each other perfectly. Eva May knew nothing of religion; never once had she reflected on its importance. Seldom, indeed, had she ever entered a place of worship; but during her visit to her friend they attended church. Eva sat down, greatly amused at the curious glances directed to her, but at last a deep, manly voice interrupted the silence of the church. The minister seemed to feel the responsibility that rested upon him, and whilst setting forth the beauties of the faith he professed, there was so much meekness and patience in his manner, so much deep-toned pathos in his voice, that was calculated to impress the congregation favorably, Eva, for the first time felt, in spite of herself, that something else was required of us here, besides securing as much frivolous pleasure as we can. The minister also made an impression on her. As soon as she was seated in the carriage with her friend she said:

I am sure your minister has a history. Do, Emma, tell it to me.

He has a history, a touching one, but the evil of his boyhood has passed away, and in the meek humility of that man you can perceive he has suffered as few ever do.

I knew it. Was he crossed in love? asked Eva.

He is engaged, report says, to a young lady. However the match is opposed by her friends; but I have heard he had other sorrows.

Poor man, I pity and sympathize with him, truly.

Take care, Eva, do not think too much of him.

The friendly warning came too late; the poisoned chalice was already at her lips, and destiny bid her quaff it to the dregs.

No one can ever know how poor Eva suffered. The undreamed of misery pursued her, and though she tried to forget, or to persuade herself that imagination had directed her feelings, and jested about the minister, yet his image *would not* leave her; and when the realization of her hopes became impossible, the phantom of all her dreams of happiness was ever present. It was in a mood of reckless misery she assumed a gayety, suspicious from its very exuberance, and with some young companion she took a solemn and fatal vow to marry the next man that addressed her.

Fate threw in her way a young man who seemed handsome enough. His dark eyes, soft in their expression, betokened to the physiognomist a mild disposition and a gentle heart. His manners were gentlemanly and modest. His conversation, though not at all brilliant, was interesting in a general way. He had enjoyed many opportunities to inform himself on subjects calculated to please the listener. Eva knew the young man had no pretensions to the intellectual elegance she admired, but she thought what was wanting in mind was fully compensated for in the heart. She imagined him gentle and kind, and it was the general opinion that he was not intelligent enough to atone for mental deficiencies.

They were married. The chrysalis, in its naked deformity, left its shell, not thinking enough of public opinion when the object was gained to practice a little deceit. He laughed and jeered at her for listening to his soft words; for believing that he could love her; for being fool enough, as he said, to marry him. Without any provocation he laughed at her vanity, and coarsely taunted her with believing anything but "*the old man's money*" caught him; and hinted that as her

father would not trust him with any portion of his property *he* would oblige him by *dropping off*, as the races would soon come on, and he wanted money.

Eva found, with astonishment, the man she had married was a *fiend* in human shape; a demon, who seemed determined to exercise all the power he could attain. He became a gambler and drunkard. Sometimes he would pretend to feel affection for her, and took her with him to visit several cities; he subjected her publicly to every species of mortification he could think of. Indeed, his system of persecution was refined only as an accomplished villain could make it.

Eva had never loved the man; she could not even respect him; he was too entirely selfish in his nature to think of any one's comfort but his own, and too mean to care for the opinion of the world; so Eva's father fed *the creature*, and it was content to lead a life of dependent monotony and *nothingness*. Like his prototype, the spaniel, he would have fondled on the hand that inflicted blows; but to a woman, he would threaten and curse. Nothing in the world proves more surely an entire want of manly independence than the habit of cursing at a woman; her defenceless position should at least shield her from insults, which she is obliged to take; and in pity to her helplessness and sex, a *man* would scorn what a silly coxcomb would practise.

Days of misery passed. Eva had borne as much as her delicate frame could bear, and she was laid on a bed of sickness. Then her mind reverted to the many blessings and advantages she had enjoyed; how she had repined when she should have rejoiced. In that lonely chamber, deserted by *the world*, she thought of how much good she might have done. She remembered the talents entrusted to her care might have assisted to alleviate untold misery; the misery of poverty and neglect.

In the quiet of a sick chamber the heiress even depended on hireling nurses for that attention which should have been

the free offering of friendship. But where were the friends that would have courted and fettered the rich and happy? Echo answered, where? Eva was alone, and often came over her memory, like the distant sound of far off music, the voice of the minister she had listened to with such curious attention. She was awakened to a sense of her own unworthiness, and the Providence who had chosen her fiend husband to work out her destiny, mercifully made him the instrument of her repentance.

Eva gave birth to a boy, and as the first wail of the tender infant met her ear she thought not of herself but he who was connected to her by fate; and whilst humbly praying that her babe might never be like its father, a prayer for that father likewise ascended from the couch of the sick—the dying Eva.

Perhaps, even, when all was dark to the hapless woman, there might have stolen across her brain new hopes, that the link between herself and husband might bring future happiness to her, or repentance to him.

But the father noticed not his little babe, he cared not for its suffering mother, but blind and infatuated mortal as he was, still farther tempted God's judgment.

The fiat had gone forth, and Eva, the miserable Eva, sank to rest. Could death shield her from the insults of her drunken demon husband? It could not; his conduct was too horrible, after this sad event, to contemplate, and we pass over it. Eva was laid in the silent tomb; and the beautiful heiress, once wild with happiness, gay in heart, then mighty in genius, and finally an object of pity, as her miseries and disappointments became universally known, had all passed away, and nothing remained—but a memory—as if fate intended to efface as much as possible, one by one, those connecting links that ever bound her to this life. The proud steamer, that for years floated majestically on the broad bosom of the Alabama, had been numbered with the things that were, and had passed

away. Like Eva's hopes, there was nothing but the wreck to testify to its pristine beauty and strength. Twice had the steamer, with flying pennants, borne Eva into ports where her destiny seemed a bright and happy one, only to make the reality a startling truth following the peaceful dream of joy. As Eva's hopes were wrecked, as her prospects, entrusted to the pilotage of her husband, had been ruthlessly devoured by the flames of passion, so had the Orlean St. John been destroyed in the very midst of her season of grandeur.

Splendor and magnificence, genius and intellect, hope and happiness, all are governed by an unseen fate, but directed, we believe, by an unseen but merciful Providence. A few short years have passed since the circumstances we have feebly endeavored to portray. The scourge that desolated the South, was raging with unabated fury. Many of the good, the talented of our land, were the first victims; and they were mourned as only the worthy can be—but alas! the disease was impartial, and one of the first who was seized was Eva May's husband. None deplored his loss—he died as he lived—a mad, wild, and infatuated creature, that none could mourn.

The babe had followed its mother, and all three rested in different places. Money has power, but how often is that power abused. Eva's father had toiled to amass wealth he coveted for his daughter; the title and eclat of an heiress. God allowed him to go on and prosper, but it was indispensable there should be an offering to fate, and the parents hearts were wrung by the misery of their child. Money was the cause of all the mischief, and the love of money accomplished Eva May's destiny.

## THE MISTAKES OF A LIFE,

OR

## A LIFE OF MISTAKES.

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**T**HERE is nothing on earth so surprising to prosperous people as the bad luck that seems to hover around others; they continually say that it is bad management, and if they had such chances they could get along. In many cases it is true; for men that love money for itself, will have it, if their getting it depends on industry and unceasing toil after wealth.

Some time since there was a young man who had a very good beginning, and stood a fair chance of being wealthy; he had been brought up to do nothing, and scarcely to think for himself. He took his property and moved to another State, where it was reported that cotton grew luxuriantly, and money was plenty. There was another who moved to the same State; he had nothing but the hand God gave him, a good conscience, and a manly, independent spirit. He looked around him and concluded to get a clerkship in a store; he was poor and patient; he had a small salary and his board, and felt within him *the will* to work his own way. The first young man (whom we will call Harry Clifton,) bought a small place and

went to work; he was restless, however, his house looked lonely, his meals afforded him little enjoyment, he was too social, and could not make up his mind to forego for a time the pleasure of society. Every one thought he was the best fellow in the world, and encouraged his visits.

The merchant's clerk, Joe Simmons, plodded on the same routine every day in the year; he had to rise early, sweep the store, act as clerk and errand boy, fold and unfold calico, and, although something within him often whispered he was superior to this employment, and might, by his talents, command something more congenial, his good angel said, "persevere if you would attain independence."

One day Harry Clifton rode up to the store, and Joe Simmons went behind the counter to wait on him—"Joe," said he, "I wonder how you can stay contented behind that counter measuring off cloth from day to day; I could not stand it." "No, Harry, you are too restless to stand it, but I am poor and obliged to do what you are not compelled to." "I think you made a mistake, Joe, when you went in that store, you have talents that might have become brilliant in law." "Ah!" said Joe with a sigh, "that was one of my dreams once. I used to think, when a boy, if I only had the chance I could be as eloquent as Demosthenes, but poverty brings down such aspirations, and I think now, if I make a living it is all I can expect." "A living," said Harry contemptuously, "if I don't make money I shall be surprised." "You are different from me, your situation is widely different from mine, you already have a living, and therefore you are right to try and get as rich as you can, but I have to make a living, and it would be ridiculous in me to talk about getting rich till I do. But Harry I will tell you where your danger is." "Where is that?" he asked rather indifferently. "In living too fast; many young men begin in that way and make a great mistake, when they do their money comes easy and it goes

easy, and they never find out their mistake until it is too late to remedy it." Harry Clifton never could stand advice, so he mounted his horse and rode off, while Joe looked after him a few minutes, then with a sigh he turned again to folding and replacing the goods. \* \* \* A year passed, and Joe Simmons had an offer of a better salary in the same town. He no longer swept the floor, but often was seen bending over the desk engaged in the more arduous duties of book-keeping. Harry Clifton had hired out his servants and had no employment himself; but few troubled themselves about that, he paid his debts and was a good fellow still.

Time flew by with rapid wings, to one bringing with it steady advancement and mature reflection, while to the other it lagged heavily. He did not know what to be at. He wished it would rain, then he wished the sun would shine. He wished there was a war he could go to and kill somebody, or die a hero himself. Then he wished he was married, and did all he could to get married, never dreaming how entirely such a restless being was unsuited to insure to himself or others quiet happiness. Joe Simmons also thought he would like to be married, but he had no home, and his ideas of independence forbade his getting married until he could earn a home and comforts around him.

In another year there was a war; indeed it seemed that fate was determined to indulge Harry's wishes for a time, to show more glaring his mistakes. The meeting was held for the purpose of getting volunteers, and as usual, great excitement (which many mistook for patriotism,) prevailed. Men walked about singing "Hail Columbia" and the "Star Spangled Banner," as though the Union depended upon the exertion of their stentorian voices. Women talked about the war as if the Mexicans were at their gates, and their feeble complaints could protect them. Some, like Joan of Arc, would have buckled on the armor, and would have led the armies to vic-

tory; but their high flights of patriotism would be cut short by the cries of their little responsibilities, and their generalship was immediately called in requisition to quiet home disturbances and leave the United States armies to quell foreign tumults. Young ladies (though having nothing of that kind to look after) talked about heroes and wars, powder and shot, the cannon's roar, and love of country, until many *young men* caught the infection and straightway enlisted.

Do things in a hurry and repent at leisure, is something that young men hear but never take in more than the sound, until the meaning forces itself on them by the mistakes of their lives. Harry Clifton heard of the war. At first he thought he would go, but it might be more trouble than he could foresee. The enthusiasm though rose to such a height, so many married men said that if they were single they would go, his scruples were generally overruled, and he enlisted as a volunteer. The music of the company was exhilarating; the United States flag floated gallantly on the breeze, and the farewells to the company, breathed from the lips of beauty, as with enthusiastic patriotism, they bade them "God speed," and the soldiers started with bright anticipations of victory and success, to the far off fields of battle.

After sea sickness enough to shake their patriotic ardor to its foundation, they landed with scarcely strength enough to walk much less to march; and floating through their addled brains was a faint idea they had made a great mistake when they enlisted in the war; and this idea strengthened whilst their bodies weakened from exposure to tropical heat and winds. They were destined to take long marches through the burning sand, and yet tried to keep up their sinking spirits, and a show of patriotism. Harry Clifton marched along, but often wished for his horse, and said he could not stand it, but there was no help for it; his horse (unconscious of his master's wish, and no doubt enjoying his reprieve from a gallop to

town every day, and standing in the sun for hours, and perhaps wondering where his gallant master was, and if he had forgotten him,) was leisurely grazing in green pastures, and poor Harry was obliged to trudge along. Some of the soldiers thought (no doubt) if they were only at home, that would be glory enough for them, without traveling through sand and rain to fight for it.

Joe Simmons, meanwhile, steadily progressed in his upward course; he worked hard all day, and when night came he took that repose so sweet and so refreshing to an honest man. At the close of a few more years he opened a small store for himself; he bought for cash, and he sold for cash. He almost began to despair of making money, as the town he lived in seemed decidedly to favor the credit system. Merchants would encourage their customers to buy to any amount they thought they were good for, until they ran out their credit, when they coldly turned them over to the county sheriff and looked out for more to ruin. It is astonishing how sensible people allow themselves to be gulled by merchants and their soft words. We often hear, "Well! I bought a great deal more this morning than I intended." Oh! that credit system; how many are ruined by it; if the people of the South could only make up their minds to pay as they go, much would be saved that is now yearly thrown away on interest. The most systematic men seem to be fascinated by the credit system; they postpone paying their store bills and almost forget them, whilst the cautious merchant adds interest to the principal, and compounds it, until the amount is astonishing. Joe Simmons' patience was nearly exhausted, but worth and true merit will make themselves known in a community, and gradually his star rose in the ascendant. Customers who became disgusted with the enormous prices at other stores, excused by the long credit the merchants allowed, found out it was cheaper to buy good articles for cash; and from his obliging manners he be-

came a favorite with the ladies, and in a short time enlarged his stock, and was considered as thriving a merchant as any in the city.

In a year or two he married; and all his household learned the grand principle of industry and economy. Joe felt that however brilliant he might have become in the realization of his young dream of securing wealth and fame as a lawyer, that he could scarcely have been happier, or made others more so, than the consciousness of a life of patience and rectitude had done. There was no mistake in him, because he had chosen the right—had cultivated right principles.

Harry Clifton was ill in Mexico; the burning heat, exposure, toilsome marches, and night exposure, were too much for him. He was a favorite with the soldiers; all felt pity and sympathy for the poor fellow, and they tended him as well as men ever can in sickness, but he pined for his home and friends far away; and the idea of dying in a distant land, with no tender nurse beside him, filled him with horror. Many dropped off in the same mess, and why might not he? But God was merciful and spared his life, either that he might profit by his mistakes, or that others might be warned—not to allow themselves to become so vacillating in their opinions of others.

One night after Harry Clifton recovered he was on guard, when the cry of "the Mexicans are on us" reached his ear. Immediately all was bustle in the camp; the enthusiasm which brought the soldiers so far, again kindled in their breasts as they girded on their weapons, and prepared for a defense; all determined to sell life dearly, and we are proud to say, in Alabama men knew not the name of fear, and no doubt would have fought bravely enough. It was amusing to see what a variety of sentiments filled the bosoms of the men whilst their preparations were going on. Some chanted a requiem to themselves, as heroes of the battle field; some apostrophised the Generals for never allowing them a chance, in a regular battle,

where they felt their heroic deeds would win them a name to make posterity stare; others improvised verses to the girl they left behind them, and requested, if they fell, a lock of hair should be sent, dipped in their own blood, a memento of their deeds of daring. Finally they were equipped; no Mexicans hove in sight, and the soldiers were ordered to sleep on their arms. It was a mistake, and similar mistakes were constantly occurring, raising the expectations of our brave men to the highest pitch, only to make the disappointment more poignant and hard to bear. It was hard that partiality should be shown towards other troops, whilst the Alabama regiment were allowed to remain inactive—this same dull routine following each day. Of course they became low spirited and indolent, and had time to note the injustice which compelled them to wear the trammels of the military law, whilst others enjoyed the more active exercises.

The war ended, and the soldiers (who lived, and did not desert,) returned to their homes restless, unhappy creatures for life.

Harry Clifton made many mistakes after this severe lesson. He trusted all mankind. He knew his own heart was full of honest sympathy for his species, and believed they were inspired with the same feelings. But, alas! when his property was all gone, he found out that his life had been one of mistakes, and was almost tempted to treat every man like a villain, until he found him otherwise.

A man feels desolate indeed when he awakes from a dream of friendship and finds naught but the casket where he expected the gem. All his trust in mankind, his feelings for years, undergoes so sudden a change it takes time alone, with its ever healing balm, to heal the wounded heart. \* \* \* \* \*

## TWILIGHT.

THE hour for calm repose, when contemplating the great beauties of God's creation, is perhaps the happiest in the day; it seems if one possessed of a bad conscience, if the world seemed dark and dreary, if friends forsook and fortune turned her face away, if the dark mantle of the future ever filled the mind with forebodings only more terrible than the reality of the past, a portion of this misery might be dissipated by gazing on the sublime diapason of the heavens at twilight. If the miserable and guilty would go to some sequestered spot, and whilst gazing on the stupendous works of God, admit His greatness and goodness, deep contrition and awe would fill the soul. With the christian, that is the hour for communion with saints—when their good angel admonishes them to forgive mankind, and look to our Heavenly Father for pardon.

Twilight is the hour when poets are inspired, and some of the grandest productions of art ever executed took their birth in the artist's brain, when at the close of a day's labor they gave themselves up to one hour of pleasing reflection and glorious anticipations. We view the same sky that Byron, Moore, Cowper, Burns, Thompson and Campbell did whilst composing some of their sublimest poetry; and Young was renowned for the sentimental rhapsody with which he enjoyed twilight's mystic hour.

## WOMAN.

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**W**OMAN'S influence is especially felt in the home circle; she is the weaker, physically, and yet in many other respects the stronger. There is no question of what she *can bear*, but what she is obliged to bear in her positions as wife and mother, she has her troubles and anxieties which man, the stronger, can never know. Many annoying things to woman passes unnoticed by those whose thoughts and feelings naturally lead them beyond their own homes.

