ALFRED SANDERSON

WM. A. MORTON.

found?"
Art thou a man?—a patriot?—look around!
O thou shalt find, howe or thy footsteps roam,
That land thy country, and that spot thy home! On Greenlands's rocks, o'er rude Kamschatka's

prey, Or, wrestling with the might of raging seas, Where round the Pole eternal billows freeze, Plucks from their jaws the stricken whale, i Plunging down headlong through the whirling main. main, His wastes of snow are lovelier in his eye Than all the flowery vales beneath the sky, O'er China's garden-fields and peopled floods, In California's pathless world of woods; Round Andes' heights, where Winter, from his throne,

throne,
Looks down in scorn upon his Summer zone;
By the gay borders of Bernauda's isles,
Where Spring with everlasting verdure smiles
On pure Madeira's vine-robed fifths of nealth;
In Java's swamps of pestilence and wealth;
Where Babei stood, where wolves and jackalls
define. drink Midst weeping billiows on Euphrates brink; On Carmel's crest; by Jordan's reverend stream, Where Canaan's glories vanished like a dream; Whore Greece, a spectre, haunts her heroes

Where Greece, a spectre, maints her heroes graves,
And Rome's vast rains darken Tibet's waves,
And Rome's vast rains darken Tibet's waves,
Where broken-hearted Switzerland bewails
Her subject mountains and dishonored vales;
Where Albion's rocks exult amidst the sea,
Around the beauteous iste of Liberry;—
Man, through all ages of revolving time,
Unchanging man, in every varying clime,
Deems ins own land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by Heaven, o'er all the world beside;
His home the spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest!

A LOST AND WON It was a clear, frosty day in January, and two girls were walking together in

a country lane, near the market town of The leafless hedges were white with hoar frost, the ground was covered with the sparkling rime—the great trees spread their lank, bare branches to the sky, which looked down on the earth with a dull leaden aspect. Everything appeared as if dead in the iron grasp of winter. Everything save the two girls. They were all life amid the stillnessall buoyancy, gladness, youth! It was joyous spring with them. They were very nearly of a height,

and apparently of equal age. One, a trifle the taller, was a graceful, wellformed girl, with a slender throat, which looked, from the contrast of the dark fur she wore, doubly white and deliente. She had brown eyes, soft and almost languishing when she was silent, but directly as she spoke, they lighted up and sparkled, and danced like the little ripples on a lake when the sun shines This girl had other beauties too, beside her eyes. She had dark, shining hair, banded over the open forchead, and blooming cheeks. She had a little, rosy pouting mouth, and in that and the dimpled chin might be detected a considerable proportion of girlish petulence, wilfulness and love of mischief.

The other girl was pale, drooping, almost delicate looking. Even the keen wintry air had failed to call a glow to her white cheeks. There was no brilliant beauty here to charm the beholder. Only there was a depth of her soft eyes; a tremulous sensitiveness about the whole face, that, though it would never command admiration. might well win love. As she walked beside her brilliant and blooming companion, few would have turned from the sparkling, animated beauty of the one to admire the quiet sweetness of the other. And when they spoke there was the same characteristic dissimilarity in their voices. That of the one was clear, distinct, musical, as the chime of a silver bell; the other's was soft, low and murmuring, with a shade of melancholy in its tone, like the music of an Eolian

harp. "You are silent, Flora," said the pale girl, looking up into her friend's face, tit is a rare thing for you to be silent for so long together."

nalí so worthy of him as you are." "About five minutes," returned the other, raising her head with a graceful, buoyant gesture which was peculiar to her, while a bright smile roused all the slumbering dimples in her cheek, and the face, half-pensive in its expression a moment before, became again joyou and animated, "Only five minutes, I am certain, dear; but, to be sure, I seldom give my little tongue so long a holdaughter's waist, while she murmured

"And you seldom look so grave, almost sad, as you looked just now," continued her companion; "nothing is the matter, is there?"

Flora, laughed merrily. "Silly little friend," cried she, stopping to kiss her faffectionately. "Know that there are very few mischances which could befal. me, which would have the effect of making me look grave. Besides, in case anything did vex me. I should tell you directly, that you might be sorrowful for me. It would be almost worth while having a grief, to have your sympathy. Evelyn. Evelyn looked up in her face grate-

fully. One of the penalties we lively people have to pay," resumed Flora, "is that, if by any chance we are serious or thoughtful, or, in short, behave like rational beings for a while, we are instantly observed; our unusual bearing commented on, and we are supposed to be suffering under some deep grief. Ah, fortunate Evelyn! no one thinks it

strange when you look thoughtful, sen-"Sad?" said the other, smiling faintly, as Flora ceased speaking, and paused, half-embarrassed. "That is what you mean, and you are right; it is not a strange thing for me to look either thoughtful or sad. My nature is so different from yours. But tell me," she added, as if glad to speak of other things,

"tell me what you were thinking of just now? "I was thinking of my long promised visit to London.

"Ah, and of some one you will, see there!" said Evelyn, while the faintest possible flush rose to her cheek. "Nonsense," returned Flora, turning away, though not without any displeasure; "one thought is enough at a time, for my poor little brains at least."

