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## Poetry.

### Musa.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

O my lost Beauty!-hast thou folded quite Omy lost Beauty:—hast non loaded date
Thy wings of morning light
Beyond those iron gates
Where Life crowds hurrying to the huggard Fates,
And age upon his mound of ashes waits

Hot from the heart of youth plunged in his icy stream Leave me not fading in these weeds of care, Whose flowers are silvered hair!-

To chill our fiery dreams.

Have I not loved thee long,
Though my young lips have often done thee wrong,
And vext thy heaven-tuned car with careless song?

Ah wilt thou yet return,

Bearing thy rose-hued torch, and bid thine altar burn Come to me!-I wi'l flood thy silent shrine With my sour's sucred wine, And heap thy murble floors As the wild spice-trees waste their fragrant stores

In leafy islands walled with madrepores And lapped in orient sens.

When all their feathery palms toss, plume-like, in the

Come to me!--thou shalt feed on honeyed words

Sweeter than song of birds;No wailing bulbul's throat, No melting dulcimer's melodious note When o'er the midnight wave its murmur's float, Thy ravished sense might soothe With flow so liquid soft, with strain so velvet smooth.

Thou shalt be decked with jewels, like a queen Sought in those powers of green Where loop the clustered vines And the close-clinging dulcomara twines,-

Pure pearls of Maydew where the moonlight shines, And coral pendants shorn from Autumn's berried stem Sit by me drifting on the sleepy waves,-

Or stretched by grass-grown graves, Where gray, high-shouldered stones, Carved with old names Life's time-worn roll disowns, Lean, lichen-spotted, o'er the crumbling bones Still slumbering where they lay

While the sad Pilgrim watched to scare the wolf away Spread o'er my couch thy visionary wing!

Still let me dream and sing.— Dream of that winding shore Where searlet cardinals bloom .- for me no more .-The stream with heaven beneath its liquid floor,

And clustering nenuphars Sprinkling its mirrored blue like golden-chaliced stars Come while their balms the linden-blossoms shed:-

Come while the rose is red; While blue-eyed summer smiles
Out the green ripples round those sunken piles

Washed by the moon-wave warm from Indian Isles, And on the sultry ni The chestnuts spread their paims like holy men is

Oh, for thy burning lips to fire my brain

With thrills of wild sweet pain! On life's autumnal bla-t, Like shrivelled leaves, youth's passion-flowers are case Once laying thee, we love thee to the last'-Behold thy new decked shrine,

And hear once more the voice that breathed "foreve

[Atlantic Monthly.

### Selections.

### Alexandrine.

If it is a great triumph for a woman to obtain celebrity and fashion in society in ing the whole evening. M. de Maulevrier Paris, a similar position has, in a large pro- openly testified his admiration and his dewincial town, far greater renown, and is at- votion; and, finally, as he conducted Alexantended with more absolute power than in drine to her carriage, he ventured to press the capital, where the numerous circles into her hand and to ask her permission to wait which society is divided, gives, necessarily, a queen for each especial realm.

About two years ago, the town of Moulins possessed, amongst the curiosities and attractions pointed out to strangers, and held in high esteem by the inhabitants, a young

She was the daughter of a gentleman, the had the door closed on him before she en you will not be able to earn them yourself, name of whose ancestors might be seen on | tered her father's room.' many of the public monuments, as well as in the archives of the city. Formany years going to send for you. M. de Maulevrier this representative of the house of d'Orville had been absent from his native town .-When he returned to it, it was rumored that, by some of those wonderful speculations for which Paris is celebrated, he had increased his paternal inheritance, and that his im- Father dear, you may say yes." mense wealth fully warranted the style of splendid magnificence in which he established himself and family.

He was a widower, and had an only daughter, Alexandrine d'Orville, whose education had been the object of his care, as am sure, care for money." well as theme of conversation for many years in the town of Moulins. At eighteen, when Mademoiselle d'Orville made her appearance at a ball at the Perfect's, there at your disposal." was but one opinion of her beauty, her manners and her accomplishments; and, as all she, "how did it happen-what could it be?" Moulins had interested itself in her educaproud of her. Perhans the universal attention and admiration she excited might be. in a measure influenced by Alexandrine's being an heiress—the undoubted heiress of but no-M. de Maulevrier." that immense wealth her father was sunpesed to possess-a wealth exaggerated and him-I do not trust him." magnified by the fact that its source was a mystery even to the most enquiring minds of the city.