Man is the more restless being. Nature designed it so; for if woman, with her home duties, her children and servants, were to feel one tithe of the impatience of restraint that man manifests at being compelled to remain in one place, her life would be a misery indeed; therefore God has shown his wisdom in creating woman the most patient and untiring in the performance of her duties.

To a true woman home is her world, and no queen, surrounded by her ministers of state, her robes of regal splendor, and all the embellishments and elegancies of royalty, feels more pride than a mother in her own home, in the midst of her helpless children. Every woman has her mission, and it were wise if no thought of envy, no false pride enter the portals of her heart, raising up a barrier between her duties and the strict performance of them. Sometimes, indeed, a woman is com-

pelled, by stern necessity, to take other duties than those of her home. Often has it been the case that throwing aside for a time her needle she takes the pen instead; this is an additional responsibility, and God help her to discharge her duties there regardless of the petty sneers of those who having nothing else to do can afford to sneer. God bless the patient woman, whether found at midnight alone by the couch of suffering infancy, or bending over the tablets, strengthened by the honest desire to win, not fame, but independence.

It is strange what difference there is in women; some have no time for aught else but the strict discharge of duties connected entirely with their own households; they lose sight of others suffering around them. This particular class dwindles into nonentity, and imperceptibly to themselves become very slaves to the habits that have gotten possession of them to the exclusion of nobler sentiments.

Other women think and live only for fashion. They are miserable if a dress should not fit, but no thought of the patient, toiling, dress-maker ever crosses their brain. These vain creatures' greatest happiness, next to being indisputably *in the fashion*, is to gaze at themselves in the glass, to be forever trying on their things, and teasing people for their opinions of them; or listening to fulsome flattery and disgusting compliments from dependants, who finding them relished with zest, have always a stock on hand. Fashions should not be entirely disregarded, as no lady likes to attract attention to her dress by appearing singularly attired in a style worn long ago, but the feeling that would prompt one to a due regard to the opinions of friends is entirely different from that experienced by ladies of fashion. In the first place they do not *particularly affect* the cognomen of *woman*; that even is obsolete, and *lady* is the term now.

Deliver me from those would-be-ladies of fashion that imagine themselves, and all connected with them, the most interest-

ing topic of conversation that can possibly be introduced in a morning visit, and never are troubled with memory enough to think they entertained you in the same language at your last visits to them. Deliver me from that lady of fashion who is above noticing the children God has given her; who leaves them to the care of servants, night after night, while she, regardless of aught but self, and the frivolous pleasures of the season, flies to the ball room, the opera, and every other place she dares to enter, for gayety. We would not wish to be misunderstood; no one could condemn any woman for occasionally leaving home for the purpose of social visiting, but every one who knows anything of ladies of fashion will understand it is not once or twice a week, but every night that home is deserted, husbands wishes disregarded, and children left to careless servants.

Children require the watchful care that none but a mother can give, and it is too often the case that fashionable mothers think if money is paid out to teachers, and their children appear well, they have done their duty, and nothing else is required of them but an introduction to fashionable society.

Many a neglected child has possessed, naturally, the elements of happiness, but from ignorance of the world, and a sensibility which is prematurely blunted, causes an irritability, a morbid craving for what is least attainable, a dissatisfaction with the whole world, that ends in the formation of a character miserable in itself and making all in its influence so.

A mother's watchful eye alone can early detect, and a mother's firmness can eradicate such pernicious principles; and God who gave them the privileges they enjoy in our happy land, intended they should not shrink from the duties of their positions.

## RICHARD WILBURN,

OR

### ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

IT was Sabbath morning; the family of Mr. Wilburn had assembled for morning prayer, and as the first bright beams of the sunlight fell on the uplifted head of the father, as he returned thanks to God for another day of rest, and besought his mercies for the future, it seemed a halo of divine inspiration had surrounded the group; and indeed such a scene is worthy of the description of the poet, or delineation of the artist.

Mr. Wilburn's family consisted of his wife, two daughters, and four sons; they were all pious, having been trained from infancy to revere religion. The impressions received from the precepts and example of parents, who felt the responsibility that devolved on them, had grown with their growth, and proven a shield when absent from home and exposed to temptation. Two of the sons had graduated at the University and returned home. They had professed a change of heart, and joined the Episcopal church, though their parents were Methodists. There had never been but two churches erected in the

little town where they resided—one Methodist, the other Baptist. It is the privilege of all, in this free country, to worship God as it seems right to the conscience; and all, even the slaves of America, enjoy it as much as any other people. Therefore Mr. Wilburn, who was not a bigot but a christian, wished his children to think and act for themselves in a matter so important.

The eldest daughter, Emma, had been sent to a Presbyterian school, and here imbibed the notions of that denomination, whilst Lucy was a Methodist. Although this family were so divided by their different forms of worshipping God, they met on the grounds of christianity, and lost sight of the forms in the amity of religion, the piety of the heart. There were no hard words or bickerings.

On the Sabbath morning on which our story begins there was a protracted meeting, held by the Methodists, and the whole family consented to attend church together. Richard Wilburn (the eldest son) knew of the prejudices of many persons in regard to the Episcopalians, and feeling nothing but charity and brotherly love towards all, he took his seat in his father's pew, which was fronting the pulpit. Many were the curious glances directed towards the young man, that absence from home had rendered almost a stranger, and his apostacy from the church of the village had been heard of, and produced a very different effect from what the same intelligence did on his own family.

Mr. Wilburn had been advised to take his sons from college before they became entirely corrupted, but he determined to leave them with God, and felt no misgivings from their choice of a church. His own mother had been a pious woman, a member of the Apostolic church, and he had joined one. He imagined that having seceded from that would naturally have a child's respectful feelings towards its mother, and so far he had no cause to think otherwise. Mr. Sympson, the pastor

of the Methodist church, was a pious, upright man, who felt the dignity of his calling as a minister of the gospel; he loved every body, and as far as possible did good to all. Between himself and every other denomination, their subsisted charity and brotherly love. He was conscientious in his preference for the Methodist church, but he was a free man, and respected the exercise of freedom in others on all religious and political subjects. As it was a protracted meeting, ministers from other circuits had been invited to attend, and the pulpit was filled. The church was already nearly filled, and still the crowd was pouring in. The Baptist minister and his flock attended. Finally a hymn was selected and read, and Mr. Wilburn asked to raise the tune, which he did—his family immediately joined, and Richard, who had a fine bass voice, was conspicuous in the congregation. The hymn concluded, the whole church knelt in solemn prayer. A scene of this kind has always impressed me with awe. Often it is associated with the appearance of the Hosts in Heaven at the last day, when every nation, notwithstanding their different beliefs on earth, shall be assembled before the Supreme Judge, there to give an account of the talents entrusted to their care, and of their power and influence in this world; how they were applied in charity and brotherly love. The prayer, though long, was solemn and impressive; leading the mind away from earth to the contemplation of the saints in heaven.

The text was taken by Mr. Daniels, who had been invited to preach on that occasion, and Richard was prepared to listen attentively, hoping the eloquence of the minister would atone for the absence of the Litany, and the services of the Episcopal church; nor was he disappointed in the first part of the sermon. The house was still, and the undivided attention was sufficient to encourage and inspire a man much less eloquent than Mr. Daniels. He seemed at once impressed with the subject he had chosen, but the wind that veers in its

course from East to West was not more sudden than the change in the speaker. He left his glorious subject of redemption to the world through the blood of the Lamb; he forgot his sacred calling, and from the time he touched upon doctrines he was no longer the dignified speaker, but the madman, who felt himself privileged to insult his hearers, and protected by their forbearance and the sacred desk.

Richard could not believe his ears and his sight had deceived him, but he listened still. Mr. Daniels was on the subject of baptism. As far as his knowledge went he uprooted the belief and doctrines of the Baptist church; he next deliberately ridiculed the old fashioned Presbyterians, with their Calvinism, Predestination and Election; but when he got to the Episcopal church he could scarcely express his contempt. He jumped and sneered, gritted his teeth and grinned, desecrated the sacred volume by beating it with his fists, as if he were angry—it had dared to lead the apostates he was reviling in the light of christian charity. “The church,” he screamed, “The church of England, with her Apostolic succession and idle fables, has dared to raise her gothic head in our free country, with her priests and her robes; and, my friend, my Methodist brethren, it is the stumbling block in the way of the christian; it is the grand scheme of Satan, the enemy of mankind, to confound our belief, pervert our understanding, and finally to seize our souls for his terrible mansions below.”

Richard could scarcely suppress a smile when the speaker sat down, overpowered by his fanaticism and the unusual exercise of jumping and stamping in the pulpit. Perhaps the many meaning glances cast to him from the brothers and sisters (who looked on him as something worse than an infidel) also assisted the action of his risibilities; but he had little time to suppress or indulge, for Mr. Sympson arose and said, “let us pray.” Richard remembered whose house he was in and knelt, whilst the good pastor (as far as it was possible) seemed

to try, by his humility, charity and sympathy for all denominations to dispel from the congregation the impressions of the latter part of the sermon, whilst he alluded to the former in a solemn, soul-inspiring strain; alluding to the Lamb who died for all, until many sobs in the congregation attested the refreshing influence on the hearts of the assembled multitude. The prayer ended, another hymn was read by Mr. Daniels, and then he made a few remarks about the importance of saving the soul. After speaking about twenty minutes, using the most terrible illustrations to frighten out of their wits, the superstitious part of the congregation, he wound up his appeal to the imagination, not the heart, by asking those on the front seats to make way for the mourners, which would kneel at the front bench, whilst the brethren sang the hymn he had read. Then he raised the tune in a loud voice, utterly regardless of tune or melody, and clapping his hands so violently that it seemed chaos had forever usurped the places of veneration, decorum, or even religion. Several arose, and running forward through the aisles fell at the altar, displaying not the contrite heart but the frightened intellect and distorted fancy. The singing was going on, the people groaning, the mourners sighing, and the minister, at the top of his voice, exhorting all who wanted to save their souls to come then, and employing every text in Scripture to threaten, to frighten those who were not professors, and losing sight entirely of God's mercies, his willingness to forgive, his power to save, and above all that we should love him entirely, as he first loved us. It is astonishing how ministers can become so overpowered by the unbounded excitement of their own feelings as to forget for one moment the immense responsibility resting on them, to lead the minds and hearts of their hearers aright in the paths of religion, instead of trying to make maniacs of those whose nerves were not strong enough to stand the frightful visions of the imagination, called up with the deliberate cruelty of fanati-

cism. The services were concluded, and Richard was engaged in renewing his acquaintance with some who would not be governed by prejudice. Mr. Wilburn was a hospitable man, one that loved to see his table well filled, and on an occasion like this the ministers were invited to his house. Richard was struck still more by the contrast in the manners of the pastor and Mr. Daniels; the latter scarcely assumed the dignity of a gentleman; and no one, to listen to the strain of levity, and the light manner of talking of the Methodist churches, would think he was a minister any more than he was the manager of a Theatre, who was anxious to get the patronage of the masses. He seemed particularly taken with Emma, who, with horror, he found a Presbyterian, so he devoted the balance of his stay in attempting to proselyte her, but to no purpose—for what she had witnessed so recently only confirmed her in the doctrines of a church that censured such malice and inculcated charity. Finding he could make nothing of Emma, he turned to her father, and very rudely inquired, “how he, believing in the Armenian doctrines, could allow his child to go where he might have been certain she would have imbibed the Calvinistic, which were entirely opposite in every thing but the point of baptism.”

In vain, Mr. Wilburn said, he wished his children to be happy; and to be so, there were some subjects on which they, as rational beings, were required to think and act for themselves.

“Well,” said Mr. Daniels, “do you not think yourself in the right?” “Do you not think, as a Methodist, you are happier than you could be in any other church?”

“At the time I joined the Methodist church, Mr. Daniels, there was no other here that I preferred, nor is there yet, but my mother was an Episcopalian, and as I attended that church so long, and knew so much about it, I always intended to be confirmed some day, but I came here, where I have lived, and

joined the Methodists. I do not regret the step, and do not know that I shall ever become an Episcopalian. I find no fault with the church I am a member of, but wish some who compose it had a little more charity than I know of.”

Mr. Daniels had no idea he was alluded to in the latter part of brother Wilburn's remark, but answered in such abusive terms of the Episcopal church that Mr. Sympson interfered, and explained that two of the young men present were communicants in that church. It is probable too that he tried privately to impress on his mind the great evil he was doing the church and the cause of christianity generally, by throwing stumbling blocks in their way.

Mr. Daniels very often afterwards preached to Mr. Sympson's congregation, or rather that part of it that filled Mr. Wilburn's pew; but when Emma knew of his appointments she generally excused herself, and afterwards married the Baptist minister who officiated in the village, much to Mr. Daniels chagrin; who declared that water and ice ought to agree, as both were composed of the same elements. Many laughed at the ineffectual attempts at wit the minister chose to indulge in, to hide his disappointment; and some told him it was the first time they had ever known so much fire fail to melt ice.

Some time after, the good people of the village were astonished to hear that an Episcopal minister would preach in the school house the following Sabbath, and through curiosity (as few of them had ever even *seen* a Priest of the church of England) deserted their own minister, and flew to see, to hear, and to criticise. The young Rector of a neighboring Parish, at Richard Wilburn's request, consented to preach in the village once a month; but there were few to make the responses from prayer books, except Mr. Wilburn's family. At the end of a year the Bishop made his annual visitation, and to the surprise of many there were nine confirmed, including Mr. Wilburn, his wife and daughter, and two sons. The friend-

ship between himself and the good Methodist pastor, Mr. Sympson, continues to this day, and the latter has been heard to remark, that when next he had a protracted meeting he would try and engage ministers to assist him who had the fear of God before their eyes; who perform their duties with a view to directing sinners in the way of salvation; who could preach their own doctrines without condescending to act the part of a tragedian or comedian in the pulpit by ridiculing others.

Mr. Sympson, no doubt, attributed the loss of so many of his congregation to the effects of this sermon, which all his subsequent efforts were not able to dispel from the minds of those who heard it, and he determined hereafter to countenance no minister, whether Methodist or not, who could stoop from his exalted calling and inculcate principles entirely opposed to the democracy of a free and enlightened people.

## WOMAN'S TRIUMPH.

CONSTANCE RAY was a spoiled child of fortune, who naturally had a good heart, some talent, and many qualifications. Had they been early cultivated or made to expand as she advanced to womanhood, she would undoubtedly have been a brilliant woman.

Many a one passes for a commonplace, because having all they wish, or rather all their wishes anticipated, by an enervating prosperity, become nothing but the butterfly of fashion, whose only aim in life is to sip the dew of adulation as they lightly flit from flower to flower. They have never been tried in adversity's fire; they know nothing of its purifying power, but bask in the sunshine of life, living only to be petted and admired.

Constance Ray was the only daughter of parents immensely rich. She had one brother, who so far had stood the test of prosperity; he could not dwindle into the nonentity of fashion, who only thought of his own pleasures and the fit of his coat. He had aspirations of a higher kind, and to the horror of his aristocratic relations determined to exert them, not to acquire more wealth, but to exert the talents heaven had given him for the benefit of his species. He was studying the law. He chose that profession so ennobling in its tendency, so honorable to man, and one, too, the nation is dependent on. It

was a vast field to exert his talents in, yet he shrank not from the contest wherein he had many competitors.

Mr. Ray had a niece entirely different from his gay daughter. She was timid and shrank from contact with the world, as if an intuitive sensibility warned her of its hollow friendship and heartlessness. She had married three years before a young merchant of a firm in a neighboring city, and the intimacy between the cousins had never ceased, though Frank Ashton had warned Ellen not to depend too much on her cousin for sympathy, when they were so widely different in every respect. And she, with as much indignation as her gentle nature would allow, warmly assured him of the injustice of his suspicions in regard to Constance.

It was a busy and anxious time in the commercial world. Many merchants who had never felt the pressure, now found it would be impossible to weather the storm. Those who had the highest reputation, and had never been known to be behind hand in taking up their notes, were now protested, and none could assist, or rather they would not, for as day after day a failure was announced, the brother merchant avoided, like a pestilence, those who had often accommodated him.

For some time Ellen Ashton had noted the cloud on her husband's brow, and not only curiosity but kinder impulses prompted her to inquire the cause of his abstraction. He was conscious of this solicitude, but hoping something would be done he tried to laugh away her fears, and finally succeeded in calming them. He was now daily confined at his store, but no merchant's wife expects anything else, as they are all at times obliged to superintend.

The morning was particularly delightful. Ellen had just finished her household duties and had taken down from a number of dearly prized volumes a book, which she intended to peruse; but first she looked around to see that everything was arranged as she wished. She had just commenced reading

when the door bell rang, and immediately the door was opened by a servant, and a gentlemian shown into the parlor. Ellen waited not for a summons from the servant; she already recognized the voice of her cousin Walton, who had often acted a brother's part to the orphan girl, and it was with a light step she hastened forward to welcome him. After many questions in regard to Constance and all those she had loved in her old home, and never could forget in her new, she perceived a more thoughtful expression on her cousin's face than she remembered as natural, and feeling unusually gay she rallied him unmercifully on the state of his heart. He was confused, but so candidly confessed his intention of turning benedict as soon as he commenced his profession, she perceived that nothing of that kind disturbed him. It is said that "coming events cast their shadow before them." This may be true in many cases, but in the present one it was not, for Ellen felt no dread presentiment to warn her of the future, and had never felt so blythely happy in her life. Walton Ray had heard the house Mr. Ashton was in was on the eve of failure, and like a true friend he sped to advise or assist the unfortunate. He hoped to be in time, but as he reached the city he heard the deed was already done—the notes of the firm protested. He went immediately to the store, but learned Mr. Ashton was not in. He found from Ellen's manner her husband had not prepared her for the crisis, and already in his heart blamed him for not doing so; but probably in the same circumstances he might have acted in the same way, for all noble minds shrink from inflicting wounds on those they love, and often forget that woman, who is weak in prosperity, rises superior to the blasts of adversity. It is an impetus to her, whilst man, strong in conscious power and influence, bends before the blasts.

