Evening Telegraph

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1864.

ROSE BLACKETT AND HER LOVERS.

[*Concluded.*]

other duties besides the one of the husband; and at the worst there are friends."

"Friends!" she said, scornfully; "what good are friends to one?"

"You think so? I had hoped for a different verdict," said Harvey.

"Oh, you are not a mere friend," cried Rose; "at least, not the kind of friend I meant," she added, and again she blushed to the very roots of her hair.

"No; I am more the brother than the mere acquaintance," Harvey said, in a low voice, altered, too, in its tones, and deep and mellow—"your future husband's brother-friend; I am yours also, am I not?"

"I suppose so," she answered, coldly, and turned away from him, as if offended.

Something not quite so fiery as wrath, nor so happy as mirth, came into Harvey's eyes as he watched her move away discontentedly, perhaps more hurt than annoyed; but he did not follow her, and in a few moments she came back to him, smiling as usual, as if she had done battle with the evil spirit within her and had driven him out.

But when Harvey parted with her that day, she went into her own room and wept as if her heart would break; and he, for the first time in his life, felt inclined to hate Fred Whitfield, and to curse his blindness and fatuity.

Had it not been for the young doctor, Mrs. Whitfield's life would not have been worth many hours' purchase. More than once during her illness he had dragged her out of the very jaws of death, and had now so far recovered her that the wedding-day was again discussed, and only waited Harvey's sanction for the invalid to risk the fatigue and excitement consequent.

"Oh, bother the marriage!" said Fred, taking his mother's hand. "Rose is a dear, good girl, and will wait till doomsday, rather than you should risk anything, mother. There is no hurry, and we can wait quite well until you are strong; can't we, Harvey?"

"Very well indeed, I should think," Harvey answered, with an almost imperceptible dash of sarcasm in his voice; "but it is not good for your mother to be anxious; and she seems to be anxious to conclude this affair. Of course, it can be nothing to me," he added hastily. "I have no purpose of my own to serve in the delay or the conclusion."

He had though. As it was to be, it was better concluded with all decent speed, he said to himself; and then he, at least, would be out of danger. She, perhaps, needed no such precaution; and yet—those blushes of hers, and that eager tremulous face, had wakened strange thoughts in him. Hush! he must not dream such dreams. What would he think of himself, a poor, penniless, country doctor, if he came here as his friend's almost brother, and, in return for his love, broke off his marriage with an heiress, and secured her for himself? The thought brought the blood into his face, and made him loathe himself, as dishonored in soul, for even harboring such a vision.

So it was arranged that the settlements should be signed, and that the next week the marriage should actually take place, Mrs. Whitfield's health not preventing. And when Rose was told this, she wept again; and, to her mother's intense dismay, burst out with "Mamma, I will not marry Fred Whitfield!"—an announcement which that fine lady put down to insanity, as the mildest term.

The day following this decision Fred could not go over to Lisson; he was detained on some business or other at home; so the young doctor rode over, with a note containing a request for the two ladies to dine at the Hawse in the evening, seeing that on that side one was disabled, and the other detained, and no intercourse possible unless they would kindly come.

"Certainly," said Mrs. Blackett, a little nervously, glancing at her daughter, who, with her head thrown up, stood sideways to her.

"And you, Miss Blackett?" asked Harvey.

"Oh, by all means!" said Miss Rose, not quite pleasantly, at least to her mother's ears. "I want to speak to Fred very seriously."

"My dear!" remonstrated Mrs. Blackett; and then she left the room.

"What has happened?" asked Harvey, impulsively.

"Oh, nothing," answered Rose; she was standing now in the bay-window, looking out into the garden, so that her face was not seen. "I have only told mamma that I am not going to marry Fred; and she is put out."

Harvey reeled like one struck. Had his senses played him false?

"Indeed!" he then said, after a long pause; "your determination is sudden, Miss Blackett."

"Yes," she answered, with assumed carelessness; but her quivering voice and bashful eyes belied her assumption. "Now that it has come about, I feel that it will not do; and I am sure Fred will feel with me."