'Yes, but when we love," said Eyelyn gently, "our thoughts, like the here, will be much with you, of course," swans on sweet St. Mary's lake, 'float double; whatever idea occurs to us, the | with a complacent simper; "in fact, I one all-pervading one is blent with it.'

a dozen times at least," cried Flora girl; of her feelings for him I am not so laughing, "but I suppose you, being o. | sure. He is well-known to my sister; a sensitive and poetic temperament, know intuitively what people feel under every circumstance. I'm sure you know

more about it than I do." There was a pause. Had Flora been an acute observer, which she was not, (there was too much thoughtless selfishness and egotism in her character for her to be so.) she would have perceived the strange look that, for a moment, overspread Evelyn's face. But it came

and passed unnoticed. "It will be very delightful to go to Lordon," resumed Flora, "and my aunt

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balls to my heart's content. Yes, it will | there is great news, come along." be very pleasant; I shall enjoy all those sorts of things very much." "Is there nothing else, no other pleas-

ure, you look forward to in this visit?"

asked Evelyn, with a look of grave reproach in her eyes. Well, if you must know everything -and it's no use attempting to hide anything from you, for I really believe you tnow what I feel, or ought to feel, bet-

ter than I do myself-if you must know, I do feel pleased to think I shall, in all probability, see Eustace Fane during my stay in town." You will both be happy," murmured Evelyn, "and you deserve to be

You love him very dearly, Flora?" she said suddenly, and she turned with an eager, anxious look to her friend.-"Very dearly, and only him-you are "You are a searching catechist," answered Flora, blushing and half-con-

fused: "and you ask more than I ought to tell. No words of acknowledged love passed between us. . I have no right, have I, to believe that he loves me till he asks for my hand, and till then it would not be maidenly to sayeven to you-how much-I-how very much I love him?"

She concluded rapidly, while a glow of enthusiasm lighted her face, making it doubly beautiful. But after she had spoken, she drooped her head bashfully, as if half-ashamed of the burst of impulsive tenderness to which she had vielded.

"It is all nonsense," she said, trying to laugh carelessly; "and I don't know my own mind as yet. Don't look reproachfully at me, Evelyn, with those earnest eyes of yours. You know I cannot, I ought not speak about this, even to my own heart, till I know. Had you not been a tiresome, teasing, wheedling little friend, as you are, no one would ever have guessed anything."

"I must have been very blind," said Evelyn, "not to know that you loved each other. There is often more eloquence in a face than ever fell from human lips, and the sweetest eloquence of all was written in his eyes when he looked at you.

"You think so-you are sure-and you are never deceived," cried Flora, cagerly clasping her friend's hand, and peering into her eyes. Then, rememering herself, she calmed, erected her head, and quietly added, "Very well, it

Without noticing her last words and changed manner, Evelyn went on speak-

"Dear, dear Flora!" she said, while

ing carnestly and anxiously.

an unwonted crimson spot arose on each pale cheek, and her voice trembled remember what a holy, solemn thing it is for you to have the happiness of one so great and good as Eustace Fane in your keeping. Strive that you may become worthy of him. Pray to God to give you strength and fitness to be his wife, his companion, comforter, adviser and friend. Do not dare to toy with a heart like his; it would be his despair and your undoing. Great souls like his must be dealt with in a kindred spirit of nobility. Be yourself with him, Flora-be true and faithful to yourself in being so to him. God guard you

and make you both happy!" She faltered, and her voice died away to a whisper, ere she ceased speaking.— Flora, affected by her deep earnestness, remained silent, and neither uttered a word during the remainder of the walk. But when they arrived at Evelyn's abode, they stopped and bade each other carewell with more than usual affection-

ate impressiveness, "I wish I were like you, dear Evelyn, whispered Flora, while a sweet seriousshadowed her face; "you are so 200d, so true! And I will heed what you say, and try! But I shall never be

Evelyn turned aside quickly, and hivered as she trod the path which led to the door of her father's house. At the thresichold she met her mother quiet, fair woman, with a serene face, wifich truly looked as though the spirit which shone through it had been purided with much suffering. She passed her arm caressingly round her young

some maternal fears about the chill eve-A burst of laughter from an adjoining room nearly drowned her words. Eve-

lyn started. "Is there any one with my father? she asked. But before her mother could unswer, the door on the right hand of the corridor was opened, and a lady came forth, followed by Evelyn's father, Ah, my young friend, how are you?" aid the brisk, pretty little Mrs, Beres-.ord, stretching out her neatly gloved hand to Evelyn. "I came to tell you all news which I am sure you will be pleased at. Flora was walking with you, I think? Well, directly after she went out, the post came in. We are going to London on Monday next!"

'Indeed! So soon!" "Yes. My sister particularly wishes us to come to her at once. Pleasant, I sn't it? It won't be very long, though, I should be sorry to think of leaving the dear place and all our kind friends for a very long time. But it will be de- Beresford?" he asked. lightful for Flora; in fact, that reconciles me for going at all. My own inclinations, since the demise of my dear husband, have ever leaned towards comolete retirement."