The street door opened, and Ellen knew her husband's step, though it was not as firm as usual. It was not the hour he

generally came home, but she thought not of that, in her eagerness to conduct him to her cousin. He passed on to the chamber, and when she stood before him the first glance was enough to satisfy her he was under the influence of painful excitement; his face was deathly pale, his eyes as though their brilliance had been quenched with tears, and his hand shook as he extended it to her. She was astonished to find him thus, but took the seat he gave her, whilst she tried to listen to what he evidently had to tell her. Men might, in their ignorance, laugh at the man who would tremble before his gentle wife; but those who read this story, at least those who have tasted the bitterness of adversity, can well understand Mr. Ashton's feelings when they remember the day they were compelled to tell their own wives the history of their reverses.

It is not the craven dread of exposure that makes them fear, nor is it *the fear* of displeasure; it is the thought that she, who through this world had to participate in the changes of life, would not be *strong enough to bear* what had so nearly crushed him. How can any person know another's strength until it is tried?

It is the sympathy of a noble nature that makes men fear to be the bearer of sad intelligence, and it is only when sympathy is acting against the material courage, they fear. I'm not speaking of cowardly natures; I know nothing of them and therefore could not undertake to describe them.

Ellen waited long for her husband to speak; he was struggling to regain his composure. At last she arose, went to him and said: Frank, I see plainly something has distressed you, and you dislike to tell me. I can bear any thing but to see you disturbed; tell me at once what is the matter.

Ellen, if I am distressed it is not for myself; I fear you cannot bear what I have to tell you.

I can, indeed *I can*. Have you heard from your mother? Any bad news from home? Tell me, Frank.

At the name of his mother the tears that could not flow before now gushed forth, and Ellen was more frightened than ever.

In the far off home his widowed mother and helpless sisters dwelt, and he had yearly sent them enough money and necessities to contribute not only to their comfort, but he had commenced the education of his sisters. One of his fondest anticipations was to introduce his wife (to those he had so long wished to see) the ensuing summer.

Frank, exclaimed Ellen, have you no confidence in me? Tell me at once what disturbs you? Cousin Walton is waiting in the parlor.

Well, Ellen, I came to tell you I am a ruined man; henceforth I am to be sneered at and derided as the broken merchant, who foolishly lost his all by speculations he had no right to risk. Even my honor, no doubt, will be suspected.

Oh! Frank, what do you tell me? Your honor suspected, and by whom?

I spoke, Ellen, in the commercial light; my bills were protested to-day; I could not get money to meet a single demand, and therefore I meant only in that light; thank heaven in every other I am still the same. But I am ruined; all I have will be sold. It is the thought of the misery *you* will feel that unmans me; the slights that will be given to the ruined merchant's wife.

Think not of me, Frank, but try and pay all your creditors. I can do, I dare say, very well, and you, if you lose not your energy, (as so many do under distressing circumstances,) will certainly be able to get employment, and all will be well again. Now come, dear Frank, Walton will think we have forgotten him.

Go, Ellen, I will join you soon.

No, no, I shall not leave you; come along Frank.

They entered the parlor and the young men cordially shook hands. No one could judge from Ellen's face that she had

lately heard that all she possessed would shortly pass into other hands, but she felt deeply how painful would be the changes that awaited her. But as the true woman should, she tried to hide her mental disquietude; she wished not to add another pang to the unhappiness she knew oppressed her kind and indulgent husband.

She commenced a conversation, which as soon as she saw her husband felt interested, she withdrew to superintend the preparations for dinner. Never before had every thing around her seemed to be so valued, as one by one she looked at her household goods, and thought they would soon be taken from her. She could not allow her mind to dwell on the subject; the tears would come with *those clinging remembrances*. The shock was sudden; she had not reflected and calculated, and she determined, if possible, for the present to banish all selfish feeling.

Such resolutions are truly heroic in a woman, and one that acts thus would continue the same noble forgetfulness in every other sphere.

She ran rapidly up stairs and peeped in the nursery. Little Charlie, her only child, was sound asleep in his crib, unconscious of all in the world. His old nurse, to whom he was so much attached, was faithfully watching his slumber. Ellen glanced at the child but thought little of him, when she remembered that his mammy, who he loved and who she trusted with her greatest treasure, was a portion of Mr. Ashton's property, and he had said *every thing* was to be sold. She burst into tears and rushed out of the room. She could not now restrain the torrent that, pent up, oppressed her heart. She heartily wished she could indulge in that relief of a sorrowing heart. But Frank would suspect something and come to look for her, so she made another effort to calm her feelings, bathed her eyes and went down.

She met her cook before reaching the kitchen. She was a

cross, ill-natured creature, who was never satisfied if there was not a disturbance in the kitchen, so had come to complain of the housemaid and the other servants, and forgetting in her excitement all respect for her mistress, said she had rather be sold than stay there any longer. This was disagreeable, but Ellen thought perhaps if she knew there was any probability of her being sold she would think differently.

Walton Ray remained several days; looked into all the papers of the firm and did everything he could, but he had not the *ready money* to pay off any debts. His sympathies, as well as his affections, prompted him to try everything and let Mr. Ashton resume his stores. He said nothing to any one, but took the steamboat for home with many warm impulses and giant resolutions to assist his friend.

Constance Ray was seated in the splendidly furnished parlor of her father's mansion. She was surrounded with every luxury that art, fashion, and wealth could invent or procure. Visitors had just departed, and she was engaged in that puzzling and momentous question, what she should do with herself all evenings? when Walton, who had been absent several days, entered the room. The meeting was as cordial between the brother and sister as if they had been separated a much longer time.

Walton, especially, was delighted to meet her alone, knowing her influence with their father. He looked upon her as a powerful auxiliary in behalf of the great schemes he nourished for the benefit of Ellen and her husband. Constance, he knew, had always possessed the warmest affection for Ellen, and he prepared to unfold the circumstances of their sudden reverse, certain of her sympathy and co-operation. When he concluded he looked at his sister, surprised beyond measure at her silence.

She at last said, Mr. Ashton should not have ventured his all in the thoughtless manner he did; so many failures should

have warned him to be more prudent, at least until this crisis is passed. Why, the man has acted foolishly by your account. I do not pity him but feel very sorry for his wife.

Constance, is it possible you can argue so coolly when Ellen's interest is concerned? Is this your affection?

My affection, brother, has nothing to do with it. If I had the power I would do all I could for Ellen, but still should feel at liberty to think her husband had been wrong in thus recklessly hazarding all his property in one speculation, and I shall tell her so.

No, sister, do not. Had you but seen the fortitude, the patience, with which she bore this unexpected reverse, had you witnessed the tender sympathy and affection she felt for her husband, the entire trust and confidence which she shows for him, you would never wish to dispel it by insinuating aught against Ashton. I never felt so deeply the worth of a true woman than whilst listening to her ready sophistry that beguiled him for the time, when I knew the lightness was assumed to hide her own heavy heart.

What did you wish to do for Mr. Ashton? asked Constance.

I wished to become the purchaser at sale of the store, house and servants. I wish to allow Ashton to keep possession, and as his debts will be paid I could give him time to repay me.

Father will never consent to that, it is too romantic to please him. No one would do as much for Mr. Ashton as that.

Walton saw plainly that Constance would never agree to what he proposed, at least she would take no part in it, and he knew his father too well to suppose he would do as much for Ellen, if Constance did not ask it, as a favor to herself.

Mr. Ray would not hear of the arrangement. He did not think it a safe investment for Walton, and therefore set his face against it; and as his son was dependent on him, his generous wishes were overruled by necessity. He had said nothing to Mr. and Mrs. Ashton to raise their expectations, and that was

some comfort, as he could not bear the idea of adding to their misery a disappointment.

Constance Ray, try as she would to do so, could not obliterate from her memory the sweet friend in whom she was sure to meet a sympathizing listener in her childish and school girl sorrows; and when she retired for the night Ellen's misfortunes would occupy her thoughts, and even in her slumbers that night Ellen's form was before her.

But money had hardened her heart; in the morning the same ideas resumed their sway.

Meantime Mr. Ashton had done all a man could to save his creditors what justly belong to them, and the time of the sale was rapidly approaching, and he could think of no where to move his family to, and could get no situation for himself. He was by nature energetic, and Ellen had entertained no fears for him, but now he was utterly dispirited. Down the street he met nothing but advice and condolence. Neither did him any good, but from his inability to take either he felt them almost as insults. Promises from friends held him up for a time, but he soon found those the most ready to make them were not always willing to carry them into execution. So Mr. Ashton, to escape the world's heartlessness, gradually learned to linger in his quiet home. That home, which a few days would see him driven from, and still he knew not where to find another. Ellen noted the change in her husband. She could not speak to him then about it, for fear he might misconstrue her meaning.

But what was she to do? She sat down to think.

Frank was in the nursery with his boy when Ellen, with her bonnet and shawl, looked in. That's right Frank, said she, please stay with little Charley, I wish to go out a while.

Where to, Ellen? asked Frank.

To return a visit of Mrs. Wilsons; that kind old lady will never forgive me if I neglect her longer. So, good-bye.

Frank sighed, as the door closed, and he wondered if women were as heartless as he had found men. But, thought he, no one could sneer at my gentle wife.

Ellen's cheerfulness, assumed for the time, gradually vanished as she slowly descended the stairs, and she almost resolved to go back more than once. She hesitated—what if Mrs. Wilson should choose to be from home? What if she should meet cold glances instead of friendly greeting? But no, thought she, duty calls me to do as I intend. I have chosen and I *will* do all I can, whether it be little or much. Then choking back her natural pride she pulled her veil down and walked on as if she felt the necessity of speed to check her rising emotions.

Mrs. Wilson was at home, and did not keep Ellen waiting long enough to look around with envious eyes on the elegant furniture, even if she would have done so anyhow.

Mrs. Wilson was a lady of fortune and a widow, with one son and four daughters. She had taken a fancy to Ellen, and the feeling was warmly reciprocated. Ellen had visited there oftener than at any other place at the South.

Ellen rose to meet her, undecided how she should speak, but Mrs. Wilson made her feel at home immediately, and no one could have detected any difference in her deportment. She was one of the few *women* who could forget a person's circumstances *sometimes*, and could judge of character and worth without viewing it through a golden microscope.

Ellen was almost gay, for a little while. She had been confined at home so long that she enjoyed the first emancipation from care like other mortals. She wished a change.

She sat an hour, and seemed likely to forget the object of her visit. At last she said, Mrs. Wilson I am anxious to get some pupils in music, and knowing your influence thought perhaps you could assist me. Thanks to my Uncle Ray I have cultivated music, and feel gratified to teach.

I can give you two scholars myself, Mrs. Ashton. My daughters have been taking lessons from a German, and yesterday he paid his last visit, so it will suit me exactly, and you may depend on my doing what I can for you.

Ellen had commenced thanking Mrs. Wilson but was interrupted by the door bell, and other visitors appeared. She was acquainted with the ladies, though she imagined they had forgotten her. Their nods of recognition were scarcely perceptible. Mrs. Wilson repeated her name to them. They were determined however it seemed to preserve the same demeanor.

Mrs. Bell looked at her coldly from head to foot, and seeming to consider she had noticed her enough turned quite away to talk to Mrs. Wilson. Miss Grace Bell, her daughter, seemed fascinated by Ellen's mild but dignified bearing. She addressed a few sentences, but something in mamma's eye warned her to make no advances to poor people, so Ellen had leisure enough to listen to the conversation between Mrs. Wilson and Mrs. Bell.

The fashions were discussed, the last new novel criticised or praised as it merited, then home affairs was the next topic.

Now is it not provoking, Mrs. Wilson, that Mr. Grabbelstein will not give any more lessons, and Jemina Jane is just at the age to forget all she has learned. Clemitina quite cried her eyes out when he called to bid us farewell, which, by the way, we could have dispensed with in a countryman, but Professor Grabbelstein always had such a distinguished air.

Mamma will have it he is a baron in disguise, chimed in Miss Grace. I do not care a great deal about his going myself, though I took lessons, but fear before we get another teacher the little girls will forget all about what Mr. Grabbelstein was at such pains to teach them.

Ellen sat and heard all; but something prevented her saying a word to these people who seemed ready to cry down American teachers, and she had not reached the electioneering point yet.

I have engaged a teacher for my little girls, said Mrs. Wilson, and no doubt when Maria returns she will take lessons.

Who did you get?

Mrs. Ashton is to teach them.

Bless me, do you play? asked Mrs. Bell, as her eye rested on Ellen's plain but neat shawl and dress, then glancing down at her own elegant silk and costly mantle.

Yes mam, simply answered Ellen.

Do play for us, asked Grace; and Ellen seated herself at the instrument.

Not even Mrs. Bell could find fault with her execution.

Miss Grace then seated herself and played very sweetly several German airs; but Mrs. Wilson, who was a real connoisseur of music, could tell the difference in their performance. However, Mrs. Ashton returned home, having engaged her pupils, and the next day she was to call at Mrs. Bell's between ten and eleven o'clock, to give her first lessons. Mrs. Wilson's daughters were to go in the afternoon.

Where have you been, Ellen? asked Frank. it seems an age since you went out.

I am sorry, dear Frank, I left you so long, but you will excuse it when you hear the success of my visit. Ellen then gave him an account of what the reader already knows, omitting only what she knew would be disagreeable to him.

Frank did not seem overjoyed. Ah! Ellen, said he, I cannot bear the idea of your going about giving lessons. I am willing to work for you, but that you should have to do so unmans me.

Why not, dear Frank, I am strong and there is nothing now you can do but wait until the busy season begins and you will have your hands full. Mind, now, I predict that more than one merchant will need the services of Frank Ashton.

I hope that will come true, for it will kill me to stay here

doing nothing, and you toiling over town giving music lessons. I shall despise a Piano after this.

No you will not, and you will see.

Ellen commenced her lessons the next day. The Misses Bell were not quite ready for her, so she had to wait in the music room. This was not agreeable, but prudence whispered patience.

At last two gawky girls of fourteen and sixteen made their appearance, accompanied by Mrs. Bell; then the latter withdrew, leaving them to their new teacher. Ellen got along well enough that day, they were by no means so stupid as their appearance denoted, or so far advanced as their mother had said.

In the evening Mrs. Wilson's daughters came, and Ellen gave them lessons on her own instrument. In a fortnight she had eight pupils; and it seemed to her if she could but get away from the house before the sale, and Frank could get something to do, she would be quite happy again.

A month afterwards the ominous red flag waved from the window, and Frank Ashton's comfortable home went to the highest bidder.

Ellen was still at the house. All she could keep was moved into her room, and her other furniture was sold. She did not inquire who bought it, knowing well that would do her no good. A gentleman in town bought the servants, but not being able to hire them all out, left the cook and nurse for a time. Ellen had almost weaned Charlie from his nurse, expecting she might be sold off—she was delighted though to be allowed to keep her a little while.

Ellen, said Frank, do you not think it strange your uncle and cousin have never written to you?

Yes I do, Frank; I can't bear that, and tears rose to her eyes.

Walton promised to be back before this, and he has not come; no doubt he has forgotten us.

No, no, Walton would never forget us now. If there is a good heart on earth it is his.

You always said so of Constance, yet her true character appears now. She is like her father and worships gold.

Hush, hush, Frank; don't judge her yet—have patience.

Ellen, if I could get angry with you it would be when you say that. Have patience indeed when I have been Job personified for the last two months, waiting for what, I cannot tell.

Walton promised to see if he could get me something to do, but he has forgotten us too.

No more was said of Constance or her father. The next thing that was heard from them they were on a Northern tour, and Ellen now felt that she was forgotten indeed.

Several months passed. Ellen, in her task as teacher, had to undergo many disagreeable things, but the consciousness of right gave her strength to triumph over all. She had as many pupils as she could attend to. There was one thing that distressed her beyond bounds, that was the change in her husband. He would sit for hours in silence, with the most listless air. His energy was gone; his belief of all that was good in human nature was shaken, and he ceased to try to get employment. He no longer dreaded to see his wife go out exposed to the sun and rain. He noticed nothing but Charlie, and gradually he seemed to lose the power to amuse his unhappy father.

He was changed indeed, and Ellen saw him becoming more imbecile every day. It was with terror she owned it to herself, but she thanked God the demon of intemperance had never appeared to have an influence over him. Ellen knew Mr. Bell had a large mercantile establishment down town, and was considered almost a merchant prince. He had once been

a clerk in Frank's father's store, and she would appeal to him without consulting Frank—who hugged his pride closer than ever, since his disappointments began.

Mr. Bell was never at home the hours his daughters took their lessons, so she called at the store and explained all to him. He, however, had no need for his services, and Ellen, in despair, sat down to write to Walton. Whilst she was writing Frank took up a piece of paper and scribbled on it, then relapsing into listlessness he dropped the paper, and threw himself back on the couch.

Ellen finished and sealed the letter, then stooped down and took up the papers; on one were innumerable figures, on the other a few verses, which she found very pretty; and the idea occurred to her perhaps, after all, he might be destined to make his living by his pen. Then, as she noted his indolent posture, the idea seemed ridiculous. She said these verses are very pretty, Frank. Are they? Yes, and I am sure you could write a pretty book—did you ever think of that? Oh yes, I thought of every thing, but it is no use to think, I shall never be anything but the poor devil I am now.

Don't, Frank, you shock me by such speeches—what on earth makes you talk so?

Experience of the world's heartlessness, and the deceit and selfishness of those I loved as friends, has changed my nature. Ellen, think of me as I was, and forget what I am.

How can I forget what you are, Frank, when I see you are so changed? Why will you allow people to have such influence over you. If you cannot get employment here you can elsewhere. The world is wide enough, and you must not, for my sake, give away to your feelings any longer.

Where can I go?

To the village your mother lives in.

I cannot, Ellen. If I cannot help my mother I will at least not be a burden on her.