Again Harvey was silent. What could he say? That he thought Fred would consent to give her up, being utterly unworthy his good fortune? that he hoped he would keep her still to her word, when he hoped just the reverse? that she was doing wrong to be honest, when he loved her for it more than he had ever loved her before? What could he say? Truth and honor were on opposite sides, as sometimes happens in life; and if he said what he thought, he would say what he ought not to say. So he kept silence, and Rose was not quick enough to divine why.

While they were standing in this awkward position, both too much moved to speak, a carriage dashed up to the door, and "Mr. Norton" was announced. Mr. Norton was Rose's trustee and guardian, in a way; though that young lady had full power over her own funds, and did not in general either ask advice as to what she should do with her own, or defer to it, if given. And being of the school which "goes in" for a great many things better left alone, she "went in" for speculation on a tolerably large scale; so that, since she came of age, she had placed most of her money out at nurse, she said; but she had chosen, unfortunately for her, the most capricious nurse of all—mining property. However, she would do it; so she had no one to blame but herself. Not even smooth-spoken, cleanly shaven Mr. Norton; who had helped her, by-the-by, to more than one "good thing," in which he himself had taken shares that he generously handed over to her, after private advices received and pondered over. And when Mr. Norton came Harvey left, bearing with him the promise that the two ladies would come to dinner at half-past six precisely. As much before as they liked, but not a moment after.

When they came it was easy to see that something had happened. Mrs. Blackett was depressed, tearful; her eyes were red and swollen, her face puffed and pale; she spoke as if she had a violent cold, and in every other particular of manner and person showed that she had been weeping bitterly. Rose was flushed and excited, with a certain bravery of manner which trembled too nearly on bravado to be quite as lovely as it might have been. But she looked beautiful—perhaps more beautiful than she had ever looked in her life before; and even lazy Fred seemed struck by her, and warmed up to unwonted feeling.

After dinner she asked him to go with her into the library; for she was utterly unconventional in all she did, and would not have minded asking a prince to tie her shoe, or anything else that she might desire, being just a little touched by the self-will belonging to the heiress; and Fred assented, wondering what was up, and what she wanted. When she had shut the door, "Dear old Fred," she said, in a coaxing voice, "I want you to do me a kindness."

"I am sure I will, Rose," said Fred, naturally, and without his drawl.

"You do like me, don't you, now?"

"Why, yes, of course I do. I think you the best girl going," answered Fred, opening his eyes.

"And would not like to hurt or distress me?"

"By Jove! no," he cried. "I should think not, indeed!"

She was standing by the fire, leaning one hand on the chimney-piece, with the other just lifting her dark-blue gown over her ankle, her foot on the fender, showing her pink silk stocking, bronze slipper, and a bit of broad needlework as a dounce above.

"Well, I will take you at your word," said Rose. "I want you to give me up, Fred, and break off the marriage. Come, now, are you a good enough old fellow for that?" very coaxingly.

"Break off the marriage, Rose!" cried Fred, all in amaze. "Are you dreaming?"

"Not a bit of it," she answered, laughing a little hysterically; "quite serious and wide awake."

"But I cannot give you up, Rose," said Fred. "My mother has set her heart on the marriage; and it is so near, too, now; and I do love you—a great deal more than I have said or shown," he added, stirred out of his affectation. "You know, Rose, how I hate the idea of sentimentality or spooneyism with any one; and I have fought off that as long and as well as I could. But I am not the indifferent beast you may think me. I do love you, Rose, and I cannot give you up."

She had turned quite pale during her lover's speech. "Well, Fred," she then said, "of course I am very much obliged to you, and all that; but I have not been playing a part, and I do not feel a bit more than I have shown; so that we are not on equal terms, if you love me as deeply as you say; and I am simply in the old way of good fellowship. Mind that, and never reproach me hereafter; for I have told you the truth, remember. And as for your lady mother, I don't think she will make much objection when she knows all, because, dear old Fred, I am ruined."

"Good God, Rose!" cried Fred; "what on earth do you mean?"

