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Rush, Caroline E.
THE DEW-DROP

OF THE

Sunny South:

A STORY

WRITTEN FROM EVERY DAY LIFE.

BY THE

AUTHORESS OF ROBERT MORTON.

"Let Fate do her worst, there are dew-drops of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy;
That come in the night-time of Sorrow and Care,
And bring back the features that Joy used to wear."

PHILADELPHIA:

PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHORESS, BY CRISSY & MARKLEY.

1851.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year one thousand eight hundred and fifty, by CRISSEY & MARKLEY, in the Clerk's Office for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

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Crissy & Markley, Printers,
No. 4 Minor Street.

TO THE AMIABLE AND ACCOMPLISHED
MRS. EMILIE WORTHINGTON,

THIS LITTLE VOLUME IS INSCRIBED,

AS A TOKEN OF ESTEEM, BY HER SISTER

LIZZIE —

PREFACE.

THE universal favor with which my first attempt has been received by a generous public, leads me to hope for success with the little volume I now present to my readers. I have striven, earnestly, to write that which will benefit my fellow creatures, and have carefully avoided every thing of a sectarian character. My book is a religious work, but it contains no syllable that can wound the feelings of any denomination of Christians. It is a simple story, written from every day life, without any very terrible concatenation of events, to hold the reader spell-bound with horror. The merits of my book, I humbly refer to the discussion of my readers, and trust they will pardon all my short-comings;—I also beg they will remember, that my story might have been better told, had I the gigantic intellect which is given to man;

but I am a woman, and have handled with a woman's feeble mind, those subjects which have deeply interested me.

My readers may find some truthful pictures, if they have patience to go through to the end; and I would wish to refer them, particularly, to the condition of the poor white slaves of the North, and that happy race of beings, *called* the slaves of the South. In fact, they are but slaves in name, for they work moderately; all their food, clothing, and other necessities, are provided for them, and they are never obliged to think of to-morrow. Any one who has lived in our northern cities, and has seen the misery and degradation in which the poorer classes of white people live, and observed the lost, fallen, abandoned blacks, surrounded with every horror, and heard the awful story of death, from starvation, from exposure to the cold, in some damp cellar, and from want, and misery, and destitution, would wonder why the *noble philanthropists*, whose whole lives are spent in ameliorating the condition of a people far away from home, do not take some interest in the wretchedness around them. O! if the poor, white slaves of the North, the miserable creatures, who toil with a nee-

dle, from day to day, to earn a morsel of bread, could form together in a solid phalanx, and march about the streets of our opulent cities, with their pale, wan faces, their skeleton frames, their weary eyes, and saddened hearts, methinks it might form a picture of such sad sorrow, as would wake up some of the noble hearts, that are sleeping in our midst, to deeds of true philanthropy.

Dear reader, do not doubt the truth of what has been advanced to you. Do you want proof? Go to our colleges, every Wednesday and Saturday. You will see there, young girls, beautiful, amiable, modest. For what are they there? would you ask. They go with a distressing cough, a pain in the side, a hectic flush, a wasted frame, to seek for advice, for a cure. A cure? Alas! they will never find it, till they sleep the sleep the "Dreamer" dreamt of. Their sedentary habits undermine their constitutions, and bring on consumption and death. Many a fair form sleeps in its shroud to-day, that might have lived long years, and spent a useful life, had mankind been more just.

And how is this evil to be remedied? do you ask. Well, then, pay better for the labor, that bows the

body to the grave. Pay so well, that the forlorn creature, who must now work sixteen hours out of the twenty-four, can earn a comfortable living in eight hours, and use the remaining time for recreation. Act to every human being, as you would that they should act towards you. Ah! what a golden rule is here. There is a day coming, when every act of oppression and injustice shall be punished, and many a haggard face will stand accuser to the rich and beautiful woman of fashion.

I will not say more on this subject, but I know that my sentiments will meet with a warm return in that sunny South, after which I have named my book, and to whose generous bosom I am hastening, to spend the cheerless winter before me.

In the hope that I may still enjoy the favor that has surrounded me, since my first undertaking in a literary line, I send forth the "DEW-DROP," and that it may please and instruct its readers, is the heart-felt wish of its

AUTHORESS.

THE

Dew-Drop of the Sunny South.

CHAPTER I.

"Oh Memory! thou fond deceiver,
Still importunate and vain;
To former joys recurring ever,
And turning all the past to pain."

THERE is a time when all the world looks dreary; when its joys fade away; when we look back at all that once was charming, and turn away, with heart-sick emotion, from the retrospective view. This time comes to us at different periods, as we are influenced by passing circumstances. Sometimes the lonely heart breaks with a silent anguish, at the cruelty of those on whom it leans for happiness; it may be, those connected with it by ties of blood. We nourish in our bosom an idolized being,

who, in the moment of trusted security, plants a rankling thorn in our heart of hearts. But why weep over the falsity, the injustice of poor human nature? it will do no good: No, no, my gentle Kate, I would not turn the trusting fondness of thy young heart's dreams, from their flowery wanderings and sunny paths, to the darkly shadowed and intricate roads of the forest, or the scorched and arid plains of the desert.

Life is to thee, sweet Kate, an endless tide of joy. Each billow that washes near thy feet, leaves there its dew-drops of hope and happiness, resplendent with the golden glory of the sun. Catch the golden dew-drops, Kate, ere the next wave of fate shall carry them back to an ocean grave—the grave of the past.

The old man, who had thus mentally soliloquized, leaned his head upon his hand, and gazed into the fire. He seemed to forget the present, so completely was his mind engrossed

by the images of the past. We will not disturb his reverie as yet, but will explain to you who was this old man, and who the gentle Kate.

About the centre of Penfield place, in the city of T——, there stood a large, old-fashioned house of brick, which, though at least a hundred years old, bore about it a look of comfort and of home, frequently not found in more modern mansions. Not a door, a window shutter, or even a brick, was out of repair. The paint was clean and white, and each shutter was fastened back, displaying from within the red and glowing light of the fire, shining through curtains of embroidered lace.

A broad flight of steps led up to the ample door, which bore a large plate of silver, on which was engraven, in plain letters, the name of Hamilton. A spacious hall extended through the centre of the mansion, into which opened two parlors on the right hand; a large dining

room and kitchen were on the left. The stairs leading up to the second story, as well as the entire entry, were comfortably carpeted, and well lighted by various gas-burners. The furniture of the parlors was rich and elegant, and impressed the mind with the idea of wealth in the possessor; at the same time, the visiter felt convinced, that a pious soul had directed the hanging of various pictures, such as Christ healing the sick, the Last Supper, the Madonna, &c. &c., which met the eye on every side. A large bookcase stood in one of the recesses, stored with valuable religious works. The sermons of various eminent divines, Notes on the Bible, Commentaries and Biographies of many pious individuals, displayed a taste of the most refined christian excellence.

When we assert that such was the home, such the taste, and such the pursuits of Mr. Hamilton, you will not fail to pronounce him a wealthy and noble-hearted christian, and such indeed he was.

William Hamilton was born in the year 17—, in the city of London. At the time of his birth, his parents were wealthy, and William, together with his only and dearly loved sister Hetty, grew to maturity, surrounded with all the luxury and pomp of wealth. Hetty gave promise of great beauty, while at the same time the amiable sweetness of her disposition, and the winning loveliness of her manner, made her the charming centre of a circle of devoted friends. From the earliest hours of infancy, William, five years her senior, had guarded her with the tenderest love. He gave up all his boyish sports, and shared, with glad delight, in all the pursuits that pleased his sister. At the age of eighteen, Hetty was introduced to the gay world of London, as an heiress, at once beautiful and modest, fascinating and amiable. At such an age, with the noblest blood of England flowing in her veins, surrounded with so many blessings, one would suppose that Hetty was happy.

She was not. When but a little child, her pious mother had so sown the seed of all good, that a desire for holiness took possession of her mind. It grew with her growth, and strengthened with her strength. It combated with every evil feeling of her nature, and also with the narrow mindedness of her father, whose whole heart was fixed on the worldly position of his children. Nothing but a coronet would do for his peerless Hetty, and when he would pat her cheek, and call her his pride and hope, a tear would moisten her lustrous eye, a sweet dew-drop of sorrow, at the thought of the opposition of her sentiments, to those of a father she fondly loved. Sometimes her resolution would waver, and she would fancy her duty lay in humoring her father's wishes; but then again she remembered her Saviour; she thought of his self-denying life; of his agony and suffering; of his death on the cross, and she felt it would be criminal to take pleasure in aught so averse to the lesson she had learnt of

Him. Her position in society frequently called her from home, to the brilliant party, the festive ball, or to the crowded and fashionable opera house. She could not say no, to these gaities. Her father would not hear it; and frequently she returned from them, to the silence of her chamber, to weep over the sin she felt she had committed, and to pray that God would keep her steadfast in the path of duty.

And now a new sorrow arose for Hetty. Many suitors crowded around her, anxious to win a smile of kindly recognition, from the Belle of the London season. From this number, whose name was legion, we will speak particularly of two. Henry Augustus Berford, Marquis of Harcourt, and Duke, in perspective, to the immense estate of Sutherland, laid desperate siege to our Hetty's guileless heart, and the match was looked upon as settled, by all who noticed the attention of the Marquis; for, said they, would that simple girl refuse such an

alliance, or would her proud father allow her to turn aside from this consummation of all his lofty hopes. No, no; the thing was settled. The revenue from the estate of the Duke, was twenty thousand pounds annually, and the Marquis was his only surviving child.

In a worldly point of view, this was an excellent match; but, when we come to consider that the tastes and pursuits of the parties differed widely, inasmuch as the Marquis was engrossed with all the fashionable follies of the man-about-town, laughed at religion, swore that Hetty was his divinity, and her smile his Heaven, we will perceive, at once, with what misery to her such a union would be fraught. It was in vain that Hetty tried to look coldly on him. He could not believe it possible that her coldness was intended for him, but cherished within his heart the proud conceit, that the future Duke of Sutherland might marry *whom* he might choose.

We will introduce to your notice another

personage, whose poverty, perhaps, should exclude him from the circle of Hetty's admirers. This gentleman was Gordon Herford, a clergyman of the Established Church of England, possessed of no worldly goods but his salary, but a man of the most untarnished integrity, and, in all the actions of his life, a sincere christian.

Mr. Hamilton had, for years, attended the church of Mr. Herford, and a very friendly intimacy had been carried on between the families, which, on his side, consisted only of his widowed mother and himself. Hetty was but a child, when Gordon Herford first met her; but, even at that early age, her image was associated in his mind with feelings of intense interest, which, no doubt, prevented the thought of marriage; for, in after years, when Hetty had grown into the fascinating woman, and had assembled around her the nobly born, the proud and gifted sons of her native land, it was in vain that Gordon asked himself, *when* he first

began to love her. As yet, his preference had been closely wrapt in his own bosom, and, in his happiest moments, he never flattered himself with the idea that his feelings were reciprocated. He moved in the same circle with Hetty; he went to the same parties; he visited constantly at her father's house; but never, by word or look, did he seek to convey to her his ardent love. In a distant corner of the room, he watched her, he "drank in the music of her voice," he looked with hushed impatience for her smile, he treasured in his heart her slightest word; she was associated with his every dream of happiness. He had dwelt upon her image so entirely, that she had seemed to become a portion of his being; yet all this intense love, this wealth of affection, was concealed under a careless demeanor, and a look of utter indifference. You will, perhaps, wonder what reason induced Gordon to act in this manner. First, then, he knew the proud ambition of her father. Second, was the idea that Hetty could

not love him. So poor, so apparently inferior to the majority of her suitors, did he consider himself, that he magnanimously resolved to stand aloof, and see her marry the Marquis of Herford, and wreck all his hopes, obscure the bright future, that once might be his, rather than pain her ears with a story of his love. This disinterestedness, this devotion to the object loved, proved at once the nobleness of Gordon's character.

Things were fast coming to a crisis in the home of the Hamiltons. William understood the character and various merits of the gentlemen who visited his sister, but felt there was not one of them to whom he would like to entrust the happiness of his cherished Hetty. The idea of Gordon's loving her, or thinking of marriage, never occurred to him. He had been so in the habit, from childhood, of looking upon him in the light of a bachelor, that it seemed impossible he could become anything else. As to the young Marquis, William had conceived

a strong aversion for him, yet he was resolved, if Hetty smiled upon his hopes, to throw nothing in the way of her wishes. He felt assured that she would judge every thing impartially, and would seek counsel at that throne of Grace, which would eventually lead her aright. Mrs. H., although she was an excellent woman, had been somewhat dazzled at the brilliancy of the position which would be ensured to her daughter, in the event of her becoming the Duchess of Sutherland.

One morning, as Mr. Hamilton was seated in his library, enjoying his cigar, and looking over the morning papers, a servant brought in a card, and presented it to his master.

"Show him in, John."

"Yes, sir."

"And do not interrupt me, till the Marquis is gone."

"No, sir; certainly not."

In a few moments, the Marquis of Harcourt entered the apartment, in the off-hand and frolicsome manner, which was habitual to him.

"Ah! my dear Mr. Hamilton, I am glad to find you at home. I rose at an unprecedented early hour this morning; or, rather, to tell the truth, sat up all night, in order that I might head you up. So anxious was I to see you; and how do you do; though I need not ask, for your looks tell me you were never better in your life."

"Indeed, my dear Marquis, you are certainly in a flattering vein; however, I must excuse it, for young folks think they are privileged to say what they like to *us*."

"Especially, too, when they only speak the truth; but, Mr. Hamilton, I did not come here so early, without a motive. In fact, I came to ask a great favor of you."

"Speak, my friend; what can I do to serve you?"

"Give me the hand of your charming daughter, Mr. Hamilton. I love her; nay, that is cold, icy, compared to my feelings. I adore her. She is an angel, both in beauty and

goodness. May I hope a favorable answer?"

"Well, indeed, my dear Marquis, you take me by surprise," (he did not at all.) Hetty is so young; a mere child; but I will think of it."

"Ah! I see how it is; you hesitate; you want to put me off; you think me very wild; too harem-scarem, to be entrusted with the care of such a jewel; but, for my own part," added the Marquis, pulling up his collar, and standing haughtily up to his fullest height, "I think I have discrimination enough to learn my duties, and honor enough to perform them, in such a charming service."

"I have no doubt of it, my dear young friend. Not for one moment, did I think you unfit for my daughter; I only feared Hetty's station was not exalted enough for your Lordship."

"And that was your only objection?"

"The only one."

"Well, then, I am the happiest man in the world, and Hetty is mine—the peerless Belle

of London, the Star of Beauty. Oh! how proudly I shall bear off the prize; and if she was nothing but a poor cottage girl, I would love her all the same. Why, Mr. Hamilton, Hetty has enough beauty to win a crown. To tell you the truth, his Royal Highness, the Prince of —, was only deterred from addressing her, by a little ruse of mine."

"Ah! and what was that?"

"Some of my friends whispered that *we* were already engaged."

An expression of anger for a moment darkened the brow of Mr. Hamilton. His daughter a Princess, and then a Queen; this was more than *even he* had dared to hope. But, it was too late; and, besides, the worst policy in the world, to show to the Marquis his disappointment.

"It is settled, then, Mr. Hamilton?"

"All settled; I will summon Hetty at once, and acquaint her with her destiny. We dine at seven, and shall expect your Lordship."

"I shall be most happy to join you."

With the usual adieux, the Marquis retired, and Mr. Hamilton rang for John, who almost immediately made his appearance.

"John, tell Miss Hetty's maid, I wish to speak to her mistress."

John left the room, and in a few moments returned with the intelligence that it was Lent, and that Miss Hetty was in church, with her mother.

"Let me know the moment she returns. John; do you hear?"

"Yes, sir."

It so happened, when church was over, that Hetty was requested, by her pastor, to accompany him to the sick-bed of a young member of his congregation, who had but a few short weeks to live. A fairy-like young creature, aged sixteen, who was dying in consumption, but in the full hope of a glorious immortality. With her mother's consent, Hetty wended her way to the home of the poor invalid, little

dreaming with what agonized impatience her father was awaiting her at home. An unusual shade of sadness lingered on the sweet face of Hetty, and Gordon, in gentle tones, sought the cause.

"Ah, Mr. Herford, I wish I could open my mind to you, but I fear if I did, you would think me a very wicked creature."

"No, no, Miss Hamilton, I would not so harshly judge you. We are all wicked; all prone to evil, by reason of our sinful natures; but I feel assured that God has wrought such a holy work in your heart, that you are no longer desperately wicked."

"You do not know the secrets of my heart."

"No, but I wish I did," said Mr. H. to himself.

"You cannot dream how conscience checks me, when I go to a ball, or the opera, or talk nonsense to those who constantly surround me. I know it is wrong, but I have not enough strength of mind to openly avow my opinions,

and talk of the things I most love. I must also pass over as follies, those flagrant offences, which seem so charming in the man of fashion, but which are certainly so sinful in the eyes of a Just and Holy God. And then, again, I am subjected to a species of flattery, which no sensible woman can admire, much less a christian. O! tell me, Mr. Herford, how can I escape these gayeties and flatterers, and fulfil my duty to my father?"

"Is there not one of these brilliant and fascinating young men, whom you would exclude from the list of banishment, in pity to yourself?"

"Not one," said Hetty, "as she raised her meek eyes to the flashing ones of Gordon, and in that single look, which lasted but a moment; in that single interchange of thought and intelligence, which flashed from eye to eye, with the rapidity of electricity, the future life and destiny, either of happiness or misery, was revealed to each of those warm and trusting

hearts. Gordon spoke not a word, but pursued his way, with a quiet step; and happy, oh! so happy were they, that noble-hearted man, and that lovely girl. But the mountainous obstacle that opposed them, stood behind, and cast its shadow all around them. Now, now, in the first moment of revealed love, in the first scattering of the dew-drops of Hope, their hearts were too full of Love and Joy, to think of aught but happiness. A soft and gentle voice breathed in the depths of Hetty's soul; it said "Gordon loves thee." In return, a hopeful and cheering tone spoke within Gordon's breast, and said, "Hetty is thine: she loves thee." This was thought enough to fill, to the uttermost, souls of the greatest capacity. It was not yet time to fear the future. We leave you then, sweet Hetty, and your noble and pious Gordon, to the bliss of your requited love. We leave you to that reverie, so crowded with delicious imaginings, so abounding with sunny dew-drops, so fraught with all that the soul craves, and longs

for, with its undying energies, that, in after years, you will look back upon this happy time with cherished affection, and will garner up in your hearts, every dew-drop that kind memory affords you, of that exquisite period of your existence. We leave you at that point, where life and all its joys, or life with all its woes, commence.

Punctually at the hour of seven, dinner was announced, and Hetty quietly entered the drawing room, just in time to be handed into dinner, by the Marquis. As yet no word had been interchanged with her father, and her manner to her noble suitor was consequently unembarrassed. But within the depth of her eyes shone a dewy light, and a rosy blush tinged her cheek, which the Marquis, of course, ascribed to a knowledge of his declaration, made in the morning. And when Hetty followed her mother from the table, he held open the door for her to pass through, gazing, at the same time, into her face, with an expression, whose bold-

ness quite alarmed the gentle girl. Seated in the drawing room, Mrs. Hamilton intended, at once, to mention to her daughter the wishes of her father, regarding the Marquis, but that gentleman was too impatient to linger over his wine, and, excusing himself under the plea of a head-ache, he immediately joined the ladies.

Mrs. Hamilton sat in a large easy chair, buried in deep thought, and gazing vacantly at her daughter. Hetty sat in one of the softly cushioned window seats, with her eyes fixed upon a beautiful rose, she held in her hand, and her thoughts were far away, with Gordon her love, her joy, her hope. Before she was aware of the presence of the Marquis, Henry had taken a seat close beside her, and Mrs. Hamilton had silently left the room.