Forgive me, Frank, but that is nonsense. A man of your age, scarcely in the prime of manhood, talk about being a burden. Any one would suppose, to hear you talk, you were dreadfully off with chronic rheumatism, or else your limbs were broken. I know you can find something to do in Yankeeland, and we will go. Ellen paused, a flush passed over her husband's face—whether it was pain or anger she could not determine—he rose and left the room.

Constance Ray was at a ball at Saratoga, the admired of all admirers, and the gayest and happiest girl present. Her fond father had been trying to make his way to her for some time. At last he did so, and whispered there were many new arrivals of his acquaintance. Just then, a young lady beautifully and elegantly attired, appeared.

Who is it? was immediately whispered around. It was at last decided to be Miss Bell, and in the course of the evening Constance was introduced; found out all about Ellen; was shocked to hear she was giving music lessons for a support, and determined to write and beg her not to do so.

She did not mention that Mrs. Ashton was a cousin of her's, but as soon as they arrived at home and her beaux took his departure, Mr. Ray discovered his daughter indulging in a very bad humor, which, by the way, was no rare occurrence for this overgrown pet. What is the matter, daughter? Did you not enjoy yourself to-night?

I did at first, father, but after I was introduced to Miss Bell I did not.

Why, not jealous, I hope, you have no cause to be.

Oh! no, not jealous answered the conscious beauty, Constance Ray has never had cause to be yet, she added proudly.

Well, what is the matter then?

Will you believe it father, Ellen Ashton is music teacher to Miss Bell's sisters, and Frank Ashton allows her to support him while he does nothing.

Well Ellen is right to help herself. At any rate I gave her every advantage, and she is competent to teach music or any thing else. What is wrong in that?

Why, father, I cannot bear the idea of my own cousin teaching those vulgar people.

For my part, Constance, I applaud Ellen's conduct. I expected when Ashton failed to receive letters from them asking my assistance, but not a word has reached me, and I admire their pride.

Indeed, father, you and I think differently. I did not dream they were so destitute as that, but I would much rather Ellen had written to us for money than to teach, as she is doing.

Ellen is a noble girl, and when we return home write and ask her to spend the winter with us.

Constance had no idea of doing that, she would willingly have helped her poor relations to have sustained an outward gentility, even if they suffered mentally. The opinion of *the world* she had great respect for, but as to the comforts of life she never gave a thought on that subject.

Ashton's conduct had been grossly misrepresented, and she at once resolved to write to Ellen.

But where was Walton this long time? Steadily pursuing the study of law, and his sister rarely saw him. He was to be married to an heiress as soon as he got his diploma; and Constance, already weary of the North, commenced her preparations to return, which she was particularly anxious to do, in time for the commencement in the college Walton was at.

Ellen, in the meantime, toiled on regardless of self. Little Charlie had been sick, and she was often obliged to leave him to attend to her pupils—then through the hot sun she tottered home, weakened by sitting up so much with her sick child—and at every step some new anxiety crossed her mind, and she wondered how long this misery would last? if God had for-

gotten her. Then, as she thought there was no prospect for a change for the better, her weaker nature would almost force the tears to her eyes. This was no rare thing now for poor Ellen. She was a true *woman*, and when her strong affection and good sense led her to a sacrifice, she could nerve herself for a time to bear it. But she had hoped against hope, and she felt a rebellious feeling to the will of God that pained, deeply pained, her naturally trusting heart. She was but human nature after all; she had been disappointed in those she most trusted; anxiety had left its impression on her features, in her wasted form and feeble step.

How much misery Constance could have spared her. She had wealth, and her wishes gratified, and was sated with the continued round of pleasure. She never would have missed some of her worldly store, or the influence she might have exerted in behalf of Ellen's husband, in assisting him to get a situation in which he might have earned an independence for his feeble wife and helpless babe.

The rich have their influence with all; and with many, money has a power that moral worth and humble merit never can attain without assistance. Shall the rich man hesitate to help the poor one? Shall he content himself with his own happiness, whilst those who have a claim *nature* has given them on him, waste away from want, when all their energies have been exhausted in unavailing efforts to get employment, when *one word* from the rich man might secure to them an independent situation? Did God, who made them both, intend the eleven talents should be buried, whilst suffering was around them? Never. And what a terrible thing it will be for the rich man to know the awful retribution that so surely is designed for him. God has not forgotten, and never will forget, to whom he entrusted the most talents. Prosper now, eat, drink and be merry; but the night cometh to all alike.

Ellen reached home, and after gazing a moment at Charlie

she fell on her knees at the bedside and prayed for strength to bear on.

Constance wrote to Ellen, but there was nothing in her reproachful way of mentioning Mr. Ashton, and in her questions of why she did not appeal to her father instead of teaching for a support.

If she had wished to help Ellen would nothing content her but the submissive request—the humbling to beg?

No, Ellen was not certain if she could have forgotten her independence and written her uncle he would have assisted her any sooner. Walton had not forgotten them. He succeeded in getting a situation for Ashton, and Ellen had the letter containing the offer in her hand, and was going down stairs to carry it to her husband, when a report of a pistol, reverberating through the house, struck a chill to her heart. Ellen flew to the parlor door—it was locked, and all was still. When the lock was forced, Ashton, the once happy Ashton, was weltering in his blood, the pistol still clasped in his hand. It seemed as if Providence had given her the strength she had prayed for to meet what now seemed petty evils, as the greater one of losing her husband, came over her. She stooped to feel if his heart beat, but her own hand trembled so much she could not tell, but the blood was flowing in a stream from his side. With an aching heart she procured some fresh water, and succeeded in stopping it; then finding her servant was not at home she caught up a shawl, closed the door and ran for a doctor.

Frank Ashton had given way to despair; he would not be a loafer; to save himself from *the imputation*, he had been content to stay at home. He had taken it into his head that his wife's friends slighted her on his account, and it seemed improbable to him any thing would ever occur for the better. He thought if he was out of the way his wife and child would fare better. This idea fastened on him, and every day he

would find himself planning some new mode of self-destruction. He grew more morbidly sensitive, and imagined his wife looked coldly on him.

The doctor came and proceeded to examine his patient, who, he said, just had life in him. He probed the wound and said he could not find the ball. Another physician was called in, and Ellen left the room.

Her feelings now were more easily imagined than described, but she felt hard. No tender emotions filled her heart; she thought indeed of her peculiar situation; but the idea of her husband's deliberately seeking to leave her alone in the world by committing suicide, seemed to harden her, and she felt nothing for herself, except that she was a deserted, helpless woman, at the mercy of such circumstances as fate chose to weave around her. Her situation was indeed peculiar, and in tearless sorrow she tried to bear it. She tried to tear such thoughts from her breast. She threw herself in a chair by the bedside of her sick boy, but heeded nothing around. Hours might have flown by, still she sat there the picture of cold despair, whom the world's sneers could not harm. At last she heard voices below, and remembered the fearful circumstances of the morning. She went down stairs. Dr. B. met her, and taking her hand kindly said the ball was extracted, and they hoped his patient was better, he had not spoken and scarcely seemed conscious, but such was apt to be the case after losing so much blood. Ellen heard with her ears, but without understanding; and if she had, she felt so changed in heart she could not feel as much interested as she had done. She could not care whether her husband lived or died.

My readers, this picture is not overdrawn. Did you ever feel much love and esteem for any one? Did you trust that friend, and feel as much faith in her protestations as you in your heart was capable? Did you ever invest her with such a semblance of the personation of Truth that you *could not*

doubt her? You felt if you were to do so great violence would be done to your heart; it would receive a blow that would seem to stagnate its life blood. Did you ever then in one moment, when unprepared for it, see that friend undergo a change that convinced you of her unworthiness? Were you not surprised to behold a Medusa where you had worshipped a Venus? Were you not shocked to find so much deceit, so much guile in that *artful* friend, who had awakened you from your dream of trusting friendship by one act? If you never knew this you cannot imagine it, and would be excusable for thinking it an overdrawn picture. You may never have known when you began to love, but if you have ever been deceived once, when you most trusted, you would know the minute you ceased to love.

Ellen Ashton sat that night by her still unconscious husband. The physician was present, and had advised her more than once to leave the room and take a composing draught. He promised to sit up if she would retire. He noticed her bewildered glance and feared the shock she had felt that day might affect her brain. There was far more danger to *her heart* than brain, for that received a shock indeed, and she, try as she did, to do her duty, could not divest herself of that cold, bitter feeling. Dr. B. made many kind inquiries in regard to the state of mind Mr. Ashton was in when he had attempted the deed that so nearly deprived him of life. Ellen told him all; how he had at first struggled with adversity, and finally had succumbed to circumstances beyond his control. The doctor (like every other acquaintance of the Ashton's) had entertained very different sentiments in regard to his conduct, he thought any man that would be content to let his wife support him ought not to be countenanced in society. He judged from the surface, without taking *the trouble* to look deeper—indeed his profession did not allow him time to see about any one's affairs but his own. When Ellen, however, told

him the sad tale of all their sufferings, how she had tried to bear her trials without complaining, and finding that rare thing, a sympathizing listener, she laid bear her heart. The doctor was moved, and he promised to do what he could, if her husband ever recovered, to atone for the neglect and coldness of the world towards them.

A good and skillful physician always has a powerful influence in a community. He is oftentimes drawn into the midst of a family in the most intimate manner, and therefore has many opportunities of doing good besides administering medicine. He can, by a few kind words, turn the tide of public opinion from an innocent person, who has been too harshly judged, or he can instil the subtle poison of suspicion more covertly than any other person; therefore Dr. B. really had it in his power to be of service to the Ashton's, and the influence he exerted in their behalf was soon known to Ellen. Gentlemen who had long ceased to visit Frank now called, and Ellen was relieved of much watching by their kind attentions to her husband. Ladies too came to regard her self-sacrificing spirit with admiration, and showed their sympathy in many delicate ways. And several of them, whom she had deemed forgetful even of her existence called to see the little boy.

Of course, the music was given up for a time, and she feared she would lose her pupils entirely by it, but the doctor set all that right. Mr. Ashton had been sick a week, and good Dr. B. cautioned Ellen, whenever he was conscious, to take no notice of the late occurrence, and to assume a cheerful countenance.

If her husband had been prostrated on a bed of sickness, caused by any thing but an attempt to destroy himself, she could have assumed a gayety, even if that was necessary to promote his recovery, but how could she now?

No sign of recognition yet appeared. Once only had Frank

unclosed his eyes, but no sound escaped his lips. Charlie was a great deal better, and often asked for papa, when his mother told him he could not see him, he was sick. He said no more, but Ellen fancied he looked melancholy, and the thought of the selfishness that prompted the husband and father to be willing to leave two defenceless beings, unprotected, at the mercy of the world, to whose coldness to encounter he preferred death.

One day Ellen sat by the bed, in her chamber, with a book in her hand, but her mind was so pre-occupied she could not get interested, though the work was written by her favorite author, and she remembered with what avidity she, in her happy days, had looked for any thing new from his pen. There was a slight movement on the coverlet that attracted Ellen's attention; she turned and saw the dark eyes of her husband fixed on her face; she saw he had recovered his senses sufficiently to recognise her, but she did not know how to speak to him. He attempted to speak but was too weak, and pity for a suffering being filled her heart; she went to the bed and asked if he wished for anything. His only reply was water, and as soon as he drank it he closed his eyes again, and his wife thought he slept. He was far, very far, from sleeping; his mind was busy with the past; he was fully aroused to a sense of his conduct, so different from hère, no morbid sensitiveness now banished reason from her throne, but the image of his toiling wife arose up before him, and he reflected what her feelings must have been, during his sullen fits of despair; that she had no companion but himself; and he realized how entirely unworthy he had become, but also felt convinced he had been actuated by temporary derangement in many things. For the first time in months he reproached himself, and then from his heart ascended an humble prayer to Heaven.

Frank Ashton now daily improved, but often became so excited, the physicians had to reiterate their command of perfect

quiet and silence, as a relapse would throw him into as bad a situation as their united skill, and the power of Providence had just rescued him from. His every faculty, so long subjugated by imbecile indolence, now seemed surprisingly acute, and his mind was stretched to its utmost tension as he lay revolving many plans for the future. He knew his wife's disposition well; he had always considered her amiable, and often congratulated himself on his luck in securing such a treasure, yet he had never dreamed of the sacrifices she was capable of making for him until he saw the test of affection in the hour of adversity; how beautifully and heroically she had combatted with that stern teacher; how bravely she had accepted her portion of earth's trials none knew better than himself, and as he noticed her averted eye, and imagined less gentle feelings filled her heart, he reflected if she was weak then, he thought she had borne enough to make her so.

Frank Ashton judged his wife's feelings rightly, and he hoped she would upbraid him; any thing was preferable to the air of constraint she wore in his presence. Very few women would have been silent, when their hearts were full of wounded feelings; and when Frank found Ellen superior to them in this respect, he thought all was over between them, for if there was no quarrel there could be no reconciliation; he wished she would *appear* angry with him, that would relieve him of some distress of mind. Ellen understood nursing, and under her care Frank was soon convalescent. The thought that his wife performed the duties of a nurse mechanically, without being prompted by affection, nearly drove him to the unmanly conduct of finding fault, but he could not do so, for all his wishes were anticipated, but all confidence seemed to be at an end. Ellen had never reverted to the suicidal attempt of her husband, and seeing the subject always on his mind's he gave him no opportunity to allude to it.

Little Charlie had recovered, and Ellen wished to resume

her music. She now received a note from the gentleman who purchased the house, she was still occupying; it was respectful, but the notice to leave, which it contained, was also positive. She had no one to apply to but her friend, the doctor, who made every attempt to get her a small house, but without success, and she was forced to engage one room at a boarding house. She soon felt the difference between the bustle of a boarding house and the quiet independence she had enjoyed in her own home. Mrs. Ashton's pupils increased; indeed she could have gotten more than she could possibly attend to, and she was getting along very well. Frank seemed so well now she ventured to show him Walton's letter. She said to him, one evening after tea, here is a letter from Walton, would you like to see it Frank?

He extended his hand in silence. After reading it he said, I see by the date of this letter, Ellen, you have had it some time. Ah! if I had only known of this kindness many bitter, painful moments might have been spared us both. Did you answer it?

No, I did not, I received it the day—(she hesitated a moment and continued) the day you were taken sick.

Speak out, Ellen, and say at once, (for I have seen it plainly) since the day I lost your respect and affection by acting like a selfish fool.

Ellen was silent, yet she felt the imploring glance with which Frank regarded her, as if he hoped she would deny that her heart was changed towards him. If she had listened only to the dictates of her kind and gentle heart, its sympathy would have caused her to forgive and forget, but her woman's pride whispered how cruelly her feelings had been trampled on, and she would rather be guided by principle than sympathy now.

Ellen, said Frank at last, I cannot live in this way any longer; I cannot bear the coldness of your manner to me, it sends a chill to my heart; yet you were so attentive to me, antici-

pating every wish and securing every comfort, there was nothing tangible to reproach you with. I cannot describe my feelings, Ellen, they are so miserable; but if you knew all I suffer your heart, if you had ever loved me, would relent. Will you never cease to treat me so?

You are allowing yourself to become excited; the physicians said you had best be quiet for some time, it may cost you your life to talk so much, and this subject had better be avoided in future.

Avoid this subject? Good Heavens! has it come to this? As to living, Ellen, I do not care to prolong life when my wife wishes any subject to be avoided between us. I have loved you as no man ever loved before. I would have toiled for you cheerfully, but despair drove me to desperation. I could not bear to see you, who had been raised in the lap of luxury, and surrounded by loving friends, forced to eke out a scanty income by the drudgery of teaching, whilst I was doing nothing. The Tempter also urged you would be better off if I was gone; you would be once more beneath the protecting care of your uncle. I am a miserable man—why did you not let me die, rather than restore me for this?

I let you die, Frank, you forget what you are saying surely. It was God who spared your life, perhaps that you might repent of your great sin.

I do repent, Ellen. I was deranged or I never would have been guilty of such a cowardly act. Will you, can you, forgive me, or will you, like the rest of the world, turn a deaf ear to the entreaties of a poor man?

Frank Ashton, for shame to talk to me in that way, when you know that poverty in my husband's circumstances would only bind me closer to him. You should have known me better, and if my course since your failure has not convinced you of the disinterestedness of my character, a sermon from my lips would not do so. If you choose to accuse me of different

sentiments from those I have always entertained for you, it is not my fault.

Forgive me, dear Ellen, I am well assured of your struggles and triumph over pride in many instances. Your conduct through your trials has done credit to the sex, but I feel I have lost the place I once occupied in your affections, and I never knew how to appreciate your love before. I deserve the unhappiness in store for me, and if you will only have patience with me, I shall try in time to submit to the change. I shall write at once to Mr. Ray, and if the situation he offered is yet vacant, I will take it immediately.

Ellen was pleased to see the good effect of her kind cousin's letter, but so long a time had elapsed and no reply had been sent to it, she feared it was lost to Frank; she did not think even Walter would wait for an answer so long, but he arranged every thing as well as if he had foreseen all that had occurred, and there was a fair prospect of a change for the better in the pecuniary circumstances of the Ashton family.

Mr. Ray had really admired the noble conduct of his high-minded niece, and without the knowledge of Constance had written to invite her to pay them a visit. She declined it however, and soon after received a letter from Constance, the tone of which was not suited to the sensitive pride of her cousin, and it was not replied to. Walter continued their faithful friend, showing there was some native nobleness of character which even the possession of wealth could not alloy, or association with the world, could not change.

Mr. Ashton entered on his duties as clerk, with the determination of making another start in life. His energy seemed to return with the incentives to acquire an independence, and the hope of earning a home for his absent wife and child. The memory of passed happiness was revived in his heart, and he thought if he ever had another fireside of his own he should know how to keep it. It seems to be the lot of human nature

never to appreciate justly what belongs to us until we are deprived of it, then indeed the heart yearns for, and fully values what has now become unattainable.