And the lady's voice grew plaintive, and she half drew out a delicate cambric handkerchief from her reticule as she spoke; but then changing her mood, she smiled brightly at Evelyn's mother, saying-"But what cannot we mothers sacrifice for our children's welfare, dear

Mrs. Lester?" The lady addressed bowed her head meekly, and looked at her daughter with unutterable tenderness. And now

Mr. Lester chimied in. "It will be very pleasant for my young friend Flora, indeed," said he.-A suppose Mr. Eustace Fane, the young literary gentleman who turned all our heads last summer when he was staying

"I imagine so," said Mrs. Beresford, may say I am certain of it. Poor young "You talk as if you had been in love man! he is desperately in love with my visits at her house. We shall see a great deal of him. Do you know, my dear petty misunderstanding between the Mrs. Lester, that the new book which has created such a sensation in London

Mrs. Lester answered quickly, though her eyes had been fixed on the halfaverted face of Evelyn, who leaned against the wall, and was fitfully tying and untying the strings of her bonnet. In a few minutes more the lively and talkative Mrs. Beresford bade them all good-by and gayly fluttered away. .

is very gay, and I shall have parties and and read the paper, it has arrived, and divine halo of love which surrounds the "I will come," said the mother quickly. "Let Evelyn rest now-she

has been walking and is tired. I will read to you." The husband and wife passed into the parlor; as they did so, Mrs. Lester turned her head for an instant, and looked

with a look of anguish on the drooping figure of her child, as she slowly mounted the stairs which led to her When she had gained the refuge of

the pleasant little chamber, she closed the door and sank wearily on a chair by the window. She looked listlessly out on the desolate prospect, white with frost; the bare trees, with their fantastic branches, thrown in strong relief against the gray sky. It was dreary own spirit to invest the wintry scene with its own summer radiance. As she gazed, large tears fell down her cheeks, and at length she hid her face in her clasped hands and went unrestrainedly "It is so sad-so very sad!" she murmured to herself. "I am young, yet

God, is it wrong to wish to die?" She turned her wishful eyes to heaven, and she saw a little star timidly peering forth in twilight. She sank on her knees almost involuntarily and prayed. And when she arose, there was a holy calm about her face, as if an angel had bestowed on her a kiss of

life seems very hopeless and dreary. O

"I thank Thee," she said softly, that I can endure!" And she went down stairs and performed all her habitual domestic avocations with her usual serenity. She sang her father's favorite songs, read to him, and talked with him about his garden and his farm. All the while her mother's eyes were fixed on her with a look of half-wondering tenderness. Three hours afterwards the house was

silent, and the bright moonlight shone

in at the corridor window, and by its rightness half-started Mrs. Lester as she stole forth from her chamber with timid, hushed footsteps. Cautiously she unclosed the door of her daughter's sleeping-room, and went in. Evelyn slept peacefully, but the ray of moonlight that crept in from the half-opened door, fell on her face, and made the mother shudder, it looked so much like death. She touched the fair hand that lay on the coverlit, with her lips, as if to prove to herself how full of warm, breathing life the still form was. And then she knelt by the bedside and prayed silently. "My child, my only one!" she murmured, as she rose from her knees, and casting one more fond look on the slumbering Evelyn, turned to leave the room; "God guard thee!

dare do no more than pray for thee! Months passed on, and still Mrs. Beresford and Flora were located in London. Evelyn heard from her friend occasionally, but as the time of their separation lengthened, Flora's letters came less frequently. And when they did ome, they contained nothing but ac counts of her "gayeties," and these were but little interesting to Evelyn. No word of Eustace Fane had been mentioned since the first two or three epis tles, in which he had been casually adverted to, as a visitor at her aunt's. Evelyn sat in her father's study one

May morning, musing on the contents of Flora's last letter, which lay before her. She heard voices in the hall, and starfed from her seat, and gathered her papers together, but she was prevented leaving the room by the entrance of her father and a gentleman.

Here is an old acquaintance of ours, said Mr. Lester, gaily. "Mr. Eustace Fane has come to stay a week or two at A---, as he did last summer.

Eustace took Evelyn's cold hand without noticing anything strange in her look. How should he? He had not learned to watch her looks with scalous care. But when he turned away she sacon a chair helplessly, her sigh darkened, and the sound of the two voices fell on her ear in a drowsy, indis tinct murmur for a while. And then she moved slowly across the room lar it, and fled up stairs. Poor child she was very young, and trouble was new

The little chamber witnessed anothe struggle of the poor, weak, trembling heart, and another victory. After tha day Evelyn learned to bear his presenc calmly, even to talk with him com posedly and without embarrassment Sometimes when together with he mother, they walked in the green lanes and Eustace gave atterance to some o the poetry with which his nature wa overflowing; it was a strange pleasure for him to read in the eyes of the ome girl beside him how well he was under stood. They seldom spoke of Flora. Once her name was mentioned by Mr Lester, who happened to say something about the Beresfords, and he asked Evelyn if she had heard from Flora lately. She averted her head from Eustace before she answered in the negative. She was afraid to see how he looked on hearing her name. The next moment she was surprised by his

sneaking on the subject of Flora. "Do you then correspond with Mis Mr. Lester was just leaving the room but he turned back to answer with growl-"It's a correspondence which like the Irishman's reciprocity, is all on

one side. How long is it, Evey, since you heard from your friend?" Evelyn, pained and embarrassed, did not speak. She thought she detected some bitterness in the tone with which

"Miss Beresford is too deeply imnersed in gayety and dissipation to have much time for letter-writing. "I am certain," replied Evelyn earn estly, "that in London gayeties, however brilliant and fascinating they may

be, will never cause Flora to forget that she loves." "To forget?—perhaps not," and Eus tace smiled on the sweet face, with its pleading eyes and calm, clear brow, but neglect is the stepping-stone to absolute forgetfulness. And some natures cease to love those whom they find they can do without."