naking Alexandrine the daughter of a private gentleman. She was evidently intended

for a queen. Generous, high-minded, free from all petty pride, her manner and bearing were so haughty, so grand, so thoroughly independent and self-possessed, that the lead in all circles was accorded to her almost involuntarily; and those older, and even higher in rank, felt that they were

not intended to condescend to notice. Of course a girl with all these advantages was not wanting in aspirants to ber hand. It was a great delight to the gossips of Moulins to reckon up the discarded suitors of the proud heiress. Alexandrine, herself, the existence of these unlucky wights the dead in his bed. moment they had been refused, and continued her triumphant career as proudly and smilingly as ever. She had no intimate and great indignation, and much supercilfriends. Girls of her own age appeared to be afraid to confide to her all the little secrets that make up woman's life till the cares of marriage and maternity render it serious .confidence and companionship with her funeral. father; and she had, beside, a cousin, Max-

to prefer to that of every one else. The gossips of Moulins were not without speculating on this intimacy, and many predicted that, after all, Maxime would be the Still she was Alexandrine's nearest relafavored mortal and carry off the prize. tion, and her own dignity and the conven-Maxime, however, knew better: for his consin, with the frankness which distinguished to her niece the protection of her house. her had settled that question in a few words

ime de Tailly, whose society she appeared

"Alexandrine." had Maxime said to her one day when they were alone, "you have rejected suitors possessed of every advantage supposed to be desirable in a husband. What would you say to one who offered you unbounded devotion, a heart that has never beat but for you, a moderate fortune, and an honorable and noble name?"

"that I want the devotion of no one; for in weal or woe, I can suffice to myself; and that I should not value the love of a heart, however good or noble-even one as good and noble as yours, Cousin Maxime-if it did not make mine beat in return. Give me your hand. Do you feel one pulsation quicker than health and youth would warrant?"

Maxime was answered. He never renew ed this conversation, lest a more formal rejection should banish him from Alexandrine altogether.

But, after all Alexandrine was not inpossession of a large estate bequeathed him est consolation." by his uncle a certain Count Jules de Maulevrier. From the first moment he had anhad considered him a fit match for Alexandrine d'Orville. Alexandrine had, in her inmost heart, though no outward munifestad her individuality. Monsieur Maulevrier, however, appeared perfectly unconscious of the plans and conjectures going on around him; nay, the even appeared unconscious of the charms of the Moulins ter the hatred she had borne the father.

heiress. .Too proud to be coquettish. Alexandrine quite as unconscious of M. le Comte de

Maulevrier as he was of her. But, one evening, without any prelimi naries, the Count invited M'lle d'Orville to dance; and, after the conclusion, he sat down near her, nor ever again left her side dur-

on her father. "Shall I find an advocate to plead my

cause?"
"If you need one," replied Alexandrine,

"I shall be there." Alexandrine contrived to know when M.

"Alexandrine," suid her father, "I was was here an instant ago."

"I know that. What answer did you give

"An evasive one, because---"Because you didn't know what I thought

"No but; I love him."

"Does he love Alexandrine or my heiress?" "Father, that doubt is not complimentary to your child. M. de Maulevrier doesn't

"That is lucky, child, for I have a con fession to make. I am an utterly ruined man. You will not have a thousand france M'lle d'Orville started. "Futher," said

tion, so now all Moulins decided on being ruin; but the disgrace, the mortification to and stiff society of the Countess, got to be a you, my child." "Never fear for me, father; they cannot

"There is the worst. I cannot avow to

"I do." "I wish he had not been tried. Wait a

Nature had, certainly, made a mistake in longer with your illusion-for my sake." very evening.

"He will stand the test. I wish I dare acquaintance. tell him."

That night, on her return, in her impatience to inspire her father with the confibeing patronised by a girl whom they had dence she felt in M. Maulevrier, she hastened to his room. It was very late; yet surely he must hear her knocking-her voice must awaken him.

But no voice was ever destined to wake him more.

