

SAMUEL WRIGHT, Editor and Proprietor.

## VOLUME XXIX, NUMBER 7.]

## COLUMBIA, PENNSYLVANIA, SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 21, 1858.

## [WHOLE NUMBER, 1,464.

left them. He knew that an English Protest-

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING Office in Northern Central Railroad Cempany's Building, north-west corner Front and Walnut streets.

Terms of Subscription. Qae Copy per annum.if paidin advance, if noi paid within three months from commencement of the year, \$1 50 2 00

4 Conts a Copy.

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Rates of Advertising. k, #0 33 eks. 75 sequentinsertion, 10 k. 50 square [6 lines] one week, three weeks.

three weeks. 75 (c) each subsequentinsertion, 10 (c) (12) ines] one week. 50 (c) three weeks. 100 (c) three weeks. 100 Largeradvertisements proportion. A liberal discount will be made to quarterly, half yearly or yearly, divertisers, who are strictly confined to their basiness.

# Poetry.

The Night before the Mowing. All shimmering in the morning shine, And diamonded with dew, And quivering with the scented wind That thrills its green heart through-The little field, the smiling field With all its flowers a-blowing, How happy looks the golden field The day before the mowing! And still 'neath the departing light,

Twilight-though void of stars, Save where, low westering, Venus sinks From the red eye of Mars; How peaceful sleeps the silent field, With all its beauties glowing, Half stirring-like a chuid in dreams The night before the mowing.

Sharp steel, inevitable hand, Cut keen-cut kind! Our field We know full well must be laid low Before its fragrance yield. Plenty and mirth, and houest gain its blameless death bestowing-And yet we weep, and yet we weep, The mght before the mowing!

Selections. My First Love. CHAPTER I.

At twenty I was considered rather a hardsome man than otherwise; in fact, whatever may have been the opinion of certain of the envious and malignant, I had myself no doubt whatever on the subject. I was not rich, it is true, but my family was as old as the conquest, my father a baronet, and myself a cornet of dragoons.

I have no doubt that the generality of people would consider my position-excepting the fact of my possessing an elder brother-an exceedingly enviable onc.-They are mistaken. A younger son, with an estate strictly entailed, is no such enviable personage after all, as he himself soon discovers.

Still I was happy. It was Christmas time, and Lady Maria Templeton was on a visit to my mother and sisters.

I never did, and 1 never shall again see such beauty as hers. It shed light as she walked. She was dazzingly fair in skin, and yet her hair was black. She was tall, slight, and sylph-like, and yet no man could venture to call her any other than a

"Et tu, Brute!" cried Lady Maria, laugh uniform as much as possible." "Oh, yes, Mr. Cornet Harcourt," she re- ing; "don't be ridiculous. Because we are plied, "I am fully aware of the etiquette of old friends, and like to talk of old times the thing; but then I thought-you were so don't try to flatter me. When is to be your new to it-that you might like to make a first campaign?"

upon state occasions, we dispense with our you are present?"

in a somewhat stately tone, "that unless

"There is talk of India," I said, "but sensation for once." nothing is decided." For once! I, the handsomest man in "ours"

"Indial" she cried, with something of to be talked to in this way, and by a little start and a blush: "indeed!" girl who a year ago had been in pinafore! "I have heard it said, but scarcely wish could not reply on the instant, and so pretended to pull my gloves on.

it so much as I did." "Why?" We danced. As we moved to the soft "I have met you" cadence of the music, my heart began to beat with unusual rapidity. In the dawn

"Now, Harry, do not look so sentimental of machood, while the feelings are fresh and nd make such tender speeches, or I shall virgin, when everything on earth appears laugh. I suppose you mean to dance, s bright and lovely, to find one's self supportyou had better ask me, as here comes John ing a beautiful woman in one's arms, the Powers, bent upon the same intent." I eagerly led her to her to her place, to air balmy with fragrant odors, lights dazthe great dissatisfaction of the Irish cap zling, and music intoxicating with its effem-

tain, who did know of her fortune. inate sounds, is to dwell awhile in a paradise of which we never, perhaps, again ob-I never shall forget that evening. I had come down to Courtney Chase a young and

CHAPTER II.