"Perhaps so. But that does not apply to Flora," said Evelyn, unsuspicious of his full meaning, but apprehending that there existed the shadow of some two lovers. "She is so generous in her affection, so frank-hearted, so candid so impulsive, and yet so just. She might be wrong unknowingly, for a time, but her true heart would find the right at last, and once convinced, would

persevere in it." Evelyn was unconscious of the look that Eustace cast upon her, as she thus spoke; a look of that reverent admiration that a noble-minded man always nature of a pure-hearted woman.

"There are some natures like sunlight," said Eustace Fane, slowly, after a pause of some minutes; "they cast their own brightness and holiness over all they look on. But it is only a reflected light that makes the dark cloud glow with gold. The gold is the sunbeam's, the darkness is its own." Evelyn's heart throbbed with sudden

strange emotion, she could hardly tell why. The next moment she reproached herself, and thought of Flora. have quarrelled," thought she; "how unhappy they must be! Poor Flora!" But after that evening the subject was never resumed. Still he came to their house-still he sought all opportunity of seeing Evelyn, of being with her. She herself did not recognize this, her and alas! there was no sunshine in her | whole mind was too much pre-impressed with the belief in his love for her friend. and she was very young, and the idea of love to her was as of something eternal and unalterable, that once having been, could never cease to be. She knew that Eustace Fane loved Flora Beresford, because she knew that he loved her months ago. So ran her simple logic. Thus was she blinded. She thought she understood it all, when one

morning Eustace called at their house, suddenly, to take leave. He had received a letter that morning, he said, place. He was not remarkable for inand he must go to town instantly. His race was radiant, and his voice was soft- But he was sincere, manly, honest, and ened almost to tenderness, as he whis-

-I believe—soon.' The letter was from Flora, Evelyn was sure; they were reconciled, that they would return to A----, that they might be married in the old church where Flora was christened. And as she thought thus, Evelyn tried to smile, and believe what she said to herself, "They will be happy-and I-I am content-I

Flora and her mother sat in a splendidly furnished apartment in one of the most fashionable of London houses. The young girl lolled on a sofa, and negligently turned over the pages of a novel she held in her hand, but scarcely appeared to be reading. At length she tossed it on the table, and said, yawning as she spoke :

"Stupid-stupid-stupid-! Every thing in the world is stupid, now." "You-most of all!" and Mrs. Beres ford raised her lively, still pretty face, from her netting, and dropped the words from her mouth as if they were little pebbles, cold, hard and stony.

"No more lectures, mamma, I entreat. I'm harrassed to death as it is; I feel-I feel-what people mean, I suppose, by blase; every thing seems so uninteresting; the world looks to me as dull, blank and hazy as a thick fog." "The fog is in your brain. I knew

and firm tone of voice that so contrasted with her look of animated good eumor. fluence of these kinds of moods, plung- how fallen, how degraded she hersel. ing into rivers, still, calm and deep, that was. Falsehood is shamed when i look like the very visible embodiment of rest." "You talk nonsense; I don't under-

"That is not strange," murmured Flora, with sudden melancholy, and she sighed deeply. "Bah!" and Mrs. Beresford jerked her needle so violently that the silken inread broke; " will you listen to reason or once?"

"I will listen to you, mamma," said the girl with a saucy smile. "Will you agree to make us both happy? Willyou marry Lord Courtnaye? "I don't love him; why should I marry him? It would be wicked to do so,

would it not?" "You will love him in time; he is handsome, clever, rich; and above all, ne loves you desperately." "Ah, mother, there is something more

vet wanting." "Silly sentiment! you absolutely oolish Flora. What can you acquire more in a husband? He gives you rank, wealth, position, with his own affection. which, as I said before, is considerable

What more do you want?" Flora seated herself on a stool at her nother's teet; sheatwined her arms about her knees, and looked earnestly .nto her eyes—those eyes that sparkied and glanced, and tooked so pretty-at a

"Mother, did you love my father when you married him?" Mrs. Beresford recoiled as the clear, ow tonus fell on her ear; a momentary paleness flitted over her face, and she of her lip as she put aside her daugher's arms, and drew her chair somewhat backward. But the emotion was soon over; the cold spark returned to her eyes, and her voice was steady, feelingess, unfaltering as ever when she re-

offed:--"Yes, I loved him when I married him, and for a week after." " And then--

"And then I began to see how tranendently foolish I had been to give up the chance of a wealthy establishment ! for a penniless soldier, who was now as uninteresting to me as a last year's news-

Flora looked at her mother's calm ace with a kind of wandering increduity. She put her hands to her temples and mused.

"Are you convinced?" asked Mrs. Beresford; "cannot you learn wisdom from my experience?"

"I think," said Flora, slowly, without raising her head, "I think my love would last longer than a week." "A month, perhaps. As you are sentimental, and even more foolish than I

was at your age, say a month; and after that what remains?" "There are some women whose love has lasted all their lives." "Poor, weak slaves! if indeed there ever were such. But, for my part, I

never believed there were."

ence of light, and we can excuse them," began Flora. "I'm not blind." "Far from it; your eyes are keen, piercing enough," said her daughter, your hands as he did, when I entered deprecatingly; "don't let us argue,

"Blind people may doubt the exist-

mamma. I'll attend to what you say; I'll think about it." "If you don't accept Lord Courtnaye this week, we must return to A-Your aunt has already dropped broad hints about our long visit.'

