# B. F. SLOAN, Editor

WOMAN'S REVENCE.

BY WALTER CLEGG.

will tell my tale in as few words as possible. I will

soften no fault,-color no sin,-ridicule no excellence:

and my readers will not fail to discover where the moral

CHAPTER 1.

infaucy. They were a boy and girl, and there was in

their ages but a few weeks difference. Every body made

much of them, for they were the only sources of smiles

in a house, which age and circumstances had rendered

cheerless in the extreme. Alice and Herbert were

taught to love each other, but there was no need of any

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lies.

artificial teaching

for others.

she will die still loving him.

"an angel in Heaven."

#### SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 29, 1849. A Cale of Passion. Must it not be even more terrible to reflect that friends | said she did not like to hear Herbert talk to her in that house, and wanted for nothing. We ennut, I am sure, who never binted at our disunion in after life, will have over, to beggary, poverty, death, if God wills it eo!who may weep for them, and bitterly deplore their loss, after a time will dry their tears; and that perhaps even

the loved one himself will woo another mate, and seek in the garden of Eden, they could not have been happier THE COUSINS: other pleasures? When we are inclined to blame a dying foilow-creature for every little thought and word which may appear unkind and unnecessary; let us think on all this. Arthur's wife was fully prepared for the svil day, be

cause many of her family had sickened in the same manner. She was the only one of three sweet sisters who I have for years been the sole possessor of a and story. lived to be wedded. One of them had died the very day If any others over know it, their lips, which might betray which was to have seen her at the altar. So the poor me, have been long since hushed forever. There is no lady thanked God that he had spared her so long. story-no true story,-however sad, or however criminal With every hour of life her love for the children apits details may be, which does not convey a moral. I

peared to be increased. She would kiss them, and weep over them, and pray Heaven to bless them, and smile so sweetly when she heard them promise always to love ach other,

It seemed as though Herbert claimed the fondest de gree of her regard; and a stranger might have said that Two gentle cousins had lived together from earliest her own shild was neglected. She would clasp him to her bosom and part back the dark glossy curls which clustered round his white forehead; whilst he, who had nover another parent, smiled in her face, and wondered what made her cheeks so flushed, and her eye so very bright. And when the children heard her tell, that she was

Arthur Stewart, the father of Alice, was a country going away from them,-that she would never come gentleman of decayed fortunes, and he resided in a small back again, and never see them any more, unless they village, pleasantly situated in the west of Eugland. He were good all their lives long,-how they would kneel at had known much trouble, and lost large sums of money her bed-side, and sob as if their little hearts were broakwhen most he needed them. Perhaps this had rendered ing! They wondered why their mother must leave them. when she loved them so much. And when the poor lahis temper somewhat harsh, and blunted his sensibility. dy told them that she was only going to a long sleep,

then they wondered more why she should be taken away Squire Stewart, for so he was celled in the village, from them at all, and why they might not watch her as once had an only and tenderly beloved sister, named she slept, and make no noise, and be so quiet that none also Alice. I will recount her brief but tragical history. She was discovered to be privately married to a man of should find fault with them.

station even superior to her own, but one of whom her family disapproved. And well they might, for he was her spirit escaped. She dropped into a quiet sleep; and a libertiue and a gamester. She did not know this until they sat beside her, hoping that she would wake refreshit was to late to save herself. His professions had won ed, and live at least through the night; but she never her heart,-she loved him truly,-and they who say woke again. Her arm when she died was clasping the that a woman can withdraw an affection oneo bostowed, pale-faced boy, who scorcely breathed, least he should when she discovers faults in her lover, speak an idle disturb her; and they took it away when it had become rigid, and was chilling round his body. language. She may sink beneath the cruel blow, but 'Twas strange that he should have received her las

Alice imprudently married. She was tempted when thoughts, and that her last kiss should have been on his least prepared to resist, -- and in a moment of euthusiaslips. Perhaps it was a waywardness peculiar to her distic passion, she became a wife. It was necessary to ease; perhaps it was because she would so soon meet keep the matter a secret, for her husband's affairs were his mother. too embarrassed to enable him to receive her. And a

CHAPTER II. When these things happened, the cousins were just

the feeling grew with their years. They never guarrelhappiness and a reconciliation some day; for her husband el; and Alice would leave her morriest friends and the gavest parties, to ramble with Herbert through the green lanes, and beside the sweet-smelling hedges. She had came that he was killed in a duel, and Alice never snoke no secrets from her causin. And the little boy had neither want nor wish, joy or grief, in which Alice did not participate. A few hours after his wife know the completion of her Arthur Stowart smiled to see this attachment be-

mented the tardy away of the few more, months which ween the children. It seemed 'never to occur to him, that every year which passed away hastened the time elapse ero they might meet again. when they would be children 'no' longer. If he had hought of this, surely he had been wiser. He would