Wild visions of the future began to cross

tain so perfect a vision. happy subaltern in her majesty's service-And then to talk with her afterwards! She was so full of animation and life, so light-hearted, merry, full of fun and frolic, without a care or thought of the morrow .really kind, with all her playful spirit of sarcasm, that I soon found myself at my I gradually found myself becoming anxious ease, even answering some of her bantering thoughtful-my brew was obscured by care my heart beat with painful rapidity. I

was in love. The boy had become a man I was no mere carpet soldier. I longed for some field on which to distinguish myself. in one evening. And yet I was happy .-There was a delicious intoxication in the I burned for fame, for world-wide renown. sound of her voice, in her soft white hand Lady Maria soon found this out, and then as it lay in mine. There was ranture in her bantering ceased altogether; her voice the waltz as her beaming eyes met mine. sank lower, her eyes sparkled, her bosom heaved, as in whispered accents she wished and our very hearts seemed to beat in unison. me success and fortune.

It is an hour of bliss when the sense "You are of the favored of the earth, are steeped in voluptuous languor, when Harry," she said, drawing me on one side nature seemes decked in wondrous lovelitowards the conservatory; "poor us can do nothing but wish you men good speed. Oh, ness, when all that is in the world smiles how I sometimes long to be a man, that I, upon us, when emotions new and delicious come gushing to our hearts, we cannot find too, might be a soldier, a suitor, an orator or 2 statesman. It seems to me so sad a words te describe. It is as the opening of life to be born in a station where one can the portals of a new existence-it is love's young dream.

be nothing." I handed her down to supper amid the "Oh, Maria!" cried I, enthusiastically, groans of one or two of the men, and not 'tis far better as it is. If we wish to be without some spitcful looks from the dear great as soldiers, or sailors, or statesmen, young creatures I had totally neglected .---why is it?"

remarks.

"Tell me," she said, smiling. But what cared I? "To win the love of such as you. Rely upon it, that is the prize man covets. It is eeded, were spent in riding, driving, walkthe consciousness that woman will smile ing, or in home amusements, according to which impels us to great deeds."

"Harry, Harry," she said, with something of a sigh, "at your age I believe some such feeling does exist, but it soon fades away, and man covets success for its own sake." "Some few." I began. and estates. "Most men-there are those choice spirits Tom was equally attentive, but I am

who do great deeds from a sense of duty, bound to say his attentious were not equally but with most men ambition is the sole well met. My heart began to beat as I guiding impulse." found myself the favorite.

I looked at her with surprise. She spoke varmly, and yet with secret bitterness. "A philosopher in petticoats!" said I, in

of age, when I should become my own a laughing tone. master and that of a small property I held "I have lived more in the world than you have, Harry," continued Maria, smiling; from my mother.

No selfish reflection on the folly of mar-"but here comes your brother Tom to claim rying on three hundred a year entered my his turn. We will continue our conversahend. That was precisely my income bc- can never-no, never, be yours!" It was my brother Tom, and looking sides my pay. I thought I could live upon "But why? rather surly, too, at our long tete a tete.  $\Lambda$  it; and even so blissful did the prospect somewhat vicious glance which he cast at seem, that I actually determined to sell out married in a month." me convinced me that he was deeply inter- rather than delay my happiness. I was shrieked. I believed in but one thing-my love, ardent. devoted, and sincere, for Maria, rather not mention." Men, and woman too, have the cruel "Heaven have mercy on me! Is this courage to laugh at these early passions, reality, or some horrid dream? Can it be and to cover them with ridicule. It is postrue?-another's!" sible that many, perhaps the majority of "I am very sorry, Harry!" she said, in youths, are incapable of feeling love endu-

"Who can see any one in the room while "You, and you only," I said, gravely. She looked up at me with a keen and this. How I passed over that Christmas-eve enetrating glance, which I shall never and how I endured that Christmas day, I orget. She turned pale as she did so, and I know not. I heard the siren's voice, but I understood it not. ent her eyes upon the ground.

"Well, Harry?" she said, sadly. "Maria, it is no use of disguising the about to break up. I had mado my arrenge ruth any longer. I love you-I love you

vith all my heart and soul. Nay, do not aterrupt me. From the very first evening came home my seuses have left me. I im wild with intense, earnest passion .---Mine is no boy's fancy. I have cast my to-morrow morning to join my regiment." vhole soul upon this one issue-you or

10thing. With you, this earth would be he most joyous of earths; without you, a lreary waste. I have not spoken without effection. Maria, I have said that I wish o succeed in life, but I begin to fancy that ove is worth all ambition. I am willing to leave the army. In a few months I shall be of age; my fortune is small; but if I dared to hope that you-you-could but learn to

ove me, it would be enough for both. "Harry, is it possible," said the lovely girl with beaming eyes, "that you know not of my wealth-of my fortune?"