"Miss Hamilton, I rejoice to read in your actions, a confirmation of my fondest hopes."

"I do not understand you, Sir."

"Do not understand me? Has not your

father related to you, the purport of my visit to him this morning?"

"Indeed, sir, I was not aware my father had been honored with a visit from your lordship."

"That is strange. When I left here, at an early hour, he was going to summon you, on the instant."

"That would have been impossible, as I was out at church, this morning, and only returned home an hour before dinner."

"Then he has left me to speak to you, the words on which hang my fate. Beautiful, peerless, Miss Hamilton, charming Hetty, will you be mine, mine; my wife, my bride, my own adored one; say yes, and make me happy forever."

"My father consents?"

"He does."

"I never will."

"You never will: what mean you; you do but jest: You cannot wish to break my heart?"

"A light breaks in upon me. I see a path, a way that will lead me, safely, from this danger. Henry Berford, I will be plain with you; here comes my father; come to-morrow at twelve o'clock to see me. I will explain all to you."

At this moment Mr. Hamilton entered with his friends, and the blush which had been gradually deepening on Hetty's cheek, he ascribed to a source the very furthest from the right one.

Twelve o'clock came, and with it the young Marquis. Hetty had resolved to tell him frankly the reason she refused him. She hoped that he was too proud to take to his bosom a wife, who loved another. She told her story, with faltering voice and down-cast eyes. She repeated her young heart's history; but he who listened, listened but to scoff. He was determined to marry Hetty. He resolved to let nothing stand between him and his hopes, and

thus he answered the gentle being who sat before him, not daring to raise her eyes to his :

"Hetty, this love you speak of, is a foolish fancy, a girlish dream. You must forget it. As Marchioness of Berford, you will assume a station fitted to your peerless charms, and your superior mental capacity. In fact you will govern the fashions at the west end. Nature has formed you for a queen, and a queen you must be, of gayety and beauty, and *my heart*. So forget this silly story about this man, who, by your own confession, is poor, and therefore unworthy of you, and hasten to be mine, at the earliest possible period."

"Enough, enough; your lordship has said enough. I had hoped to win from your honor, a release from an engagement which would be torture to me. You ridicule my feelings. You scoff at the story I confide to your honor and justice; and I, in return, declare that I will never be your wife. That nothing shall ever

induce me to marry where I do not love, and, at the same time, the duty I owe my father will prevent my marrying, without his consent, he that my heart acknowledges as chosen. Here, then, most noble Marquis, our acquaintance ceases, and forever."

"Nay, nay, my pretty queen, you reckon without calculation, if you suppose I shall so easily resign this darling project. I am accustomed to find all obstacles melt away before my wishes; and though, in this instance, I should have been better pleased had my suit met a more favorable reception, still there is in reality nothing in the way, for your father consents, and his will is law. For the present, however, I shall leave you, hoping that a little calm, quiet reflection, will convince you how futile it will be, to combat with destiny and your father's will."

With a low bow, the Marquis left the apartment, and Hetty, burying her face in the cushions, wept convulsively.

We need not tell you, dear reader, all the cruelty poor Hetty received from her father, the persecuting attentions of the Marquis, and the conflicting emotions of love and duty, which constantly agitated her innocent breast. One day, with a bursting heart, she sought her mother's apartment, and kneeling before her, she besought her advice, her love and her protection; and when Mrs. Hamilton gazed upon her child, and saw the look of anguish which her features wore, her heart was moved, and all the mother spoke in her reply:

"My child, my Hetty, do not be distressed. Come, cheer up; you look sadly, my child, and your poor wearied heart teaches you to seek for sympathy and counsel from your mother, and you shall not seek in vain. I have gone to my God, and sought earnestly to know my duty, and I have a firm conviction that this marriage would not be to his glory. The worldly honors with which it would surround you, might wean you away from your christian

duties, and what would it profit you, if you gained the whole world, and lost your own soul? I feel, my dear child, how great is my responsibility in this matter, and when your welfare for eternity is at stake, I cannot longer be silent. But, first, Hetty, it is my wish that you should open your heart to me, and tell me who it is you would choose, if left to your own inclination?"

A burning blush suffused the cheek of the lovely girl, and she hid her face in her mother's bosom, whispering, as she did so, in a tone of gentle sweetness, the name of Gordon Herford.

"An excellent man. One to whose care I could entrust your soul, with a mother's fondest blessing. But, Hetty, my child, this match would never please your father. I will use my utmost influence to prevent your being forced into a union repugnant to the tenderness and meekness of your disposition, but I can promise nothing in favor of Gordon Herford. Much as I esteem him, it will be impossible for me further

to oppose your parent's wishes. But now, my dear child, brighten up. Do not think yourself utterly deserted, for I will sympathize with all your griefs, and help you to bear all that your father may think you deserve for your obstinacy."

"Oh! my dear mother, how happy you have made me feel. I will not care, now, what happens, if I only know you to be my friend. I feel that I am in the path of duty, when blessed by your smile. I only blame myself that I did not at first tell you all; I might then have saved myself much unhappiness."

"Together, then, dear daughter, we will bear all that falls to our lot, without murmuring. Your brother, William, should know all. Have I your consent to impart it to him?"

"Not yet, dear mother; not yet."

"Just as you say, my child, and now go, prepare for dinner."

As Hetty turned to leave the room, her cheek blanched at the sight of her father,

standing in the door-way, regarding her with a look of stormy passion. He advanced towards her, and, taking her hands, dragged her across the floor, to her mother's side, and thus addressed her:

"I have heard all your plotting, Miss, and I also know that your mother has encouraged you in your disobedience; but understand me when I tell you, that you *shall* become Marchioness of Berford, within a month, in spite of all your entreaties; and remember that I pray *that Heaven's direst curses may rest upon your head, forever, if you marry Gordon Herford, while I live!*" Poor Hetty heard no more. She sank fainting into her mother's arms, terrified at her father's curse.

We do not wish to dwell longer upon this scene. As our readers will doubtless perceive, the first chapter* in our story is written to show the parentage of our heroine. We will now rapidly pass over several years that elapsed, bringing, first, great losses to the house of

Hamilton, and then the death of Mr. H., leaving his widow and children entirely unprovided for. The intimacy between their family and that of Gordon Herford, had long ceased, and Hetty had so schooled herself to obedience, that she never expected to meet him she so fondly loved, again on earth.

William Hamilton left England, with his mother and sister, resolving to earn for himself and loved ones, a friendly home in the Eden of America. America, the home of the free, and the land of the brave. That noble and generous Country, whose bosom is opened to the poor out-cast from every quarter of the globe; and whose laws, whose charities, and whose business facilities, entitle it to the loftiest pre-eminence among the nations of the earth.

In a beautiful city of the sunny South, William Hamilton located himself, taking care to obtain for his mother and sister, a comfortable residence. He engaged in business, and aided by the generous and warm-hearted Southerners,

succeeded admirably. In a few years his business increased to such a degree, that he was enabled to gather around his home all the comforts and luxuries of his earlier life.

One day, as Hetty and her mother sat busily engaged sewing, in their chamber, Pompey, the waiter, announced that a gentleman was in the drawing-room, who wished to speak either to Mrs. or Miss Hamilton, for one moment.

"Go down, Hetty, dear; I suppose it is some one your brother has sent."

And Hetty went down, in her simple white dress, her hair neatly braided, and a look of heavenly sweetness in her face, to meet her young heart's love, then little thinking how the interview would change the whole current of her after life. She stood in the drawing-room, which had been darkened to exclude the heat of the sun, and did not, at first, perceive *who* was there. In a tone of gentle sweetness, she said:

"Mother sent me down, thinking you could impart your business to me, sir."

"That I will do with great pleasure," was the response, and a tall, manly figure, advanced close to Hetty, and passing his arms around her, exclaimed, "My own, my cherished, my long-loved Hetty, at length I have you; I hold you in these arms, I press you to this heart, which has so yearned with tender love for you.

"Turn, sweetest girl, forever dear,
My loved one, turn to see,
Thy own, thy long-lost Gordon here,
Restored to joy and thee.
Thus, let me hold thee to my heart,
And every care resign;
And we shall never, never part,
My life, my all that's mine."

"And is this you, Gordon? Is it, indeed, or am I dreaming?"

"No, Hetty; it is no dream; it is a sweet and blissful reality."

"We will leave them, dear reader. It would certainly be an intrusion to trespass longer

upon this interview. Suffice it to say, at the close of a few short weeks, Gordon sailed for Europe, with his lovely bride. Two years rolled by, years of joy and felicity for the happy couple, and then the Angel of Death entered their peaceful home, and bore away a soul, ripe for Heaven, but left poor Gordon crushed by the overwhelming blow, and the poor little Kate, now three days old, motherless.

It is said that the hand of Time heals the wounded spirit, and it is, doubtless, frequently the case; but it sufficed not to pour balm into the broken heart of the lonely widower, for he passed away from earth in the full pride of manhood, and they laid him to sleep, in the quiet grave, beside his beloved: and Kate, now a fairy-like child, just three years old, was an orphan, and, though too young to understand her loss, she wept from a sense of loneliness that came over her, when, after tea, she would go to the vacant chair, where her dear father

used to sit, and rock her, and finding him not, she would lay her little head on the cushion, and sob convulsively, and then turning, she would ask her nurse, in lisping accents, where papa was gone, and if he *never* would come back again. Who cannot imagine the sorrow of this innocent child, who had never known a mother's care, and was now deprived of the only being who had loved and cherished her? Oh! think of this, ye who have thought lightly of the orphan's sorrows; ye who have hardened your hearts against the friendless and the destitute; and, if you have aught of human feeling in your breast, you will not again speak harshly to those who have drank deeply of the waters of Mara.

We neglected to mention that Gordon Herford had lost his mother previous to his marriage, and now the little Kate had no one near her but strangers. A lady friend, however, feeling interested in the lonely orphan, took her to her home, resolving to be a mother to her,

till word could reach Mrs. Hamilton and her son, of this new bereavement. Two months elapsed, and William Hamilton came to claim his niece, not with the cold and selfish manner of a person conferring a favor upon a poor beggar; but with all the warmth and affection of his noble heart, shining in his face, and lighting up his features with celestial radiance.

When first the little, timid child was brought into the parlor, to see her uncle, she stood with downcast eyes and quivering lips before him, but he took her in his arms, in the tenderest manner, and kissing her affectionately, he called her every endearing name he could think of.

"My sweet love, my baby, my joy, dear precious relic of my sainted sister, bird of beauty, come to my heart; here is thy home, poor stricken one; my sister's child is mine! But the voice of the kind uncle was choked with emotion, and he could say no more. There was something in the yearning tenderness of William Hamilton that drew the heart of the

child toward him with an irresistible impulse, and she clung to his breast, and clasped her arms tightly around his neck; and the emotions of gratitude and love, awakened in her heart in that interview, will live in her memory forever.

* * * * *

A gallant ship is ploughing the waves; her sails are unfurled to the favoring breeze; she walks the breast of Ocean, proud and firm. The shores of England have faded in the dim distance, and the crested waves are sparkling with the rosy radiance of the setting sun. Above is the clear blue sky, while, far away, the God of Day sinks to his ocean bed, tinging the purple clouds with his golden glory. It is a scene of beauty, and the passengers crowd upon deck to admire it. A tall and manly form stands nobly forth, and against his broad chest, a head, covered with golden curls, is thrown. Bright blue eyes gaze up into the handsome face, with a look of confiding love,

and the gentleman, still watching the setting sun, exclaims, as if to himself,

"I envy every bird that flies
Toward the far unclouded West."

Dear reader, it was William Hamilton, and the orphan, Kate, bound to a happy home, across the waters.

CHAPTER II.

At the period of the commencement of our story, Mrs. Hamilton had been dead two years, and Kate was mistress of her uncle's house. So carefully had her grand-mother reared her, that, at the age of fifteen, Kate was more womanly than many girls are at twenty; and oh! how beautiful she was in her gentle loveliness. Her presence spread a halo around her uncle's heart and home, and the sound of her voice was,

to his ear, the most entrancing melody. Truly, the poet might say to her,

“There is no show of art
In thy sweet, radiant face;
But soft simplicity and youth;
And gentle love and sunny truth,
Around thyself a spell have thrown.”

In truth, Kate was never idle. More than a dozen slaves were employed about her uncle's house, and she managed them all, with an easy dignity, and every thing was arranged with the most perfect propriety. Nothing was neglected that could, in any way, contribute to the comfort of her uncle, and she was equally careful of the happiness of the servants. She made it a rule never to put off till to-morrow, what could conveniently be done to-day; and the slaves, one and all, united in pronouncing “young missus de berry nicest missus in de whole 'arth.” Every morning, old Phillis, the cook, who was a highly privileged character, would

bring in a cake, and setting it down close beside Kate, she would say: “Ole mammy bake hoe-cake for honey—nice cake—make honey grow fat. Ole mammy bring missus one ebery day, made dis fashion—so, eat, honey, eat.” And thus the old woman would bustle away, the happiest of mortals, believing, in the simplicity of her heart, that the glowing health of her young mistress was entirely attributable to her own watchful care.

* * * * *

It is one cherished wish of our heart, to show you, in this story, how much depends upon the early training of children. It is while the mind is tender and susceptible, that it easily imbibes the principles of good and evil, and God forbid that the writer of this book should ever pen one line calculated to injure the minds of children. The interests of her own innocent babes are too sacred to permit it, and she would not that a day should ever come in

which she could feel regret over one page she had written, and they read.

Mrs. Hamilton had, by example and precept, moulded the character and tastes of our sweet Kate. She was kind to every being that crossed her path. If she directed a servant to do any thing, it was done in a kind, gentle manner; yet, at the same time, she was free from all familiarity. In her intercourse with the world, she was ever dignified and lady-like, and she carried her christianity with her wherever she went; not keeping it, as *some persons* we have known, for Sundays and prayer-meetings, and laying it aside in all the daily affairs of life.

And then, again, the most perfect order reigned in her home. At a certain hour the meals were served, and the family punctually on the spot. Love knit the hearts of the trio closely together, and no word of anger, or evil feeling, ever passed between them. In this atmosphere of harmony, the soul of Kate unfold-

ed, like a beauteous flower, expanding beneath the genial warmth of a summer's sun. But the secret influence which was paramount to all others, in forming the disposition of Kate, was the instruction and knowledge Mrs. Hamilton poured into her mind, from that most blessed of all books, the Bible. She told her, too, of that blissful land, beyond this vale of tears, where sin and sorrow never enter. "Kate," she would say, "this life is but the preparation to fit us for that nobler, more exalted state of being, enjoyed by angels, in the presence of the Infinite. If we rightly employ the advantages and opportunities with which God, our Father, has surrounded us, Death will be but the portal to a glorious Eternity of Love and Peace."

With such pious teaching, it may well be supposed, our lovely heroine blossomed for Heaven. The poor and destitute found a ready hand stretched forth to aid them, when Kate knew their misery, and the slaves showered their blessings upon her head, whenever they

met her. The sweet girl had found the true secret of happiness. It was to contribute to the happiness of others.

Dear reader, we introduced to you Mr. Hamilton, at the moment when thought was carrying him back to the home of his childhood; his stern father, his pious and devoted mother, his only and fondly loved sister, now all sleeping in the silent grave. He called to mind his boyish hopes and pleasures, and how they all centered in his home. He remembered, too, his boyhood's dreams of the future, colored with the brilliant tints of the rainbow; how he looked forward, with eager impatience, through the long vista of years that must pass by before he was a man; and he thought how his hopes had faded, his dreams become overshadowed, his bright imaginings changed to sombre realities; how his sister slept, in early womanhood, the sleep of death; how his mother had been called to inherit her starry crown, and how it would be with his gentle Kate, when he, too,

was gone. Who would counsel her, then; who protect her, who guard her from evil? She who had been so tenderly cared for, the object of so much yearning love. A voice, in the inmost recesses of the uncle's heart, whispered, God; and he felt how sinful it was to call, for one moment, the Providence of his Lord in question. Every dark foreboding vanished, and that bright hope, which is the christian's anchor, filled his soul with joy and peace unspeakable. In loving tones he called Kate to his side, and bade her sit upon the stool at his feet.

It was a beautiful picture, that old man and that gentle girl, with her fair clustering curls and softly beaming eyes, looking up into her uncle's face, with an expression Gerraud might have chosen for his Madonna. And not less beautiful and touching was the tender love depicted upon the face of the old man, as he gazed upon his sister's child, and remembered how he had loved that sister. Ah! would that

a painter's inspired art were mine, to trace on canvass this blending of wintry age with summer's youth; this beauty, which belongs to both, and yet, which differs widely each from the other. This respectful love of the young for the aged; this protecting affection of the aged for the young. We would love to impress this scene upon your minds, for many reasons. One is, that it has frequently occurred to us, that the children of the present day, are not taught that sacred veneration for grey hairs and a bowed head, that children of the olden time were trained in. For our own part, we love Old Age; we revere it, and we would hold in the utmost detestation, the man, woman, or child, who could ridicule the tottering gait, or trembling walk of those, who, bowed down with the weight of years, are daily pursuing their onward path to death. There is another reason why this scene should be remembered—it will never be again. Let it live in your hearts, then, for it is the last time that Kate

will ever sit at her uncle's feet. To-morrow's sun will rise, and with it shall go up a wail of anguish and wo. That sun shall shine within the house, within a curtained chamber, upon a bed, and upon the faces of those who stand around it. It shall light up the features of an old man, who lies there. Does he sleep? Why lies he there, so cold, so still, so pallid? He is dead! William Hamilton is no more. In the night, the Angel of death passed that way and bore an immortal soul to Heaven, but left our Kate, our sweet and gentle Kate, alone. Alone! oh! desolate word; oh! sorrowful conviction; who can imagine all the touching pathos of that word, 'till all that once was dear, is lost forever? 'Till every friend of sunny youth is dead, or changed; 'till every budding vision of joy is faded? Alas! alas! poor Kate.

Weeks passed away before the darkened mind of our heroine could take in the reality of all that had happened. When it did so, she felt so wretched that she often wondered that

she did not die. But now came the peaceful consolations of religion to her aid. She remembered that her Saviour had said, "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Blessed are they that weep and mourn, for they shall be comforted;" and gradually Kate learned to lean for dependence upon that Friend, who had promised never to forsake her.

As soon as a convenient opportunity offered, Mr. Saunders, the lawyer, to whom the will of Mr. Hamilton had been entrusted, waited upon Miss Herford, to acquaint her with the disposition of her uncle's property. A number of legacies were left to various charitable institutions, and a fortune, of five hundred thousand dollars, was bequeathed, unconditionally, to Kate Herford; the income of which sum was to be paid quarterly, from the day of his death. In addition to the will, was a package of papers, closely written, sealed and directed to Kate Herford, with orders that it should be

delivered after his death. Kate took the package, with a trembling hand, and retired to the secrecy of her chamber, to read that which seemed to come to her from the invisible world. But some how she could not summon courage to open it. She laid the papers down, and took them up again, and her heart beat audibly. What could her uncle have written to her in anticipation of his death? How solemn to read that, which, penned by a loving hand, was now of incalculable value, because that hand was cold in death; and could never again trace words of affection to those his soul loved. For a long time Kate could not command her feelings sufficiently to break the seal, but, at last, she felt how weak it was to give way to her agitation, and she at once tore open the paper, and commenced reading; but, what she read is of enough importance to form the commencement of another chapter, and for another chapter we shall reserve it.

CHAPTER III.

My dear Kate,—

When your tender eyes rest upon these lines, he who has written them, will have left you alone, in a cold and friendless world; and that you may have some conception of the duties which will devolve upon you, I write this letter, feeling that my advice will be regarded by you, with love and gratitude, as it has ever been, in times that are past.