London had no charm, pined to be permitted to return have perceived that the infant passion, matured by years, must either be a blessing or a curse too them. But he to the gentle girl, from whom he had never, until lately, thought little of such matters. If a troublesome idea did been separated for a single day. But then he consoled cross his mind, he smiled at what he considered his over himself, by thinking of the rapturous happiness which awaited him, when the time of probation was completed initudes and set it down that there was itelanty of time

way, "for were they not happy enough?" And indeed they were. Had they been sinless babes

# CHAPTER III.

It would have done your heart good to have seen Alice Stewart when eighteen summers had passed over her head; for I verily believe she was the most beautiful of all God's creatures. None would have recognized the merely protty child, in the woman of exquisits loveliness lately saw the portrait of her taken at that age, but it utterly failed to deliniate either the sweetness of her features or the degree of mental sensibiliy stamped upon them. Her figure was, perhaps, rather tall, but slight, and of

the most delicate mould. All the boisterous gayety of the child was gone; and though Alice was still happy-happier than ever-her face wore a mild and half pensive expression. But this made her ten times more charming! Who could be in her presence long, without

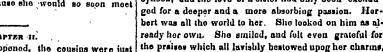
feeling how beautiful she was? Many sighed for her, and strove for a long time' to pluck from their bosom the lovely image which had disturbed their peace. Poor Alice! she heard hints of these things, and a shade passed over her spirits. She thought how silly it was for any, but one to fall in love with her. I have not attempted to describe her to the reader, for

ness. I will merely say that the flaxen ringlets of childhood had given place to tresses of the richest brown, and these finely contrasted with a forchead lofty and white as marble. Then that blue eye!-what a depth of concoaled thought and feeling did it not speak! Ho,w hard was it to meet its full gaze! Those best versed in

the study of female faces would have said that a spirit capable of the most extreme entensity of passion lurked below. But none said so of Alice. She had always been mild and gentle-of an even and unrfiled temper. Nobody ever rememered a frown upon her face. So the lady died. Nobody could tell the moment when

had already crept into her bosom; for her cheek, unusaally pale and fair, became finshed upon the slightest excitement. At these times her father trembled, for just so her mother had looked, and cheated him into a belief that the glow of health was returning, whilst all the time a fatal hectic consumed her.

But, though thus changed in form, and a child no longer, she was Alice still. Still that mysterious chord vibrated in her heart, which had been touched even in babyhood; and the love of a sister had only been exchan-



the praises which all lavishly bestowed upog her charms, five years old. They loved like brother and sister, and because he would love her more for her beauly. And she experienced a secret ecstacy in anticipating the time when she might surrender to him every thought and desire of her heart, and have a will of her own no longer. This blissful period the lovers now fondly hoped was drawing nigh; and the latters of Alice addressed to Her-

bert, who had been for some time in London, breathed the fulness of her confiding heart. She did, not effect to conceal even her inmost feelings, but impatiently la-

both had upon as the extreme interval which must And Herbert, for whom the (so -called) facinations of

should leave it. We will stay here all our lives, dear Alice. You shall be rich and great, and I will pray, often-Herbert, and make it, as Tom Moore says,-'a bright |er for you than for myself, that you may be happy! And little isle of our own! My father, I know will be delighted to see us happy, and we will speak to him about giving in marriage,"-in Heaven, our souls may be reit all in good time. How very kindhe is to us! I wont what had put my hair so much out of curl. And I was obliged to tell him, it was all the dampness of the weath-

er,-which you know was a fib, Herbert-but r ot a very great one, I hope." Then Herbert drew the smiling face of the girl to his breat, and kissed her. And her father saw with amazement that there was no blush upon her cheek,-that she even returned the familiarity! And as he passed from the room unobserved, he muttered his sorrow that one so young could be so deceitful.-Poor Alice! she never even imagined deceit in her

The next day, Arthur Stewart summoned his daughtor and nephow to his study. It was an unusual circumstance, and they went together, hoping that their only friend had some pleasant scheme to communicate especting that event, which, in their opinion, it was bigh time to consider.

visit to London, under pretence of seeing a little. And, indeed, this was highly necessary, for he was quite a child in the usuages of the world.

