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December 15, 1859

ROSE ELMER;

OR, A DIVIDED HEART AND A DIVIDED LIFE.

BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH.

It was early on the morning of a lovely day in June, 1800, that a rather large group of idlers gathered in front of the Etheridge Arms, a quaint old tavern, in the ancient little town of Swinburne, in the west of England.

By their looks and conversation, it was evident that some event of unusual importance was expected to come off.

They were in fact, awaiting the arrival of the mail coach, which was to bring down Colonel Hastings, and his son Albert, who was the bridegroom elect of Lady Etheridge, Baroness of Swinburne, the last of her race, and sole heiress of the immense wealth and vast estates of her lordly ancestors

The nuptials were to be celebrated on the following day; and the neighbors of the noble bride, who almost worshipped her for her goodness of heart, were anxious to see the man who was to be their beloved "lady's husband."

They had not long to wait. The coach soon came thundering up to the door; and as soon as the steps were let down by the obsequious landlord, Colonel Hastings issued forth. He was an elderly gentleman, tall, spare and stooping: was clothed in a suit of black; and his pale, thin, long face was surrounded by hair and whiskers prematurely gray. He was closely attended by his secretary, Ferdinand Cassimove an Italian, of such graceful mein and dignified bearing, that he might have been taken for a prince of the blood attended by an old gentleman in waiting.

Next came forth a young gentleman, whose handsome person and haughty manner at once attracted general attention. His form was tall, and finely proportioned, crowned by a haughty head and face, with high aquiline features, fair and fresh complexion, light blue eyes, and very light, flaxen hair His expression of countenance, in keeping with his whole manner, was stern almost to repellant severity. Great beauty of person, with great dignity of manner, forms a combination very attractive to most young women, and perhaps it was this that fascinated the young heiress of Swinburne Castle, for this was Albert Hastings the bridegroom elect He was followed into the house by his valet, bearing his dressing case

After a slight repast, Colonel Hastings, attended by Cassinove, drove off to the castle to have a preliminary interview with Lady Etheridge, (who was his ward) and arrange the marriage settlements. On arriving at the lordly castle, Cassinove was shown into a sitting room, while the colonel proceeded to the library, whither his ward was requested to come to meet him

As the young Italian paced up and down the room occasionally pausing before a full length mirror, which reflected the spacious window (reaching from ceiling to floor) and the picturesque landscape beyond, suddenly, among the roses outside, glided a purple draped female figure that immediately riveted his attention. It was a woman in the earliest bloom of youth As young Cassinove gazed upon her reflected image, as he never gazed upon *her*, he felt as though a goddess had suddenly descended among the flowers. Her form was above the medium height, and well rounded. Her head was finely formed, and covered with jet black, glittering hair, that was plainly parted over her broad, expansive forehead, and swept around the temples, and wound into a rich and massive knot at the back of the head.—Her eyes were large, luminous, dark gray orbs, that seemed, whenever the long veil of lashes was lifted, to throw a light wherever they glanced. Her nose was straight and well formed, her lips rounded, and, like all the rest, full of character. In the carriage of her head and neck, and in her stately footsteps, there was a natural majesty that, eved in a peasant's dress, would have proved her one of nature's queens.

The impression made upon the enthusiastic heart of Ferdinand Lessinove was at once vivid, deep, and strong—quick as sun planting, permanent as sculpture. He saw this goddess of the intellectual brow and stately step open the window and advance into the room, and as she approached him he felt his whole frame thrill with a strange emotion of blended pain and delight. He dreaded to move, yet, as the needle turns to the magnet, he felt himself turning from the reflected image to face the original. He stood before that queenly form, and met those large, luminous, dark eyes fixed upon him in royal graciousness, as she said—

"You are Colonel Hasting's secretary, I believe, sir. Pray sit down. You will find the London papers on the table." And, with a graceful bow, the lady passed him, and seated herself on a sofa at the extremity of the room, took up a portfolio, and was soon deeply engaged with its contents.