I have earnestly striven to inculcate in your mind, principles whose foundation was laid in the Bible, and to show to your young heart, the folly and sin of walking in that broad and flowery path, which, though glittering with sunbeams, is shadowed with death, and leadeth ever to destruction. I do not fear that your inclination will lead you into the commission of any flagrant act, but I tremble lest the gayety of friends, the pleasures of the world, and the

follies of time, should win you to forget that superior state of existence, where the soul ripens for immortality.

But I have hopes for you, Kate; hopes founded on the promise, that bread cast upon the waters shall return after many days. My blessed mother instilled into your mind such seed as the wickedness of the world cannot easily pervert. The effect of my own early training, by the same loving hand, has been felt throughout my life, and I bless God, while I write, that He gave me a *pious mother*.

I have left you, Kate, in the possession of five hundred thousand dollars. This, perhaps, would turn the heads of many girls of your age, but you have been accustomed to wealth and luxury, all your life, and I earnestly hope that you will remember that God gives wealth, for the promotion of His own glorious work, for the advancement of His own blessed religion, and for the good of the poor, the destitute, and the friendless. I am aware that there are many

who hoard up wealth, never using it but for the gratification of some selfish whim ; but recollect, dear girl, that for all these things God will bring them to judgment. Never let an opportunity slip of doing good. If you are in a church, and a collection is taken up for foreign or home missions, for the building of a church, the establishment of a Sabbath school, or the promulgation of knowledge, by the sending out of Bibles, give at once, give largely, and never stop to ask the name of the denomination you are aiding. Let it suffice for you, that it is christian. But do not, Kate, confine your charities to public objects. Go to the homes of the poor. Go to the wretched garret, where the lonely widow, or the young and beautiful orphan, toils night and day, in misery and want, to earn a scanty pittance to support a tortured existence ; or to where a once happy family have been reduced to starvation by the illness of a fond father ; or to where the *deserted wife* broods, in bitter sorrow, over the cruelty of a

husband who leaves her to die, surrounds her fair fame with obloquy and shame, to shield his own baseness, and callously beholds her crushed by the opinion of a censorious world, that ever delights in trampling under foot the meek and gentle ; or to where the poor Magdalene, deserted by her friends, homeless and heart-sick, repentant for the evils of her past life, weeps in the tortured anguish of her soul, and vainly hopes for words of sympathy, or strong hands to save. To all these go, Kate, and carry comfort and money, sympathy and love. And do not harshly judge her that the world scorns and condemns. Although, in the purity of your own soul, you may loathe the crime she has committed, yet remember that He who was without spot or blemish, forgave her, and bade her "go, and sin no more." You may not know all the vile arts that have been employed to lure one, once as innocent as yourself, to destruction.

There is another object, Kate, to which I

would wish to direct your attention. I have often thought that young girls were not paid sufficiently for their labor, to keep them from the *necessity* of crime. There should be some arrangement made, by which sewing could be amply remunerated, and by which all women could be supported comfortably, who are obliged to labor for their bread with a needle. In my own opinion, many rich and fashionable women have a fearful retribution in store for them, for dooming the young and innocent to a life of crime, by reason of the miserable wages paid for sewing. Many *ladies* that I have known, have spent their thousands in bijouteries and costly silks, but commenced to practise economy as soon as the poor seamstress was engaged. Try, dear Kate, to ameliorate the condition of *these poor, white slaves!* These slaves, whose blood, whose marrow, and whose souls, are yearly, daily and hourly sacrificed on the altar of Fashion. These slaves, whose pallid faces are scarcely ever lighted with a smile, whose

burning eyes are strained, through the long hours of the day and night, by ceaseless, cheerless, changeless toil. These slaves, whose only hope is the cold and silent grave.

* * * * *

Pardon us, dear reader, if we here insert some lines, said to be written by a poor sewing girl, of England, whose touching history is all told in the burden of her song:

THE DREAMER.

Not in the laughing bowers,
Where, by green twining elms, a pleasant shade
At summer's noon is made,
And where swift-footed hours
Steal the rich breath of the enamored flowers,
Dream I!

Nor where the golden glories be,
At sunset, laving o'er the flowing sea;
And to pure minds the faculty is given,
To trace a smooth ascent from earth to Heaven.

Not on the couch of ease,
With all the appliances of wealth at hand,
Soft light, sweet fragrance, beauty at command;

Viands that might a god-like palate please,
And music's soul creative extacies,

Dream I!

Nor gloating o'er a wild estate,
'Till the full, self-complacent, heart elate,
Well satisfied with bliss of mortal birth,
Sighs for an Immortality on earth.

But, where the incessant din
Of iron hands, and roars of brazen throats,
Join their unmingled notes,
While the long summer's day is pouring in,
'Till day is gone and darkness does begin,

Dream I!

As in the corner where I lie,
Just covered from the wintry sky,
Such is my fate, and barren tho' it seem,
Yet I, blind, soulless scorner, yet I dream.

Dream, what were men, more just, I might have been,
How strong, how fair, how kindly and serene;
Glowing of heart, and glorious of mien;
The conscious crown to Nature's blissful scene,
In just and equal brotherhood, to glean,
With all mankind, exhaustless pleasures keen;

Such is my dream!

And thus I dream—

I, the despised of fortune, lift mine eye;
Bright with the lustre of integrity,

In unappealing wretchedness, on high,
And the last rage of destiny defy,
Resolved alone to live, alone to die,
Nor swell the tide of human misery.

And yet I dream—

Dream of a sleep, where dreams no more shall come,
My last, my first, my only welcome home;
Rest unbeheld since life's beginning stage,
Sole remnant of my glorious heritage;
Unalienable, I shall find thee yet,
And in thy soft embrace, the past forget.

Thus do I dream!

And now, dear Kate, I proceed to speak of a subject which I long, and yet tremble to approach. You are young, you are beautiful, and an heiress. Many a gallant youth would bear me out in this assertion; but, sweet girl, beware of them. Remember the words of Fenelon, when he says, so truly: "*La jeunesse est présumptueuse, elle se promet tout d'elle même; quoique fragile, elle croit pouvoir tout, et n'avoir jamais rien à craindre: elle se confie légèrement, et sans précaution. Gardez vous d'écouter les paroles douces et flatteuses, qui se glisseront*"

comme un serpent, sous les fleurs : craignez ce poison cache : défiez vous de vous meme." In fact, dear Kate, I tremble, lest a villain should win your trusting heart. It would be cruel to say to you, never get married, and yet you *may* choose a husband who would darken your prospects of happiness forever. Before you take this important step, then, pause and reflect. Remember that what you do, is for a lifetime, and that if you do marry in haste, you may be forced to repent at leisure.

Never marry the man, however amiable and worthy he may appear, who disbelieves his Bible and reverences not his God. Never marry the wealthy and fashionable aristocrat, who has brought disgrace, and shame and infamy on the head of some poor and innocent girl. Do not think lightly of this crime, though the world may smile upon it. He that has deceived others may in turn deceive you. And then, again, be not dazzled with personal beauty, for I have but too often known the most handsome

features, the most symmetrical proportions, and the most fascinating manners, to cover a heart of the most hideous atrocity.

And now, my fondly loved child, farewell. That which burthened my heart has been told you. If you walk in that narrow path of duty I have pointed out, your gray hairs will be crowned with honor and blessings, and when Death comes, you will be ready to soar to the bosom of that Redeemer who died to save you. If, on the contrary, you allow the pleasures of the world to engross your time ; if you fix your affections on the beautiful creations of man's ingenuity and genius, and choose that bright and sunny road, which seems, to your longing eyes, strewn with flowers, you will find that the beauties will fade, and the sunlight darken ; the flowers will wither away at your touch, and you will be left alone, in the wintry age of life, without the blessed anchor of Hope to your soul.

And now, dear Kate, once more, farewell. A long, a sad farewell, to last until we meet in

Heaven, and till then, believe me yours, in love,
and truth, and hope,

WILLIAM HAMILTON.

Our heroine perused, with breathless attention, the faithful letter her uncle had written, and when she had finished she still sat gazing at the paper, her mind crowded with the new train of ideas which had been awakened in her bosom. So long did this reverie continue, that the day declined into twilight, and the twilight into the thick, dark night, and still Kate sat, communing with her own heart and her God.



CHAPTER IV.

"Blessed hope, like a star on the darkness of ocean,
Still gleam on the track where our destinies tend,
And guide our frail hearts from this sea of commotion,
To havens of peace, where our sorrows will end."

"Heaven grant thee, Kate, a high, soft star to be,
Calm, still, and bright, to trace thy way in Heaven,
And shed thy light o'er life's tempestuous sea,
Where human hearts like fragile barks are driven,
Mid rocks and human shoals."

About five miles from the city of T——, there lived, on a small plantation, a widow lady, who, for years, had toiled and struggled to bring up a large family of children. Her husband, an officer in General Washington's army, had been killed fighting the battles of his country. Mrs. Graham reared her children, eight in number, with the most self-sacrificing patience and economy, and now all were married, with the exception of one daughter, a poor deformed creature, sixteen years old. Viola Graham would, at first sight, have impressed

the beholder with repugnance, but she was one of those rare beings who would bear a long acquaintance. Sorrow and misfortune had been her lot, and had left their unmistakable traces upon her sad face; but they had ripened her judgment, quickened her perceptive powers, and taught her to look for comfort in the blessed religion of the Bible. With Viola our story has much to do, but more of her anon.

Mrs. Graham had been acquainted with Mrs. Hamilton, and that lady had entertained for her the highest regard. When, therefore, Mrs. Graham heard of the death of Mr. Hamilton, her kind heart warmed at once towards the lonely orphan, and she resolved to go to her and offer her mite of sympathy. Accordingly, one morning, Pompey announced to his young mistress the visit of Mrs. Graham. Kate entered the drawing room, robed in deep mourning, and Mrs. Graham instantly advanced to meet her. There was something so hopelessly desolate in the pale face of our heroine, so sorrowful in the

quivering of her lip, that Mrs. G. felt the tears welling up fast, and instead of speaking the words of comfort she had come prepared with, she could do nothing but take her hand, and press it in her own. At last, however, she overcame her feelings, and commenced to talk about her home, her children, the country, and the looks of her afflicted Viola; thus insensibly leading Kate's mind away from herself. Finally, the conversation wound up with a promise from our heroine, that a very short time should elapse, before she paid the Grahams a visit.

Scarcely had Mrs. G. left the house, when Kate was again summoned to the drawing room, to see the wife of her pastor, the excellent Mrs. Danvers. This woman was one of the salt of the earth; she delighted in all good things, and her heart was noble, as her disposition and character were amiable. She loved God, and was in charity with all mankind. A few words will suffice to describe her. She was of medium stature, rather fat, and the picture of good

nature. A smile of the most beneficent sweetness irradiated her face, and a look of intelligence, mingled with gentleness, lit up her beaming eyes. Add to this a small nose, a beautiful mouth, fine teeth, a voice soft and musical as the zephyr of summer, and manners of the most graceful and lady-like propriety, and you have a well-drawn portrait of the inestimable Mrs. Danvers, now about thirty-six years of age. With a kind and motherly caress, Mrs. D. saluted her young friend, and affectionately enquired after her health, to which Kate replied, in a sad tone:—

“I feel much better than I did, and I begin to think, Mrs. Danvers, I must have wearied your patience very much, in not having before listened to your words of sympathy, but, indeed, the world has looked *so dark* to me of late.”

“And no wonder, poor child; but we will not talk of that now. I have come to get you to go with me to see a poor family, who have been reduced to the most frightful poverty, by

a misfortune which could not possibly have been averted. The father of the family, with his wife and six children, reside in the suburbs of the city, in a small frame tenement. Mr. Hunter is, by trade, a bricklayer. While engaged, some three months ago, at work upon the upper story of a house, he was precipitated from the scaffolding to the pavement, a distance of some twenty feet, and was taken up for dead. After some hours, he gave signs of returning consciousness, and the physicians announced that, although no bones were broken, there were many violent contusions, and doubtless some inward injury, impossible for them to fathom. Imagine, dear Kate, the feelings of the affectionate wife, at the sight of the mangled body of her husband.”

“O! indeed, they must have been fearful,” said Kate, shuddering.

“All the money they had succeeded in saving, from their hard earnings, was soon spent in procuring food, medicine, and various neces-

saries, and the destitute creatures are now almost in a starving condition."

"O! tell me where I shall find them," said Kate, starting up. "I will go to them at once. To think that I should be idle: I, who have so much money, so many blessings, while a fellow creature is suffering for comfort. Let me run and get my bonnet."

"I knew, dear girl, I should not appeal to you in vain. Situated as I am, with so many of the poor of our own church to relieve, I often have to deny myself the pleasure of giving. I called, this morning, on the rich and fashionable Mrs. Laight, and told her the circumstances, as I have related them to you, and what answer do you think she gave me?"

"Surely, she could not have refused to aid them."

"She said, dear Kate, that her expenses were so great that it would be impossible for her to contribute anything; and I believe it, for the tastes and inclinations of this woman, would un-

dermine a bank. You may, perhaps, blame her, but when I consider the way Mrs. Laight was brought up, the extravagant ideas which were instilled into her mind from infancy, I feel for her the deepest sympathy. Why, Kate, the costly luxuries which surround her, from day to day, are to her the merest necessities. She has no idea that money was given her for any other purpose than her idolized self."

"Yes, yes, but how can she shut her eyes to such misery as this? Surely, she has heard enough at church, if no where else, to teach her her duty; to teach her that every creature that lives, and is possessed of a human soul, has claims upon her. She cannot shake off her relationship to the race of Adam."

"Ah! dear Kate, the rich and fashionable congregation pay a minister to preach to them, as they like to hear him. They employ a man after their own heart, and they fondly hope, their passage to Heaven will be a light and prosperous journey across a calm, fair sea.

With gentle and suasive power, he preaches the love, the goodness, the forgiveness of God, but omits the power, the wrath, the vengeance of the Almighty, when the sinner, still sleeping on the verge of a precipice, turns a deaf ear to the warnings and invitations of God's long neglected love. Alas, alas, that there should be one man so lost to himself and his God, so reckless of the souls committed to his keeping, as to trifle upon such awful ground. But, dear Kate, I am forgetting myself. The dwelling of Mr. Hunter is much nearer yours than mine, and I have been thinking, that you might let Phillis make some nice little thing, every day, and send it to them."

"That I will, most certainly. You may depend on me, Mrs. Danvers."

"I knew, my dear Kate, I would only have to mention to you my wishes; and now, if you will get your bonnet, we will go and see this family, and, with the blessing of God, make them happy, as far as lays in our power."

"I will go instantly; pray excuse me for a moment. I shall not detain you long."

Kate left the room, returning in a few moments equipped for her walk, and accompanied by Mrs. D., was soon at the dwelling of the afflicted family. The knock at the door was answered by a little girl, who bade the ladies enter.

On a clean bed, and in a neat room, Mr. Hunter lay, the very picture of suffering. His pale, attenuated face, bore about it that expression of inward and hopeless anguish, so touching to behold. Mrs. Hunter, a small delicate woman, with gentle, pleasing manners, was busied preparing some gruel for the invalid; and she received Mrs. Danvers and Kate, with grace and sweetness. Six children were grouped around the room: some of them were sewing, some reading, while the youngest boy and girl amused themselves with some partly broken toys.

As soon as Mr. Hunter perceived his visi-

ters, a bright smile lit up his face, and he made a feeble attempt to stretch forth his hand to Mrs. Danvers, who, as soon as she perceived the motion, approached him, and introduced Miss Kate Herford.

"Well, Mr. Hunter, how do you feel this morning?" said Mrs. D., in a tone of affectionate interest.

"Thank you, Mrs. Danvers, I am very easy, considering the bad night I passed.

"Has the Doctor been to see you to-day?"

"Not yet, but I suppose he will be here, ere long. It is now past his hour for coming."

Mrs. Danvers went on to converse with the invalid, breathing into his listening ear words of comfort and hope, while Kate, seated at a little distance, held the youngest child in her lap, and talked to it in her sweet musical voice, at the same time that she twined the golden ringlets of the child around the black gloved finger of her hand. At this moment there was a knock at the door. Mrs. Hunter opened it,

and a gentleman entered, after having satisfied himself that Mr. Hunter lived there. It was evident the new comer was a stranger, and for a moment he stood transfixed, gazing upon our beautiful Kate, as if he doubted the reality of what he saw; but suddenly recollecting himself, he said, in a fascinating tone, "I have been commissioned by Doctor Groves to visit Mr. Hunter, as he has been obliged to go out of the city, some miles, to see a dying patient. I am Dr. Mortimer, and am associated with my senior practitioner, Dr. G., in his business."

So saying, the young physician walked to the bedside, and commenced feeling the pulse, inquiring about symptoms, &c. &c. There was something in the manner of the young man that made him irresistibly attractive. He felt the pulse in a way that would prove to you how much grace might be shown, even in that simple action. And then, again, the features, the noble and masculine form, with its symmetrical proportions, all were faultless. Mrs. Danvers

thought so. We should not like to say whether Kate thought so, too. Time shall determine that for us.

The Doctor prescribed for his patient, talked cheerfully of his restoration to health, and retired. An hour elapsed, and Mrs. Danvers and Kate still sat, enlivening by their presence the home of affliction. Kate noted particularly all that was most needed, and resolved to send, as soon as she returned home, many articles of use and comfort, which she felt would prove acceptable. When she took the emaciated hand of the sick man, to bid him good bye, she leaned down and whispered the following words:—

“Do not be uneasy about any thing. All your wants shall be provided for, and if there is aught I can do to serve you, let me know it at once, and it shall be one of the greatest pleasures of my life to perform your request.”

“Thank you, my dear young lady; I assure you, I am grateful for your kindness; and will

you not be a friend to my poor wife and children, if I am taken away from them? Oh! promise me that you will not forget them.”

I do promise you, most solemnly, and I will keep my word.”

“Oh! thank you, dear lady. May the God of Heaven bless you. You have brought comfort to a dying soul.”

Kate turned away, too much agitated to speak, and in a few moments left the house, accompanied by Mrs. Danvers. And, reader, she never forgot her promise. Two hours had not elapsed before Pompey, loaded down with a large basket of provisions and dainties, some fine soft blankets, and various articles of clothing for the children, arrived at the dwelling of the Hunter's. Pompey was also bearer of a note to Mrs. Hunter, which ran thus:

My dear Madam:—

I send, by the bearer, some little articles, which I hope may prove acceptable to you. I

also earnestly desire that you may let me know every thing you stand in need of. I will send one of our servants down, to be with you every day, and assist you in your many duties. You will find enough to do to nurse your sick husband, and your strength has been sadly overtaxed already. I pray you look upon *me* in the light of a *sister*, and believe me your most affectionate friend,

KATE HERFORD.

"What a sweet, charming young lady, your mistress is," said Mrs. Hunter, after reading the note.

"Yes, indeed, she berry charmin, young missus is. She nebber tink any ting trouble she do for a body."

Mrs. Hunter wrote a suitable answer, and Pompey, armed with an empty basket and a note, departed for home; and when Kate read the warm thanks the note contained, who shall say she was not happy? Yes, happier far in

the knowledge that she had done good to those poor sufferers, than ever was miser at the discovery that he was a thousand dollars richer than he thought himself. Ah! how much more blessed it is to give than to receive.

Some months passed away, and each day found Kate in the performance of those duties which her uncle had pointed out to her, and gradually the loneliness of her position was assuming its charm. One lovely day, in early spring, Kate rode out on the Pemberton road, and directed the coachman to turn aside to the plantation of Mrs. Graham. The carriage-way, or avenue, leading to the house, was perfectly straight, and a mile and a quarter in length. On either side a row of laurel trees was planted, through whose leafy foliage the picturesque home of the widow could be discerned. The house was a cottage, two stories high, painted white, with green blinds. The hand of "lovely woman" had trained the clus-

tering rose vines to blossom over the entire front of the house.