In the meantime. Alice was also to be introduced to the gaveties of fashionable society .--- to spond a season better not be hinted at, had frequently proposed taking her thither, and had assured her father, that the mere circumstance of Miss Stewart being under her protectection, was certain to obtain for her the attention and friendship of the very first families of the city. And, ndeed, she was right,-taking her words in a sense different to that intended. She knew well that her own connection with a lovely creature, who would be the It was feared, for a long time, that her mother's disease

somblies, would certainly secure to herself attentions and smiles, from those who were never attentive or lavish of their smiles before. And she had ample oppor-

He made no doubt, that, as all things under the sun are

gone, and implored her father at least not to sond her

onstantly, and "never let a week pass without a letter from one or the other." The assurances of Alice on this point were heard by her father, who however offered no opposition. "For," thought he, "if I command her to the contrary, she will perhaps disobey me, through more perverseness, and a spirit of contradiction. Girls - a poor, helpless, heart-stricken creature, do? are sometimes very headstong. So I'll let them write;

Then Arthur Stewart returned to his studies, still cougratulating himself upon his intimate acquaintance with

find a sweeter spot; and there is no reason why we much to answer for. But you shall obey your father, Oh! if you have ever loved me as friend, consis, brothin Heaven, Alice, "where there is neither marrying, nor united, and we may live again the happy hours of childinto the study just now with a lotter, and he asked me hood, and be never parted any more for ever!" Alice to restrain its almost bursting impulse. And when the heard not his last words. A death-like faint had saved violence of her emotion checked further atterance, her her heart from breaking. Was Herbet right or wrong in this matter! I think he | convulsive sobs.

vas wrong.

CHAPTER . So it was reported through the village that Alice was going to be wedded, but not to her sousin. And many path to comfort, --- an obstacle to impede her advancewopt who heard it. The London newspapers spoke of an approaching marriage in high life;-"the wealthy Sir beantiful and accomplished Miss Stewart, only daughter family in \_\_\_\_shire."

No doubt many read it and thought of the fortunate bride!

in Bather A lady in the neighborhood, whose age had struggled hard to repress terrible thoughts, and to think How tell the story of shame? that Alice might still be contented and happy. And he The time came when they who had been inseparable see his grave,

spoke to him no more with a daughter's love. She confined herself to her own room and stired not out; for every green leaf and every blade of grass brought a new thought of Horbet, and another bitter romembrance.

I cannot tell how she was changed. Beautiful she was still, but it was a disadful kind of beauty. Every vestage of color had left her checks. They were white "as monumental marble," Perhaps it was on this account

that her eyes lookek larger, and the fall liquid blue seemed almost deepened into black. Or could it be that the dark | who is omniscient, only knew their disgrace. thoughts of her brain had effected the change? But however it was, the sweet gantless of face, and

mind and manner, which had once charactized the girl, weregone. Evidences of sorrow did not rest upon her features but they were almost hidden by an expression of proud contempt. She had been "insulted, basely,-grossly insulted, treated as worse than a child, and allowed no will of her own! Her heart had been torn and lacerated in the most wanton manner, and the innocent feelings and desires which she had cherished all her life, outraged She, too,-who had never borne ill will to a single living creature!

Woman's love has been termed "a fearful thing." And so it now appeared in her. Her white lips guivered with suppressed passion when she thought upon her wrongs, and in waking hours, and in troubled sleep, she was possessed with one idea only, and that was of revenge. But upon whom was she to be revenged; and what could she,

One evening, about a week previous to the day fixed upon for her wedding, Alice left the house for the first time. She walked into the village. Many met hor who knew her well, but few were hold enough even to say-"God help you, Miss Al ce!" At the ville

or. lover! do not forsake me! do not refuse to save me!" And Alice grew wild with misery. Some will say hat she had forgotton her womanly dignity; perhape she had. She beat her bosom in an agony of passion, and pressed his hand to her heart, when her own failed lips clung to his, and her broath went and came in thick

But still Herbort was silent, for the reproaches of her father rung in his ears. "What right had he-a mondicaut,- to teach disobedience to her who was beside him? What right had he to throw himself, a shadow, in her

ment toward wealth and dignitics?" And then, when he could no longer withstand the wild beseechings of his George Archer, Bart., was shortly to lead to the altar the poor Alice, he thought of the "viper,"-that was the name,-"repaying the mercy of its preserver with base of Arthur Stewart, E.q., a member of the best and oldest | ingrati ude." And thus he steeled his heart, and he attompted no reply. She felt his meaning; and hope froze within her heart.