After the profound bow with which he had returned her courtesy, Ferdinand Cassinove remained motionless where she had left him. But ten minutes had elapsed since she had glided in among the flowers, and passed him like a vision seen in some beautiful dream. But ten minutes, and life, she world, himself, were all changed for Ferdinand Cassinove. *He felt, from that moment, that his fate must take its character for good or evil, from the will of that royal looking woman.*

In the midst of the pleasing pain of his dream the door opened, and a gray haired servant entered softly, and stepping across the room to where the lady sat, and speaking in the low, subdued tone in which royal personages are addressed, said—

"My lady, Colonel Hastings' respects, and he awaits your ladyship in the library.

"Very well, William; go and say to Colonel Hastings that I will attend him immediately," answered the lady rising.

This queenly woman, then, was Laura, Baroness Etheridge of Swinburne! Forever and for ever unattainable by him! Oh, despair! His castle in the air tumbled about him, and buried all his hopes and aspirations in its fall.

After greeting Col Hastings, on her entering the library, Lady Etheridge took a parchment from a drawer in the centre table, and handed it to her guardian. On examining the document, the Colonel found it to be a deed of gift, absolute, of her entire magnificent estate, to Albert Hastings, her intended husband. The Colonel pretended much surprise, and refused to accept the deed, alleging that such an act might give rise to unpleasant criticism

"Oh, Colonel Hastings! there can be no question of mine and thine between me and Albert. The deed of gift that transfers all my possessions to my future husband is made out; let it be executed. He shall then never be jealous of his wife's riches, for she will come to him as poor as a cottage girl," exclaimed Lady Etheridge, with a pure devotion of love flushing her cheeck and lighting her eyes.

After protesting somewhat farther against such noble generosity, the colonel allowed himself to be persuaded to accept the deed, and called in Cassinove to witness its execution in due form The poor secretary could scarcely hold the pen which the colonel handed him, so great was his agitation. His employer could not help remarking upon the unusually poor signature which the Italian affixed, as witness to the deed, *but little did the colonel or the baroness know the terrible passions that were seething in the secretary's soul, or the important results that they were destined to bring about.*

We will now return to the bridegroom elect, whom we left at the Swinburne Arms.

Colonel Hastings had scarcely left the room ere Mr. Albert Hastings arose, stretched himself with a weary yawn and began to pace thoughtfully up and down the floor, murmuring—

"Men think me a very fortunate and happy man; and, doubtless, a number of good gifts have been showered upon me by the favor of the blind goddess not the least among them would be esteemed the hand of this wealthy young baroness, my bride expectant. Well, we cannot have everything we want in this world else sweet Rose Elmer only should be the wife of Albert Hastings Poor girl! she little dreams that the man who wooed her, under the name of William Lovel is Albert Hastings, the envied bridegroom of the high born Lady Etheridge of Swinburne. It cannot be helped. I cannot pause for lady's right, or maiden's honor. Here, then, for a divided life; my hand to the lady of Swinburne—my heart to the lovely cottage girl; only Lady Etheridge must not know of Rose Elmer and William Lovel, nor must Rose Elmer know Lady Etheridge and Albert Hastings. And now to persuade Rose to go before me into Wales, where myself and my lady bride are to spend our honey moon."

And so saying, he took his hat, and strolled out into the street.

Taking a course opposite to that which led to Swinburne Castle, Albert Hastings soon came to a cross-country road, which he followed some two miles, and then turning into a by-path, he went on until he came to a secluded and lovely cottage. Opening the door of this elegant retreat with a latch-key he passed in. It was a lovely abode fit for the home of a fairy. And for a fairy Albert Hastings had it furnished. The fairy's name was Rose Elmer, and she was the daughter of the village launders. Albert had accidentally met her on one of his visits to the castle, and, as his soliloquy, given above, shows, had fallen desperately in love with her, and, under the assumed name of William Lovell, had won the beautiful maiden's heart.

He had had the cottage furnished, and was that morning to meet Rose there, where they had so often met, by appointment.—Rose came at last; and as soon as the first joyous greetings were over, the intriguing lover set to work to persuade her to consent to a secret marriage; for he well knew, by a thousand tests of character, that he could never gain his purpose unless Rose believed herself to be his wife. His task was a hard one; but he finally succeeded, by promising that she should stay with her mother just the same as long as she lived.

This was not all that Mr. Hastings wished, but neither logic nor eloquence could convince Rose Elmer to leave her ailing mother; and upon no other condition than that of being allowed to remain with her would she consent to the secret marriage.