"Fortune!" I gasped, letting go her arm, and looking terror-stricken.

"Go on," said Maria, kindly: "that would make no difference to me."

"Dearest, beloved girl of my heart, par don my presumption. I had no idea that you were other than the portionless girl knew a year ago. Had I suspected this," added, proudly, "I should have crushed the dawning passion within my heart: 'tis now too late-rich or poor, my heart is irevocably gone. I should have hesitated--

but I feared my brother might speak first. He is somebody-I am nobody."

"Your brother, Harry, would have been rejected," said Lady Maria, dryly; "and fend you, but you must let me think this still.

but a burst of boyish passion." I staggered as she spoke.

"No! I was a boy when I came herehappy, merry, carcless boy-I am now a man, and you have made me so. It remains for you to decide whether my manhood shall be one of glorious happiness, or whether I become a desperate and hopeless wretch, whose career upon earth Heaven in its mer-The next day, and one or two that suc- cy will shorten."

"Don't! don't!" she cried; "don't say such wicked things!"

the state of the weather. But, no matter "They are not wicked, Maria. It is even so. Like the gambler, I have unwittingly what the occupation which took up our time, I continued my assiduities to Lady placed my whole existence on the hazard of servants, disagreeable to all around me .adie-death or life upon a woman's smile.---Maria, the daughter of the poor earl, but the heiress to a distant relative's wealth You may try to deceive yourself, but you must believe me. When once a man's eyes

have fixed themselves in love upon you, it is forever." "Harry Harcourt," said Lady Maria,

quickly, "I would not believe it true for all the wealth of the Indies." "Why?" said I, trembling as with the ague my brain. I wanted a few months of being

"Because I can never be yours," she continued, with a deep sigh. "You do not love me," I gasped.

"Harry Harcourt, why press me on this painful subject? I tell you plainly that I by the latter course, which will show your be "My First Love."

"Until just now," I repeated.

that I had not come!"

passion takes me by surprise; but had I been

I believe earth has no other such pain as wice."

It was very late, and the merry party was ments to start at daybreak.

"Lady Maria," said I, in as stately a man ner as I could assume-it was very unkind and very ungenerous, but I could not help it-I am come to wish you good by. I leave "So soon," she replied, raising her eye brimful of tears to mine. "Why go? The Christmasmerry-makings are not over; and who knows, ere the new year you may be heart whole or happy!"

"Never-I must go," I said, coldly.

"Harry," she replied, meekly, "do not go. Your father, brothers, sisters, will all blame me. You were to stay till Twelfth day." "I cannot endure this torture-it is too

nuch," I cried. "Harry, Harry, stay for my sake-or rather

[ will go.' "I will now allow it. My departure is in revocably fixed-----"

"Infatuated boy!" she said, and turned away to hide her tears.

Before a week I had exchanged into regiment on the verge of departure to India. \* \* \* ×

I spare thereader my campaigns in India I arrived there in a desperate mood. I had rejected the advances of the young ladie who accompanied me on my journey. I hated the sight of a woman. I landed misanthrope-disappointed, and glad to follow a career which promised early death. I can safely say that during the four years' campaign in which I served, the image of Maria Templeton was never absent from now, dear Harry, I would not willingly of- my mind. Despite everything, I loved her

At the end of this time I was invalided home. I was very ill-wounds and cholera had laid meas low as they well could. Dur ing the whole time I never wrote home once, and received no letters. I had my fincome unspent at my banker's. I determined to die comfortably, so traveled overland to Marscilles, and thence to Paris. I felt that I had not many months to live, so took up my quarters at the Hotel des Princes. As an invalid, I engaged an apartment on the first floor-expensive, but very comfortable.

I was selfish, morbid, valetudinarian, full of fancies and monomanias; a tyrant to my What cared I? The world and I had no further relation. I was dying.

On my arrival in Paris I had some spare cash but drew on my London agents for more, after advising them of my arrival. I bade them transfer any balance which might be due, to my banker in Paris. I received

an answer by return of post: "The balance due to you and now in our hands is seventeen thousand some odd pounds. Are we to transfer the whole amount to your account, or will you draw for whatever you may require? We shall feel highly honored unlike so many in this world, my wife should quested that official to accompany him and

intention of continuing our service."