I have spoken of many sorrows, of many sufferings, Herbet had returned to London. Sir George having | but I now come to the most afflicting part of my story .-seen informed something of his history, and pitying "the Would to heaven I could blot out of my mind and mempoor boy," procured him a highly confidental Govern- ory the sad events which must occupy this page! Would neut appointment in one of the Colonies. Herbet accepted to God that Alice Stewart had trusted not in her own it, but he knew not by whose recommendation he had strength, but sought solace in her heart-breaking trials, been benefitted. He was now only waiting for a vessel from a source which ever affordeth help to them that ask to convey him to the regions of voluntary exile. He it! How shall I sully characters hitherto unspotted?-

only wept when the remembered that she would nover all their lives long, must be parted forever. The excitement of uncertainty was gone,- the "last hope shivered," And what of Alico? She was nover known to utter and Alice could only pray Heaven to have pity on her, a word of misery,-never seen to weep a tear. When and let her die there, with his arms around her. And she met her father she was respectfully obedient, but she at length, even her lips ceased to murmur, and the wild palpitations of her heart only told that life remained.

Herbert would have flown the spot, but her arm still detained him. Though weak as a solitary reed tranbling in an autumn wind, to him it was as iron. He was powerless beneath its pressure. So he lingered, and lingered, for if he went, it must be never to return; and he contented himself with every moment vowing that the next should witness their last farewell. My pen cannot proceed further. The Great Being

CHAPTLE VIL.

I would fain urge that the passion of early years thus rising to madness at the moment of eternal separation, might plead for them. But God forgive me if I blame Alice as the more guilty! A burning love for him,-a burning thirst for vengeance on those who had driven woman's soul within her, proud and lofty, yet oppressed by a sense of shameful wrongs-what should she not and despised!" Oh! deoply did she feel these cruelties! Dremedate! If it were revenge, it was such revenge as woman only could have devised! If it were love for an image she was about to lose forever, it was such lova as could only have entered a woman's heart!

Alico! I trust I wrong theo! But was it wise or well. when the morning broke, to defer thy wedding,-to feign an illness which existed only in the mind? Was it wise or well to meet him again and again, at midnight, in the concealed bower, when all thought he was far away on his voyage?

The final adieu came at last; and the next morning Alice stood at the altar. She was pale, very pale; but all who knew her wondered at her firmness and at her haughty bearing. They expected to have seen her supported through the mockery of the "holy rite," but she stood by the side of her wooer, and appeared even taller than usual. When Alice left the church, her face bore an expresion which none dared to look upon a second time, and which human words fail me to define.

beart.

The truth was, he had resolved to send Herbert on a I am wise enough to avoid such an exposure of my weak-

fairest star among the many who shine in the Bath as-

tunities of verifying her supposition. These, therefore, were the arrangement, which, after sleepless night. Authur Stewart had resolved upon.

fading and fleeting, his daughter would soon forget her "silly girlish fancios." And Herbert, when admitted into London society, must, in an incredibly short space of time, cease to remember his country cousin.

The youthful lovers were much surprised at the tidings which awaited them. But Herbert secretly rejoiced; for he was only to leave Alice for a short time, and he folt the propriety of a separation until their ages were somewhat more matured. Alice strove hard to restrain herself before her father, but in vain. She wept bitterly, and wondered what she should do when Herbert was

from home. But her entreaties were denied. So the lovers parted, repeatedly vowing to correspond

but they'll soon get tired of it."

She could not speak, but she pressed his hand, and he knew what she would say. He vowed a soleinn oath, that with his last breath, and his very heart's blood, he would protect her child. The sufferer's head drooped even while he was speaking, but a sweet smile played around her lips. It might be that she heard him,-or it might bo, that the immortal spirit, entering a better and a kinder, world, and ravished with its happy and promature freedom, had imprinted that smile,a last act ere it forsook its fradile tenement!

secret it remained until Alice was near becoming a

mother. Then her proud, enraged, yet almost heart

Alice still tried to smile-still continued to hope fo

loved her, and had promised amondmont. But the news

egain. It was the fruit of that visit to the gaming-house

which he had sworn should be his last. And so it was

misery, she gave birth to a child-a weeping boy. She

never heard that sweetest music which can break, upon

a mother's eary-the first cry of her new-born babe,-for

ere it had well received its separate existence, she was

In her last moments her father was summoned to her

presence. He refused to obey. Perhaps he did not

know she was so ill: it is charity to think so. Arthur

Stewart went, knelt at her bed-side, and implored ther

broken father closed his door against her.