The door being burst open by Alexanappeared, however, perfectly unconscious of drine's command, M. d'Orville was found

M. d'Orville's ruin was known, of course, with his death. There was great wonder, ious pity for M'lle Alexandrine. She could themes of general admiration. have saved from the creditors her mother's fortune, but she refused to accept anything; and with only her personal effects, left what as she rose from the piano. Alexandrine had been brought up in perfect | had been her home the day of her father's She had an aunt, who was the widow of

a nobleman attached to the court of Charles X. She was rich and childless; but between herself and her brother a feud had existed almost since Alexandrine's birth .tionalities of the world obliged her to offer

Coldly and proudly was the offer made, coldly and proudly was it accepted. On the day of her arrival at her aunt's two letters were given to Alexandrine. One was

from Maxime and ran thus: "Alexandrine, my best loved. The devo-tion I offered you is increased tenfold. My love is the same. That could not increase. If you will not let me be your husband, ren honorable and noble name?"

"I should say," replied Alexandrine, truest, fastest friend."

The other note was thus worded:

"MADEMOISELLE-Believe me, no one has more deeply sympathised with your griet than myself. I rejoice that, in your change of position, you have found the protection of such a distinguished person as your aunt. If I were not obliged to leave Moulins for Paris immediately—having decided to reside in the capital—I should have done myself the honor of calling on you. Your obedient servant,

Jules Maulevrier." To her cousin's letter Alexandrine aus-

wered: "Thank you, Maxime. Adversity teaches us to know our friends. Do not come to vulnerable. There came from Paris, totake me; but be sure that your letter is my great-

To M. de Maulevrier's note she returned no answer. Her cousin's letter she careful peared at the perfecture, Moulins, profoundly ly put away; but M. de Maulevrier's letimpressed by his appearance and manner, ter she more carefully putaway in her bosom, and was never without reading it over every night before she slept.

Meantime, the strength of Alexandrine's tion testified to the fact, acknowledged to character was sorely put the test by her herself that the Count was the only man to aunt. Mme. de Portallier was proud, like whom she would consent to resign her liberty her niece. But one was the pride of a weak nature, the other the and self-reliant.

Still there was a struggle. Mme. de Portallier was, perhaps, avenging on the daugh-

"Alexandrine," said she, one day, "here is a bill of perfumery for you. Who do you carried it off with a high hand, appearing expect to pay for such luxuries; you have no money."

"Not money," replied Alexandrine, "but what will bring at least the amount of this

That evening, M'lle d'Orville, going up to her aunt's man of business, who dined with her twice a week, said aloud: "Monsieur Lemaire, will von he good

enough to sell this bracelet for me. in order that I may pay a bill I have heedlessly contracted."

Mme, de Portallier bit her lips, and every one looked at her. Some days afterwards Mmc. de Portallier

renewed the attack: "Pray, Mademoiselle d'Orville, who do you think will give you new silk dresses lady of the name of Alexandrine d'Orville. de Maulevrier paid his visit, and scarcely when those you wear are gone? I am afraid you were brought up to be an heiress and

> nothing else." M'lle. Alexandrine did not reply, but that day, at a grand dinner given by her auut, she appeared in a high black merino dress, with a plain white linen collar, and ever afterwards retained the same costume .-When her duties to her aunt's guests were accomplished, she would retire to a distant part of the salon, and, taking her work-basket, begin diligently to work.

Mme. de Portallier tried to conciliate; but her niece was so perfectly deferential and respectful, that it was a difficult matter to enter into a discussion. But Mme. de Portallier went to Paris for the winter. There she hoped that her niece would change both her dress and her manner. She was, however, mistaken. Alexandrine persevered: only, as her work did not prevent her conversing, the presence of this handsome, in-"Do not ask me, darling. I care not for dependent, clever girl in the somewhat staid great attraction in the Faubourg St. Germain. Mme. de Portallier, who saw gradually the mortify me. Bear up, let us leave the city; exclusive circles of the Faubourg St Germain gather round her, began to feel that lier. Alexandrine was a necessary element to her happiness; and she grew deferential, con-

Alexandrineaffected not to see the change; few days, Alexandrine; live a few days but still persevered in her babits and her you accept it now?"

Chating, and affectionate.

manners. One evening a gentleman intro-Alexandrine's proud nature revolted at duced to Mme. de Portallier, M.de Maulevrier. deceit, but she was rewarded for the sacri- Alexandrine started as, from her retired fice, by M. de Maulevrier's protestations of corner, she recognized him; but recovering love and devotion when they met on that herself, she went up to him and, greeted him, with perfect self-possession, as an old

"Excuse me," said she, after the first salutations, "if I did not answer the note you wrote me; I was so absorbed at the time, that I know you will excuse me."