"Ay, I perceive. Flora Beresford and her mother have outstaid their welcome; but Lady Courtnaye (that is to be) and the peerless mamma will take a new lease of their excellent relative's hospitality. "Exactly," said Mrs. Beresford, glo-

rying in the sneer which curled her of Eustace Fane?" child's rosy lip; 'Alearn from that, my dear, the value of position, of wealth, of | of Flora quiver and shrink within itself. rank. They are good things, are they She strove to answer with some degree "Evelyn," said Mr. Lester, "come feels when a spark shines out of that not? They are worth something, don't of composure. The words "You have

things, isn't it?" "Ay, mother," said the young girl with a low macking laugh; "what is love; what is a heart, even? I begin to doubt if we have such things. Perhaps it is only childish fancy. We can exist

very well without them."

And that evening saw Flora Beresford betrothed to Lord Courtnaye. A week had elapsed. Flora lounged on the sofa in her usual lazy but graceful manner, her head resting on an embroidered cushion, her slippered feet tapping the ground. And by her side sat her lordly lover, engaged in the pleasant task of clasping a bracelet, glittering with diamonds, on her fair, round arm. He toved lovingly with the slender wrist before he finally fixed the ornament, and when at last it was adjusted he kissed the arm and hand before he released it from his hold. Flora sprang back, involuntarily; she looked at her wrist as if she would fain have crased

brilliants sparkled brightly where the unloved lips had been pressed, and the young fiancee smiled complacently as she looked at them. Lord Courtnaye's face brightened as he saw the smile; his eyes were fixed on her as if they knew no other resting

tellect or talent, this young nobleman loved her well. She was all the world pered to Evelyn, "I shall return, I trust | to him; upon her he lavished a boundless wealth of love and overwhelming flood of tenderness, all unheeded, uncared for. The incense was thrown on the shrine of a false idol; it was deaf to his tenderness, blind to his worship,-Alas, that true and earnest love should ever be wasted thus; even as the sun shines on barren deserts and senseless rocks, that are unwarmed by its glow, that reflect back not a particle of its brightness. The lover was happy, when he heard the mumured words o thanks that fell from the lips of his beloved. He took her hand again, and seemed to find a strange pleasure in

pressing it within both of his, in drawing the rings from the round white fingers, and trying to place them on his What children love makes of these strong, stern men! Less wise but better; less strong, but purer; less akin to earth, but nearer to heaven they need not blush to be so. Are not children the links between men and

angels? Lord Courtnaye still kept the little hand prisoner, when a servant entered, followed almost immediately by a young girl, who ran into the room, crying

'Flora are you here?'' Flora started from the sofa, snatching her hand from her lover's clasp as she did so. Then she stood transfixed; her there was one there," uttered her mothface alternately changing from dark red er, still with the same icy, yet sharp to the palor of death. She feared to embrace Evelyn; she shuddered as she looked at her. The purity, the guile "I can imagine people under the in- lessness of the familiar face showed her looks on truth; guilt shivers when it comes in contact with innocence. There are certain noxious things which dare not look into the bright face of day.

The first impulse of Evelyn was to spring forward to her friend, but a glance at the other occupant of the room deterred her, and she too stood still and silent, looking on the changing face o Flora. Lord Courtnaye, with well-bred thoughtfulness, seeing his presence was a restraint upon the two girls, whispered a few words to his betrothed, and with a bow to Evelyn, left the room. And then Flora crept forward, shaking off her emotion by a strong effort, and with an attempt at her olden playfulness, as

she embraced the young girl: "I yow I was turned to stone with urprise. I should as soon have expected to see the ghost of Oliver Cromwell. or Joan of Arc, or anybody else impossible and out of the way, as my little

fairy Evelyn Lester." Evelyn permitted her caresses but lid not attempt to return them. A cloud overspread her brow; there was one in her soul, and this was its shadow. She felt the sense of the change steal upon her-that dark change which had taken place in a few short months. A horrible doubt of her friend's truth and faith fulness oppressed her and she sickened at the thought that on that very trust and faithfulness depended the happiness of Eustace Fane. She gazed, then into Flora's face; she looked intently into her eyes; striving to gather there something that should inspire her with new confidence. But the betrothed was cowed by that earnest, inquiring gaze: her eyes drooped beneath it; cheek blanched; all her forced indifference and gayety forsook her, and she sank trembling and abashed on a chair, with her heart full of that last, worst pang of

all—overwhelming self-contempt. A sigh burst involuntarily from Eve lyn's bosom. It was over her own disappointed friendship; the first and last selfish pang that smote her heart that day. She had come to see Flora, s trustingly, so joyfully; she had been looking forward for so long to that meeting; she anticipated with such girlish delights embracing her friend, clasping her close to her heart, and renewing with her in London the dear old earnes talks. And now, to feel creeping over her the consciousness that this friend was lost to her—that she could not take her to her heart again-that there was a dark shadow looming between them.-All was changed. There stood before her, not the dear, often thought of Flora of old times, but an alien, a stranger. one of those fallen angels of earth-false

hearted woman. Evelyn understood it all, even as she stood silent and motionless, gazing on Flora's face. She scarcely needed to ask the question with which she broke the silence-

"Who was that gentleman who left the room but now?' "Lord Courtnaye," faltered the be trothed; "he is-

"I know. He is your lover; your ac cepted lover. It is only a favored suitor who would sit by your side clasping the room. Flora, O Flora! Why has another usurped the place of Eustace Fane?

Her voice did not tremble, nor her eyelids droop, as she pronounced the name. Her slight form was unconsciously erected; her face, meek, gentle, and loving, as was its usual expression, now looked on the shrinking Flora with something of that loftiness, solemn reproach, and grieved displeasure, that we imagine shines forth in the holy face of an avenging angel.