"Well, you know I have been going in for speculating; and so Mr. Norton came down to tell me to-day that all my great expectations are come to nothing; the Bella Juanita mines are drowned; and I have not what will realize two hundred a year instead of two thousand. And so I think the question of Mrs. Whitfield's consent is settled, is it not?"

"Now, then, Rose, I will not give you up for any one in the world," said Fred in a deep voice. "My mother may say what she likes, and you may say what you like—the marriage shall go on; this day week you are my wife, come what may! I never felt how much I loved you before to-day, Rose, when there has been just a chance of losing you."

"But if I don't want to marry you, Fred?" urged Rose, touched, in spite of herself, by the unusual warmth and chivalry of the man.

"Oh, bosh!" said Fred. "You are not the girl to have been engaged for three months contentedly enough, and turn round just at the last moment, and say you don't care for the fellow. I quite understand you, Rose, dear old lassie! You think that my mother will not like the match so much now as when you had money, and that you are not the catch you were before you had lost it; and so you thought you would release me. But I will not be released, Rosey, and so I'll tell my mother when she speaks to me about it, if she takes that tone at all."

Upon which Rose did what was a most extraordinary thing in her to do—what Fred had never before seen the slightest inclination in her towards him—she flung her arms round his neck and kissed him; and then burst into a violent flood of tears, which soon passed into hysterics; when she was obliged to call the servants and Harvey Wynn.

So now the whole thing came out, both to Mrs. Whitfield and to Harvey; Fred had no idea of making mysterious and keeping secrets unnecessarily; but he noticed two things as the result of his communication, that his mother looked decidedly displeased, and as if she had made up her mind in a different direction to his, and, perhaps, with more stability; and that Harvey, whose face had lighted up with strange passion, suddenly burnt himself out, and became cold, and ashen, and "odd." But Fred Whitfield was not remarkable for penetration; so the coil coiled itself a turn tighter, and no one seemed likely to get out of the rounds, or to be free of its strands. Rose could do no more than she had done; Fred could do no less; and for once in her life his mother was powerless, and he flatly refused to obey her. His nature had been ploughed up for the first time, and the weeds had been cut down and the good seed had sprung up. Rose Blackett, however, and Harvey Wynn, were as miserable as it often falls to the lot of people to be by the virtues of another. If Fred would only have been selfish and narrow-hearted, how many days and nights of suffering would have been saved!

The time was coming very near, now; it wanted only three days to the wedding, and none but Fred was content. Mrs. Whitfield was coldly savage, and declared she would not appear at the church or breakfast either. Conditions were changed, she said, since the engagement was made; and Rose Blackett, who had once been well enough, was no fit match now for the owner of the Hawse; Mrs. Blackett was in a state of chronic tearfulness, which made her poor eyes very bad; Rose was broken up out of all likeness to her former self, and her attempts at the old high-handed "fastness" failed signally; Harvey was moody, irritable, feverish, uncertain; and the whole octave rang with an undertone of discord, which no one saw any means of preventing; it not being always possible for one's fingers to strike the true key.

The three friends were riding along the lane leading up to Lisson, Rose and Fred in front, and Harvey at some little distance behind—the lane being too narrow for three abreast. Fred was talking about Thursday next (it was Monday now) and talking naturally and lovingly—for somehow he had forgotten his drawl of late—when they heard a terrific plunging in the rear, and then a heavy fall, as Harvey's horse—a wild, fiery, nervous brute—flung him suddenly to the ground, taking him at a moment of inattention when he was riding with a slack rein and his mind far away; so that he was thrown in a second, almost at the first start and plunge the terrified brute had made—frightened at an idiot lad of the place starting up from behind the hedge, yelling and flinging his arms abroad.

In another moment Rose Blackett, throwing her reins willy to Fred, was kneeling by his side, holding his head against her bosom, and calling him her "Beloved Harvey;" which he, stunned as he was, and unable to reply, was not too insensible to hear and understand.

The carriage was sent for from Lisson, and the poor fellow, bleeding and terribly shaken, was taken to the house to be set to rights as soon as possible; and while they were carrying him through the hall Rose turned to Fred, who stood leaning against the lintel of the door, and nearly as pale as the wounded man, but a great deal more wretched.