M. de Maulevrier was astounded. He did not exactly know what to say. So he asked Alexandrine how she liked Paris.

"I know nothing of Paris beyond this room; that is sufficient for an old maid in my position." But Alexandrine, old maid as she chose to style herself, (she was twenty-one) eclips-

ed the most brilliantly attired women in her aunt's drawing-rooms. Her beauty, her pride, her accomplishments, were the "You have the talent of an artist," said

M. de Maulevrier, one day, to Alexandrine,

"I have striven to acquire it. When my aunt grows tired of me I shall have to give less ons for my daily bread."

Such speeches as these, uttered fearlessly aloud, created great sympathy for Alexandrine, and brought the animadversion of all upon Mme. de Portallier.

could not think of Aiexandrine as a wife, and a youth-an illustration of the natural now that she was poor, was deeply mortified triumph of discipline over revolutionary at the calm and civil indifference with which | anarchy. he was treated. At Moulins he had courted the heiress; here, in Paris, he was fascinated universal admiration, but who seemed to disdain all admiration. His vanity would not allow him to give up the idea of makcould but feel that he was regretted, he would be satisfied. But Alexandrine never

changed her manner towards him. Madame de Portallier, however, saw M. de Maulevrier's admiration. She had begun to discover that her niece was necessary to her happiness. She was an old woman. and her importance, her position depended on Alexandrine's remaining with her.

"Alexandrine," said she, "don't you think it is time you should marry?" "Marry! Who would have me, poor as I

"You may be poor, but I----" "You are rich."

"Well, have you never had a preference?" "Once, aunt," said Alexandrine, "for M. de Maulevrier."

"If I had been rich," said Alexandrine. it would have been, perhaps, a happy lot. We should have lived with you, have em-

bellished your old age, have surrounded in connection with the famous legend, "S. you with care and love; but I am too poor. It cannot be."

natural heiress." down to kiss her aunt's hand, "you are trionic conceit; and even sometime too good."

"You will never leave me, dear child, and you will forgive me?" "All is forgotten, aunt," replied Alexan-

never leave you.' A few weeks afterwards, M'lle Alexandrine, in a most splendid costume, was awaiting the arrival of the lawyers and the invited guests, to sign the marriage contrac-Maxime. She had just left her aunts' dressing-room, when proceeding to the drawing-

room, she encountered M. de Maulevrier. "Jules," said she, "do you love me; or is it only a-marriage de convenance, after all?" "I love you, Alexandrine, now; and your fortune is nothing to me."

Alexandrine had only time to reply by a smile of deep meaning, when her auntentered and the guests began to assemble.

Now all was ready. The lawyer read the marriage contract. M'lle d'Orville was an heiress, after all; and M. de Maulevrier had a rich dower, besides a beautiful wife. Now, amid the silence of all the spectators. Alexandrine takes the pen. But before she signs, she pauses, and casting it beside her, she takes from her bosom a let-

"My dear aunt," said she, "now that the contract has been read, and it is proved that I am at least M. de Maulevrier's equal in wealth, and, therefore, that there is not calculation in the match, allow me to read you this short note."

Then, in a clear, steady voice Alexandrine read the note she had formerly received from her intended.

When she had concluded, amidst the astonishment of all, she twisted up the note, and, holding it over a candle, watched it as it burned "Now," said she, as the blackened par-

ticles fell around-"now, M. de Maulevrier. will be alike forgotten, for I am avenged." levrier, she walked proudly up to her aunt. no wedding after all?" said Mme. de Portal-

"Yes, aunt; merely a change of husbands. Maxime," continued Alexandrine, with great dignity, "the hand you sued for, when

I am not rich, but I have sufficient happitune."

"Then you will leave me!" exclaimed theatre, which is very proper." Mme, de Portallier

"Never," replied Alexandrine. "I am till now,-and, for revenge, love shall be my familiar music from the "Forty Thieves." guide ever after. This, dearest aunt, is the dawn of happiness to us all."