The brother carried his sister's babe to the home where she had lived all her life, a happy girl. He committed it to the care of his own young wife, who received it with tears, and loved it for its mother's sake. They had been girls at school together; and she had but recently come, a bride to the house, when poor Alice left its shelter .-She joined in the persecution against her then, but she determined to cancel her fault by regarding the child as if it were her own. And she did so, though a very few weeks more, and she was a mother herself.

The father of the dead Alice became involved. 'The harvest failed, and the money which would have saved him, was not to be wrung from his starving tenantry .---He died a debtor in prison, for there were other hard men in the world bosides himself. And many said, and more thought, that it was a judgment upon him, for refusing to comfort his dying child. It might be: I cannot tell.

The wife of Arthur Stewart had some little property. which was her own. With this they now retired to a large but old fashioned house, which indeed was partly ruinous, and once belonged to the lord of the manor .----As I have before stated, it was situated in a pleasant village in the west of England. Here the husband and his wife determined, by frugality, to pass the remainder of their days in ease and contentment; for Arthur was too proud to enter into any business.

And hither the two babes were conveyed. The boy was christened Herbort, his father's name; and the girl Alice, after her dead aunt. They were nutured and nourished together. They slept in the same cot, and fed from the same bosom. Had the mother of Alice been asked which she loved the better, she could scarcely have told. And could the angel mother have looked down from heaven, she would have rejoiced, even in these regions of unfailing bliss, to see her babs so tenderly regarded and she would have prayed for blessings upon its kind nutse.

When the children were about five years old, Arthur's wife died. She was a fair creature, and had the true soul of a woman. She knew that she was sick unto death, long before the fatal time approached; for her illness was a lingering consumption.

I have known some, thus slowly dying, to be unusually frotful and poevish,-fond of making demands which their sorrowing friends can scarce possibly meet. I believe this state of mind to be, in many cases, a more symptom and consequence of the disease, and, therefore, not to be consured. God knows, they have enough to see the leaves green and bright, stirring perhaps before their very window,-to hear the birds warbling "love on that it is bringing health and happiness to thousands of of one day nearer their doom? Perchance the first impressions of a first passion have just been yielded to,the first vows of love just given, and just treasured!a fount, which has been bitherto concealed, so that none |

for training them yet." would take upon herself the vows of a wife, and wholly Since his wife's death, he had given himself much up dedicated to him, the companion of her infancy. Horber to study, and allowed the children to be constantly with servants; and there they heard that they were "inade was now a manly and handsome youth, and though but for each other;" and Horbert was told that he must always take care of Alice, and never let her leave him. years.

I will not tell the reader why the lovers had been sep-Then the handsome boy would frown to be schooled, and reply that he had "promised this over and over again to arated.

The father of Alice, as was before stated, on the death his lady mother, when she was so ill." of his wife, betook himself to severe study; and in this After a time a governess was engaged. She was an accomplished, well-meaning female; and indeed her he did wisely; for there is nothing more potent in dismissing the sharpest distresses of the mind. He omcharges soon did her great credit, for they became forployed himself in antiquarian researches; and after the ward in their learning, considering their years. But she lapse of a years published some volumes, which did him, had them in no manner of restrait; she loved them, she and still do him great credit. said, too well to interfere. And the father of Alice trust-Thus engaged, it is no wonder that he had little time

ed entirely to the governess, and was quite satisfied to to attend to his youthful charges; and it was not until know that they were well. they had passed their fifteenth year, that he thought it So, between the two, the cousins were much neglect

ed. They were always free, and always together. Of- time to make some arrangements concerning "the children." With their education he was fully satisfied; but ten they wandered over the fields and wood-walks the he remarked they were both poor, considering what the live-long day, "in quest of adventurers," as Herbert said, former heads of the family had been. And Arthur and no alarm was felt at home, for all the villagers knew them. When wearied, they might have been seen to Stewart thought very justly, that a fortunate marriage might accure the elevation each. lie down beside the stream which divided the meadows.