Mrs. Ashton toiled on in her vocation. Her reward was success. She had striven with the bitterness that oppressed her, and partially triumphed over it, yet at times she felt it when reflecting on the selfishness of the world. Indeed, the world had treated her badly, and she no longer trusted the smiles and promises of people as implicitly as she had done, but in overcoming her credulity she had acquired a philosophy that taught her submission. If a woman wishes to triumph over adversity or misery of any kind, let her first learn to look it steadily in the face, meet it firmly, and bear it bravely. When she has this knowledge she can overcome misfortune, and surmount obstacles that at first appeared unendurable. One of the Lessons of Life that we all have to learn, sooner or later, is *to bear*. When we reflect who sent our trials, surely we should try to bear what we cannot avert.

It is true there are many heartless people in the world, very sycophants of fashion or wealth, who might pass our sorrows by without notice, but they too have their own miseries, and while they are wrapped up in selfish pining there are still kind hearted friends to sympathize, much more than the sufferer is aware until some act of noble generosity, shows the injustice of judging all alike.

Ellen felt the force of this whenever she compared the characters of Walter and Constance. She was convinced the latter had felt no real affection for her—that in her own happiness she had forgotten her. She did not envy her, or did she dream of the dark mantle of despair settling with terrible weight on this spoiled child, or her heart might have forgotten some of its own sorrows, and she might have invoked at the Mercy seat for her cousin a portion of the strength which had been given to herself.

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Constance Ray had hitherto defied fate; she had imagined herself superior to the weaknesses of human nature, and had often boasted she had never loved, and could not love in vain. One night she entered the ball room with the flush of conscious beauty and power on her brow—she was immediately surrounded by the crowd of beaux, who were ever ready to bow in homage to this peerless queen of beauty. She indeed affected the majesty of royalty as she looked down on the *conterie*, so ready to be enchained; but she also had leisure to observe a spirited flirtation not far from her, between a young lady of her acquaintance and a stranger. She also marked the glances of admiration cast towards her by the gentleman, and thought she had never beheld a more intelligent countenance, or more beautiful eyes. Constance liked every thing, and when she was informed the gentleman in question was not only an Englishman but a titled one, she determined to captivate him, and she did not hesitate to declare her intention. Some lady, who heard her remark, said it was reported he was already engaged.

That makes no difference, answered the proud girl, I have never failed, and consider myself skilled in the art of beaucatching.

But, said another, his lordship is in love with the young lady, and not easily caught by another.

I shall not despair, answered Constance, besides I do not believe him capable of any such weakness as falling in love, he has too much mind to think of such nonsense.

Why, Miss Mary, said a gentleman present, I am astonished to hear such an opinion from you. Do you not candidly believe in the power of love? Do you not really think there is such a thing as constancy?

No, indeed I do not; I think there is affection in the world, not too deep though to be governed by ambition or pride, but as to the sentiments the Poets call love, that is the creation of their own imagination, and sounds very pretty in poetry or

novels. For such commonplace people as fill the world at present, there is too much romance and too little reality.

This reply was overheard by the young Englishman, and he had too much ambition not to determine to change sentiments so bravely and coolly expressed. He promised himself to convince the proud American there was such a thing as love. He was soon after introduced, and Constance was really charmed with the versatility of his conversation. From this time Lord D—— became a regular visitor at Mr. Ray's house. The pride of Constance vanished before the smiles and soft words of the stranger, and the effect (which in spite of herself) was produced on her heart was such as the reader has no doubt anticipated. Constance was unsought won; she was undoubtedly in love, and allowed it to be seen so plainly in her manners, when the object was present, that it became a topic that was often discussed by the fashionables who had time to observe such things. Those who had privately envied the belle now publicly ridiculed her, particularly as it was also known Lord D—— had never proposed to her.

Strong and impetuous in temper, spoiled and flattered from infancy, all her whims and wishes gratified, such a *denouement* might have been expected. Before she had never seen a young man whose heart she could not conquer. Previous success had emboldened her to declare what she had done so publicly. She had trifled with the most sacred affections of several, only to throw them aside when she became tired of their oft repeated vows. Now she had practiced every art, then her affection actuated her to captivate the man she loved, yet she did not even know what impression she had made on him, but he was certainly not at all broken hearted. This farce, of which Constance was the principal actress, was looked on with so much interest by the fashionable clique in the city, was obliged at last to end, and its termination was entirely different from that desired and expected by the rich and beautiful Miss

Ray. Lord D—— informed his friends he would shortly leave the hospitable shores of America, and Constance looked forward to a farewell visit as if she anticipated an avowal, but she was disappointed, she received only a note of adieu, wherein he expressed his gratitude for her attention and politeness to him, and the assurance of reciprocating it if she visited England.

When Constance learned he had actually departed, she was overcome by the first feeling of mortification and slighted affection she had ever known. Pride whispered scorn, but her heart repelled an ebullition of that kind in its soft emotions—love was predominant—and she who had bravely boasted of her power over others, felt at last her's was not the only indomitable will; and as she knew how well her disappointment was understood she was anxious to leave the city, she wished a change of some kind to dissipate memory—so many new emotions were agitating her that her health was actually in danger. Constance felt only, as a woman can, the need of sympathy, and instinctively her heart turned to the long neglected friend of her childhood; she thought of Ellen, and when she retired for the night she made up her mind to prepare the next day for a speedy journey to the South.

It was midnight. The superb mansion of Mr. Ray was as still as though no living soul was beneath its roof. The watchman's step could be distinctly heard as it fell upon the pavement and died away in the distance. At last there was a ring at the door, and the sleepy footman was aroused sufficiently to understand a messenger had arrived in great haste for his master to go to No. ———, the residence of Mr. Ray's former partner, who had been taken suddenly ill. The physicians had told him if he wished to arrange any matter to do so at once, as they apprehended a speedy termination of the disease, they feared fatally.

Mr. Ford (the sick man) had for some time appeared mel-

ancholy; his friends observed it, and feared something serious, but they were not prepared for the shock that awaited them; neither did they dream of the regret he had suffered for one deed—one false step in his walk through life.

Mr. Ray hurried to the house of his friend, found him changed by the few hours of illness, his weeping family were around him, and he seemed so weak Mr. Ray feared he had arrived too late, but Mr. Ford no sooner heard his voice than he requested all to leave the room, then giving Mr. Ray a small key requested him to bring him a sealed packet with an address on it. He then asked his friend if he would promise to deliver it with his own hands? Mr. Ray promised to do all he desired, and he said he hoped at last to be able to do justice to the owner. Ah! said the dying man, none but God knows all I have suffered; what agony, what remorse, during the sleepless nights of a long existence; but, Ray, it was not at first my fault, only when I found the mistake I did not have moral courage to retrieve my error—and I have felt the full misery of one false step. You will think of me as a hypocrite, and the world will never know how I came to act as I did. My name, once so honored, will be branded with infamy, and my wife and children will suffer for one act of my life.

Be calm, Ford, I know not a circumstance of your life that would not honorably stand the utmost scrutiny, and I am convinced your motives, no matter for what, were pure. Your character is above suspicion.

It has seemed so, Ray, I know, but even you, my friend, will not consider me an honest man when you learn the contents of that packet. I have not long to live, and I wish to inform you of something else, which I fear you will think inexcusable. During your absence I thought there was a prospect of making a good speculation; I bought the cargo of the ship H——. In signing the notes I wrote Ray and Ford,

thinking it such a good investment I was anxious you should have advantage of it.

You surely did not do that, Ford. Why did you not tell me sooner?

Because I hoped to pay for the goods before this, and I found they did not sell.

When are the notes due? asked Mr. Ray.

In one month from this time, but you need not be a loser by it, for I have enough to pay for it. I know I did wrong, but the owners offered such rare inducements, and I soon expected to double the money on them.

Mr. Ford grew weaker rapidly; his family were called in, and in a few hours he expired. Mr. Ray left the house with a much more serious manner and thoughtful countenance than when he entered it. He was sorry to lose his friend it was true, but he also had another cause for uneasiness, he was very much interested in the store of Mr. Ford, he had large sums in it although he had retired from business, and he was anxious to investigate the state of affairs, as he could not imagine how far his friend had entangled them by his rash and unaccountable carelessness. The morning after Mr. Ray's visit Constance came down to breakfast, with a languid step and discontented brow. After the usual morning salutation she said:

Father, I am so tired of the city, do take me to the South. Shall I get ready?

I cannot go yet daughter. Mr. Ford died last night, and he told me enough to make me uneasy about the money invested in mercantile business.

Are you not jesting, father? What can you have to do in a store? I thought you had retired long ago.

So I have, ostensibly, but I have an interest in the store that is well worth the trouble of making an effort to save it.

Cannot the clerks see about it?

The clerks, indeed. Constance, your father has toiled early and late to obtain this money you enjoy so well, but never yet has he trusted any one to see about his affairs. You do not know what is at stake.

Father, somehow I have thought more of Ellen lately than I have done since she left us. Had you not better send her some money?

Why did you never ask that before, Constance?

I don't know, father, I could not think of them as *very* poor until we heard that Ellen had turned music teacher. I cannot bear for her to be obliged to do so when we have so much around us, and concluded if you would send her money it would prevent her doing so.

Your pride had more to do with the idea I guess than your affection, and you do not know Ellen if you think yourself able to bribe her to forego what duty dictates. However, I heard they were getting along better. Ashton has some situation in a store. Walter had some romantic notion about assisting them, but I could not give away as much as he wanted to set them up again, and nothing else would content him. No doubt he has accomplished his wishes in this time. He is a noble hearted boy.

Constance felt the sting of conscience as she heard her brother so spoken of, and remembered how entirely different she had acted. She replied, sarcastically, if you admired his generous impulses so much, why did you not cultivate them in him, father?

To tell you the truth, Constance, I expected you would have insisted on my advancing the money, but when I found you so careless about it I thought myself it was ridiculous in me to give such a sum to Ellen, and allow her husband to do nothing. I have heard since, that Ashton has been treated badly, that he was not so much to blame after all.

Well, father, when can we leave the city?

In a few days, I hope. I have business at the South, and if possible shall leave in that time, perhaps the first of next week.

Constance could not account so well for the change in her feelings as the reader perhaps, who has patiently followed us to this part of her character. The belle had many acquaintances it is true, many dear friends who, when fortune smiled, smiled too, and were rewarded for their flattery by invitations to parties of pleasure at the rich man's house. There was no real or intimate friend in all her circle to whom she could unbosom her heart's secret. Memory carried her back to her earliest years, when Ellen was indispensable to her happiness. Now she was sated with the world's light gayety, and craved the gentle friendship she feared had been alienated from her by her false pride.

Mr. Ray, from the breakfast table, hastened to the store of Mr. Ford; he found it a scene of dismay and confusion; the clerks had just heard of the sudden decease of the head of the house, who left them the evening before as well, apparently, as usual. The street doors were closed, but the crowd had assembled in the counting room.

Mr. Ray's anxiety soon enabled him to dismiss them, and assisted by the book-keeper, he looked over the papers that particularly concerned himself. He was astonished at the confusion that pervaded every portion, there was nothing clear. He found he could do nothing until the funeral was over.

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Frank Ashton persevered in his good resolutions; he gained the confidence of his employer, and was getting a good salary. He wrote for his wife and child to come to Charleston. Ellen however thought it her duty to continue teaching until her patrons could engage another to fill her place. Two important events had happened to our kind friend Walter in the meantime. He had graduated in law, and married the girl

of his choice. She was a noble hearted woman, or he never could have loved her as his wife. She had often heard Walter speak of his unfortunate cousin. She felt interested in the touching history he gave her of Ellen's trials, and at once proposed a plan for her relief, it was the same Walter had desired his father's assistance in, and he immediately acceded to it, expressing his admiration at his wife's generous feelings. She was rich enough to do far more than she proposed; and both Walter and herself were as eager as children when filled with the delight of doing good. How their souls expanded, how happy they made themselves in the pleasure they anticipated for others, how their hearts were filled with gratitude to God for the power to do good which he had bestowed on them, the miser can never know. The hard hearted miser who hugs his gold, regardless of the misery around him, can never feel the delight of relieving the wants of a fellow creature. The rich relation, conscious of his wealth and consequent power, who dares to forget the claims of humanity, whilst the God who gave him all he has is looking on him and his suffering creatures, would not believe that happiness could be obtained so easily. The rich man often arrogates wisdom to himself in *making* and *keeping* his money. He thinks every body else ought to work for and make money too; but he does not dream, that in proportion to the wealth he possessed, so it was intended he should bestow, and that he was an especial object of Providential regard. Let him beware then or "a camel can go through the eye of a needle sooner than he can enter the portals of heaven."

Walter Ray and his happy bride set about fulfilling their resolutions; and they were anxiously awaiting the arrival of Constance, hoping not for any assistance from her, but they wished to make their cousin's happiness more entire by presenting to her affectionate forgiveness an object of penitential friendship. Walter intended taking a bridal tour to the North

but for Constance's intention of visiting them; and he looked forward to the meeting with the pleasure a kind brother ever feels to see his earliest playmate, or his dearly beloved sister after a separation. He was indeed anxious to introduce her to his bride, who was already prepared to meet and love her as a sister. No brother was ever more proud of a sister than Walter was of his; he considered her unconquerable in heart. Her beauty, queen-like manners, and mental superiority, were all appreciated by him, but he deplored the excess of pride which he knew was the mainspring to many of her eccentricities.

Since the conversation between the brother and sister, about Mr. Ashton's failure, he had actually feared she had very little natural affection for any one but himself; he thought she would be won by Clara's affectionate manners.

Some time after this Frank Ashton received a very unexpected letter from Mr. Ray, desiring him to come at once to the North, on business of pressing importance to himself. He was at a loss to understand what he could possibly have to do in Philadelphia, but the letter informed him it was urgent. He requested his employer to spare him, wrote to Ellen and prepared at once to go.

Ellen received his letter with no less astonishment than he felt himself, but that evening she came to her solitary home, in lower spirits than usual; she had many lonely hours; her landlady was so cross she avoided her, and the other boarders were mostly gay and fashionable. She imagined they had *no use* for the poor music teacher. Her services had been called into requisition on several occasions when the young people wished to have a dance after tea. Ellen invariably complied with their request to play for them, although she was generally fatigued by her day's round of engagements. Charlie was her only solace in her lonely moments; she would listen to his innocent prattle, and watch his many little attempts to

amuse her, with a mother's grateful pride; but he retired early to bed, and then she was alone with her thoughts. She felt like a widow, alone in the world; she had enough to brood over, but true to her principles, she banished selfish regret and prayed for strength to triumph over herself.

It was on one of these lonely evenings she received a note; to her joyful surprise it was from Walter. He was in the city with his wife, and was anxious to see her. Ellen called the next day at the hotel. Her impatience to see and thank her cousin for his kindness to her husband was not to be overruled by any conventional considerations, and she called much earlier than a strict regard to the rules of etiquette would permit. Walter and his wife were however ready and delighted to receive her, and she spent several happy hours in conversation. Clara Ray proposed to Walter that evening to do what he had promised in regard to Ellen. If she had been prepossessed in her favor before she was a great deal more so after seeing her, and she was surprised at the cheerfulness of one who had been so unfortunate. Her sweet manners were calculated to win any heart.

A few days after Ellen's visit her cousins called and requested her to ride with them. Charlie (poor little fellow) was delighted, and Ellen, in watching him, did not remark which direction they took until the carriage stopped; she looked from the window and beheld her old home, she had never expected to visit it again. Walter alighted, quite as a matter of course, and handing out his wife turned to assist Ellen. She drew back and said:

"I do not know the people here, Walter, and cannot get out; it is one of my weaknesses not to be able to visit old scenes without appearing silly, therefore you must excuse me."

"No, no, Ellen, get out, this time; take my word for it you know the people well enough. I would not hurt your feelings for the world."

Charlie was already jumping about in great glee at finding himself no longer confined in the small, close room at the boarding house, but in a nice yard. Ellen descended from the carriage, and was seized directly in a pair of strong arms. She recognized Sally, the house maid, and felt so glad to see her, she almost returned the embrace. Walter led the way into the house, and it seemed to Ellen either she was dreaming then or she had just awakened from an unpleasant dream. Perhaps some kind fairy, with the touch of her magic wand, had transported her back to past scenes. The parlor door was open, and they entered it; there seemed the same furniture, carpet, and every thing just as it was the first day Walter Ray had visited her.

Ellen looked in wonder, first around her and then at Walter; but she could not even then understand the mystery; she saw Walter smile at his wife, but she expected nothing.

"The people here do not seem particularly anxious to see us, let us look about the house," said Walter.

The idea of hunting up people when visiting was ludicrous enough to make Ellen laugh, but Walter persevered. He went up stairs, called out to them to come up, and as Clara arose with wife-like alacrity to obey, Ellen could do nothing else but follow—she stood at her chamber door, which her cousin had thrown open; there too were the counterparts of her furniture, and to add to her joy aunt Charlotte (her old nurse) was seated by the crib, looking as if a day had scarcely passed away since she saw her there last. Ellen now actually rubbed her eyes, to assure herself she was not asleep, and after speaking to the faithful old servant, and receiving a hearty shake of the hand, which convinced her of the reality of what she saw; she walked gravely up to Walter and said. "Do tell me what all this means?"

"It means, my dear Ellen, that you are in your own home,"

with your own servants, and that some (and I trust all) of your bitter trials are at an end.

How is this, Walter?

That matters not now, dear Ellen, but as we intend to be your guests for the present do ask us to sit down.

Did you do this for me, Walter? I see it all now. But I cannot thank you as I ought. It was you who secured the situation for Frank; you are the cause of his doing so well; and now you have given me back the dearest spot on earth—my home.

Do not attempt to thank me, Ellen. I know your affectionate, grateful heart as well as you do, and in assisting you have added to my own happiness, besides it was not my doing alone but Clara also wished to restore what was lost to you, by no fault of yours, but the misfortune of your husband.

Ellen could only press Clara's hand, but her eloquent eyes revealed the feelings her lips could not express.