#### "Enter First Citizen." A STORY OF THE THEATRE.

The first time I saw him he wore a brown unic, of the value of ten cents a yard; he had orange-colored legs; his naked arm was branded with a rude device, indicating that he had been carelessly leaning against a fresh painted wing; and in his hand he bore a staff, as Roman citizens are wont to do on the stage. His name was not in the bills; he was an "auxiliary"-one of that stalwart band which fills the eye of an audience when the stage directions say, "enter citizens" or "soldiers." On this particular evening he appeared to be a fellow of turbulent disposition; and though he spoke but seldom, his actions and bearing were so rebellious, that, in the course of the evening. he and his disorderly comrades were thrice driven from the scene by a small but deter M. de Maulevrier, though of course he mined body of lictors, consisting of two men

I next saw him as the "servant, with torch," in "Macbeth." He was that Scotby the woman-a woman, too the object of tish menial who receives directions relative to the Thane's drink, and is theu summarily sent to bed by his agitated master. He had the same legs and tunic, but the tunic was ing an impression on Alexandrine. If he this time adorned with plaid by the liberal management. Since then I have seen him fighting in the wars of York and Lancaster, enlisting with careless bravery, sometimes under the White, and sometimes under the Red Rose. His modest merit has been rewarded with the Cross of the Legion of Honor, given by the Emperor himself. in the spectacle of "Napoleon;" and with undaunted patriotism, he has battled for liberty under the immortal Washington, for no reward save the consciousness of duty fulfilled, and the small nightly stipend received, not regularly, from the theatre. After a grand personation of a loyal Sepoy, in the injuries received by Bloody Mary and Ma-'Cataract of the Ganges," he has, a few nights after, assumed the character of that traitorous rascal who receives his deathblow from Mr. Forrest, in the council cham-"The very husband I had thought of for ber scene of "Metamora."

He was a man of genial presence: a mild blue eye gave a guilelessness to a face whose general expression was not unpleasing, and although he appeared on the stage so often P. Q. R," that he might have been considered a type of the Senate and people of "Child, but I am rich-and you are my Rome, his amiable features seemed out of place in the mobs and legions of that great "My dear aunt," said Alexandrine, stoop- empire. However, he was soiled by no his- ionate of nurses. For a week every, thing gallery appeared to be so severely outraged to remove tables, chairs, and loose properties, preparatory to a change of scene, receiving the customary hoots of the "gods" with the equanimity of a well-balanced

drine, with real emotion; "I will never, mind. Notwithstanding the simplicity of his duties, I became interested in the man; and in her eyes, those beautiful eyes whose and tolerable aim at the stage. Pale through one night, pointing him out to a person attached to the theatre, asked his name. It was, as I had supposed, Jones. There was, Amongst these guests was her cousin indeed, a chance of its being Smith; but having a presentiment in favor of Jones, I had already rejected that remote possibility. His Christian name was unknown, but, owing to the Roman circumstances in which ! had so often seen him placed, he was, by an unconscious movement of the mind, imbed-

ded in my memory as S. P. Q. R. Jones. One day, fractures suddenly appearing in some window-panes in my house-nobody knew when or how the damage was done, and as we had neither cat nor children, I, of course, believed the class had fallen to pieces from old age, especially as I had never known a servant of alien birth to state anything but artless truth-I sent to a neighboring glazier for aid, who despatched to me one of his journeymen. It was S. P. Q. R. Jones-a painter and glazier by day; at night, a Roman senator, or some gallant, though generally speechless, knight, near the loved person of his liege and honored king.

I spoke to him, commencing with a little of that flattery not utterly despiced by any profession, but which strikes the not unexpectant ear of an actor or musician with singular pleasure. Supposing, in my ignorance, it impossible to be a glazier and professional gentleman at the same time, I asked him how he contrived it?

"The manager and I have long been professionally connected," said he. "He finds me trust-worthy, and willing to do many little jobs about the theatre, so he excuses me from rehearsals. In this way I have I have done with you. You and your letter all the daytime for my trade. I very seldom have anything to say on the stage; and With a profound courtesy to M. do Mau- when there are one or two lines in the part, excellence in light comedy and juvenile tra- for we had been good friends from the first, "Why, Alexandrine, then there is to be all the stock pieces I know all my exits and the opportunity afforded by Jones's sick little girl, he had determined to active. I was in sorrow and poverty, is yours. Will she hasn't been on in speaking parts. She first explosion caused by the intelligence, rang, the train started, and the "first is a villagor sometimes, or a virgin of the Jones, to every one's surprice, rapidly re-citiven" made his final exit.