As Kate drew near, she was struck with the appearance of comfort and taste that surrounded the widow's home. The singing of birds, the waving of the trees, and the sweet sound of a murmuring water-fall, filled her heart with happiness and joy. To the innocent young heart, nature's own music doth ever sound thus sweet, and, in after life, when the soul is sick with the fever and the bustle of the world, oh! how refreshing it is to wander away from the crowded mart and the busy haunts of men, to the quiet of some deep dell, where we are alone with nature. We, ourself, have often felt this peace and joy, and our fondest wish is one day to live, on some leafy isle, in Southern seas, where foot of man hath never trod.

The carriage stopped, and Kate was about alighting, when Mrs. Graham came forth, with a gladsome face, to welcome her. She conducted our heroine to the house, and led her to

the room where her daughter was seated, and said, in joyous tones,

"See, Viola, here is Miss Herford, come to see you; did I not tell you she would not forget her promise?"

"I am very glad to see you, Miss Herford. I thought you would have too many gay young friends, to remember me."

"Oh! no, dear Viola; I do not easily forget my friends, and this visit has long been determined on in my mind. So, now, you see, I have come to stay all day; that is, if you will let me."

"Let you, Kate—Miss Herford, I should say."

"No; you should not say any such a thing. Call me Kate; think of me as Kate, and treat me as Kate."

"And so we will," said Mrs. Graham, "and shall only be too happy to think of you as our cherished Kate, and to have you come often, and without ceremony, to our simple country home,

where, at least, if you do not find all the luxuries of city life, you will meet with warm and loving hearts, and, it may be, more true happiness than the glittering tinsel of the world can give you."

"I know I shall, dear Mrs. Graham, and I accept your hearty welcome, with grateful thanks, and shall most certainly avail myself of your hospitality."

"That is right, Kate; and, now, would you not like to take a walk? Viola, go with Kate to the spring, and show her your flower garden, and the grotto in the woods, and I will go order the coachman to put away the carriage, and make himself and the horses comfortable for the day. So, Kate, you will excuse me."

"Certainly, Mrs. Graham. Viola and I will make out without you, for a little while. Oh! Viola, have you a sun-bonnet to lend me?"

"Yes, Kate; here is one; I will wear this blue one."

The two young girls started off, on their

walk, and it would be difficult to conceive two persons of the same sex, and nearly of the same age, so widely different. And yet, they were alike in a measure. Both were pious; both were amiable; they were each loved and cherished for the affectionate sweetness of their dispositions. But, while Kate glided gracefully along, scarcely touching the ground with her tiny feet, Viola walked heavily, and bowed over with her broken back. Kate's every movement was fascinating, Viola's clumsy and awkward; Kate's eyes were full of life and spirit and joy; Viola's were bright, but around them was circled those dark lines which speak the ill-health of the body. Kate's smile was entrancing; Viola's sad and sweet. The sterling worth of these two characters was nearly equal; or, if the weight preponderated, it was in favor of Viola. She was, indeed, a most invaluable companion for Kate.

A careless nurse dropped the little Viola, at the age of eighteen months, from her arms, and

the fall broke the back of the poor infant. Previous to that time she had been considered beautiful, but the inward injury she had sustained sapped the foundation of her existence, and her color faded, her eyes sunk, and her features assumed a sharpness, which gave an old appearance to her face. She could not join in the sports of her older brothers and sisters, and consequently, she had been left much alone, to her own thoughts. She was uncommonly intelligent, and read many books, dwelling carefully on the moral of what she read. She learned, by an instinctive sense of penetration, to distinguish right from wrong, and, in proportion as she distinguished, she clung to the right; and retreated from the wrong. Her mind was guided by the precepts of a pious mother, and her understanding ripened by the constant perusal of the Bible. Her conversation was of the most exalted character, and her tastes the most refined.

And so they walked along, side by side, Kate

listening, with pleased attention, to the artless remarks which dropped from her companion's mouth, whose words were full of natural beauty, and she wondered if a life so quiet and peaceful was ever to be ruffled with sorrow or woe, such as she had met with in her works of love and charity, in the great city. And then, in that moment of unclouded sunshine, there came to Kate a presentiment, a dread, a fear, of a dark future. The feeling was indefinite in its nature, and yet pointed out, with fearful distinctness, some catastrophe looming in the distance, which bound their fates together in one common woe.

Kate shook off the gloom which was shrouding her spirit, and sat down, with Viola, upon a mossy bank, saying, as she did so,

"Let us rest here awhile, in this beautiful spot."

"It is, indeed, lovely, Kate. Oft times, when life appears to me a burden, when hope stands aloof, and folds her bright pinions, and

my soul is sick with discontent, I come and sit me down here, and a wizard's spell seems breathed over me, and I go back happy. But, Kate, I long for a companion, of my own age. Some one to wander with me, to feel for me, to reciprocate my emotions. I never think of marriage; that is, I only think of it with sighs and tears, for I do imagine, sometimes, it must be a happy life."

"And why should you not marry, Viola?"

"I marry? Alas! who would want a poor cripple for a wife. No, no; I never lift my eyes to such a height; but I do, sometimes, indulge a dream, in which I have found some lovely girl to be my companion through life."

"From this moment, you have found her. If you think me worthy of the place in your heart, oh! shrine me there, and we shall be sisters, friends, every thing to each other."

Viola clasped Kate in her arms, and, from that moment, they *were* friends.

"'Tis true, dear Viola, we may not be to-

gether always; but I have thought of a plan, which will be a fine mode of expressing our feelings to each other."

"And what is that, sweet Kate?"

"We will write constantly to each other, detailing our feelings, wishes, and all the current incidents of the day; and, in order that our correspondence shall be interesting, we will lay aside the dull formalities of letter-writing, and pen our thoughts as though we were talking."

"Enough, sweet Kate; it shall be so; and may we not draw endless streams of happiness from this gushing fountain of Love?"

"We may; yes, we will do so. I, too, have often felt this want you speak of. I have never had a sister to love, and I sometimes imagine how tender, how holy, must be a sister's twining affection. So, now we will be sisters."

"Yes, sisters, that is the word; but who comes here, oh! 'tis nobody but Peggy. Well, Peggy, what brings you here?"

"Missus sent me to say, dinner ready, young missus."

"Very well, Peggy." Come, Kate, let us go. I do not know how it is with you, but really this walk has given me quite an appetite.

"I feel as though I was prepared to pay your dinner a compliment, Viola, and I will prove it to you, when we arrive at the house."

"We will hold you to your promise, Kate."

After dinner, Mrs. Graham, Kate, and Viola, repaired to the parlor, and at Kate's urgent request, Viola opened the piano, and began to play and sing. She was a splendid musician, and her voice was soft and sweet, the very soul of melody. And when one gazed upon her, as she sat, inspired by her art, she was beautiful; for a diamond's light was in her eyes, and on her soft cheek was the warm blush of a summer rose.

The hour of parting came, and Kate returned to her city home, much pleased with her day in the country. After a week had passed, she sat down one day and penned a letter, which shall serve for another chapter.

CHAPTER V.

T—, May 6th, 18—.

Well, Viola, here is my first letter, which I would have written before this, but I have been so much occupied in various ways. You remember that I told you about a Mr. Hunter, who was badly injured. Well, he is dead. He died the last week, and I have been there constantly, to offer such poor consolation and assistance, as I could give. But alas! dear Viola, what is there in the reach of mortal, that can avail in such a scene? The widow, clad in her sable robes—the fatherless children, left in a cold world to struggle with the adverse winds of fortune—'tis a picture of woe too sad for you, my friend, and I will turn another to your view.

I have met, many times, at Mrs. Hunter's house, a young physician, whose name, for many reasons, I will, for the present, conceal from you. He attended Mr. Hunter faithfully

in his illness, and has been a devoted friend to the family since. I will describe him to you, and shall also give you, from time to time, some account of his disposition, for I will acknowledge to you, that I am interested in this young doctor, but I beg you will not think me in love. Love, with me, will never be the silly fancy depicted on the pages of romance, but must be founded on esteem for good qualities, and a perfect conviction that God approves and smiles upon it. I have heard of love at first sight, but I do not believe in its existence. There may be, it is true, in the first meeting of those who are destined for each other, a strange and thrilling sentiment of attraction, but this, of itself, I argue, is not love. Love is a flower, a tender plant. At first a bud, a germ, a chrysalis, gradually opening to the expanded flower. Reason, prudence and judgment must direct this expansion, assist it to its full completion, or check and smother it at its birth. If we do banish these wise sisters, and let caprice and

inclination take the helm, too surely they will drive us headlong mid the rocks.

Well, Viola, three nights ago I sat up all night with the dead body of Mr. Hunter. Charles, his oldest boy, aged thirteen, and the young doctor, were companions of my watch; and the latter, by his agreeable conversation, effectually banished drowsiness. You may wonder why I did not send the servants to sit up, but that will be readily answered, when I tell you that the disconsolate widow, who had already lost her rest for a week, would not be prevailed upon to leave her husband, without I staid with him.

From the conversation of my young friend, I am induced to believe that he has a reverence for God, and from many remarks he has made, he is certainly charitable. Viola, let me describe his person to you. You will certainly pronounce it handsome.

Doctor —, is six feet in height, and his frame is well knit and muscular. His features

are eminently handsome and intelligent, and his manners are refined and polished to the highest possible degree. He has about him a charm that envelopes his person, even when he is absent, and such perfect good nature speaks in his face, that you would find yourself ready to pronounce him as perfect as it would be possible for poor human nature to be. In addition, to all this, Viola, this young doctor loves me. He speaks his affection in every look and tone, and the interest he awakens in my heart, makes me tremble for myself. O! that I had a mother to whom I could tell my thoughts, and unbosom my whole heart. She could counsel, aid, and direct me. Dear Viola, you are so young, so child-like; you know nothing of these hopes and fears; and yet, I pour forth to you the emotions of my full soul, feeling some consolation from the confidence. You will write to me, will you not, dear friend, and advise me? Tell me, if the feelings I have unbosomed to you are sinful, and if you do not think I am too

young to be justified in forming any attachment, of a serious and life-long character? You know I am not quite eighteen.

Mrs. Danvers and I are always employed in objects of charitable and religious interest, and, it is certain, I derive great comfort from the practice of these benevolent promptings of nature, which are so clearly pointed out to me in the last kind letter of my uncle. I refer to that letter, daily, and pray my Father in Heaven to direct me aright, and, as my uncle would have been happy to see me, if he had lived.

We have devised every sort of plan to establish Mrs. Hunter in some business, to enable her to provide for, and educate her children. We have, at last, fixed upon one which will pay handsomely enough. We have made arrangements with two of our most eminent lawyers, to give her copying to do, and they promise her employment all the year, and will pay her a comfortable salary. I have given Betsey to her, and have made many other ar-

rangements for her comfort, and when I look upon her grateful face, I assure you I am happy.

I told you I would write to you all that was passing, and I have been faithful, so far. Will you be equally candid, dear Viola, and do not chide me, and think me over bold for what I have dared breathe to you. If I have unwisely laid bare my feelings before you, write and tell me so, and, hereafter, I will confine such emotions to the secret temple of my heart. If, on the contrary, you appreciate my confidence, I will unfold to you each sentiment that agitates the every day current of life, and hope to win from your discerning mind the correct views which should influence my path of duty.

Our Sabbath-school is thriving well, and we have now one hundred and thirty scholars, when we commenced with forty. This, as you see, is a rapid increase, and God's blessing does, indeed, seem to be upon us. We are to have a merry pick-nick, some day the coming

week, and the children are perfectly delighted at the idea. How sweet and grateful is the love of these tender innocents! How confidently they look up to us for advice and consolation in all their little griefs!

I fear, dear Viola, you will weary of my letter, and I draw it to a close, with one request. Remember, that no living being, but yourself, must know my secret. Believe me, your loving

KATE.

CHAPTER VI.

Laurel Grove, May 15th, 18—.

Dear Kate:—

Your sweet and guileless letter is before me, and I would have answered it ere this, but scarcely could I arrive at any final conclusion how to address you. You have referred, to my

consideration and judgment, a serious matter, and I have pondered it well, anxious to point out to you all that is dangerous in your sentiments; for that there is danger in them, is as certain as death.

You describe the form and features, the grace of manner, and pleasing fascination of address, of this *young* doctor, in a singularly interesting manner. You say there is a charm that dwells about his person. Ah! Kate, beware. Your heart may be, before you suspect it, so deeply interested in this pleasing stranger, that separation from him may break it. Do not understand me to say he *is* unworthy of your regard. I only fear he *may* be so.

In love, sweet Kate, my heart is as untutored, aye, more so than your own, for you are even now progressing, while I have never seen the being I would dare to love, but I have read many books which dwell upon the growth of these affections, and have learned the symptoms by which to discern the disease, and I believe

that affection the most lasting which is a long time coming to perfection. There must, also, be a certain similarity of tastes and dispositions, and, what is more important than all else, there must be a union of religious sentiments. Without all this, the chances of happiness are, indeed, precarious.

It is too often the case, in our country, that marriages are unadvisedly entered into, without that due regard for those permanent and lasting qualifications so essentially necessary in a union for life. And it is thus that so many beings linger out a miserable existence, without ever catching one gush from the sweet fountain of wedded love. In your case, Kate, you have more than ordinary difficulties to combat, for you are an heiress, and are not surrounded by father, mother, brothers, or sisters, and, therefore, seem, to the callous fortune-hunter, an easily won prize. All that is indispensable is your own consent, and the polished man of the world is possessed of so much tact that he is confident of success.

You are not weak-minded, and, in the presence of danger, you would no doubt be intrepid, but who shall guard against an unknown and hidden foe: he that will come to you in the garb of an angel, yet possessed of a soul stained with every degree of crime?

I will not caution you farther than to say be careful that you watch well the avenues leading to your heart. You are employed in those active charities which will keep your imagination free from sickly fancies. How happy you must be, dear Kate, to have the power to do so much good; to dispense blessings upon the heads of such as Mrs. Hunter, and her children; to make glad the hearts of so many dear children, and see them grow, from Sabbath to Sabbath, in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. It is a great privilege to be a Sabbath-school teacher, and those dear innocents, committed to your care, learn from you what will live in their hearts as long as memory shall last. They become familiar with

the Bible and its precepts, and the knowledge, in many cases, spreads a holy influence through all their after life.

How much I should be pleased to become acquainted with your friend, Mrs. Danvers. You are privileged to class such a woman in your list of friends, though I can well imagine you would feel a delicacy about unburthening to her your little secret. It is more natural for you to confide it to me, for many reasons; and, be assured, Kate, nothing can ever tempt me to abuse your confidence.

Mother is well, and sends her love to you, with many earnest wishes for an early visit from you; and, indeed, the country does look delightful. The woods are green, and the sweet spring flowers are springing up spontaneously and covering the ground. The birds carol forth their songs of joy, and nature is wearing her holiday dress. O! how good is God, who crowns us with so much mercy and loving kindness. How beautiful He has made

this earth, and yet, how have we defiled and polluted it. I often think how great must be the forbearance and love of God, how patient and long suffering His kindness, to behold us, going on, from day to day, in sin and disobedience, and yet still extending love and pity to us, with a father's affection. I was a little child when my father died, but I have never felt fatherless, for it seemed to me that God opened his arms to me, and took me to his bosom with tender love; and, when I repine at my lot, I remember how sinful it is for me to do so, when so many blessings have clustered around my path.

Dear Kate, come soon "to Laurel Grove." Warm hearts, and true ones, await you with a hearty welcome; but, if you do not come soon, at least, write ere long, and tell me all that is passing. I did not intend to prove tedious in this epistle, and yet,

"With thee conversing, I forget all time!"

Till your next letter, then, sweet Kate, farewell, and think sometimes of your friend,

VIOLA.

T—, June 13th, 18—.

O! Viola, I have so much to tell you, but my heart is so full, that, indeed, I don't know where to begin, or how to word it. In the first place, you know, Doctor Mortimer has been visiting here, constantly, ever since the penning of my last letter. For instance, when evening comes, and the lamps are lit, and I take my sewing to the parlor, accompanied by Clara, who, you know, is an excellent seamstress, I am hardly seated before the bell rings, and Pompey ushers in Doctor Mortimer. And there he sits the whole evening, watching me as I sew, and sometimes reading to me choice passages from some beautiful volume. Every day, we ride out together, on horseback, attended by a groom, and even Mrs. Danvers

begins to look very knowing, and asks me when it is to be?

Well, Viola, you think I am happy, I dare say, and yet I am not so, or rather I am happy to an almost unparalleled degree, but I am constantly in dread that something will occur to mar my present joy. I ask myself a thousand times a day, "will this last forever?" and a fear oppresses me, and tells me it will not. I shut my eyes to the fear, like one drawn irresistibly by a mighty current, to the edge of a foaming cataract.

Two days ago, we rode out together, and a singular faintness came over me. I told the doctor, just in time, for at that instant I fell, and he caught me in his arms, just soon enough to save me from a violent fall. With the assistance of the groom, he bore me to the road side, and supported me against his breast; in the mean time, dispatching the groom to the nearest house for water. I returned to consciousness, and cannot tell you how I trembled, when

I found where my head was laid. I made a violent effort to get up, but Herbert Mortimer gently and firmly held me, telling me, in a low, sweet tone, not to move. And then, there poured from his lips, such a strain of warm, impassioned language, such a confession of ardent love and devoted affection, such a recital of hopes and fears, as might have moved even your heart, Viola, had you heard it.

Well, when the water came, I was —— I do not like to tell you, indeed, but I suppose I must. I was Herbert's betrothed wife.

There is much, dear girl, that I cannot write, so I will pay you my long deferred visit, in a week, and I do not believe you will be able to get rid of me for a month. Herbert comes with me, so prepare your dear mother, and give her my love. As I shall see you so soon, I will not write more, at present, that I may have plenty to tell you when we meet, until when, believe me, your loving

KATE.

CHAPTER VII.

The house of Mrs. Graham was duly prepared for the expected visitors, and Viola went in and out of the room appointed for Kate, altering, fixing, carrying in flowers, looping up the curtains, &c., till she was perfectly satisfied with its appearance. Then, retiring to her own room, she changed her dress for a neat, white one, smoothed her hair, and descended to await the coming of her friend.

Herbert Mortimer has been, in a measure, described to our readers, but of his private character we have said nothing. He was the only son of pious parents, and had been reared amid all the blessings of religion. His father was not wealthy, but possessed a competence, and was yearly adding to it, from the profits of mercantile business, and it was his wish that his darling son should become a physician, and accordingly he was sent to attend lectures at

a Northern Medical College. After two years had elapsed, he obtained his diploma, and by the wish of his father, went to France, to gain a more intimate knowledge of his profession. The excesses and wild dissipations he had commenced at home, were carried on with reckless hardihood in Paris, and Herbert Mortimer returned to T., in name a gentleman, but at heart a villain. Such was the man to whom our sweet Kate had intrusted her happiness.

It was the boast of this refined specimen of evil, that his powers of fascination were so great, that the woman did not live who could resist their influence. He had repeatedly carried the breath of pestilence to the homes of the innocent and pure, and would hold a crushed heart in his hand, with a look of atrocious joy. The once lovely and dutiful wife, by him was blasted, and forced to wander from her home, covered with shame. The trusting girl, unused to crime or temptation, loved him, and awoke to misery and wo. Like the deadly simoom

was his presence, for the flowers of innocence withered away from his path. And such was the man, oh! horror, that we should live to write it—such was the betrothed husband of a lovely, beautiful and virtuous girl, whose unspotted soul had never been tainted, even with the recital of such wickedness as he had perpetrated.