"It has come out, Fred," she said, laying her hand on his shoulder, the tears in her eyes, but with a more contented expression of face than she had of late. "I am very sorry for you, especially as you have seemed to like me so much more really than you did; but I cannot help it."

"You are a dear good girl, Rose," said Fred; "and I have been a fool. It serves me right. When I was master of the situation I fooled away my opportunity; and now when I would die to be loved by you, Rose, you have gone off to another." He tried to smile, but his lips quivered, and he was obliged to turn away his head.

"Never mind, Fred," said Rose. "You will find some one else better suited to you, and more worthy of you than I am; and perhaps you will come to me some day, and say, 'Rose, you have been the best friend I ever had in my life,' when you have a sweet little wife that you adore."

"I don't quite think that," said poor Fred; "but if you are happy, that will be something. At all events you are a dear good girl; and I love you more than you know of, or would perhaps believe. But that is nothing to the purpose now; I have lost you, when I might have won you if I had been wise."

They shook hands cordially, and parted; and the next day Fred left the Hawse, and soon after went abroad. Rose and he did not meet again till many years after her marriage with Harvey; and when they did, Fred was really married to the "dearest little woman under the sun," and Rose was a handsome matron, superintending her nursery instead of the kennel, and finding her children rather more interesting objects of care than Fan's puppies of olden time. She had saved altogether about four hundred a year out of the wreck of the grand Bella Juanita silver mines; and so on the whole did not do badly in life. Happiness has been found at even a lower "figure."

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1864. ARRANGEMENTS OF NEW YORK LINES. 1864.

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December 1, 1864.

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Freight must be delivered before 3½ P. M. to be forwarded the same day.

Freight for Trenton, Princeton, Kingston, New Brunswick, and all points on the Camden and Amboy Railroad; also on the Belvidere, Delaware, and Flemington, the New Jersey, the Freehold and Jamesburg, and the Burlington and Mount Holly Railroads, received and forwarded up to 12½ o'clock P. M. Small packages for Mount Holly received up to 2 o'clock P. M.

The Belvidere Delaware Railroad connects at Phillipsburg with the Lehigh Valley Railroad. The New Jersey Railroad connects at Elizabeth with the New Jersey Central Railroad, and at Newark with the Morris and Essex Railroad.

A slip memorandum, specifying the marks and numbers, shippers and consignees, must in every instance be sent with each load of goods, or no receipt will be given.

Increased facilities having been made for the transportation of LIVE STOCK, drovers are invited to try this route.

When the stock is furnished in quantities of TWO CAR LOADS or more, it will be delivered at the foot of Fortieth street, near the Drove Yards, or at Pier No. 1 North River, as the shippers may designate at the time of the shipment.

WALTER FREEMAN, Freight Agent, No. 216 S. Delaware avenue, Philadelphia.
GEO. B. RAYMOND, Freight Agent, Pier No. 1 North River, New York.
ja5-tf

WEST JERSEY RAILROAD LINES—New Arrangement.—On and after TUESDAY, November 1, 1864, trains will leave from Walnut Street Pier as follows:—

For Cape May and all places south of Millville at 9 A. M. and 3 P. M.

For Millville, Bridgeton, Salem, and all intermediate places south of Glassboro at 9 A. M. and 3 P. M.

For Glassboro at 9 A. M., 12 M., and 3 P. M.

For Woodbury, Gloucester, &c., at 9 A. M., 12 M., 3 and 6 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Cape May at 6 A. M. and 11:45 A. M.
" Millville at 8:10 A. M. and 3 P. M.
" Bridgeton at 7:30 A. M., 2:40 P. M.
" Salem at 7 A. M. and 2 P. M.
" Woodbury at 7, 8:47, and 5:47 A. M., and 4:45 P. M., and 6:10 P. M. to Camden only.

THE WEST JERSEY EXPRESS COMPANY Will attend to all the usual branches of Express business, receive, deliver, and forward through other responsible Express Companies to all parts of the country any article entrusted to them. A Special Messenger accompanies each through train.

J. VAN RENSSELAER, Superintendent.
Philadelphia, November 1, 1864. [11-1]

RAILROAD LINES.