With this explanation he set the panes of glass in the places of those which nobody your daughter. I have lived in bitterness had broken, and went away whistling some

> After this interview I saw him frequently both on and off the stage, and finding that Mrs. S. P. Q. R. Jones had cultivated a natural taste for dress-making, my wife occasionally employed her. Thus was drawn closer the bond of acquaintance between her husband and myself. The lady was about twenty-five years of age, very pretty, and charmingly conscious of the fact. Not disinclined to admiration, and posessing a large share of vivacity, it was to be feared that, with the opportunities found in the dissipated atmosphere of a theatre she might sometimes be placed in an equivocal position; but, as yet, slander had never soiled her name; while the affection she honestly evinced for her husband and child seemed to be an effectual barrier between her and evil.

There came a period when the legitimate

drama, never, perhaps, adequately support-

ed by a fickle people (who, as time moves on seem more and more inclined to reserve the legitimate article for their closets,) was withdrawn, and the equipe had usurped its place. Mr. Blank and his splendid stud of horses, consisting of a dozen white and parti-colored ponies, combining their talents with those of the stock company, were drawing enthusiastic audiences in "Mazenpa," and the like. I attended a representation of this drama. The beautiful Arabian mare, Bloody Mary-so styled, probably, because she was cream-like in color and re markably kind in temper-portrayed, with her accustomed docility, the Ukraine steed. On her first entrance she threw about, with well-simultated rage, her delicate limbs: but stood commendably quiet when Mr. Blank. as Mazeppa, was bound upon her back; and then like an arrow from a bow slackly pulled, started off at a moderate amble up the canvas precipice which concealed the rear of the stage. Instead of completing her route, the unfortunate animal, when half-way up the ascent, stumbled and fell upon the stage, a distance of ten feet. The zeppa were but slight; but, in falling, she struck with her hoof S. P. Q. R. Jones, who was standing beneath, and broke his collar

audience, who, with hisses demanded an-

senscless.

means for proper attendance, medicines and the little comforts expected in convalescence, while his wife was one of the most affect | moral sense of the young gentlemen in the have all a damaged mortal should expect fiercest and loudest expressions of disapprounder such circumstances. What was it bation; to such an extentdid the enthusiasm that changed all this? Why did the wife, of these young supporters of a pure life ner? Where was the old home-light were discharged with considerable velocity sparkling glances the downcast lashes now his paint, the actor cast a deprecating look expected knock at the door, or footfall on and his knees involuntarily trembled when ill-fortune were near? And, bending over him was too strong for him to calm. Cries the little girl; she would smother deep sight of "Off! off!" forced him from the foot-lights. and gaze wistfully toward her husband, and bending to the storm, he ran from the with anxious face of one seeking the con- stage. The tempest immediately ceased; fessional; and he, dozing, his brain clouded and he, panting with agitation, beheld be-Deaf to the low, musical tones of a manly for until then he had not seen the man since roice, trained to love-speeches and husky his return. with the importunity of passion, which from adjoining rooms, in the watches of the This is the way you take to revenge yourand the stealthy sound of retreating foot- a gang of bissing, dirty, sweaty mechanics, steps! Blind when a dark mustache and to drive me from the stage-to ruin meevil eyes appeared at the open door, and and because your wife-"

then news came from the theatre which the actor were destroyed forever. made his limbs tremble, and the muscles of After this unfortunate affair the theatre his face twitch, and heavy groans come became more and more distasteful to Jones from him, as from one in convulsions. At -more so, perhaps, from its being stained last the manager arrived; and then he with the memory of revenge desperately knew that the woman he had cherished had taken. It is indeed certain that he felt more of shame to her child. A handsome actor the great wrong he he had inflicted. A few attached to the company—a man famed for months after, I accompanied him to the cars, I commit them in a few minutes; and in gedy-had fascinated the poor woman, and to see him off to the West, where, with his entrances by heart. You must know I al- ness completed her ruin. They went to anways had a liking for the stage, my wife. other city, where the seducer, being very as he shook my hand at parting. "Evorytoo, was one of the profession: she played popular among the younger part of the fe-thing here makes me shudder and think too chambermaids, and such like, but her voice male portion of the theatre-going public, much of things which must be forgotten. was not very strong; so, since her marriage readily obtained an engagement. After the I stooped and kissed the little girl; the bell