While we have been giving you a little insight into Herbert's private life, Kate's carriage arrived at Mrs. Graham's mansion, and the whole party are now at dinner. After dinner came music, and Herbert hung enraptured over Viola's performance, which certainly was beautiful, for she was formed by nature for the art, and her voice was soft and melodious, and thrilling as the song of the nightingale. With a sigh, Herbert turned to Kate, at the conclusion of the song, and asked her to sing, but that lady very naively answered:—

"No, no, I would not, upon any account, dispel the melody which I know is still linger-

ing in your ears. Providence has wisely distributed his blessings, and has bestowed upon me so many, it was but right He should withhold Viola's sweet gift.

"Kate, 'tis unkind to flatter me," said Viola.

"I flatter thee, sweet? No, no, I love thee too well for that, my own Viola. I but spoke the truth, as we can all testify."

"That can I, most unhesitatingly, Miss Graham," said Dr. Mortimer.

Days glided by, at Laurel Grove, and Kate was happy and joyous. She no longer asked herself, will it last forever? but allowed herself to be carried along on the smooth current of life. One morning, she arose with the dawn, and equipped herself for an early walk. She wandered a long distance from home, but at last began to think she would be too late for breakfast, and she turned her footsteps homeward. She entered the garden noiselessly, and following a winding gravel walk, was about stepping into the summer parlor, whose win-

dows, thickly hung with clustering rose vines, opened on the terrace, when the sound of a well known voice broke upon her ear. It was Herbert, her own beloved, and he spoke thus :

“Nay, sweet Viola, you wrong me, to accuse me of treachery. It was not my wish to deceive. I thought I loved Kate, with my whole soul, till I saw you, till I heard you sing. Your voice has wreathed a spell around my heart. I have tried to banish it ; it is impossible. For your sake I will renounce Kate, now and forever.”

“Renounce her, and why ? Have you not won her love ? Have you not sworn to her eternal truth and fidelity ? Could you so coldly crush her trusting heart ?”

“Kate would soon forget me. She is cold in her affections, and there is no depth in her feelings.”

“O ! what have I done ? To listen for one moment to such words as yours, is crime. You are betrothed to another. O ! do not tempt me

to do this wicked thing. Kate is my friend, my sister. She loves and trusts me. How great a wretch I would be to encourage you in your sin. I will not do it. Never speak to me again, in the manner you have spoken, or I will at once betray to Kate your secret.”

“O ! no, you would not do that, sweet Viola ; I tell you we cannot help our feelings. We are not to blame for loving each other. Love is no crime. Kate will fret and pine for a week or two, but she will soon forget, and besides, there is no use in letting her know anything about it.”

“What, and make her believe that you are going to marry her, when in reality you will be promised to me ?”

An almost imperceptible smile broke over the features of the false lover, and his thoughts were such as these :

“Poor, silly girl, to believe that I would leave the rich heiress, to marry the portionless and deformed daughter of the widow. No,

no, Viola, *that* is the very furthest from my thoughts," and then he said aloud:

"All that will be easily managed. I can, at some future time, seek occasion for some difference, and have a very plausible quarrel; but what is that noise, did you not hear a rustling? Hark, do you hear nothing?"

"Nothing but the breeze in the trees, but let us go to breakfast. It is past the hour."

Reader, did you ever have a darling hope, a cherished wish; a something you petted in your heart, and intrusted with all your fond affections? Have you ever striven, with all the energy of your nature, to gain some longed-for goal, to which your earnest eyes have been directed, with deathless hope, through every moment of existence; around which the joys and pleasures of your life have clustered, like stars encircling the moon, and have you lived to see despair take the place of hope, a blighting mildew wither your affections, and the goal

for which your soul had panted, dashed from its high place in the heavens, and trodden in the dust? O! if you have felt and seen all this, you may enter into the chamber of Kate, and weep over her sorrow-stricken heart; you may sympathize with her, as she turns, stricken and pale, from that parlor window, and goes to the quiet of her chamber; but not to weep. Oh, no! What had her deceived, her bursting soul, to do with tears?

"The long, lone future! It hath no gay dream,
For naught could make it beautiful, save him;
Hope plants no garlands by life's shadowy stream,
Nor are there blossoms on life's frost-hued tree;
And Fame, she may bring wreaths: she heeds them not;
By all the world she prays to be forgot.

"A boat, at midnight, sent alone,
To drift upon the moonless sea;
A lute, whose leading chord is gone;
A wounded bird, that hath but one
Imperfect wing to soar upon,
Are like what Kate is now!"

“What shall I do? O! misery, where shall I go? I would hide myself from the world. Oh! my poor, deceived, stricken heart, to what anguish thou art doomed. Herbert false? Herbert love another, and that other my friend? The innocent, the pure-minded Viola Graham! Oh, no! It cannot be true. I am dreaming. I am mad. Some horrible phantasy has shrouded my mind in darkness. Better had I died, and been laid in the yet open grave of my mother; better never been born. What is life to me, now? Herbert, I loved thee so much; I gave thee my whole heart; my first, fond affections, and thou hast betrayed me. O! sainted spirit of my uncle, the words of your letter come to me now, in this dark moment of despair; you warned me, you said I might choose a husband who would darken my prospects of happiness forever. Was the spirit of prophecy upon you, then, that you should have so strikingly warned me of the rock upon which I should founder? O! my dear uncle,

does your soul keep watch over her you loved so much on earth? If so, comfort me in my desolation, or my heart will burst.”

Ah! heart, so rudely broken,
Cease, cease thy panting thrill;
Those vows, so falsely spoken,
Have done far worse than kill.
The sun has lost his glory,
The queen of Heaven her light,
So *sad* is my heart's history,
So dark, its endless night.

Oh! star of Hope, forever
Is quenched thy holy light;
Love's dream can come back never,
With its fancies, gay and bright.
Break, heart, deep is thy sorrow,
And sad thy secret wo;
Life hath no joyous morrow,
Upon thee to bestow.

Poor Kate! Such was the language of her heart, but the shock she had suffered was too much for her, and she sank, swooning, to the floor, and when Peggy came to inquire the

reason of her absence from the breakfast table, she alarmed the house with the news that Miss Kate was dead.

In wild affright, Mrs. Graham, Viola, and Herbert, rushed up stairs into Kate's room. The poor girl lay on the floor, stiff and rigid as a corpse. Her face was white as death. Her lips tightly compressed, were circled by lines of pale blue. To describe the terror, the surprise of all, or the remorse and anguish of poor Viola, would be useless. Doctor Mortimer was too agitated to prescribe, and the family physician, Dr. Parsons, was sent for. He arrived in a short time, and found Kate delirious. The beneficent and powerful medical treatment, now much known in our country, was not, at that time, at all practised in the Southern States. Dr. Parsons was of the regular, old-school practice, and consequently he bled, and reduced our poor Kate to such a degree, that she very nearly died of weakness. There was living on the plantation adjoining that of Mrs.

Graham, a family named Chase, who had a large number of children, and who employed a tutor to teach them. This gentleman was a German, named Ferrandal, who had studied medicine, and understood it as it was practised in his native country. He had with him a chest containing medicine, and he had performed, around the country, many astonishing cures. Mrs. Graham, seeing the strength of poor Kate failing, from day to day, took it upon herself to call to her aid the young Ferrandal, and in three weeks Kate rose from her bed, a living proof of the power of Homœopathy. In her hours of delirium, Viola, who had watched by the sick-bed, with a sister's care, had been made acquainted with the real cause of Kate's illness, and she earnestly prayed for the moment to arrive when she could throw herself upon her knees, and implore forgiveness from her injured friend. The time is not far distant, and we shall see how nobly Kate can forgive.

One day, in August, the weather being excess-

ively hot, Mrs. Graham had the house shut up, to exclude the intense heat, and all living things seemed torpid, through the entire range of country entitled "Laurel Grove." A stillness like death rested on the face of the earth. The foliage of the trees hung loosely down, as if wilted away, never to revive again. The grass seemed scorched, and the flowers parched up. A calm, a stillness filled the air, that made one tremble for a coming storm. Such a day was peculiarly oppressive to poor Kate, for she had undergone so much, that the heat made her feel languid and helpless. She sat in a large arm-chair, with her head resting sideways on the back of it. One arm leaned on the arm of the chair, and played inanimately with the flowers traced on the chintz covering; the other hung listlessly down by her side, as if deprived of sense and motion. Thus had Kate sat for hours. At length, Mrs. Graham broke the stillness, by saying, "I think I will go and take my nap, now—I feel unusually drowsy. Is

there any thing I can get you, Kate, before I go?"

"Nothing," said Kate, in a sad, low tone.

"Do, my dear girl, try to cheer up. I fear you will never be well, if you do not."

"I will try, Mrs. Graham."

"Now, pray do, that's a darling. Viola, try to amuse Kate, and talk to her. You seem singularly sad of late."

"I know it, mother, and I will strive to shake it off," said Viola.

Mrs. Graham left the room, and a long silence followed, broken occasionally by a low, indistinct sob, which burst from the overcharged heart of poor Viola. Kate's lip quivered with emotion, and after a few moments, a pearly tear rested on her long silken lashes, but seemed restrained there by some invisible power.

"Viola!" softly whispered Kate.

What, would you ask, was there in that simple word? a name, softly spoken; yet there

was in that one word a world of meaning. It told of crushed hopes, of a broken heart, of sad and mournful memories, departed joys, pleasures gone forever, and a fate irrevocably fixed by destiny. It told of the moment when the young heart had reached that point, where, looking back, it sees the fallacy of trusting to the will-of-the-wisp light, which had once been to it a beacon star of hope: where a stern, cold, chilling winter sets in around the heart, and seals up its fountain of human love, forever. But there was still more expressed in that gently breathed name. It said, Viola, I blame thee not. 'Twas no fault of thine, that Herbert was false. He was handsome and insinuating, for have not I felt the power of his spell, and bowed before it? Yes, yes, Viola, raise thy drooping head. Thy heart has enough of sorrow, without one word from Kate, thy friend, that could bruise thy wounded spirit. And Viola felt the full meaning of Kate's gentle call, and in an

instant she was at her feet, weeping as if her heart would break. Kate gently raised her, saying as she did so:—

“Let us think no more of these sorrowful things, Viola. I have been rightly punished. I adored the poor weak creature, and forgot my God and His mercies. I neglected the blessings and privileges I enjoyed, and allowed every hope and wish to centre in what I thought my own happiness. God loves me, or He would have let me go on in the path I had chosen. He has saved me by His protecting power, and I owe to Him a life of devotion, purity and good works. I will hasten to pay, from this very hour, the duty that I owe, and I pray God it may be acceptable in His sight.”

“O! Kate, how kind, how good, how noble you are. Gracious heaven, what noise was that?” exclaimed Viola, rushing wildly from her chair.

The storm, which nature had been threatening, had just burst in all its fury, and the noise which had alarmed the young girls, was a heavy

clap of thunder, which broke immediately over the house. The window shutters blew open, and the scene was awful, as presented to the view of the terrified girls. Thick black clouds were driving along the sky, occasionally lit up by the forked lightning, which played through the courts of heaven. The thunder roared and reverberated, with a noise only known in warm climates, and the rain descended in drenching torrents. The wind was high, and the strong trees bent to the earth in the blast, while many of them were uprooted and carried along in the gale.

"It is strange this storm does not waken mother; don't you think so, Kate?"

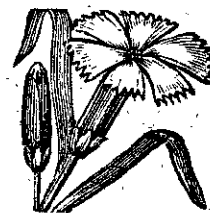
"It is, indeed. Go and call her, Viola," said the trembling Kate.

And Viola went to call her mother, but alas, that mother was deaf to her voice forever. The lightning had struck her as she laid on the bed, and all that now remained was but a blackened corpse. With a piercing scream, that

summoned Kate to her side, the orphan threw herself upon the body of her mother, with all the anguish of a distracted soul.

"The flower that smiles to-day,
To-morrow dies;
All that we wish to stay,
Tempt, and then flies:
What is this world's delight?
Lightning that mocks the night,
Brief even as bright.

Whilst skies are blue and bright,
Whilst flowers are gay,
Whilst eyes that change ere night,
Make glad the day;
Whilst yet the calm hours creep,
Dream thou; and from thy sleep
Wake thou to weep!"



CHAPTER VIII.

"Eternal Hope! when yonder spheres sublime,
Pealed their first notes to sound the march of Time,
Thy joyous youth began—but not to fade,
When all the sister planets have decayed;
When wrapt in fire the realms of ether glow,
And Heaven's last thunder shake the world below;
Thou undismayed shalt o'er the ruins smile,
And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile."

And so it was with Kate. Just at the moment when she imagined Hope was dead forever, the sweet angel arose, phoenix like, from the ashes of her disappointment, and pointed to higher and more glorious aims, and Kate wondered how she could have been so unwise, as to build her house upon such a slippery foundation. She resolved to live with a fixed purpose. To give up her own pleasures, and seek only to know the will of God. Her life was spent in works of charity and love, and she reaped a rich harvest in the approval of her own conscience.

Herbert Mortimer had vainly sought an interview with Kate. He had written many letters, but all had been returned unopened, and still he lived, from day to day, in the hope of meeting the injured girl once more, and satisfactorily explaining his conduct. It was necessary that a marriage of convenience should take place ere long, for Herbert's private affairs were sadly embarrassed, and his father was wearied of his constant demands for money.

At this time a horrible tragedy was enacted in the city of T——. Herbert Mortimer, with a party of friends, was returning home after an evening of dissipation, when he met a young and beautiful girl, who was walking rapidly in an opposite direction. The young lady had been spending the evening with an aged aunt, and had waited long the coming of her brother, who was to escort her home. Wearied at length, and believing that something unaccountable had occurred to detain him, she set out alone, but had not been gone more than ten

minutes, when her brother called, and found his sister had started for home without him. He followed in the direction which he knew she must have taken, and had not gone far when he heard her voice, echoing along the streets, in piercing screams, mingled with curses, jests and insults, from a party of drunken *gentlemen*. He flew to her rescue, and found her tightly held by Herbert Mortimer, while at the same time the party were disputing with him the possession of the prize. With the strength of Hercules the brother forced his way in their midst, and tearing his sister from the grasp of the villain, he pulled a pistol from his pocket, and drawing the trigger, instantly shot the wretched man dead. He bounded up in the air, and fell to the earth a lifeless heap of clay.

In an instant, the watch came running to the spot, and crowds of persons, attracted by the noise, collected around. The brother, and Herbert's friends, were dragged to a magistrate's office, while the poor fainting girl was carried

to a neighboring house. A rude litter was formed, and the mangled remains of Herbert were taken to his father's home, and the coroner was sent for, to hold an inquest on the case.

Ah! reader, what think you were the feelings of Kate and Viola, as they sat at breakfast the next morning, and while glancing over the morning papers, read this horrible account of Herbert's tragical death? A thrill of terror passed over them, and Viola said to Kate:—

“Did you read that, Kate?”

Kate answered by an inclination of the head, and a look of inexpressible anguish.

We know not what are your prejudices, and will not now state our own, but the brother who defended his sister from insult, and killed the villain who dared profane the sanctity of her lips with his polluted kisses, was imprisoned, then tried and acquitted by an American jury; and the ladies, who had crowded the court house during the trial, waved their handkerchiefs in

token of their pleasure, and loud cheers rang through the vaulted room. But, alas, the brother had committed a murder, and from his own mind he could not banish the last look of the dying man. He is a wanderer now, and long years have not sufficed to wash from his hands the crimson stain of blood.

Some months passed away, and Kate had resumed her wonted cheerfulness. She was sitting in her room with Viola, and was teaching Mrs. Hunter's oldest son how to translate Greek, when Pompey came up stairs, and said that a young gentleman was down in the parlor, who wished to speak to her. Kate went down, and instantly recognized Doctor Ferrandal, the tutor of Mrs. Chase's family, who had prescribed for her Homœopathic medicine, which she believed had saved her life. She greeted him cordially, and he commenced a conversation, which we will write down as near as we can recollect it.

"You may perhaps wonder, Miss Herford, at

my presumption, in coming to call upon you, and I assure you nothing but the known goodness of your heart would ever induce me to take such a liberty."

"Do not call it a liberty, I pray you. Your visit affords me sincere pleasure."

"Indeed, Miss Herford, you are very kind. I have a story for your ear, and with your permission I will relate it."

"I shall listen to it with great pleasure, I assure you. Go on at once."

THE STORY OF GUSTAVE FERRANDAL.

[THE GERMAN.]

My father lived in the city of Hamburg, and was blessed with eleven children besides myself. My mother was a fair and lovely woman, a devoted wife, and an indulgent parent. I was her idol, being the youngest; and my father, as soon as he could win her consent, sent me away to the University, to be educated as a

physician. I made rapid progress in my studies, and bade fair to win the first premiums awarded by the professors. I had at the University, a young friend who was my bosom companion. He was the young Count de Balzac, and was the only son of the Baron Lindisfarne. His talents were of the highest order, and his heart was noble and generous. He, too, was the idol of his mother, and it was her darling wish that her son should return from the University, laden with the laurels he had won. The family of Lindisfarne was poor, while ours was possessed of unbounded wealth. It was with equal pride that my parents looked for my return, triumphant with the wreath of fame bound about my brows. There were none in the University likely to stand equal competitors for this prize, but Henrie de Balzac and myself, and we studied with unremitting diligence, and never for a moment neglected our duties for pleasure. Every evening we examined each other, to see what progress we had made during the day.

It was with almost womanish fears that Henrie trembled lest he should lose the prize. Every letter he received from home teemed with ardent wishes for his success, and one letter that his father wrote, spoke thus :

“We cannot associate you in our hearts, dear boy, with any thing but success, and your mother’s happiness is so bound up in it, that in her fast failing health, I should tremble for her life, if you were so unfortunate as to lose the prize. I, therefore, sincerely hope that no carelessness, or inattention on your part, will cause your discomfort.”

I must confess to you, Miss Herford, that when I read this letter, I resolved never to excel Henrie de Balzac ; and I neglected my studies, without, however, acknowledging to him the reason. The time of examination came round, and my friend received the reward his ambition had panted for. The next day we were all to leave the University, to return again the following year, and I sat down in my room, without the

courage to pack my trunk, and return to my home, to be laughed at by my brothers and sisters, and severely censured by my father and mother. While in this position, the young Count, elated with his victory, and overjoyed at the prospect of soon beholding his mother and father, and two lovely sisters, entered my apartment to bid me good-bye. "How now," said he, "Gustave, why sit you here, looking so desolate? Are you not anxious to go to your home, after having been absent so long?"

"I never want to see my home again, as long as I live," said I.

"And why not, pray? There is something preying on your spirits, Gus., and you won't confide it to me. What have I done that you should treat me so?"

"Nothing, Henrie; absolutely nothing."

"There is something wrong, I know, but what it is, is past my finding out. One question I want to ask you, Gus.—will you give me a faithful answer?"

"I will, Henrie."

"Well, why was it that you ceased so suddenly to strive after the prize, which, a month ago, seemed indispensable to you?"

I felt my face burning, my ears tingling, and in vain I strove to pronounce one syllable, and in an instant, all was understood by Henrie, and he clasped me in his arms.

"Oh," said he, "what a noble, self-sacrificing friend I have got. Why did I not suspect it before? You should not have done this, Gus. My laurels are not fairly won. I will go to the faculty, and tell them all—"

"You shall not do any such a thing, Henrie; and I shall esteem it but a poor return for my love, if you will not accept this small kindness at my hands. I shall remain at Leipsic till the coming year, and will then bear proudly with me what, for the present, I have lost."

"And why, Gus., will you not go home?"

"Pride keeps me from presenting myself be-

fore my family, unsuccessful in the race I have run."

"I have a plan for you, Gus. Write to your father, tell him how you lost the prize, and come with me, this day, to my home. You will be joyfully welcomed there, and we can return again to Leipsic, at the opening of the University. Our life is simple, but happy, and we are surrounded by an innocent and cheerful peasantry. Come, Gus, I promise you a warm welcome from all."