And, finally, he obtained a promise from Rose that she would meet him at the cottage that same night, where by a previous arrangement, his confidential servant, disguised as a clergyman, was to be in attendance to perform the marriage ceremony.—After which, Rose should return to her mother, to remain during the few weeks of his absence in Wales, whither, he said, important business forced him. This agreed upon, they took leave of each other for a few hours, and returned to the village by different routes Mr. Hastings went to his Inn, and summoned his confidential servant to his presence. And Rose Elmer, full of hope and joy, turned down the street leading to her mother's cottage.

When Rose entered the house, there was a smouldering fire in the grate, and beside this fire, in an old arm chair, sat a female, whom no one would pass without a second look She was a woman of commanding presence. Her form was tall, and must once have been finely rounded; but now it was worn thin, almost to skeleton meagreness Her features were nobly chiselled, and might once have been grandly beautiful, but now they were sunken and emaciated as those of death. Under her broad and prominent forehead, and heavy dark eye-brows, shone a pair of large dark gray eyes, that burned fiercely with the fires of fever or of frenzy. Her jet black hair, slightly streaked with silver, was half covered with a red handkerchief, tied beneath her chin, and partly fallen in elf locks down one side of her face A rusty black gown completed her dress

As the door opened, admitting Rose, she turned quickly in her chair, fixing her eyes with a look of fierce inquiry upon the intruder.

"How are you now, mother dear? I hope you feel in better spirits?" said Rose, laying off her bonnet, and coming to the woman's side.

"Better. Where have you been? I have wanted you."

"I have been—taking a walk through the woods dear mother; and see, here are some wild strawberries I picked for you on my return. Will you eat them?" said Rose, offering her little basket.

"No: I want none of them You care little for me."

"Mother, don't say that You do not know how much I love you."

"Hush, girl, you have little cause—oh!"

And the woman suddenly struck her hand upon her heart, dropped her head upon her breast, and seemed convulsed by some great agony. Her features worked frightfully, her frame shuddered.

"Mother! mother! what is the matter?" exclaimed Rose, throwing her arms around the woman in great alarm

"It is gone!" gasped the woman, in a hoarse whisper "Gone!

"What is gone?"

"A sovereign It is gone"

"Oh, mother, will it return?"

"Perhaps"

"Let me run for a neighbor or a doctor"

"Nay, you must run somewhere else! To morrow, Laura now Lady Etheridge of Swinburne, weds with Albert Hastings of Hastings Hall, it is so, is it not?"

"Surely, dear mother the village is full of the wedding, and talks of nothing else The village children have been employed all day in bearing flowers to decorate the castle church and to strew in the path of the bride as she comes they love her so well."

"Yes, she is a high and mighty lady—yet, sweet and gracious as becomes one so exalted. Come hither, girl, kneel down before me, so that I may take your face in my hands!" said the woman, growing more strange in her talk

Rose obeyed, and her mother, bowing her own stern, dark face, shut that of the girl between her hands, and gazed upon it wistfully, critically murmuring—

"Fair face, delicate features, complexion pure, as the inside of a conch-shell, white, and flushed with red; hair like fine yellow silk, and eyes blue and clear as those of infancy; hands small and elegant I have not let poverty spoil your beauty, have I my child?"

"No, dear mother, you have let kindness more likely spoil me," said Rose, in simple wonder at her words.

"I have not let your person grow course with hard work, have I dear?"

"No, mother; notwithstanding I ought to have worked with you and for you."

"Your hands have never been roughened by helping me in the laundry?"

"No, mother, though they ought to have been"

"Nor have your sweet eyes been spoiled by needle work?"

"No, good mother; I have been as useless as a fine lady, to my shame."

"And I have worked hard to save you from work, and pay for your schooling, have I not?"

"Dear mother, you have. You have been the best mother, and only too good to me. But I will try to repay you."

"Think of all that to-morrow, child! *and when all the country around shudders at my crime, when all the people call down imprecations upon my name,* do not you curse one who has nourished you at her bosom, when that bosom is cold in death," said the woman solemnly.