"Not one from living soul, madam. I | ness might be only apparent, while the true lid not give my address to any one. I hurend was to lull all anxiety, and put him ied from place to place, and never, if I completely off his guard. He had heard ould help it, visited the same locality from travelers of individuals who had been known to enter similar institutions and never

"Then why have you come here?" "To die?"

ant would seem no better than a heretic in "To-dic? You are as well as ever you the eyes of the monks, whose blind zeal vere in your life."

might lead them to any excess, against one "Madam, from that hour when in your whom they considered as an enemy of God eductive society I learned the fatal art of and Holy Church. He retired to rest with ove, I have never known one moment's hapa heavy heart, and bitterly repented having iness or health. In sickness, in battle, on at all entered this strange abode. Mr. Hawhe field, in the tent-I could find no rest. thorne was, in plain truth, somewhat super-Your image was ever there. I have chased stitious. He had been led to believe from he tiger and the wild elephant in the hope early infancy that monks and friars held y such savage amusement to blunt my communion with the evil spirits of the air. celings, but in vain. Behold, madam! for He believed, moreover, in presentiment, nce, a man who for four years has been and now, do what he would, the firm conlying for love-four years! During this viction rested on his mind that some great mishap was going to befall him. He looked

"Waiting for you, Harry," said the siren anxiously all around the room before even with her soft eyes full of tears. approaching his bed, and longer still before "Waiting for me, madam!" I cried, in a he laid his head on his pillow. Little did

hour when the wall opposite to his bed ex-

hibited a streak of light. Hawthorne gazed "Never married, infatuated boy! You Still I did not give up all hope. I determined to confess all to kim, to explain frankv your offer and my altered sentiments. When I came to, I found Lady Maria, and it delayed, then glided to the part from her aunt, Mrs. Curt, bathing my temples. which it came, and vanished. "Heavens!" thought the Englishman, as

said, after some whispered words. "Wait," said Lady Maria, blushing, "I

as you were very ill, the nurse you wanted it prudent not to sleep any more, and in was-was---'

ing while Maria Templeton blushed crin.son.

frown a little.

I need scarcely add that I did not die. I am happy, very happy; perhaps all the tion of Mr. Hawthorne had stopped at the happier for my trials; yet I often regret the Abbey that night. When Hawthorne met four years of misery I endured through my them in the strangers' apartment, what was precipitancy. Still I have great reason to his joy on discovering that one of the four be grateful that the genuine passion of my was the British Consul. Fearful of some life should have terminated so well; and that, foul play, Mr.' Hawthorne's brother had re-

> thorne determined at once to have the matter of the uncarthly vision which had disturbed his slumbers probed to the bottom .---The Consul declared that he would take a judicial account of all the evidence. The Abbot was summoned, at Mr. Hawthorne's request, and as the Consul represented that the presence of all the residents of the institution would lead to a speedier solution of the mystery, the whole community was assembled in the convent refectory. The circumstances of the visit of either a ghost or an assassin, were repeated with "nervous to a high pitch of excitement and eager desire of revenge. When he had finished, the Abbot turned a searching look upon the bystanders, and charged any one present who knew of this dreadful occurrence, to speak out, in virtue vent was the only one who spoke, though what he said gave little satisfaction; in fact, rather rendered the explanation more difficult. He remarked that there was a door which led to the room where Mr. Hawthorno had slept, from the corridor of the infirmary. A silence ensued, when Hawthorne was observed to grow pale and stagger back. An old monk, who had a partial charge of the infirmary, stepped slowly from the ranks of his brethren and walked towards the Abbot. Hawthorne had recognized at once the thin, pale features, upon which the nocturnal lamp had glared. The old man bared his silvery head, and bowed tremblingly at his superior's feet. A dead silence ensued as he began in a husky voice: "Most Reverend Father Abbot, I confess that I know something of this last night's occurrence. I myself was the cause of the Englishman's alarm. I know that Brother Francis is a young and giddy lad, and after beads, on my way to bed, I stepped into membered to put water in the pitcher! When is, I saw the Englishman turn around, and

ime what have you been doing?" owering passion: "are you then a widow? he dream of what a night he was about to

pass! "I never married, Harry," she continued, He had not been asleen more than an ncekly.