"Finally, Miss Herford, I concluded to go, but my arrival and stay at the castle of Lindisfarne will be too much to relate before supper. Allow me to retire, and with your permission I will return after an hour, and take up my story where I left off."

"Nay, I will not grant that request, Mr. Ferrendal, for even now our supper bell is ringing. If you will permit me, I will show you to the tea room," said our heroine, and she glided gracefully over the floor, and crossing the

hall, entered a room brilliantly lighted, and pointed out a seat to her visiter, at her well furnished table. In a few moments, Viola, who now lived with Kate, entered and gladly greeted the young tutor, whose presence brought to her mind all the sweet recollections of home. Supper being over, the party adjourned to the parlor, and Gustave again took up the thread of his story.



CHAPTER IX.

"There's a beauty for ever unchangingly bright,
 Like the long sunny lapse of a summer-day's light,
 Shining on, shining on, by no shadow made tender,
 Till love falls asleep in its sameness of splendor.
 This was not the beauty—oh! nothing like this,
 That to young Carrolette gave such magic of bliss;
 But that loveliness ever in motion, that plays
 Like the light upon Autumn's soft shadowy days,
 Now here and now there, giving warmth as it flies,
 From the lips to the cheeks, from the cheek to the eyes,
 Now melting in mist, and now breaking in gleams,
 Like the glimpses a saint hath of Heaven in his dreams!

* * * * *

If tenderness touched her, the dark of her eye
 At once took a darker, more heavenly dye,
 From the depth of whose shadow, like holy revealings
 From innermost shrines, came the light of her feelings;
 Then her mirth—oh! 'twas sportive as ever, took wing
 From the heart with a burst, like a wild-bird of spring."

At the close of two days hard traveling, we arrived at the castle of Lindisfarne. A genial sun was lighting up the romantic scenery of the Rhine, with golden glory. It was the beautiful spring time of the year, and the air came laden,

to our care-worn cheeks, with the very breath of joy. Henric was delighted at the thought of his speedy reunion with his beloved family, and he indulged in the most unrestrained hilarity. He described to me his lordly father, his proud and noble mother, and his two charming sisters; and he warned me to encase my heart in steel, "for," said he, "although their brother says it, you will say, when you meet them, I have not overrated their beauty. But here is Lindisfarne. Yonder is the Rhine, rolling on in its pure, calm beauty. To the left is the village, where reside the tenantry of Lindisfarne, and straight before you lies the turreted castle of my father, which, with its masonry of solid stone, its broad ramparts, and lofty donjon, has stood for ages. What think you, Gus., is it not a goodly pile?"

"It is indeed, Henric; you may well be proud of it."

We turned our horses into the steep road which led up to the castle. Arrived at the top,

Henrie blew a whistle, and a servant came forth, and recognizing his young lord, let down the draw-bridge, and we galloped across, and halted in front of the castle. We dismounted, and throwing the reins to the servants in waiting, Henrie led me to the hall of reception, and introduced me to his father, a fine, noble looking man of fifty, who welcomed me to Lindisfarne, with the unmistakable courtesy of the truly well bred gentleman of the old nobility.

"Where are my mother and sisters?" said Henrie, impatiently.

"They are in the inner room, my son," said the Baron. "Your mother is not well, and she loves every evening to watch the sunset, as it lights up the Rhine with its halo of glory. If you see any change in her, do not appear to notice it, for she is peculiarly sensitive on the subject of her health. Come, my son, lead your friend to your mother."

Never shall I forget the vision of beauty, which, in that next moment, was presented to my

gaze. A flood of golden light bathed the room in radiance bright as the wings of angels. The walls were hung with crimson velvet. The ceiling, painted to represent the battle of the centaurs, was edged with gold. Large windows opened upon that side of the castle, where could be seen the romantic Rhine, winding away in the distance, with its picturesque scenery reflected on its smooth bosom. The opposite windows looked upon the village, with the humble, but comfortable cottages for the peasantry, peeping forth from amid the trees, and here and there might be seen the spire of a church, lit up by the setting sun. The room was furnished with chairs, tables, and lounges of heavy oak, richly carved. Upon one of these lounges, covered with cushions of velvet, the same color as that on the wall, reclined the still lovely, though dying Baroness of Lindisfarne. She was watching, with an attentive eye, the clouds, as they assumed momentarily shapes of *bizarre* character. It was evident she had

not heard or suspected the coming of her son. On either side of the Baroness sat her two daughters, Carrolette and Cassine. Cassine was a *blonde*, and was a picture of loveliness, but Carrolette is better described by Moore's ravishing description, which I have quoted to you. To tell the truth, I was in love at first sight, and I advanced with embarrassed steps, to be presented by my friend. The Baroness gave me her hand, with a sweet smile of welcome, which I respectfully kissed; (the hand, not the welcome, I mean.) I then turned to speak to the young ladies, who both received me with kindness, and an entire freedom and polish of manner, which bespoke the refined society with which they had mingled. In short, I sat down to supper with them that night, feeling perfectly at ease; and when I saw the glad smile which illuminated the face of the Baroness, when Henrie told her he had won the prize, I wished in my heart I had fifty more to lose, and he to win. I remained with this de-

lightful family, almost forgetful of my own home, and in truth there was a spell, which completely sealed up for the time, the associations of my boyish life.

Oh! how sweetly the days glided by, in one peaceful, gentle current. I never thought of the morrow, or what would be the termination of my dream, but rushed on, urged by the impetuosity of my own feelings, till one day I actually found myself making love to Carrolette. I told her all my feelings, hopes and wishes. If she would but promise to be mine, I should have an incentive to labor for fame. I would climb, with glad delight, to the topmost round of the ladder of distinction, if she would bless the effort with her smiles. How long I talked, or what more I said, I know not. Several times Carrolette seemed anxious to speak, but I interrupted her, and went on with my confession. At length I awaited her answer, in silence, and it was thus she spoke:

"My brother's friend does not understand that I have been betrothed from childhood."

"Betrothed from childhood!" I repeated, in amazement.

"It is even so, Monsieur. I certainly was under the impression that you were acquainted with the fact."

"I certainly was not; but, pardon me if I take the liberty of asking you one question."

"I will answer it with pleasure, sir."

"Are you perfectly satisfied with the arrangement, which must have been made before you had any will in the matter?"

A deep blush spread itself over her lovely face, as she answered:

"Young ladies of a noble family have no will but that of their parents."

The utter hopelessness of the tone in which these words were spoken, convinced me that this marriage would be another of those sacrifices which are yearly offered up on the altar of convenience.

I need not tell you, Miss Herford, how at last I learned from the blushing girl that my feelings were reciprocated, and how I strove to induce her to consent to a secret marriage. It was useless, and at last I resolved to go at once to Henrie, and frankly tell him all.

I found my friend arranging his guns for a day's hunting, and he was in high glee with himself and every body else. "How now, Gus.," said he, "are you going out with me to-day? You have become a regular mope, for some days past, so come along. We will have some rare sport."

"Indeed, Henrie, I feel like anything in the world but sport," said I.

"What in the world is the matter with you, Gus.? You look as if you were on trial for murder, and the jury stood eleven to one for hanging."

"Come, Henrie, let us take a walk, and I will tell you all that troubles me." So saying,

I drew his arm within my own, and walked in the direction of the woods, but for the life of me I could not find words to commence the conversation.

"Well, Gus., you don't seem to be in any hurry to begin the recital of your troubles," said Henrie. "Perhaps you have to think first, what trouble in the world you can complain of?"

"I should not be obliged to think long," said I; "and to tell you the truth, Henrie, at once, without further delay, my trouble is my love."

"For whom, pray?"

"Your sister," I replied.

"And does she not return it, Gus.?"

"What matter if she did?" said I.

"What matter? Why, Gus., what ails you? Certainly you are crazy."

"I don't know, indeed. I do not feel much like a lunatic now, but what I will be is matter of conjecture."

"Well, truly, you are an enigma, friend Gus. I cannot solve you. If you love Cassine, and she ——"

"I love Cassine? Hold, you are laboring under a strange mistake. I admire Cassine, truly, and respect her much, but my heart bows in silent homage at the feet of the peerless Carrolette."

"Carrolette? You astonish me, Gus.! Carrolette is betrothed; has been from childhood. My father's honor is pledged to the fulfilment of the engagement. You must forget her."

"Forget her, never!" said I. "I could not do so, if I alone was interested, but Henrie, your sister loves me. She has confessed to me her repugnance to the marriage, planned for her when she was at an age incapable of deciding or choosing. I appeal to you, Henrie, my friend, to help me. Your influence with your father is immense. Do you not think you could persuade him to think favorably of my suit? Our happiness for a life-time is at stake."

"I feel for you, Gus.; upon my honor, I do; but I know my father too well, to believe that aught I could say would change his fixed will. The bare proposition would incense him. No, no, Gus. Look upon the thing as impossible. You can, nay, you must forget her."

"Ah! Henrie," I answered, "had you ever loved, you would understand how impossible it is to banish from the heart the angel of its affections. Were Carrolette less beautiful, less graceful, or less modest, she might indeed be forgotten, but were I banished from her this hour, with the assured certainty that I should never meet her again on earth, her image would linger in my memory of hope and joy, in all its ravishing beauty, and the recollection of this fond, first love, would live in my heart forever."

"Well, now, Gus., don't be so solemn about it. You make me feel bad, indeed you do. I will do all I can for you. I will even speak to my noble father, but alas, I know too well what his answer will be. But let us hope for the best,

at all events. I will go now and seek my father. Better to know the worst at once, than be in suspense about it. You await me on the donjon. I will be with you as soon as I can possibly draw the conference to a close."

And await him I did, Miss Herford, with a suspense which bordered on agony, and at the close of an hour, I saw him coming towards me, but his step was so slow, that I knew he was the bearer of sad news. He sat down beside me, and taking my hand in his, he pressed it warmly and sighed. Alas, I knew what it meant. After a brief pause, he said:—

"We will be friends still, Gus., will we not?"

"We will," said I, hastily rising, and I retired to my room, to gain the composure I felt it would be necessary for me to assume before dinner. While seated at dinner, the servant, who had been sent in the morning to bring the mail bag from the nearest post town, arrived, and the contents were distributed around the family, according to the directions. There were

two letters for me. One was written in my father's, the other in my mother's handwriting. I placed them in my pocket, and awaited anxiously the moment when I could retire to read them.

The wished for moment came at last, and I hastened to my chamber, and tore open my father's letter. It ran thus:—

Hamburg, June 9th, 18—.

I have received your letter, and also one from Count Henrie de Balzac. All that you both say, in extenuation of your remissness at the University, does not suffice to excuse your conduct, in the slightest degree. I admire friendship, but I blush to own that I have a son so weak, so wanting in filial duty, that he will sacrifice the feelings of his parents, to the whims of his friends. Cling to your friend, however, close as death, for you will never find a friend in me again till you change. Your mother has interceded for you, but it is of no

avail. I will not see you, till you stand before me possessed of those honours you have so madly thrown from you, as though they were of no value. Do not seek to move me by entreaties, for you have already been indulged till you are nearly ruined. Enclosed, I send you sufficient for your wants for the coming year. When you are in need, apprise me of it, and remember that I am, your much wronged father.

FREDERIC, COUNT STEINHART.

I turned, with a heart stricken with grief, from the perusal of this letter from my stern father, to the kind and gentle epistle of my mother, overflowing with the goodness of her generous heart: It was thus she wrote:—

Hamburg, June 9th, 18—.

My dear Son:—

It was with deep regret I learned the cause of your misfortune at the University, but what

is past cannot be recalled, and no doubt, my dear boy, you have already suffered enough in mind, without being further punished. I have urged your father to look leniently on your little fault, but at present he will not do so, and the only way is, to let it wear away of itself. Keep your courage up, and do not, because banished from your father's house, upon so slight a cause, be led away by the temptations which will surround you. It would break my heart if you did, and I have strong hopes that all will blow over before the close of a month.

One word let me speak to you, in conclusion. Read your Bible. Ponder it well, and as you read, remember who it was that gave you the little volume, and who it is that daily and nightly prays that God may shower down his richest blessings on your head.

The Father of Heaven keep you, and preserve you from all evil, is the earnest prayer of your loving mother,

GERTRUDE, COUNTESS OF STEINHART.

Had my father's letter reached me at any other moment than that in which my heart had been crushed, in its first warm affection; its effect would have been trifling, weighed in the balance with my mother's kindness; but now, alas, I felt as though every friend had deserted me. I hung my head in utter hopelessness, undecided what to do, or where to go; and for hours I sat, tortured with a mental anguish, which well nigh distracted my poor brain. At length I resolved to fly—to leave far behind me the home of my youth, my father-land, the scene of my disappointment and blighted hopes. I did fly: I came to America, and I have found here a home and friends, but alas, my heart, my truant heart, I could not teach it to forget. I have written to my mother regularly, and this has been to me a source of great pleasure. A few days ago I received from her the following letter, enclosed in one she had herself written:

Lindisfarne, August 13th, 18—.

My fondly cherished Friend:

Years, long years, have passed away. Many changes have passed over the destinies of those who together trod the pavement of the Temple of Science, and drank deep draughts from the ever-living spring, which gushes forth freely for those who seek it. Oh! say, dear Gustave, do you still love the companion of those early years; have you cherished the memory of that friendship, or have you forever forgotten that friend for whom you sacrificed the esteem of your father and family, and even the home of your boyhood? I will hope that you still fondly cling to those days of innocence and happiness, that you think sometimes of her whose image, you once declared, should live in your heart forever. You will, perhaps, wonder that I should recall to your mind aught that ended in so much unhappiness, but I do it advisedly, and with Carrolette's own consent. It

will be necessary to explain to you various circumstances, which have occurred since you left Germany, in order that you may understand why I write thus.

Three months after you left, Carrolette was married to the husband her father had chosen for her. At the end of one year, she was left a widow, and though the mistress of great wealth, she preferred returning to her father's home, and spending her days with her mother, who had, for a long time, been suffering with heart disease, and was likely to die at any moment. My poor sister carried, beneath a smooth and polished brow and a happy smile, a bursting heart. She had loved you intensely, and though duty forced her to forget you, yet the struggle impaired her spirits and health, and the once bright creature, who was gay and sportive as a bird, now moved about in listless despondency, and could never be induced to join in any of the gaieties which Cassine and I enjoyed with so much zest. Cassine was going

to be married to a young nobleman, and I must confess myself sadly involved with the sister of my sister's noble suitor. There were two weddings at Lindisfarne that winter; and, for the first time in my life, I began to comprehend what must have been your anguish when torn from the object of your affections, and forced to relinquish her forever. I imagined myself placed in your stead. I imagined the father of my bride saying to me, "You must renounce her. You must give her up. She has been otherwise disposed of." I thought what torture this would be to me, and I went to Carrolette, and sought her confidence. I told her all my own feelings, and she wept upon my bosom, and repeated to me the sad history of her blighted heart. Oh! what a confession she poured into my ears. Oh! the horror with which she had repeated her marriage vows, when her heart was already given to another! I will give you, dear Gustave, some of her own words:

"After the guests had departed, and we were,

for the first time, left alone in our princely halls, I tried to reason my truant heart into the performance of its sacred duties. Earthly power would have availed me naught, for my husband was not only old, but cross and ill-natured. I went to my private room, and prayed for hours every day, that God would teach me to perform all my duties aright; that he would grant me strength to banish from my heart all discontent, and make easy the rugged road which was destined for my path of life. And, dear brother, God heard the prayer, and answered it, for each day I came forth with the consciousness of pure integrity in my heart."

Well, dear friend, I won from my gentle sister the confession that she would like to meet you once more on earth, before she died; but that five years must elapse from the time of her husband's death, before she would look upon your face again. Those five years will reach their close on the first of February. Will you not, dear Gustave, return to Ger-

many, and pay Lindisfarne a visit on that day? You will meet again all the old friends you once knew here, save one. My mother sleeps with her ancestors, in the "silent city of the dead." With that exception, I hope to see a complete reunion in our family. My father still lives, in perfect health, and sends to you the assurance of his high regard. I have asked Carrolette for some word to send you, but she blushing answered she would speak it to you, on your arrival. Cassine sends you happy wishes for your future.

With the earnest hope that I shall very soon meet you, and hold you to my heart, I beg you will believe that I remain the same friend, and the same Henrie, that you knew in boyhood, which I shall prove to you when once again you stand in the presence of

HENRIE, COUNT DE BALZAC.

Accompanying this letter from the Count, was one from my dearly loved mother, filled

with the warm and undying devotion, which has been to me, in all my hours of loneliness, a source of comfort and joy. And now, Miss Herford, that I have unbosomed to you the secret history of my life, I proceed to ask of you a favor, which I hope you will not deem an intrusion. I am, at present, unable to go to Germany, unless some kind friend advances me the sum of one thousand dollars. Will you be that friend, Miss Herford?

"Most assuredly, I will; and, truly, I never gave a thousand dollars with a more cheerful heart."

"How kind you are, Miss Herford. Truly, such friendship amongst strangers, is most grateful to the feelings, and when I reach my father-land, and am once more surrounded by those I love so fondly, I shall recur, with joyous memory, to your disinterested kindness."

"Do not speak of it. You have been of infinite service to me. But for your mild treatment, I might have died, when so much reduced

by illness, and the usual remedies. It is I who owe you a debt of gratitude."

"Indeed, Miss Herford, you do a favor in the most charming manner, and the reward is in your own heart."

The money was loaned, and Gustave Ferrandal sailed for Germany, where he arrived safely. Kate had made him promise to write to her, as he had any news of interest to impart, and after a few months, she received the following letter, containing a check for \$1,000:

Lindisfarne, March 6th, 18—.

My dear Miss Herford:—

Thinking you sometimes thought of your friend, and would read with interest a letter from the Old World, I sit down to pen you one, but am fearful it will prove but a prosy affair. After having arrived in Germany, I went immediately to my father's house, and saw my beloved parents. Having received my father's forgiveness and my mother's blessing,

I started at once for Lindisfarne, and my impatience was so great, that each mile of the way, as I drew near, seemed interminable. How dear to my recollection was the path that wound up to the castle. It seemed as if every stone spoke to me of Love and Hope. At length the gates were reached; I sprang from my horse, and was received in my friend's arms. He led me to his father, who greeted me cordially; and then came a moment of suspense, while Henrie regarded me with a look of playful mischief. At last, he said to me, "come, my sister awaits you," and leaving the room, he crossed the hall to the drawing-room, and there was Cassine, her husband, a lovely young creature, Henrie introduced to me as the Countess de Balzac, and last, not least, my beloved Carrolette. I spoke to all first, save her, but when I turned to address her, although my heart bounded within me for joy, I was unable to speak one word. I bowed low over her hand, and kissed it, and then took a seat near

her. Like myself, Carrolette was silent, and the pause would have been painful, had not Henrie broken in upon it, by asking me many questions of my travels, of America, and its people. Gradually my feelings of constraint vanished, and I found myself addressing my conversation to Carrolette, with all the freedom of our earlier acquaintance. How shall I describe to you, Miss Herford, the joy, the happiness of this one evening. It was enough to compensate for the long, long years of absence and sorrow I had passed.

Each day I spent in the society of my lovely Carrolette, unfolded new treasures to my view. I was delighted with her conversational powers, and there was about her every movement, a grace and a fascination which held me entranced. The first of March was fixed upon for our marriage, and truly the sun never shone brighter, nor did time ever move on more rapid and airy wings, than during the period that intervened between our betrothal and our bridal. We

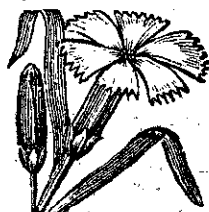
have been married nearly one week, and I have poured into the listening ears of my bride, the story of your kindness. She loves you, Miss Herford, and often talks of you, and calls you Kate. We shall leave Lindisfarne to-morrow, to go to Paris, and I anticipate much pleasure in showing my bride, who has never seen a great city, all the wonders of the metropolis. If you do not find this letter tedious, and will write and tell me so, I shall occasionally drop you a line, to acquaint you with all objects of interest we may chance to meet.