"Oh! she is mad! mad!" exclaimed Rose in dismay, at hearing these words; then lowering her voice, she said, "Mother! mother! try to collect! It is I, your poor daughter Rose that kneels before you. Do you not know me?"

"Ay, I know you well, and I know what I say," repeated the woman solemnly.

"Mother, oh! why do you talk so wildly? It is very dreadful! But you are not well!—let me go for some one."

"Yes; you must go for some one. You must go to the castle this afternoon," said the woman, in the same tone of deep gravity

"To the castle! I, mother!" exclaimed Rose, in surprise.

"Yes, you must go to the castle; and, when you get there, ask to see her who calls herself Lady Etheridge."

"The baroness! Dear mother, why does your thoughts so run upon the baroness?—What is she to us? Besides, is it likely that she will see me, a poor girl, a perfect stranger, this day of all others, when she sees no one?"

"Hush, Rose! and for once obey one *whom you have so long looked upon* as your mother. It will be the last time I will ask you to do so. Demand to be admitted to the presence of the baroness. Say that you have come upon a matter of life and death, that nearly concerns her ladyship; insist and she will not venture to refuse you.—When you stand before Lady Etheridge, say that her old nurse, Magdalene Elmer——"

"Her nurse, mother! You Lady Etheridges nurse! I never knew that before," interrupted Rose, in surprise

"There are many things that you never knew, my child. But attend! Say to the baroness that Magdalene Elmer is dying!"

"Dying! Oh mother, do not say so! it is very cruel! You are not sick—you are sitting up! You are not old either, but have many years of life to come."

"Child, hear my words, but do not judge them! Say to Lady Etheridge that Magdalene Elmer her dying nurse prays—nay demands to see her this night. Tell her that I have a *confession to make that she must hear to-night or never!* Conjure her by all that she holds dear on earth! by all her hopes of Heaven! by all her fears of hell! to come to me to-night! Tell her *if she would escape the heaviest curse that ever darkened a woman's life,* to come to me to-night! to come to me at once! There, get on your bonnet, and go."

The above is all of this story that will be published in our columns. The continuation of it from where it leaves off, here can be found only in the New York Ledger, the great family paper, which is for sale at all the stores throughout the city or country, where papers are sold Remember to ask for the New York Ledger of May 26, and in it you will find the continuation of the story from where it leaves off here

The Ledger is mailed to subscribers at $2 a year or two copies for $3 Address your letters to Robert Bonner, publisher, Park Row New York It is the handsomest family paper in the country, elegantly illustrated and characterized by a high moral tone

Purity of Character.

Over the beauty of the plum and the apricot there grows a bloom and beauty more exquisite than the fruit itself—a soft, delicate flush that overspreads its blushing cheek—Now, if you strike your hand over that, and it is once gone, it is gone forever; for it never grows but once The flower that hangs in the morning, impearled with dew—arrayed as no queen lay woman ever was arrayed with jewels, once shake it so that the beads roll off, and you may sprinkle water over it as you please, yet it can never be made again what it was when the dew fell silently upon it from heaven! On a frosty morning you may see the panes of glass covered with landscapes—mountains, lakes and trees blended in a beautiful, fantastic picture. Now, lay your hand upon the glass, and by the scratch of your finger, or by the warmth of your palm, all the delocate treacery will be obliterated. So there is in youth a beauty and purity of character, which, when once touched and defiled, can never be restored—a fringe more delicate than frost work, and which, when torn and broken, will never be re-embroidered. A man who has soiled and spotted his garments in youth; though he may seek to make white again, can never wholly do it, even were he to wash them with his tears. When a young man leaves his father's house, with a blessing of a mother's tears still wet upon his forehead, if he once loose that early purity of character, it is a loss that he can never make whole again Such is the consequence of crime.—Its effects cannot be eradicated; it can only be *forgiven.*

CAUTIOUS MEN.—Some men use words as riflemen do bullets. They say little. The few words used go right to the mark. They let you talk and guide with their eyes and face, on and on, till what you say can be answered in a word or two, and then they lance out a sentence, pierce the matter to the quick, and are done. You never know where you stand with them. Your conversation falls into their mind as rivers fall into deep chasms and are lost to sight by its depth and darkness.

An Indian being asked what he did for a living, replied—

"O, me preach."