"Never married!" I gasped.

intently upon this unexpected vision, so as ittle know that, young as you were you to be sure it was not the work of fancy .-had awakened in my bosom feelings which He was certain he did not dream, for the I dared not avow. I was an affianced wife. dark figure of a monk in the black friar's garb detached itself from the bright glare formed on the wall, and glided with noiseless tread toward his couch. For a moment pledging myself, however, to fulfill my part the traveler's superstition got the better of of the contract if he held me to my vow. I him, his flesh crept, and his hair stood on could not even hint this to you, and yet I end at the thought that this awful vision did not ask you to wait-I begged you to must be from below. The Ghost glided into stay. I hinted what might happen. Do a corner of the room, between the bed and you not recollect? But you wildly disap- the wall. Hawthorne, in turning, made a peared. Had you paused and reflected, we slight noise, when the figure turned on him, nighthave been a steady old married couple!" and stood, as though shading a light which It was a dream of joy I could not realize it held in its hands. Its jaws opened as its to myself. I sank on my chair half fainting. eyes rested upon the traveler. for a moment

"But how came I here-in your room?" I

he gradually recovered from his fright.--"Have I truly gazed upon the guilty dead read in the Morning Post of your arrival at appearing again upon earth, or was this the Hotel des Princes, very ill. I thought horrid visitor some emissary who precedes you were hurrying home, in answer to a the appearance of a cowled assassin? The letter of your sister Fanny's, in which I more he thought the less could he underhad allowed her to tell you all; so I thought | stand of so strange a mystery. He deemed

spite of hunger, fatigue and cold, he paced "Your future wife," said Mrs. Curt laughup and down the room until morning. The room was not opened until a late

"Ileaven bless you!" I muttered, and catchhour, when the monk who had served him ing her in my arms, I imprinted on her lips while at supper, entered to inform him that the first kiss of love, though the aunt did a post-chaise had deposited at the gate four gentlemen, who had come expressly to inquire if a traveler answering the descrip-

his friends, when they left Turin. Haw-As nightfall came on, the lights from the cal minister, and his notions of monks and of holy obedience. The Prior of the Conend Father Abbott was announced, and the room to see if Brother Francis had recommanding figure, in whose veins coursed I got up to the corner where the washstand Italy's feudal chieftains. The mingled air | for fear of waking him up, I ran sgain out

haughty beauty. But her eyes! talk of tion by and by." eyes of most unholy blue, of sapphires beaming with gem-like sparkles. I know not what to compare hers to.

the baronetey, Fanny and Mary, Lady Ma- ested in my beautiful companion. As I wild with passion; I reflected on nothing. ris, and myself. She was our cousin, and resigned her arm, a feeling of despair came over me. I knew I was in love. an heiress.

I retired behind some fragrant bushes She had five thousand a year. This I did not know at the time, or possibly much that and reflected an instant, It was quite clear followed might not have occurred. I was to me that Lady Maria was intended for the not old enough to be a fortune-hunter, while heir to the barenetey. He had, at all events, my pride would have prevented the chance made the selection, and what hope was there of my falling in love under circumstances for me? He had title, position, a home, which might have made me suspected. But and a goodly income on his side, while I was a poor adventurer, a younger son, an I did though, and up to the very ears. encumbrance on the estate. Tom was a hearty fellow, fond of his gun

And with the law of primogeniture and and his dogs, his horses and hounds, and not averse to indulge in those Bacchic revels the example it sets, people are found to which, even to this day, are not unpatron- wonder at the dearth of early marriages, and ized by some of the gentlemen of England. at the fact that so many never marry at all. It is not that they cannot afford to mar-He was, I have heard, also the terror of ry, but they cannot keep up the style they rural swains and the admired of every lady have been accustomed to at home. A wealthy within ten miles of Courtney Chase. But nobleman's second son, while at home, eneven he was struck by Lady Maria.

I met her at eventide. We had met often joys as many luxuries as the heir. . It is before, but as mere children, when we had hard, then, in his eyes, to descend to the quarreled and made it up, and been fast plebian villa and no carriage, even though friends and bitter enemies within an hour. happiness be the result.