The trunks soon arrived from the boarding house and hotel, and there is seldom to be seen a happier group than assembled at the tea table that night—where Ellen, with the gentle grace so natural to her, presided. Charlie was hilarious in his delight when he was told he was at his own house. After running about he set up an hour later than usual, to have a romp with Walter.

After tea Walter remarked—I have been expecting to hear you say, if Frank was only here, but not a word of the poor absent fellow has escaped your lips. Is there anything to pay between you?

Nothing at all, but Frank is in Philadelphia, here is a letter from him and also one from your father, which Frank enclosed to me. I cannot imagine what business could have carried him North, but would not be surprised if he does not visit his mother before he returns. But, Walter, how can I live here, for Frank has written to me to join him in Charleston?

Suppose he has, Ellen.

Why, of course, you know I must do so.

I do not know any such thing. If he tells you to go to Africa, will you go? asked Walter.

That depends on circumstances; if he were a missionary, or if it were to his interest to go there, I would cheerfully accompany him.

You are a pattern of a wife, and if Clara ever gets refractory (mind, I do not say she is now) I shall give her in your charge.

\* \* \* \* \*

The reader has, no doubt, divined that the packet left by Mr. Ford was addressed to Mr. Frank Ashton, and as Mr. Ray had promised to deliver it in person, and could not leave home, he wrote to Frank, as we have already seen. Mr. Ray wished some assistance himself to set matters right as far as possible, and knew of no one more capable of acting for him than Frank, so he was doubly compelled to entreat his immediate presence. Frank arrived safely in the Quaker City, and after changing his apparel presented himself at Mr. Ray's, and was at once ushered into the parlor. He gazed around him and sighed as he contrasted this splendor with the little room he imagined Ellen still occupied at the boarding house. Mr. Ray came in, and after many kind questions about Ellen and Charlie, expressed himself much pleased by the promptness with which his summons had been answered, and then explained his business with him, and handed the packet of letters to him. Frank opened it and an exclamation of surprise escaped him as he read.

Old Mr. Ashton was at one time a partner of Mr. Ford's; they prospered for many years and both became rich; they however failed and Mr. Ashton was poor, whilst Mr. Ford kept up above the tide. It was said the latter had his wife's fortune, which was made over to her. They lived on, and the

world was no wiser on the subject. Mr. Ford, in his letters to Frank and his mother said that by a mistake of his partner a large sum had gone to Mr. Ford that *he* had found out since ought to have belonged to them, that he always intended telling Mr. Ashton, but he had invested the money, and before he could get it in again he died; also, that it was his intention to restore it but he wished to use it, and finally could not do so without exposing the part he had acted. When he heard of the failure of Frank, and imagined the comparative poverty of his mother, and remembered how many luxuries he had enjoyed when they had nothing, remorse seized on him, and that he knew at times he had been insane. He then gave him directions how to get the money, and Mr. Ray was the trustee appointed to see it paid. Frank's feelings are not to be described, they were so varied—joy, sorrow, pity and indignation by turns agitated his breast. As he thought of his mother's sorrow and privation his indignation was wrought up to the highest pitch; then quickly he would consider that the object of it had been hurried into eternity, there to render an account of his deeds here; then to be judged for defrauding the widow and orphans. As he so reflected, pity for the wife and orphan children of Mr. Ford overruled his temper, and he promised to repay good for evil, and show more mercy to them than their father had shown to his mother and sisters.

With Frank's assistance Mr. Ray succeeded in extricating himself from some of the difficulties Mr. Ford had gotten him into, but he still lost some heavy sums.

The money which belonged to old Mr. Ashton, including the interest, amounted to sixty thousand dollars. Frank received one half in cash and notes for the balance, with security. He then found Mr. Ford was far richer than Mr. Ray dreamed of, for all of his children were well provided for.

Frank Ashton's business was concluded in Philadelphia, he

was anxious to see his wife and child, but he could not forego the opportunity which presented itself to visit the home of his boyhood, and he paid his mother a short visit. His mother's joy at the unexpected meeting only equaled her sorrow at so soon parting from her only son. But he tore himself away, with the promise, however, of bringing his wife and child to pay her a long visit. Often after, the murmured blessing of his good old mother fell on his heart like some bright sunbeam, to charm away and dispel alike the clouds and storms of life, Frank had promised to see Constance on his return, and was at a loss to account for the sadness her countenance now habitually wore. There was little pride in that step now; he had never admired her character, but he saw she was *not* happy, and, in spite of his knowledge of her coldness to himself formerly, sympathized with her. She was so anxious to visit the South, he would have offered to escort her if he had known he had a home to conduct her to. Constance did not wait for an invitation, but made her preparations; and when he arrived in Philadelphia, he found her ready to accompany him, and he felt like the gallant Frank Ashton of yore, having under his protection the beauty and belle of the North.

Constance was still a little wilful and perhaps selfish; for while taking advantage of Mr. Ashton's escort, as a recourse from ennui, she chose to forget the bad opinion she had previously entertained of him. Reader, do you suppose that *sixty thousand* dollars could have exercised the power of metamorphosing the idle vagabond into a suitable travelling companion for Miss Constance Ray? Perhaps it did.

When our travellers reached Charleston, Frank stopped at the most fashionable hotel. The beauty and reputed wealth of Miss Ray created quite a sensation, and Frank speedily found himself an object of some importance, on whom was reflected some light from the Northern star. Constance would not remain in Charleston any longer than was absolutely ne-

cessary for Frank to take leave of his late employer, which he did with many expressions of regret on both sides. Now the impatient heart of the husband and father bounded within him as each puff of the steamboat brought him nearer, and nearer, to his fondly loved wife and child. He arrived in Montgomery, and after conducting Constance to a hotel he jumped into a hack and drove to the boarding house, where he had left Ellen. He thought now of nothing but to see her, and he rushed up stairs and knocked at the door, he remembered well enough. Ellen had been gone a few days only when a party of young ladies arrived and took possession of the room she had occupied. They heard the step on the stairs, and supposing it was the maid who had been sent for water, one of them opened the door just as Frank knocked; he was precipitated into the room exclaiming, my dearest wife, when he discovered his mistake. He could not think what had become of Ellen, and of course felt uneasy. He went down, met no servant, but rang the bell, and enquired of the waiter where Mrs. Ashton was.

She haint here sir; she went away four weeks ago with a lady and gentleman, but if you will set down sir I will ax missus.

Frank received no information and left the house puzzled how to proceed. He dismissed the hack and was walking along, he scarcely knew where, when a familiar voice accosted him. On looking up he saw Dr. B——, in his buggy; he hastened towards him and explained what he was doing there.

Get in Frank, said the doctor, I will soon drive you where you wish to go. They started off at a brisk trot and pulled up at Ellen's house.

You forgot, doctor, said Frank, this is not the place.

Faith, aint it? Get out and see. Look! is that not a fine little fellow? He is trying to get that great dog up by the collar.

Yes it is, said Frank; whose child is it?

I don't like dogs much, said the doctor, but why he did not like them we shall never know; for just then Frank was guilty of a great piece of rudeness, for he liked to have run over the good old doctor, and perhaps he might have thought there was a dog after him; but Dr. B—— turned back, taking Charlie in his arms, and walked leisurely to the house with him. Frank was surprised and delighted to find Ellen looking so well. He thanked Walter until he told him to hush, and tell him about home.

Frank then remembered Constance at the hotel, and asked Walter to go for her.

No, Clara and I will spend the night with her, and we will dine with you to-morrow.

Ellen protested against that arrangement, and said she would run up and fix a room herself directly, and she should come there.

You may as well bring her Walter, for when Ellen says shall, it is seldom, but she means so in earnest.

Poor, hen-pecked individual, don't teach that to Clara if you please, said Walter as he vanished through the door, accompanied by Dr. B——.

Clara hastened to her room to arrange her dress to meet her new sister-in-law, and the husband, wife and child, so long separated, remained together.

After every encomium had been exhausted in her description of Walter's conduct to her, Ellen and her husband were discussing the cause of the change in Constance, which was a subject of much surprise to them, inasmuch as they were unaware of the state of her heart, and did not deem her capable of any sentiment that would have been lasting.

Now, Ellen, I wish you to tell me candidly if you have forgiven me? Tell me if you love me as you did once?

Yes, Frank, I conquered the first bitter proud feelings I

ever had, but it cost me many struggles. I do love you, and will trust you always now.

Bless you, my own dear Ellen, for that sweet assurance. You shall never again have cause to think you trusted in vain. I will try from this hour to emulate your unselfish character, and never, never again shall you have the trials you have borne so bravely.

Frank then told her of the money he had so unexpectedly recovered, and handed her a parcel which her uncle sent her. Several very costly presents were contained in it, and one thousand dollars. Ellen of course was very much pleased, but she could not help thinking there had been a time, not so far back in her history, when she had actually needed the money. She banished every thing like *sad* memory from her breast; as the thought of past sorrows crossed her mind, present joys would drive them away. Walter and Constance now appeared, and the friends met as if no estrangement had ever entered their hearts. The subdued expression on Constance's face was remarked by all, but the change of scene and the genial power of happiness around her seemed to awaken new emotions in her heart; she was drawn from herself, and seemed to enjoy herself very much in the sweet society of Ellen and Clara. The next morning after Frank reached home Walter handed him a key.

What is that? asked Frank.

The key of the store.

What store, my dear fellow?

Yours. The man who bought it would have failed, and was anxious to escape it by selling it again, and as you were not here I bought it for you.

Walter Ray, you are a noble hearted man, and you deserve every blessing under the sun, but do you suppose I am going to take every thing you have?

No sir, I do not, but you will put me to serious inconveni-

ence if you do not take this store, for the arrangement on my part is closed, the money is paid, and if you will take it, pay me interest and the principle whenever it is convenient.

Can you trust me as much as that, Walter?

I can, Frank; and now let us go to your store.

It really does my heart good to see a man like you, but I can pay you now for the store. You forestalled my intention to buy it.

Frank then related to his friend the circumstances attending Mr. Ford's death.

The happiness of this family was complete, each member seemed determined to enjoy the present and let the future alone. The reaction in Constance was over, and the seeds of disease, in her robust constitution, were speedily developing; perhaps the sudden change from North to South, with the anxiety she had suffered, assisted it. Her symptoms increased; she had never been ill before, and she became extremely restless and miserable. Her fever was very high, and in her moments of wild delirium the secret of her heart was breathed to sympathising ears. Ellen and Clara never left the sick girl, and she lay completely exhausted, as weak as an infant. At times she would rave, and every scene she had lately witnessed was vividly described. Mr. Ray had been summoned by the physicians, and now Constance was perfectly unconscious. For days and weeks the family were in despair, but God at last restored her to health, a changed woman, content to remain away from the world and its influences. It is true Constance still had wealth, and many men would gladly have aspired to her hand in marriage. She did not encourage any; her disposition to flirt had passed away forever. In the society of those who had proven their friendship for her, by forgiving and trying to forget her faults, she was amply compensated for the loss of the heartless gayety, miserable selfishness and tinsel show of happiness she had voluntarily relin-

quished. Ellen had been instrumental in leading her mind to higher and nobler aims than she ever dreamed of; she had taught her to rest her hopes of future happiness on the only true basis. It was well indeed for the motherless girl that some foreshadowing of the future drove her to take refuge under the friendly roof of the only true friend she had ever known. Ellen had repaid neglect by kindness, met repentance half way, and in remembering the bright connecting links in the chain of life, had, with the humble spirit of a christian, forgotten those cankered by the rust of neglect, pride, or ambition.

Many years passed and Constance called herself an old maid. She lived alternately with Ellen and Walter. The children of both loved aunt Conny, as they fondly called her, for the patience with which she listened to their childish sorrows.

Gentle reader, our story is ended. May the moral in it reach the hearts of all whose patient kindness prompted them to read of the trials and final triumph over misfortune, of the gentle and enduring Ellen Ashton.

## THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

This story was suggested to the author's imagination by reading those beautiful lines,

"I'm sitting on the stile, Mary."

**D**ENNIS O'CONNELL was a stout, industrious young man, who won the good will of all who knew him.

The old 'Squire, whose family had owned the estate from time immemorial on which he was born, had often noticed him kindly, and called him a fine lad. Perhaps that was the first word of praise the poor orphan boy had ever heard, and it stimulated him to be worthy of the 'Squire's good opinion, and produced effects more beneficial to a disposition like his, than rebuffs and any chastisement. Dennis, from this time, made it convenient to meet 'Squire Cullen often in his rides, and contrived to be useful to him on many occasions. At last he bade Dennis go up to the Hall and he would see what could be done for him. He took him into service as a groom, and soon found him as trusty a retainer as any he had. There was nothing the lad could not do, and always finding time, besides his own duties, to assist every one else, he became a man of some importance among the tenants; the yeoman's daughters especially regarded him with pleasant smiles; but for some time Dennis remained insensible to them. There was a pretty blue-eyed lass, by the name of Mary Mahon, who at last attracted and won his heart. Dennis hap-

pened to pass the widow Mahon's one cold frosty morning, Mary was trying to get her favorite cow, Brown Bess, in the yard to milk; the lazy thing did not care to leave her warm house to be milked, and Mary was coaxing her to go in, when Dennis passed. He was bashful but naturally gallant, and no doubt Mary's rosy cheeks had something to do in the matter. He stopped to look at her.

"Your cow seems mighty hard to manage, this cowl'd morning, Miss, let me help yer."

"Thank yer, sir," said Mary, with her most graceful courtesy. Somehow it took a long time to get the cow in, and a longer time than usual for Mary to milk, for Dennis, not content with assisting her in the first instance, found some pretext for waiting, as long as possible, before he retired.

From this time our hero was a regular visitor at the widow's house, and if there was any thing to do, potatoes to dig, fences to mend up, Dennis was convenient to do it, and the widow learned to look for him and miss him when absent almost as much as did her lovely daughter. The servants at the Hall could not imagine what had come over Dennis, and whispered to each other that the lad "wernt half as useful or smart and handy as he was some time back." Dennis kept his own secret, not even to Mary had he ventured to betray it, except by these little marks of affection, prized and understood where the affection that prompted them is reciprocated; so indeed it was in this case. Dennis knew it by the blushing cheek, the sparkling eye, and half averted countenance; but he could not yet speak.

The widow Mahon's cottage was at this time the neatest in the village. Its nicely kept walls and flowers gave any one an idea of the taste and refined feelings of its occupants. Just opposite, on the hill, was a little farm hitherto used by the steward on the estate. The house was on the top of the hill surrounded by a grove whose thick foliage allowed only a par-

tial glimpse of the porch, on which clustered, in thick branches, the ivy, and in the yard were a few shrubs planted by the steward's daughter. Dennis had oftentimes admired this place, and wished he was a man that he might rent it; he judged if he was a man he could accomplish all his wishes; then he wished he was rich enough, but this seemed, the older he grew, something for which he might sigh in vain; and he gradually grew content and gave up his boyhood's dream. The little village church, with its humble but nicely kept yard, was also in sight of the widow's house, and lately every Sabbath morning, Dennis, dressed up in his smartest suit, called to escort the old lady and her pretty daughter to church. Ah, happy times were those. When church was over, the three took a quiet dinner together, enlivened by good-humored conversation—then a walk in the green fields and meadows inhaling the sweet fresh air, terminated the day of rest. With renovated hearts they commenced each week; cheerfully their labors were performed, and all learned to look forward to the next Sabbath with anticipations of renewed pleasure. They were so happy as it was, it seemed they cared not for any change, and therefore Dennis was content to be with the girl he loved best, as it was, than to engage her hand without knowing when their union could be consummated. 'Squire Cullen always knew what was going on, and finding that Dennis did not speak to him about his love affair, and thinking it time he was settled, quietly made his arrangements to give him a pleasant surprise.

About this time 'Squire Cullen's son, who lived in London, came on a visit to Ireland; it was seldom he came and every one dreaded a visit from him. He was like many absentees, ashamed of his Irish home—his plain, good hearted father was too unsophisticated to suit his taste—he did not scruple to say the home people were low and vulgar, and the Irish were only half civilized; he even carried his ridiculous weakness so far as

to deny he was born among them. 'Squire Cullen was a man of sterling sense, and depised affectation above anything else. He had been proud of his own son, and deeming him possessed of more brilliancy of intellect than in reality he had, he was persuaded to send him to Oxford. Young Cullen was at first reserved and sensitive. Had his father pursued a different course with him, there is no doubt he might have continued, not only fond of his Irish home, but free from those habits he had contracted during his college life, at once enervating and contemptible. 'Squire Cullen was liberal to a fault; could he then refuse his own son money when he fondly believed in his simplicity he was rapidly advancing in his tuition? It was only when the priest of the village church gently opened his eyes to the fact of his son's extravagance, that the old man with a sigh turned away. It was a rude awakening, at his time of life, from a dream of the pleasant future he was to spend with the son he doated upon by his side to soothe his last hours, to beguile his time with the learning he imagined he would acquire. Young Cullen fell into bad hands at Oxford. The lordlings and scions of aristocracy heeded not his long line of ancestry, because they were Irish, and contemptuously mentioned the home of his childhood, until he gradually fell into their opinions, when won over to their way of thinking, they easily led him on to vice. He always had money, and that was an open sesame to the first circles. He left Oxford and in spite of his father's wishes, too often expressed, he took up his residence in the great metropolis of England, his morals were not improved, and in a little while the exotic from the Emerald Isle, became so much accustomed to the foggy atmosphere of the modern Babel, he could not live out of it. Thomas Cullen affected the extreme of London fashion; he kept his house in Portnam Square, his curricles and blooded horses were praised and coveted by all, his club, wherein he drawled out many idle hours, the Opera, Theatre

and Jockey club, were extensively patronized by him, his servants liveried and well trained, supported his consequence too well to do without them, and money flowed in on his ample coffers as if by magic; few thoughts did he expend on the source from whence it came, so he had it. His summers then were passed at Cheltenham, Bath, Brighton, or at the hospitable country seats of those who intended to winter under his protection. Sometimes having nothing else to do, he would run up to Cullen Hall for a few days, to stir up the tenants, and cheat his simple-hearted father *out* of more money, and *into* the belief that he was a dutiful son, and that the air of London was necessary to his existence. Thomas affected the cockney pronunciation, much to his father's disgust; he was selfish in the extreme and a fop, so there was very little congeniality of feeling between them. 'Squire Cullen loved Ireland with a patriotic ardor—so beautiful and touching in its strength and endurance—had tried every persuasion and inducement to get his son to live on the paternal estate, but without avail, and he had recently expended such sums of money that the old man was actually obliged to mortgage a portion of land to raise it. He expostulated with him on the course he was pursuing, but as usual, with no other effect than an impertinent yawn, and a muttered anathama against the dullness of Ireland. It is true, his father might have refused him money, but he could not be harsh with his only motherless boy.