"Preach!" said a bystander; "do you get paid for it?"

"Sometimes me git a shillin', sometimes two shillin's."

"And isn't that mighty poor pay?"

"O yes, but then it's mighty poor preachin'."

Fact, Fun and Fancy.

☞ Rising with the birds Getting "high" on a lark.

☞ A man recently knocked down an elephant. He was an auctioneer

☞ If 112 pounds make a hundred weight how many will make your wife weit.

☞ Truth is born with us; and we must do violence to nature, to shake of nor varacity.

☞ The boy who lost his balance on the roof, found it on the ground shortly afterward.

☞ "I am not fond of catnip," as the little girl said when pussy bit a piece off of her nose.

☞ There is no arena in which vanity displays itself under such a variety of forms as in conversation.

☞ The confidence of nobility of birth has rendered men ignoble, as the opinion of wealth makes some poor.

☞ Paternal—*If Virginia is the mother of* Presidents, then Pennsylvania must be the father, for it is universally known as Pa.

☞ The "first" business of Lynn is the manufacture of shoes. That, however, is intimately connected with the "last" business

☞ "I say Pat, what are you about—sweeping out that room?" "No," answered Pat, "I am sweeping the dirt, and leaving the room

☞ It is one among the pious and valuable maxims ascribed to Francis de Sales.—"A judicious silence is always better than truth spoken without charity

☞ Immodest, very—We are told, by an advertisement, that there nightly appears at Dan Rice's a "bare back rider." He ought to hide himself or be arrested for thus "exposing his person."

☞ Miss Jane Lemon married Mr Ebenezer Sweet

"How happily extremes do meet,
In Jane and Ebenezer
She's now no longer sour but *sweet*
And she's a *lemon squeezer*

☞ "Faith," said an Irishman, who could not get into his cabin at Ballingarry, his wife having turned the key upon him, "faith it's meself that's regularly locked in." "In," said his companion, "in where?" "Why in the street"

☞ A Chinese Merchant in San Francisco tersely gave his American friend his ideas on the Japenese Embassy's reception in this country as follows "Japenese great men now—Americans want more treaty—by'n by treaty be signed, Japenese like any body—just like Chinese—just like dam nigger."

☞ "Where did you get that hat Jerry?"

"Borrowed it."

"Borrowed it?"

"Ya a a s—borrowed it of a feller that was sleepin' in the park Pete Myres borrowed his coat Bill Caffany his boots I borrowed his hat. Do you think I'd steal? No, I'd scorn the action."

☞ Bassompierre, the French Ambassador to Spain, was relating to Henry IV, the particulars of his entry into Madrid "I was mounted," he said "on the smallest mule in the world" "Ah!" exclaimed the king, "what an amusing sight! An ass upon a mule." "Very good sir," retorted Bassompierre, "I was your majesty's representative."

☞ John Smith in a Theatre—A wag called aloud in a pit of the Drury Lane Theatre: "Mr Smith your house is on fire"—whereupon a hundred and twenty five Smiths arose; and when he continued, "It is Mr John Smith's house," ten sat down—leaving a preponderance of a hundred and fifteen Johns in net amount of one hundred and twenty-five Smiths.

☞ An old darkey was endeavoring to explain his unfortunate condition. "You see," remarked Sambo, "it was in this way, as far as I 'member. Fust my fader died, and den married again; and den my mudder died, and my fader married again; and some how, I doesn't seem to have no parents at all, nor no home nor nuffin."

☞ "Papa," observed a young urchin of tender years, to his "fond parent," "does the Lord know everything?"

"Yes, my son," replied the hopeful sire "but why do you ask that question?"

"Because our preacher, when he prays, is so long telling him everything. I thought he wasn't posted."

The "parent" reflected.

☞ Yankee Dew Drops.—"Why, uncle Dewlittle, how dew you dew! Dew come and rest a little while, dew; how does aunt Hannah dew, and how is she dewing now? and dew tell us about the news. Come, dew set up to the table and dew as we dew; dew help yourself, and dew talk some; and dew not make me dew all the talking. Now dew say something dew."