NORTH PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.—THE BETHLEHEM, DOYLESTOWN, MANSION CHUNK, HAZLETON, WILKESBARRE, WILLIAMSPORT.

ARRANGEMENTS.

WALL ARRANGEMENT, commencing November 14, 1864, Passenger Trains will leave the NEW DEPOT, NORTH-EAST THIRD Street, above Westmoreland, Philadelphia, daily (Sundays excepted), as follows:—

At 7:30 A. M. (Express) for Bethlehem, Easton, Allentown, Mauch Chunk, Williamsport, Wilkesbarre, Williamsport.
At 9:30 A. M. (Accommodation) for Doylestown.
At 1:15 P. M. (Accommodation) for Fort Washington.
At 3:30 P. M. (Express) for Bethlehem, Easton, &c.

This train reaches Easton at 6:45 P. M., and makes close connection with the New Jersey Central for New York.

At 4:30 P. M. (Mail) for Doylestown.
At 5:15 P. M. (Accommodation) for Bethlehem, Allentown, and Mauch Chunk.
6:15 P. M. (Accommodation) for Lansdale.

Through Tickets must be procured at the Ticket Offices, THIRD Street, or BERKS Street, in order to secure the lowest rates of fare.

TRAINS FOR PHILADELPHIA

Leave Bethlehem at 6:30 and 10:07 A. M., and 6:15 P. M.
Doylestown at 6:30 A. M., and 3:45 P. M.
Lansdale at 6:10 A. M.
Fort Washington at 7:30 P. M.

ON SUNDAYS.

Philadelphia for Doylestown at 9:30 A. M. and 4:15 P. M.
Doylestown for Philadelphia at 7 A. M. and 7 P. M.

Hillman's Baggage Express will call for and deliver baggage at the depot. Orders may be left at No. 148 S. THIRD Street.

9-29 ELLIS CLARK, Agent.

PHILADELPHIA, GERMANTOWN, AND NORRISTOWN RAILROAD.

TIME TABLE

On and after MONDAY, May 16, 1864, until further notice.

FOR GERMANTOWN.

Leave Philadelphia 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12 A. M.; 1, 2, 3:30, 4, 5, 5½, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12 P. M.

Leave Germantown, 6, 7, 7:30, 8, 8:30, 9, 10, 11, 12 A. M.; 1, 2, 3, 4, 4½, 5, 6, 6½, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, and 12 P. M.

The 8:30 down, and the 3½ and 5½ trains up, do not stop on the Germantown Branch.

CHESNUT HILL RAILROAD.

Leave Philadelphia, 6, 8, 10, 12 A. M.; 2, 3½, 5½, 7, 9 and 11 P. M.

Leave Chestnut Hill, 7:30, 9, 9:40, 11:40 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:40, 6:40, 8:40, and 10:40 P. M.

FOR CONSHOHOCKEN AND NORRISTOWN.

Leave Philadelphia, 6, 5:45, 11:05 A. M.; 1½, 3, 4½, 5½, 6½, 8:05, and 11½ P. M.

Leave Norristown, 5½, 7, 7:50, 9 and 11 A. M.; 1½, 4½, 6½ and 9 P. M.

The 5½ train up, will stop at Wissahickon, Manayunk and Conshohocken only.

FOR MANAYUNK.

Leave Philadelphia, 6, 8:30, 11:05 A. M., 1½, 3, 4½, 5½, 6½, 8:05 and 11½ P. M.

Leave Manayunk, 6½, 7½, 9:20, 9½, 11½ A. M., 1, 5, 7, and 9½ P. M.

H. K. SMITH, General Superintendent.
my31 Depot, NINTH and GREEN Streets.

READING RAILROAD.

GREAT TRUNK LINE FROM PHILADELPHIA TO THE INTERIOR OF PENNSYLVANIA, THE SUSQUEHANNA, SUSQUEHANNA, CUMBERLAND, AND WYOMING VALLEY, AND NORTH, NORTHWEST, AND THE CANADAS.