Whenever Tom Cullen paid a visit to the Hall, he succeeded in carrying off all the money that could be squeezed out of the tenants, besides privately persuading the steward to press them still harder. He looked over the rent roll and not unfrequently found fault with his father for letting the land so cheap.

Young Cullen was so much taken with Dennis, he made up his mind to take him home with him for his valet. He hap-

pened then to have dismissed the impertinent one who had so long lorded it over the household of his indolent master, that the other servants threatened to leave, so the valet had to go, and in Tom Cullen's mind, Dennis was already elevated to the honored position of waiting upon him; he did not dream that an unsophisticated Irishman who knew nothing of the world, could do aught but accompany him wheresoever he led; and as London was the polar star to which he was attracted, he considered no persuasion was necessary, no duty of any weight in the scale of inclination.

Dennis had been almost thrown into convulsions, during a conversation between the 'Squire and his son, and was ready to laugh out whenever he saw him; he could scarcely repress a smile at his foppish appearance, and his funny talking.

One day Dennis was riding a spirited mare, and young Cullen, after duly admiring his equestrianship, in taking what he considered an awful leap without moving in his saddle, called out:

"Stwop, thir, stwop, I tell you."

Dennis pulled up immediately before him, and raised his hat.

"I want to take you to Lunnun."

"What, yer honor?" asked Dennis, with the greatest simplicity.

"I want to take you to the great city of Lunnun wit me to be my wallet."

"Yer wallet, yer honor, what may that be?"

"My wallet to dwess me; you must get weddy at once."

"Get weddy," repeated Dennis, "its morried yer honor manes; well faix, yer honor, its plased I'd be sure, to get morried any day, at all."

"You don't understand me, I don't wish you to get married, but to be weddy to go wit me to the big town of Lunnun."

"Sure, yer honor, I thought getting morried and wedded was all the same, and as I said before, I am just as convenient as a meat axe, I hope the girl is, but she ben't it London, at all."

"Why, you wascal, cawn't you think of anything but getting married? You shawl go wit me, hand you must be weddy to-morwor."

"Yes, yer honor, I will go and ax her this minit."

Dennis put spurs to his horse, and was so overcome with laughter at the coxcomb, he came near falling off.

The next morning the young Squire (as the tenants called him) left the Hall for his own home, but he failed in persuading Dennis to accompany him. He could not leave old Ireland, if it was boggy and barren, as had been said of it—he could not leave the kind old 'Squire, and last but not least, he would not leave Mary. Good conduct and worth merit a reward, and the 'Squire was not forgetful of Dennis; the recent trial he had been put to, the brilliant offer he had rejected, when so many would have willingly accepted, to see London, was a proof to 'Squire Cullen that he might indeed trust Dennis, for he was not to be corrupted. The 'Squire sent for Dennis and thus addressed him:

"And so, Dennis, you wish to get married?"

Dennis was for a moment surprised, but recollecting himself he took his hat off respectfully and said:

"I should like to, yer honor."

"Then why not," asked the 'Squire, "do so at once, I want to see you settled."

"I have never asked the garl, yer honor; I am too poor to get morried; if I cannot make a woman's condition better, I don't want to make it worse."

"That is an honest and honorable sentiment, and should be thought of by every man. If all were like you there would not be so many miserable women in the word. I intend to do

something for you, my lad; you are a trusty fellow, and as it will be for me to do without you, I will not be so selfish as to keep you here when you can do better."

"Oh, yer honor, don't send me away; I don't want to do any better than I am doing here; you are kind to me and I cannot leave you for another master, if he was to offer me a fortune. Nobody ever thought of taking me but yer honor; I hope you are not mad with me."

"Mad with you, Dennis! who put that idea in your head? I don't want to give you up to any one, but to change our positions; from master I shall become your landlord and you my tenant. Pretty Mary Mahon is a good girl, and nursed me well through the most pain I ever had. I shall give you the cottage on the hill; so you can go now and tell Mary."

"God bless yer honor!" exclaimed Dennis, "you make me the happiest man in Ireland," and he abruptly quitted 'Squire Cullen's presence.

Was it ingratitude, or any want of respect that induced him to do so? His heart was almost bursting with its full, warm, grateful affection, and a load of anxiety had been lifted from his breast—the generosity of the 'Squire so unexpected—the certainty of soon marrying his long-loved Mary, and the reality of his boyhood's dream, seemed so like enchantment that surprise as well as gratitude kept him silent.

The lovers met that evening at the stile near the church, and Dennis pleaded in such tender tones, if not courtly, at least worthy of his warm, trusting heart, and awakened a response as true and as lasting as the moon that rose above them. They parted, promising to be faithful until death. By mutual consent the stile was the trysting place for the future.

Not long after the engagement, that very little farm Dennis had taught himself to relinquish as an attainment forever impossible to him, became vacant, and 'Squire Cullen told Dennis at once to take possession. His joy was unbounded,

and he was happily engaged now every day in preparing for the wedding. In due time the ceremony was performed in the little village church, and Dennis led his smiling bride away to her new home. Of all the crowd of villagers assembled, not one jealous or envious heart beat in the bosoms of those who heartily saluted the bride and wished her many long years of happiness. How sweetly Mary looked in her simple white dress, smiling through the tears of joy, and gratefully listening to the many kind wishes of those she had known from childhood.

The widow Mahon had been the kind nurse of half the parish in seasons of illness; they had often too, wept and sympathized with her in affliction; she had been called on to mourn the sudden death of an only son; she had indeed tasted bitterness enough to feel a little joy now; and as she noticed the beaming glances of the happy pair, she wished in her heart the happiness of the present would last forever; she even, for the time, forgot past sorrows in the joy of those she loved. The widow, at the earnest request of her son-in-law, left her cot to share her Mary's home, and their joy was complete. Dennis became quite a farmer; he was noted for having the finest pigs, and was considered the most industrious tenant the 'Squire had. Mary took delight in house-keeping; she was as smart and tidy as she had ever been, and soon became famous for her nice, yellow butter. Many flowers bloomed in her yard, and the pleasure she felt fully compensated her for the time and attention she expended on them. Gradually this happy pair gathered around them some of the elegances of life, and their prospects were as bright as a day of sunshine, with no visible cloud in the horizon. 'Squire Cullen often called to see his favorites, and when he was sick they went to the Hall and nursed him with such patient affection, that he never once regretted the generous impulse that prompted him to assist them.

How happy a sensation must be created in the heart of a rich man when he assists others, to see their comfort and happiness and feel that it was he who conferred it on them; how pleasant to the generous man alone that secured it. How much happier is this feeling of self-satisfaction and approval at a good action, than that experienced by a rich man in the fulness and plenty of his stores, when seated at his own table, surrounded with so many dishes, his dainty and pampered appetite knows not what to take first, yet he is fully aware of the many poor around him who have meager fare, and oftentimes need the necessaries of life, his heart is incrust-ed in its avarice, frozen by his long continued prosperity. Ah! he dreams not that there is a way to melt him; and the God that gave him wealth, power and influence, never intended him to sneer at those poorer than himself. In conferring happiness we are happy ourselves; in passing through life doing no good, thinking only of our own selfish pleasures, we can never secure any permanent happiness for ourselves. The selfish man will grasp at happiness, and when it is almost in his reach, it vanishes, and, Tantalus like, he is doomed to incessant disappointment. No memory of good actions fills up the vacuum in his mind, no conscious knowledge of having appropriated the talents God gave him, in the right way, pity, pity is due the miser, or the selfish rich man, whose infatuation causes him to throw away life's happiness for the sake of the money bags that contain the almighty dollars. He learns at last how hollow a delusion wealth is without the disposition to apply it for the benefit of his species.

'Squire Cullen's health had failed, no longer could he mount his favorite hunter for a steeple chase—no longer the sounds of his dogs, in pursuit of game, was music to his ears; but he was now extended on his sick couch, dependent, even for amusement, upon those around him. Old age had chilled many of his impulses, but did he regret his kindness to Den-

nis and Mary? Never. While his son was recklessly squandering money in London, regardless of his father's increasing age and infirmities, these young people devoted themselves to securing him comfort and peace, the remnant of his days.

Dennis tended the 'Squire with the affectionate solicitude of a son, and it was Mary's gentle hand that smoothed his pillow. As he had sowed so had he reaped, and often he thanked the power which had enabled him to do as much good, and secure for himself two friends who would remain by him even when his own son had deserted.

The 'Squire often thought of providing for Dennis in his will; he had no idea of leaving him dependent on his son, or entirely on his own exertions for a support. He had mentioned the subject, but invariably Dennis evaded it, and turned the conversation to more cheerful topics, fearing any trouble of the mind would injure the body.

One morning Dennis awoke earlier than usual, and with a trepidation he could not account for, hastened to his friend's room. 'Squire Cullen's own servant was not yet up. It was many minutes before Dennis succeeded in opening the door, but when he entered the chamber, he found his beloved benefactor no more. In the silence of night, unwatched, the spirit of this noble man had passed away. His body was cold, and he lay like a child in a deep sleep. The smile of peace was on his face, and no corrugated brow testified to any struggle. Dennis gazed on the countenance of the dead in speechless horror. It seemed as if the contact of those icy fingers that had often kindly closed over those of the orphan boy in the warmth of high health, had chilled his frame. But memory was busy, and Dennis realized indeed that he who had so kindly talked to him only the previous night, had indeed passed away forever. As one after another of 'Squire Cullen's kind acts arose before him, he could not control his emotion.

and no child ever wept with more abandon of grief than this grateful son of Erin.

The attorney of 'Squire Cullen took possession of the Hall in his son's name, sealed up all the effects as prescribed by law, and Dennis remained alone with the body of his master, like some faithful animal, to guard it until his son, for whom a courier had been dispatched, should arrive.

Several days passed, yet the young man did not come, and at length the attorney gave orders for the funeral. The bell of the village church tolled forth the loss to the parish of the friend of the poor, the munificent master, the kind and lenient land-lord. The body was followed to the grave by a solemn procession of tenants, whose smothered sobs and respectful gravity testified to the sorrowful appreciation of one, the loss of whom, they should ever feel. The priest, in his long black robes, preceded the coffin to the vault, and ever and anon some passage of scripture fell from his lips to catch the attention and rivet the minds of all who were assisting at the solemn ceremonies, that there was an awful reality in death, which the contemplation of the sad recent event should bring home to every one present.

The kind-hearted 'Squire was mourned by his poor tenants, not as the rich are generally; the body was laid in the dust with many of his ancestors, and the vault was closed. The villagers sadly and silently dispersed from the church yard, but gathered in groups on their way home, to discuss the many virtues of their departed friend, and the positions they occupied by the sudden decease of their land-lord. Ominous indeed were the shakes of the head when the heir's name was mentioned.

"Och," said one, "sorra a bit of a home will I have now, and 'tis troth I tell you; a dark day it was for us when he died. Mony and mony is the time I have been with the

'Squire in the chase, and kind was he too. Och ma yourneen, a sad day we'll have now."

"Yes, said another, "when my little boy Tommy was sake, it was the bread and the broth that he brought him, and when I sorried for that I could not stay at the house and was not able to bide with him, the 'Squire himself it was who tould me to go, and when my pratees needed he kindly sent and had them cared for. Old Ireland has no truer heart than the one we have just laid away in the vault."

Dennis heard these remarks, but with bowed head he passed on to the Hall; his grief was too deep, too fresh were his wounds to allow him to speak of the 'Squire's virtues, and he was perhaps the only one who grieved entirely for the friend without thinking of the future.

Human nature is a subject inexhaustible to the mind of man—the contemplation of it under different circumstances, continually furnishes new ideas. Many writers have, no doubt, considered themselves able to solve all the questions that arise as to the motives that originate action; but experience teaches us daily, that when we can really do so, we will have made a discovery to equal the Philosopher's stone in importance. To judge by ones self is no criterion for an opinion of human nature; for how many different emotions agitate the human heart. Let this be as it may, the majority think of and are governed by their own interest; and in the midst of danger or suffering, each one is occupied in seeing if he will be cared for.

When young Cullen at last reached his lonely home he requested his attorney to make every arrangement as soon as possible, as it was his intention to leave forever his home, and live in London; there was no link now to bind him to Ireland. He had none of his father's patriotism, and the mere idea of living among his tenants, was not to be endured.

The Will was looked for in the old escritoire that for many

long years had stood in the old stone library, attached to the company room; in place of the Will however, were some time-colored deeds that bore unmistakable evidence of the debts that had been contracted—these debts had been cancelled by the economy of the father, and to keep his son from the debtor's prison, other mortgages had been given. No Will could be found. Leaving no other heir, making no Will, all of the property reverted to young Cullen, and he had the power to do with the estate as he chose, except the portions under deed of trust. The Steward of the estate took up his residence at the Hall, all arrangements were speedily concluded, and 'Squire Cullen left the home of his ancestors, the land of his birth, forever. His last act was dictated by a mean spirit of avarice and selfishness. He informed the tenants he wished the time of their dues changed, and demanded one half in advance. Those who could do so, paid the money; then he required tithes on all they possessed, which was a species of taxation, that rendered a tenant on the estate as dependent as if he had nothing in the world. Murmurs, not loud, but deep, were uttered at this unheard of proceeding. For the sake of the women and children who had the shelter of homes, it was considered politic to suppress them. The tenants suffered indeed for the common necessities of life. Fleeced of all their money, with no considerate friend up at the Hall to help them in sickness, they felt almost too discouraged to go to work; they knew the season had been most unfavorable for crops, and they had no time to lose in useless repinings; and with one accord, yet with heavy hearts, they went to their daily toil. No longer the stout yeoman's whistle resounded in cheerfulness as he gladly worked for the wives and little ones at home; no longer was heard across the fields the hearty laugh, as neighbor met neighbor and some jest was told. There was no jesting now, the shadow had fallen on their pathway and in stern terror they awaited the crash of utter

want, it seemed impossible to avert. The many pale, sad, anxious faces of the women, as they looked on those who might shortly perish before their eyes, the deep sighs from their over-burdened hearts, were as indicative of misery as the despondency of the men.

Dennis and Mary still lived at their cottage-home, consecrated to them by the pure happiness of their guileless loving hearts; they were happy yet, as much so as it was possible for them to be after the recent death of their friend and benefactor, but the time for which Dennis rented the cottage was nearly expired, and he had some misgivings that he would not be fortunate in his application for it again. 'Tis said, and truly too, that misfortunes come not singly. About this time Dennis had his first illness and consequently his crop was behind, but the friends whom he had often helped when a lad, did what they could to assist him; the greater part of his crops were destroyed. Dennis became very serious after he recovered; he felt a sinking of the spirit, that it was no use to struggle with his fate. The beautiful and affectionate traits of character now called into action in the bosom of his wife, taught Dennis to appreciate her disinterestedness, and his faith in her strengthened every day, in the gentle efforts she made to comfort him. He perceived the total forgetfulness of self—he felt he possessed a treasure in her affection that the wealth of the world could neither lessen or increase. Dennis had little time for melancholy reflections, for the doctors bills remained to be settled, his rent was due and it became pretty clear to him, that a part of his fine team must be sold to pay these debts. He found a purchaser at once and sold the cattle. He was congratulating himself on being fortunate in getting a good price when he reached home, to find another in agony. He could do nothing to relieve it and it died. Dennis was stout hearted, but so many things coming so near, one after another, nearly broke him down, and in despair he

went into the house. Mary, the ever watchful Mary, noticed at once that there was something amiss and eagerly asked what.

"Oh! Mary, I am most like a child, I lose all I have."

"What now, Dennis, have you lost?"

"I sold a part of my team, to keep the bailiff out of the house; when I came home to-day my favorite ox was sick—he died, and it seems dark and dreary will my future be. How I am to get along I cannot see. What shall I do? what shall I do?"

"Ah! darling, said Mary, 'tis a pity it is true that you should suffer so, but your tithes will be less and you will not be compelled to sell anything to buy corn."

Gentle sophistry, springing from a warm disinterested heart to beguile the strong man in his hour of sorrow. How much should men appreciate a tender, affectionate wife, in adversity, one who feels for her husband, rather than herself, and has the fortitude to bear or to brave adversity's fires, so that he who first feels the scathing blow, is left to her. What is a more beautiful sight than to see a tender, gentle woman trying to protect the strong arm upon which she leans, in trust and confidence? 'Tis not really protection she gives, but in bearing her own sorrows and thrusting them not on the already overburdened heart of her husband, she insensibly draws him from those sorrows by exciting in him a spirit of admiration and a desire to emulate her example.

At the period we date this story, Ireland presented a picture of desolation and want; the long drought shortened the crops, and the soil, from never being fed, was like a sterile desert. Poverty and want in their gauntest forms, visited many families. Mothers with their half starved little ones, knew not where to get bread to sustain the life which it was only agony to keep. Often in dividing the meager pittance which charity had bestowed, and there was not enough for all,

it was the mother who went without that her offspring might not suffer; and yet with all this self-denial, she had not the power to prevent their little frames from suffering the keenest pangs of hunger. Often, with a babe in her arms, who strove with vain efforts to draw sustenance from its starving mother, she would do the little house work required, content to work still for those she loved. So weary was that aching frame at night, that when it was laid on the bed to rest, the spirit in it wished for a kind friend to leave her children to, that she might go to her long home.