☞ An Irishman, travelling on one of the railroads the other day, got out of the cars for refreshments at a way station, and unfortunately the bell rang and the train was off before he had finished his pie and coffee. "Hould on!" cried Pat, as he ran like a mad man after the cars, hould on, ye murthering ould steame engine—ye've got a passenger aboard that is left behind!"

Growing Old.

If one has a young heart in his left breast pocket, and every thing has gone right with him ever since he can remember, and he sits in his arm chair he may fancy himself young—indeed quite young—in fact, a juvenile, but it will not do; he is old in spite of his heart, and his arm chair, and his fancies

It is a painful process, that of beginning to find out what the world has known over so long—that one is growing old. How it shocks him some day, as he is walking in his garden, to "hear the gardener talk to the cook about the old man," and the old man nobody in life but his adolescent self Old man! And he steps as spry as a cat, and discharges the unfortunate gardener, and is too much in a passion to give him a "character."

Then, again, the grasshopper is a burden," for little things trouble him, as they never did years ago but he thinks little things have got their growth since these old times. But this don't quite satisfy him, and muses over it, and wonders why his shadow extends so far to the eastward.

Some day he meets a stranger in the street, he is booted like a trooper, and bearded like a pard; he looks him "square" in the eye He is glad to see him; wonders if he don't remember him, declares that he is little Bill Stokes that was, that he made basswood whistles for when he kept in the old red school-house at Bogg's Corners; and there he is right before him man to man. There is no use denying it: he cannot prove an alibi, and he falls into a brown study while he thinks of it.

Then, again there's something the matter with his back but he always calls it a crick when all the day it is the river Time that is playing the mischief. He knows that it will not do for him to sit near an open window as he used to do, but it has lately been a favorite idea with him that the summers grow briefer and the winters colder And what work they make now with the baking; such crusts of granite to them. Not such as did his old mother bring out from the old oven on the long handled shovel, on those long Saturdays, when he fancied ginger bread the daily fare of the angels.

By-and by he begins to experience some difficulty in reading his old newspaper—something with an L or an X vol in the corner of it, that he never remembers that he has taken since it was two X's and an I; but then he charges it upon the type, and pronounces an anathema upon nonpareil and minion when it is nothing but brevier.

He fancies too, that the girls have changed, when the change is nearer home for the man is growing old and those same maidens are wondering the while if he ever had a sweetheart, or could possibly at any time have been young enough to love.

So this painful process of discovery progresses until a prisoner, he keeps the old arm chair, and the old clock dial grows dim, and the old clock bell sounds a great way off, and he dozes in the open door, and loves to look at the setting sun, and shares the children's toys and talks himself to sleep—It is a summer evening; yellow light falls upon the threshold and along the floor, and invests the old man's form with an old glory. He sits in the dwelling of son's son; his head reclines upon his breast. Light steps steal softly around him, but he hears them not A set of little fingers are playing with his thin, white hair, but he does not heed it Two generations call to him; the second is strong and manly; it is father they utter; third is child like and gentle; it is "grandfather" they say, but he returns no answer to either. "The sun has set," somebody says, "the clock has just run down," cries another; "the old man is asleep," whispers a third: and sure enough he is, for the old man is dead

A Yankee from Maine Being at Buena Vista the night before the battle, and somewhat doubtful of the result, went out of hearing, as he supposed, and made the following prayer:

"O Lord, here we are, about four thousand of us, and twenty thousand Mexicans—enough to swallow us without greasing.—Now if you can help us, do it—and if you can't for heaven's sake don't help the Mexicans—and just hold on until to morrow, and you'll see the gaul darndest fight you ever saw in your life. Yours, respectfully, amen."

A FUND FOR HEEMAN.—The New York admirers of Heeman, the Benicia Boy, are busily engaged in raising money for him. A testimonial fund of from $25,000 to $30,000 is to be raised for him by subscription, and already a good portion of it has been obtained. When Heeman arrives, it is expected that he will be a greater lion than Jenny Lind, Bill Poole, or the Japanese Embassadors. There will be a grand reception, and if the New York Authorities are consistent, they will give the hero of the Prize Ring the use of the Governor's Room in the City Hall for a levee.

A man sentenced to be hung was visited by his wife, who said:

"My dear, would you like for the children to see you hung?"

"No," said he.

"That is just like you, selfish as ever; you never wanted the children to have any pleasure."