"Why has another usurped the place The question made the coward heart

away to a whisper as she ceased. She began to feel now that she had a heart her better nature awoke within her, she yearned to be what she had once been-Evelyn's cherished friend. Tears swelled in her eyes, and slowly coursed down her cheeks.

Evelyn drew pearer to her. sented herself beside her, and took her hand. "O Flora!" she murmured, "only prove to me that I am histaken. I am ready, oh! so gladly, to be convinced of my error. Eustace is not torgotten!' Flora crept closer to her involuntarily; she pressed her hand. Therewas a

struggle yet in her heart between good and evil. Evelyn was reassured, and she went on. "There has been a cloud of distrust of discontent—between you—but you will be the first to disperse it; you will dwelt in her heart, all was unheeded. go to him and tell him that you are sor-She forgother love in thinking of his ry; you will ask forgiveness, you will

be happy again." "You are still wrong said Flora, with from it the unwelcome kiss. But the sudden haughtiness; "I can not do as you say. I would not, if I could. Mr. Eustace Fane is nothing to me." And then she continued, with a successful effort at proud calmness—"I am betrothed to Lord Courtnaye."

The struggle was over; the last relic of good in the heart was vanquished.— She was now self-possessed in her spurious pride.

Evelyn rose from beside her. Once nore her figure dilated, and her eyes flashed with a grander haughtiness than that of pride, on her erewhile friend. Her voice lost its tone of mumuring tenderness; it was clear and resonant when

he again spoke. "And you dare to do this! To bind ourself for life to one man while your heart is full of love for another. For voù cannot tell me that you no longer ove Eustace Fane. Your eyes have not yet learned to lie. O Flora! when we parted, but a little time ago, there was a sweet holiness in your heart, that looked out in your face. It was your love or him. You have sullied it: you have ried to crush it, but it lingers there yet. It is the only relic of my lost friend that I recognize. Will you dare to crush it thus? Will you dare to suffer the brightness of his life, and yours, to pass way by your own will, your own act?" Insensibly Evelyn had glided from tern reproach to entreaty. She was struggling for the happiness of one who was dearer than her own life; she would neglect no means of softening and turning Flora's heart. But Flora's words and aspect, the next moment, chilled

"Such words as these," said she, in asured tone, "it is not fit that I, the betrothed wife of Lord Courtnaye, should hear. A must request you, Eveon, to discourse of something else." There was a long pause, and then Ex lyn once more looked fixedly in Flora's face. It was rigid, calm with determination and strength of purpose. But the eyes were not raised to Evelyn's; they sted on the glittering bracelet which

her as if with an lice-bolt.

still decked her arm, and with which she was now toying. "I have finished," said Evelyn, in low voice, "and I will leave you now. If wealth and grandeur can console you or forfeiting your happiness, your peace, let it be so. I see now, you are not worthy of Eustace Fane; one day you will discover it. Farewell!" Flora did not attempt to detain her,

and Evelyn placed her hand on the loor; but before she passed forth, she turned to look back on her who had once been her friend. And as her gaze ell on the motionless figure, the young ace with its youthful expression of icy haughtiness, the drooped eyes fixed on the sparkling ornament that clasped her wrist, and her fingers fitfully clutching t-as Evelyn looked, there burst from her full heart the solemn words of agoaized compassion, "God help you!"

And so they parted. It was spring again, and Evelyn Les ter sat beneath the branches, just bursting into leaf, of a large mulberry tree in her father's garden. A newspaper had ust fallen from her hand on the grass, and now she pressed her brow, and eaned forward in deep sail thought. She had been reading the magnilo uent narrative of Flora's grand wed ling, of the brilliant dresses, the costly equipages, and the devotion of the noble bridegroom to his beautiful bride. Nov the was thinking how he would bear it. And her thoughts ended with a long sigh. "Ah! what a sad thing is mastee

Let us forgive Evelyn that sigh a she mused thus, and felt how the love which Flora cast away would have made her dreary life blissful. For it was a dreary life to which she now lookd forward. Life to the young, want ng love, wants everything, and Evelyn had never been blest with the happy dream of being beloved. It was joy enough for her only to love, and even that was torn from her after a brief space, when she discovered that the mere delight of loving vainly, hopeless ly, as it was, the wrong. Poor Evelyn! Life had had little brightness for her as

"He will perhaps go abroad. He may be absent for years, and I-I shall never see him again. It is better that it should be so. Heaven only grant he may soon find peace and content."

Thus Evelyn thought, while tears

tole from her eyes unbidden but unchecked. But the rustling of some bushes near her caused her to raise her head, from its drooping posture, and she could hardly repress a cry when she beheld Eustace Fane approach her. She rose hastily from the low bench on which she had been sitting, but her feet staggered under her, and Eustace sprang forward, and interposed his arm to save her from falling.