I inclose the money you so kindly lent me; and while memory lasts, your generous action shall live in my heart. There are sweet, sad recollections in my bosom, of America. Her people are noble and good, and I owe her a debt of gratitude for having received me with warm friendship, when my poor heart was bursting with sorrow. I shall eventually settle there, when I have succeeded in overcoming

the objections of my bride to crossing the mighty deep.

When the sun sinks from your view, to rise upon another world; when twilight's softened beauty steals over your sight; when, one by one, you remember the friends you have known and loved—think of your friend,

GUSTAVE.



CHAPTER X.

“The bird, let loose in eastern skies,
When hastening fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idle warblers roam.
But high she shoots through air and light,
Above all low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadow dims her way.

So grant me, God! from every care
And stain of passion free,
Aloft, through Virtue's purer air,
To hold my course to Thee!
No sin to cloud, no lure to stay
My soul, as home she springs;
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom in her wings!”

Such was the language of Kate's pure heart, and such the aspirations of her gentle spirit. She had ceased to think of the dream which had once enveloped her senses in delight, and gradually she had assumed that cheerfulness of manner which scattered sunshine on all around her. Viola was ever at her side, and a love as

tender, as devoted, as enduring as that of sisters, bound them closely together. With pitying ears these gentle sisters listened to the voice of sorrow, and with tender compassion stretched forth the generous hands, that were ever busy in works of love. It was a sweet sight to behold them as they sat together, reading, writing, or sewing, ever and anon speaking to each other in words of affection. No one would have dreamed that anguish and torture had ever ruffled those sweet faces, now lit up with happiness and peace. Do not scoff at our picture, reader, and say, after all Kate was nothing but an old maid. Many old maids that it has been our privilege to know, have lived lives of usefulness, and their society has proved a blessing to all who knew them. Many a married lady that we have met, has said with a sigh, after all it is not such a dreadful thing to be an old maid. Many of them are far happier than they would have been had they married and made an unwise choice.

One day Kate was sitting, engaged in her usual duties, when Pompey announced that Mrs. Hunter was in the drawing room, and wished to see his young mistress. Kate immediately went down, and received her visitor with the greatest warmth of manner. After the usual inquiries about health, weather, &c. &c., Mrs. Hunter began as follows:—

“The great kindness and numerous favors I have received from your hands, Miss Herford, make me feel that I am performing an act of duty, to come and acquaint you with what is about to take place in our family. My eldest daughter, Helen, is going to be married, and I look upon the match as a very advantageous affair. Her intended husband is William Staunton, the lawyer, who, as you are aware, is quite wealthy. 'Tis true, Helen is young, not being quite eighteen, but she is not to be married till she reaches her eighteenth birth day. Helen wishes your consent and blessing; feeling, as she does, that all our happiness and prosperity

is mainly owing to your generous kindness. I often think, dear Miss Herford, what a wretched fate might have been mine, had I not found such a noble and disinterested friend. I offer you no thanks, for I cannot frame a sentence that would satisfactorily express to you the gratitude of my heart, but not the less do I feel how much I owe you."

"Do not speak of it, I entreat you. Surely the gratitude should be on my side. The pleasure it has afforded me to make you happy, has made me equally blessed. Money would be to me of no value, if it did not give me the means of scattering blessings through every home of sorrow and of want. There have been moments when I have experienced such joy, at the consciousness of duty well performed, that I have imagined I had some foretaste of the bliss of angels. O! yes! throughout my life God has mercifully showered sunny dew-drops, which have sparkled on every blessing, and clustered around every sorrow in my path. These dew-drops of

Hope I have garnered up, and their refreshing coolness will keep vivid and life-like the warm sympathies of my heart forever. This sunny freshness that dwells in my breast, is the assurance of my Heavenly Father's love and protection, and never can I feel lonely or forsaken, while the blue sky stretches above me, and the warm sunshine falls upon my head. Were I on some desert island, unexplored by man, still I would remember that God, my Father, would guard me with his watchful care. He takes not from us the fond indulgent parent, who has loved us with a tender compassion, for our child-like weaknesses, to leave us desolate; but He crowneth us with mercy and loving kindness. He forgiveth all our sins, and healeth all our infirmities. My prayer by day, and my song by night, are "Praise the Lord, oh! my soul, and forget not all his benefits." And, dear Mrs. Hunter, that hour which to many is fraught with woe and sorrow; that hour, when the skeleton hand shall write upon the wall, "Thy hour has

come:" that hour when the drama is drawing to a close, and the curtain falls upon the world and its vanities; that hour when the soul flies to the presence of its Maker, to meet its Final Judgment; that hour which makes the votary of the world tremble and pale, and cower;—brings to me the fulfillment of bliss and joy. I imagine now, the Glory of Heaven, the loveliness of the Presence of God. Then, I shall see the glory, and taste of the blessed fountain of His love. Now, I fancy how sweet must be the music of Angel Harps, how beautiful the golden pavements of Heaven. Then, I shall hear the ravishing melody, and my soul will swell with unutterable emotions at the sound, while my feet will glide over the surface of polished gold, to the foot of that Throne where Jesus, my Saviour, sits. Now, too, I dream of a starry crown; my eyes are fixed, with longing earnestness, upon the prize. I seem to behold myself as in a mirror, decked in robes of light. Bright pinions waft me to and fro. The jewel-

ed crown, sparkling with the radiance of a thousand fires, which emanate from the diamonds and rubies with which it is thickly studded, sits upon my head, and sheds a halo around me. Then, ah! then, I shall indeed wear this glorious crown, and joy and peace unspeakable, shall fill my heart. My soul, freed from its earthly tenement of clay, shall soar and bask in the sunshine of God's love.

"But, pardon me, dear Mrs. Hunter; I forget myself and you, when I wander away to those happy revealings which seem to come to me from the Spirit Land."

"Indeed, Miss Herford, I could listen to you all day; it seems as though you were inspired, and it is, doubtless, your father's gift which has descended to you. I have often listened to ministers who pleased me less, and I beseech you to go on, and not imagine I could weary of such converse."

"No, no, Mrs. Hunter; we will talk first of the subject that lies near your heart, your

daughter's marriage. I assure you, I hear of it with extreme pleasure. William Staunton is an excellent man, and has arrived at that age when his affections, once placed, are likely to be firmly fixed. I entertain no doubt of a happy future for her."

"How glad I am to hear you say so. It would have been a source of unhappiness to me, had you not approved the match. I have to ask of you one favor, Miss Herford, and that is, that you will honor the wedding with your presence."

"I will cheerfully accept your invitation, and will bring Miss Graham with me."

"Do, dear Miss Herford; I shall be delighted. I am on my way now, to see Mrs. Danvers, and I hope to induce her to come to the wedding. Mr. Danvers will officiate in his sacred office, and perform the ceremony."

"Yes, by all means, invite Mrs. Danvers. Her face carries sunshine with it. She will be a valuable acquisition to your party. Dear

Mrs. Danvers! Through joy and sorrow, through pleasures and cares, the same loving, self-sacrificing, devoted friend. Ah! she is a choice spirit. Do not fail to invite her."

"No, I shall not, Miss Herford; I will hasten there now, and acquaint her with what is going to take place."

After Mrs. Hunter was gone, Kate remembered that many things might be wanted, thought to be indispensable by a young girl going to be married, and she knew that poor Helen's circumstances would not permit her to indulge in any expensive tastes. In a few days, therefore, she sent such a profuse present to the lovely girl, as left her nothing to wish for, and Helen's heart bounded as she unfolded the rich lace and silk, which were to form her bridal robe.

"How good, how noble, how generous, Miss Herford is," said Helen. "I wonder she does not get married herself, she is so young and

pretty and rich, and then she is so good. Don't you wonder, mamma?"

"Well, no, dear, I do not wonder, for there was a sad story of disappointed love connected with Miss Herford, some few years ago, and I beg you will never touch upon such a subject in her presence. She is one of those rare and pure-minded beings who can never love but once. One thing, however, rejoices me about Miss Herford. Her heart is no desolated shrine, neither is her existence useless. She lives but to bless and make happy all who know her. She has been to us a most invaluable friend, and I do sincerely trust we may never forfeit her esteem. She promised your father, when he was on his death-bed, that she would befriend us, and she has kept the promise with scrupulous honor."

"She has, indeed, and I feel for her the deepest affection. We have been especially blest of Heaven that we have been thrown in her way.

I only wish she could be happy in the same way that I am."

"Be content in the sphere which God intends you should fill. Perform the duties which devolve upon you; but do not think yourself more signally happy in having a husband, than she who is forced to live alone, unblessed by the sweet ties of wedded love. Never, my daughter, allow the old-maid to be lightly spoken of in your presence. A more useful and self-forgetting race of beings does not exist on the earth."

The evening at length arrived when Helen was to be married; and Kate, accompanied by Viola Graham and Mrs. Danvers, formed a bright addition to the wedding party. The ceremony was performed in the solemn manner which is suitable on such occasions, and the bride looked interesting and beautiful. It may possibly be true that Kate had some thought of what might have been her destiny, and of what it was now, but, if she had, she checked the

feeling, and would not suffer it to mar the even current of her life. She had learned the fallacy of human joys, and was resigned to God's will, feeling that He knew better what was good for her than she did herself. The evening passed pleasantly away, and the guests returned to their homes, gay and happy, offering up fervent prayers for the welfare and prosperity of the newly married couple.

CHAPTER XI.

DEATH.

"I felt, as if her lips had shed
A sigh around her, ere she fled,
Which hung, as on a melting lute,
When all the silver chords are mute,
There lingers still a trembling breath,
After the notes luxurious death,
A shade of song; a spirit air,
Of melodies which had been there!"

To teach a class of young ladies the divine truths contained in the Bible, had been with Kate for years a source of pleasure and de-

light. Never was she happier than when seated in their midst, she poured forth the fruits of her researches at the feet of her scholars, clothed in such beautiful language, that they no longer looked upon religion as the cold, austere portion of those who were dead to the joys of the world; but rather as the blissful realization of that true happiness for which the soul longs with undying love.

There was in Miss Herford's class, a young and lovely girl, scarcely fifteen years old, who attended to the holy teaching which flowed from the beautiful lips of our heroine, and who, when she retired to the secrecy of her own chamber, prayed that God might give her a new heart, and make her pure and holy, like her dear teacher. The name of this interesting girl was Charlotte White, and she was the only daughter of wealthy parents, whose hopes clung around her, and whose doting affection would have spoiled any one less amiable than this cherished idol of their love.

Charlotte was of delicate constitution, and seemed, from early infancy, to be destined to a premature death, but her fond parents would not admit the thought. So much had Charlotte endeared herself to them, that if she had had a thousand faults, they would have been blind to all. But, at length a startling reality appeared before them, in the wasting thinness of their daughter's form, the short dry cough, the hectic spot which burned on her cheek, and the transparent clearness of her complexion. Every day she grew weaker, and finally she was no longer able to attend her Sunday school. This was a source of great disquiet to her, although for a long time she made no complaint about it.

One day she was seated in an easy chair, supported with pillows, apparently buried in thought. "Mother," said she, in an earnest tone, "do you think Miss Herford would come to see me, if she knew that I was sick?"

"Most certainly she would, my daughter."

"Well then, dear mother, send her a little

note, and just say in it, I am not very well, and would be happy to see her, if she can make it convenient to come."

"I will do so at once, my child."

The note was written, and scarcely an hour had passed away before Kate was at the side of the little invalid, comforting her with the sweet promises of the Bible, and leading her pure mind away from earth, to that happy land where sickness cannot distress, and where can come no sad parting of friends, who have loved long and well.

"Do you ever think of death, Miss Herford? Not death as it comes to others; but do you ever feel how it will come to *you*? Do you ever imagine *yourself* cold, rigid, senseless; *your* eyes sunken in, *your* jaws fallen, *your* teeth set in death? Do you ever fancy *yourself* placed in a coffin, shut up from the world, and lowered down in the cold, damp ground? O! say, Miss Herford, do you picture to yourself these horrors, and do it without shuddering?" said Char-

lotte, while a cold chill seemed to freeze the blood in her veins.

"Indeed, my dear girl, I have pictured to myself all that you have painted so vividly, but the effect is not one of horror, for I remember that when the body becomes a senseless heap of clay, the immortal soul has left it, and is soaring higher and higher till it reaches its native Heaven. I remember that that divine spark which once animated an earthly body, has cast aside its fetters, and is swelling and increasing in its god-like power, and is drinking in the pure torrents of God's exhaustless love. Then, indeed, I feel that the yearnings of my soul shall be satisfied. The pleasures which pall upon me here, convince me that I am created for a nobler state of being; that nothing this world can give, can realize my soul's powers of enjoyment. No, no, dear Charlotte, do not fear death. To those who are truly pious, death is but the entrance to an immortality of heavenly bliss and divine enjoyment.

"Dear Miss Herford, how pleasant it is to hear you talk thus, and if you have patience with me, I will tell you many of my thoughts, in order that you may reprove me when I am wrong, and commend me when right."

"Do so, dear child. It will be a source of gratification to me to listen to you."

"Do you remember, Miss Herford, that you told us a story of a little girl that was very angry with her mother, and went to bed with bitter feelings in her heart, unwilling to acknowledge that she was in the wrong, even though she knew she had told an untruth; and who, in the night, dreamed a horrible dream? Dreamed that she was dead, that her soul stood in the presence of its Maker, and that she looked and saw, as in a mirror, the picture of that soul. She saw that it was blackened with a thousand crimes. She saw portrayed, with fearful distinctness, sins she had long since forgotten. Many a falsehood started up before her in all its blackness; many an act of dis-

obedience to a kind, indulgent mother, and many a saucy word. And then, too, she saw the golden opportunities she had neglected; she remembered the faithful sabbath-school teacher, who, with tears in her eyes, had implored her to give her soul to God. She thought of the pious minister, who had painted to her the wickedness of her own heart, the punishment of sin, the glory of Heaven, and who had exhorted her to repent. And then she felt, in all its power, her own hardness of heart, and the goodness and long suffering of God. She felt utterly condemned, and her flesh crept with terror when she heard the dread voice that was to fix her doom forever. It was thus it spoke: 'You have neglected your blessed privileges, disobeyed and grieved the kind heart of your mother, and sinned deeply against your God. You would like to go back and undo what you have done. You see, now, where you have been wrong. Remorse and repentance are busy in your heart, but you have yet to learn what

endless horrors hang upon the words, *too late!* Hear them now, in all their power. Before you is Heaven; around you are myriads of angels, who sweetly sing the praises of their God and Saviour. They are a glorious band, and once you might have joined them, but it is now *too late!* Look beside you—see what divides you from Heaven; from Me. A yawning gulf is there. 'Tis deep and dark as Hell. It is Hell. Into its black darkness your soul must plunge, and from this moment commences for you an Eternal Night. An absence of every ray of light and hope. O! miserable soul, why cower, why tremble with affright? Why weep those bitter, scalding tears? It is *too late—too late!*' This dream, which so terrified the little girl, that she awoke from it believing she had indeed seen the invisible world, has also had a wonderful effect on me. It has brought me to look within myself, and analyze the secret workings of my heart, and I have found there wickedness I never dreamed of. O! I tremble, lest when I

die, my soul shall stand condemned before God for sins that I, in my weakness, have forgotten. My heart quakes within me when I think that Death will come and summon me to Judgment, and I may hear those fearful words, *too late!*"

"There is the sacred impress of truth on all you say, my dear child, but you must unfold to your heart another page of the book of God's love. First, you read remorse, repentance; next, you learn the inexhaustible riches of God's forgiveness and mercy. The greatest sinner, even he who has transgressed every law, both human and divine, may seek and find pardon from his God. For great and enormous though his sins may be, still greater and more stupendous is the mercy of God. It is an exhaustless river, a deep sea, a fathomless ocean. It fills the regions of illimitable space, and speaks in the omnipotence, the omniscience, and the omnipresence of its great possessor. It rides on every cloud that looms, dark and threatening, o'er a stormy sea; it sits upon every ray of

sunshine, and every bow of promise that illuminates the summer sky; and it plays amid the lightning that wreaths itself around the Throne of the God of immensity. Such is the mercy that redeems you from Death and Hell, and crowns you with joy and peace. Such is the mercy that conducts your shrinking soul through the cold waters of the "dark river," to the regions of bliss beyond it. Such is the mercy that yielded up the Son of God to a painful life, and a terrible death of ignominy and shame, that the children of men should bathe in the rich fountain of blood prepared for them, and be clean. Do not, dear Charlotte, shrink with terror from death, for believe me it is the most blissful moment of existence."

"Too surely, Miss Herford, you have infused some of your glorious spirit into my poor, weak heart. But, tell me how am I to judge of my own repentance? When God has blotted from the page of the Book of Life, every sin I have committed, shall I feel a sweet peace

within me, and from that hour, will no torturing doubt come to distress me?"

"The experience of many christians goes to prove that that inward peace is sometimes long denied them, although it is certain to come at last. Others, again, are blessed from the first moments of their conversion with the unmistakable evidences of God's abode in the heart. The only way for the doubting soul to do, is to watch and pray, and pray earnestly, too, and God will certainly not fail to bestow His blessing upon the mourning sinner."

In such conversation the hours glided by unheeded, and at last Kate took her leave, fearful that Charlotte's strength would fail, if she protracted her visit. She promised to come soon again, and every day found her beside the pale consumptive, who, she felt, would soon be called away from earth.

After a night of unusual suffering, Charlotte sunk into a deep, calm sleep. Hour after hour went by, and still she slept; and over her pure

white face there came a smile; a smile so sweet, so heavenly in expression, that her mother, who sat beside her, inwardly exclaimed, "I know that the angels are whispering to thee."

When Kate came to pay her daily visit, Charlotte was still asleep, and Kate sat down beside her, first telling Mrs. White to go and take some rest, while she supplied her place with the invalid. At last, Charlotte awoke, and a joyous light was beaming in her eyes, while her cheek was suffused with the flush of pleasure.

"Oh! Miss Herford," said she, stretching out her hand, "I have had such a happy dream. I wish I could go to sleep, and dream it over again."

"What was it, my dear child?"

"I dreamed I was in Heaven, and I sat listening to the sweetest music I had ever heard. It was so light, so brilliantly light, but not like sun-light; there was something soft and rosy about it; and I felt so happy. Oh!

so happy; and suddenly I heard a voice call my name, and I seemed to fly in the direction of the voice, which emanated from a splendid throne. I knelt upon the foot of the throne, and a great white Being looked upon me; oh! such a look; and then stretched forth a hand, and laid it on my head. And the voice spoke, and said, "Charlotte, thou hast sought my love and my blessing. Behold! I give them to thee; and I say unto thee, 'blessed are all they who seek me early, for they shall find me.' Oh! who can express in language the bliss that pervaded my soul at that moment. I closed my eyes with a sense of intense joy. A rustling of wings was in my ears, mingled with the chorus of lutes and harps, whose chords echoed a seraphic song. Then, again, all was silent and dark, and I awoke, and saw you sitting there, and the world, the sinful world, all around me. I would I could dream that dream again. I would it could last forever."

"Do not be impatient, dear Charlotte, but bow your head meekly in resignation to the will of God. That which you have seen is, indeed, a glimpse of that Heaven to which you are hastening. God has blessed you with this dream, that you might have strength to meet the Skeleton King, who is advancing towards you. He has shown you the riches of His love, the splendor of His glorious home, that you might trust, with undying faith, in his goodness and mercy. He will be with you when in the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and will lead you with His own right hand."