He also considered himself pretty deeply skilled in the and spend long time in fruitless wonder ings as to where it came from. Then they vied in counting the pebbles philosophy of human nature. At first he thought it possible that there might be some "little attachment" be which reposed at the bottom, or set harebells affoat, and tween the young couple. But on further reflection, Arwatched them carried farther and farther away untill thur saw the folly of his supposition. "For," said he overwhelmed by the tiny waves, and when the ovening to himself, "the very circumstance of their being so in came, morry even in their weariness, they arrived safe

timate in childhood,—like brother and sister,—will now, at home, loaded with wild fruits and flowers. on the approaching years of discretion, be the very occa-At ten years of age, Alice was the favorite of the vilsion of preventing any feeling of a more tender nature lage. I will not now say much concerning her beauty; from warming their bosoms." And he congratulated she was a simple laughing girl, gentle, and tender of himself upon his sagacity, when he observed all childish, conscience even to the extreme. Her cheeks were rosy, familiarities were abandoned; and when, upon closely -the picture of health; her hair, seldom confined by

watching them,-that is, watching them at the stabonnet, flowed over her shoulders in long, flaxen ringlets, ted times of their family meeting,-he could detect noand her eyes, beaming with spirit and intelligence, were thing in their behavior, but the strictest propriety. Once, of the deepest blue. But, mora than all, this Alice had indeed, Herbert kissed her in his presence, as he was the kindest heart in the world; and the cottagers may still tell how she begged relief for them from the hard formerly accustomed to do hundreds of times a-day; but Squire, when the winters were long and no work was on that occasion, Alice had blushed deeply, and certainly given the youth no oncouragement to repet the libto be had.

erty. So, like all superficial philosophers, who never So everybody loved her-the old folks and the rustic children too. For the little girl had no idea that she was judge correctly, because they never search deeply enough born or better favored than the merry playmates. At the Arthur Stewart was perfectly sutisfied that there was no games on the Green she was the gladdest of them all. danger of any impolitic affection springing up between And how proud was Herbert when the bright May-day the cousins. He therefore returned to his antiquarian

mornings broke, and Alico was always the queen; and researches, and they were left to themselves. But neither in thought, nor word, nor deed, were they how well she did become the wreaths of mimic royalty! less attached than they had ever been. A new feeling, Strangers who passed through the village on that day stopped and blessed hor; and many prayed, as they look - | it is true, had driven away a host of childish imagining,

ed upon her smooth and fair brow, that the hand of sorrow might never press it mose heavily han did her coro- a three-fold cord. Alice understood the secret which nal of new-plucked roses.

In the summer-time it was the delight of the children discovered the full and delightful meaning of his oft reto seek the shelter of a thick, leafy bower, once a secret peated stories. They still constantly rambled together; retreat and celebrated peculiarity of the mannor-house they read the same books, sy, and thought the same disturb the intellect! Must it not be a fearful thing to gardens; for it was so contrived that a stranger standing thoughts; for I verily believe, if ever two disserved bedice possessed a single mind, the unison was in those outside would never suspect a recess within, and, indeed, cousin lovers. Of course their conversation most frowould never recognize is from neighboring bushes. This had always been a favorite haunt. In the green shades should shortly bear to each other. Alice would rest the around them the birds of song warbled their gayest notes, fellow beinge, while to them its daily beaming only tells and the flowers springing from the mossy turf beneath check of her laver upon her glowing basom, and gazing their feet, invished their sweetest edors. Here they sat fondly into the face raised towards here, smile at the for hours, and conned their tasks, and when the pleasant bright visions of happiness which he so loved to tell, and

labor was completed, they might have been seen to lay she to hear; and anon she kissed his clear forchead, and called herself the happiest girl in existence! And who There is the quick gushing of feeling as of waters from their cheeks togother, and, with ringicts intertwined, will blame them? watch the glimpses of blue sky which glittered fitfully One evening Arthur Stewart overheard their converknew of its existence.-- a mysterious and delicious life. above them when the breezes stirrid their leafy canopy.

antion. They were seated at an open window-confinthrobbing in every pulse, and delighting every sense!-Thus swiftly flow the days of childhood, Herbert of-Oh! joust it not be a fearful thing to know that douth is ten told her tales of what he would do when he became ed to the house by the thick dows which were spread "which cannot be averted,-that it is drawing near- a man and she his wife; and Alice heaved her little bo- upon the grass. Horbert had been lamenting his ignor-"raud nearer every day, whilst the love of life is strength- som and wondered at the story." And she thought to ance of any useful profession; and Alice, in a strain of "R,-that the leaves will be just as green, and the herself and vowed in her own brait, that, whatever a sweet sophistry, was showing him, that he ought not to sundine se warm, and the whole world as beautifal, wife might mean, she would always love her cousin, and desire that, which never could be useful to him. when the fireside place is exchanged for a cold grave ?- bo to him as she had over been. Then she slyhed, and 1 "We have," said she, "always lived here, in this old Like nest birds, we have grown up together, and those madness? Let me follow you, follow you the world

-when Alice, in all her youtful loveliness and devotion,

CHAPTER IV. When Herbert had been nearly twelve months in ondon, he one morning received a note bearing the well-known handwriting of Alico. He broke the seal, and read:-

"MY DRAREST HERBERT,---

"You must come to me directly." Something has happened which 1 cannot tell you in a letter, for my hand | ing spe!, in the garden, you will once more meet. could not have patience to write it, even to you. But it concerns' your happiness, dearest, and mine also: so "Your own "Alter." don't delay one hour. On the afternoon of the day, Herbert was within sight of

him. She flew into his arms and sobbed hysterically upon his bosom.