"You are not well, I fear," said he, while Evelyn trembled even more, on hearing the tones of his voice, than she and done on seeing him so unexpectedly. Evelyn faltered something, she knew not what, as she disengaged herself from his arm. She felt sure that he did not yet know all his own misery. He could not be aware of Flora's marriage, for his look, though it betrayed some agitation, was not grief. And Evelyn shuddered as she thought of the despair which he

was to feel soon. There was a silence. Eustace stood with his arms folded, and his eyes wandering about-but never fixed on any one object. There was a degree of embarrassment in his manner which Evelyn had never seen before, and which was, indeed, completely extraordinary in him, so composed and calm s he always was. At last he again

"I have been talking to Mr. Lester She told me that if I asked you, you would tell me something which it imports me to know." He looked into Evelyn's face as he concluded, earnestly utter faithlessness of Flora, and to witness all his despair on hearing it. In the tumult of her distress she never thought how strange it was that her

mother should have been the means for

inflicting this last, worst pang of all

upon her. She had room for but one

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thought, one idea—only one question occurred to her-how was she to tell She stretched forth her hands timidly, yet with an earnest meaning in her eyes -she clasped his hands in her own.-All the retiring shyness of her nature was forgotten in the intense wish to often the coming blow; her own shinking sensitiveness, rendered yet more extreme by the conscious love that

sorrow. "How shall I ell you? she said, "it is so very, very sau. My heart aches for

Eustace looked on her uplifted face. half in wonder, half in sudden anguish. "What do you mean?" he said. entreat vou, be quick in telling me all I am prepared to hear the worst.' "I can not, I can not," cried Evelyn in agony, and she turned away. Her eyes fell on the newspaper that she had been reading, and it suggested itself as

then hid her eyes that she might not see his face as he read it. He only read a few lines of the long paragraph she had pointed out, and then dashed the paper to the ground and

the means of letting him know all. Si-

lently, she placed it in his hands, and

seized Evelyn's hand. "There is some error here," he said rapidly. "How could you suppose my happiness affected by the marriage o Miss Beresford with Lord Courtnave: My affection for her was never strong enough to survive the discovery that once placed in scenes of gayety and dissipation she was nothing more than a heartless, worldly beauty. O Evelyn! the joy of my life rests on surer foundation than that of Flora's truth. I only gave my worship for a time to a false goddess, to find more surely where the rue one was. For nearly twelve months I have loved you, only you! For you I have striven with the world that I might cast my fame at your feet; for you 1 have toiled for gain, that I might offer you a home worthy of you. I came today to ask you if I have strived and

toiled in vain? Tell me!" There was a long pause, only broken by the sobs which burst from poor Evelyn's overladen heart. When she spoke. it was only two or three words, in an alnost unconceivably low tone. But lovers' cars are quick to catch the words which make their happiness, and Eustace Fane heard and was satisfied.

That evening the pale moon shone in on the chamber, where, once more, Evelyn sat, her head bowed on her breast. weeping out the bewilderment of sudlen, strange joy. But the tears were weet ones, and they were sweeter still. when her mother stole softly into the room and passed her arms round her child's waist and placed the head on her breast.

"God has answered my prayers." said Mrs. Lester softly, "and I shall see thee happy, my darling!" "O mother! dear mother! you do not know how happy. The bliss of a whole life has already been given to me," said Evelyn, clinging closely to her mother. And then blushing and half-smiling through her tears, she whispered, "I love him so well, mother; I have loved him so long. And I have suffered too; for there was a keen agony in feeling that the love dwelling deep in my heart, and twined with my whole being, must be

crushed, for that it was a sin. I have "I know it, my child; I know itall;" said Mrs. Lester, softly ; "your mother's prayers and blessings have followed you

n all your struggles. Evelyn gazed with reverent tondnes n her mother's pale, tearful face, now tit with an unwonted brightness. She twined her arms round her neck, and kissed her brow. "No wonder I am happy," she whis-

pered, "a mother's prayers and blessings are holy things!" But there is something holier even than these. The sorrows of a young reart silently struggling to win the ight, are the especial care of heaven.— The noblest heroes are they who fight with their own souls; the most glorious martyrs are they who immolate themselves at the shrine of their own stern sense of duty. On such heroes, such martyrs, the myriad eyes of heaven keep watch, and when they have fought and onquered, suffered, endured, and gained their reward, we may surely believe

there is rejoicing above. THE MAIDEN WARRIOR.

that angels smile on the victor, and that

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION. No struggle in history has produced nobler instances of heroism than that of our own glorous Revolution.

The achievements which light up the expanse of the deadly conflict, like the stars in the firmament, put to shame the melo-dramatic heroes of Greece: indeed, it is not too much to say that every mountain has been a Thermopylæ, and every battle-field a Marathon.

Occasionally these deeds of war have been lighted by the sweetest of all passions-love; and is is a tale of love and patriotism we have now to tell.

Sergt. Jasper belonged to the gallant band of Marion's brigade, where his vor or and talents soon won him distinction Among other daring deeds, his rescuing our flag at the battle of Fort Moultrie deserves to be mentioned. In the hostile fire of the conflict the flag was shot away and fell without the fort .-Leaping over the rampart, he seized

the flag, and retrined amidst the cheers

of even the British. For this daring

deed Gen. Rutledge presented him with a sword. Like many other families at that time his was divided on that occasion. His older brother took the side of the English, and served in their army. Out of affection for his brother, and a wish to examine into the strength and condition of the enemy, he resolved, in company with another patriot soldier, Sergeant Newton, to pay the British'a visit. His brother's position in it enabled him to receive his two friends without any suspicion of their being spies, and they were effectained for two or three

days with great hospitality. While they were thus engaged a party of Americans were brought in prisoners: and as they had deserted from the British and enlisted in the American ranks, their doom would have been to die. This the brother of Jasper assured them was to be their fate. With

you think? It is worth while giving no right, Evelyn; you are mistaken," and inquiringly. Poor Evelyn, she them were the wife and children of one up one's childish fancies to obtain these fell from her lips, but her voice died trembled in every limb. She, then, was of the prisoners. Her husband's aptrembled in every limb. She, then, was of the prisoners. Her husband's apto tell him the extent of his misery. It | proaching fate touched the heart of Jaswas to be her task to inform him of the per. Confiding his purpose to his friend Newton, they bade adieu to Jasper's brother and took their leave. They had no sooner got outside of that camp than they made a detour and stretched across the country, so as to elude all suspicion should they meet with any British sol-