But now she was a lovely woman and I a The evil law of entail and the agglomer cornet of dragoons. ation of wealth in the hands of the few, is

I never was so taken aback in my life .-- | the great cause of modern indifference to Young as I was, I had put down the imper marriage. The middle classes, unfortunatetinence of one or two older men, who had 1y, are too fond of apeing their betters. thought they had eaught a green hand. I - But why moralize, when I have so much had made a decent figure at mess, and club, to tell? I watched them narrowly. Tom and Almack's, and generally, in fact, was was grave, even sulky, while Lady Maria supposed to know a thing or two. was more than ordinarily gay. She fairly

I had once stared a lady out of countelaughed at him, and presently the grave elnance at the opera, but when I stepped up dest son of the house condescended to smile. to Maria to compliment her, as everybody This was just as the dance ended, and as else was doing, I blushed, stammered, and Tom was naturally in request, I again fiffally it ended in my muttering something joined her.

about "Happy-next dance?" "What made my brother 50 grave?" "Certainly," said Lady Maria, in the asked.

most unaffected manner in the world, taking "Poor fellow!" she said, with a burst of my arm as she spoke. "Yow, don't look so merriment, "he was lamenting the has very woe be gone, Mr. Thomas, or I shall ships to which eldest sons are sabject," merriment, "he was lamenting the hardlaugh. So, Harry, you are in the army, "What!" I cried. "Yes, he really did, poor fellow! He is Why don't you come down in uniform, spurs obliged to dance with everybody, and thereand all?"

There was something so easy, so whimsi- fore cannot show me that exclusive attencal, so bantering in her tone, that I could tion which, he was pleased to say, my not help blushing up to the eyes. Was that beauty, accomplishments, and so forth; de merry, delightful laugh with me or at mel served.' For the life of me 1 could not tell. "He was quite right," said I, dryly.

"You are aware, Lady Maria," I began "How so!"

ner softest, tenderest tone. "I should not rable and eternal at so carly a period of have come, had I suspected-" their career. On this point I am incapable "Sorry! sorry!" I cried: "sorry, indeed! of giving an opinion. But this I do know, Why? 'Tis but a boy's heart broken-noththat in my case it was the passion of life .-ing more. But-but-is this engagement I felt as keenly, as deeply, as devotedly as ever mortal man did feel-more keenly, I rrevocable?"

do believe, than those whose blunted feelfaltered poor Maria, who really did feel for ings are in after life attracted by beauty and grace. "And you love him?" Life had no charm, existence no delight, save her. Others thought so, too; and, as

I was aware of my brother's preference. I brought the affair to an issue. It was Christmas-eve. The day was lovely, snow was hard and crisp and dry .---until just now."

Shakspeare's line would truly not have applied, for no "Rain and wind, beat dark December."

We had walked out. I, as usual, by the exercise of a little maneuvering, had Lady Maria on my arm. Tom, who was slower in his movements, was forced to content

himself with sister Fanny. I suppose he did not wish to appear to watch us: so as we came to Dilcot Lane he turned to the right, as we turned to the left. The paths met about a mile below. Our

path was down a valley with dark fir-trees n either side-a sheltered and pleasant place it was in summer, and not without its uttractions in winter, even if its being free

from gusty wind puffs were alone considered. About a quarter of the distance was passed over in silence. I could not talk. Lady Maria tried me once or twice. I answered in mono-villables.

At length she began the conversation in tone so tender and considerate I could not but respond.

"Dear Harry." she said. "are you not vell?" "Well enough in body."

"What!" cried Lady Maria, in her more eyous tone, "something pressing on your mind? Can you find no physician? Can I do anything?"

What on earth did they mean? "I am engaged to another, and shall be must have lost their senses.

I turned to the back of the letter-"Ah! I suspected it-my brother!" Henry Harcourt, Bart." "My father and brother dead?" I cried

"No; to one whom you do not know, and involuntarily. I hastened to my banker's. "Were you not aware, Sir Henry?" said whose name, in your present humor, I would L-----. the banker.

> "Had not the slightest idea. Excuse me, I will call again."

And I hurried back to my hotel in a mood of mind which may be more readily imagined than described. My father and brother had both died believing me an undutiful son and a bad brother, when I was but engrossed in the web of a hopeless passion.