What could all this mean? I will let Alice speak for herself.

A rich man .-- a Baronet .-- an intimate friend of her father's, and more than double her age, had offered her his hand. She had dismissed him with a kind word, and a wish for his happiness. She had even condescended to tell him that she was already engaged. But he had returned with his proposals, and backed, too, by a powerful ally: her father: command her to wed him!-The weeping girl here dried her tears, for indignation swelled in her bosom, and flashed from these eves which

had ever beamed with modest gentleness. Two hours after this the lovers met again. Herbert ad been closeted nearly the whole of that time with Arthur Stewart. And when he sought his cousin, she almost sank to the ground on seeing the wildness of his eye and the paleness of his countenance. But what did Alice feel when his own lips announced that "every yow must be orgotten,-that he gave up all claim to her,-that she was free!" Free! how the word stabbed to her vory heart.

"Alice," said he, "your father's family was always great and rich. Misfortunes have visited it, and its former honors are nigh forgotten. He is the last represeutative, and you are his only child. I am noor. I can do nothing to enrich you, for I have not a penny in the world. Sir George Archer offers you his hand and all his fortunes. Your father has told me so; and he asked me, it I could throw myself in the way, and offer hindrance to your promotion in life-to your comfort, to your happi-

"And has my father dared to ------" "Alica !"

"Oh! Herbet, forgive me! I know not what I say! But could be talk of advantages which would accure to but it was a feeling which bound them to each other by me, and of my happiness, as reasons why you should desert me? But you will not! Say you will not! And had so often puzzled her in times gone by, and Herbertdon't look so terrible upon me! Hear me Herbet! 1 thousand times over, -rather than ------ "

"Alice, listen to me. I have to often and too long forgotten my position in this house. We have been together all our lives .--- we have been brought up as brother and sister,-treated in all things alike. This has made me queutly turned upon that sweet relationship which they cease to remember that I am but a poor dependent on your father's bounty,-that he is under no obligations to parley with her. keep me in his house,-that I have no right to domand his assistance, and ought not to expect it, unless I am propared in all things to yield to his wishes.

\*I had forgotten this; and to-day, when I dared to reproach him with dividing ties which had bound us for

"Alice, we have loved very dearly " Your mother taught us to pray that we might always be true to each

she left a letter carefully sealed, and hastily returned home-Of course, that letter was for her cousin, and many will blame her when they hear its contents.

"MY DEAREST HERBERT,---"Will you refuse to speak to me oncel. I entreat you by every rememberance of the past, not to deny me .--They tell me I am to be married on Thursday,-this day week. But on Tuesday,-at midnight,-at our old tryst-

"Your lost "ALICE."

CHALTER VI. There were mighty preparations making at the old

ed Alice coming with basty and trembling steps to meet had arrived. It also passed away, and the wearied domentics retired to rest.

on ly part of the gardens. That hand did not once tremble. at such a time, but a human heart might have been heard boating with a strange wild impulse.

closely wrapped in a fur mantle. A covering for her head had been forgotten, and the long dishelved tresses, which reached below her waist, and but just left the delicate profile of her face visible, formed her only protection from the night dows which were fast falling.

her waist. Alice burst into a flood of toars; they were the first she had shed since her parting with the dear friend, upon whose shoulder her head now sunk.

They set down in the secret recess. Even when the un was shining, there was a dark gloom there,---how dark it was now! Allce lay in the arms of her lover, and she trembled violently; but it was not with fear.

Now came the last entreaties,-the last hope of the unhappy girl. And now came, too, the spirit's fearful struggle between passion and principle in the breast of Horbert.

She clung round his neck, and on her knees besought | tate for them. So he got a seat in parliament. him to save her. She reminded him of their unnumwhen her soul abhored the relationship; -when she would | thanked them for the slightest offices.

never even try to love her husband,-never call him by that name, -never consider it her duty to yield him obedience;----when she would even tell him with her own lips, and care nothing if the whole world knew it, that she loved another, and was only true to her marriage 'vows,' because he had fulsely descrited hor!"