PASSENGER TRAINS

Leave the Company's Depot, at THIRTEENTH and CALLOWHILL Streets, Philadelphia, at the following hours:—

MORNING MAIL.

At 8:00 A. M., for Reading, Lebanon, Behrata, Lititz, Columbia, Harrisburg, Pottsville, Pinegrove, Tamaqua, Sunbury, Williamsport, Elmira, Rochester, Niagara Falls, Buffalo, Allentown, Wilkesbarre, Pittston, York, Carlisle, Chambersburg, Hagerstown, &c.

This train connects at READING with East Pennsylvania Railroad trains for Allentown, &c., the Reading and Columbia Railroad for Ephrata, Litz, and Columbia, and with the Lebanon Valley train for Harrisburg, &c.; at PORT CLINTON with Catawissa Railroad trains for Williamsport, Lock Haven, Elmira, &c.; at HARRISBURG with "Northern Central," "Cumberland Valley," and "Schuylkill and Susquehanna" trains for Northumberland, Williamsport, York, Chambersburg, Pinegrove, &c.

AFTERNOON EXPRESS.

Leaves Philadelphia at 2:30 P. M. for Reading, Pottsville, Pinegrove, Harrisburg, &c., connecting at Harrisburg with Pennsylvania Central trains for Pittsburg, &c., Northern Central Railroad trains for Sunbury, Northumberland, Elmira, &c., and at Port Clinton with Catawissa Railroad trains for Milton, Williamsport, Elmira, Buffalo, &c.

READING ACCOMMODATION.

Leaves Reading at 4:30 A. M., stopping at all way stations, arriving in Philadelphia at 9:35 A. M.

Returning, leaves Philadelphia at 4:30 P. M.; arrives in Reading at 7:35 P. M.

Trains for Philadelphia leave Harrisburg at 6:00 A. M., and Pottsville at 5:45 A. M., arriving in Philadelphia at 1:20 P. M. Afternoon trains leave Harrisburg at 1:45 P. M., Pottsville at 2:30 P. M., arriving in Philadelphia at 7 P. M.

Market trains, with a passenger car attached, leave Philadelphia at 11 P. M., for Reading and all way stations; leave Reading at 12, noon, and Downingtown at 12:30 P. M. for Philadelphia and all way stations.

All the above trains run daily, Sundays excepted.

Sunday trains leave Pottsville at 7:30 A. M., and Philadelphia at 3:15 P. M.

CHESTER VALLEY RAILROAD.

Passengers for Downingtown and intermediate points take the 8:00 A. M. and 4:30 P. M. trains from Philadelphia, returning from Downingtown at 7:00 A. M., and 12:30 noon.

NEW YORK EXPRESS FOR PITTSBURG AND THE WEST.

Leaves New York at 9 A. M. and 7 P. M., passing Reading at 12 midnight and 1:30 P. M., and connecting at Harrisburg with Pennsylvania Railroad Express trains for Pittsburg, Chicago, and the West.

Returning Express train leaves Harrisburg on arrival of the Pennsylvania Express from Pittsburg at 3:00 and 8:00 A. M., passing Reading at 4:40 and 10:20 A. M., and arriving at New York at 10 A. M. and 4:40 P. M. Sleeping Cars accompany these trains through, between Jersey City and Pittsburg, without change.

Mail train for New York leaves Harrisburg at 1:45 P. M. Mail train for Harrisburg leaves New York at 12 M.

SCHUYLKILL VALLEY RAILROAD.

Trains leave Pottsville at 7:45 A. M. and 2:30 P. M., returning from Tuscarora at 8:15 A. M. and 4:35 P. M.

SCHUYLKILL AND SUSQUEHANNA RAILROAD.

Trains leave Auburn at 7:45 A. M. for Pinegrove and Harrisburg, and at 1:30 P. M. for Pinegrove only; returning from Harrisburg at 1:20 P. M., and from Pinegrove at 7:40 A. M., and 5 P. M.

TICKETS

Through first-class tickets and emigrant tickets to all the principal points in the North and West and Canadas, the following tickets are obtainable only at the office of S. BRADFORD, Treasurer, No. 227 S