Despair, deep, dark despair, cast its mantle of gloom over the land, and many deaths occurred from want. As may have been anticipated, the tide of emigration strengthened in its current, and all who possessed any means at all, were ready to leave their native lands for bread. It was a terrible thought that their own fire-sides were no longer resting places for those who had never dreamed of leaving them for any newer ones; many of the tenants were born and raised, married, and their children first saw the light in their own paternal homes; yet famine was abroad in the land, and with sad feelings the Irish prepared to seek, what was denied them at home, in a new land. The question arose, where should they go? and hearty was the response, America. Yes, America, whose arms were open to receive the thousands of oppressed and starving foreigners who could get no work in their own countries. Dennis saw that Mary drooped every day, like a tender flower exposed for the first time to the chilling blast of winter, or the burning rays of the sun with nothing to restore it. It is true Mary had never been rich, but she had never felt what it was to want; her simple wishes were all gratified; and if she had been reared in the lap of prosperity, she could scarcely have had as little cause to dread poverty. Now there was a contrast; she often wanted the necessaries of life. Dennis did not know of this; she could not pain him by telling him that

she, his darling, was growing weaker every day from want of food; yet it was so, and became so apparent, that Dennis at last perceived that something was wrong and he became uneasy.

One Sunday evening they walked to the church, that village church in which they had been so happily united. Sad changes crowded on their memories, and thoughts too painful for expression occupied their minds in silence; they once more stood at the vault of their late friend. Mary knew the 'Squire's patriotic love for Ireland, and with her own hands had planted the shamrock and the thistle (the national emblems,) to express, humbly though it was, her memory of his kindness. With a sigh Mary turned from the vault, and Dennis said:—

"So many of our people are going to America, darling, would you like to go?"

"Ah! Dennis, I shall never leave Ireland; I cannot leave mother, and she is too old to cross the ocean."

"Then, Mary, I shall have to leave you, for I can get nothing to do here."

"That is true, Dennis, you will go and leave me in this church yard, I feel it, I know it."

"Ah! Mary, leave you, don't grieve me so, you make my heart ache. Leave you! never, never! You are the day-time of my life! I could not live without you, and your brave good heart to cheer me on."

They walked on to the stile, the old trysting place, and again many fond reminiscences of the past came over them; they gazed in each others faces, as if indeed they were about to part. It was near night when they reached the house; the widow Mahon, now old and infirm, had gone to rest. Finding she slept, Mary softly closed the door, and went to see what could be found for supper; when at last she put the simple meal before her husband she felt sad, her heart almost choked

her, as a dire presentiment crossed her mind, that it was the last time she should do so. The next morning the bailiff appeared, who attached most of their little furniture, and gave Dennis warning to leave the house. Mary was ill, her attack was sudden, but increased as her fever was by excitement, it was dangerous to attempt moving her; yet her husband was forced to do so. The family once more moved to the house occupied by the widow, this was even objected to, but was finally conceded by the kind-hearted steward on account of Mary's illness; yet the house was uncomfortable, and it seemed impossible for any one to survive the change. Poor Mary, she had sunk into insensibility. By the kind assistance of a neighbor she was moved. There was no wood or peat to burn; and Dennis, after getting a doctor, had to go some distance to obtain a little fuel. The widow was so overwhelmed by this last stroke of misfortune, and the distress and sufferings of her only child, she was nearly demented, and moved about like some one in a dream. Mary was unconscious of all around her, soft sighs like the breath of an angel sometimes escaped, and whenever she opened her eyes, inadvertently they were raised to heaven. Dennis thought now all his former trials were as nothing, compared with the prospect before him. Some days of suspense occurred, and the humane physicians saw no hope; watching Dennis as he sat, the picture of despair, he felt it his duty to tell him candidly the worst; he had made up his mind to tell him, and arose from his seat for the purpose of asking him out of the room when an exclamation from the widow arrested him. He glanced at the bed on which his patient lay, and saw she was in a spasm. A crisis had arrived. Everything in the reach of science was resorted to. After many hours of exertion, the physician had the satisfaction to see his patient fall into a deep, quiet sleep. There was one more tie to bind Mary to life now, and her anxious friends hoped, oh, how sincerely, the refreshing sleep would

give her back to them. Dennis took his little babe in his arms, with the feelings of a father who feared, by its possession, the life of its mother might be sacrificed. From the first hour of its birth, the infant showed symptoms of illness; day after day all expected it would breathe its last. It was now a week old, and Dennis hoped it would recover. Mary had seemed better, was entirely restored to consciousness, and her husband, in the fulness of his heart, seated himself by her to reiterate his joy at her apparent change for the better. Mary listened to the tender affection which breathed from every word; she understood the weight of anxiety that had been lifted from his breast; then turning her mild blue eyes on him she said:—

“Dennis, I shall not be with you long, but don’t mourn for me, you have one little babe, be father and mother both to it; be a kind son, as you have always been to my poor old mother, and bury me darling under the hawthorn tree in the little church-yard.

Sorrow was in that humble cot,—such sorrow as the poor can feel who have nothing left to them, when one true heart which they have trusted and tested has not been found wanting.

“Ah!” said Dennis, “life is a misery to me now; never shall I know what joy is again. The life of my life is gone. Ah! Mary, darling Mary, ma vourneen acushla, misery on me now that thou hast gone.”

In these wild exclamations of the sorrow which almost consumed him, emanating from a simple, trusting heart, bursting with its weight of agony, this devoted husband exhausted himself.

How beautifully Mary looked in death. She was laid out, and some kind friend who knew her fondness for flowers, had wreathed her placid brow in a chaplet of roses, fit emblems of the beauty and decay of life; or the casket which has encased

a gem of too much brilliance. Sweet was the smile on her lip, so natural and life-like it seemed every moment she would wake up, and Dennis could scarcely be persuaded to leave her. His wild sorrow at the time drove him to despair, and he wished for death to relieve him from his misery; then remembering the charge of the departed one, the disconsolate father sought for his child.

The Irish, as a nation, unite many beautiful traits of character, beautiful from their very simplicity. Sympathy is a feeling that like electricity only wants a touch, and it spreads from one to another with electric quickness and force. The Irish wake or funeral was never omitted; and intending to carry out this ancient custom, the mourners met at Mrs. Mahon’s. It is true they had known of Mary’s many virtues, and had loved her for her gentle smile and kind heart. But such violent sorrow as they demonstrated, was not pleasing to Dennis. He felt for the first time there was something in the custom, which jarred on his excited feelings. In vain he expostulated. They seemed determined to have a wake, until in pity to Dennis’ distress, Mr. O’neil, the steward, stepped in and said:

“My friends our distressed neighbor cannot bear the idea of a wake, his sorrow is too deep; and although it is a custom to which you have been used to conform, still in this instance it is better to be governed by his feelings than your wishes. He appreciates your kind intentions, and begs you will accompany him in silence to the grave of his wife.”

“Sure, and troth yer honor,” said one, “tell him the wake shall not cost him a red cent; the mourners do not charge him, and it is myself that will pay for the whiskey.”

The wake was reluctantly abandoned, and the funeral could no longer be delayed. The little babe had fallen asleep in the midst of the distress for its mother. It was forgotten. When Dennis went to look for it, as we have said, it was cold as the mother; yes, dead. The little one was beckoned to

heaven by its mother whose short but bitter experience had taught her too much of life's sorrows and troubles to be willing to leave it to come in contact with them. Dennis felt resigned to this blow; he had wished to raise the child, but had made up his mind if it should be taken to be resigned to the decree of a superior will and judgment. The little babe was wrapped in a tiny white shroud and laid on its mother's breast.

Words cannot describe Dennis' lonely sorrow when he returned from Mary's grave. Was not his condition pitiable? Homeless, without money or friends, at least efficient ones, friends who could assist him to obtain employment which would have been doubly welcome to Dennis now; he wished to be actively engaged in body, hoping to quiet the severe struggles of his mind. Then Mary's mother was left with him, and poor creature she had sunk into a state of apathy, sorrowful indeed to contemplate.

One by one the friends of her childhood were removed from her; then her parents sunk to rest, leaving their daughter to the merciful care of those who had charity enough to protect her. Her good temper and industrious habits procured her friends; and as she was very pretty she was recognised as the belle of the village. Among the rustic beaux, she married a young sailor, James Mahon, and he supported her at home, in what was considered a genteel way, for several years. At last his ship sailed for a longer cruise than usual. He was gone two years. When he returned his wife and child really needed assistance, and it was the sailor's honest industry and economy (so rare a jewel in sailors) that once more made them happy and comfortable. James Mahon staid at home some months while his ship was undergoing repair, and preparing for another cruise. This time they parted to meet no more. In a few months after her husband left his native shore Mary was born; she never knew the blessing of a father. The subject of this sketch lost her oldest child, a son, in the prime of man-

hood; this was a sudden stunning blow; she was just recovering from its effects when Mary was married. Then came three years of uninterrupted happiness, when Mary's death occurred, to end forever her joy on earth. So it is in life, in the very midst of pleasure and happiness, oftentimes preparing is a test of the power to endure, that would thrill to the core if it could be foretold. We poor mortals repine at troubles trivial in their nature without considering how many greater might be sent to prove to us the omnipotence of God.

After a few days of sorrow had passed, Dennis felt it a duty in him to try and arouse himself from the painful indifference which he was aware was gradually creeping over him. The widow, too, needed his care particularly, for ever since her loss she had sat in her chair by the window, her eyes fixed on the church-yard, whose many simple slabs and monuments were perceptible in the distance. No one who had, with the kindest impulses, visited the widow, had succeeded in drawing her into conversation; her mind seemed to have been entranced, or enveloped in a mantle of thought or despair too overpowering for the strength of her brain. Dennis would come in and the two sat in silence hours together. Mary's low seat, with the cushion she had fancifully wrought in her happy days, (and which some friend had preserved for her) reminded them of her; her gown, a present from Dennis at a fair they had attended together, hung where it was put when taken off, and every thing in the room, as little as it was, continually brought to memory Mary's form and manner. Dennis, convinced of the necessity of exertion, offered himself to a small farmer as an assistant in his daily labor. He was paid a small sum, but not enough to supply the few wants of himself and the widow. Every evening Dennis passed the village church, and the wish to rest himself beside the new made grave was irresistible. The only pleasure he had now, was to sit there in the quiet twilight and think of her. His mind would

become so absorbed in reflection on the past, he would stay for hours, and when the villagers saw a figure after night walking about the church yard, the report that the church was haunted, was the consequence; some said the spirit of the 'Squire had been called away so suddenly he had something to settle and could not rest.

"I always thought it strange the 'Squire did not provide for Dennis, but the rich cares not for the poor except when they want their use, but the 'Squire was so fond of him any one in nature would have given the lad a little, and his son that lords it over us would not have been hurt a bit by it."

"Come now, Barney," said another, "nara a man, nor a woman, saving her majesty in all Ireland, shall say a harm word agin the 'Squire, for Dennis tould me it was a fault of his own, no money was left to him, for whinever the maister spake a word of it he himself always said another time would do as well, he had rather have nothing, than the maister should worry about it, and that is the troth. The man, continued the excited Irishman, who says a shame word agin the dead shall get this from the living, and he shook his stout hawthorn stick in a most pugilistic manner.

"It is after fighting, you be," said Barney, at once assuming the most convenient attitude for the exercise of his brawney arms. "Faith and be Jasus, come on then—I am ready for you."

"Take back what you said 'bout the 'Squire."

"I said nothing 'bout the 'Squire, God bless his soul, but the rich folks that keeps us poor tenants under them. Fortunately by this speech a sympathetic chord was reached, which vibrated so powerfully, a response in the heart of his fellow tenant, that his wrath was at once disarmed, and the stick descended to the ground instead of on Barney's shoulders, and shaking hands heartily the two adjourned to the village inn, and Tim called for a quart of ale to wash down any hard

feelings; they forgot for a time the ghost, but whilst discussing the second quart, a little girl ran in and said the ghost was in the church yard; these two valient knights had boasted of their superior courage, but like boasters in general, when an opportunity occurred for displaying their courage, they backed out from the landlords proposition to proceed to the church yard and see what it was that disturbed the peace of the village."

Whilst Dennis was innocently causing such commotion by his singular fancy for the church yard, he was revolving in his mind, for, perhaps, the thousandth time, some manner of escaping from the miserable feelings which oppressed him. The thought to continue as he was, only added, each day, fuel to the flame that was consuming him, yet it seemed impossible for him to get away from a place where every association was painful. He thought too, he could never desert the poor widow who had been confided to his care, but what he should do he could not imagine. With these reflections he walked about the yard, alone with the dead; when night had spread her wings over the earth, he turned homeward, at least to the hovel the steward now allowed him to occupy for the sake of the widow. Dennis reached the house—he saw the widow as usual at the window, with her face towards the church; he saw nothing remarkable in that, but walked to the window; she did not notice him, but he was surprised at the eager smile, the most intelligent he had seen for months on that face; he called in tones of affectionate earnestness, mother, mother; he met no response; mother, mother, speak to me; still he received no answer. In fear of, he knew not what, he rushed around to the entrance, and again Dennis was alone with the dead. Yes, the sorrows and troubles of the widow had ended on earth, her spirit had gone to the land of rest, and now Dennis was alone in the world.

Alone in the world! how desolate the thought, that of all

the millions on this globe, no kindred spirit, no tie of blood connected him with the human family. Dennis was stunned by the shock; surely death had been busy in his family, now there was none to take but himself; only one more victim remained. When he could collect his deadened senses, he went to the nearest cottage to get a woman to perform the last duties for the dead. His time was fully taken up the balance of the night, for being unable to pay for a coffin, he was obliged to construct one himself, then he helped to dig the grave.

The poor widow was laid by the side of her Mary and the little babe, so sweetly sleeping in the church yard. Many months passed away heavily to Dennis. At length he had an offer to go to a land of peace, a resting place to the stranger, where he knew no tyrants sway could molest him. Dennis hesitated about accepting the offer; he remembered how Mary had said to him, "you will leave me in the church yard," and he replied never. True he could not foresee the disasters of Ireland, or her miseries just began when poor Mary died. He did not think then that actual famine threatened the land; but he had seen it since, and feared it would not be long before those who had plenty then, would either leave the country or suffer with the rest. Then he argued he was alone in the world, what mattered it? The past, the village church, the humble cot, the scene of his happiness, and the more humble one of his misery, the loved and lost would always remain as fresh in memory as ever they were. Dennis concluded at last, to avail himself of the offer made, and prepared to cross the ocean. The vessel was to sail in a few days, and he had only now to bid adieu forever to the friends of his childhood. For the first time he was to leave Kildare, and varied were his emotions. He shook hands warmly, with a thousand good wishes on all sides; the memory of the many nameless kindnesses when he was a lad, thronged to his recollection, and emotion

choked his utterance. The steward, Mr. O'neil, up at the Hall, had been deeply interested in the unfortunate young man, and to him Dennis hastened with a request, the only one he had to make in Ireland; it was that he would see that Mary's grave was cared for; the steward promised to attend to it, and drawing his purse out he insisted in the most friendly yet delicate manner on Dennis receiving a small token of remembrance from him; it was a timely and thoughtful act on the part of the steward, for Dennis had no money; anything more Dennis you wish done, confide it to me. I will do what I can for you. "I believe it, sir," replied the grateful Dennis, "and wish only in addition to what I ask about Mary's grave, that you will have the flowers worked she planted at his honors." All shall be as you wish, and I hope you may have good weather for your voyage and be successful when you reach America. This request from Dennis O'Connell may seem simple to our readers, but have you not, in affliction, when those you love have gone forever, attached great importance to every token left of past affection? Every object touched or prized then assumes a much dearer interest than ever before; and the mind is continually resolving on the performance of actions which we know were wished for or appreciated by our friends, in life.

Dennis at last started on his long journey, but he took one long fond look at the Hall, crossed the path he had often trod with a light heart; and fearing to allow himself to dwell too long, he hastened to the stile. There memory brought back vividly his Mary as he led her a smiling bride from the little church, and how desolate and lonely poor Dennis felt now we can only imagine, for he missed the soft clasp of her hand, and somehow he could not help listening for the words she never more could speak.

Often had Dennis, in his boyish days, dreamed of leaving Ireland, and with the buoyant curiosity of youth he had wished

for a new field of action; now it was so near, he realized how bitter the circumstances were that compelled his departure.

At last Dennis was on shipboard, the "Bird of the Ocean" weighed anchor, and before sun down the blue hills of Hibernia were rapidly fading in the distance. When alone that night, and all slept but that portion of the crew duty kept awake, Dennis thought of his country and felt like an exile from her shores.

The captain of the ship noticed the desponding attitude of the unfortunate man; he was likewise struck with his intelligent countenance, and commenced a conversation with him. Dennis, grateful to the kind stranger for the attention he bestowed on him, told him his tale of sorrow, desolation and want. The Captain's heart was touched with sympathy, and he inwardly resolved to be a friend to his unfortunate passenger. Dennis worked his way over, for at that time it cost much more than at present, when so many ships and boats are ploughing the mighty waters, freighted down with living cargoes. The ship Dennis sailed in was bound to Charleston. After a short, pleasant voyage she landed, and our hero found himself surrounded by strangers, it seemed, from every country under the sun. There were porters that nearly lifted him up in their eagerness to secure his patronage; then a cab-man would catch him by the coat, and if the Captain had not rescued him at that moment, there is no telling how it would have ended. Dennis had cause indeed to be thankful that he had inspired the Captain with kind feelings towards himself. He met with work enough in South Carolina, and friends who became warmly attached to him, for his moral worth, honest independence and industry.

Dennis O'Connel still lives in his adopted State, and is rapidly acquiring a fortune; he has never married again, and never will. Oft when his eye rests on the beaming countenance or graceful form of the fair of his acquaintance, another still sweeter arises before his imagination, and the little mound under the hawthorn tree is the dearest spot of all on earth to the IRISH EMIGRANT.