And then she reminded him of the fireside home he had so often pictured to her; -of the coming years to swear by the great God in Heaven that I will die, -- die a which he had looked forward with untold delight, and, graves; or worse still, to behold them living without

hope, -alone in a dreary world! Herbert spoke not a single word, -deep groans alone while he was speechless, and he dared not attempt to

Thou the weeping girl, taking courage from his silence renewed her entreaties."

"Herbert, dearest! why may I not fly with you now, -this very hour? I have come prepared to do so! I years, he reminded me of it all; he spoke of a viper which my father, accusing my disobedience! Let me go with bo had chorished in his bosom:-of the punishment with you to your foreign homo, and be your wife in spite of lids closed, tears forced their way, and her chin fall up them all Wo will still fovo as we three always done; on her bosom. which Heaven visited a disobedient child-and of the them and of the sourd will still be wild you, and the blissful her heart. And she knew its meaning, anticipatious of past times shall be accomplished! I will From that time new life, and new hope seemed to past

bosom at night! Herbert! will you leave me to submit may not repeat. other; and we have repeated that prayer even until now. to the will of another, - to a fate worse, far. worse than

CHAPTER VIII.

I have told the history of Alice from the time she was a little girl. Now she was a great and rich lady. Arthur Stewart deploted the unhappiness which he had occasioned; "but," said he, "I am her father, and it was my duty to have her welfare at heart. I have only done what any other father would have done." And, then, when his conscience whispered something conthe village church, and a sudden turning of theroad reveal- mnuor house for the wedding: and the last day but one corning a solemn oath sworn at his dying sister's bedsi de, when Herbert came into the world, he would again reply, "I have saved the boy from marrying a poor girl, At the hour of midnight, a female had drow back the It is true, they might have lived in the old house, as I

heavy bolts of the outer door, which led into the most have always done, upon the property of her mother, which, in truth, bolongs to Alice; but, then, he is band-It was dark-too dark to see the face of who was abroad some, and of good family, and the society in which he moves will afford him many opportunities of doing better, and wining a rich wife." And Arthur Stewart thought

Alice stepped out upon the damp grass. She was it was a blessing, that the children had fallen under such good guardianship: it was a singular manifestation of the care with which Providence watches over mankind! Sir Goorge treated his wife with the greatest kindness It is due to him to say this. But from her he pover had a word of love, or of friendship, or even of grati-In a fow moments an arm was silently placed round tude. It might be said that they lived together-that was all. She had been down on her knees to him, before their marriage, to tell him her story, and to beg him to take pity on hor, but he had turned a deaf ear to her

prayers, and told her it "was time to put away childish hings." It was strange she should keep up her resentment so long! But Sir George felt assured that time would make her a different woman, and in the interval he took to drinking, and followed the hounds .---These sports, however, did not exactly suit his comfort or convenience, for he had usually resided in town, and a severe fall from his horse strengthened his original dis-

Alice never went abroad. Her chamber was sacred bored vows of eternal constancy, breathed even in that to her sorrows; the servants even disliked to enter it .very spot. Was he "not carrying his notions of duty They loved their poor young mistress dearly, for they all and honor too far in forgetting them and abandoning her? | knew her story. And when she did speak to them the Was he right in louving her to bear the name of a wife it was but soldom, her words were always kind, and she

> It would made the heart of the hardest bleed to have seen the mute wretchedness of that poor girl. Her pulses seemed to best without life. She would sit almost motionless the whole of the day, with her thin white fingers pressing her forehead; and she had not a soul to speak to her.

Sometimes, from a secret drawer a book was selected. and she sat down to read it. She kept all the books that she and Herbert had read together, in that drawer, no which would still come, but only to find them in their strange hand ever touched them. There were many love stories, and she often came to passages which they had marked, either because they admired the language, or because it expressed the feelings of their own hearts. told what his soul suffered. He felt that he was firm And when her eye met these, the tears came, and Alico thanked God then. This was the only source of relief she had and when her brain felt oppressed and her tem-

ples throbbed so that her sight was nearly gone, she always opened her secret drawer. The first time Alice smiled after her marriage was one

ovening when she was alone. It was well no human nover anticipated a refusal! I have even left a lotter for eye saw her. For a moment there was a burning chesk, and quick flashes of triumph from her eyes, and then the

live on your smiles all the day, and rest your head in my soss her. Thoughts passed through her mind which I

CHAPTER IX. The bolls rung a merry peal, and there was a general