"With eternal gratitude and joy," ex- sun, when an extra force is wanted; but gained his strength, and in a few days was claimed Maxime-but without the contract. never appears except on extraordinary oc- able to attend to some portion of his usual casions, as we have a little girl at home, avocations. He did not, like a proper here ness. Let Mme, de Portallier keep her for- too young to be left alone; and the mana- of romance, arm himself to the teeth with ger don't like to see children about the the deadly weapons of American civilization, follow the fugitives, and commit what a jury might have called justifiable homicide. But he felt more than the pangs of the hero of romance, and deeper was the agony from his efforts to conceal the wound. It needs not Othello's visage, nor station, nor the sombre scenery belonging to mediaval tragedy, to awaken in our time the same passions which drove the noble Moor to

murder, despair, and death. Only tour short weeks passed and the lost woman, bearing on her face the aged, weary look with which guilt and remorse brand their victims opened the door of the room which once enshrined a happy fireside, and knelt sobbing at his feet-a discarded mistress! He did not spurn her; his eyes, from which the light of happiness was gone forever, did not blaze with fury on the unhappy wretch before him; but he took her up, drew her tenderly tohis breast, and kissed her; then leading her to the bed where the little girl lay asleep he said.

"Kiss her, Mary dear; she has been waiting long for you!"

No upbraidings no noisy challition of rage -nothing but the loud sobbings of the false wife and the clamorous joy of the awakened child.

She lived with him but a little while .--There was no longer any hope or object in life for her. Broken-hearted and abased. she never left the house again. Hour by hour she faded, and when the cold time of autumn came he took her from the cheerless, noisy city, and laid her to sleep in the sun. near the trees of the country church-yard in the sight of whose spire she was born.

He toiled on for the sake of his child.

faithful to all his duties; never misanthronic or moody, although silent, and sometimes when alone, tearful; and time passed on an til it was two years from the death of his wife. The actor with the black mustache and winning voice cameback; two years had wrought some change in him, too. The black mustache was there still, but the voice was hoarse from constant drams, and the speaking eye was yellow and sunken-Whether this loss of personal beauty struck the audience unfavorably, or whether the disreputable circumstances under which he closed his last visit, excited against him the strong moral feeling which is always supposed to pervade an American audience, it would be impossible to decide; but no sooner. bone. This occurred out of sight of the did he spring, with the old, clastic, lightcomedy step, upon the stage, sideling toward the boxes with the professionalsmirk which other flight; so, while Bloody Mary was begs applause, than a hiss cozed from one again prancing upon the stage, poor Jones corner of the house and spread with fearful was tenderly lifted up and carried home rapidity from pit to gallery-a hiss which seemed to remind all that this man had A few hundreds in the Savings' Bank, the violated the decencies of society, and was fruits of former economy, furnished the now insulting the proprieties of life by his

very presence.
It may be remarked that the juvenile vent on well, and poor Jones seemed to that from that quarter proceeded by far the still devoted and kind, lose the loving car- carry their opposition, that many half-connestness which had characterized her man-sumed apples and other seasonable fruit concealed? Why, at the sound of some un- at the more respectable part of the audience. the stairs, did she start almost wildly, as if his practised eyes saw the excitement against by opiates, and confinement, seeing nothing. fore him the pale countenance of S. P. Q. R. hearing nothing, blind and deaf, when each Jones, who chanced, at that moment, to mortal sense should have been soundest .- step to the prompter's table. Jones started,

"Ah! it is you, then!" exclaimed the dissometimes came unheoded to his drowsy ear graced actor; "you, you cowardly villain!night. Deaf to the click of closing bolts self. You pack the house, curse you! with

she, whom he loved with all the power of He said no more, for Jones' hand was on an honest and noble heart, left him to fol- his thront, and the insult trembling on his low the beckoning finger from his presence. tongue died away in an unmeaning gurgle It was the old, sad story. Before the in- The blows fell fast, and the pent-up misery salid had left his room, and while he was of many a month added weight to the arm recovering his former health, his wife went no one not even the mighty manager, who away. Noon came, but she came not; and was attracted to the seene by the tumult -when the shadows deepened, and the little attempted to restrain the supernumerary, girl raised her melancholy wail for the ab- and when, after a last effort, he cast his sent mother, the poor father, anxious and enemy on the ground, the remains of manly fearful, sent messengers to seek for her; beauty which dissipation had spared to

stolen his honor and fled, leaving a legacy remorse for this than the actor ever did for

"I shall never come back agoin," said he.