I had sisters, a station to keep up. coldly resolved to marry some quiet English "I have been engaged this twelvemonth," girl, and in the pence and tranquility of a country life to forget my sorrows. Or would

get Fanny and Mary married, and be the good brother and uncle? At all events, I "He is a man of noble character, a man would do something. Strange that I no

to respect rather than love. He is much longer thought of dying. My head was, older than I am-and yet I had looked forlowever, in a great whirl, and I felt rather ward with delight to our union, as of one faint. Hurrying on, I reached my hotel, wise and discreet, promising great happiness hastened up-stairs, opened the door, and sank upon a sofa. "I believe I did not faint. but sleep soon overcame me. It was nearly

"Yes, Harry-if that is any satisfaction evening when I awoke, and I saw I was not alone. Two females sat in conversation by o you-know that I regret my precipitancy. I should have seen more of the world ere I the window. It must be my two sisters .-tied myself. Do not mistake me. Your I started to my feet.

"Sir Henry." said a low voice. · I shivered all over.

free, gratitude, pride-for you are a noble "Lady Maris," I replied, in cold and fellow, Harry-would probably have led me to return your generous, your disinterested freezing accents, "this is an honor which I affection. . It is now too late. My word is little expected, and one which I must say I irrevocably given, and to talk even of what can scarcely appreciate."

might have been is a crime. Not another "Nay, sir," said she, a little, and only a word, Harry, or I leave you. Calm your- little haughtily, "it is I who have to demand self, or everybody will be talking about us. an explanation. These are my apartments. I shall leave as soon as possible. Would I returned just now, and you may imagine my bewilderment on finding a gentleman

I was stunned, overwhelmed, annihilated. fast asleep on my sofa-my delight on find-I felt like some guilty wretch condemned to ing it was you."

dic. I knew that hope there was none .--"Delight, madam!" I said, for I was firm Lady Maria Templeton would not have been and collected now; "I can scarcely underso hard but to temper herrefusal. Another's! stand your delight at meeting with your vic-It was fearful to think of-it was madden- tim, and lest you should find an explanation

ing, and it nearly drove me mad! When I of your word difficult, allow me to retire." joined my brother and sister I tried to rally.

It was but a faint attempt. It was no con-Maria; though pale, she was more beautiful solation to me to know that evening Lady than ever, there was a soft melancholy in him a cheerful "good-night, and God bless Sea, that is, in the northern part of China, Maria refused him also. I pitied him; I her eyes which I dared not minutely examine; you," tended wonderfully to dispel his there dwelt, beneath the shelter of a natuwitied any one who had to endure the torture | "one moment, Sir Henry. Have you receivof her smile, and know it was another's. I ed no letter from Fanny?"

The men The Ghost of the Black Friars. It was a dreary night in November, 18--"Siz when Mr. Hawthorne, a Protestant English gentleman, rode up to the gates of the Abbey of St. Barnabas, fifteen miles from the town of -----, on the banks of the far-famed river Po. He had started from Turin early in the morning, in company with a postchaise, containing his brother and three friends; but having left the highway to inspect a ruin at some distance across the fields, had got bewildered and lost his road. casements of the Abbey led him, as his only protection from exposure, and the banditti

who then infested the country, to seek hospitality at its gates. It was only the sheerest necessity compelled him to do so. For Mr. Hawthorne was the son of an Evangelitheir persecuting spirit, were such as may be more easily imagined than describe l .--As the sturdy lay brother cantiously unbarred and opened the massive convent gate the traveller's spirit was somewhat re-as. sured by the honest good-nature which beamed from his face; but a thrill of distrust ran through his veins as he swung back the heavy portal, still eyeing the guest, who had dismounted, and stood bridle in hand, at the horse's head. The corners of the old monk's handsome mouth at that moment assumed something of a smirk. that seemed to speak a consciousness of having a high-mettled Briton in his power. The gravel creaked beneath their feet as they approached the stable, where the horse was duly cared for, and where his master left him at the invitation of the monk, to repair to the strangers apartment and par-

take of some refreshment which he stood sadly in need of, after his solitary rambles. Not long after supper, the Most Rever-Mr. Hawthorne, on rising, confronted a tall,

some of the proudest blood of northern of grace and majesty which formed the of the room."

character of the Father Abbott impressed his visitor most favorably, and the paternal "Stay one moment," exclaimed Lady kindness with which he welcomed him to

#### The way to Cure Hatred.

At the foot of the mountain Norkin, to the the convent halls, and on taking leave bade north of Pekin, and not far from the Yellow gloom and reassure his spirits. Still he ral grotto, a bonze, whose name was Lino. could not but think that all this friendli- He was the oracle of the whole previous;