It was the custom of the English then to send all the prisoners taken in that

quarter to Savannah. At a little spring, about two miles off from the latter place, Jasper and Newton secreted themselves, awaiting the arrival of the prisoners. It had occurred to Jasper that perhaps they might rest here for a short time to refresh themselves, and the woody nature of the spot would favor their rescue.

After some suspense they saw the esort with the prisoners approach. The guard was ten in number, and armed, The corporal with four men conduct ed their captives to the water, and told them to rest themselves for an hour, at the same time giving them some pro-

The sergeant then told the men they should ground their arms and rest themdyes. The prisoners then threw themselves upon the earth in hopeless de spair. Near to the wretched man and wife and child two of the men alone kept their arms as sentinels. As the rest of the men were filling their canteens with water, Jasper and Newton came stealthily along behind them, seized two of the muskets that were stacked, shot the two sentries, and rushing upon the others, stunned them with the butts of their muskets. Deprived

of their arms, the soldiers abandoned he conflict and flew. Releasing the prisoners, they escaped eross the river to the Americans. But the most romantic incident in this prave man's life was his love for Miss Sallie St. Clair, or, as she is termed in our annals, the "Maiden warrior,"

This was a beautiful Creole girl, who returned his passion with a purity and intensity seldom known upon this cold When he was called upon to join the lefenders of his country her grief knew no bounds. The hour of parting came

and the gallant soldier sprang upon his rse and joined his regiment. Hardly had the sound of his horse's eet died upon her ear, than her romantic nature suggested the plan of rejoining her lover by enlisting in the same rigade.

Her project was fully resolved upon and immediately put into execution. After securing a suit of male attire as icar her own size as possible, she severed her long and jetty locks, dressed ier hair like a man's, and purchasing herself a horse, she set off three days after to offer her services to the noble Marion. Her offer was accepted, and a lithe, active stripling was added to the

corps to which her lover belonged, The contrast between the stripling nd these men in their unce massive faces' embrowned and discolor ed by rain, was indeed striking. But no one was so eager for the battle, or so indifferent to fatigue as the fair-faced boy. It was found that his energy of character, resolution and courage amply supplied his lack of physique. None ever suspected him to be a woman. Not even Jasper himself, although he was often by her side, penetrated her dis-

The romance of her situation increased the fervor of her passion. It was her delight to reflect that unknown to him, she was ever by his side, watching over him in the hour of danger, Her passion was fed by gazing upon

him, in the hour of danger, hovering near him, when stealing through the swamp and thicket and being always ready to avert danger from his head. But gradually there stole a melansholy presentiment over the poor girl's mind. She had been tortured with tope deferred, the war was prolonged, and the prospect of being restored to

him grew more uncertain.

became convinced that death was about o snatch her away from his side, but she prayed that she might die and he aever know to what length the violence f her passion had led her. It was an eve before a battle. The camp had sunk in repose, the watchfires were burning low and only the slow tread of the sentinels fell upon the proound silence of the night air as they moved through the dark shadows of the forest. Upon the ground, with no other souch than a blanket, reposed the war-

But now she telt that her dreams of

banniness could never be realized. She

head, through which the stars shone down brightly. The faint flicker from the expiring embers of a fire fell athwart his countenance and tinged the cheek of one who bent over his couch. It was the smooth faced stripling. She bent low down as if to listen to his dreams or to

like form of Jasper. Climbing vines

trailed themselves to a canopy above his

breath into his soul pleasant dreams of love and happiness. But tears traced themselves down the f iir one's cheeks and fell upon the brow

of her lover. A mysterious voice had told her that the hour of parting had come, that tomorrow her destiry is consummated, There is one, last, long, long look, and hen the unhappy maid is seen to tear herself away from the spot to weep out

ner sorriw in privacy. warce and terrible is the conflict that the morrow rages on that spot. The oremost one in the battle is the intrepid Jasper, and ever by his side that light stripling warrior. Often during the heat and the smoke gleams suddenly on the eyes of Jasper the melancholy face of the maiden. In the thickest of the fight, surrounded by enemies, fought the lovers, side by side. A lance is suddenly leveled at the breast of Jasper; but swifter than the lance is the smooth aced warrior. There is a wild cry, and at the feet of Jasner sinks the maiden with the life-blood gushing from the white bosom, which had been thrown as a shield before his breast. He did not hear the din and danger of the conflict, but down by the side of that dving

Then, for the first time, does he learn that the stripling is his love; that the dim visions in his slumber of an angel face hovering above had indeed been true. In the midst of the battle with her lover by her side and the bark still in her bosom, the heroic maiden dies. Her name, her sex and her noble devotion soon became known throughout

body he kneels.

the corps. There was a tearful group gathering around her grave there vasn't one of those hardy warriors who did not bedew her grave with team. They buried her near the river Santee in a green shady nook; that looked as it

it had been stolen out of a person stern for five confi.