"Oh! I know it; I feel assured of it; and never again can doubt darken the windows of my soul. My eyes are fixed upon my Heavenly Home, and earth has nothing in her train of honors or glory, that can wean my heart from its highest love. Forgive me, dear Miss Herford, for talking so much, but it seems as if all my native bashfulness was gone, and the words flow from my lips without my control. My heart is

full of love and joy and hope. The sickly fancies which once agitated me are fled, and I feel here, all around me, the presence of my God and Saviour. Oh! I long to pour into your ears, the blessed happiness which is filling my wrapt soul, and overflowing my lips. I long to go to my native Heaven, and become one of the Immortal Band of the Redeemed. I long to join in the glorious song which is filling the jewel-vaulted courts of the Land of Bliss with its ravishing melody. I pant to be free from this poor tenement of clay, which is doomed to corruption, and I shall hail, with glad delight, the moment when these eyes shall open on Eternity, and close forever on the things of time. How true is that sweet song of Moore's, which recurs to my memory:

"This world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given;
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow;
There's nothing true but Heaven!

And false the light on Glory's plume,
As fading hues of even;
And Love, and Hope, and Beauty's bloom,
Are blossoms gathered for the tomb;
There's nothing bright but Heaven!

Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
From wave to wave we're driven;
And Fancy's flash and Reason's ray,
Serve but to light the troubled way;
There's nothing calm but Heaven!

"Do you not think it is beautiful, and truthful too, dear Miss Herford?"

"It is, indeed, Charlotte, and I am unable to express to you how my soul is delighted with your happiness. I would that many of the hard-hearted and callous beings who form this world's aristocracy, and who move about in pomp and grandeur, might come and learn a lesson of you, that they would bless you for through all the ages of eternity. I look at them often, and wonder how they can so completely shut out the coming of death and judgment. How they can live so carelessly, so recklessly

on the brink of an avalanche, which, at any instant, may fall and bury them in everlasting ruin. I never think of them that I do not remember the story of the rich man, who said, with an air of self-satisfaction and complacency, 'Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years, take thine ease; eat, drink, and be merry.' But God said unto him, 'Thou fool, this night shall thy soul be required of thee.' O! would that these awful truths could be impressed on the minds of children, that they might grow up in the knowledge and fear of God. We want more teachers, more earnest prayers, more watchfulness, more sincere and humble religion, before we can accomplish the great work that is set before us."

Time passed away, and the summer changed to autumn, the autumn to winter, the soft, mild winter of the Sunny South, with its fragrant roses, to the budding spring, and still Charlotte lingered on the verge of the grave, as if her soul was unwilling to try the realities of that

Heaven it had panted for. Sometimes a warm color lit up the pale face of the sick girl, and her mother would hope that health would return once more, but too soon the flush would fade, and leave still more visible the deathly pallor of her cheek. Mr. Danvers, Kate and Viola Graham, together with the members of the Bible class, frequently visited Charlotte, and brought her presents of rare fruits and flowers. She had always a kind word for every one that came, and her school-mates were often moved to tears, by her earnest entreaties for them to choose that narrow path, which would lead them to meet her in Heaven. Once she repeated to two or three of her school-mates those beautiful lines of Moore's, which read thus:

"Is it not sweet to think hereafter,
Hearts from which 'twas death to sever,
Eyes this world can ne'er restore;
In Heaven as warm, as bright as ever,
Shall meet us and be lost no more.

When wearily we wander, asking
Of earth and heaven, where are they,

Beneath whose smile we once lay basking—
 Blest and thinking, bliss would stay!
 Hope still lifts her radiant finger,
 Pointing to the eternal home;
 Upon whose portal yet they linger,
 Looking back for us to come.

Alas! alas! doth Hope deceive us?
 Shall friendship, love—shall all those ties
 That bind a moment, and then leave us,
 Be found again where nothing dies?
 Oh! if no other boon were given,
 To keep our hearts from wrong and stain;
 Who would not try to win a heaven,
 Where all we love shall live again?"

"Think of these lines sometimes," said Charlotte, "when I am gone."

One morning Kate went to pay her usual daily visit to the invalid, and she found the windows closed, and a solemn stillness reigned around. She ascended the stairs, and entered the quiet room, and there on the white drapery of the bed, lay the emaciated frame of the consumptive. Sorrow or suffering could not harm her now. She was gone to her angel home; and Kate knelt

down and prayed that the meek and christian spirit of the child might descend upon her and bless her future life.

CHAPTER XII.

WHICH IS THE LAST.

And will wind up our little volume.

"Excelling riches dwell within thy mind—
 Strong fervent thought and eloquence refined;
 Ideal beauty clusters round thy soul,
 While deep within the waves of feeling roll.
 Religious fervor mingles with the grace
 Of playful fancy, to illumine thy face;
 And sparkling wit with graver sense unites,
 And fills thine eye with many changing lights;
 Oh! beautiful indeed a mind like thine;
 And well might angels bow at such a shrine;
 But man, weak man, oft passes idly by,
 To worship beauty that attracts the eye;
 While mental grace, a charm that ne'er can fade,
 Flies from the crowd, and dwells amid the shade."

A few months ago I was traveling in the Southern country, and chanced to stop in the

city of T——, where I remained for several weeks. I was bearer of a letter of introduction to the excellent Mr. Danvers, and the hotel where I put up was so convenient to the dwelling of the worthy pastor, that I went daily to visit the happy family. One day I was so fortunate as to meet there the lovely woman, whom, I trust, has formed a topic of interest for this little book. I must acknowledge that, till I met the gentle Kate, I believed all old maids cross and ill-tempered. I have repented of my hasty judgment, and throw myself, after this confession, unhesitatingly on their mercy. No one could see and know Kate Herford, and not love her. Even now, as I write, the remembrance of her sweet society lingers around me like a spell, and her words of affection and sympathy are bound about my heart.

During my stay in T——, I gleaned most of the history I have written, from Mrs. Danvers, who, of course, said little about herself. She assured me that Kate's firmness of principle,

fervid piety, and useful life, were altogether attributable to the teaching of her grandmother, who, in the Providence of God, was called upon to fulfill the duties of a mother. What a lesson this is to all who may read these pages, if they have immortal souls committed to their charge. God grant it may lead the unthinking to a faithful consideration of the duties which devolve upon them.

One lovely evening we were invited to meet at the abode of our heroine, Gustave Ferrandal and his lady, now recently arrived from Germany. The spacious parlors were brilliantly lighted; the furniture was of rose wood, and yellow satin damask. The windows were hung with curtains of the same rich material, relieved by others of embroidered lace. The air of the rooms was laden with the perfume of fragrant flowers. The scene was one of beauty, and held the senses entranced. I gave myself up to the full enjoyment of the evening, and gazed around me in perfect delight. Not on account

of the splendor that surrounded me, but because I was in an atmosphere of warm hearts and noble feelings, that no stranger finds but in the regions of the Sunny South. Who can justly describe, but he who has felt it, the hospitality that the Southerners ever extend to the stranger. Their warm sympathy, their delicate attentions, call forth the affections of the grateful heart, and hold it enchained forever. It is my desire to travel over every country of the globe, and if I live, I shall do so; but let the cold, lowering clouds of Siberia frown above me, or the warm, sunny skies of Southern Europe smile around, the burning sun of Africa shine on my head, or the cool, refreshing spice groves of Arabia, waft to my senses their delicious odor; let the treasures of the old world be poured at my feet, its wonders of minstrelsy and song, its stupendous piles of architecture, its galleries of paintings, its wealth of literature, its world of poetry and prose, still will memory recur to those cherished recollections and de-

light in living over again those happy, happy days the Northerner found amid her friends of the Sunny South.

But, to return to the party from which I have been unconsciously wandering. The company was made up of the most refined and intelligent society of T——, and truly, I never spent a more delightful evening. Viola Graham played and sang in such a witching manner, that I could well imagine how it was that Herbert Mortimer had once proved unfaithful to his vows.

Gustave Ferrandal, and his charming wife, still in the noon-day glory of her beauty, made a valuable acquisition to the party. I looked in their happy faces, and tried to read some vestige of the sorrow that had once rent their loving hearts in twain, but it was in vain that I did so, for every trace had vanished, and a calm, quiet joy, sat enthroned on the brow of each. And this, thought I,

——— "is changeless love,
Such as angels feel above."

And Viola Graham; how was it with her? I sat down and held a long conversation with her, scarcely believing it possible that perfect peace dwelt in a bosom that had once been torn with such intense emotions. I was forced to acknowledge, however, that the blessed influences of religion had completely obliterated the sickly fancies which are said to attend a disappointed affection. Her love for Kate was like a sister's, but still more did it resemble the yearning fondness of a mother. In fact, it would have been difficult to find two hearts more closely knit in the tender ties of affection. I could not repress the idea, that there were but few girls in the world who would have judged so leniently a rival's fault. How noble, how magnanimous it was in Kate, even when her own heart was bursting with sorrow, to extend to Viola her love and forgiveness; not even adding by a word or look of reproach, one pang to her already sad spirit. Alas! such generous emotions, such noble and elevated sentiments,

scarcely exist on earth. In nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand, the false lover would have been pardoned and restored to favor, while the guileless, innocent being he had deceived, would have been cast away and trodden under foot.

In the course of the evening I was made acquainted with Mrs. Hunter, and her daughter, Clara, the only girl she had that was still single. As may be supposed, I conversed with her with great interest, for what Kate had done for her, proved that she must be an inestimable woman. I found that her daughter was as well educated as any young lady that I knew, who had rich parents, and her gentle, winning manners, proved how tenderly she had been reared. A young gentleman, named Ernest Hooper, was very attentive to her, and I imagined, from the beauty of the young lady, what the result would be. I was much pleased with the manner of Mrs. Hunter. There was something that stamped

her the true lady, and I was not surprised at the deep hold she had on the affections of Kate and Mrs. Danvers, and in fact every body she knew.

It was arranged that when the party was over, and the guests had retired, that I should remain and make a visit of some days, or as long as I could stay in T——.

The next morning I was formally introduced to Phillis, who, though now too old to officiate in the culinary department, still believed that the charm would leave the kitchen if it were not blessed with her presence. It did my heart good to see the old body curtsying to her "young missus," and receiving me with the favor shown to all Kate's friends. She then hastened to do the honors, and presented us each a chair, talking to us all the time, in her good-natured way, and occasionally shaking her finger at a little young darkie, who sat in the chimney corner, playing. The respect

these servants manifested towards their young mistress, proved how well she had performed her duty towards them.

My visit at T—— drew to a close, as all things will, however delightful they may prove, or however much we may wish them to linger. The cars were to leave at nine o'clock in the morning, and we all arose early, and gathered around the breakfast table. My heart was heavy, for although I had known Kate but two short weeks, I had learned to love her as a sister, and I could not endure the thought of saying farewell to her, and leaving her, perhaps, forever. We rode down to the depot together, and parted with a fervent embrace, and with the promise that we would correspond regularly, and from that time to the present we have written constantly, and I now flatter myself Kate esteems me as one of her dearest friends. The letter I shall lay before you is one of her choice epistles:

T—, *July, 13th, 1850.*

My very dear Carrie:—

Your last kind letter reached me while I was on a visit to some friends in New Orleans, and the many engagements we had on hand, prevented my writing you a suitable answer; consequently, I deferred it till the present time; for, when I write to you, I like to sit quietly down and pen a long letter, telling you every thing that is passing around me. In fact, dear Carrie, it seems to me that every thing that interests me must interest you, so perfect is our union of sentiment, and so precisely do we examine all things through the same medium. Three days ago I went to a wedding, and had the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Hunter's only single daughter married. Clara, the bride, looked beautiful, and I assure you, when I contemplated the happy family around me, all well married and prosperous, I felt that what I had

done for the widow and her orphans, was bringing me in a rich harvest of inward peace and satisfaction. O! what a wealth of pleasure and joy and happiness the rich forego, when they close their ears to the appeal of sorrow and distress. I am thankful that God, in giving me riches, gave me also a heart to feel for the woes of my fellow-creatures.

I neglected to mention the name of the gentleman to whom Clara was married. I believe you once met him at our house. His name is Ernest Hooper, and he is the eldest son of one of our wealthiest townsmen. His father and mother are much pleased with the match, and were among the happiest of the guests at the wedding. His young, lovely sister, officiated as bridesmaid, and Mrs. Hunter stood regarding the scene with all the fond affection of a mother. Mrs. Danvers was present, and in the course of the evening she came and sat down beside me, and commenced the following conversation:

"Well, Kate, in looking around this bright assemblage, do you not feel blessed in the thought that you have been one of the master instruments in bringing about such happy results?"

"Nay, Mrs. Danvers, I do not 'lay such a flattering unction to my soul.' It was your own generous heart that rescued them from suffering, for had you not interested yourself for them, I should, perhaps, never have known of their existence."

"So you will not take the credit to yourself, Kate? Well, well! it is not the less yours. Now, just suppose, for one moment, what might have been their fate had you not so generously and promptly met all the exigencies of the case. Picture to yourself a wretched hovel, where, on a miserable old rickety chair, a poor woman sits, plying her needle, and striving to win from her over-taxed energies the power to prolong her toil. She is pale and haggard, and her sunken cheeks and bony hands tell you a pite-

ous tale. They speak to you of ceaseless labor; of nights stolen from sleep; of meagre pay for the labor, when completed; of the scanty food the widow is able to procure for her fatherless ones, and more than all, they tell you of her broken, desolate heart. She is alone in the world. The busy crowd go by her door, echoing the merry laugh, the playful jest, or the favorite air from some new and fashionable opera, but they never stop to think of the lonely ones who dwell in that abode of wretchedness. The sounds of gayety and life reach the ears of the widow, and she sighs for the peace she once knew. She fancies herself again in the home of her girlhood. Her father and mother are there. She is blessed, again, with the twining caress of her sister, and she receives from her manly brother some little token of his regard. The sun is around her, bright and warm, and the birds sing merrily, while her young heart, as yet undimmed by a cloud of sorrow, seems filled with blissful ideas. A horseman gallops up to

the door, and alights. He asks for her. She goes to receive her lover, and to hear his vows of endless devotion. She abandons herself to the happiness of her emotions; her parents smile upon the match; all is settled. A week rolls by, so softly, so sweetly, that it leaves scarce a trace behind. The bells ring forth a merry peal, and the villagers crowd to the church, to see a wedding. She looks into the face of the bride—it is her own. A gay, happy, smiling face, rosy with health, beautiful with hope. She looks forward to a bright future. She paints her home, with its comforts, and blessed by the loved presence of her husband. Her heart bounds with delight at sight of the entrancing picture. Her soul seems bathed in the very essence of happiness. Time rolls on, but with such gentle impetus, that it leaves nothing but flowers and dew-drops in its way. But, suddenly, the vision fades; the past, so pleasing, so delightful, changes to the gloomy present. She sees her children clothed in rags;

she hears their piteous cry for bread. She beholds, in a small piece of looking-glass her withered features, her fleshless form; she looks down at her skeleton hands, and she feels within her that the principle of life is wearing out, in her constant struggle to support it in her children. Then it is that she sees coming a gaunt demon, who stalks with phantom-tread through her chamber, and leers at her with its horrible visage. The grim figure is, Starvation! For herself she dreads it not; but her children, her innocent babes, the sweet pledges of a love, which bind her to the Spirit World. Oh! how can she endure the thought, how can she die and leave them to starve? And in the overwhelming bitterness of the supposition, the poor head rests in the hands, and the scalding tears fall fast down the pale cheeks of the widow.

“Kate, you are pale with interest. You think, perhaps, I have too highly wrought this picture of every-day life. Alas! it was only this day I heard just such a story from a lady

friend of mine, and when I have opportunity I shall relate it to you."

You see, dear Carrie, that my interest in what Mrs. Danvers said, completely carried me away, and I wrote, word for word, her conversation. The story she has promised me, shall be told you as soon as I am made acquainted with it.

I do so long for winter to come again, dear friend, for you know you promised that when the bleak winds blew around you, you would come again to our Southern home, where, as you know, warm hearts await you. The garden you admired so much in January, is at its height of perfection in July, and some of the happiest moments of my life are spent with my flowers, for I work with them every morning an hour; from four to five. The little plant you thought so pretty, I carried from the open air, and placed in my window, and night and morning as I water it, and behold its opening beauties, I think of the dear friend who, last winter,

wore its fragrant blossoms twined amid her chesnut hair.

I will hasten to say good-by to you, dear Carrie, lest you should be frightened at the length of my epistle.

Viola, our dear Viola, is well, and sends you her love and happy wishes. Mr. and Mrs. Danvers join her.

Write to me very soon, and do not forget.
your affectionate

KATE.



Revere House, Boston, August 10th, 1850.

Dear Kate :

Yours of the 13th July was safely received, but business must plead my excuse for delaying an answer till now. As you see, I am in Boston, and I am truly delighted with it. The people here are warm-hearted, and the ladies are, indeed, true specimens of their sex. I

have received from them every mark of affection and interest. The city is large, and the houses are built more with a view to comfort than elegance. I am stopping at the Revere House, and although I have traveled considerably, and invariably put up at the best hotels, I have never yet met such comfort and elegance combined, as I have found here. Mr. Stevens, the proprietor, took me over the house, and showed me improvements I had never dreamed of. The kitchen, pastry room, laundry, wash-rooms, &c., &c., would put to the blush many a private drawing-room, on account of their cleanliness. The drawing-rooms are elegant and spacious, and number, I think, nearly fifty. The "Bride's Chamber" is so gorgeous and rich that it is like a fairy picture. One might forget, in such a scene, the existence of want and misery. The whole house is conducted on a scale of the most lavish magnificence. The rent of it is twelve thousand dollars a year, which income belongs to the Mechanics' Asso-

ciation. Boston is a noble city, and her sympathies are strongly called forth in favor of the widow and the orphan. There is, also, in this place a vast amount of wealth, and it is used with a generous view to the amelioration of every sorrow or wrong. Would that our prim, cold-hearted Philadelphia, would profit by her noble example.

You remember, dear Kate, I told you of my grandfather, who lived in the vicinity of Boston. I rode out a few days ago to see him, and I stood in the presence of four generations. The venerable old man, with his hair bleached by the snows of ninety winters, his excellent and pious daughter, who had but one fault, that of being an abolitionist, your humble servant and her little son, met together, and formed a living tableau of the past and present. The old man laid his hand upon my head and blessed me; with what I fancy might have been a father's blessing, and coming as it did from him, it was indeed invaluable. For forty years my grand-

father has been a clergyman in one church. Prior to that, he had filled with honor the post of Senator in the Legislature of Massachusetts; and his whole life has been remarkable for its devoted and heart-felt piety. His name has ever been foremost in every labor of charity and religion, and although the weakness of the flesh bows his once manly head low, yet he looks forward with the bright eye of faith to the heavenly prize, for which he has run a long and toilsome race.

I hope, dear Kate, you will write me the story you have promised me, and keep me advised of all matters of interest passing around you. Give my love to Viola Graham, and Mr. and Mrs. D. Tell Mrs. D. I admire her truthful picture of the lonely widow, and wish she would write it out for me. Truly, she has a clear perception of the class of beings she labors to befriend, and her efforts will most certainly be crowned with full success, with such able hands as those Kate Herford stretches forth to aid her.

Pardon me, dear Kate, and do not accuse me of flattery, but when I think of your self-sacrificing life, I cannot but feel how few there are like you. You are certainly realizing your uncle's fondest hopes, and should you live to wintry age, still affection's brightest wreath would blossom for your brow. You, dear Kate, will never grow old, for the sunny morning of innocence and truth will dawn upon your heart in after years with all the vivid coloring of your childhood. Farewell, dear Kate, farewell. May God bless and keep you in the path of duty, and unite us in that world of glory which is His home, is the sincere prayer of your affectionate

CARRIE.

